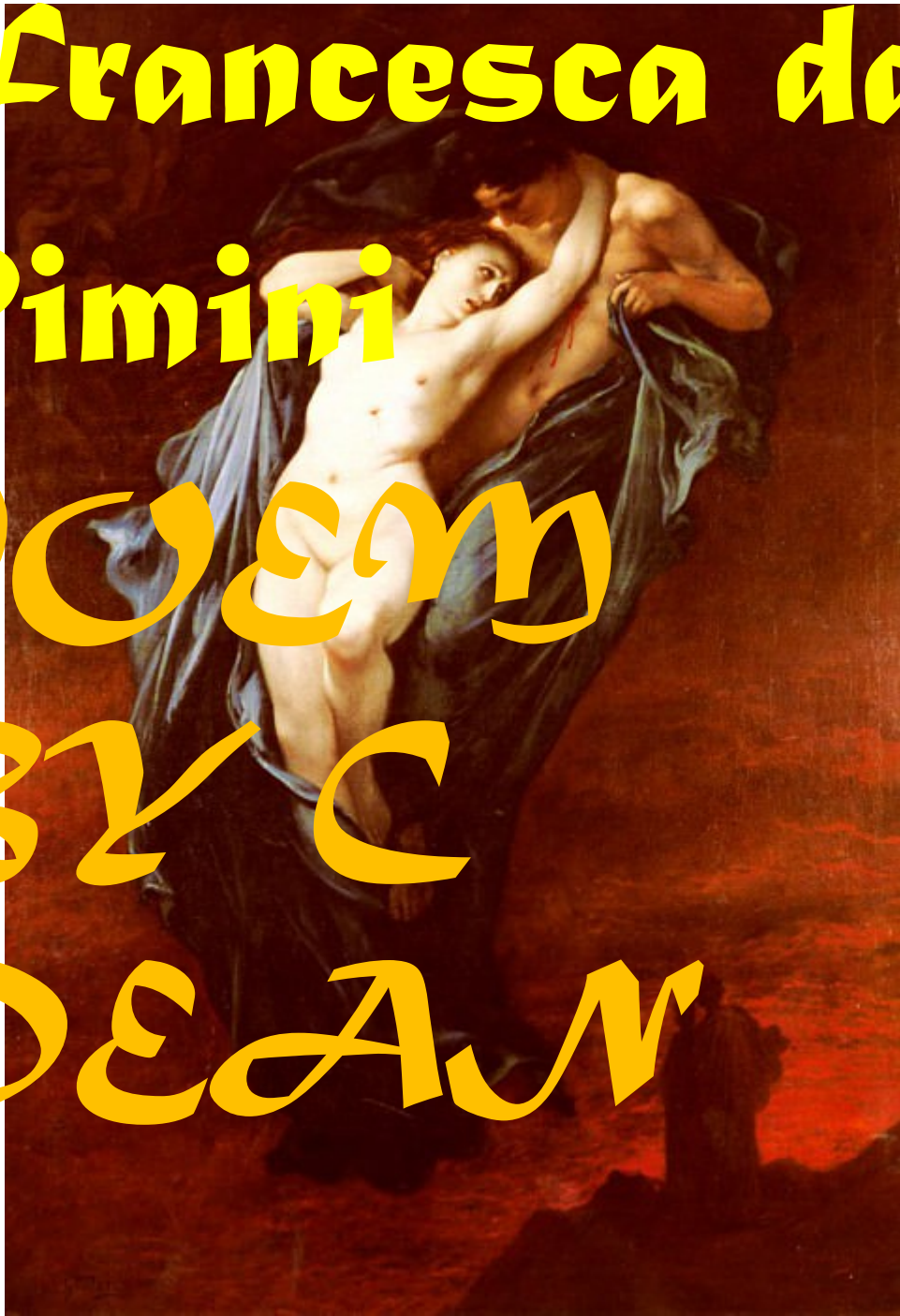


Francesca da  
Rimini  
POEM  
BY C  
DEAN





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**2025** P.1 Paolo and Francesca

[Christopher Williams \(1873-1934\)](#)

**P.2 Francesca da Rimini**

[Ary Scheffer \(1795-1858\)](#) P3 **Francesca da Polenta** [Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres](#) P. 6 **Paolo and Francesca**

[Christopher Williams \(1873-1934\)](#)

# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

So what

be this

Francesca da

Rimini well it be

perhaps it be a critique of

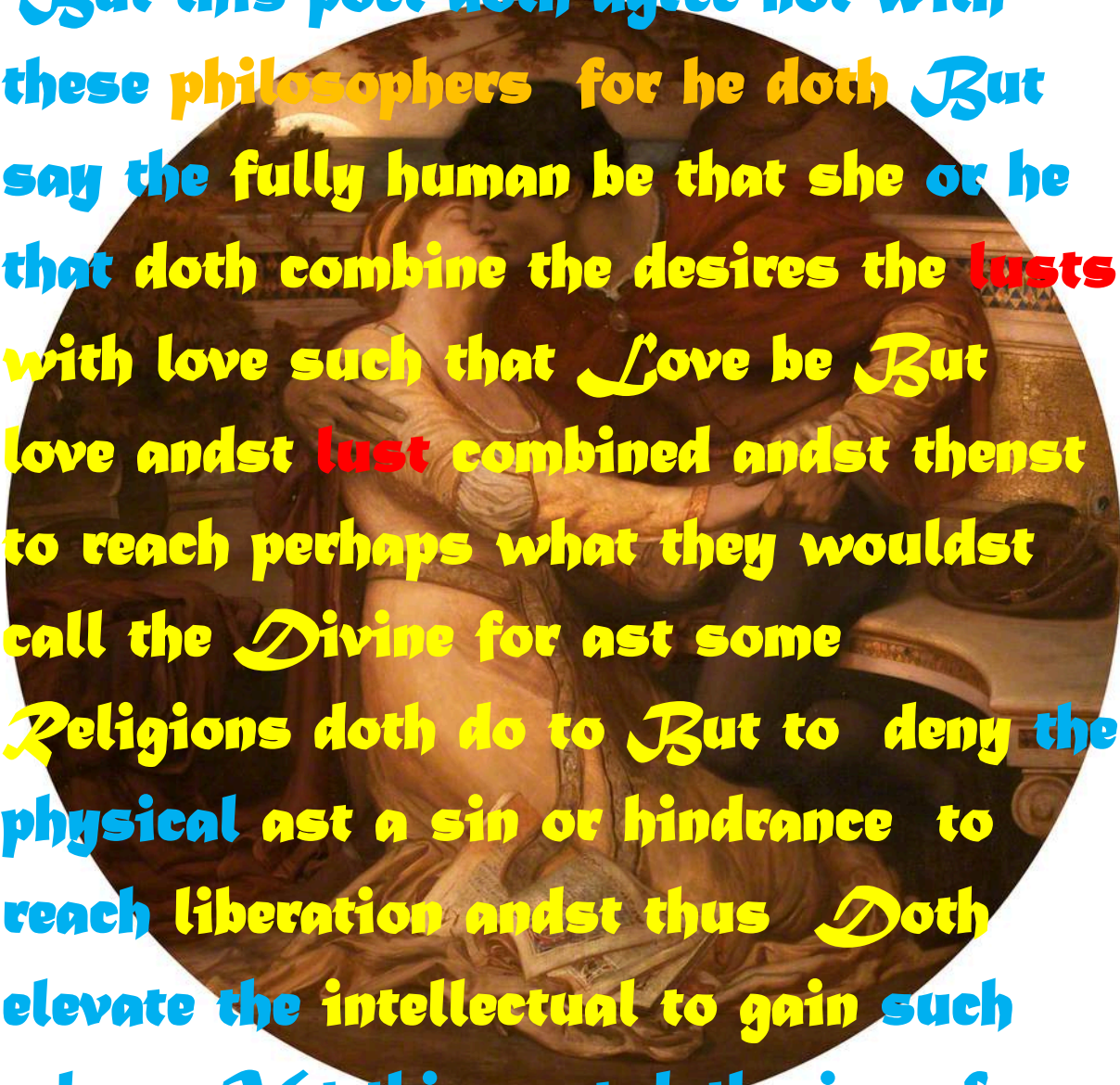
*Averroës Abū al-Walīd  
Muḥammad ibn Aḥmad ibn  
Rushd that Islamic  
philosopher that the Poets  
of the Dolce Stil Novo*



didst get inspiration such as  
*Dante Alighieri* and  
*Guido Cavalcanti* where  
*Averroes* who didst  
comment on *Aristotle*  
didst proclaim 3 aspects of  
human nature the vegetative  
which in common with plants  
the sensitive shared with  
animals and the  
intellectual which separated  
humans from the other 2  
lower forms to which at  
death the intellectual left the

body to return to the universal  
 consciousness But Ahh a humans  
 identity came not fromst the intellect  
 But the sensitive part of the desires  
 andst bodily appetites Now Ahh  
 for andst some of the "sweet new  
 style" the goal of life was to reach  
 perfection the *buon perfetto* by  
 reaching a balance with the sensitive  
 andst the intellect thru reason Yet  
 some ast Cavalcanti denied this to be  
 possible andst thus we couldst be  
 only But full of "tormented laments"  
 where he didst But say to feel  
*"neither peace nor even rest in the place  
 where I found love and my Lady."*





