

*Femmes Belles*

*Fatales*

**Noems**

**By c**

**Dean**

*Femmes Belles*  
*Fatales*  
**Poems**

**By c**  
**dean**

List of **free** Erotic Poetry Books by  
Gamahucher Press by colin leslie dean  
Australia's leading erotic poet free for  
download

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press>

Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2016

**Preface** Enervated riddled with  
 ennui and impuissance vapid all the  
 creative juices dried up drained away  
 the urge to create but no inspirations  
 fire no flame to feed the desire no  
 fires of desire naught but dull  
 embers with no glow decadent  
 imitative naught but cliques  
 hackneyed phrases borrowings the  
 same old tired ideas reused recycled  
 cribbing others works oh the tragedy  
 the urge to sing but no song but the  
 repetitions of old tunes naught but a  
 husk no life inside empty Enervated  
 riddled with ennui and impuissance  
 vapid a withered flower petal in  
 decay √ say √ decadent like  
 Hellenistic and Roman decadence  
 √ imitative borrowing

**In my room with the green parrot by  
 the side of ♪ flickering with the  
 feeblest of candle light that shuts  
 out the suns glowing light perpetual  
 night both day and night ♪ bathe in  
 languor and idleness in this room  
 with aromas of cynicism and  
 indifference where the air and the  
 perfumed ambiance be that of  
 dreaming soaking into the rooms  
 flesh the silence of the grave the soul  
 of ♪ riddled with ennui and  
 impuissance like flesh eaten away  
 with syphilitic rust  
 In this room of gloom of ♪ where  
 ast sayeth the sage**

"Backgrounds were the specters of  
 superstition

The haggard phantoms of dreams

The terror of night

Remorse that leaps out and falls back  
noiselessly

Obscure fantasies that obscure the day  
And all the soul in its deepest depths and  
innermost caverns conceals of darkness  
deformity and horror move together  
confusingly “

**Oh languish ♪ in my room of gloom and  
doeth sigh asts sayeth the poet**

“life is a dream in the night a fear among  
Fears

A naked runner lost in a storm of spears”

**And**

“all the worlds a dream or doubt

Tie our senses to a wing

Who is it that pulls the string”

**Ast sayeth the poetess**

“O world that holds me by the wings  
How shall my soul escape your snares...”

**In this lassitude where eyes of fire stare  
 at y fromst the rooms gloom like cats eyes  
 gleams caught by the light  
 Where ast sayeth the poet**

“round me an army of shadows muster  
 And weave a veil of darkness for my  
 head....

I look in the moonlight's magic mirror  
 And doubt the worlds existence and my  
 own...

I am a dream and you its shadow pale”  
**Oh laying languid lolling enervated soul  
 drained of its ripening juice**

“We live while we see the sun  
 Where life and dreams are one”

**Ast sayeth the poet**

“Who says the world is but a mood  
 In the eternal thought of God”

**No more than a fiction a phantasm of  
the mind of we that take we for the real  
but all be a hallucinations of the mind  
projected ast sayeth Kant upon the  
noumenon with the sage sayeth ♪**

“Who says the world is but a mood  
In the eternal thought of God  
I know it real though it seem  
The phantom of a haschisch dream  
In that insomnia which is God”

**Oh nay**

“all the worlds a dream or doubt  
Tie our senses to a wing  
Who is it that pulls the string”

**Oh these dreams that be the world  
float before the eyes of ♪ and fly fast  
paced and in the mind of ♪ trace out  
thoughts that long to fly trace out songs  
that ♪ long to sigh  
But ast sayeth the poetess**





**make a decadent work that in the cheap  
 bazaar of life the vulgar shall sing with  
 naught understanding HAHAAHA may the  
 sugary nectar of the distilled essence of  
 the bouquet of ♪ rot their ears with  
 decay with the decaying decadence of  
 my work their ears with the  
 sweetmeats of my songs that fills the  
 ears of the vulgar with bitterness  
 who canst taste the honey of the limpid  
 mellifluous verse of ♪ like clear water  
 running o'er gems and pearls priceless  
 be these songs of femmes belles fatales  
 HAHAAHA throw back ♪ the head of ♪  
 and at the vulgar bend the arse of ♪ and  
 do fart for they canst tell fetidness  
 fromst aromas of ravishment HAHAAHA  
 laugh ♪ ast for saeth Safeez  
 "How shall a man blind from his mothers  
 womb**

Buy with shut eyes a maiden for his bed  
 Down the long line of loveliness in bloom

The sightless dotard all is vain is led”

**What to ♪ that the vulgar be deaf to  
 loveliness what to ♪ that to dusts  
 oblivion this work of decay and  
 decadence be tossed for tis the joy of  
 creating that be the goal who cares not  
 ♪ that naught hear the words beauty  
 HAHHAHA laugh ♪ and the green pill  
 doth swallow**

