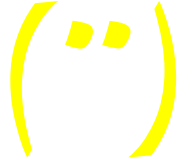




Dieresis

**Poems by c
dean**



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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

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Preface

**Calm like still water no ripples
 o'er its limpid surface mind still
 no observed no observer
 stillness no seeing subject no I
 no individuality in harmony with
 the mindless mind in harmony
 with it
 In rushes the muse the mindless
 mind a conduit thru which the
 muse becomes the "you" the poets
 identity becomes in the calm
 stillness of the mindless mind
 he has no I identity for he is being
 filled by some other identity –the
 muse**

Know No individuality

hast √ “men of genius are

great as certain ethereal

Chemicals operating on

the Mass of neutral

intellect- by [for but] they

have not any individuality”

“As to the poetical

Character itself (...that I

am a member...) it is not

itself-it has no self-it is

every thing and nothing...

A poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence because he has no Identity - he is continually in for-and filling some other body ... When I am in a room ... then not myself goes home to myself: for the identity of every one in the room begins to press upon me I am in a very little time

annihilated...” “... I have
 never yet been able to
 perceive how any thing
 can be **known** for truth by
 consecutive reasoning -
 and yet it must be - Can it
 be that even the greatest
 Philosopher ever arrived at
 his goal without putting
 aside numerous
 objections..” **ast these ast**
colin leslie deean hast seen

**What be this dribble
called philosophy what be
this dribble that
effervesces fromst the
mind of man deduction
told we be if the premise
be true then the deductive
conclusion be true what
crap**

Pigs eat cheese

This is a pig

Therefore it eats cheese

**Blah this pig is dead so
it canst not eat cheese**

**All crows are black
This is a crow therefore
it is black**

**Blah this crow is a
albino mutant
thus deductions inference
from valid premises be
found to be incorrect and
thus deduction be not be a
certain path to "truth"**

**It be said that $1+1=2$ be a
certain truth**

Blah

**1 number + 1 number = 1
number**

**1 number (2) + 1 number (2)
= 1 number (4)**

**Blah blach it be said that
the law of non
contradiction be te most
certain of laws blah**

**Deans glass show that
the glass is half full and
half empty at the same
time thus showing the law
of non-contradiction is
wrong**



It be proven that

$$\mathbf{1 = 0.999\dots}$$

Let be $x = 0.999\dots$

$$\mathbf{10x = 9.999\dots}$$

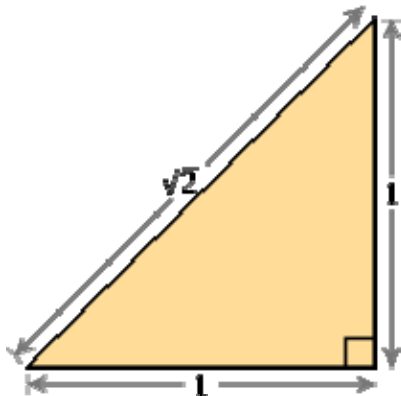
$$\mathbf{10x - x = 9.999\dots - 0.999\dots}$$

$$\mathbf{9x = 9}$$

$$\mathbf{x = 1}$$

But that proof thus shows a finite number be equal to a non-finite number thus a contradiction in terms thus mathematics ends in contradiction

It be said that For a triangle that has sides equal to 1 unit long, the diagonal of the triangle is equal to the $\sqrt{2}$



blah

mathematics is in contradiction

Thus $\sqrt{2}$. is a non finite number ie it never terminates –thus can never be constructed

but the length of the hypotenuse is finite ie terminates

or

But by the mathematics the length of the [hypotenuse](#) is finite ie it terminates

Thus we have a contradiction the maths says

**1) the hypotenuse is finite ie terminates
ie can be constructed**

but

2) the length of the hypotenuse is $\sqrt{2}$. It is non-finite which does not terminate ie can never be constructed

Thus a contradiction in terms

Thus mathematics ends in

meaninglessness

**What be this rap called
philosophy all products of
the mind we see end in
absurdity as colin leslie
dean has seen**

“Oh for a Life of
Sensations rather than
Thoughts” **to posey flee** ♪

“but ... now | here declare that |
have not any particular affection
for any particular phrase word or
letter in the whole affair | have
written to please myself...”

not I write for I exists

not the muse thru I

writes "... perhaps nature

has its course with me ..."

