

j

Poem by c dean



Poem 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

2014

Preface

**Youth lurid light still shines in the twilight of
ones flesh**

**Tremulous the mind from the lashes of girlies
flashing eyes**

**But in the fleshes twilight the flesh expires the
heated surges the throbbing throbs from the flesh
expire**

**The ample flesh of girlies breasts the cunny
buldge 'neath skimpy dress the mind delights feeds
its ever youthful appetite**

but

the flaccid flesh has waned

**all life from that wrinkled thing has drained
the flesh dies**

but

mind –craving– keeps it youth

the senses still are lured

but

flaccid flesh endures

only torments and frustrations must one endure

**Sit I alone long nights and days
 pining for youths days again those
 heady halcyon days when the flesh of
 I did quake and quiver surge and
 throb with the sap of youth
 but now as sayeth**

The Subhashitavali of Vallabhadeva

*My youth went by in a whirl
 of bargains of beauty in markets of love
 now wrinkles make a thousand patterns
 on the canvas of my body
 only the mind discarding shame
 keeps ever growing young¹*

¹ Subhashitavali: An Anthology of Comic Erotic and Other verse selected and translated by A.ND. Haksar, Penguin books, 2007,p.167

**sit ♪ alone long nights and days the
aging flesh but the ever youthful mind
does torment and brings sighs from ♪
oh the cock sure youth with a bounce
and skip in every step that thinks the
flesh shall always be fresh oh the
torment of the aging flesh when mind
is fresh but the flaccid thing twixt the
thighs of ♪ lies dormant and dead no
spark of heat no quivering spasm to
make it quack the torments when flesh
is dead but the mind fresh oh the pains**

**Oh that flaccid thing that lies
between my thighs oh that flaccid
thing to make no girl sigh to turn no
girls eyes to make me cry melancholy
sighs that no more does rise up
throbbing turgid swollen plum headed
glowing red as the rose oh that limp
thing that shriveled enervated thing
that enfeebled fleshy thing that no joy
to me or she does bring youth has
blown and old age 3 score sets in**

**only the yearnings a fire within as
sayeth Bhartrihari**

"My face is craven with wrinkles

My hair is streaked with gray

My limbs are withered and feeble

My cravings alone keeps its youth"²

**Gone is youth that precious thing
when full of beauty every girly thing
whose sweet voices did sing sweet
beckonings to make my yearning ears
ring gone is youth that beauteous thing
when lust thru the world did sing**

² "Bhartrihari And Bhlhana The Hermit and Love-Thief" translated by Barbara Stoler Miller Penguin books 1990, p.86

**Gone is youth as sayeth Salamah
Son of Jandal³**

*"Gone is youth gone with praise youth full of
marvelous things gone and that is a race wherein
none may overtake*

*Fled is it swiftly and this hoary Eld comes on
its track-ah would that the galloping steeds could
reach it and bring it back*

*Gone is fair Youth that time whose gains are
fullness of praise"*

³ "Gone is youth" by Salamah Son of Jandal Translated by Sir Charles Lyall "An Anthology of World Poetry", ed by Mark Van Doren Cassell and Company 1929 p.70

**Oh this flaccid thing that hangs there
some old withered thing that dangles
lifeless twixt my thighs wrinkled and
cold as an icicle in some Antarctic
cave oh that in my arms clasped tight
some young girly thing to warm this
jaded flesh into some smoldering
fires that can awake in this flaccid
thing again youthful desires oh that
some youthful girly thing in my arms
would breathe her perfumed sighs o'er
this wrinkled flesh and thru its veins**

**send ripples of fires and throbbing
desires oh oh that she would into my
eyes look with longing desires oh oh
that she would look at me and burst
my flaccid flesh into a blossoming
bloom to raise my wrinkled flesh into
a tumescent stem that throbs with
heated desires oh give me her fleshy
lips that ♪ may kiss along that pulpy
flesh feel the warmth in those puffy
folds oh give me her rounded lips that
♪ may with my tongues tip lick up the**

**sweet liquid that does on those petaled
lips shine like dew upon the roses
bloom**

blast this thing

**dam this thing that no quiver of life
stirs its withered flesh**

dam

dam

**you useless mass of limpid limp
flaccid flesh dangling there**

**ohhhhh ohhhhh ahhhh ohh come to me
to me come come kiss my hoary lips**

**with the scented lips of thee oh that
some girly eyes would upon me shine
with delight shine with fires bright**

ohhhhh ohhhhh ahhhh ohh come to me

**to me come come kiss my hoary lips
with the scented lips of thee give me
thy face that in its youthful glow ♪
can see all the lost lusts of my life
give me thy face that ♪ can drink up
its beauty and into drain the life of
thee into my flaccid flesh let me run**