**Out of the dim flickering shadows of  
 the room of ♪ of gloom like mist  
 congealing into drops of light weaving  
 patterns of light like dew upon spider  
 webs see ♪ see ♪ forms flickering  
 shimmering luculent translucent forms**

**solidifying into light see ♪ see ♪ The**

***Dance of the Daughters of Herodias***

**congeal into light on platters of gold do  
carry that head *Beardsley* draw that  
onto the floor bled to the ground  
dripping rubies that shatter into a  
million lights of congealed blood each**

**“Smiling as innocently as if she carried  
A wet red quartered melon on a dish”**

**their cunts lips tinted with powdered**

**butterfly wings that glints colors like**

**iridescent scales**

**with the light mist curling bout their**

**cunts folded flesh swirling thru their**

**pubes of hair night black gold dust**

**speckled hair ruffled by the perfumed**

**air which curls and twirls in hidden  
 places splashing their odors like roses  
 petals in a wavering light upon the  
 rooms gloomy shadows flickering in  
 muffled light all warm to the eyes of ♪  
 ast lovers kiss on blushing cheek their  
 cunts lips upon their thighs porcelain-  
 white kiss the cunts sticky that open  
 burst ast some hothouse bloom**

“They dance, the daughters of  
 Herodias,  
 Everywhere in the world, and I behold  
 Their rosy-petalled feet upon the air  
 Falling and falling in a cadence soft  
 As thoughts of beauty sleeping.”



**with the tongues tip of ♪ warmed by**  
**the heat of folds of flesh along each**  
**side**  
**crimson lips of fiery desire randy wet**  
**that throb and pulsate with each hearts**  
**beat at the sight of that bloodied head**  
**and beat out fromst those lips cadenced**  
**rhythms poetic**

“They dance, the daughters of  
 Herodias,  
 With their eternal, white, unfaltering feet,  
 And always, when they dance, for their  
 delight,  
 Always a man's head falls because of  
 them”

**oh those lips translucent pink ast some  
newly painted flag or new dyed curtains  
that hang fluttering in the breeze lips  
hanging unfurled perfumed and swaying  
that clit amber foam-flecked flower thee  
be honey sweet scented to my lips those  
honey petaled lips bursting blooms  
garden of flowers blossoms in spring  
that beckon to my trembling lips and  
flash gleaming light to my eyes fromst  
the heated passions fires of each who  
dances with her feet the soul of ♪ in  
rapture like those spirits heaven ward  
to their gods those lips fluttering pink**

**splashes of light that beat out rhythms**

**of their desire with**

**beauty audible**

**beauty touchable**

**beauty tasteable**

**ah out of the shadows formed fromst  
congealed beads of light Gersuind takes  
shape midst falling rose petals that  
upon the air no sound doth make**

“You smile upon me and your mouth  
Half opens like a great red flower  
Athirsting in the hot sun's drouth”

**Oh those lips upon that ripening mouth  
 which the eyes of ♪ dazzle upon that  
 full outline of their shadows moving  
 butterfly-like across the pink flesh of  
 her thighs oh those lips opening like a  
 Japanese fan of water silk midst mist  
 of the scent of silk thru which a  
 rainbow of colors washes o'er that  
 succulent flesh like slices of ripe fruit  
 their shadows crossing o'er the surface  
 of that aqueous pool shimmering ast a  
 full moon translucent bright with silver  
 light oh sweet small breasted with the  
 soul of a whore those**

“Black meres-the eyes, beneath your  
lashes

Dream, by life's fitful tide unstirred,  
Save when some quick priapic word  
Floods them with phantom lightning  
flashes

Whereof the thunder is not heard.

A thousand years of sick desire  
Crouch like a beast that snarling lies,  
Stung by some taunt to mortal ire,  
In the abysses of those eyes!”

**oh sweet small breasted girl with the  
soul of a whore thy cunts hole be full  
like the moons full face that reflects the  
shadows of thy full fleshed lips that  
seem to be full fleshed cymbals**

**trembling with thy passions fires**  
**beating out the pulses of thy hearts**  
**passions with the moon in thy hole and**  
**honey upon thy lips shapely pulpy flesh**  
**such ample flesh in those folds curves**  
**thy clit a bright lily the arrow point of**  
**loves shafts float o'er thy hole the**  
**image of the moon reflecting the**  
**pulsations of pleasure in thy cunts pink**  
**fleshy folds**

**oh sweet small breasted girl with the**  
**soul of a whore**

“Your spirit quails not, neither squirms,  
 And yet your body is a bower  
 Where unclean wishes crawl like worms.”

**while o'er thy cunts hole thy lips flutter  
like dragon kites pink across the face of  
an autumnal moon**

“Yet when I gazed upon you, child,  
All bounds from us I fain had flung,  
And bathed with healing tears and mild,  
Your head so pitifully young.

