

Helios

&

Leucothoe

POEM

BY

DEAN



Helios and Leucothoe POEM BY C DEAN

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fp "***Apollo caressing Leucothoe (Leucothoe
daughter of the king of Babylon Orchame)***"
1702-1782 Antoine Boizot

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION W

What be this **Helios**

and

Leucothoe

be it we think be a tragedy a
story of woe where love
canst go whenst all restraint

**be let loose andst loves
urges overflow where
mythology canst teach truth
to the contemporary that
canst see for in all
mythology be wisdom for
the wise andst caution for
the fools full of philosophy
andst deep psychology not
just tale to entertain but to
teach stories that be
perennial about the human**

**condition our animality they
where no fools the ancient
mythologers but mystagouge
not in syllogisms but in
tales for all to read Ahh**

what be this *Selios*

and

***Leucothoe* we**

say be but the harmony of

**sounds in sequence of
melodies laced with
exquisite rhythms that to the
ear be like the scent of
tuberose intoxicating in its
extreme perfume to entice
thee via excess of odorous
sweetness into ecstasy
thus reciter let these scents
of words mingle with thy
fragrant breath to breathe
o'er thy audience**

PREFACE Take heed

**those who with love seek that
beloved to win with thy heaving hart
to kiss thy love andst thy burning
passion to ease take care for thee
may sin for with that thee seek to
please a wounded flesh might thee
lay bare andst upon thy love to place
disease to batter thy love with thy
assaults thee hope to win but make
the flesh to cry andst tears in thy
loves eyes to begin that arise
fromst the pain within upon thy love
that thee doth lies for beware that thy
love to win thee may but lose for in
trying to gain thee thy love is slain**

A tale of sorrow andst woe took place long ago fromst a telltale that didst inform on a married she that didst affair have with a he the names | willst not tell though others with impoliteness didst say but such tales brings much pain much sorrow andst many other things andst though with eloquence | attempt these woes which better poets sings andst better do excel so | will ineptly tell how that shes child on wings didst take revenge andst with dart didst pierce a hart that all other loves didst abandon he for that love that she that be the real tragedy though others sing about another she that loved he but this poor she just a victim be of Fates game full of pain andst finally slain

**Oh that dart doth pierce my hart but
 though that wound doth smart my hart
 doth burst into love whilst flames rise
 up that around my face do light andst
 see ♪ Leucothoe behold her face that
 beauty that grace that brightens all of
 space whilst to her all my thoughts do
 turn andst ♪ forget Rhode sweet
 Klymene with no hart for *Pérsē* andst
 Klytiê no love anymore for Ohh thee
 Leucothoe my flesh burns andst none
 else canst compare andst no one else
 for do ♪ care for that smart brings
 pleasure to my hart that now linger ♪ in
 the sky to see thy heavenly face that
 face the epitome of thy race**

Distain thee Helios I Rhode mother of
the Heliadae doth cry revenge thee
Helios say I like Medea with her 14
born this hart of I be of discontent
that cry I to this world my lament
spurned by thee for that mortal so
these cries of I be but the record of
my contempt for the Helios that thy
light shouldest die out with my shout
that be that that doth cause thee ill
to fill thee with this bile of I that thee
shallst feel all this pain of I whenst
thee doth look upon she to in her
eyes see Medusa that be the hate of
me that doth in her face transfer
But though my hart be but sore
I shall love thee the evermore

Ahh Helios I Klymene mother of
Phaethon one of the three hundred
daughters of Oceanus send out to the
world this song which do I shout thy
shame that thee doth reject I for that
she may the venom of my breath blow
out that flame that about thee doth
glow andst turn the world to darkness
fromst my woe andst with the heat of
my tears the ocean to boil for thy love
hast fled fromst me to that she to turn
my blood to mud at the thought of
thee that hope I whenst thee doth kiss
she her lips be the sting of the **Erinyes**

But though thee cause I to pain

Nevertheless still do I love thee again
and again

I *Pérsē* one of 3000 Oceanid water-nymphs mother of Circe andst
Aeëtes doth call upon the Gods
Helios to thee to send every
disease andst all that pain not to
ease for Ohh Helios it doth please
me that thee shallst feel all my
misery for punishment that for that
mortal thee didst abandon me thus
do I speak these words for thy
displeasure for eternity that thee
hast aroused my pique that Hecate
shallst whenst thee doth look upon
the face of she fromst the breath of I
the flesh of she shallst wrinkle andst
cause thee grief Yet though thee
cause I unrelenting woe but Oh I do
want thee of my love to know

