

Japanese love

poems

By

e dean

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c dean

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preface

**no poems like these in the *Kojiki* or
Nihon Shoki or *Kokinshu* or
Manyoshu or the *hyakunin-issu* or
 be they like the *kouta* of the
Mouromachi period or the *imayo* of
 the *Heian* nor of the *Wani* or *Kai*
 groups nor the *Arechi* poets
 or sung by *Sei Shonagon* or *Ise no*
tayu or *Kojiku* *Ono no Komachi* or
 the *Thirty-six Immortal Women*
Poets No poems like these as
 sweet as the song birds in love no
 poems in *tanka* or *waka* or *haiku* or
senryu neither wouldst thee find
 their twins in the *shintaiishi* These
 poems be impressionist poems of
 love imagism of sensuality**

Madam Butterfly
(okusama chou)

(奥様蝶)

By
Yokubou Iroke

(欲望色気)

Translated by
Kindaishi

(近代詩)

Poem by c dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2013

TRANSLATORS FORWARD

Yokubou Iroke thy poems like Wang Wei are paintings
 thy poems like colin leslie dean are emotional landscapes
 moments of being captured in words thy poems gestures
 suggestive of reality thy poems metaphorically
 symbolically suggesting something else not the actual but
 the imaginary curious expressions expressing the
 slippage between dream and reality illuminations of the
 lovers isolation Yokubou Iroke thy prose achieves the
 heights of poetry thy poetry achieves the heights of
 music Yokubou Iroke thy words make us feel thy words
 make us see into the light comes our unconscious
 thoughts perfect words creating vivid beauty in thy
 poems the self speaks to the self isolated alone with
 feelings emotions like colin leslie dean thy rhythms
 mesmerize creating out of language the ineffable speak of
 the soul thy words moments of intense illumination

PREFACE

Love that madness enveloping the self the self
 closed in on itself closed to all but itself its
 feelings its wants enclosed in a shell of self the
 world closed out with the self in on itself
 focused on its feelings its wants enclosed in a
 shell of self
 the delights of the world its beauties its sights
 locked out by the self in on itself its only care
 its feelings its wants
 love that madness of self is all that the self does
 wish
 oh how selfish the in love self

okusama chou by a window writing sat at
 midday hour flower blooms spread around her
 bower vine draped as through window sunlight
 did shower around o'er butterflies flurried

above

below

Miyama-siro-cho Ruri-shijimi Nagasaki-ageha Daimyo-seseri

Aoba-seseri. Onaga-ageha Monshiro-cho Miyama-seseri

Sugitani-ruri-shijimi Sujiguro-Siro-cho Ezosujiguro-Siro-cho

*Suminagashi Oh-murasaki. Chabane-seseri Yakushima-ruri-
 shijimi Gomadara-chou. Ko-murasaki Ko-Hyomon Ki-ageha*

Miyama-Karasu-ageha Tsumaguro Hoshi-chabane-seseri

ijimiJakou-ageha **through her hair black glossy** *Hoso-*

o-cho Kujaku-cho Mesuguro Hyomon Hime-uranami-Janome

Tsubame shijimi Gin-ichimonji-seseri Ruri-tateha Aka-tateha

Hime-aka-tateha Kiberi-tateha Hiodoshi-cho Eru-tateha

Kohiodoshi Ishigake-cho Ki-tateha Shii-tateha Sakahachi-cho

Ko-misuji Ki-ageha Ageha Monki-ageha Kuro-ageha Hosoba-

seseri. Hoshi-misuji Misuji-cho Shirubia-shijimi Oh-misuji

Futasuji-cho Hime-kimadara-seseri Murasaki tsubame
Miyama-karasu Oh-ichimonji Ichimonji-cho Asama-ichimonji
Hime-shijimi Hyomon-cho Yamato-shijimi Gifu-cho o'er her
cunt pink kimono hid *Hime-gifu-cho Uranami Hyomon*
Sujiboso-Yamaki-cho Takane-Kimadara-seseri Hime-Hikage
Janome-cho Ura-Janome Kumoma-tsumaki-cho Ki-cho Monki-
cho Uragin-hyomon Ginboshi-hyomon Ko-hyomon Midori
Aosuji-ageha usubashiro-cho Ko-Kimadara-seseri Hyomon
uraginsuji Hyomon Ichimonji-seseri Ohchabane-seseri Oh-
uraginsuji Hyomon Kumogata-yomon Modoki Kimadara-seseri
Uranami-Janome Beni-Hikage Kumoma-Beni-Hikage
around her face *Kochabane-seseri Sujiguro-chabane-seseri*
Tsumaki-cho Himeshiro-cho Tengu-cho Asagi-madara Goma-
shijimi Tsumajiro ura-janome Hime-kimadara-Hikage Oh-
Hikage dark pupiled eyed *Kuro-hikage Sato-kimadara-*
Hikage Asama-shijimi Yama-kimadara-Hikage Hime-Janome
Ko-Janome Kuro-konoma-cho Midori shijimi Hisamatsu-midori
shijimi Aino-midori shijimi

As light slid along paper white dropping in
globes bright lustrous pools spotted o'er paper
white waves of light flood across her sight like
waves sweep o'er the shore line needles of
glittering solid-like sunlight slide along her
kimonos edge down down splashing in
scintillating sparkles o'er flowers around her
white tabi sock filled feet the needles split in
rainbowed hues refracting through glimmering
glass reflecting off a pellucid tear and settle in
pools o'er the paper white staining the paper
white in greens blues pinks and yellows bright
she sighs through lips painted red as she writes
in pink ink while the light pulsates like waves
on the wind ruffled surface of the sea o'er her
white paint whitened face pink kimono and the
perfumed flower blooms encasing all in a

butterfly filled shell of solid brilliant

pirouetting wrinkle of light

Did I dream that we did meet

Did I dream that we did kiss and love

through the summer days and nights wintery

long

Awake was it but a dream it does seem

But nay within my womb this child does lay

The living form of our love the germ of life of

our loves play

Love I long for thee the days are long

Empty are my nights I long for thy love

cooing song

I long

Give thy lips to my lips to kiss

*That I may run my tongue along thy lips
edge in bliss*

The light soaks into the **air** and golden
glowed bright as tremulous sunbeams spiraled
o'er shimmering **blue** hydrangea azaleas white
and ruddy **roses** red colored butterflies
splashed like paint on the gleaming light frozen
in flight eddies of light swirled within avenues
of cryptomeria as shadows danced gyrating in
the exquisite green **leafage** of copse-woods the
warm air wrapt all in a cocoon of heated light
Wrap me in thy arms that thee may feel the

