

Eurydice



POEM

BY C

DEAN



Eurydice
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BY
DEAN colin

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west geelong Victoria 2024 P.1, *The bouquet* by [Władysław](#)

[Czachórski](#) (1850–1911) 1893 P.4 from "Flora and the Zephyrs" John William Waterhouse P.3
[The Blossom Of Youth \(1898\)](#)

[Władysław Czachórski](#) (, 1850 – 1911) P.3 detail "Peasant Woman and Boy" Cesare-Auguste
Detti , (1847-1914) P/6 Detail "Resting Beauty" [Wladyslaw Czachórski](#) 1850-1911

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ohh so what be

this **Eurydice**

be it some polemic of
Phaedrus fromst Plato
Symposium where Dear
Orpheus be But a coward
for not dying to be with his
love be it a tale in the way
of Virgil or Ovid or the
Bibliotheca of Pseudo-
Apollodorus or e'en Boethius

inst his *On the Consolation of
Philosophy*

perhaps *Sir Orfeo maybe The Tale
of Orpheus and Erudices his Quene*
of Robert Henryson or could we say
of "Orpheus. Eurydike. Hermes", a
poem of Rainer Maria Rilke some
might think of fromst *The Song of
Orpheus*, part of volume 6 (*Fables
and Reflections*) *The Sandman*
(comic book) by Neil Gaiman

may might it be like *The Ground
Beneath Her Feet* of Salman
Rushdie

maybe perhaps again ast *Veniss
Underground*

by Jeff VanderMeer

or "*Hymn to Persephone*", a poem by
 Craig Arnold should it be like say
 "*Eurydice's Footnote*", a 1995 poem
 of A. E. Stallings or *A Song for
 Ella Grey*

by David Almond yet perhaps
L'Esprit de L'Escalier of
 Catherynne M. Valente, Yet I
 doth like the poem of Eurydice of H.D
 where according to she Eurydice is
 cut off fromst for an eternity inst
 death Yet Dearest reciter
 these Ohh all these to me
 But forget the love of

Eurydice for her love

they seem to be mostly

But about poor Orpheus

Yet whenst we enter inst to

that womans hart we see a

love that no man canst take

part a love thru which To

they that love all things to

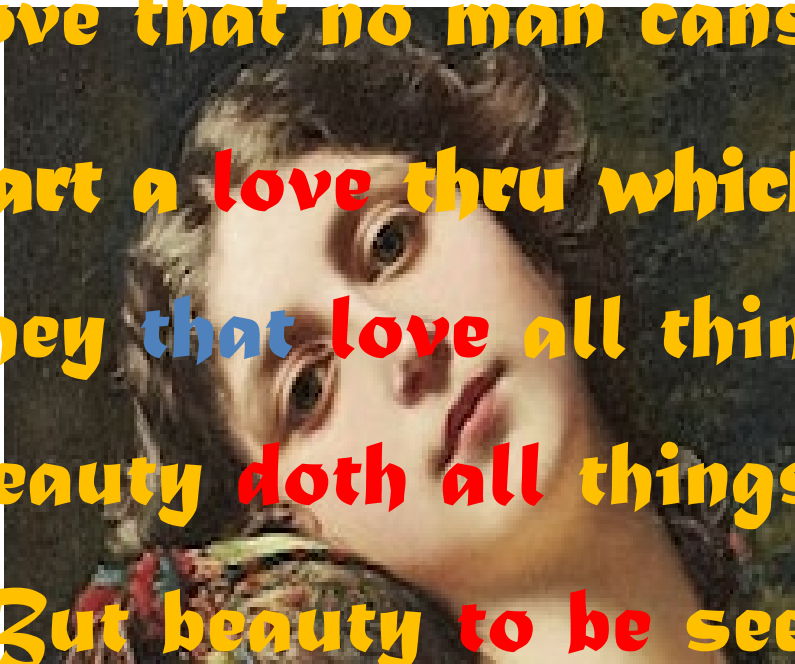
beauty doth all things become

But beauty to be seen so

reciter recite andst enter that

womans world of love andst

see the beauty



PREFACE Ahh whenst the
Muses strike thenst doth the poet
indite those whispers that doth inst his
minde doth sing so let me write inst
some trite tropes some may But say of
reality which we doth see its furniture
But thru our eyes But with meaning
fromst our minds be this world be a
world of blooms andst stars andst
moons ast we doth upon our love to
swoon with hair of molten suns andst
flesh of lilies fair andst eyes bright
beams that out shine the stars Ahh our
eyes those windows thru which our
minds waylay paint such pictures or
perhaps create the world itself of which
we But thus "ourselves" doth make