Ohh I Klytiê sister of the 3000 Potamoi no
 children hast I of thee Ohh Helios but that
 love child that thee didst conceive in this
 hart of I that now thee leave me for she
 andst fromst I part that I do wither like
 some bloom in arcadia cut of fromst the
 suns kiss hither andst thus liveth I in
 perpetual gloom fromst what whast my
 bliss so to the sky I do raise this voice of I
 not in thy praise for on this lips of I say be
 but the breath of death for thy loss but
 doth only nourish all but weeds in this
 hart now flourish for thou art gone thee
 son of Hyperion andst no more doth the
 sun smile for me for no more doth do the
 eyes of I read thy love But e'en in my woe
 that I to a sunflower grow that I canst look
 upon thee my love to show that though
 jealousy doth craze I a sunflower to be to
 on thee to gaze

Ohh dearest love *Leucothoe* do *I*
 arise before my time that *I* canst
 see thee andst upon thee my light to
 cast upon thee my eyes to repast on
 whose beauty lustre andst radiant
 light doth feed this love of *I* for
 Upon thy beauty satiate on all *I* be
 Yet ever hunger for more to see
 Upon thy beauty my love *I* discover
 Yet hate all things that be not thee
 Upon thy beauty burn *I* in flames
 Yet without thee cold be the flesh of
 me

Love be like the bee for its flower its
 life be the beauty that love doth devour

Ohh dearest love *Leucothoe* do I sink
 to late after my time that I canst see
 thee still for that extra time andst drink
 up thy beauty andst to burn with love
 that my light doth increase andst my
 flames to shine without decrease for

In thy sight though I shine
 without thee dark I be

In thy sight my love be strong Yet
 without thee weak I be

In thy sight to burn with sighs without
 thee to be parched fromst shedding tears
 of I

Beautys perfection be loves affection
 Andst in thy beauty my harts defection

**Ahh dearest love *Leucothoe* in
 mortal form do *I* transform andst
 fromst above to thy chamber *I* do come
 to taste thy lips that whilst give *I*
 bliss fromst those lips chaste that fills
 this hart of *I* with love not *I* to depart
 until my love hath had its fill upon thy
 face that *I* do kiss andst thy limbs
 embrace **Ahh** to hear thee moan with
 my hot caress with thy breast pressed
 to the chest of *I* in love quest **Ahh**
Leucothoe be not unkind andst thy
 arms to wrest fromst the arms of mine
 give *I* give *I* thy flesh in heated press
 give *I* thy lips that *I* canst bite and
 feel thy limbs in my limbs tight andst
 under *I* lie andst not my thrusts defy**

Be off Be off leave thy lips off the lips of I andst
 breathe not thy breath upon my flesh take thy
 kiss that doth feel like a vipers hiss that may give
 thee bliss but I distress at thy press upon my flesh
 must I under thee be kept in hell I do tell andst
 endure still this living death that doth kill the very
 soul of I andst makes my flesh to decay fromst
 thy touch fromst thy breath fromst the very whole
 of thee thee brings me to despair that this what
 thee calls love doth prolong with thy tongue that
 licks my lips along each fold of my limbs that doth
 smart with thy desire for I andst but place I
 among the dead whilst on I thee be fed Ohh thee
 smother I ast under thee I lie hid fromst my
 mother andst hid fromst the sky full of grief thy
 thief that steals fromst I my peace ast feel I the
 sting the pain

My blood doth flow ast thy pleasure obtain

Ohh father father don't punish I fromst what that
she didst tell to thee andst that hast caused thy
enmity for father Ohh father I didst not submit
willingly But But wast conquered I suffered andst
be taken by force the pain the shame throws I into
misery fromst his cruel domination o'er me ast if
the Fates hadst allowed no deviation fromst their
plan for me swept up I be andst lived out my
tragedy the Gods designs I found no grace andst
now Ohh father father my broken hart now pines
with all my woe upon my face andst all my
sorrows o'er flow which do but increase for
fromst thy anger thee find no release I weepeth I
moan I groan ast in this sand thee doth bury I
alive I do cry Ohh father father WHY Ohh the sand
doth choke I cannot breathe heave I gasp I for
that breath Ahh I sink andst drown in death the
sand beneath

Oh Dearest Love Leucothoe I hear thy
 cries andst to thy side do rush andst
 though in my love I didst dare to take a
 kiss whilst thee didst seem to blush that
 though thee my love thee didst dismiss
 But my love still didst not wan andst
 though it didst cause thee pain Oh dearest
 Love Leucothoe I still love again
 though I regret the harm that I hast done
 andst take full blame for the harm some
 other hast done that though I the sun hast
 shone my rays to uplift that sand hast
 failed I to revive my Love to clear thy
 head to clear thy hand But my Dear my
 love for thee I willst show to transform
 thee into a frankincense tree that thee canst
 breathe andst thy breath the world perfume
 andst on thy breath the earth make heavenly