

Femmes Belles

Fatales

Noems

By c

Dean

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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.”

**Round which the mists of the scent of
sex swirl round their amber cats-claw
clits like clouds round the mount of the
gods**

**those amber clits that quiver to the
mists kiss like jelly tits to the tongues
touch**

♪ couldst lick the tint with the tongues

**tip off ♪ fromst those petaled lips
folded like roses cut in marble pink that
float in the air**

**like 'neath waters crystalline clear ast
glass
they hover sticky wet like fruit about to
fall to plough along those velvet slits**

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 J 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
pain

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”

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