beatings of my heart

Feel the thuddings of my blood

Feel the rageings of my love

Wrap me in thy arms that thee may feel the

longings of my heart

Oh lover bend thy head to my breast

That I may through thy hair my fingers curl

And o'er thy brow my breath to caress

That I may to thy eyes my heated lips do press

And in my eyes heated lids thee furl

Lift up thy eyes to mine

And in my eyes see my love shine

Flickering fluttering flashing

Maelstroms of light

Swirling twirling curling

Vortexes bright

Washing light o'er syringas **clematis** red white

lilies **irises** blue

Leaves falling

Blooms blooming

Fluttering butterflies

All turning churning

The light waveringly

Refracting reflecting

Dripping o'er all

Living greens **vegetations** brilliancies

Sunlight slanting along shrubs wisteria

festooned

That I may twine myself around thee like

flames of fire round trees in a forest fire

Place my lips to thee that they stick like

the honey on the bee

Oh my love that I may ring thee in love-bites

Around thy neck and along thy eye lids edge

That I may see thy nakedness in the andon¹

light

Rapturous exquisite delight

Lovemaking in the night

Tremulously thrilling

Deliriously quivering

Intoxicating never-ending

Light curling round red blue yellow colored
petals scatter o'er the veins of emerald green

leafs

flashed in the air staining the vegetation in
golden light dust in the air shimmered like
glass powder voluptuous blooms quivered as
the light licked their voluminous petals

¹ The *andon* is a lamp consisting of [paper](#) stretched over a frame of bamboo, wood or metal. The paper protected the flame from the wind. Burning oil in a stone or ceramic holder, with a wick of cotton, provided the light. [Rapeseed](#) oil was popular
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Traditional_lighting_equipment_of_Japan

cascades of light waterfalls of light showered
 down o'er bamboo groves bushes festooned in
 magnolia yellow **lilies** and giant campanula and
 scattered into a million globes of light
 washing through the white leaves of trailers
 entangled in trees ravines dancing in indigo
shadows splotted with crystalline light
 mountain tops clocked in diaphanous light
 glowed like multicolored gems under a indigo
sky

oh lover unclothe thy self that I may feast

my eyes on thee

thy flame-like eyes twin glittering gems

in flame my desires for thee

thy flashing eyes light up my passions for

thee

oh lover place thy lips upon my turgid

nipples

suck my love through them into thee

suck them ravishingly hungrily

the glimmer of thy eyes spellbound the eyes of

me

suck suck

drink up my love drunk am I from the

sucking of thee

Through crystal **amethyst** bright the light splits

and splinters

into millions of beams golden bright

tumbling down ravines

torrents of light crashing through mountain

clefts great

drifts of light foam light up gloriously
 festooned woods in **azaleas** **magnolias** and **lily**
 blooms

booming the light echoes off moss clocked
 rocks tree lined slopes shimmering in the damp
 heat it covers ferns fungi the colored light tints
 cryptomeria maples feathery foliage dances o'er
 banana and coco-palms covering all in a wash
 of **green** tints stained with butterfly hues o'er
 the background views

oh love when thee come I shall shower thee

with kisses

we shall make love twixt flower blooms

our lips shall touch softly like butterfly

wings

I shall offer thee the curve of my throat that

it shall give thee untold bliss's

The thought of thee quickens my blood

My body quivers and loves fever through my

body does flood

The thought of thee raptures my heart

My body aches at us apart

Bathe in the love of I adore thee into

delirium I sigh

Quickly blown light bubbles froth through
 the air sparkling they float on green-crystal
 pools and blue-crystal rivers rushing along
 through green tinted woods and colored flower
 banks petals falling against light and shadow
 curtains light sprays off blue hydrangeas into

fringes of blue encircling fiery-white lilies in
brilliant light

Light falls on pollen dust raining down golden
light

Sprinkles o'er leaves and petals covering all like
flickering diamonds in a sea of reds blue green
and pink hues falling slipping the light
bounces off petals runs down stems flows o'er
leaves hovers then drops laying in tiny specks
of light on the varnished back of a beetle

Oh lover kiss me with those full blown lips

Run thy tongue o'er my breasts lick round

my nipple tips

Lick thy tongue down my full belly full of

life

Lick round dip into that belly-button rife

Run thy tongue around and around then

slowly run down

Lick my inner thighs to my rapturous sighs

Oh lover run up my slit puffy wet

dally where the lips do meet that little pink

bud jewel-like set

oh lover place thy lips o'er that pellucid

fount

lap cat-like from that orifice my love juice

sip

Tincture of sunlight washes all in sight
 bright rays spread left and right crane floats on
 emerald lake green rippling waves in its wake
 reflecting light like a million fireflies alight

wavering ripples spread o'er lake wide washing
 weeping willows trailing lake robed in colored
 rainbow set against purple mountains snow
 caped like billowing white clouds the sky alight
 with light golden sun set in lapis lazuli sky
 like a fiery gem reflecting in a million lights
 upon the lake serene white rocks jut out
 cloud filled sky mountains circling around air
 crisp and heated crane floats on lake of
 waverling light dancing o'er the lake serene
 catkins hover o'er the lake like falling snow
 through which the glittering light shows

*oh lover why dost thou delay
 may my song the wind to thee relay
 my pains of grief have no relief
 I write my hopes as tears well up
 So fiercely do I burn that we are apart*

The heated flames boil the blood in my heart

Oh lover come to me and still my pain

Come to me so that I can live again

My breast heaves my eyelids tears weep

I treasure our last embrace

My thoughts are only thoughts of thy face

Oh lover come lay thy cheek on mine

Press me to thy chest

Where are thy hands where thy lips

where are thee lover for whom I seek

alone alone I feel weak

within the tear of okusama chou the light spun

around spiraled traced out circles refracted

reflected broke up into myriad colors bright

yellows rich **red**s brilliant **blue**s all the

rainbows hues slowly it ran down her

powdered white face o'er her soft cheek leaving

a shimmering track from eye to cheek it
hovered quivered then off the cheek fell
twirling lights colored lights dropped in space a
ball of colored bright in the heated air
down down
rotating whirling
and splashed on the white paper breaking up
into colored sparkles erupting off the paper
into a stem of light then fanning out like a
blossom burst smudging all the ink

ISBN 9781876347643

josei sakura

(女性桜)

Or

mono no aware

(物の哀れ)

by

ukiyo mujō

(浮世無常)

Translated by

wabi-yūgen

(佗幽玄)

Poem by c dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria

Australia

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TRANSLATORS FORWARD²

Oh Ukiyo mujō is what we see what we get is thy work about the pathos of things coming from the ephemerae the impermanence transience of things or the beauty in the impermanent incompleteness imperfection of things of things in decay beauty that wanes in the transience of things or the deep subtle profundity mystery of things the contemplation on the wrinkles on an aging face or the wilting of a flower petal are they poems what we see or are their allusions metaphors for the hidden beauty beneath things or windows into the unseen the inexplicitness incompleteness of things windows into the working of unconsciousness are the floating words the chattering of the mind the tangle of words and thoughts metaphors of the impermanence changeability of all things which level or are the levels transient impermanent shifting changing with each reader Oh Ukiyo mujō thy work is a mysterious profundity

