







Cupid &  
Psyche  
POEM  
BY  
DEAN

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FP: "Psyche" Jean-Baptiste Regnault (French, 1754-1829) INFC: "Cupid and Psyche" Brocky Karoly (1850-55)

**PUBLISHERS  
INTRODUCTION  
N**

**Ahh what be this**

**Cupid &**

**Psyche** be it an

**allegory after the 5th century**

**Martianus Capella of the**

**souls fall or perhaps be it**

**Christian mysticism or**

again a Gnostic tale of the first rose or perhaps again a tale of sin and lust after the 6th century Fulgentius or do we see just that rignarole of modern scholarship which sees it as a religious or philosophical allegory What tripe all these dunces just project their own psychology or the hermeneutics of their cultural

**zeitgeist into the story andst  
their crap is just really just  
insights into their own  
minds or how clever they  
hope the world willst see  
them with all their pompous  
arcane tropes and rhetoric  
fromst *Niccolo de  
Correggio Milton Blake  
Tighe Keats Landon  
Morris e'en Pater* all do  
miss what be before their**

eyes andst be that ast say  
*Apuleius a Milesian tale*  
of virgin fucked andst her  
growth into sex loving for  
she didst love to be fucked  
that be all there be now some  
might see incest proving  
*Freuds account of Oedipus*  
marrying *Jocasta* but thenst  
they are just getting what  
they want fromst isogesis by  
juggling words and phrases

**PREFACE** Ohh howeth  
 so pleasant be those sighs of love  
 too to the sky to rise full of joys  
 perfumed vapours where each to each  
 inst ears we sing our love Ohhh  
 how nice our love to kiss our flesh  
 with such Ohhh such nice sweetness  
**Balderdash** stop this crap of  
 idealized love andst be true for me  
 andst you andst virgin too what well  
 we love to fuck so be honest be andst  
 stop this rubbish andst dwell inst  
 lusts ardours for each to let thy  
 randy sighs fall fromst thy lewd lips  
 to impregnate the earth with flowery  
 blooms in which all the bees do slip

Thru envy poor Psyche didst Venus do  
curse for she be worshiped as the second  
Venus that didst take the glory fromst that  
Goddess of Love who thru anger her son-  
lover she didst plead to of Psyche to but  
make in love with the most vile of all that  
“dirty muck of earth” to which Apollo didst  
to prophesize no mortal wouldst she wed  
but that a fierce wild thing of the dragon  
breed be the groom of she to which wast  
taken she to meet her doom upon a mountain  
crag fromst which good Zephyr didst but  
take she to a grassy dale now free to a  
dwelling luxurious she didst find andst there  
upon the bridal bed she andst of this tale  
willst tell of that night which o’er she befell



**Ohh what loveliness do see ♪ spread  
upon that crescent moon upon which do  
my eyes do rest upon which my hart  
doth swoon do my eyes creep o'er that  
flesh fromst that virgin budiness to that  
alabaster breast Ohh struck dumb be  
♪ upon that second Venus that be my  
mommy upon that maidenhead so  
glorious that ♪ long for those lips  
parted to kiss ♪ fervently long like  
didst my mommies upon my lips her lips  
didst press Ohh do see ♪ that flower  
twixt those thighs of she that burneth  
my wantonness andst lust that with my  
kiss ♪ do sting with a serpents hiss  
for thee art to me ast my mommy inst  
all her naked pride ♪ sigh be all to me**

Ohhh do here lay I upon that half moon  
with those tunes of the Lydian mode inst  
the ears of I ast do moan I andst Ahh do  
wait for IT that of that dragon breed for  
soon this flower of I shallst bleed plucked  
by IT that swoops all-conquering upon ITS  
wings this very hour Ahh wait I inst fear  
'neath sandalwood roof carved with ivory  
columns of gold with beasts that do seem  
to prey inst sliver upon the walls which  
shine of gold that I do think mean I to slay  
andst gems andst jewels that do seem  
serpent eyes that do make the night  
bright with light inst this luxurious prison I  
beheld where my budding bloom though  
living seem doth have no heat with no fire  
no warmth no colours gleam for this IT I  
do fear and of the thought of IT do scream

Ahh looketh I upon that maiden-  
 flower that bloom to which my seed  
 willst But fructify for thee be that  
 fruit-flower that my eyes do hover o'er  
 ast I do fly about thee thy flesh that  
 shimmers ast snow white those breasts  
 that do seem But clouds that float  
 within the lucent light Ohh howeth I  
 willst suck that bloom andst to kiss  
 those petals that be so tight ast doth my  
 mommy with those lips of she parted to  
 kiss I fervently long I along those  
 folds of she that doth into lust upon the  
 sight of thee that Ohh I those thighs  
 I do part ast Priapus doth rise with  
 my stare upon that bloom my second  
 Venus with which none doth compare

Oh that terror doth about I fly But though  
do I see IT not my ears do hear andst my  
flesh doth feel andst my smell doth  
breathe inst the cinnamon scents that  
fromst IT locks that hang do be sweet  
upon mine flesh andst Ohh ITS cheeks so  
soft ast mine that Ohh the breasts of I do  
burn with strange heat that doth make  
them shine But Ahh this bed be but that  
liminal world twixt Elysian andst Hades  
depths where I willst die yet be reborn to  
But a new inmeness with aching pains  
andst grasping breaths that flow fromst  
my lips that be parted ast IT doth break  
the blooms bud like a knife inst its sheath  
be placed my lips I bite Ah I cry cry I with  
such smart in this bud that be torn apart  
that upon my thighs to drip upon this  
crescent moon be of my hart its blood

