

The Ekstasis

Of αἰδοῖον

(αἰδοῖον) Translated by

μουνί (mouní)

POEM

BY C

DEAN

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introduction

Ahh **aidoïon** thy

Ekstasis be a hymn of

incantatory enchantment thy poem
 defies explanation thy ideas be
 inseparable fromst thy language thy
 effects break syntax abuse grammar
 by thy skilful manipulations of
 language thee creates an ineffable
 work of originality each word each
 line each page be harmonious and
 interlaced each to each the part

explained by the whole the whole a
 tapestry of magicality where each
 image each word comes together in
 the whole a sphony of sound a
 rhapsody of mellifluousness Ahh
aidoïon thy **Ekstasis** be
 rich in sounds thy music melodious
 fromst thy word combinations each
 word fits each other word each sound
 harmonies but then each line may be
 dissonant to the ear atonal mixing
 with harmony Ahh **aidoïon**
 thy **Ekstasis** be mesmerising a
 magical work of enchantment dense

**in sound pictures deep in rhythms
resonating in a rich voluptuous
texture of sense image and sound**

Ahh *aidoion* thy

***Ekstasis* be to be performed**

**with a singer to a lyre with a
chorus of dancers air perfumed in
soft light of candle flames ast
listeners fanned with gilded flabella
lay back on couches full feasted
fromst banqueting full of mirth and
lustiness where cup-bearers fill cups
with frothing bubbling juices of the
grape spiced peppery with tints of**

**tuberose and cassia pouring into
 cups o'erflowing with foam nibbling
 fruits of pomegranate and ripe
 bursting figs licking the pulp fromst
 inside squashy squishy pink with
 naked girls throwing rose petals in
 the air falling in hair and the cups
 full brims Ahh **aidoïon** thy**

Ekstasis be a delight a
 delectable morsel to fill a dull night
 when alone with thyself full of lust
 and hornyness soaked in juices thy
 flesh bursting like ripe fruit

Preface

**Ahh what be death be death an
 o'erload of sensations a paroxysm of
 the senses or be death the senses
 dead stopped cut off the mind
 withdrawn fromst sense-
 impressions fromst sensuality
 secluded Ahh what be death what be
 rapture what be ecstasy the mind
 stopped or the brain exploded come
 read come see**

κλειτορίδα *kleitorída* Oh howeth thee
 creeps into the mind of ♪ at night thru
 purpling shadows thy name throbs the
 self samed named of ♪ Ahhh thy
 scent senses ♪ delicate fume wafts thru
 this mind of ♪ interlaced with the pulpy
 flesh swimming in that brain pan of ♪
 Ahh that scented bloom rare and spicy
 of perfume look look how that light
 sears the brain of ♪ light that light into
 rainbows form thru perfumed mist those
 cunts lips coated in violet blues hues of
 red that incandescent mist refulgent
 gripping at those lips Ahh those
 saffron beams spread along that fleshy
 bed of delectableness enticing the sight
 of ♪ in that heaven of delicious light

blazing bright thru the brain of ♪
 flushing with tempests of hues along
 the walls of this room of ♪ along the
 burning flesh of ♪ bursting with lust
 surging fromst every pore of ♪ Ohh of
 my delight Ahhh to view that bloom
 that iridescent flower that be thy cunt
 that be thy cunt kleitorída that hot
 flushing face ast powdered with the
 tints of the Dawn ast rosy -forearmed
 powdered with the tints of the Dawn
 mingling Ohh kleitorída with flashes of
 moonlight along thy lips lascivious
 curves glints like ice on fire that
 kleitorída Ohh that Ohh kleitorída
 flowers die and lust turneths to dust
 everything to nothing returns fromst

being back into non-being all returns
Ahh but now whenst spring is sweet
 and in youth lusting lovers meet that *♪*
 canst kiss thy lips lily white glowing
 and take those lips in the teeth of *♪*
 and glut my breath upon they cunts
 breath drowning *♪* in thy flesh *Ohh*
 let my hymn ring with those tunes that
 those violet-bosomed *Pierian Muses*
 sing of that cunt surpassing that rosy-
 fingered moon let the hymn of *♪ Ohhh*
kleitorída burst thy cunt into bloom
 deeper hued than red moon bringing
 along thy lips dew to fertilise into
 bloom *Chervil* white flowered
Asphodel and *Rose* that the tunes of
♪ canst weave lush flowers of aniseed

roses scented and violets blooms about
 thy lips sweet scented with myrrh Ahh
 those lips that cunt of flesh an apple
 orchard of delights smouldering fromst
 that hole that alter of flesh percolating
 Frankincence that field of Asphodels
 full of scent that perfumed bowl filled
 with virgins nectar blent with honeys
 taste sent Ahh that this hymn of ♪
 Ohhh kleitorída doth pluck thy blossom
 Ohh kleitorída and make thy lips sing
 kleitorída like some seven string lyre
 Ahh that ♪ couldst die wrapped in the
 savour of thy lips wrapped in the spice
 of thy flesh to endure death to expire
 'mongst the Lotus blooms upon the
 lips tips of thy cunt Ohhh kleitorída

thee the limb-loosener of the flesh of ♀
 loud thunder echoes in the ears of ♀ of
 ♀ flames like lightening sparks vibrate
 'neath the flesh of ♀ of ♀ the hymn
 stutter of ♀ with tongue shattered on
 thy soft lips juicy sweet sweat down
 the flesh of ♀ sweeps torrents of lusts
 fermentations Ahhh to shiver with
 heated fires Ahh to die in boiling
 liquidities of the limbs of ♀ of ♀ the
 blood surges thru the veins of ♀ to die
 to die with lusts fever Ohh kleitorída
 suffer ♀ bliss suffer bliss ♀ the
 senses the flesh evaporate into mist
 ast the gaze of ♀ burns fixed on that
 cunt of thee on that cunt of thee Ohh
 kleitorída wreathed in darked eyed