² The poems alluded to in this work can be seen in
 “Cherry Blossom Epiphany” r. d .gill Paraverse Press, 2007
 “Love poems: From the Japanese” Kenneth Rexroth Shambhala 1994
 “Only Companion” Japanese poems of Love and Longing” Sam Hamill ”Zen Poems”, Ed Peter Harris
 Everymans Library, 1999

PREFACE

To the vain to the narcissus old age is hell no lover a lovers woo to

tell face dry leather like which none does like like

wilted leaves time lines on the face leaves beauties change the

passing of all things beauty oh if nothing changed an eternal

moment an unbearable now no cry of wow

Oh that serene melancholy as beauties passes nothing lasts

the profundity mystery of all things sadness change the pathos

for things brings

A beauties face a petals colour a transient moment beauty in

the changing of things

Enjoy the ephemerae

Enjoy life in the impermanence of things

the changing lines on a beauties face the changing shadows on

bamboo

a faded flower

a wilted face

Oh the "wow-ness" of things of beauty of life

Oh the "wow-ness" of things that life brings

*Josei Sakura³ under a Somei Yoshino⁴ sat picnicking alone
contemplating mono no aware⁵ the sakura zensen⁶ had passed it
was hanami⁷ but Josei Sakura picnicked alone*

³ Josei means “lady in Japanese and Sakura can mean at least two things “cherry-blossom[s] as well as a high ranking harlot or prostitute (r. d .gill “Cherry Blossom Epiphany Paraverse Press, 2007 p.#0-6) many old ku (haiku) contain risqué allusion in regard to this p.#0-6. Thus this name creates cognitive dissonance due to the juxtaposition of opposites as does the whole work itself In one regard the transience of the blossoms of cherry-blossoms symbolized an enduring metaphor for the ephemeral nature of life the extreme beauty and quick death, has often been associated with mortality,^[5] for this reason, cherry blossoms are richly symbolic, and on the other side as r. d .gill points out cherry-blossoms have been heavily sexualized in major old collections of Japanese poetry (r. d .gill “Cherry Blossom Epiphany Paraverse Press, 2007 p.641) Thus in this work in the term “ sakura” is juxtaposed the somewhat sacred with the somewhat profane As well as in the title “josei sakura” is juxtaposed the somewhat elegant ie lady with the crudity of associations connected with harlot or prostitute ie “sakura”

⁴ [Somei Yoshino](#) (**Yoshino cherry**) a variety of cherry-blossom. Japan has a wide variety of cherry blossoms (sakura); well over 200 [cultivars](#) can be found there.^[17] The most popular variety of cherry blossom in Japan is the [Somei Yoshino](#). Its flowers are nearly pure white, tinged with the palest pink, especially near the stem. They bloom and usually fall within a week, before the leaves come out. Therefore, the trees look nearly white from top to bottom. The variety takes its name from the village of Somei (now part of [Toshima](#) in Tokyo). It was developed in the mid- to late-19th century at the end of the [Edo period](#) and the beginning of the [Meiji period](#). The *Somei Yoshino* is so widely associated with cherry blossoms that [jidaigeki](#) and other works of fiction often depict the variety in the [Edo period](#) or earlier; such depictions are anachronisms.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cherry_blossom

Prunus × *yedoensis* (synonym *Cerasus* × *yedoensis*, also known as **Yoshino cherry** (*Somei Yoshino*); **Japanese**: 染井吉野 *somei-yoshino*) is a [hybrid](#) cherry of unknown origin, probably between [Prunus speciosa](#) as father plant and [Prunus pendula](#) f. *ascendens* as mother.^[1] It occurs as a natural hybrid in [Japan](#) and is now one of the most popular and widely-planted cultivated flowering cherries ([sakura](#)) in temperate climates worldwide.^{[2][3]}

The [flowers](#) emerge before the leaves in early spring; they are fragrant, 3 to 3.5 centimetres (1.2–1.4 in) in diameter, with five white or pale pink petals. The flowers grow in clusters of five or six together.

In 1933, the Japanese botanist Gen'ichi Koizumi reported that *Prunus* × *yedoensis* originated on [Jeju-do island \(Quelpaert\)](#), [Korea](#).^[7] In 1916, [Ernest Henry Wilson](#) had thought that Japanese sakura *somei Yoshino* was a crossbreed of two wild species of Japanese sakura. In 1995 DNA fingerprinting technology was used to conclude that the trees grown in many parts of Japan under the name *P.* × *yedoensis* are indeed clonally propagated from the same hybrid offspring of *P. lannesiana* (Oshimazakura) and *P. pendula* (Edohigan),^[8] which confirms the 1991 conclusion given by Iwasaki Fumio that *Prunus* × *yedoensis* originated around 1720–1735 by artificial crossing of these species in [Edo \(Tokyo\)](#).^[9] Recent studies conducted on the comparison of Korean and Japanese trees that have been referred to as *Prunus* × *yedoensis* concluded that the trees native to these two places can be categorized as distinct species,^[10] but the Korean species apparently has not yet been given a [scientific name](#)

From the Edo period to the beginning of the Meiji period, gardeners and craftsman who made the village at Somei in Edo (now Komagome, Toshima ward, Tokyo) grew *someiyoshino*. They first offered them as *Yoshinozakura*, but in 1900, they were renamed *someiyoshino* by Dr. Fujino.^[4] This is

sometimes rendered as 'Somei-Yoshino'. The cultivar has gained the [Royal Horticultural Society's Award of Garden Merit](#).^[5]

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Prunus_%C3%97_yedoensis

⁵ *Mono no aware* (物の哀れ²), literally "the pathos of things", and also translated as "an empathy toward things", or "a sensitivity to ephemera", is a [Japanese](#) term used to describe the awareness of [impermanence](#) (無常 *mujō*[?]), or transience of things, and a gentle sadness (or [wistfulness](#)) at their passing.

The word is derived from the Japanese word *mono* (物²), which means "thing", and *aware* (哀れ²), which was a [Heian period](#) expression of measured surprise (similar to "ah" or "oh"), translating roughly as "pathos", "poignancy", "deep feeling", or "sensitivity", or "aware". Thus, *mono no aware* has frequently been translated as "the 'ahh-ness' of things", life, and love. Awareness of the transience of all things heightens appreciation of their beauty, and evokes a gentle sadness at their passing

The term was coined in the 18th century by the [Edo period](#) Japanese cultural scholar [Motoori Norinaga](#), and was originally a concept used in his literary criticism of *The Tale of Genji*, and later applied to other seminal Japanese works including the *Man'yōshū*. It became central to his philosophy of literature, and eventually to [Japanese cultural tradition](#).

