



HYMN of Lust

**Poem by c
Dean**

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**Sp Katsushika hokusai "Pining
for love" (Kinoe no Komatsu)**

1814

Publishers introduction

**Ahhh dean what cant be said about
thee Well dean distained the literary
world of his contemporary free verse
writers just like the Sigh Tang poet
Wei Yang-wu like Wei Yang-wu he
fashioned a style suited to his own
sensibility a poetry between the prose
of free verse and the real poetry of the
past which clashed with the free verse
writers and poets of his time Many
free verse writers pride themselves on
arcane cryptic clever intelligent left
brain writing where dean unlike Wei
Yang-wu is ornate and while Wei
Yang-wu poetry has a plainness where
dean is not and Wei Yang-wu lacked
sensual attraction where dean surges**

with sensuality Now dean is like

Keats thinking "on his pulses"... [he has
] developed a style which [is] more heavily
loaded with sensualities, more gorgeous
in its effects, more voluptuously alive
than any poet who had come before him:

'loading every rift with ore" **or to be**

succinct dean is "languorously narcotic"

like the early Keats

**And dean releases writing from its
straight jackets it prison and makes
writing sing his writing is a continuous
unchained melody**

**To paraphrase Keats poem "If by dull
metres our English must be chain'd"**

If by dull metres our English must be
chain'd,

And, like Andromeda, the [writing]
sweet
Fetter'd, in spite of pained loveliness;
Let us find out, if we must be constrain'd,
Sandals more interwoven and complete
To fit the naked foot of [writing]
Let us inspect the lyre, and weigh the
stress
Of every chord, and see what may be
gain'd
By ear industrious, and attention meet:
Misers of sound and syllable, no less
Than Midas of his coinage, let us be
Jealous of dead leaves in the bay
wreath crown;
So, ... we may ... let the Muse be free, [so]
She will be bound with garlands of her
own. “

Preface

**I am she Inanna men clamour
for me**

**I am she Ishtar men bar up
for me**

**I am she Astarte men pray
for me**

**I am she Aphrodite from the
beginning of time to eternity
men are enthralled by me**

**I am she whom men look back
at death door for a last
glimpse of me**

**♪ am she who soothes ♪ am
bliss ♪ am insatiable happiness**

**♪ am men's dreams in the
scent of my cunt their honour
doth deliquesce**

**♪ am she whose feet are in the
hearts of men**

**♪ am she who sucks her life
force from them**

♪ am lust

**Come! ♪ am delight Come! ♪
am desire! Come ♪ will set
thee on fire!**

**Spurt thy seed squirt thy sap
my food √ hungrily lap**

**√ howl √ bite √ turn men into
swine who √ entice**

**Enchain entrap with their balls
with their lust like vice**

**Men to animal form √
transform as pleasures price**

Men to swine Girls to sluts

Come and

**for thy human souls √ offer
paradise**

**Eeee sing ♪ to thee sing ♪ for
thee my song be full of passions
fevered heated licks o'er the flesh
of thee**

**Eeee let Shakespeare or Dante
or Petrarch those Renaissance
poets let all the prim genteel *sing*
of love let them sing of love like
angels above let them sing of
cloying love insipid love who say
"love makes the world go round"
blahhh blahh total,crap empty
For lust maketh the world go
round fucking and sucking and
licking with fevered breaths Oh
those sounds "love makes the
world go round" to make the prim
wowers genteel to feel better to**

fetter ♪ to cage ♪ to repress ♪
to not acknowledge ♪ that that
lies between their legs that be
just dribble to mask cover up the
urging of their groins Ohh sing
♪ the sister to "love" sing ♪
unchained for the voice of ♪ hast
to long been hid been shut out by
wowers the prim the proper that
be afraid of the throbs in their
midnight dreams their urging at
the coming of ♪ at the coming of
♪ they hide n'er admitting to
others their true side
Now sing ♪ sing ♪ to thee
come come up rise up to the cup of
the cunt of ♪ up up that thee
canst breathe in the musk that

floats ast bubbles in the dark
black hair Oh come come and
drink fromst that bowl and drown
thy lusts in sweet fragrance of
the hair misty with musk Oh
come ye all thirsting with lust √
fill thy groins with fire √ breathe
o'er thee and ye burst into desire

Oh my cunt
Peel pink of ripe plum
That thee couldst lick my lips
unto death that thee couldst suck
in my soul with thy breath

Oh
The gurlies scream and the gurlies
cry their cunts on fire dripping
desire with each sigh with each
breath √ breathe o'er they