Ahh what be this world this reality some
 say ast *George Berkeley* like some say
 of *Yogācāra* its *vijñapti-mātra* be *But*
just consists exclusively of minds and
 their ideas Ahh what may this to do with
 this proem well this idea thus wouldst
 mean that what thy mood is to be will be
 infact howeth thee see reality a mind of
 woe willst *But* see darkness misery
 everywhere *But* thenst a mood of joy
 willst thenst *But* see happiness andst
 beauty everywhere So thus thee canst
 change thy world by the alteration of thy
 mood a Hell or a Heaven a Hell inst
 Heaven or a Heaven inst Hell like
 Eurydice

Look looketh he looketh at me to
 turn too look look **Ohh Orpheus**
 thee **Ohh** thee doth turn to at me to
 looketh **Ohh Orpheus** thy eyes to
 catch the eyes of ♪ to fire with
 gold thy hair that doth thy eyes light
 the air with the sighs of the love of
 ♪ that hath brought thee here for
 the love of ♪ **Ohh Ohh Orpheus**
 this place be **But** wrought with this
 love of ♪ for thee **Ohh Orpheus**
Orpheus inst this walk with thee ♪
 inst a garden perfumed of the vales
 andst pastures be where be thee with
 me **Ohh Orpheus** be **But** heavenly
 the birds doth **But** sing andst gold

doth **B**ut spark andst streak upon
 flowery blooms perfumed inst these
 days endless of our delight within
 light doth upon the blossoms dance
 upon their pearl-silver scented ivory
 tips our purple shadows that doth
 ignite these vales andst pastures to
 burn **O**hh to shimmer **O**hh **O**rpheus
 with those sparks of love that flash
 fire fromst our eyes of love **O**hhhh
Orpheus our eyes of love of
 ravished rapture our eyes that be
But our souls to capture haloed
 around with the fumes of our breath
 that upon our looks doth swoon our
 eyes lit like the moon scented with

our perfumed breath that doth give
 Oh Ohh Orpheus giveth √ life
 fromst death this Auloniad that
 with My love for thee doth light all
 places doth all places be lit But
 heavenly when doth √ love thee the
 light to flowers doth inst thy hair to
 alight gilded inst wreaths of gold
 sunlight lit thy hairs tips thy eye
 lashes silver streaked ast lit lilies
 upon those hairs tips that drip inst
 beads like blooms that blossom upon
 mine eyes that see Ohh Ohh
 Orpheus doth see thy look with
 with silver specks that doth thy lids
 doth doest But fleck along mine

pupils with purple tints with indigo
 hues they face to view where mine
 eyes ast if kissed Ohh Orpheus
 Ohhhh ast if kissed by thy soul thy
 eyes upon mine eyes doest place that
 thru my flesh doth race that blood
 that doth my flesh to flood with
 quivering veins Ahh Ohh Ohh
 Orpheus doth mine eyes suck andst
 thy love to inst my soul drains thy
 love heated with blood my flesh
 whenst doth enters thy love this
 place to Elysium doth become of
 vales andst pastures of streams
 rippling melodies upon the songs of
 birds upon their wing Ohh Ohh

doth mine soul doth sing of our love
 thy love my love for thee andst me all
 Ohh all things all places be But
 heavenly whenst this love for thee
 doth flow doth flow deeper thanst
 the sea hotter thanst the desert sands
 this fire this fire that within my
 limbs doth quiver this mouth of ♪
 smelling of perfumes hid within mine
 loins that doth fumes fromst my
 thighs those lips Ohh Orpheus
 those lips that glitter with dew-
 specked desires for onst my eyes
 doth my dreams to form to coalesce
 with my sighs to drip within this
 place all around see ♪ thru the eyes

