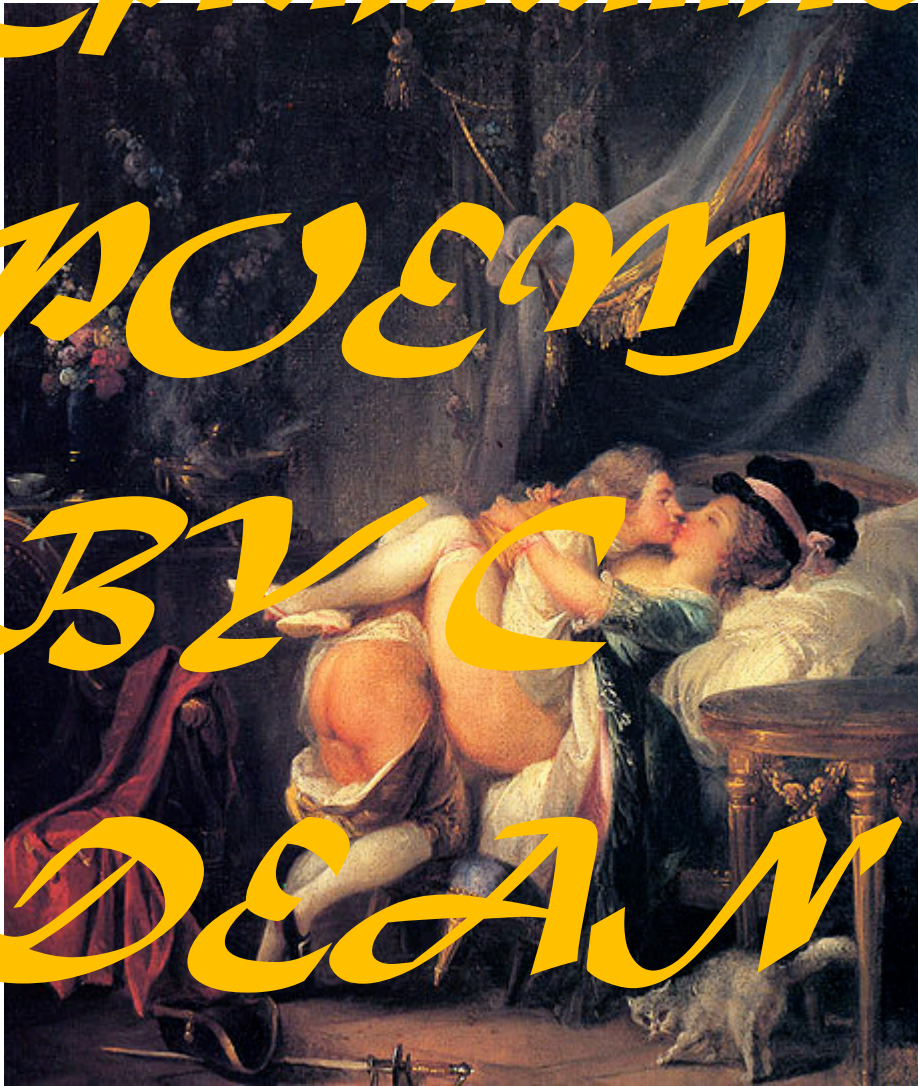


Epithalamion

POEM

BY

DEAN





Epithalamion

POEM BY C

DEAN

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2025 P.1 Love Encounter Jean-Frédéric Schall P.2
Pstoral Erotica Francois Boucher P, François Boucher
(Hercule et Omphale P,5 Venus at Play with Two
Doves Francois Boucher P.6 l'Odalisque brune
Francois Boucher

