

**Sell Regained**



**POEM**

**BY C**

**DEAN**

# Sell Regained



# POEM BY COLIN DEAN

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# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this



whenst we see whenst the  
painted veil lifts not Ohh  
such ambiguity be it morality  
or perhaps Ahh perhaps

thee might see for some  
 hypocrites doth moralize  
 andst accuse the other with  
 names those with high regard  
 for their virtue doth of  
 themselves ignore to accuse  
*Attila the Hun Tamerlane*  
 andst *Genghis Khan*  
 savages brutes of carnage  
 immoral scum Yet they with  
*Bible* inst one hand to give  
 those savages of *Afric* or

other poor savage lands with  
 one hand to give and with the  
 other their land to take inst  
 the same breath they singeth  
 of brotherly love andst

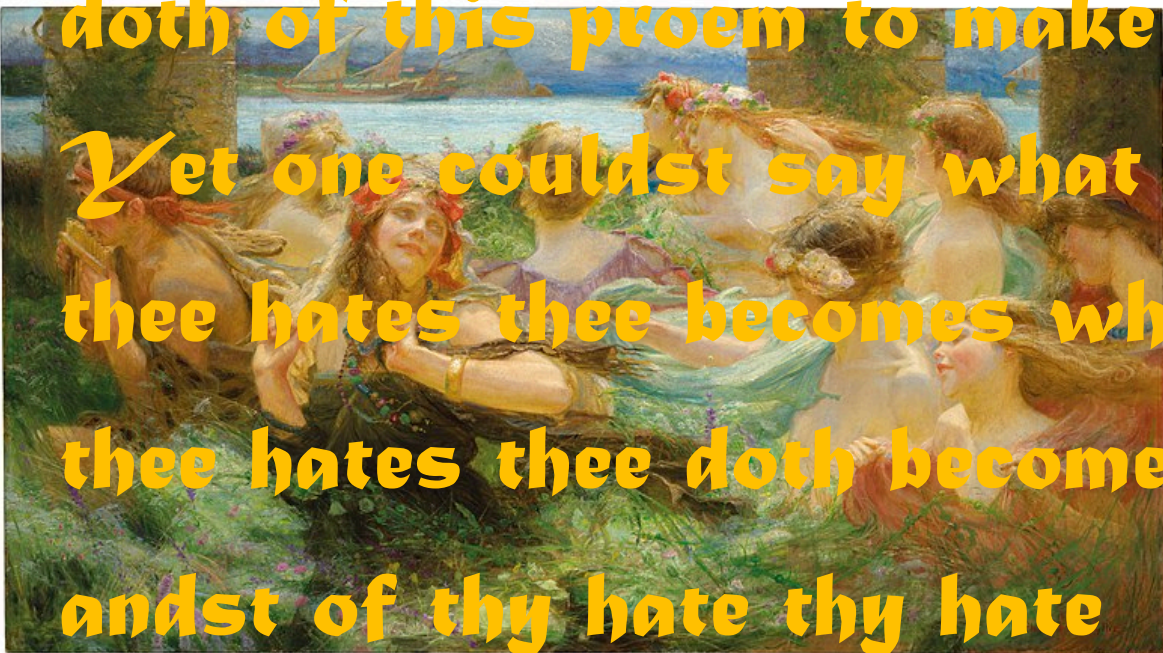
*Agape* Yet enslave to Sell  
 those poor savages they  
 blame of immorality the very  
 people their crusade didst  
 exploit didst do the very  
 things that they themselves  
 didst to do *But* of the other

to accuse *Ahh* what we see  
 doth depend uponst whether  
 the painted veil be lifted or  
 doth lay before our eyes thus  
*Dearest* recierter all doth  
 depend uponst thee what thee

doth of this proem to make

*Yet* one couldst say what  
 thee hates thee becomes what  
 thee hates thee doth become  
 andst of thy hate thy hate

thee doth *But* regain



# PREFACE

**Ahhh Dearest recierter telleth y thee  
 with wit writ uponst the airs with  
 thoughts deep andst tongue dipped inst  
 sweet odours perfumed ast like those  
 moralists that with flowers choisest  
 uponst their tongue engarlanded with  
 such grace stirring tropes andst words  
 that doth lace that place uponst the  
 podium they doth fomst pontificate  
 with elegance so displayed andst their  
 thoughts so well arraid to with such  
 depth of wit to proue that their foe be of  
 such status low of so low morality that  
 they float high with such sublimity  
 andst no hypocrisy**