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mono_no_aware

⁶The **cherry blossom front** (桜前線 *sakura zensen*[?]) refers to the advance of the [cherry blossoms](#) across [Japan](#). The [Japan Meteorological Agency](#) records the opening and full bloom of the blossoms from [Kyūshū](#) in late March to [Hokkaidō](#) in the middle of May. The advancing front is also the subject of regular reports by the major [news agencies](#). The cherry blossom is of great public interest in Japan thanks to [its symbolism](#) and the custom of [flower viewing](#) known as *hanami*.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cherry_blossom

Every year the Japanese Meteorological Agency and the public track the *sakura zensen* ([cherry blossom front](#)) as it moves northward up the archipelago with the approach of warmer weather via nightly forecasts following the weather segment of news programs. The blossoming begins in [Okinawa](#) in January and typically reaches [Kyoto](#) and Tokyo at the end of March or the beginning of April. It proceeds into areas at the higher altitudes and northward, arriving in [Hokkaidō](#) a few weeks later

The day of opening^[note 1] is defined as the point at which at least five to six flowers have opened on the sample tree. The day of full bloom is when at least 80% of the flowers have opened. The [Yoshino cherry](#) is typically observed since, from the late [Edo period](#), it has been planted across the [archipelago](#).^[7] Sample trees also include the [Higan cherry](#) in the south and [Ezo mountain cherry](#) in the north.^[7]

In 2006 it was reported that the cherry blossoms might overtake the [plum blossoms](#) before reaching Hokkaidō.^[8]

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cherry_blossom_front

⁷ "Hanami" is the centuries-old practice of picnicking under a blooming *sakura* or *ume* tree. The custom is said to have started during the [Nara Period](#) (710–794) when it was *ume* blossoms that people admired in the beginning. But by the [Heian Period](#) (794–1185), cherry blossoms came to attract more attention and *hanami* was synonymous with *sakura*.

her four-petaled flower swelling like an embossed relief on her
 five-petaled cherry-blossom patterned snow-white panty her
 nipples small cherries small taught tumulus's beneath her light
 cunny-lip pink blouse small mounds quite circular
 casting shadows around the tiny bulges which moved and swayed
 to her breaths mingling with the myriad shadows cast by the
 cherry-blossoms floating o'er around falling moving merging
 pirouetting in space o'er her blouse and face they danced

Hanami festivals celebrate the beauty of the cherry blossom and for many are a chance to relax and enjoy the beautiful view. The custom of *hanami* dates back many centuries in Japan: the eighth-century chronicle *Nihon Shoki* (日本書紀) records *hanami* festivals being held as early as the third century CE. Japanese turn out in large numbers at parks, shrines, and temples with family and friends to hold flower-viewing parties. *Hanami* festivals celebrate the beauty of the cherry blossom and for many are a chance to relax and enjoy the beautiful view

In Japan, cherry blossoms also symbolize clouds due to their nature of blooming *en masse*, besides being an enduring metaphor for the ephemeral nature of life,^[5] an aspect of Japanese cultural tradition that is often associated with Buddhist influence,^[6] and which is embodied in the concept of *mono no aware*.^[7] The association of the cherry blossom with *mono no aware* dates back to 18th-century scholar *Motoori Norinaga*.^[7] The transience of the blossoms, the extreme beauty and quick death, has often been associated with mortality;^[5] for this reason, cherry blossoms are richly symbolic,
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cherry_blossom

and twirled swirled and furled o'er grass they did race she
 contemplating the ephemerae contemplating the beauty of all
 things in the transience of all things languid the lone butterfly
 wings its way through the shadowed air in itself absorbed

here

there

butterfly

momentarily still

here

there

butterfly

then distant back moving

there

here fluttering

butterfly

fluttering

wings stir up light whorls which dissolve blend coagulate into
 whirls of light agitating the shadow play o'er Josei Sakura the
 sun a yellow flower hanging in space gold upon Josei Sakura

face

a petal falls

fluttering

petal

wings flicker

insect sound

a scent

butterfly

light dappling ground shifts

a blossom quivers

sounds

scents

petal

a shadow moves

*lights shadows thoughts come go nothing then clouding in the
still emptiness thoughts bubbles float up full of memories and*

dreams scent

a petal moves

a shadow shifts

butterfly

agitating feelings thoughts to form in Josei Sakura

crystallizing around

sounds shifting

sounds

scents

petal

*everything moving around ephemerae transience fleeting all
passing scene- shifting new pictures memories and dreams shift*

in Josei Sakuras mind

in sumi ink the mind is drawn nothing but breezes through pine

trees⁸

like the smoke from Mount Fuji

my thoughts have no resting place⁹

butterfly

my hair whitens

wrinkled skin

my cunt lips lose their allure

age sets in¹⁰

⁸ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Ikkyu Sojun (1394-1481)

⁹ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Saigyō (1126-93)

shadow

*my house empty butterfly home
is life but a dream dear Sogi¹¹*

light flash

*oh our a life nothing but an echo
sounding reverberating through mountains and up into the sky*

go¹²

petal

*why pining all changes in the world
yet the moon with the same light keeps shining¹³*

scent

like the boat of Priest Mansei my life will leave no trace¹⁴

¹⁰ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by that cannot be located

¹¹ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Sogi (1421-1502)

¹² Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Ryokan (1758-1831)

¹³ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Saigyō (1126-93)

¹⁴ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Priest Mansei (fl ca 730)

like the dwarf bamboo of Kakinomoto no Hitomaro my heart
 pines for the bygone days¹⁵

like Fujiwara no Yoshifusa I grow frail with age but no more
 lovers to assuage my pain¹⁶

Shadow

ah but alls life journey is the same like Sogi I will in the dews
 view my trust put¹⁷

butterfly flutters

I change my panties as seasons change
 yet the dyed cherry-blossom colours have faded as quickly as has
 the hearts of men for them¹⁸

sound

¹⁵ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Kakinomoto no Hitomaro (8th century)

¹⁶ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Fujiwara No Yoshifusa (804-872)

¹⁷ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Sogi (1421-1502)

¹⁸ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Shunzei Daughter (1171-1252)

*In the past that will never come I sleep like Princess Shikishi
 Surrounded by orange blossom scent as on the sleeves of the men
 who are gone¹⁹*

Scent wisp

*Hanami will end nothing lasts all is change no
 hope that someone will fondle my breast like Yosano Akiko²⁰*

Petal quivers

*light drips from pink petaled blooms
 drops in pink blots o'er her face perfumes
 shadows sweep and dance o'er her and grooms
 needles of light flicker through the pink petaled blooms
 autumn will return but no lover will wade through the
 multicolored leaves at my door²¹*

butterfly

¹⁹ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Princes Shikishi (?-1201)

²⁰ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Yosano Akiko (1878-1942)

²¹ Here Josei Sakura alludes by anonymous

unlike Saigo the loneliness is too much to bear here alone there
 in my room²²

oh were those bygone days but a dream like Ryokan I lie awake
 wondering what they did mean²³

light flickers

remembrances of things past as her four petals part
 wet spot forms upon panties surface staining moist spot an inch
 expanding around the cherry-blossoms vast

sound murmur

no lovers sounds just gentle breezes through bamboo leaves
 outside my house²⁴

petal drops

the one in my dreams does not come in the evening light
 no matter how long I wait unlike Otomo no Yakamochi²⁵

flickering shadow

²² Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Saigyō (1126-93)

