



*Fin-de-siècle*

*By  
Maximilian Nordau*

*Poems by e  
Dean*

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*fc: Paul-Albert Besnards*  
*"Sous Les Saules"*

# *Publishers*

## *introduction*

**Ah N'ordau thee awakens the  
middle class the bourgeois the job  
jobbers the money chasers fromst  
their sleep these sleepwalkers vapid  
insipid these degenerates of a  
degenerated society thee poems  
regenerates vivifies an enervated  
class the normal whose sex is  
normal who fuck in the prescribed  
manner no poetry these sleepwalkers  
whose sex is perverse in its  
normalcy whose sex is a perversion  
of the animality of our normality**

**Ah N'ordau thy words are a  
succulent cooking of images a spicy  
broth of sensuous words a prose**

**kinema a fast flickering fluttering of  
flashing images Ahh thy words  
invigorate a rapturous excitability  
that alleviates one fromst the topor  
of post-modernity fromst the  
vapidness of the middle classes  
conformity to normalcy Ahh thee  
captures the aesthetic beauty of a  
highly civilized sensibility that  
regenerates the disease of normalcy  
of post-modernity of a regulated life  
Ahh thy linguistic excesses thy  
alternative sexualities regenerate in  
their verbal fecundity a society  
turned into a machine a class  
incapable to distinguish mendacities  
a classes that can no longer be  
sensual a classes that likes free  
verse crap all cranial no emotion a  
class fatigued into exhaustion thru**

**work and consumption and mental  
 dummying down thru thought control  
 of a society in decay whose only  
 value is the increase of the GDP  
 and who fill the hospital wards  
 casualties of post-modernity Ahh  
 Nordau stir up our senses with thy  
 broth of flickering images thee  
 regenerates**

**Yes Nordau in Australia thou  
 art an anomalous type who rises  
 above like Park Barnitz a  
 materialist acquisitiveness "...a race  
 of Hamlet minds..." stunted  
 suppressed a cancerous growth  
 suppressing desire suppressing  
 anything outside "the normal" slaves  
 to the machine machines with  
 machine minds**

## *Preface*

**Ahh the lyre of poetry is in tune  
again lift up thy ears that thy blood  
might turn to milk listen well to my  
words in these poems of ♪ reside  
spiritualities undreamed by thee  
these words the purifier of spirits in  
the evaporating perfumes of sweaty  
cunts**

Thru stain-glass pink moonlight  
showers

**Kate Greenways flutter tittering**

*'Neath a dress long of the First  
Empire sleeves puffed thin waist  
the minds eye of J sees*

**That cunt pastel pallid pink-violet  
flower**

*She a cabriolet bonnet wears  
ast 'neath a velvet mantel violet  
hued the minds eye of J sees*

**Moisty cunty pink mist ast  
fromst marble evaporating**

*Girly in pink frills with swelling  
and puffings doth upon gaze upon  
"Summer" by Pierre Puvis de  
Chavannes the minds eye of J  
sees*

**Cunt folds of flesh like in a wash  
of transparent lime pink panties  
tight**

*Girlies in mantles hems trimmed  
with bells silver draping breasts  
like portiere upon gazing upon  
Paul-Albert Besnards "Sous  
Les Saules"  
the minds eye of J sees*

**Cunts hair grass green emerald  
sheens**

**And**

**Cunts sulphur-yellow hair dyed**

**And**

**Cunts hair fiery red like blood  
bled spotted violet and pink**

***Girlly in felt hat brim turned up  
trimming of yellow balls like the  
Spanish sombrero upon gazing  
upon Eugene Carrieres "Reclining  
Nude" the minds eye of J sees***

**Cunt pink clam little shell of  
curved folds seeping clouds of  
pink vapour sweet incense thru the  
rooms reeking**

*Girly clad in folds of cloth  
 Rococo swellings and puffings  
 upon gazing upon Alfred  
 Philippe Rolls "La musique  
 fantastique" "the minds eye of J  
 sees*

**Cunt 'neath panty pink  
 transparent pastel soft shimmering  
 silver sheen**

*Girlies in folds with irrational  
 beginnings and endings aimless  
 incomprehensible expansions and  
 contractions of cloth prodigious  
 upon gazing upon the Archiaists  
 and Édouard Manets "Nana"  
 "the minds eye of J sees*

**Cunts glad in panties purple hues  
bluish glamour  
the colours clamor  
panty cloth 'neath dresses cloth  
nebulous faded folded purples  
smothered yellows bellow clouds  
of hues colors risen hidden  
rapturous orchestrations of the  
colors palettes splash o'er cunts  
folds juices flowing perfumes  
smoldering evaporation clouds of  
scents billowing 'neath dresses  
folds half tones of phantom  
colours washes translucent tints  
thru shadows of flesh fresh  
tinctures of semi-tones of delight**