But this poet doth agree not with  
 these philosophers for he doth But  
 say the fully human be that she or he  
 that doth combine the desires the lusts  
 with love such that Love be But  
 love andst lust combined andst thenst  
 to reach perhaps what they wouldst  
 call the Divine for ast some  
 Religions doth do to But to deny the  
 physical ast a sin or hindrance to  
 reach liberation andst thus Doth  
 elevate the intellectual to gain such  
 release Yet this poet doth sing of  
 liberation thru love andst the bodies  
 desires called Love for whenst we  
 doth combine both thenst our egos  
 our identities doth dissolve inst to  
 exquisite bliss inst each to finde

**PREFACE** Ahh woe to  
 those poor Poets of "the sweet new style"  
 who Doth think Reason doth control all  
 that Doth fromst the flesh to flow that  
 think Reason canst of love andst lust to  
 still that their mindes to heaven canst  
 thenst to go Ohh Yet with all the  
 Muses skill they canst not their passions  
 still andst with all their will the passions  
 will flow thru their flesh still for Nature  
 will hath it will Yet to know that whenst  
 thee let Nature run its course thenst the  
 Senses to heaven willst the flesh to force  
 Thus Dearest recierter curb thy powers of  
 Reason leave lust andst love to their  
 course for Reason leads one straight to  
 bedlam for good Reason Reason says  
 enjoy love andst lust whilst inst season for  
 Heaven be the fruit within not inst some  
 paradise above whenst thee eats the fruit of  
 lust andst love

Ahh thee whenst Doth thee know thee be  
 inst love well thee willst know by the intensity  
 whenst thy lust Doth of thy love to fuel  
 andst thy love of lust to use for thy love  
 Ohh whenst thee be inst love thy flesh Doth  
 to burn to churn ast the hart Doth beat to  
 beat to throb to drum ast thy lust Doth thru  
 thy flesh to run to burn to churn thy hart to  
 quivering to turn Ahh thenst lust blent with  
 love thee willst to burn trembling inst bliss ast  
 thee doth cry thy hair to fly thy limbs to  
 thrash ast thee Doth bite andst to scratch  
 andst to claw thy lovers back neck breast  
 thenst thy love willst discover all the rest  
 whenst thy lust doth fuel thy love for love  
 needeth lust andst lust needeth love for true  
 love be whenst love loves lust



Hold back thy swoon fool more hast  
 I to of thee to tell Hold back thy  
 swoon fool to hear mine voice blent  
 with mine loves sweet Ohh so sweet  
 songs which thee doth call laments  
 andst wailing cries for thee fool say  
 such things for thee be ignorant of  
 love andst its ways Hold back thee  
 fool thy swoon andst hear what more  
 Doth I hath to say fromst these  
 lips he once

once my lips

All trembling kiss'd

Doth thee know old fool what love  
 andst lust to be thee say thee didst

But love thy Beatrice with  
 spirituality Blahh Blahhh thee fool  
 thee doth no fool I andst if it wast

true thee didst stupid fool any  
 wonder thy *Beatrice* hadst no time  
 for thy drool that dross that slipped  
 fromst thy lips for a woman *Doth*  
 love the man she *Doth* love to desire  
 she with fires that naught to canst  
 quench with lusts heated breath  
 uponst her mans burning lips for thee  
 fool canst couldst not see couldst not  
 feel couldst not a true man to be for  
 to be inst love is to lust for that love  
 for lust commeths with love andst  
 be its physical complementarity *But*  
 thee fool be seeking the *buon perfetto*  
 Which that other fool *Cavalcanti*  
 didst think no balance couldst to be  
 achieved for he couldst *But* to only  
 feel wast a despair inst surrendering