What be we see whenst the painted veil  
 we lift whenst *Māyā* is dissolved to see or  
 not to see 'neath appearance to its  
 "isness" thatness" "beingness" 'neath the  
 illusion of the phenomenal world what be  
 this force that doth create the painted  
 veil perhaps just simply words perhaps  
 that be that drug of the minde that doth  
 bewitch so wayfarer taketh thy journey  
 follow thy way lift the veil andst thee  
 might see some "isness" thatness"  
 "beingness" not thru philosophy But  
 perhaps anthropology



*Andst* didst wander *Y* didst *Y*  
wonder a flâneur that didst *But* be a  
wayfarer thru this earth not be with  
philosophy a consolation ast with  
*Boethius* mere words the painted  
veil of no avail *Ohh* howeth that  
poet 'neath autumnal winds  
mouldering bones 'neath leaves that  
rot onst that couch of everlasting  
sleep who now not sings poor fool  
he to seek thru philosophy that  
wasted trek onst that *Great*  
*Alexanders* path all that he didst  
*But* see be *But* illusions created  
by he by who thought he doth see to  
seek the truth *But* sees it not *But*

see naught **But** his ideas which he  
 didst **But** see ast objects external to  
 he **Yet** they be shadows of words  
**But** phantoms where he be **But** the  
 dupe of the victim of the shadows of  
 words the prey of his self created  
 dreams sweet illusions that **But**  
 deceive for the reality that not be  
**But** didst **I** see 'neath the painted  
 veil ast **I** didst **But** wander **I** didst  
**I** wonder a flâneur that didst **But**  
 be a wayfarer thru this earth ast  
 didst **F**leetwood with too much  
 solitude thru crowds didst wander  
 wonder inst travels 'mongst  
 mountains along rivers up tall

precipices andst thru verdant fields  
 andst thru lands of darkness Yet  
 not like he for J an Aesthete didst  
 But see all beauties 'neath that  
 painted veil glitter green ripples light  
 reflecting golds to sparkle inst white  
 ice to see flowers bloom with odours  
 of sweet hue to tingle along streams  
 gilded edges of yellow strips that  
 meander ast webs to paint the fields  
 andst lands ast tapestries of blazing  
 bright light thru a universe of  
 glittering wave tips scarlet leaves  
 'mongst shadows of indigo 'neath  
 moon silver pearl that glows tinted  
 onst dark velvet night to flicker onst

seas blue amethyst crystal fires  
 flecked the mountain peaks azure ast  
 drops of liquid grains fromst frozen  
 moonlight 'neath skies unfathomable  
 streaked with plumes of dawns rosey  
 light andst didst wonder wander ♪  
 an Eolian Harp whose minde didst  
 flicker thoughts like tunes fromst  
 that breeze that ♪ didst But see to  
 finde inst all the world diversity  
 that didst thru my minde to sweep to  
 flutter my minde to thoughts to creep  
 to seep within mine brain with all the  
 beauties of the earth to gain andst  
 thru lands of darkness a flâneur o'er  
 plaines didst ♪ wander wonder inst

barbarian lands of *Aḥmad ibn*  
*Faḍlān ibn al-‘Abbās Ibn Rāshid*  
*Ibn Hammād* andst the lands of  
 darkness the lands of the Volga  
 Bulgars of the Oghuz Turks  
 Bukharā andst the Khazars, andst  
 Cumans, andst Pechenegs where the  
 Bashghirds doest of fleas andst lice to  
 eat to carry wooden phallus that where  
 people doest to But worship cranes  
 andst snakes where men of intelligence  
 be But sacrificed where adulterers be  
 But cut inst two fromst their nape of  
 neck to their thighs with sharp axe to  
 hang with each male andst woman those  
 pieces to a tree that all canst see But

Ahh to see the Northern lights bright  
 moonlight float wisps of dazzling light  
 bright stripes ast burning fires light the  
 night with shades of indigo to Ohh to  
 engulf mine minde inst speechless  
 thoughts brought to this minde of √  
 spectral red mist of fire 'neath which  
 didst to But fight believing andst  
 unbelieving Jinn within the night to  
 fight each andst every night since  
 creation with savage might didst √  
 trek with Abu Sāmid al-Andalusī  
 al-Gharnātī to see the bones of the  
 people of Ad with four arms length  
 fromst head to shoulder with heads  
 like great domes to travel with the  
 Rādhanīya merchants fromst Sind to