²³ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Ryōkan (1758-1831)

²⁴ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Otomo no Yakamochi (718-785)

²⁵ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Otomo no Yakamochi (718-785)

loneliness without love unbearably long endless nights

much too long to overcome²⁶

petals drop

no more I wonder if it is he when o'er the midnight moon the cloud

shift aimlessly²⁷

the breeze moves the leaves

light falls upon pink painted petals

flash of colours

quivering shadows

butterfly fluff

floats like enameled dust

light oozing through blooms

hair rippling on scented breezes

shadow moves

²⁶ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by anonymous

²⁷ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Lady Murasaki -the author of "The Tale of Genji" (974-1031)

no more the sucking like butterflies suck blossoms mouth²⁸

no more wow as the blossom belt below opens up to show²⁹

no more the rain to wet no more the wind to ravish my four

petaled bloom

no more the dew upon my pink painted petals³⁰

petals drop

drop petals

drop

not for me the little fish-sucking-like on my petaled lips³¹

no one to smell my randy blooming lips where there is nothing

similar too³²

butterfly hovering fluttering

difficult it becomes- every day my petaled lips long to tempt³³

drooping petals

²⁸ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Shofuni (1758)

²⁹ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem from the Kanginshu (1518)

³⁰ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by that cannot be located It should be pointed out that here she is vividly sexualizing the cherry-blossom with traditional metaphors/images in major old collections of Japanese poetry eg dew upon the petals symbolizes mans semen upon the cunny llips See "Cherry Blossom Epiphany" r. d .gill Paraverse Press, 2007,p.641.

³¹ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Kikaku (1707)

³² Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Chosui (1769)

³³ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Kokoku (1767)

the air suffused with pink

petals falling

pink flushed curtains

pirouetting o'er her hair face and lace

light

shadows

every thing a flux shapes changing colours like pink ink

petals

petals drop

oh sakura thy blossoms oil still delectable³⁴ but none want their

mouths to fill

flittering shadows

oh sakura thy blossom will still in old eyes bloom³⁵

though butterfly sucks blossoms³⁶ none come to me

petals

petals dripping colours

³⁴ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Oemaru (1719-1805)

³⁵ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Issa (1810)

³⁶ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Shofuni (1668-1758)

*no rare man these days for me to drop my panties³⁷
 oh even if spring wells are icicle bound my blossom panties would
 not be slow to drop down³⁸*

*petals petals petals drop
 o'er the ground shadows danced with satiny texture
 fingers of light patterned o'er her face white
 shadows sweep the pinkish hues
 butterfly flitters
 dabs of coloured light paint the surround
 blots drops of pinkish light
 slushing the air shimmeringly bright
 slicing space the languid light
 fleeting time rushes on no lover to nestle in my blossoms folds³⁹
 from girl to women to crone to dust all returns so why moan⁴⁰
 at passing time old tears fall myriad like blossom petals untold⁴¹
 pinkish-splashed scattered swept up down around*

³⁷ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by anonymous (17c)

³⁸ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by Shinchokusen (1235)

³⁹ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by that cannot be located

⁴⁰ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by that cannot be located What makes the locating difficult is the multipul translation of the poem

“from girl to women to crone all is a changing whirl so why moan”

“from girl to women to crone all changes all does passl so why moan”

⁴¹ Here Josei Sakura alludes to a poem by that cannot be located

shadows move light ripples the suns golden light dappled o'er all

shifts

changes

quivers

all around a petaled formed lake pinkish bright

petals petals petals petals petals petals petals petals petals

petals petals petals petals petals petals petals petals petals

petals petals petals petals petals petals petals petals petals

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petals petals petals josei sakura petals petals petals petals

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60 Famous views of a Flower
by
Basho Hiroshige

Poems by
C dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia
2013

Preface

Light through prism
into a rainbow
spectrum falls to my
view

with my quill I dip
into each colored hue
capturing light in my
quill I weave it into
glowing words and
write these poems to
you

Salutation

Reverent blessing to the flower
goddess

her luxuriant hair black
crowned by twin slices of ruby
lips-like

twin cockscombs shimmering
flames of light

seated on her throne of profuse
black hair cushioned by twin
lips like crescent moons

cunt compositional perfectibility
twin lips divide in formal symmetry
scarlet slit divides twin lips pink in
tonal harmony
love-hole lips color harmonies
harmony of lines
all a form of sublimity
cunt compositional perfectibility

Lips spread widely pulsate and
quiver
butterfly wing-like rhythmically
close and openly goes
waverly in rhythm wave—like
waves upon a pink sea lurid
crystal-like
ardently beckons me

*Lips labial moist pink
 Leaf-like burst like light twist
 thighs splashed with luminous cunny
 ink*

*Lips hanging light emulous like light
 Like diaphanous butterfly wings
 bright*

*Lips arabesque-like tinted rose-like
 shimmer like spring leaves in an
 aqueous breeze*

Lips curling furling
shimmering pearl-like
Like flesh tints mixed in
cunny cream light-like

Lips float like diaphanous
wings
In the scent heated light
Pinks splashed on the tinted
air bright

Lips clogged in drops like
glittering dew
In the candle light flicker like
flames to my view

Lips pink glimmering cunny
 dew seen like leaves through
 spring mist pubescent new

Lips pink splashed on thighs
 white

Like rose petals tinting milk
 like

Lips wattle flaps flutter like
 leaves in spring breeze

Lips turgid red cockscombs
 Ruby- like brightly glow- like
 for the he's

*Lips pastel pink blurred like through
shimmering silk
against background of titanium white*

*Lips glowing red like brushstrokes
thick o'er rice paper in pink light*

*Lips pink a water color wash
graduated tones washed o'er thighs
warm flesh*

*Lips spread pink like sails- like rose
petals splashed on an egg yoke sky-
'gainst yellow panty sides*

Lips twin curving lines in black
ink

float in air tinted pink

Lips dabs of pink hanging in
space
the empty space they do grace

Lips graduated tones of pink
transparent be

Vanish into air like a water
color wash like the paper itself
in luminosity

Lips a pink haze outlined

by empty space
reflecting orange light like
slivers of jewels they brightly
shine

Lips curving lines like painted
in black ink o'er paper pink

Lips pink luminous tones
graduated color blends in the
transitions of varying hues in
tinted pubic hair mixing like
roses petals in a sunset view

Love-hole 'tis not the moon
which silvery glows 'gainst
the flesh the pink of selfsame
roses bloom
'tis but the dark waterlily eye
that seductively looks at I

*Love-hole around thy face hast
blossomed petals pink this beauty spot
they do grace*

*Love-hole rimmed like by pink ink
glitters limpid pool-like*

*Love-hole like the roses face
blossoming as round them the lips
pink curvaceous lines do trace*

Love-hole like the full moon
glows twixt thighs like a fire
lighting up the world entire