**my crinkly fingers thru the hair of thee
feel the silky softness of that cunny
fleece and curl those tangled skeins
along my fingers tips let me breathe in
the musky fumes of thy panther
shadowed den and into my flesh
absorb the sweet odors that will rise
up my flaccid flesh let me drink from
that azure pool like melted pearl
shimmering 'neath amethyst seas oh
that ♪ would bath my flesh in that
heated foam anoint my flesh in that**

**liquid froth and to life bring this
flaccid flesh in that aqueous pool ♪
would drain each drop into me and
breathe in the scent from that fountain
of youth for me oh the scent of thy
pulpy folds is sweeter than the
perfumes of all the worlds roses
sweeter than the syrupy kisses of
sweet virgin love oh those pendulant
folds give bliss untold oh that they
would this flaccid flesh to transport
into youth beatitude**

blast

dam

dam thee

the flaccid flesh will not rise

why do thee lie there there lie there oh

lifeless thing oh dead inert thing

why

why

my mind bursts with imaginings

my body aches with longings

why

why

why do thee lie there there lie there oh

lifeless thing oh dead inert thing

come to me come oh kohl eyed girl

shoot thy fiery glances with the bows

of thy cupid brows come come oh kohl

eyed girl and set me afire with the

coal-like fires of thy desire filled eyes

fill my flaccid flesh with the thudding

of my desire filled veins fill my flesh

with shuddering quivers from the

glances of thy witchery eyes thy eyes

**like frozen dew set upon crystalline
roses blooms fill up my flesh with the
wild beatings of my surging veins into
youth deliriums thrust up my rampant
flesh by the caresses of thy desire
filled eyes oh that I can run my
nibbling teeth along thy youthful neck
bite along the lobes of thy velvety ears
lick the sweet dew of lust from thy
rose-budding mouth run my tongue
along the curve of thy budding breast
feel their creamy softness 'neath my**

**tongues tip oh oh to swirl twirl my
tongues tip round thy turgid nipples
tip suck upon that turgid teat pull
forth that pap with my pulpy mouths
lips oh oh to run my slavering tongue
twixt the furrow of thy pomegranate-
like breasts
why
why it does not rise
the mind be horny aches the flesh
longs for desires but the flaccid thing
cold as ice lies limpid limp oh the pain**

**surges my body thru desires fires the
mind on fire the pain oh the pain of
unquenched desire of surging fires
throbbing flesh but blast blast this
flaccid thing wrinkled withered thing
gives not a quiver the flesh of ♪
burning longing on fire the ache the
ache the unflagging pain of unfulfilled
desire it hurts it hurts this bursting
flesh oh some girly thing release me
from this pain rescue me from this
blight of this flaccid inert thing**

**dance twirl in mini skirt black thee
swirl for me whirl thy titties jiggling
thy bum wiggling twirl whirl lift right
leg up ohh ohh that ♪ may see the
whiteness of thy clinging panty see the
whiteness of that cloth bulging with
the flower budding-like cunts folds see
that pussy furrow that slit in
shadows purple oh oh see the curly
black skeins peak out from gusset
seam see the profuse coal black
fleeces 'neath the shear white cloth oh**

**oh twirl swirl that ♪ may see the
cloth tight along thy buttock cheeks
see the pink flesh 'neath the cloth
snow white like virgin snow oh oh
swirl whirl that ♪ may see thy puffy
cunt lips pressed 'gainst that cloth see
the petals of thy cunts flower swirl
twirl titties jiggling buttock cheeks
pussy bulge whirling round oh oh thy
eyes of witchery fixed on the eyes of
♪ as round round thee swirl wafting**

vapors of thy musky heated cunt on

the air to ♪

why

why it does not rise

the mind be horny aches the flesh

but torments absorb my flesh torments

unendurable frustrations horny aches

the flesh but the flaccid thing does not

rise may this lamentation be an

admonition to the youth as sayeth

Mu'tamid King of Seville

*"... And we -that dreamed youth's blade would never
rust*

Hoped wells from the mirage roses from the sand-

The riddle of the world shall understand

And put on wisdom with the robe of dust" ⁴

ISBN 9781876347465

⁴ Woo not the World by Mu'tamid King of Seville, An Anthology of World Poetry", ed by Mark Van Doren Cassell and Company translated by Dulcie L Smith 1929 p.70