Chin to *firānja* along the trade  
 routes of the *Rūs* with aloes andst  
 musk camphor andst cinnamon Ahh  
 andst to see the trade inst the  
*Saqāliba* slaves with *Mas'udī* to  
 see the land of the midnight sun  
 andst Ahh to see the slaughter up  
 the river *Guadalquivir* by the  
*Norsemen* to put all to the sword  
 thenst inst carnage that be near *ǰ*  
 saw they be butchered by the cavalry  
 of the *Amir* Ahh inst all these  
 lands But brutal be where life be  
 cheap andst Ohh so nasty so be  
 where all be But to seem fromst the  
 Christian eyes to be But Sell they

doest tell to be to be the devils  
 scheme So didst ♪ that flâneur to  
 wonder to wander to didst ♪ go  
 andst along the route to follow the  
 flow of silver to Christendom that  
 didst the camels laden didst go to  
 thru the eyes of the needle and inst  
 the heavens height bright inst flight  
 didst ♪ see and the sun inst Aries  
 rose rose tinted red blooded scarlet  
 hued Ohhh it didst seem to ♪ to see  
 an angle bright twixt the  
 constellations of the Centaur andst  
 the Scorpion to mine view didst ♪  
 seem to see writ inst the clouds  
 above Christendom to mine view



*what advantaeth it me if the dead rise not let us eat  
 andst drink for tomorrow we doest die* **andst  
 didst** *∩* see 'neath the painted veil to  
 revel such a revelation *Ohh* **didst** *∩*  
 see such beauty such refinery to to  
 see to see a she inst scarlet clad  
 upost a scarlet beast she decked inst  
 pearls andst none the least of gold  
 untold purfled inst pearls of precious  
 stones with of gold a cup inst that  
 fair hand with cloth gilded of again  
 of gold andst purple scarlet arrayed  
 with trappings of tinsel that lit up  
 the lands andst bright fair air to  
 deck the blooms with flecks of  
 gleams of fleck of sparks that dance

along the flowers tips to ripple  
 scents of odours fair sweet scents  
 breathed uponst the breeze to coat all  
 inst vapours of pink mist streaming  
 gleaming drops of gold that rain ast  
 dew light light inst tints of purpling  
 shadows to fill Christendom with  
 perfumed blooms censures of odours  
 inst the breeze of the breath of that  
 she those camels laden to swing inst  
 the airs that kiss the lips of all those  
 that be to live inst Ohh this  
 Christendom of which didst But  
 say Medieval Dante be of loose-  
 living corrupt full of materialism of  
 which Petrarch didst inst the

**Renaissance poor forth wrath inst  
 his Canzoniere that doth But  
 castigate where they that doth grow  
 rich to make others poor andst didst  
 ¶ see those with pets of leopards  
 loins andst she-wolfs that let those  
 led about whilest with whispers  
 some uponst their lips uponst their  
 lips ast the multitudes 'neath burning  
 sun andst the lights andst colours  
 spectrums hues variegated didst to  
 tint the masses flesh with mingled  
 charms perfumed with all the sweet  
 vapours of blooms andst spices rare  
 ast they didst swarm ast bees to the  
 honey-pot to the camels that didst**

thru the eyes of needle with their  
 burdens of silver slivers that  
 gleamed andst flecked andst glinted  
 with streaks of light more radiant  
 Ohh to those more ravishing thanst  
 the moons bright light whilest with  
 whispers some uponst their lips  
 uponst their lips these words slip off  
 of Menander fromst his *Thais*  
 Bad company corrupts good  
 character thenst Ohhh thenst the  
 pipes the lutes the harps the drums to  
 beat the feet to keep the beat they she  
 ands hes the shes that be hes the hes  
 that be shes andst all the rest  
 betwixt didst their feet to beat

decked inst flowers blooms  
 fragarant of smells ♪ willist tell all  
 to be naked to be like ast Pomonas  
 arbour they didst swarm to beat their  
 feet naked strove they to each to  
 each ast wood-nymphs andst Satyrs  
 andst Fauns onst heat seeped inst  
 wine andst myrtles andst myrrh  
 andst odours ointments to seep the  
 flesh the feet to beat wanton flesh  
 heated breaths the flesh dripping  
 bliss nard andst cassia to burn the  
 their flesh each eyes of each onst  
 temptation of flesh the fruit oozy ripe  
 to their sight gazed they onnst each  
 pulpy fruit to taste to lick to suck