**And what thee say thee cringe
and shy away thee say how gross
how lewd we don't feel ast thee
doth say blahh all lies to fool thy
selves and every one else blahh
whenst blow ♪ the breath of ♪
o'er thy flesh at night or disco
club or schoolyard or pub in bed
at close of night or whenst the
day be filled with sunlight the
whirlpools surge in thy cunt or
cock the eddyng throbs of desire
burn hot and the roar of desires
flames burn thy cunt or knob
precumy thenst ♪ sigh my breath
o'er thee and thee clit fiddles cunts
hole diddles cocks flog thenst
breathe the musk of my breath and**

**thy veins flood with blood and
thy mouth out sighs thy soul and
thy flesh burns with passions
flames**

**up up arise Oh horny one the
slave of J and quaff down the
fumes of my fires reach thy
thirsting lips to the lips of J
fleshy voluptuous with honeyed
foam the cunt of J be thy tavern
drink drink up my perfumes my
lips my breath be the threshold of
paradise Oh suppliant lie thy
lips o'er mine and breathe in the
desires that flow fromst mine
and drink drink the bliss that
floweths fromst lifes bejeweled
cup and upon thy lips sigh upon**

**my lips a thousand bliss a
thousand ecstasies for on my lips
lie lifes secrets for in my folds lie
heavens dwelling place cry thee
“Oh that that happiness shall
last till eternities end” thee cry
“thy breath be the doorway to
ecstasies eternity “ Ohh in the
flames of thy own sighs thee be
burned fanned by the breaths of ♪
thy flesh scorched fromst the
breaths that floweth fromst the
mouth of ♪ come come ye chicky
babes and old maids spinsters and
prudes clasp hands and beat thy
arses in rhythms with the
breathings of ♪ come ye all and
dance with Satyrs Dryads**

Fauns Nymphs bend thy arses
up rounded urns of sticky delights
rounded urns that waft perfumes of
lust fromst thy hidden folds Oh Oh
come come ye all and tap thy feet to
thy cunts beat tap thy feet and the
Satyrs kiss meet Oh to heaven
ward

the sighs are heard
the airs by thy breathings stirred
the arses bended
each to each the cunny scents blended
the cunny juices streaming 'o'er the
flowers gleaming
semens white stains
o'er arses of lacing pearly chains

Fauns fromst behind

Lustly pursuing

Cunties hot to find

Lust rights of lust ensuing

**Oh thee lusty few sigh out thy
breaths o'er the flowers strew sighs
and cries with each fuck new**

**Lust gleaming wine upon thy cunts
lips imbrue**

Sigh and cry with each fuck new

O'er the flowers

Cunt dew thee showers

Fauns mounted on their thrones

Sighs thru the world goes

**Each faun to each she his cock
shows**

The cunt juice gleams

O'er the flowers streams

Outspreading the light

Perfumed waves bright

Froth and foam

The sighs the scent lifts

O'er all drifts

The fauns fuck the shes groan

**Oh to those cries of lust ♪ hail
Each cunt each cock flushed red
each she each male**

**Each cock each cunt tinted in
passions hue**

**Sighs and cries with each fuck
new**

**O'er the flowers o'er the grasses
Up the girlies arses**

**Satyrs fauns the arse cheeks
parted**

Each to each plying their tasks

**On each cunts each doth leap
Fromst the cock semen doth
seep**

**Cunny juices fromst each cunt
flows**

**O'er the flowers o'er the grasses
glows**

**O'er meadows of asphodels and
and the blushing rose**

**Under the sun they leap
plunging cocks up cunts deep**

**O'er the flowers o'er the grasses
scented cunny cream doth lie**

Under the sky

Where ♪ Lust rule

**Where buds and blossoms and
leaves and blooms all creation ♪
breathe o'er the breath of mine**

**Up up girlies up and on thy backs
lie spread thy legs and to the sky
cry**

**Rub thy clits diddle thy holes
gush and squirt out thy cream
gallons untold**

Spray the blooms

To thy randy tunes

**Up up girlies up and off thy
backs**

Like maenads

Twirl

Swirl

Curling

Thy hair furling

In lusts madness to the Satyrs

fly to the Fauns cry

Stampeding

Frenzied

Round the meadows fly fly

**Eeeei cry thrashing Maenads
slaves of ♀**

Flames of desires

**On the Satyrs swoop birds of
prey hunt them down**

Pull them down

**Snare them with thy lips herds of
Maenads**

Throw them

**Throttle them catch them in thy
cunts folds**

Hold them

Squeeze them

Mount them

**On thy thrones swivel and thrust
Grind**

Pound wiggle around

Fuck them Maenads

Back thy heads throw
Eeeei
Crush them
Come
Come Maenads
Come
Come like cats screaming
Come o'er them drown them
Flood them with thy sticky cream
Come like she-cats
Eeeeeii
♪ Lust sing my hymn cower
thee all not in primness prison
throw off the yoke of repressions
Squirt thy sap squirt thy juices
for thy offerings to ♪ ♪ give thee
bliss ♪ give thee paradise ast ♪
here on asphodels ♪ lie

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