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

Epithalamion

*well be it not like the trite prim ever
so nice Epithalamions of*

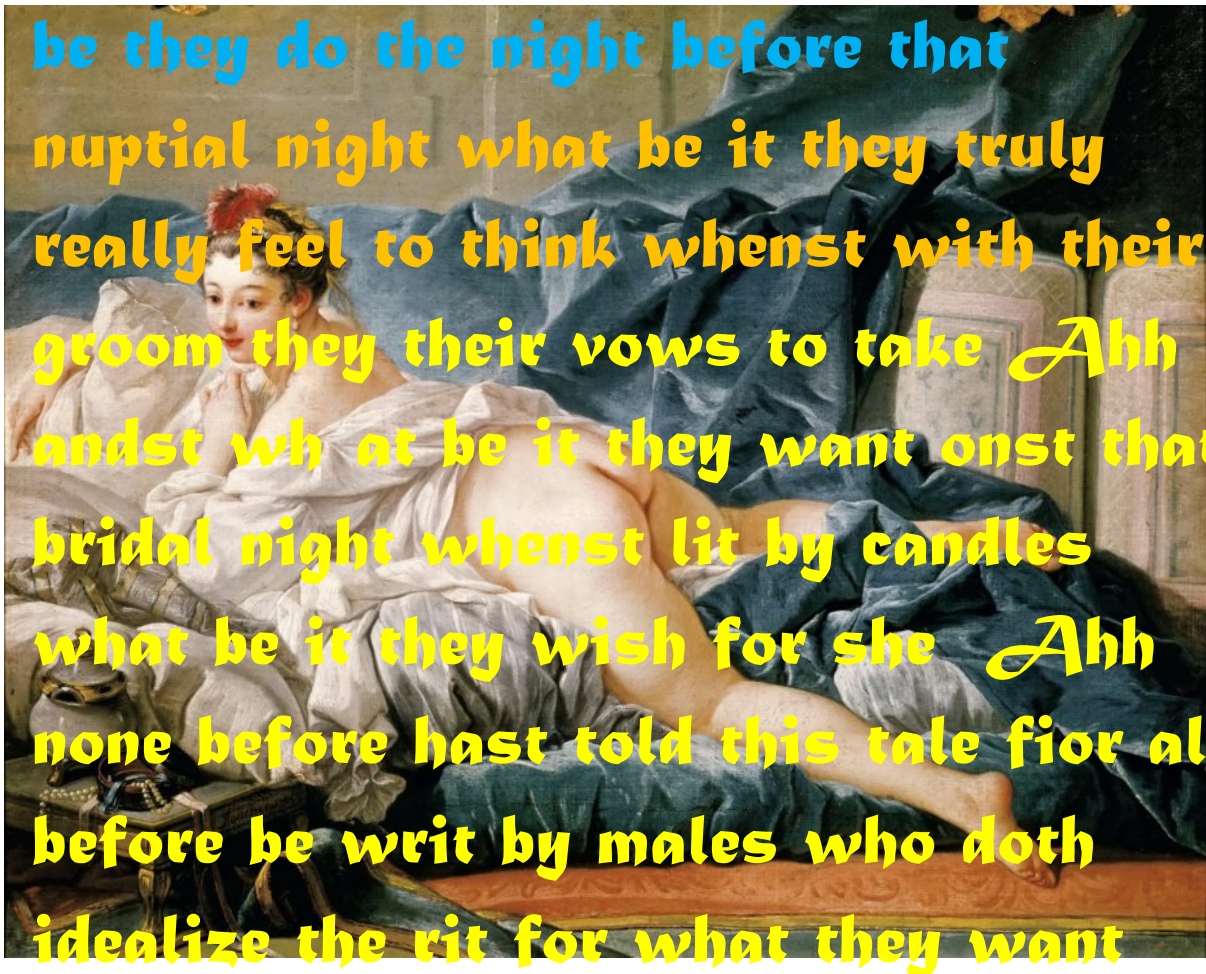
*Sappho, Anacreon, Stesichorus and
Windar andst the 18th Jdy II of
Theocritus, nor like the Latin,
epithalamiums imitated from
fescennine Greek models, which be
a base form of literature in Latin
wher Catullus so called redeemed it
inst his Marriage of Thetis and*

Deleus onst a lost ode of Sappho
 nor nor like inst later times those
 Epithalamions of Statius,
Ausonius, Sidonius Apollinaris
 andst Claudian which be imitated by
Julius Caesar Scaliger, Jacopo
Sannazaro nor like those Italian
Renaissance, *per nozze* nor like
Ronsard, Malherbe andst Scarron
 inst French literature, andst
Marino andst Metastasio in
Italian. Nor like that universally
 admired pastoral Epithalamion of
Edmund Spenser nor like his
 rivals—Ben Jonson, Donne and
Francis Quarles, Sir John
Suckling nor even like
Shakespeare's play A Midsummer

Night's Dream nor again like the
 close of *In Memoriam A.M.F.*
Tennyson, nor *Yet* alike the 20th
E. E. Cummings Tulips and
Chimneys nor like ast for opera
 nothing like the trite *Johann*

Wanning nor *Richard Wagner's*
Lohengrin, the "*Bridal Chorus*"
 the priss *Ralph Vaughan*
Williams for these doth sing of
 the grooms songs to his bride *Yet*
 his song be of the brides to he groom
 of what she doth really to make her
 swoon that n'er is told *Yet* it be told
 be what all brides doth wish to be
 andst how they doth truly feel these
 virgin she these she that doth of doth
 mainly think to feel what be *But*

onst their mindes all days all night
 all every moment every second of
 their lives what be it they think andst
 feel about their wedding night what



be they do the night before that
 nuptial night what be it they truly
 really feel to think whenst with their
 groom they their vows to take Ahh
 andst wh at be it they want onst that
 bridal night whenst lit by candles
 what be it they wish for she Ahh
 none before hast told this tale fior all
 before be writ by males who doth
 idealize the rit for what they want

fromst their ideal wife But Ahh
 read this tale fromst the females side
 andst see what inst their minds so
 reciter recite andst take part inst the shes
 beating hart

