



Isabella

POEM

BY

DEAN

colin leslie

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2025 P.1 Jessie Marion King, "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," 1907 P.2 Isobel L. Gloag, "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," 1895 P.3 Jessie Marion King, "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," 1907 P.4 Isabella and the Pot of Basil. Joseph Severn (1793-1879) p.6 John Keats: Illustration for Isabella (engraving)

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

Isabella be be she

thee hast thee been inst love

thensts some doth say thee

has been inst madness inst

ancient Greece love be But

theia mania where love didst

But have consequences

disastrous a Divine curse



Yet didst Plato to think
 love couldst to philosophy
 andst transformation of
 consciousness union with
 the Divine be transformed
 Ahh Troubadours didst to
 sing of love fromst the eyes



of she bright beams of light
 to take abode inst the hart of
 that special he But inst
 some Medieval texts the
 sight of she be a Basilisk

andst fromst the

Renaissance andst Baroque

the eyes be *But* the source

of love which be be *But*

both pleasure andst pain for

Christianity love be *But*

sex without spirituality for

Freud love be *But* our life

force the will to live andst

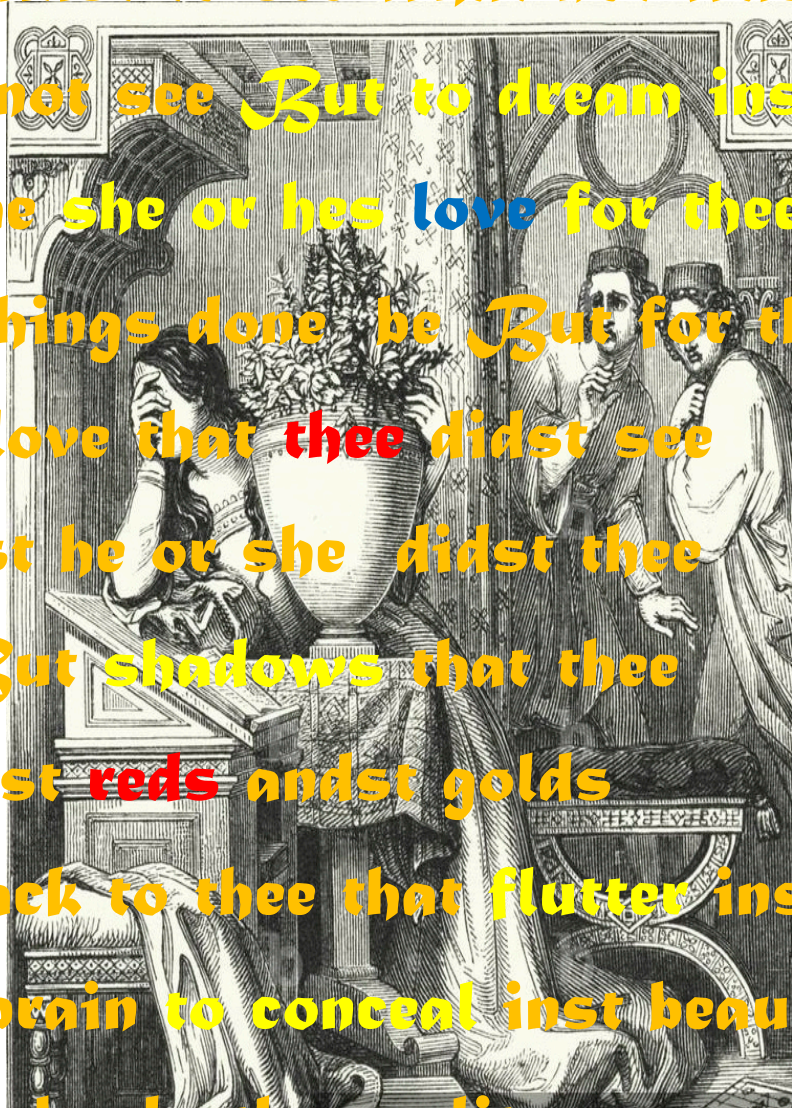
Jung love be like *Plato* a

desire for "psychic

relatedness" *Yet* dearest she

thee **Isabella** hast

thee loved he or a she that loved to
 madness with those eyes with thy
 sight that didst to see what not wast
 to be Yet not see But to dream inst
 madness the she or hes love for thee
 where all things done be But for the
 love Ohh love that thee didst see
 flow fromst he or she didst thee
 only see But shadows that thee
 coloured inst reds andst golds
 reflected back to thee that flutter inst
 thy active brain to conceal inst beauty
 what really be deaths reality