Oh thy holes deep radiance moon

bright light-like thrills with its

luculent loveliness as cunny dew

stars beams that crown that moon

face in delightful luxuriousness of

that face doth chase away the

gloom of I ast in that eye of

limpid fluorescence the woes of

I take wing and the soul of I

doth sing

**Oh after loves heated rush thy
lips beat pulsating like the
butterflys wing ast thy cunny hair
curling bout thy holes incandescent
face garlands those lips which
fluttering out sighs thy loves
delight soft as the murmurings of
petaled flowers in scented breeze
the hues of that flesh those lips
the holes rim the slit that flush
with tinted hues pink to the touch
of the lips kiss of ♪**

**Mid loves raptures shuddering
sighs whenst to thy lips my lips
didst those folds of flesh
languidly kiss that kiss that
summoned fromst thy lips those
well tuned modulations of cries oh
those sighs those cries didst
sooth the soul of *Y* ast lips
clasped lips oh delightful
beauteous love thy sighs thy cries
caress the heart of mine and
bringeth a new sunrise to the soul
of *Y* that chase away the clouds
of black and rend apart woes
melancholy nights**

'neath the arch of thy puffy lips
 be the halcyon days of 'neath
 that shrine of folded flesh be the
 heavenly nights of 'oh at that
 beauteous sight in drew the breath
 of 'ast gaze 'wonder struck
 at the awe of that limpid pool of
 liquid pearl in which didst dream
 ' saw sliver fish darting
 twixt bubbles of frozen light or
 didst dream ' the moon flying in
 that pool twixt pink flesh that
 inward made ' draw breath

**At the tongues kiss of ♪ upon
 thy pink folded lips the fluttering
 beat of the heart of ♪ at the
 throbbing pulsation along thy lips
 curling edge oh the heart beat at
 thy lips fluttering flesh the beat
 rhythmic thru my flesh what
 folds of delight oh ways many
 how wouldst ♪ o'er flow with
 bliss at the tongues kiss of thy
 curling lips the beat of my heart
 like the skipping of girlies little
 feet along thy pink lips edge the
 tongue of ♪ doth kiss burning
 flesh lacing with roses fromst
 the kissing tongues tip**

**Lift up *J* the lips of *J* to the
 lips folded flesh
 And *J* doeth cry
 All ye lost souls
 All the woeful hearts
 All ye of mournful moan
 Place thy lips to the pink rime
 bowl and dringeth down that
 sweet wine in one long gulp
*J*n that bowl be rubies and pearls
 of delightfulness
 bubbles of jewels crown that
 ripe flesh drink thee thy fill and
 find in that bowl thy paradise or
 idyll**

**No chatter fromst thee hear the
 words of me none talk all listen
 in this world of woe and
 melancholy show thy treasure be
 for thee and me wrapped in the
 curling fleece of a ravishing she
 twixt the thighs of she be thee
 leave this world of strife and
 draw in the scented breeze fromst
 the cunt hole of she thee shalt melt
 into paradise of thee and infidel
 dwell in this bowl into the little
 death of bliss doeth thee thy soul
 to sell maketh hast say ♪ to kiss
 that rose bowl of flesh cometh my
 friends hear ♪ for the hours pass
 no lost time canst be regot that
 hast past**

oh says ♪ that hole of she be
 more full of dreams thanst the
 green pill that Sufis their bellies
 fill oh that hole of ecstasy
 bringeth to ♪ more Souris than in
 paradise
 but alas life is but a sleep a
 shorten dream
 now here then to fade away
 thus my friends dream thy sleep
 away upon a river bank decked in
 blooming flowers colors frothing
 tints with a she and thee and fly
 to ecstasy
 drinking fromst her pink rimed
 bowl that frothing nectar that
 flows fromst she

