



**The Divine
Tragedy**

(Fleurs Inodores)

POEM

BY C

DEAN

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Tragedy

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Fp" *Dahlias*" by **Claude Monet**

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introduction

Ahhh dean thy *Divine*

Tragedy

what be it be it a *Dante*

spoof a satire on *Dante*

what be it dean we can say

perhaps a rub at *Dantes*

boredom a slap in the face

to the high seriousness of

***Dante* a kick in the arse at**

the pompousness of Dante
and those who froth over
Dante Dante is crap a long
winded discourse which if
lovers were honest that
bores that sends to sleep a
Dante that no one reads to
the end a Dante held high by
academic tossers a Dante
that the Renaissance ignored
by the 17 century and
Voltaire's generation did not

read *Napoleon* stated
Dantes reputation will
raise because no one reads
him and *Lamartine* in his
Discours de reception a
l'Academie francaise
says each age rejuvenates a
past immortal as every age
finds in the work of such an
immortal an image of itself
and thus just betrays itself
but dean thy

Divine

Tragedy

be the tragedy of "everyman" a
 journey into self thy work be a
 mirror to discover the roots of being
 thy work be a spiritual journey of
 self discovery reality is discovered
 by going inward where Dante
 ascends for salvation dean descends
 into salvation for the world is our
 representation sayeth Schopenhauer
 the outer is the inner reality be but
 the inner projections to the outer
 the outer is no more than the inner

preface Into the wilderness

Dante found himself ast didst the

Green Knight in darkest night

be these wilds

be the it

or a transcendental ego or

be it be the Ālayavijñāna Ahh found √

this contemplating to reality relating be

reality what the mind imposes on sense

impressions is reality naught but

projections or be reality naught but

***vijñapti-mātra* on this quandary didst √**

contemplate but then what is this √ or

be there no √ of √ so inward went √

in search of ????

Set out *Ÿ* in the twilight of my life
 seeketh *Ÿ* seeketh *Ÿ* *Ÿ* whoest spent
 that life of *Ÿ* in the dark in the
 darkness didst liveth *Ÿ* all the life
 of *Ÿ* Didst slumber o'er take *Ÿ* or
 didst all senses cease to be and
 blackness didst of my mind take hold
 for into a black abyss didst seem *Ÿ*
 to fall the descending into deep
 nothingness whenst to the side of *Ÿ*
 a shadow ast black ast the black dog
 that didst growl at the chasms edge
 and by the hand of *Ÿ* passed a hound
 with three heads didst lead *Ÿ* down
 down into that darkness that it that
 Ah for

which all words doth fail the tongue
 of ♪ to be told was the sphinx
 beside she dead Oedipus complex
 patterns floated twixt the eyes of ♪
 Dali scapes saw ♪ displacements
 of shapes condensations bricolages
 of images twixt the eyes of ♪ all
 words doth fail the tongue of ♪ to
 be told girly faces be cunts and girly
 cunts faces be pistils large clits
 clits large pistils be down down
 petals the folds of cunts lips cunts
 lips petals be "looketh thee see
 desires forbid and things forgot
 looketh thee at it in awe at it the
 mystery be told be bold" the shadow

**didst sayeth to ♪ “♪ be the world
 unsaid the world fromst light that be
 hid “ down**

**down thru chambers
 shadows mica-incrusted floors
 indigo tinted enamels cascades of
 flowers cunt faced large ast lilies
 dotting walls like stars bright
 meshes of ivy foliages spangled
 with corollas flickering pale petals
 cunts lips velvet palpitating glaucous
 sheens dripping sap phosphorescing
 foaming but Ohh Ohhh no odours
 fromst these blooms those blooms
 translucent faces of cunts no odours**

**of those blooms transparent didst
reach the nose of ♪**

**♪n those chambers quivering in
sheens of shadows**

**♪n those chambers haloed in sheens
of shadows**

**♪n those chambers with blooms
aureoled in sheens of shadows**

**Shadows danced in flower patterns
girlies flittered with cunts of dahlias
evaporated into shadows entangled
crawling thru shadows spiralling
tremors of hydra headed blooms cunt
faced interlacing girlies with cunts
medusas with cunt hair wiggling**

**hissing serpents gleaming patterned
in shadows sheens thenst out of the
tangement and shadows mists didst
form a girly with face of a cunt and
cunt a aster blooming bright to lure
my sight but of no odour to the nose
of ♪ didst seep Ahh that cunt red
ast the tint of a scab stained flame
intoxicating to the sight of ♪ but
Ahh those petals delightful ecstasy
but with the pallor of death to the
eyes of ♪ withdrawn into shadows
depths curvaceous lips sinuous folds
that at ♪ didst smile with distain
charming that beauteous face out of
shadows mists with the dull tint of**

decay uncleaved ♪ fromst the
 shadows hand and didst leave that
 form and too that girly didst run ♪
 with heated lips and pounding veins
 and liketh in a dream weird shapes
 and scenes fromst *Hieronymus*