Ohh looketh now I at that beauty that  
 glorious sight of that second Venus that  
 doth amaze the eyes of I beyond all that  
 I hast e'er seen beyond all that hast I  
 e'er esteemed Beyond compare of all those  
 beauties that my eyes upon do stare Ohh  
 looketh at those breasts milk-white orbs  
 that do away taketh all breaths But Yet  
 more Ahh seeth that bud burst twixt those  
 thighs that upon whose sight do my senses  
 feed that bloom that doth with red doth  
 bleed like roses melted to drip fromst those  
 folds seam that sweet nectar blent with the  
 heated froth of my seed that Ohh that  
 mommy awake in I my second Venus  
 mommy all those bonds of love that bind us  
 inst she those parted lips to kiss fervently  
 too I fly I leave she before the dawn with  
 my seed that doth fructify to be to born



Ohh lay here I with that bloom of I  
broken with sharp ache sharp sting  
within my flesh that bleeds down my  
thighs ast here lie I to cry to sigh inst  
pain fromst that which IT doth gain  
inst taking that sweet flower of I that  
scented bloom of choicest joy andst  
now do my plaints echo thru this prison  
of luxury this doom within which I lie  
ast inst a tomb to wait for IT again to  
take my bud andst my sadness that I  
exclaim in sorrow andst pain the tears  
of I do flow fromst mine eyes ast I  
moan inst fear at IT that doth upon I  
again willst roam my flower to gain to  
bust its bower in ITS loves game andst  
to inflict on my flesh pain again

**Return I now to thee Ohh mommy  
 dear that second Venus to Ohh  
 again to kiss that bud those lips  
 that pout that mouth divine that the  
 flesh doth in the night doth shine**

**Ohh too to breathe o'er thy limbs so  
 moist so fair**

**Oh too to smell the scent of that  
 glorious hair**

**Oh too to release my joy inst sighs  
 upon the air**

**To see that bloom Ohh mommy fair  
 those petals that seem tinted with  
 tips of gold those lips that bled rose  
 red upon which now my hunger is fed**

IT doth come to me that doth but  
 seem randomly at times whenst I do  
 dream upon the crescent moon at  
 times whenst sit I to weave my  
 thoughts IT doth come to me a bee to  
 hover o'er that bloom of I to kiss to  
 lick its perfume to along the folds to  
 skip to go deep into that bower to  
 spread ITS pollen along the lips inst  
 gleaming showers my flower doth  
 now but seem to long for that hour

For Ahh died I whenst IT last came to I  
 but a rebirth now into new isness of I  
 for now Ohhh howeth doth feel that I  
 bud of I which ITS lips do entice to furl  
 to curl andst Oh to feel so nice where  
 dwelleth bliss now upon ITS kiss

**Now she doth wait for me Ohh my  
 mommy dear my second Venus thee  
 upon the crescent moon thee willst  
 lay rubbing that bud that with thy  
 thighs a splay with lips that seem to  
 bite for their Cumming prey Ohh  
 howeth thee has changed to a maenad  
 that spits fire fromst thy loins to  
 grab ♀ with serpent legs to coil ♀  
 inst thy limbs ast that flower doth  
 tightly grip to hold my flesh within  
 its frame whilst fromst its breath  
 bursts our golden flames that with  
 thy mouth heated do but now cause ♀  
 pain yet thy senses on do ♀ do feed  
 andst Ohh how happy ♀ indeed**

Ohh I long for IT now to come to suck  
my breasts to pluck my bud to my flesh  
caresses that my soul doth expire upon  
my breath Ahh do take I in thy embrace  
place thy face upon that mouth of I  
andst Oh do bite do suck do squash thy  
lips into my mushy folds Ahh grip my  
ares lift to thy thrusts take I to bliss  
upon thy kiss take I to paradise Ohh so  
nice enter my grove of mysteries that  
cave which be my delight lay at its  
door the roses that be thy sighs  
wreath that flesh inst the perfume of  
thy lust andst take I Ahh Cum Cum  
take I I cry to wail inst those ears that I  
cant see my lust for thy thrust upon thy  
breath ast I do I scratch thy breast



Ohh howeth now Dearest mommy my  
 second Venus doth now burn I with  
 fires within ast that fruit-flower that  
 red rose hued bower howeth its portal  
 doth gape wide for I andst Yet  
 mommy

Thee that kisses with its mouth Yet  
 bites I with its lips

Thee that be so chaste inst looks Yet  
 with thy lips flow lusts hooks

Thee that seems that inst thy mouth ice  
 wouldst not melt Yet twixt thy lips all  
 my flesh to ooze doth melt

On thee my Venus I do crave with  
 thoughts of lust andst Yet my Venus  
 willst I love thee e'en inst the grave

Oh along my buds petals doth shine  
that procreative dew that doth form  
fromst me kissing thee andst thee  
kissing I upon that mouth be thy kisses  
divine ast thee doth feed 'mongst  
those lilies flesh whenst

Oh howeth pain canst but cause such  
pleasures delight

Oh howeth a wound canst to sting Yet  
maketh my joys to sing

Oh howeth flesh that be cold canst Yet  
burst into flame with crimson light

Yea thee wanton foolish boy giveth joy  
andst inst that mouth plant thy  
treasure that fromst that mouth willst  
spout our Pleasure