



DEAN

He to
Asphodel
POEM BY C
DEAN

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fp:" The Philosopher "[Jean-Honoré Fragonard](#)
1764

**PUBLISHERS
INTRODUCTION
N**

**So what be this *Se to*
*Asphodel***

**N'er before hast we heard
the ladies reply to the poets
song all we get or hast
always got is what *Dante*
or *Petrarch* said to their**

**Beatrice or Laura n'er hast
we heard fromst a Stella or
Diana or Delia let alone
fromst a Fidessa or
Chloris or a Phillis or
Licia we n'er hear what
these fair ladies thought of
those songs sung to them
Why be this perhaps male
chauvinism or perhaps ladies
reticence at telling the world
their thoughts in fear of**

appearing not ladies Yes we
hear of ladies singing songs
of love mainly but n'er we
hear much of their views of
what they like physically in
men or bout sex or what
turns them on for that matter
we n'er really hear what
gets them randy for in past
ages ladies kept quite on
such matters for fear of to
be thought of or treated ast a

slut but here we have **Se**
to Asphodel

**which give us insights ast to
 how a lady viewed the love
 songs the gushings at her
 beauty so take up the page
 dear reciter andst get a rare
 glimpse –for perhaps the
 first andst perhaps last
 time– of a ladies response**

PREFACE Ah to be sung

to by a poet that claims his love that
exclaims to the world thy beauty

Ahh but be he an Orpheus or but
some Siren in disguise with words
of deceit full of conceits that thy
mind to twist to sing to thee art
true praises sweet but how to tell if
this be but cant or to to dissemble
or be the praise but the frame to
outline thy fame how to tell if thee
hast a brain or just outright vain to
fly to heaven on the words of verse
or to be a slave So do tell to dwell
in heaven ✓ do tell our dwell in hell

**Sir read these lines which be the distil
of my distain these verse be the reply of
♪ for thy verse sir philosopher speaks
well of thy plaint with zeal thy songs
doth reveal thy wit andst show thy pain
which thee doth claim for with which
dear sir thee seems to ♪ want to
entertain in the out pouring of thy heart
that write the fumes that flows fromst
thy brain of thy woes which thee wants
♪ to know of the hell which thee say
doth tell the beauty of ♪ which thee
say all agree all breaths decree whilst
thy eyes doth on my face drink nectar
from leave off dear sir with thy stupid
song e'en though thy words some delight
with each bit of thy wit ♪ find trite**

**Oh howeth thee seeks with thy pipes
 shameless shepherd to sing me into rapt
 pleasaunce to wean I upon thy tropes
 with all this scene of my beauty that I
 be the Queen of all ladies fair andst
 enchant the world with my glorious
 show but shepherd doth thee know that
 I doth know With thy paltry praise
 thee thinks to my Reason to overthrow
 thus my vanity to thy conceits to yield
 but Nay my Reason hath not lost the
 field nor my sense which thee doth try
 andst stitch up in the webs of the words
 thee doth seek to sew so pipe on
 shepherd while I doth swear to declare
 thy words be but the vipers bite that
 bring I no delight**

**Oh dear shepherd thee thinks with thy
 sweet reed to cajole ♪ with flattery
 whilst thy tunes echo thru each valley
 that nymphs do dance upon each note
 to rebound to the ears of ♪ that thee
 seeks for ♪ to hear thy sweet praise of
 ♪ with thy lays but dear shepherd to
 the ears of ♪ thy words doth sound
 shrill fromst thy lips thy language
 pompous with imperfect rhythms that
 dance upon the mind of ♪ with
 missteps to wind about ♪ with
 discords each letter that ♪ with do find
 with lack of wit that doth the time of ♪
 doth waste with thy poor inventions
 that do fromst thy tongue proceed to
 offer praise yet thy entertainment ♪ not**

need fromst what to me be but poor
 comedy Unsuted to the ears of J
 which fromst true joys hindered be in
 vain thee doth try to my mind to ignite
 in fire for thy delight or send J into
 bliss fromst the songs that flow fromst
 thy lips for no desire do have J for thy
 tune for do seek J for stronger if not
 better lays fromst better poets with
 better wit that canst my sorrows to
 allays that doth prove the superior
 thanst what sings thee fromst thy pulpit
 for thy songs my heart doth not move
 nor my mind to please for thy words
 lack grace andst in my soul find no
 place where dis-ease doth reign for
 fromst thy verse commeth only pain

**Oh dear sir philosopher thee doth
 weary me with thy tedious song that
 song that goes on and on for too long
 that sends I into despair at thy boring
 fair Why Why Oh Why doth I hast
 to endure this wrong that twists my
 lips andst frown my brow enough now
 Oh sir philosopher for I be tied of
 this discontent andst see thee ast unkind
 to perpetually torment my mind with all
 this praise that I distain with
 unequalled complaint andst willst tell
 the world andst all posterity with
 confessed vow that thee Yes thee sir
 philosopher that n'er hast Muse hast
 sung such songs that give inestimable
 woe andst cause one too lament so**