PREFACE Ahh thee sweet
 virgin thee want us to believe like thy
 Daddy thinks thee a sweet Princess be
 Yet mommy doth know for she wast
 once like thee onst her wedding night
 with such delight where all doth see
 thee with vertues bloom with voice so
 sweet ast like Angels tunes all doth to
 swoon within thy flesh all niceties doth
 bloom a Nymph thee be all excellencies
 thee doth surpass butter wouldst not
 melt inst thy mouth for all about doth
 see thy purity Yet thee not fool ♪ for
 all virgins be obsessed be with sex
 thinking of to fuck andst their
 maidenhead be But to vex for all day
 they be randy andst wet

Ahh remember thee thy wedding day if
thee wast to be a Virgin maide whenst
inst thy eyes wast burning love thy
breath didst out breathe purple mist
perfumed of lilies andst roses blooms thy
eyes to he each feeding each with dreams
of future bliss ast lay about flowers
andst fruits ripe pulp Yet didst thee
‘neath thy dreass of white whilst inst thy
sight of all about didst see thee so quite
so nice inst thy panty cloth that fruit
wast so ripe that its juice didst damp that
cloth out of sight for thy mind not be onst
the rite But what thee wants that night

Hymen thy protector of I doth I
 sing to thy face sheathed in light
 protect I for my wedding night
 singeth I to thy face Ohh my
 Hymen I for crimson be mine mouth
 flames I to flare kissed along mine
 lips that throb with joyful smart
 Ahh ast doth beat mine hart ast
 Ohh mine lips doth part that doth I
 offer to thy face to thee my Hymen
 these sighs doest offer I up to thee
 these quivers that doth pour fromst
 mine flesh fromst mine breath to thy
 name for thee hymen doth bleed
 Ohh bleed Hymen doth bleed mine
 hart Ohh Ohh for thee that Oh
 mine wedding night be to I so
 pleasing be for Aurōra hath risen

with blazing lamp lighting the sky ♪
 sigh uponst mine bed spread with
 flesh lips inst golden light warm
 these sheets of ♪ that be damp that
 doth upon which doth rest mine head
 with lusty thoughts of that bower to
 fromst which mine wedding to willst
 ♪ be led for mine Hy-men mine
 protector ready forth that mask to
 move to quiver along that face to
 flames doth burn with many a bright
 flake that mine fingers along around
 doest But tread along the flesh with
 Ohh such long delight with no
 payne nor sorrows at thy flight
 Dearest Hy-men doth of ♪ with joy
 andst solace doth ♪ sing that all the
 worlds doth of mine happiness to

echo andst thru the woods to fly
 Ohh to fly with mine sighs ast mine
 digits doth along around mine
 Dearest Hymen doth to fidgets ast
 the sheet doth fill with damp that
 fromst mine lips doest But to seep
 ast around mine Hymen the Erotes
 fluttering wings the tips mine lips
 tips to quivering throbs to the dance
 the flick of mine fingers tips to
 prance along around mine lips thru
 which doth a river doth to stream of
 their Nymphes doth I hear to
 sighs to cry with my sighs thru
 forests greens that doth onst mine
 sheets to pool ast if a sea andst
 those fumes that out breathe the lips
 of I burst Ohh to burst with scents

of lillyes andst of roses that bound
around mine flesh with like blew
silk riband mine hand doth twine to
climb ast seep ¶ inst thoughts of
what be in store for that bridale hour
ast doth blooms along mine lips to
fume to burst to bloom such flowers
that again shallst deck mine bridale
bower come Oh come Ye Nymphes
that spurt fromst mine lips cometh
forth fromst mine watry bower
forsake all thy Satyrs let them
lament for ¶ sigh with joy like a
rustic maid this morning like a
morning Muse of Thestylys like
doth ¶ seem as ¶ doth seep gurgling
sounds such bubbling tumbling
streams Ahh my wedding dreams

Ahh Phoebus inst the sky doth
 light andst sprinkles flecks bright
 golden streams that doth rain down
 onst ♪ ♪ at this alter the gates of
 loves temple behold ♪ that doth the
 priest to face with happy face doth
 he to ♪ to speak ast Ohh inst the
 panty cloth of ♪ doth seep with lips
 rose hued flushed an inst my cheeks
 andst doth But stain with crimson
 dye that doth uponst my lips to
 remain ast Angels doth with sweet
 refrain to sing whilst ♪ inst deep
 crevice doth to seep with hidden
 sighs that none canst hear that be at
 my side 'neath Phoebus where he

doth light my dark that be *But* hid
 shrouded inst his face *Ahh* *I* sigh
 andst with steady steps with my love
 beside my side my *Muse* instside
 doth *Oh* sighs ast my lips too doest
 spread wide my thighs to open the
 cloth too tight around that mound
 that be damp soaked inst the juice of
Ohh fromst my flesh with great
 heat to burn those lips twin flames
 that be *But* fuelled by my wanton
 thoughts my wanton lust my dreams
 of my wedding night *Ohh Ohh* my
Amoretti my little loves my little
 cupids that flutter above my head
 wreathed inst *Asphodels* that willst