But you, not knowing, would have smiled  
And love's white roses smirched with  
dust,

Seeing each nerve in you defiled

Is vibrant with some nameless lust” **Yet**

**wouldst drink ♪ fromst the pink  
porphyry cup in the garden of thy cunt  
like a flower embossed on Japanese  
silk**

**but**

**then out of the shadows twilight glow**

**didst flow vivid phantasms of dreams**

**vivid images of women now seen round**

**the head of ♀ didst they go fluttering in**

**and out of the shadows they didst flow**

**formed out of light congealed lace work**

**of forms like light beads upon spider**

**webs of silk**

“intolerable woman where ‘s the name

For your insane complexity of shame

Vampire white bloodless creature of the

night

Whose lust of blood has blanched her  
chill veins

White”

**oh find √ thy cunts lips succulent like  
ripe fruit that suck the veins of √ and  
drain the flesh of √ to some empty husk  
thru the mist of the scent of sex seeth  
√ the form of a rose engraved upon thy  
flesh like lips of plum blossom pinkish  
hued like dyed with the fruits juice e'en  
though thee**

“”... have sucked a mans heart from his  
breast

And drained his life-blood from him vein  
by vein

And seen his eyes grow brighter for his  
páin

And his lips sigh her name with his last  
breath

As the man swoons ecstatically on  
death”

**yet**

**oh the eyes of ♪ seek thru the sex  
scented mist like some diver 'neath pink  
crystalline sea the pulpy folds of that  
cunt of thee the eyes of ♪ fluttering**

**unto those lips of heated flames like  
orange moths round a golden candle  
flame to pluck those lips which send  
pink ripples thru the mist upon which  
thy cunts lips float like chrysanthemum  
blooms upon the moons silvery light  
that ♀ couldst lick that moons silvery  
light fromst thy lips ast cats darting  
tongue doth the milks white froth oh thy  
cunt seems rose blossom and thy lips  
all rouged o'er to glow like blood-red  
flames those devouring cunt delights  
with its scent of sex that clit of thee a  
spark of amber flame that the tongue of**

**♪ bee-like licks the scented honey  
 fromst and round thy cunts hole sips the  
 moon-like hole as thy cunt quivers with  
 rapture ast a water-lilly agitated by a  
 breeze**

**then past the eyes of ♪ didst slide she  
 of which didst ♪ sigh**

“Life of an hundred victims throbs  
 In thy enchantments fierce, uncouth,  
 And through thy rose-red passion sobs  
 The pallid wraith of ruined youth.  
 Within thy bosom's labyrinth  
 Has not the monster had his fill?  
 Why slay this stainless Hyacinth?  
 Are there not men to do thy will?”

**yet**

**the eyes of ♪ didst hover o'er that cunt  
of thee tinted with amber and chrysolite  
lips unfurled like the throat of  
amaryllis kissed by the breath of ♪ thy  
clit the form of the tongue of lilies  
immersed in pink mist of the scent of  
sex that swirls with the ripples fromst  
thy lust pulsating into prismatic  
patterns of pink and amber light that  
stir and waver o'er the tongues tip of  
♪**

**yet e'en though**

“And men shall shun thee as the pest  
 That see thy blood-red mouth-and  
 know,  
 And though thou beat thine arid breast  
 Yet neither milk nor song shall flow.  
 The asp of unassuaged desire  
 Within thy famished flanks must dwell,  
 Doomed to endure till all things tire,  
 In an eternal songless hell.”

**Long I to gaze upon thy cunt pink  
 and crimson lips bursting lilac bloom  
 midst sex scented mist that washes o'er  
 thy marble thighs of soft spongy flesh  
 that spatters tinkling light that whorls  
 and pirouettes within the aqueousness of  
 thy cunts hole**

**And then saw J out of the shadows  
gliding towards J**

“A witch-woman [who] dwells in the palm-  
grove's heat

That is pale at the ghastly face of  
Death,

But a red robe wraps her from head to  
feet,

And through red, red lips comes her  
fevered

Breath”

**where the flickering light spread o'er**

**the flesh of the cunt of she and**

**multiplied into waterlillies that danced**

**in the aqueous hole of she to reflect**

**upon the flesh of the thighs of she into**

**patterns of flowery blooms to flow  
down as a waterfall of light to bubble  
and splash o'er the mouths lips of ♀  
running down chin to drip like a  
thousand stars within the pink mist the  
scent of sex  
yet though**

“Her kisses burn where they close and  
cling  
Like pain of longing or fire of hell,  
And he that thrills with their adder-sting  
For them is ready his soul to sell.”

**♂ do long to place the mouth of ♀ o'er  
that honeycomb cunt and for eternity  
kiss those burning folds of ripe lust**

**filled flesh those honeyed folds that  
hold the Sufis purple juice be the cup of  
life for ♪**

**Oh oh**

“What is it that sings a sleepy tune in my  
head  
Some faint old forgotten moon that is dead  
I will arise for the dreams are about my bed”

**Yet**

“life is a dream in the night a fear among  
Fears  
A naked runner lost in a storm of spears”

**isbn9781876347104**