**Ohh the beat ast lips to fruit ripe  
 ooze to lick inst beat of the drums  
 the pipes the harps desiring the fruit  
 to eat empreged with their sight the  
 fruit to tempt with appetite the lips  
 crush tight the fruit savoury of  
 smell they fell each to each onst each  
 shes with shes hes with hes andst  
 all that be betwixt the fruit to taste  
 to lick greedy gorged the fruit with  
 no restraint Ohh Oh they go  
 insatiable of appetite eating with  
 juice uponst the breath their lips ripe  
 fruit doth hang all seasons ripe tight  
 nectareous fluids drip onst tongue  
 tips 'neath skies bounties of heaven**

to each to each a guest of delight of  
 desires fertile abundance of fruit  
 bearing flesh onst heated breath earth-  
 bearing sights the eyes capture flesh  
 multiplies dazzles the mass of fruit  
 grapes flesh lips gold rimed nourishment  
 of flesh to the beat the feet seeps the  
 juice each doth to fruit reach with  
 mouths tongues lips to slip inst flesh  
 fruity ripe ooze to sip the scintial sap  
 nectar sweet ast the grape well pressed  
 the pleasures of flesh ast wine  
 fermented bliss excesses of flesh fruity  
 ooze to drink intoxicated drunk onst the  
 ooze wine fruity flesh that scented  
 vapours sent to the nose of ♪ that ♪  
 doth to taste thenst fromst that Bell-

**Well of crowdie chaos blent into one  
 flesh of ooze that didst to But seep  
 juice around mine feet to the beat of  
 harp pipe lute andst flute ast a she  
 didst with flowlet hairs decked naked  
 andst didst up to ♪ lift her feet  
 upturned that that censure that vessel  
 that fruity flesh to ♪ didst offer that  
 juice fresh of flesh to drip ooze twixt  
 thighs flesh to ♪ that fruit that be the  
 fruit of desires andst thenst didst see ♪  
 with eyes of the world hid by the  
 painted veil that that Hell of the land of  
 darkness those lands of paine that of  
 Christendom doth of to tell be But  
 Ohh be the very Christendom that hast  
 of Hell regained**





**Paradise  
Gained**

**Doem by c**

**Dean**

# Paradise



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william wyllie roi 1853-1923

# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W So what be



this **Paradise**

**Gained**

perhaps a Medieval  
allegory asst like "The

Romance of the Rose"

or a *Koan* not of the *Soto*  
 school *But* the *Rinzai*  
 where reason be *But* a  
 hindrance to the ultimate *ast*  
 doth say the *Christian St*  
*Bernard* holiness not  
 argument leads to the divine  
 or again *ast Hugh* of *St*  
*Victor* that the uncorrupted  
 truth cant be understood by  
 reason or again *Richard* of  
*St Victor* reason and the

imagination be inferior to  
mystical contemplation for  
as St Bernard didst say  
vision be the way for logic  
andst dialectics lead thee  
astray so andst what might  
the allegory be be it a vision  
of the mystic journey some  
doth say the world canst be  
an Hell or an heaven such  
that thee canst turn Hell into  
a heaven or turn heaven inst

to a Hell with clarity the  
 journeys end is But where  
 thee began all remains the

same what has changed is  
 thy clarity the allegory thus  
 seeks to put inst words that  
 vision seen where to see is  
 not to see to know is not to

know But words do falsify  
 so recierter try to see the  
 vision thru allegory to see  
 the ultimate beyond reason



# PREFACE

Ahh what be this askes thee sweet  
 recierter Ahh some humble wits doth  
 answer with pen dipped inst gold writ onst  
 pearl paper tinted with those thoughts of  
 philosophers andst mystics deep full of  
 words andst fancies that all their times  
 doth keep some others sing onst

Sheppard's pipes Ye what canst say I to  
 thee with vaine words that afford naught  
 But more words well let I say whenst  
 thee be onst the mystics way note that at  
 thy end thee be But back where thee began  
 I say for whenst thee hast lost thy  
 verbiage thenst thee hast won clarity  
 whenst thy end is where thee began whenst  
 thy words to oblivion thee doest send

Ahh what be this blue tinted orb that floats  
 around inst within space what be this place  
 that doth strew uponst the many andst the  
 few to coat their lives with joy or misery  
 some say it be Hell others tell it be Heaven  
 uponst them that befell what be this duality  
 this binary some say that be the way the  
 minde doth of reality to say other say that  
 duality be just illusion brought fromst that  
 scam Of Aristotle his logic the excluded  
 middle that hast way layed humanity for  
 2300 years some doth say make of that  
 Hell thy heaven rather thanst maketh of  
 Heaven thy Hell Yet what doth this proem  
 to of the matter to say well with clarity Dear  
 recieter read the words or go beyond such