**Minstrels to doest But hymns to
sing andst the pipes andst andst
tabors ring with music merry that
all the Damzals doth delight ast
tymbrels doth incite the carrols
sweet delights andst ast girls andst
boys andst maids doth sing andst
play at my temple of love Ahh my
temple of lOve doth seep with hard
desire with thoughts of my wedding
night kindling fyre fromst my
vumoued minde that doth persist with
rebellious thoughts non lady like
But Ahhh so lady like filled with
all things of baser kind we doth
But finde inst all brides mindes**

doth finde inst all brides panty wet
 cloth doth ooze the flesh that none
 doth view all Ohh all that celestial
 dew along those lips those panty
 soaked that seep fromst loves gate
 fromst those lips kindled with
 heavenly fire Ahh doth ♪ But Ohh
 Ohh seem to expire with that juice
 oozy flesh-ripe ripe-fleshy pulpy-
 flesh onst my breath hid be my
 thoughts my dreams Ohh all along
 the panty crease seep ast he we the
 priest doth speak Ohh the lips of ♪
 if But couldst speak of Ohh that
 living fire that consuming desire
 within that cloth be my liquid thought

Brought I now to my brydall
 boures the day is past andst
 Hesperus doth peep to see I inst my
 bower of love where lay I onst
 lillies andst violets that fume to be
 blent with the breath that doth out
 breathe fomst my lips lay here I
 disarrayed onst odour'd sheets that
 be But damp fromst what I seep
 onst Arras couerlets 'neath silken
 courteins ast frogs doth crok andst
 inst the woods their echos ring inst
 this silence of sacred peace where
 doth rain down many a winged doue
 that doth about my bed doth flutter
 above ast Hesperus thru the window

doth peep ast Cinthia doth inst
 heaven above doth walks andst those
 eyes doth see I espy ast ast like the
 sonnes of Venus doth play such
 sport my thoughts of joy with my
 minde I toy of greedy pleasures of
 my flesh that this night willst
 conceal fromst all with sight my
 merry play hid fromst day But
 which of all the echos shallst fromst
 my bed to go to fill the ears of all
 that doth fromst my flesh to flow
 this night break thru thee Hy-men
 andst of my love doth I cry Ohh
 Hy-men doth I die whenst thee doth
 fly away I say ast thru the window

doth seep sweet the beat of harp
 guitar percussions andst psaltery
 the fandango beat of *La Jota* the
 beat ast onst mine lips the long
 lingering lingering kiss linger long
 lingering kiss onst mine lips to the
 beat thy hips the breath the limbs
 Ohh the limbs to beat to thrash to
 crash the crush the limbs to limbs the
 hips thighs twine Ohh Ohh the
 kisses sweet meet the murmuring
 flesh whispering breaths odours
 fumes the limbs the hips the lips
 enamoured flesh the breath loud Ohh
 loud the cries the lust fire the love
 burns to churn to kiss to furl the lips

around to clasp to clutch the flesh
 storms the cheeks to form the juice
 the ooze the goo to flow fromst lips
 fromst the flesh to too stream to
 spurt to gush the rush flowing
 seeping thru flesh Ohh that limb to
 those lips the moth to the flame inst
 our loves game to lOve cave the
 bower sprayed with love juice the
 fruit the root Ohhhhh noooo shame
 nooooo blame hips to hips flesh
 heating flesh to cry to sigh to fly inst
 the air the arse of J high pounds the
 flesh the tip the throb the thrust Ohh
 the rush of the spurt the bite the
 scratch Ohh to feel it tight the might

the cheeks of arse to quiver to shake the
 wobble of flesh to each thrust each beat
 the heat Ohh the beat beat beat thrust
 beating the flesh Ahh the breath sighs
 cries moans Ohh 'neath ♪ ♪ ride the
 meat the beat up down squishy the
 sound cloth sheets ooze the goo the
 seep the gush the rush the spurt the
 Ohhh the grind ♪ my flesh my arse to
 his thrust his gush Ahhh his gush ♪
 rush ♪ squirt ♪ splash the limbs the
 cloth the sheet as jiggle tits the paps to
 bite to too suck up down around my
 arse on that flesh lips to lips heave we
 up Ohh *Zip* he doth thrust *Zip*

Ohhh the bliss we melt inst to a heap