Thee dear shepherd doth with thy
 songs doth seek to carve out sweet
 Venus in the form of ♀ andst
 rain down a portraiture that doth
 frame ♀ in living flame But Why
 But Why dear shepherd thy game
 seeth ♀ for thee sings so ever sweet
 to thy mind if ♀ canst say only for
 thy fame thee doth use ♀ for which
 ♀ do blame for only thy glory which
 doth be thy Shame Shame sayeth ♀
 thee singeth of my beauty in doggerel
 if ♀ may say hoping my beauty
 willst thy fame belay Be off Be off
 andst keep thy ditties thee creep like
 pus that fromst thy mouth doth seep

**Why doth thee sir philosopher be so
 unkind andst do ignore my woeful
 appeal be it thy egos zeal that maketh
 thee to sing relentlessly andst grieve
 ♪ so for ages past andst not so
 long ago didst ♪ complain at what
 thee doth continue to impose for
 gods sake dear sir philosopher hold
 thy breath andst give a ♪ rest or
 else dear philosopher thy tiresome
 songs willst cause my death Yield
 man for gods sake or doth thee seeth
 ♪ a victim for thee to slay to ignore
 my complaining distaining for do ♪
 grieve unto to die to die for thee why
 willst thee slain me ♪ distain thee**

**Oh dear shepherd thy verse doth the
 page deface andst but all that does is
 the ink to waste whilst thy lines be but
 dust that doth chock whilst to recite thy
 letters but do stain the air andst cause
 shadows dank to dance mottled o'er the
 flowers andst leaves that turn to rust
 at the kiss of thy touch that leaves all
 colours pallid andst on the breath fetid
 disgust whenst the foolish thy rhymes
 tap out on their tongue that boils
 encrust fromst the stale fumes of thy
 words that fill the world with stench
 where thy letters be but thorns that the
 tongue doth pierce to recite in blood that
 drips fromst lips torn on thy verse Oh
 mourns ♪ with woe for all to know**

**Whenst thee recites thy verse sir
 philosopher thy breath be that of the
 Basilisk that wilts all blooms that
 flower upon the earths face but to
 deface all that commeth near those
 fumes thy tongue sir philosopher that
 darts out upon the airs each letter of thy
 rhymes be that of the viper that stings
 with each word upon heart of J who
 cries "have pity on J" with heated tears
 in each eye weeping my distress at thy
 Akhlys breath Ahh hast thee joy
 fromst my torment doth thee enjoy to
 molest with these lines of thine that
 doth my suffering do increase cease
 andst give the earth peace silent be still
 thy speech that of my pain be release
 shut thy mouth that fromst those
 poisoned fumes my freedom gain**

Oh to be alive yet live a living death

To be midst paradise yet be in hells depth

**To be in my spring yet full of winters
woes**

**To be wide awake yet too long for sleep
that my distress willst go**

To be polite yet be full of mean spite

**To be full of strength yet full of weakness
in this blight**

To be compassionate yet cruel

**To be full of love yet full of hate that thy
lines fuel**

**Into double binds Sir philosopher thee
throws me irreconcilable the mind finds that
canst find no rest though tied perplexed full
of jest but full of all this all of what I
detest**

nay ¶ shallst fromst thy spell break
 free ¶ willst tell fromst thy verse
 that be but a snare of thy thoughts
 scattered in words full of scum ¶
 willst not care for thy words be but
 dust andst ¶ shallst reach for higher
 things that doth to my heart joys
 bring leave ¶ thy worthless fare for
 ¶ aspire to the light bright full of
 delight where sorrow melt andst no
 furnace of conceits do the heart
 oppress nor the breast compress with
 unbidden jests into the light shallst
 ¶ go where Phoebus weaves his
 gold o'er all andst despair dissolves
 'neath perfumed days filled with
 pleasurable things that brings delight
 that be where ¶ go andst so leave

off my foe to dust to dust all thy
 words be but rust andst ♪ to to
 other poets kissed by the Muse doth
 ♪ go to hear sweet tunes andst
 musics rich melodies where words
 kiss the heart where thy words just
 tear the flesh where love be not an
 excuse for wit where rich rhymes
 cadences dance to the lyre of
 Orpheus sweet voice that breathe
 out endless delight where thee villain
 thy words just bringeth night so to
 other singers go ♪ to drink the
 nectar of their songs fromst those
 lips honey sweet Ahh to drink so
 deep andst so long that those poets
 with ♪ each to each within each
 heart meets to embrace face to face

where each lips sucks up ecstasy in
 long long languid kiss with no limits
 to the bliss where pain be discharged
 by the poets refrain andst joy erupts in
 raptuousness at their lines full of lights
 beams with skill andst wit where all
 canst read andst see within it true Ye
 I say Ye true poetry that upon the
 voice that poets reed All Ye All
 willst rejoice at those gems of words
 that drop like fruit fromst paradise with
 the perfume of spice to scent all those
 Nymphs that their verse doth hear that
 dance 'neath moon or sun on the letters
 of their songs Not like thee whose
 words rot the soul bring miseries untold
 What say thee sir philosopher be bold
 "DAM"