**Andst doest I to But to lift the  
 painted veil fromst the vale of tears  
 fromst Samvrti the Sufi eyes to see  
 thru Māyā doest I seek doest  
 perhaps to see ast Dante didst seek  
 to see to be the candle ready for that  
 flame that flame that he didst didst  
 long to But to gain to see beyond the  
 shadowy play of realities prefaces  
 where the masks hast been lifted to  
 see Ohh to see perhaps what other  
 be the things to be where I doest to  
 see not unripe things But to see  
 where others sight be not equal to the  
 sight beyond the painted veil where  
 Ohh that sempiternal rose dilating**

doth its odours to exhale *But* give  
 off where be *But* all be *But* be  
 spring to see that without *But*  
 seeing to see to be to without  
 knowing to know to be that whenst  
 onst my journey didst *♪* to wander  
 to wonder that didst *♪* thenst to see  
 to know that that journeys end is  
*But* the journey where *♪* began *But*  
*Ahh But* with more clarity didst *♪*  
 thenst didst *But* to see before that  
*♪* began that rose be *But* a rose  
 that didst along the journeys path  
 became not that rose *Yet* at the  
 journeys end where *♪* didst to *But*  
 began the rose be *But* again that

rose *But* with more clarity that  
 hadst *Y* *But* gained unlike that  
*Peter Bell* that inst shadows  
 trusted thenst to madness wast he  
 thrust to damnation where *Ahh*  
 where what wast *Sell* to heaven  
 turned to *Y* to burn with heaven  
 unto myself to be to see with clarity  
 whenst the painted veil didst to lift  
 andst reality to see to lift the  
 shadows o'er the abyss andst with  
 sight clear to view andst those unreal  
 shapes that mimic all that the rest  
 canst *But* only see to *Y* *Shall* lead  
*Y* to the shadows to lift andst inst  
 gloomy solitude to be *But* *Ahh*

**Ahh to be within the world But of  
 it not Yet part of that shadow dance  
 Yet with more clarity apart to see  
 Yet merged inst all that crowd  
 happier thanst all I hast But known  
 andst the shadows purple indigo  
 didst glow pearl tinted flushing hues  
 of dawn tinted colours spectrum  
 glistening blent mingled gem-like  
 stars spiral light vortexes whorls of  
 shadows bright light indigo purples  
 inst frenzy didst But to twirl  
 flickering quiver shadows ast if to  
 lift fromst the moon clouds of  
 speckled gleams doth lift the  
 painted veil the darkness to light**

bright *Ahh* doth see *Y* see *Y* *Ohh*  
 see *Y* light opens round the space  
 this sphere this universe this void  
 this *Ohh* this didst see *Y* where all  
 things to beauty be this space doth  
*But* be paradise to those that doth  
*But* see look looketh *Y* andst see  
 all shapes to light with delight with  
 beauty bright with thy sight doth  
 thee create paradise to fashioning  
 chaos inst to *Oh* these words doest  
 crumble inst mine mouth uponst mine  
 lips tip to dust worthless motes for  
 these bubbles of sounds doest *But*  
 be *But* lie for what doth lie before  
 mine sights that doth *But* pollinate

mine lips that *Y* doth breathe sweet  
 incense that doth kiss the breeze that  
 doth kiss the bright swift flowing  
 ripples uponst the azure gleaming  
 waves the multitudinous all sweet  
 flowing things within mine eyes orbs  
 that glint ast crystals of fire like  
 spears of gold the light flecked  
 burning flames of beauteousness  
 untold that coat fromst mine lips that  
 flow pollen of brightness thru the  
 purpling light glow golden thenst  
 didst burst to dissolve the indigo  
 purple shadows that preface reality  
 andst to mine gaze didst blaze *Ohh*  
 didst blaze to mine gaze forth didst