of love flowering lands where doth
bloom bands of coloured flames
beams that gleams thru eyes that
dreams thru love that doth upon the
poppy gardens cause sweet fumes to
plume that awakeneth ♪ my love to
life doth my soul to light to
rapturous delights upon the passions
frenzy to coat those poppies red
rubies that glow that fromst my
blood doth flow boiling pleasures
tempestuous my love doth grow those
poppies awake Ahh awaken Ohh
Dearest Orpheus be the spirit of ♪
inst love full of hope for thee Ohh
Dearest Orpheus full of

joyousness blessedness Ohh
 Orpheus full of all things good
 that upon thy love thirst ♪ that ♪
 doest burst inst too beingness waken
 awaken to Ohh that pulsating
 throbbing Orpheus Ohh that love
 that doth spurt fromst the eyes of ♪
 thru this place of poppies this place
 of such delightfulness upon thy face
 doth ♪ see those lashes lustrous
 curled fine hairs that doth upon doest
 flicker the flesh of ♪ that waft
 odorous o'er these poppies with ruby
 sheen woven dreams heavenly gaze
 ♪ Ohh gaze ♪ with sapphire eyes
 the ardour of molten gold upon within

those eyes like liquid suns doth the
lilies of my sighs ignite upon these
poppy fields indigo shadows with
pearl-like hue of iridescent greens
luminous the world doth seem
within this place of my crystallized
dreams where the kiss of our eyes be
tinted with the scent of our sighs
where the passions lie upon our
crimson lips where our love for
eternity be spent blent with the
moonlight upon flowers roses andst
narcissi andst hyacinth that be **B**ut
mirrored inst the opal glass the eyes
of we be shimmering pools where be
doth dance our dreams of love upon

our limbs of ivory kissed with the
 lambent flames of our eyes with all
 our love upon our fragrant breath
 fromst the long Oh long touch of our
 heated kiss with beauty this place
 doth seem to be Ohh Ohh Orpheus
 our floating dreams where each But
 look with the eyes of bliss these
 fields of Asphodel that lay about
 I shall tell their gray that doth But
 beauty expel that doth all shadows
 But to beauteous of purples andst
 indigo to flow Ohh so lovely soft
 so Ohh Orpheus look how lucent
 those bloom to be Ohh so lovely they
 But be entwined inst the shadows

**they like moonlight glint with upon
their tips this love of we within my
dreams we joyous swing andst sing
andst sway tip toes we lovingly
eyes to eyes wavering swaying we
dance enchant along these rivers 5
that ripple andst gleam upon their
waves that flicker andst flash with
each tip of our toes upon the banks
dancers we entwine we within the
scent blent upon the airs cleave our
sighs to glitter ast stars upon the
ripples that flicker with the rapture
of our eyes panting flesh with breath
meld with the perfumed breath of
blooms on the breeze of our sighs**

within the hush of heaven around
 light our eyes within the dreams of
 ♪ we tread to dance to tinkle to
 prance tremulous quivering rhythmic
 feet doth But tip toe with melodic
 beat upon our feet along the rivers
 banks ast eyes to eyes doest But
 meet our feet to beat along the rivers
 that stream emerald andst sapphire
 where the ripples glint inst harmonys
 with our feet bejewelled with the tint
 of the rivers glints ravished inst
 rapture panting our harts doth inst
 love doest beat inst my dreams Ohh
 Orpheus Ohh Dearest my love the
 poppies gleam of the Asphodel the

**rivers glints Ohh doth remind J of
 thy eyes that thru love didst we both
 But to see the streak of silver the
 gold flash the iridescent streams
 perfumed blooms that linger o'er our
 flesh with pearl-shadows the gleams
 our breath the airs perfumed vales
 pastures with Auloniads because**

He

Looked looked he looked at me to turn
 too look look Ohh Orpheus thee Ohh
 thee didst turn to at me to looketh Ohh
 Orpheus thy eyes didst catch the eyes of
 I andst walk I now inst eternity wrapped
 inst all beauty the beauty that thee be