Love-hole enfolded in lips
with coral glow
luminous moon-like below

Love-hole like a roses bloom
that sweet face
lips surround like a crimson
necklace

Love-hole that moist fount
hidden in petals pink shut in
tight like the roses bud at
night

Love-hole a pool limpid white
radiant moon-like
fanned by lips pink lilies-like

Love-hole moist flickering full
moon-like
open fully droplets dripping
glittering diamonds-like

*Love-hole moon-like shines like limpid
pool*

*As lips pinkish hue scatters light
reflected around like flower blooms
multicolored bright*

*Love-hole dark pupil-like
flashes silvery moonlight
a watery eye with pinkish lips
elongated eye-lids-like*

*Love-hole hangs like a silvery moon
'gainst flesh a pinkish hue
broach-like like a full moon new*
Love-hole like full moon rising
set in the sky of pink flesh

like an O cut from a diamond
shining

Love-hole like moonlight
reflecting
rays soft as roses filaments
pink-red lips caressing

Love-hole watery fount
shimmering lustrous glass-like
pinkish lips around like lilies
the pond surround

*Love-hole silvery sits like full moon
amidst pink hanging leaves*

*Shimmering like molten glass one
sees*

*Love-hole like full moon ascending
embraced by pink flesh cloak-like soft
as rose petals*

*Love-hole moon-like glittering silvery
pool-like
as pearly bud sits like parrot beak
sipping the cool light*

Love-hole set within flesh like
dyed from Samarqand rose

shimmers like molten gold
 within the lips scarlet folds

Love-hole dark moon-like
 iridescent darkness waterlilies-
 like
 splashed upon the canvas of
 flesh pink-like

Love-hole like dark moon on
 the sky of pink flesh floating
 luminous eye waterlily dark-
 like

*Love-hole white milk-like shimmers
 like moon*

*Lips pink rise up thirsty waterlilies-like
to drink the effulgent light*

*Love-hole spread rays as white as
jasmine moon-like
bright as waterlilies
like beauty spot upon pinkish flesh
bindi-like*

*Love-hole luminous pond full moon-
like
reflects back lips as white as egg
white*

Twixts lips pink valley—like
 flows scarlet stream
 ribbon of color lustrous satin-
 like

Love-hole enwreathed with its
 wreath of pink around the rim
 like a flower garland the idol
 surrounds

Lips pink-like dipped in liquid
 glass
 glow like porcelain glaringly
 lurid

Love-hole jade-like bowl

limpid scented liquid opal does hold

*Lips pink lipstick lined
great washes of color north and south
glost-like glossy the elongated mouth*

*Love-hole liquid gems do hold
glittering sparkling the O-like bowl*

Lips pink flecked with gold
dust
reflect the candles yellow light

golden beams stream out left
and right

Love-hole a glittering pearl to
behold
clam-like the lips enfold

Lips pink phosphorescing
twin mountain range 'gainst
fleshy thighs yellow
silhouetting

Love-hole reflecting silvery
light like moonlight in
luminous pool glass-like

Lips pink like rose petals pink
 falling 'gainst yellow sky
 envelop slit a band of glass-like
 juice 'gainst flesh hued peach-
 like

Love-hole shimmering milk
 froth-like
 the O a bowl rimed in pink
 light

Isbn

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*100 Views of Mans
Venus
By
Hiroshige Basho*

Poems by c dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia
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PREFACE

*The flower's bloom is but short in
time*

*a burst of color then a fast decline
the bees flurry around jostle for
the flower in its prime*

*The flower's bloom is but short in
time*

*the colors fade then the flower
the bees decline*

Spring

Silken soft hair black night-like busting
with lips rose bud-like pink hued tight
shut

Lips pink calyxes glossy glaze-like
enclose empyreans gem moon-like

Lips pink purse-like within the liquid
gem iridescent like

Lips pink the full and closed petals
gleam the black bush attire

Lips pink pendant-like scintillating
jewel set within coal black of night

Lips pink curling bud the bush cloaks in
a precious gem flashing incarnadine

Lips like lacquered beetle wings pink

Lips pink curvaceous lines trace crescent
moons-like

Lips pink like lipstick painted

Lips scarlet red tipped fades into salmon
pink

Lips pink wave-like on a pink
shimmering sea

Lips pink like sprays of roses petals
within a black bush hairy

Lips pink bright slivers of ruby along
the lips edge

Lips pink translucent light neon-like
midst hair black luxuriant

Lips pink dabs of color cloud-like
float 'gainst sky gleaming like flesh
peach-like

Lips pink butterfly wings 'mongst
thicket glossy black

Lips pink washed with blood flame-
fired petals drip ruby light

Lips pink fade into scarlet red tinges
flesh rose petal soft the lips fringes

Lips scarlet flushed with blood petals of
flame flicker brilliant light

Lips scarlet red flames the gem within
guard ripe fecundity the lips exclaim

Lips scarlet satin drapery hanging in
luminous air

Lips scarlet tinted glass effloresce into a
spray of colored light

Lips scarlet efflorescence lustrous
effulgence light up the humid scented air

Lips scarlet full-blown bloom within
the nectar fount gem-like iridescent
reflecting light

Lips scarlet lips of flaming ruby light
the bees to the fount hover jostle then to
sip inward dip there their heads

Summer

One solitary bloom luculent sunflower
the light drinking in summer air

Summer air washed by scarlet bloom

hanging in air sends colored ripples
moving through golden light

Bloom shimmers like gold leaf as from
the nectars fount dew drops drip scented
like liquid gold

Lucent petals giant succulent bloom
vivid yellow in summer light

Petals texture variegated hues shimmer
translucent tinted scarlet colored glass-
like

Afire the petals flame red flashes
incandescent washes tint the summer
brilliant light

The bloom all in red flame shining
bright 'neath velvet mount

The bloom bursting in tinted scarlet
light
as drips its nectar in one continuous
glassy line shimmering bright

Nectars sheeny pond limpid eye-like
rimmed by pouting petals slivers of
ruby-like

Gleaning lucent light lustrating off
petals bright bee dips its head in the
flowery bower

Blooming blossom tinted in scarlet
stains of summer light

Pastel-like hues tint luminous petals in
graduated tones of colors like flesh new

Radiant petals scarlet light outlined in
black black ink-like blossom glittering
gem hanging 'neath velvet mount

Deep red petals burst in bloom gilded
pool fills the air in golden light

Petals like brush flat strokes like
transparent washes varied shades of
scarlet light

The petals glowing gold yellow hues
within the folds the bees flurry myriads
untold

Translucent incandescent petals glass-
like
splash scarlet hues upon the air
kaleidoscope-like

Blooming petals bundles of iridescent
light ripe fecundity

Petals scented send scent rippling o'er
the light mesmerizing bees in flight

A tint of fading on the petals sheen
ripples the light coruscating bright

Along the petals edge the scarlet fades
as shortens the summer days

The bloom in waning summer light
colors grow to darker shades

The petals streaked with dark wrinkles
along edges lips the air no more bears
the humid scented scent