**Oh most beauteous thee why doth
 thy face thee concealeth fromst me
 hiding thy moon shaped face
 within those rose tintured lips of
 thee oh most beauteous one taketh
 pity on my case and showeth me
 thy face unfurl thy lips splay out
 those lips shower √ with the
 light effervescing fromst that
 moon face feed the starving eyes
 of √ upon that hidden moon oh
 paradise within those lips of thee
 pray thee show me and like the
 angel Sarut who looked upon the
 beauty of Zuhrah becometh me a
 victim of thy beauteousness that
 in that moon face doth shine**

**Pink flush upon thy lips bright
 tinted as the narcissus bloom
 falls upon the eyes of ♀
 the scent fromst thy cunt falls
 upon the sense of ♀ as the
 perfume of the roses bloom
 the dew upon thy lips folded flesh
 tastes like honey dew upon the
 tongue of ♀
 thy cunts folds clasping the lips
 of ♀ fromst which drink ♀ of the
 fountain of life
 oh cry ♀ the heart of ♀ burns
 with the flames of bliss with
 tears of joy and sighs of delight
 that taketh the hoopoe
 heavenward to perfume paradise**

**how warm -cunts lips
pink flushed**

**dewy cunts lips –fluttering pink
wings**

**cunts lips frozen pink-petals in
wind flapping**

**cunt hole glowing- like spring
pools**

**lust fires rise-seek ♪ refuge in
those cunts folds**

**limpid the cunts hole- scents of
roses**

**cunts lips folds- veiled in pink
mist**

**cunts fold fluttering butterfly
ballet**

**cunts folds perfumed-by moon
floating in luculent hole**

**pink cloud of mist o'er cunys lips-
lust shining flesh**

**plop-shadows of cunts lips in
limpid hole**

lust -cunts lips veiled in pink mist

**cunts lips- butterfly curling pink
wings**

**cunts lips -colors pink burst in
spring light**

**cunts pink flesh-light thru pink
scent**

**Pink light-floating moon and
cunts scent**

**Cunt hole- moons face on pink
mist**

**Lust sighs –rippling on holes
liquidity**

**Cunts lips- crescent moons
shadows o'er pink flesh**

**Cunts lips- pink splashed on
scented light**

**Cunts lips wings floating in
diaphanous light**

**Dew on cunts lips-fireflies
flickering**

**Cunts lips folds –curving lines of
pink ink**

**Cunts hole - moon silvery
floating in pink mist**

**Cunt hole- moon rimmed in pink
ink**

**Moonlight bright white shines
thru lattice window streaking the
flesh of ♀ in spears of light that
curl round the cunts lips of ♀
coating the lips edge in a froth of
white tears fromst eyes fall
wetting peacock quilt ast loves
juice flows fromst crimson
rimmed cunt hole no one to lick
cunny dew fromst puffy lips ast
liquidity flows like San river deep
and clear swelling bubbling the
whole river of the cunt hole of ♀
o'er flowing silk sheets that into
the tears of ♀ drip drip**

**Oh in rapture be the heart of ♪
 lipstick kissed o'er cunts lips
 kohl across eyebrows smeared
 mandarin duck brocade panties
 soaked with cunny dew cunts hole
 ripping waves o'er flow crimson
 rim in jade boudoir still hear ♪
 the tingling of bells fromst the
 hair of she ast the lips of she run
 up the lips of me while fragrant
 dust coated we earrings dropped
 o'er lutes strings ast kingfisher
 drapes still waver fromsts the out
 sighs of ♪**