Bosch didst float before the eyes of
 ♪ whenst didst ♪ uncleave fromst
 that blacknesses hand but Ohh but
 Ohh those lips saw ♪ with heated
 lips and pounding veins those lips
 too the lips of ♪ ♪ pressed
 intoxication drunkenness filled the
 mind of ♪ her kiss didst scar the
 lips of ♪ didst scold and tear that
 pulpy flesh didst burn and flay the

flesh fromst the lips of ♪ Ahh but
the limbs and veins of ♪

filled with delightfulness

filled with exquisiteness

filled with all the joyousness of
those flowers filled days in the
springtime of the life of ♪ Ahh to
clasp upon those lips in a blissful
dying into oblivion to feed the eyes of
♪ upon that dazzling beauteousness

To feed the eyes of ♪ upon that
flowering Salvia

To crush to crush my lips into
those folds of spongy flesh

**The red of blood and the pallor of
death**

**The coldness of frost and the bite
of the lust of breath**

**Come come give √ thy flesh bind √
bind √ with thy kisses that tear
with bitter breath scourge my flesh
let lips crush lips and melt into each
like crushed bruised fruit melt into
each ast dreams evaporate into mist
Ohh √ wouldst hold thy lips in mine
ast √ would clasp hot flames Ahh
√ draw in breath and suck thee into
me suck thee into me cleave thee
with sharp cries Ahh the blood of**

♪ boils and the veins throb with
 tremors of joyousness Ahh that
 the tongue of ♪ couldst in thy lips
 taste that juice of honeyed dew that
 ♪ couldst with the tongue of ♪ lap
 lap that oozes that seeps fromst
 those lips Ahh come come let ♪
 consume thy flesh let ♪ bite with
 might and dig the lips of ♪ into thine
 Ohh delightfulness Oh
 rapturousness thee makes the flesh
 of ♪ shudder molten flesh of
 delights quivering exultations But
 Ahh the lips of ♪ do burn but upon
 thy lips that are cold the flesh of ♪
 quakes with throbbing life but upon

thy flesh that be dead the flesh of ♪
 bursts forth fumes of fragrant breath
 but thy cunts flower no odour doth
 reach the nose of ♪ Ahh those lips
 those cunts lips clutch ♪ enclose ♪
 in those folds of pallor thy drag ♪
 into the shadows into go ♪ the
 shadows go ♪ feel ♪ the heat of lust
 feel ♪ the randy sap upon the flesh
 of ♪ drip fromst flowers with the
 face of cunts Ahh those lips mouth
 of decay doth drag ♪ doth drag ♪
 with the fever of desires fires doth
 drag ♪ into oblivion into the
 shadows of darkness Ohh seem ♪
 to melt to evaporate 'mongst those

blooms 'mongst those cunt drawing
 ♪ drawing ♪ into the darknessness
 of nothingness Ahh thrash ♪ at any
 bloom doth grab but Ohh but Ohh
 each bloom falls to dust ast fromst
 the dust but more cunts bloom full
 of sap noxious Ahh shredding
 blooms to corollas more do bloom
 Ahh fall ♪ fall ♪ into the shadows
 of decay and death writhing ♪ crying
 in spasms of pain clutching ♪ those
 lips those mouths snapping ♪
 nourishing on the desires of ♪
 nourishing on the lifes blood ♪ of
 those calyces vampires hovering on
 the shadows darkness odourless

**blooms of death sucking biting
sucking out my breath Ahhh the
shadow didst grip the hand of J and
drag J back to it out of that horrid
death out of that doom of extinction
the shadow didst drag J down**

**Down thru 17 chambers each full of
glaucous blooms entangled
resplendent ast luminous nacre
dazzlements of tints intoxicating
bouquets of horrendousness indigos
tinged with lust flowering blooms of
decay and death ripe for the kiss ripe
for the lick thenst our journey ceased
at chamber 18 all the roots of the
flowery blooms didst grow fromst**

**this room where each to each
intertwined choked each to each in
fecund lusciousness breaking thru
cracks and crevices the roots didst
burst forth thru a crack didst √ peer
and Ahh didst see √ didst see √
crouched in a corner all alone in the
immensity of emptiness of nothingness
in the room crouched in a corner beside
it a melted clock stopped at 4 crouched
in a corner with knees up to chin eyes
open wide betwixt whose thighs at the
genitals a mirror cracked the hair of it
be the flowers roots growing it was
rocking with dolorous moans alone with
dolorous moans was a little fragile girl**

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