The fire in the petals flames wanes and
begins to expire

The curling fading petals lips no more
the bee comes to it to sip as summer
ends the gleaming hues to recede begins

Autumn

Petals mottled with varied hues glow
gem-like in light as if seen through
yellow silk

The petal lips fringed with yellow
fecundity waning decked in glaring golds

Golden mottled petals dabs of color
spread 'neath mons Venus

Flurries of petals float in yellow light
ripe golds of maturity
flickering sparks of gilded light

Mottled petals necklaces of colored
jewels glow bright

Splashes of color a flowery gem-like
show air covered with splayed petals

The light all in flame petals shining
evanescent glow the flowery blossom
fades a momentary show

Petals veins meticulously glass-like lace
the mottled face frilled and flaming
variegated hues

Petals a fire-ball of vivid hues yellows to
orange to reds flashing sparks of light
under mons Venus

Petals opal-like flash russet reds pale
pink yellows and myriad nameless hues

Petals vivid azure hues like overgrown
with moss muted as if seen through glass
glazed

Petals splashed with endless tints of
varied hues endless shades melting into
endless shades

Frilled and gilded veins lace petals
opulent colored in the Autumn light

Fluttering petals flicker their edges laced
with silver blown about by light 'neath
mons Venus

Melting into air the petals luminous
dissolve into colored vapors like liquid
gems hovering in light

Yellow-gold replaces the petals pinkish
sheen pink melts into orange
phosphorescing like neon lights

Transparent washes alternating lines of
delicacy paint the petals in varying
shades of yellows gold reds and grays

Petals burst in tints and hues golds fill
the air encased basket-like 'neath mons
Venus

Petals painted like on deluxe paper
warm tins of reds and grays 'gainst
orange pigment light

Petals colored snowflakes—like orange
reds golds shading into gray

Petals withering subtle shades of warm
colored tints like wet jade

Withered bloom the petals dropping
delicate pinks reds fade flooding the
light like iridescent glass

Petals withered transparency fluttered
veins like glass lace yellow-gold hues like
liquid jewels

One solitary bloom withered fades in
Autumn air 'neath mons Venus

As petals pink flesh-like pink fades to
withered leathery hues
crimsons to reds reds to gray the bee
flurries past one look then hurries on

Winter

Wilted petals oxidized reddish-brown
droop 'neath mons Venus

Wilted petals muted hues of yellow
sheen
the petals sigh for the bee to remember
she

Wilted petals droop and curl yellow
tints set 'gainst moons silvery glow

Wilted petals tinted with yellow stains
Ooooh ooh her sighs ripple the
twilight

Wilted petals turning yellow-brown
silhouette across sunsets pinkish glow

Petals wilting melting hues splash out
their colors the fading bloom

Petals wilting fading bloom tips furl
and curl moon-light kisses the withered
lips

Petals wilting o'er grown with yellow
shades

Ooooh oooh her sighs ripple the twilight

Petals wilting in moonlight yellow-
brown blossom dropping sighs "bee
cast thy eye upon I"

Petals wilting like a yellow cloth dyed
upon silvery moonlight

Wilting petals dabs of yellow-brown
washed by moonlight silvery rippling
around

Moonlight light kissing wilting petals
muted hues sparkle candle-like

Wilting peals drooping sighing while
colors dieing
Ooooh ooh her sighs ripple the twilight
dyeing

Wilting petals no more dew silvery
drips from within to the bee “remember
me” she sighs to him

Across moon frosty white wilting petals
yellow water color wash

Petals wilted bright with moonlight
 smile
 but
 no more the honey nectar ambrosia for
 the bee to beguile

Wilted petals no more the coral lips to
 entice the bees to sip

Petals wilted drying parched still to the
 bee with secret sigh sighs “remember
 me”

Petals wilted filled with sighs her lips
 like dew bedecked with sighs
 Ooooh oooh ripples the twilight her
 sighs

Petals wilted their bright splendor no
 more to view
 a wave of sorrows o'erflows her sighs

Wilted petals the moon makes a pillow
 for her drying lips
 As to the bee sends a sighing kiss

Wilted petals the colors gone
 yearns still with smokeless fire for the
 bee to desire

Wilted petals drying wrinkled still one
 faint heated ember on the lips tip still
 faintly glows

Wilted petals sighs their sighs
 one pearl-like tear from the fount of
 love drops shimmering across the silvery
 moon

As the bees fly on ignoring she
 the wilted petals cry longingly
 “remember me please remember me”

ASBN

9781876347732

The sensual garden of perfumed delights

(香り喜び官能的な前栽)

by

hiroba-kyōfushō

(広場恐怖症)

Translated

By

Sanbun Shi

(散文詩) POEM

BY

C DEAN

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GAMAUCHER PRESS WEST GEELONG VICTORIA

AUSTRALIA

2012

Translators forward⁴²

hiroba-kyōfushō are thee mad or sane is thy
 poem more than meets the eye is what it
 means or not what it seems is the meaning in
 the allusions not the text we see hiroba-
 kyōfushō thy poem is a maze a labyrinth to
 send as crazed deeper and deeper we enter into
 the maze deeper and deeper we end up crazed
 no way out lost in meanings maze entangled
 enmeshed tied up in knots the more we seek

⁴² The poems alluded to in this work can be seen in “Love poems from the Japanese” Trans Kenneth Rexroth Shambhala 1994, “Only Companion Japanese poems of Love and Longing” Trans Sam Hamill Shambhala, 1992, “The Penguin book of Japanese Verse From earliest to the present” Penguin, 2009 The Ukiyo-e Shunga referred to in this work can be seen in “Poem of the Pillow book and Other stories, By Utamaro, Hokusai, Kuniyoshi and other artists of the floating world” by Gian Carlo Calza, Phaidon, 2010,

meanings the more we are lost in the
labyrinths maze are thee mad or is it we who
have gone insane

PREFACE

Enclosed locked in the mind shrinks down to
the space enclosed within thoughts race trace
entangled webs of thoughts within the mind
turns within sane mad alls the same to a
mind turned within to jelly the mind
dissolves reality dissolves what is real unreal
one long dream or vivid nightmare all is

surreal the mind cant tell enclosed within
delusions illusions become real or the real but
phantasms of the mind within the mind
shrieks with pain with anguish the mind
cries and shout
“for fuck sake take me out”

A lady by name of hiroba-kyōfushō lives in
 a garden of the floating world⁴³ in the
 eastern part of the sorrowful world⁴⁴ to the
 tune of the tsuruta-biwa⁴⁵ I sigh one by one
 a hundred fears pursue me years months flee
 before me drag me down in this helpless world
 I drown⁴⁶ in my garden together grow side by
 side native plants foreign plants side by side