**O'er cunny hair swarming
 butterflies ast in phoenix mirror
 look ♪ at cunny lips painted pink
 like moth eyebrows ast poignant
 cunny scent wafts thru kingfisher
 drapes hear ♪ love tunes of
 Chiangnan flutes and jade lutes
 thru lattice window frosted in
 moon light coated in saffron pollen
 sprinkle ♪ cassia dust o'er
 cunnys pulpy flesh waiting for
 she ast softly sighs ♪
 ast my cunt holes florescence
 flares like a burning moon waiting
 for she
 ast softly sighs ♪**

**cunt open like lotus bloom
 speckled with pearly dew cunts
 lips soft as silken fleece lone
 moon beam frozen light with gentle
 splash in the liquidity of the cunt
 hole of ♪**

**cunts folds deep in shadows
 curling hair tangled like willows
 pink mist like clouds hang o'er
 jeweled cunts hole**

**cunny dew like congealed pearls
 soak the panty of ♪ to glisten like
 moonlight frozen on sapphire jewel**

**on cunts lips butterflies lighting
splashes of yellows and pinks
fold round cunts hole molten glass
folds curve enclose scent of aloes
wafts round cicadas in flight
swept by moonlight the girl
fromst Chu languidly laying o'er
pheasant sheets in raptures shed
silk panty to dip finger tip in that
goblet of orchid wine tracing
shimmering lines o'er lips spongy
flesh silken curtains sway to the
sighs of she fragrant cunny scent
glistening bubbles of light float in
musk scented moonlight brightly
soaked with cunny dew**

**cunts lips splayed wide like
 ashoka blooms puts forth scent to
 perfume the spring day saffron
 pollen speckled o'er plumpy flesh
 oh delightful be the view to
 entrance *Kama* devotees**

**cunts lips saffron- dyed delicate
 lips soft ast silk perfect folds of
 flesh shining neath springtime
 sun pouring forth profusions of
 scent that curl round lips of
 delicate elegance**

**Gilded palaces float in moonlight
 upon crystal lakes sandal scent
 wafts o'er surface of clear frosted
 light to mix with the cunts scent
 of languid girls fresh fromst the
 dance of love laying on terraces
 cut fromst amethyst ast their
 panties clutch cunny tight soaked
 in loves dew**

**Thunder claps thru moonlight
 mist ast water nymphs dance out
 the passions ,neath ashoka blooms
 desiring bringing in the Lord of
 Beings in his cosmic dance ast
 cunty scent fresh ast jasmine
 blooms encircles his lingam**

**Oh girls playing with their cunny
 lips doth the Bodiless One turn
 pale with desire breathless
 flustered in the delightful
 loveliness of those cunty blooms
 red ast ashoka petals**

**Ashoka petals red ast sunset
 sun nestle twixt cunty folds
 jasmine laces round lips of
 pinkish flesh dappling purple
 shadows o'er cunts hole of molten
 gold purple-blue cunny curls
 garland the cunt of she
 sensuousness brilliance that
 flesh quivering for the kiss of ♪**

**Scented powder of sandal paste
 mixed in betel juice smeared o'er
 cunny lips fromst the kissing of
 the lips of √ red lacquer along
 cunts lips edge fromst which
 flowers bloom oh the disheveled
 cunny curls of she sprinkled with
 the cunny dew of she all gleams
 'neath the frosted moons light**

**Fromst the heat of love the cunts
 lips of she glowing with
 perspirations liquidity quiver doth
 those lips of she tinkling the bell
 that studs the left lips of she**

**Ah she sighs
She dies
She melts
and flows forth fromst the cunt
hole of she
Soaking the face of me in the
essence of she**

**Oh the butterflies fly round the
cunts lips of she mistaking them
for the ashokas petals
the bee dips into the cunt hole of
she mistaking it for the nectar of
some jasmine wafting scent on the
breeze**

know “But as I was saying –the
simple imaginative Mind may have
its rewards in the repeti[tion] of its
own silent Working coming
continually on the spirit with a fine
suddenness...” “O for a life of
Sensations rather than of
Thoughts”

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