his love to his she for he **B**ut only  
 gained "tormented laments" where  
**O**hh where mine love lust for mine  
 love didst bringeth such contents  
 both of peace andst even rest inst  
 the place where **I** found mine love  
 andst mine **M**an so **G**uido tell thee  
**D**ante if thee canst howeths desires  
 fires "wanting" hast built with mine  
 form mine flesh mine hart where love  
 andst lust live not apart **B**ut blent  
 within that flame thee doth **B**ut  
 name love where love andst lust my  
 form doth gain a permanence **Y**et to  
 constantly change each to transform  
**Y**et within mine form to stay the  
 same where inst **L**ove love doth lust  
 to purify andst love lust to set onst

fire that be *Love* thee fools thee  
 fools that like *Averroës* elevate the  
 intellect such that *Reason* to form  
 humans sensitive parts to form a  
 balance with *Reason* the "good  
 perfection" *But* *Ahh* *Ye* fools that  
 use *Reason* to place inst  
 subjugation what in fact makes the  
 humans in fact human be its  
 physicality *Yet* *Ye* fools *Love*  
 thee *Doth* thee not know is itself a  
 balance within the form of what be  
*But* physicalities the lust andst love  
 be *But* feelings that makeths us  
 humanity so fool hear of mine *Love*  
 hear of love blent with lust andst  
 such that thee andst *Cavalcanti* canst

truly sing to thy love whenst thee  
 truly doth feel thy limbs quiver  
 Thy flesh thy lip palpitate with thy  
 loves name uponst thy lips thy loves  
 name trembling along thy flesh at thy  
 heated breaths rippling fromst thy  
 lapping tongues tip ast Doth hear  
 here ♪ Doth say ♪ fromst these  
 lips he once

once my lips

All trembling kiss'd  
 that lick thy ears thy flesh along thy  
 limbs that thee whilst quivering But  
 long to too kiss all trembling those  
 lips of thine she that long  
 fromst thee to be

All trembling

kiss'd



kissed the soul of *I* whenst first  
 didst *I* see thee *Paolo il Bello*  
 didst see *I* thee stars within thine  
 eyes burn bright sparkling fire

*Ahh* all mine youth wouldst *I* hath  
 gave to thee to thee *Paolo* ast mine  
 eyes didst see lingering light around  
 thy form that the eyes of *I* didst  
 uponst alight linger sparks that

*Ohh Ohh Paolo* hast still not out  
 gone out didst *I* quiver andst  
 shudder andst tremble inst mine flesh  
 that with pleasures didst burn ast my  
 soul didst churn mine flesh mine hart  
 didst beat ast some drum within  
 some *Afric* place mine flesh didst  
 boil ast some she cat inst some  
*Afric* den onst heat for its mate

mine eyes didst roam o'er thee like  
 ast some *Afric* cat uponst its prey  
 didst mine eyes didst uponst thee to  
 drink *Ahh* mine hart didst beat ast  
 the sun doth its light the earth to  
 heat ast the scents of blooms thru the  
 airs didst flow with the sultry  
 breaths of mine heaving breasts  
 where didst mine hart to beat ast if  
 fromst some beast inst some hidden  
 lair that doth their mate their hair  
 to tear *Ahh* didst *I* know paradise  
 ast mine flesh didst shiver to burn  
 'neath this *Mobility* of *I* where  
 'neath didst *But* rage *Ohh Ohh*  
*Dearest Paolo* mine flesh mine hart  
 for *Ohh Dearest Paolo* didst *I*  
 inst *Love* with thee didst fall *Ohh*

so haplessly whenst I saw thee  
 whenst thought I thee I wouldst be  
 thy bride that thee wouldst marry I  
 ast I didst thee first see that thee  
 didst set free mine sea I of  
 passions 'neath this flesh of I that  
 be ast a Jungle set alight where  
 fires rage the blood doth steam the  
 breaths to rise the flesh to burn  
 where 'neath doth surge with no ebb  
 the lips that long to kiss the flesh to  
 caresses the lips to meet to have to  
 hold to clutch to bite n'er to let go to  
 love to lust to live to be mine life  
 mine hart mine soul Ohh Paolo mine  
 flesh inst some sweating clutch n'er  
 to let go 'neath this Nobility none  
 didst But to see for all they couldst

