



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
 Veniatian blown glass Ahh those
 cunts a feverish joyousness of
 indiscriminate styles bequiles**

*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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