



Insouciance

Poems by

C
Dean

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FP: ***A Modern Olympia (1874) by Paul Cézanne***

Publishers introduction

Ahh dean thy

Insouciance

**be like paintings of
Moreau operas of
Wagner full of
degeneracy decadence**

*and aestheticism it be
like Wildes Salome
The Picture Of
Dorian Gray say ∩
perhaps like an opium
dream of Coleridge
at the end of the river
Alph where thee
dean wails for thy*

**demon-lover where
thee dean the be
engulfed in
deliciousness with
perfume sweet be thy**

Insouciance

**full of oriental songs
full of jewelled songs
with tones exquisite**

**tones audible fromst
thy voice which
drowns in a million
delights Ahh the
music soft fromst thy
voice dean enraptures
intoxicates into
delirious bliss**

preface

**Ahh decadence doth devour itself
 aesthetic nihilism in its own
 destruction ends sends thee the
 languor of ennui All pleasures
 collapse into oblivions languor
 sends thee see see all stimulants the
 neurons burn out sending thee into
 ennui Ahh sensations fleeting all
 expire give way the gem-like flame
 burns out extinguished by sensations
 o'er load heaven into hell delight to
 torments I do tell into **Insouciance**
 I hast fell**

Degeneration of Nordanu lay around ∩

Luxury corrupting deliciously

The

Poet with a painters pen

The

Poet with a musicians pen

writes upon shadows purpling thru

room on walls Morris printed

Daylight filters in through painted

glass where lean saints kneel in rapture

casting shadows rippling waves of

nacreous o'er sheen *Kurd carpets*

Bedouin chests Circassian narghilehs

and Indian lacquered caskets lay

scattered everywhere *and blowzy*

flowers coquet with vain butterflies

with pollen golden on their wings
 illumined *with light both subdued and*
tinted by sprawling shades red yellow
or green of hue and even covered by
black lace paint opaline hues opulent
 o'er lick the forms of a *standing*
Buddha Japanese masks and a
puckered Chinese table next an inlaid
writing-table of graceful rococo a gilt-
painted couch between buhl-work
cabinets Oh such beauty exciting the
 nerves and dazzling the senses *ast all*
appear, now bathed in variegated
diaphanous mist suffused with coloured
radiance, Ahh Ahh shall sayeth J He
who enters here must not doze, but be
thrilled

But

**but no sense doth stimulate ∫ no nerves
made to sings with sensations kiss
with languorous ∫nsouciance the pores
oft ∫ weep ennui with the sweet moan
sweet groan of Rosie ∫ have outlived
*the days desirable [and] make
indifference articulate and sings the cry
of that languid bard Barnitz ∫ am a
little tired of all things mortal-including
∫ – ∫ see through half-shut eyelids
languorous ∫ am a little weary of the
Persian girl of stoking Leilas
jasmine-scented hair***

The

Poet with a painters pen

The

Poet with a musicians pen

writes upon shadows purpling see she
 she lays there in perfumed haze ♪ say
*exciting the nerves and dazzling the
 senses*

luminescent luminosity of palpitating
 flesh limbs and lips lips and breasts
 cunt and ass full of *disconnected and
 antithetical effects in all arrangements,
 the constant*

contradiction between form and purpose

Ahh for purpose what doth gaze ♪
 with listless lassitude upon that form
 which didst entice once ♪ didst the
 veins in the cock of ♪ make surge with
 fire didst make the knob of ♪ weep that
 odorous juice of fecundity that flesh
 now quivering with desires flames hot
 but no not the flesh of ♪ cold burnt out
 doth that flesh of she she that lays there
 doth not this withering flesh of ♪

inspire to lust inspire to hungry
 kissings that cunt of she dripping sweet
 ooze into perfumed mist that curls and
 furls around flesh that scent be her soul
 vaporising into haze at the gaze of ♪
 that cunt hole of she pool of
 delightfulness that hole bubbling that
 splendour expiring into lust feasting on
 the eyes of ♪ Ahh that odorous cunt
 fused with the scents of vanilla and
 pepper Ahh that odorous cunt an
 amphorae of Babylon that drips that
 liquidity sweeter than wine fromst
 Carchemish flavoured with myrrh and
 rose pollen Ahh that odorous cunt
 bejewelled with cunt juice dew
 flickering eyes of jungle beasts hungry
 for prey ♪ say ♪ say diamonds set
 glinting fires on that flesh a firmament
 illuminated that flesh in rut expiring

**lust sweating swelling pulpy flesh
 lubricious meat aromatic groaning for
 the lick of ♪ that swelling flesh
 bathed in light diffused thru pink mist
 gleaming with a thousand eyes of dew
 perfume floating expiring fromst that
 flesh of she evaporating sighs**

Evaporating cries

Evaporating groans

**flow fromst that panting beast that it
 doth want ♪ to feast upon that want
 the eyes of ♪ to burn like gold luminous
 the eyes of ♪ drowning with the gaze
 of she and me pressed like two breasts
 fused each to each with my kiss
 shuddering in indescribable
 deliciousness**