But see be some icy she some cold  
 virtuous she fair flesh ast of the  
 moon Yet ast cold ast moonlight  
 that be hid fromst the sun Yet  
 'neath doth burn that icy flame that be  
 with desires that be But Loves  
 game all hid 'neath mine flesh chaste  
 ast that cold Selene fromst which  
 mine flesh didst But shine cold  
 moonlight 'neath flesh that didst But  
 burn ast hot ast the sun Yet to all  
 no sight of which wast to be But  
 seen all calm the minde the flesh  
 quiet the breath still face with grace  
 still ast a summer sea Yet all  
 boiling inst I stormed mine soul  
 hid within a chaste cold flesh my  
 Love for thee didst burn so hot

whenst inst proxy thee didst marry  
 me mine flesh mine look lips pale  
 cheeks waning lips ast if of some  
 sickness of *Death* cold wast mine  
 breath *Y*et didst *Y* not quench that  
 fire that desire that didst burn mine  
 flesh whenst near to each our flesh  
 near touched each not quenched mine  
 flesh pale ast frost cold flesh *Y*et  
 that tempest didst surge thru *Y*  
 andst didst *Y* know thee knew thee  
 knew *Y* know our *L*ove for each  
 wast inst each burning deep brighter  
 thanst the lamps lit or the suns red  
 glow andst brighter lighter thanst the  
 meadows blooms more fierce *O*hh  
 more beautiful of all things inst this  
 universe 'neath heaven or the azure



skies naught Ohh naught Paolo  
 didst we know couldst rend apart us  
 naught couldst inst twain rend we  
 naught Ohh Paolo didst we know  
 couldst inst convulsions wreck we  
 no Ohh no repulsions couldst from  
 our Love for each to turn to  
 revulsions for Ohh Paolo our flesh  
 our souls our harts be But ripe fruit  
 squishy oozy right at the core full of  
 passions sweet ripe-fruity-mush  
 turned to squishy gooey ripe love  
 andst lust where doth riot flesh  
 andst andst lips andst groins andst  
 all heated twisted raging burning  
 things of the flesh of savage things  
 things some doth But obscene to call  
 those wild untamed things the beast

inst mating doth obtain things that  
 things call to fromst the Jungles  
 cells 'neath burning flesh of eyes of  
 yellow fire that naught canst efface  
 that fall uponst strange things inst  
 Jungle dell hid 'neath nights  
 blackness where within the gloom  
 their cries Ohh our Sighs Paolo  
 andst mix and blend with all those  
 animals desires Yet we both with  
 Nobilities duties didst But hid  
 'neath moonlight-cold frost-flesh our  
 love our lust of we for each with  
 each breath Till Ohh we read to  
 feel Galeotto kiss of Love uponst his  
 loves Launcelot du Lac his trembling  
 lips thenst we knew our love be But  
*fin'amo* our love Now Ohh fool

**Hold back thy swoon fool andst hear  
 here fromst mine lips what be the  
 bliss of the kiss of the lips onst  
 flesh Hold back Ohh fool thy  
 fainting fromst thy compassion for  
 we for Ye Ohh fool willst hear  
 here what thee be to stupid to feel  
 inst thy spiritualization of love  
 which be But thy repressions of thy  
 animality not thy compassion fool  
 we seek we seek naught fromst thee  
 or humanity for we love lust each for  
 eternity to be with thee inst Hell  
 rather thanst separated fromst thee  
 inst Heaven I tell whenst Ohh  
 whenst his lips he once  
 once my lips  
 All trembling kiss'd**

**Ahh the lips trembling puffy moisty  
 lips spread flesh red panting breath  
 Ohh thy soft breast to mine breast  
 pressed bent o'er ∩ thy lips thy lips  
 biting moisty the lips of ∩ spread  
 quivering fruity-flesh-ripe-succulent-  
 flesh spread Ahh unlocked lust love  
 burning breathing lips flesh  
 quivering flesh-spread the breaths  
 suck the breaths unlocked fires  
 spread along the limbs burning red  
 Ahh within thy flesh all fear doth  
 turn to rest uponst thy lips the veins  
 boiling seeping flesh oozing spread  
 the lips spread the limbs spread Ohh  
 red the flesh crimson petals bursting  
 perfumes rich scented breaths Ahh  
 those breathing-lips-bliss-scented**

flesh flushed of fires red *Ahh* thy  
 lips skip thy lips bursting blooms  
 mine flesh the flush the blush  
 unlocked lust love bright light lights  
 the nights *Ohhhh* the bliss of the  
 kiss of the lips onst flesh dew  
 dripping drops drip liquid flecks  
 gold specks to view sparkle soft-  
 palpitating-flesh-fresh scents the  
 sighs rise brightening blushing flesh  
 panting flesh for each to each to  
 clutch to kiss quivering flesh-lips for  
 this *Hell* rather thanst separated  
 fromst thee inst *Heavens* bliss for  
 all this thee fool hast mist  
 whenst *Ohh* whenst his lips he once  
 once my lips  
*All trembling kiss'd*