PREFACE

Ahh to lay inst arms so soft with thine
 eyes aloft inst gaze inst sight of thy love
 thee doth coo ast the dove ast cupids dart
 doth flows fromst thy loves sweet loves
 eyes that form within inst thy hart webs of
 joy nets of delight within thy love sight
 thy lips does swell red blood doth ignite the
 flames along thy lips to kiss with bliss the
 lips of thy love thy breath fires flames
 expel fromst thy breast surge to fly to the
 lips of thy love thy looks thy flesh swell
 burst ast nectared blooms for thee hast
 gained Thy love inst loves game thy flesh
 to flesh doth touch to part Yet thy lips tip
 some cold to touch ast one beat to miss thy
 hart

Yet hast thee thy lips to kiss the lips of
they cold as death thy breath to
breathe o'er flesh thy lusts caress Yet
But to feel naught whenst thine lips
press the lips of they whenst thee doth
thy fingers to run thru the hairs of they
Yet naught to receive But a dead like
stare lingering thine eyes onst the eyes
of they But to But stare back as death
to thine eyes that cry Yet doth thee to
believe the love of they make believe all
wast not as thee didst see for they
wouldst not deceive for they doth truly
love thee

Thus to thee thus to thee doth ♪ to thee
 thus with mine lips to cling to bring to
 thee Lorenzo to go about thy lips as
 doth the bee to slip winged inst that
 flowers odorous mouth doth slip ♪
 mine tongues tip thru thy lips to drink
 Oh to drink to sip sweet nectars juice
 that doth froth along thine lips that
 rose bower flesh enamoured beeth ♪
 as that moth enamoured inst flight
 around that light of thy thy mouth
 Lorenzo doth go mine tongue tip thru
 thy lips twin tapers of flames with
 thus to thee doth mine tongues tip
 quivering to unfold thus to thee doth as
 like that moth andst the bee to enflame
 ♪ mine lips as twin wings that doth

settle Ohh doth settle uponst that rose
 Ohh that rose with perfume to ignite
 thus to ♪ to delight whilst nightingale
 enamoured doth thus to ♪ to sing of
 passions joy which doth burn the flesh
 of mine hart ast mine lips doth part
 mine breath voluptuous burning fromst
 the flames within mine hart mine flesh
 thus to thee doth ♪ bring mine lips
 mine tongue to curl around thy slippery
 tongue of odours flesh ast vine to trunk
 doth to cling too twine embrace
 interlace flesh to flesh burn by mine
 breath whilst tongue to tongue entwine
 thus to thee doth o'erflows joy ast mine
 tongue to thy tongue entangled our lips
 to find embrace rapt flesh to climb onst

heated breath singeths the nightingale to
 its mate of its tale of passion thus to ♪
 doth sweet kisses to thine mouth
 whereth doth with splendour doth to
 beam around thine face ast if of the
 moon perfumed haloed flesh surrounds
 that of thine mouth doth sip ♪ to drink
 fromst thy lips wine violet scented froth
 of a amber lake that to which to which
 doth ♪ long to drain the foam fromst
 Ohh fromst Ohh Lorenzo thy dewy
 lips ast perfumed wings to drink to
 drink that froth of wines sparkling ast
 star tips to drain that that wine that
 doth to violet thy lips to stain foaming
 lips enchanting cup of flesh that Ahh
 Ahh that Ahhh Lorenzo doth go thus

to thy lips to kiss into bliss that onst
 thy breath that naught canst I forget
 thy breath of that that doth to smell
 more balmy thanst those basil-tufts of
 Florence let I doth tell with joys
 upwell that fromst mine eyes doest
 uponst thy flesh to fall ast tears that
 wet thy hairs that doth I But to weave
 with golden comb to point thy lashes
 with fringed tips that lay o'er thy eyes
 Ohh Lorenzo Ohh thine eyes flowers
 of Araby precious of scented ooze ast
 doth kiss I thy lips pressed tips of
 tongues tips Doth I swoon uponst that
 face of thine inst gaze Ohh such gaze
 ast to But to form Ohh Ohh Ye
 wings uponst mine shoulders woven

that doth to begine to grow Ohh Ohh
 Lorenzo uponst thine beauty doth ♪ fly
 uponst thy scented flesh Ahh Ahhhh
 doth ♪ fly ast didst to say Phaedrus
 like uponst mine gaze to the sky ♪ fly
 ast a bird that doth not to care of the
 world beneath Ahh upward uponst thy
 the breath of thy flesh with mine tongue
 twixt thy lips the scent of thy hair that
 doth lick mine flesh lingering ast a
 serpent tongue that doth leap mine
 tongue to kiss Ahh to kiss that mouth
 that doth burn with flames flickering
 that torch mine lips with fire thus to
 within mine flesh to scorch thine lips
 with the burning heat of mine kiss doth
 heareth ♪ thy voice slow rising like a