BUT

No more Coleridge kisses

**Ahh no voluptuous waves flowed thru
 this flesh of ♀ dead no palpitating no
 melting naught but languorous lassitude
 with **♀nsouciance** to that flesh of she
 that ♀ hath just kissed that ♀ hath just
 licked into quivering jelly flesh no
 spasm naught nothing doth the flesh of
 ♀ do feel for that cunt that cunt no joys
 doth give that cunt which hath ♀ just
 kissed stare ♀ with **♀nsouciance** at
 that flesh which hath kissed ♀ that
 cunt chalice of delight once **♀ros's**
 temple fromst which floweths the
 elixir of immortality the juice of felicity
 fromst which floweths all lifes
 ambrosia all the nectar for lusting
 selves **Ohh** to think that just thenst
 didst kiss ♀ that flesh sucked upon
 those lips bit that clit to think ♀ hath
 kissed those fairy wings of flesh that**

**cauldron of molten lust No more
Coleridge kisses**

**No more daydreams longing for that
flesh that brightening glow of
lusciousness that flesh that chasses
away woe which didst kiss ♪ with
languid kiss slow Ahh howeth that
cunt hole of thee didst bubble with the
perfumes sweet blent with thy sighs
sweet sounds sweeter thanst the dove
that kissed the ears of ♪ that kissed
the ears of ♪ with thy soft murmuring
with thy soft caresses to the touch of
♪ which ♪ didst breathe o'er thee a
breath lovelier than a virgins enamour'd
eyes**

BUT

No more Coleridge kisses

No more the press of flesh to flesh

**No more doth flesh turn to flames
with the press of flesh**

**Look looketh howeth the light filters
o'er this degeneracy this 'Inferno of
Dante where light breathes o'er all its
odours like fromst scented blooms see
see these shadows kiss the tips of
copper tipped *Persian water pots* see
see these silhouettes splashed o'er
*pictures stand on easels draped with
velvet* watch those sinuosities dance in
contortions undulating fromst the
breaths of she twisting shapes
capricious incandescent embers of light
illuminations in the eyes dilated of she
reflecting zigzags of myriad hues of
lusts delightfulness caressing that flesh**

enclosed in that orchard of fruity
 raptureousness look looketh at those
 limbs of she *bathed in variegated
 diaphanous mist*

Looketh look at that cunt hair of she
now suffused with coloured radiance

Look looketh at those thighs of she
 the flesh tints *shrouded in depths of
 artfully -effected clair-obscur*

Looketh look at those cunts lips *dyed
 in unreal chords of colour* those lips
 hanging draperies of phosphorent flesh
 floating floating like leaves o'er a
 moonlit lotus pond veils of light that
 float in the air perfumed those lips
 curved flesh mountain peaks crests

enamelled with luminous powders of
 sapphire rubies and diamonds fires
 those lips that exhale lasciviousness to
 kiss the lips of ♪ Ahh howeth that
 flesh seems to murmur with muted
 music thru those threads of mist
 heated vapors melting splashing o'er
 that quaking flesh of she

Ahhh see that flower faded of
 Coleridge that cunt which ♪ hast
 plucked with the swollen puffy lips of
 ♪ that stalk which ♪ hast licked which
 ♪ hast sucked in my careless days in
 my days of decadence voluptuousness
 Ahh hast inhaled ♪ those perfumes
 sweating fromst that gorged flesh Ohh

howeth didst savour ♪ those odours
sweet deliciousness

But But now thee hast no allure for ♪
the gaze of ♪ doth pass o'er thee that
evening gem has faded in its light that
flesh dewed that once wast such beauty
to ♪ leaves thee blushing but leaves ♪
with **Insouciance** for thee and watch ♪
watch ♪ that flower that once didst
bloom for ♪ wither wilt ast thee doth
see and tears drip fromst thy eyes
fromst thy deep-sighing lips thee sees
my lust in truth lost to thee lost to thy
selfish joy Ahh that cunt thee in truth
that once tasted ♪ such sweetness now
but leaves ♪ dead all feeling all
sensations destroyed o'er indulged the

nerves of ♪ thy flesh doth just serve up to
 ♪ only Ahh those sensations that didst
 burn hard with a gem-like flame those those
 experiences fleeting meeting o'er the flesh of
 ♪ exciting coming going in the rush of
 pulses beats in the rush of the flesh's heat
 that didst unite in paroxysms of bliss but
 to melt away ♪ say and to return in each
 on going surge to ast sayeth the Sage
Water the perpetual weaving and unweaving
 of myself the perpetual weaving from non-
 being to being on the waves of fleeting
 experience fleeting experiences Ohh thee
 that lays there dead to ♪ my flesh the cold
 heart of ♪ for cry ♪ for groan moan ♪ the
 hard gem-like flame be burnt out of ♪

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