**Violets Anemones moisty laced in
 Asphodels this garland of flowers
 delicate of scent o'er thy cunt smooth
 as glass glossy as watered silk that
 temple of lust Ohh thee thee the limb-
 loosener of me give ♪ that ripe fig in
 the cleft of thy thighs gives this bee
 plunder of maidens blooms give ♪ ♪ die
 in raptures on thy fruited flesh Ohhh
 kleitorída give ♪ thy cunt for death be
 long and canst be undone we drag
 ourselves along in the dream thenst die
 forever we so we shouldst clutch at
 pleasures whenst they we see Ohh
 thee kleitorída thy odours of flesh
 freshly wrought scents in folds of thy
 femininity those folds of flesh**

exhaling subtle tones of exquisiteness
 within those folds crease of
 delightfulness Ohhh that perfume upon
 more drunken than aniseed broth be ♪
 more drunken than honey soaked bee be
 ♪ the tongue dances fromst lips to lips
 sipping in that hole that hole honey
 frothed dew honey frothed nectar of the
 Gods the fingers tip of ♪ diddles thee
 Ohh kleitorída flickering fluttering ast
 fan along the tip of thee kleitorída in the
 tongues grip of ♪ encircling thee throbs
 caressing thee quivers with restraint
 cast off thee whoeth into swoons
 rapturousness sends thee the senses of
 ♪ o'er stimulated body of ♪ languidly
 supping upon thy flesh inhaling thy

breaths inhaling that flesh that furling
 opens to the lips of ♪ Ahh howeth
 love ♪ to see the flesh of thee burst
 into coloured hues at the breaths kiss of
 ♪ to watch thy flesh swell into
 swollen lumps of beauteousness to see
 thy jewelled rimed cunt hole o'er flow
 with bubbling light see feel that light
 break up to the lickings of ♪ into
 myriad hues rainbows of colour lapping
 o'er the flesh of ♪ burning sweet kisses
 into the skin that quivers 'neath that
 spongy pulpyness Ahh melt ♪ into
 oblivion ast thee Ohh kleitorída breaks
 forth into melodious music like the
 quivering of the one stringed lyre Oh
 the flesh of ♪ breaks forth into

quivering paroxysms an epilepsy of the
 senses of ♪ turned mad with sensations
 o'erabundance o'erexcited senses of ♪
 with frenzied derangement collapse
 dissolve ♪ to awake with thy breath
 with thy breaths caresses upon my flesh
 to awake in the eternity of the moment
 with the body exhausted of ♪ senses
 stricken still more still more clutch my
 senses upon thee to devour thy flesh
 Ahh those lips yellowing with saffron
 crimson like some bursting rose Ahhhh
 the savour the savour of those folds
 full blown like waves upon a storm
 wavering sea Ahh to those lilies
 languid the fingers of ♪ cling with
 unwavering desires Ohh doth ♪ ache

**with senses pains o'erloaded but no but
no those heated folds and gushing hole
naught weary ♪**

Thy cunt

Thy lips

Thy hole all these on fire for ♪

**Thy glossy hair pubes fleecy with
infusions of myrrh lavish quantities of
flesh to tangle the finger tip of ♪ in
sheets of yielding flesh perfumed
flushed flowers of delight that pluck ♪**

**Ahh all is honey upon my mouth that
♪ couldst die with that taste upon thy
cunt more beauteous than the moon
snared art ♪ snared art ♪ in thy
trembling flesh trembling flesh dew**

decked in a thousand light upon those
 lips upon those lips purple-tinted finger
 twined diddling the pink rim of thy
 bowl of that reflects the silvery moon
 that bowl a lamp to lure this moth to its
 fatal kiss with death Ohhh kleitorída
 let ♪ cool my burning lips in thy boiling
 fount look look with the kiss of ♪
 those lips of thee seen like doves to fly
 unfurled wings fluttering wafting
 perfumes to the nose of ♪

Cease not my kisses

Cease not thy sighs

Cease not the blisses

Cease not for ♪ too die kleitorída thy
 flower doth awake ♪ do ♪ weary not ♪

of my lust for thee for each desire that
thee expire *Ahhh kleitorída* upsprings
hydra-like ten more desires of fire that
♪ canst burn in them too oblivion for
kleitorída it be true fromst nothing we
came and too nothing we return we
are not and we will be not all else be a
lie so let us drink up earths pleasures
so let us drink up lifes pleasures for
they be the antidote betwixt here and
eternity cum cum *kleitorída* sing out thy
sighs to panpipes gush out thy drugs
fromst that poppy eye sing ♪ and we
sprout butterfly wings and soar and
soar upwards to paradise to the
Asphodel Meadows we smell that
perfume mist that vapour of bubbles

**frothing blent with the sweat of we
lingering o'er our flesh thy flesh
beauteous mound thy lips flowery
petals that flutter music to the Gods
fromst the fingers tip playing upon thy
lip Ahh lust surges minds imaginings
the breath of thee suffocates √
convulse the senses of √ dead into
oblivion slip √ suffering into bliss no
sight nor sound the light bursts fromst
the brain of √ splattering walls with
colours myriad vaporising √ √ die**

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