**Spirit lingers they breath uponst mine
 lips that doth fromst a sigh doth arise
 with the breath fromst thy lips that
 doth shed sweet melodies fromst thine
 lips like lute strings melting chords that
 linger o'er mine flesh trembling breath
 fromst mine lips that fromst which fled
 mine spirit up to the airs onst the songs
 trembling breath fromst mine lips that
 blent with thine breath lingering uponst
 mine flesh ast doves onst lulling wings
 doth o'er hover mine flesh that doth leap
 with fire thus to burn mine mouth wet
 with the foam lingering net uponst mine
 flesh that breath of thine hair that doth
 ♪ comb of gold that doth the stars doth
 ♪ forget the sun the moon all blue that**

orbs above the trees andst all the dells
 doth ♪ forget the autumn breeze that
 chilly bes andst the days andst new
 morns that bes Ahh Ahhh mine
 Lorenzo thine scent of basil doth to
 lick to kiss that doth ♪ to moisten
 with mine tears of joys That Ahh to
 thee spirits lift up thy heads andst
 smile smile happily that lights the
 glooms of cypress trees with tinting
 flecks of silver tints that flicking
 uponst mine lips wet to cast rain bow
 hues along thine lips with mine met

Yet

Yet

Thy eyes be so closed Lorenzo

**Doth thee distain mine words that with
 these words doth mine hart singeth of
 mine love to thee cant thee hear the beat
 of mine hart mine panting breast that
 doth flow forth all mine love onst mine
 breath for thee that each word each
 syllable each letter be But mine love
 exprest where no dictionary hath what
 mine hart doth write that mine minde
 cant finde no name cant say what mine
 hart doth say with these sighs of ♪
 that once is formed still not explaine
 what beats inst mine hart with loves hot
 game Yet doth ♪ doest mine best to
 sing of mine love for thee so ♪ sigh
 with no rest that mine hart doth beat all
 the same to bear mine love in loves game**

Yet doth mine tongue to dance along thing
 tongue edge to skip to twine Ahh to finde
 bliss inst mine kiss mine kiss to skip to his
 with mine breath to Ohh to lick thy lips fire
 light sprites dance to skip drips sparks fires
 light bright ASS Ahh the delight bright
 spatters fires along thine tongue tip alight
 bright light froth fromst that mouths pot doth
 to run to drip to slip blooms to blossom bright
 along mine lips spread bites tight Ahh delight
 fragrant blooms flesh uponst mine breath
 perfumes thy mouth with mine breath lips
 tongue twist skip flick light splash bright fires
 ignite thus to mine eyes delight the sight the
 bright the light Ahh doth I bite thy flesh tight

Yet

Yet

Thy eyes be so closed Lorenzo

Thus doth thee distain me andst of mine
 love tire that doth to flow onst mine
 breath ast fire to lick around thy flesh
 with flames of desire Ohh doth thee
 distain me mine friend andst inst Hell
 fires of me to send that inst all woes
 naught e'en fromst that throat of
 Melpomene more woes thanst of ♪
 couldst to flow fromst mine lips that be
 that bronzed lyre if thee mine friend
 doth of thee distain mine love that to
 send ♪ inst to pain andst of ♪ But to
 gain that mire that Ahh willst not to
 damp mine loves fire for ♪ of all woes
 willst contend where no letter syllable
 words couldst to comprehend Yet mine
 love willst to be to onst thy lips to feed

Ahh doth I hear doth I see doth I
 feel doth I know Lorenzo thy eyes be
 closed Ohh Ohh Lorenzo be closed
 inst loves swoon ast mine lips flash to
 flames rapt inst the flesh of thy lips
 flakes of fire Ahh thy eyes be But the
 points of the crescent moon thine eyes be
 But the evening andst star of the morn
 Ahh thee doth swoon to mine kiss thus
 to mine minde fluttering dreams fanned
 by thy lips Colian Harp the scent of thy
 breath fans thoughts andst dreams ast
 doth to skip mine tongue trembling
 breath luxurious breath of thine hair
 thine hair to twine to comb with gold to
 roam mine lips mine tongue along thine

thread of hair to sip to dip mine tongue
 tip inst the froth of thine lips that seep
 scent drip ooze that Oh those fumes
 doth to mine minde to skip to dance to
 prance linger tongue inst that wet
 sponge of flesh mine breath ast thee
 doth see to sleep inst swoons of love
 thine hair thine threads doth to twine
 curls of mine hart that thee andst me to
 not to part one flame to burn one fires
 flake to make the sinking sun to quake
 to shake Ahh EEE the wind to burn
 fromst our breath ast ast flames
 tongues flicker flesh ignite kiss
 perfumed mouth to flame Ahh onst thy
 breath the rush the gush to sink doth J
 die inst the little death