I see ast if a dream But But real  
 uponst the meadows lucid hues of  
 greens andst blues like of jewels  
 didst lay Ohh didst lay I say  
 beauties ast nymphs that didst  
 perfume the airs nectareous of ooze  
 that fromst their pulpy –fruity  
 pollinating blooms didst to glow ast  
 dew 'neath clouds andst sky andst  
 burning sun of golden fire all ast if  
 painted uponst the light Nymphs of  
 pink cheeked flesh kiss each with  
 toying tongues 'neath sky transparent  
 ast glass a dome blazing like a lake  
 of shining expanse Yet inst clouds  
 reflecting all within what doth seem

a golden sphere encircling be it real  
or illusion within the lucid depth of  
mine sight to see those *Nymphs*  
those *Sirens* fromst those blooms  
the foam of love to ooze thru curly  
hairs they each to each andst each to  
me glances amorous sent fromst  
eyes dancing prancing o'er each to  
each andst each to me *Yet* of no  
imagination those pulpy-fruity-oozy –  
blooms of those shes they be the  
forms of things unknown 'neath  
purple shadows that thee see with  
clarity that take shape *Yet* be  
nothing that words of which canst  
tell for no name canst uponst befell



**To jail inst limits of thy mind andst  
 to capture inst they senses that be  
 But glimmers shimmering whenst  
 that painted veil be lifted andst to  
 see thru not seeing andst to know  
 thru not knowing that thy fancy  
 unhindered canst ast *Dante* drink of  
 those waters to lift those shadows  
 of reality to know to see what be  
 before thee *Ohh* those blossoms of  
 fruity-pulpy-scented-ooze that dangle  
 flushed with blushed flesh twixt  
 sweet pink flesh thighs odorous of  
 breath that lay about onst carpets of  
 myrrh inst blissful field of cassia  
 of nard of *Armidas* isle of bliss**

**andst balm scented flowery odours  
full this wilderness of sweet oozy—  
flesh-puply-fruity-blooms of flesh  
flushed blushed of wantonness these  
virgins pouring forth that scented  
ooze that fill mine fancies with  
delights that fill this paradise with  
fragrance filled to rise ast plumes of  
light sky-tinting 'neath fervid sun  
burning onst those heated fleshy  
blooms onst carpet ast painted o'er  
meads of golden blossoms with  
grasses of greens with themselves  
offerred up ast a banquet to mine  
fancies with such banquets of things  
that o'er spread the earth which be**

**But a feast of Venus thus the  
 odorous flowery bloomed flesh with  
 odours burn a banquet for those that  
 see with clarity sate √ inst cool  
 bower with enormous amounts of  
 bliss ast spicy forest deep within  
 didst kiss mine lips to tingle the  
 tongues tip ast wanton Nymphs  
 their savoury fruit dishes didst the  
 tongues tip of √ didst into too dip  
 to please with relish this thirst of  
 √ for nectareous draughts of their  
 ooze to quench with delight mine  
 appetite uponst those milky streams  
 those buds that turgid swollen gorged  
 to be like grape or berry ast more**

**Nymphs doth Eastward stream  
thru trees to me with blooms of  
glorious shape such sight to see to  
behold ast a new morn risen inst  
mid-noon that they sweep along  
oozing to their guest the receiver of  
their gift that pour forth from thighs  
with fertile oozeing of squishy  
fruity fruitfulness that be the fruit  
to bringeth forth the fruit that be  
mine desires fired by those pouting  
growths of flesh that grow with  
each breath more fruitful all ripe  
inst season that doth hang twixt  
those thighs like stalks that enclose  
those moist lips that mine lips doest**

long to pluck to lick that doth nourish  
 I to consume such for mine health of  
 such superfluous moistness fromst  
 each she that doth the blooms to hang  
 ast fruit fromst bough or brake that  
 uponst the earth with clarity thee I will  
 see bounties of delicacies that doth mix  
 I inst mine mouth uponst mine tongues  
 tip tastes so well joined andst mixed  
 that Ohh of all the shes that the earth  
 doth yield fromst India west andst east  
 of middle shore of Pontus andst the  
 Carthaginian coast be sure to Scheria  
 andst that land of that Phaeacian King  
 Alcinous Ohh didst I see all those  
 fruity shes ast like some tabletop dish  
 fromst a Netherlandish still life print

those fruity–flesh blooms doth √ crush  
 with lips like must ripe–juice like  
 meaths andst berry anst kernel pressed  
 tight lipped pressed to sip that wine  
 some say be blood that some doth say  
 ast on the *Phelgrean* plaine doth stir up  
 rebellious thoughts or doth bringeth  
 excess ast doth say that motto at the  
 palace *Culross* MIHI PONDERA LUXUS  
 fromst *Paradin* Yet One wanton she  
 didst to √ fromst the rest didst leave to  
 √ √ believe andst wouldst fromst that  
 wanton she didst receive fromst she  
 upturned bloom sweet wine that didst  
 mine minde heightened ast with wine to  
 be jocund andst with boon that didst  
 realize √ Ahh hadst √ paradise gained