**Oh these cunts these cunts oh  
look how they glow clothed in  
diaphanous mists of reds pinks  
blues shades of yellows and  
greens tinted in lights subdued  
tones variegated hints of flesh**

**Oh those cunts rare orchids that  
bloom like lamps of light for my  
delight illumine the rooms Oh that  
diaphanous mist evaporating  
fromst cunts flesh scented  
radiance**

**perfumed exquisiteness  
odorously voluptuousness  
bathing the senses in chords of  
sumptuousness  
that play upon thy nerves like  
violin strings cadenzas presto**

**Oh those cunts studied fleshy forms  
 o'er their flesh light effects of  
 Rembrandt or Schalcken cunts bric-  
 a-brac dyed in polymorphic colours  
 polychromes of hues the senses  
 dazzling arrangements of cunts  
 antithetical disconnected effects  
 reflects contradictions in forms  
 shapes bewildering folds of pulpy  
 fleshy curves bold Ahhh those  
 cunts at random scented sweated  
 juicy fluidities vaporious clouds of  
 diaphanous mist perfumed cunts Oh  
 cunts more cunts more exotic than  
 Circassian narghilehs figures of  
 Tanagra or Limoges plate or  
 Persian water pots of brass or  
 Venetian blown glass Ahh those  
 cunts a feverish joyousness of  
 indiscriminate styles beguiles**

*Ahhh girly in flowing Greek  
peplos what be the ravishing sight  
of thee the minds eye of J sees*

**Cunt oh thy cunt trimmed neat in  
front but waved and puffed indigo  
shadows speckled nets in that  
mesh of delight aglow**

*Girly in flowing white silks  
angelic ast an angel of the  
Annunciation in paintings of  
Membling the minds eye of J  
sees*

**Oh that cunt hair combed smooth  
ast silk back around folds ast  
Rafaels Maddalena Doni  
clinging to flesh pulpy**

*Ahhh girly in stiff Catherine de  
Medicis monumental trims the  
minds eye of I sees*

**Cunts hairs drawn high up mons  
Venus ast Plotina wife of  
Tragan Oh that fleece of  
perfumed light delight of exquisite  
bright sight**

*Ahhh girly tall and pallid white  
what sight of thee in high ruff of  
Mary Queen of Scots the minds  
eye of I sees*

**Cunts hairs oh those cunts hairs  
cropped ast pages of knights in  
some Botticelli or Mantegna  
that hair chiseled like around flesh  
sweating perfuming evaporating**

**Ahhh cunts cunts hairy cunts  
that violates laws of organic  
harmony *Dissonant discords*  
atonalities of colors tones**

**Ahhh those cunts framing pink  
flesh in cunts hair dyed copper  
tones**

**Those cunts cunt hair golden-  
yellow that cling to cunts folds  
curves of flesh pulpy that cling  
ast venomous snakes curling  
around that ground of pink flesh**

**Ahh those discordant  
 arrangements of juxtaposed hairs  
 dyed in antithetical hues and tints  
 cacophony chaotic styles cunts  
 bizarre coiffures**

**That girly with blue eyes dyed  
 fromst molten sapphires cunt  
 hairs blue-black tresses hanging  
 like vines across cunts lips with  
 completion of milk and roses Oh  
 Oh in rapturous throws throws  
 the nerves of ♪ that hair that  
 hair splashing tints of light thru  
 indigo shadows around along  
 cunts thin slit**

**Oh those cunts colored with  
variegated hues polymorphous  
sensualities rapturous modalities  
of Wagnerian operas tones of  
tints flow simultaneously  
juxtaposed cunts indefinite  
dissolving splashes of light bright  
in a jangle of different tones like  
"Tristan and Isolde" dissonant  
reds or blues green or yellows  
hues no consonant like the  
changing of keys and pitch that  
changes suddenly exquisitely cunts  
of vigorous orchestral polyphony  
in all directions attract ones view  
Oh oh the surging colors in  
endless chromatic interplays of  
triplets of clashing colorings**

**Oh oh what cunts what cunts  
 hast seen ♪ seen ♪ with the  
 minds eyes dazzling radiant  
 sensualities that quicken the pulse  
 of ♪ that quiver the nerves that  
 fires the blood Oh oh those  
 diaphanous mist wafting fromst  
 those cunts wash o'er the flesh of  
 ♪ kiss the flesh of ♪ Oh oh yes  
 yes lick the flesh of ♪ Oh to  
 tremble with delightfulness those  
 chords those semi tone of  
 exquisiteness those flickering  
 fluttering of flashing images of  
 cunts Oh oh excite catapult ♪  
 send ♪ to paradise on their  
 luscious sight**

**Oh dreamer seeker of truth these  
words of ♪ these songs taketh  
thee to the gate that a nightingale  
goes fromst this place and  
returneth a falcon hunting  
spiritual truths Oh these poems  
of sensualities and desires be  
draught upon draught of spiritual  
knowledge that be found hear**

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