⁴³ *Ukiyo* ([Japanese: 浮世](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ukiyo) "Floating World") described the urban lifestyle, especially the pleasure-seeking aspects, of [Edo-period Japan](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edo-period) (1600–1867). The "Floating World" culture developed in [Yoshiwara](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yoshiwara), the licensed [red-light district](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/red-light_district) of [Edo](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edo) (modern [Tokyo](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tokyo)), which was the site of many [brothels](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/brothels), [chashitsu](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/chashitsu) tea houses, and [kabuki](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/kabuki) theaters frequented by Japan's growing middle class (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ukiyo>) Originally it was a Buddhist term defining the impermanence associated with everyday life and its attachments

⁴⁴ "Sorrowful World" ([憂き世](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sorrowful_World)), the earthly plane of death and rebirth from which Buddhists sought release. The term is also an ironic allusion to the [homophone](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/homophone) *Ukiyo* ([Japanese: 浮世](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ukiyo) "Floating World") (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ukiyo>)

⁴⁵ *tsuruta-biwa* This biwa often has five strings (although it is essentially a 4-string instrument as the 5th string is a doubled 4th that are always played together) and five or more frets, and the construction of the tuning head and frets vary slightly This biwa is developed from the *satsuma-biwa* by the eminent 20th century *satsuma-biwa* performer was [Tsuruta Kinshi](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tsuruta_Kinshi). In general the **biwa** ([琵琶?](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/biwa)) is a [Japanese](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Japanese) short-necked fretted [lute](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/lute), often used in narrative storytelling. The *biwa* is the chosen instrument of [Benten](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Benten), goddess of music, eloquence, poetry, and education in Japanese [Shinto](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shinto) (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Biwa>)

⁴⁶ Here *hiroba-kyōfushō* alludes to a famous poem by Yamanoue Okura (660?-733) called "The impermanence of life"

together grow⁴⁷ butterflies⁴⁸ flitter flutter a
colored show

Skippers Blues with myriad colored hues

Hairstreaks Zephyrus Hairstraks & Coppers

to my view Milkweeds Snouts Butterflies

Sulphurs Whites

Glittering within the diaphanous lights

Fritillaries Red Helens and great Mormon

swallowtails

Flurried around leaving wing fluff trails

⁴⁷ Here *hiroba-kyōfushō* alludes to famous tanka by Emperor Meiji (1852-1912) called “In my garden”

⁴⁸ In Japan large numbers of butterflies are viewed as bad [omens](#). When [Taira no Masakado](#) was secretly preparing for his famous revolt, there appeared in [Kyoto](#) so vast a swarm of butterflies that the people were frightened — thinking the apparition to be a portent of coming evil (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Butterfly#Symbolism>)

Painted ladies and Peacock Brush-footed

Butterflies

Gamboled and played with Marbled

Fritillaries

As the female panther patterned Tsumaguro

Hyomons, hovered with their black tip

forewings outspread flattened

Fluttering glittering flurrying around my

garden my cunt garden butterflies are

hurrying wing fluff raining around floating

down bejeweled gems scintillating colors

o'er my cunt garden covers frozen lights colors
 bright lacing my cunt garden to my sight my
 cunt garden⁴⁹ in
 many moods in many whims in emotions
 fires it swims a Red Camellia when in love
 now a Yellow Camellia longing for love but
 then a White Camellia waiting for love
 then an Amaryllis bashful shy oh a
 burning Cactus lusting for sex then the
 chaste virgin Lily White

⁴⁹ *hiroba-kyōfushō* here uses *Hanakotoba* (花言葉?) *Hanakotoba* is the Japanese form of the [language of flowers](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Language_of_flowers). In this practice plants were given codes and passwords. Physiological effects and action under the color of the flowers, put into words the impressions of nature and the presence of thorns with the height of tall plants, flowers and garlands of flowers through the various types. Meant to convey emotion and communicate directly to each other without needing the use of words. (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hanakotoba>)

or then again the Yellow Tulip selfish in
 love but again then the Red Rose in love the
 innocent Rose White or again then the
Habenaria radiata when my thoughts
 follow thee into thy dreams with varied
 many assorted fires a Carnation White Tiger
Lily or kind Cherry Blossom fun loving Red
Poppy truthful Chrysanthemum Verbena
Purple Morning Glory Blue Pansy or gentle
Hibiscus Narcissus Yellow my cunt garden
 flowery forms flowers galore from torrid to
 mellow ever hungry for ever more
 Oh lover I wait for thee to come

Like “Night –awaiting Maid”⁵⁰

Our Spring-time is short

As I with my hands grope my breasts⁵¹

This maidenflower bends to autumn winds

To thee I give my heart but for naught⁵²

Does thee sleep alone while I sigh these hymns

Cold winds howl

Cold grows the nights⁵³

⁵⁰ *hiroba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a famous incidence in the “Heike Monogatari” when the Emperor asked a lady-in-waiting called “Night –awaiting Maid” which is more saddening the evening as you wait for him or the morning when he has gone

⁵¹ *hiroba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by Yasano Akiko (1878-1942) of the Myojo group of poets called “you never touch me”

⁵² *hiroba-kyōfushō* here alludes to giving her heart to Fujiwara no Tokihira (d ca 905) he held the post of Minister of the Left who wrote a poem which *hiroba-kyōfushō* also alludes to

⁵³ *hiroba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by Princess Yoza (late 7th century) she was an early contributor to the Man’yōshū she rose to the lower rank of fourth rank in the imperial court and died in during the summer of 706

My passions surge in fiery flights

*To my “Spring Pictures of the Floating
World”⁵⁴*

*O'er which my fingers twirled “o'er “The
fashionable Romantic Adventures of*

Maneemon”⁵⁵ my thoughts whirled

With my sighs for thee my Cactus stroke I

Alas love wanes only impermanence lasts

The floating world will pass bye⁵⁶

⁵⁴ Ukiyo-e Shunga (spring pictures) *Shunga*, or ‘spring pictures’ is a branch of Japanese art dedicated to the erotic. For the Japanese “sex represented neither a romantic ideal of love, nor a phallic rite to the gods; it was simply the joyful union of the sexes” (Rawson 283). For the artist, *shunga* was a normal function, similar to the nude paintings done by Eduard Manet (see Figure 1). Their type of art does not say anything about the artist’s morals, or apparent lack thereof. In fact, there was little or no moral stigma attached to *shunga* until the late 19th century.

The purpose of the *shunga* was that of sexual education, with an emphasis on procreation and family continuity. The audience was often seeking advice for improving their sex life (either practically or emotionally) since there were few medical texts available that dealt with sex.
(http://www.stolaf.edu/people/kucera/YoshidaWebsite/evolution/essay_pages/anne_lenehan_white.htm
)

⁵⁵ Furu enshoku Maneemon (c 1768) An album of erotic pictures by Susuki Harunobu (1725-1770)

Like Sogi in the dew I trust⁵⁷

Loves beginnings and ends all will pass

Alas we are born to struggles and woes

And to emptiness all us goes⁵⁸

Within the colored leaves my sighs reveal me

As in "The poem of the pillow"⁵⁹ all I see

This Yellow Camellia I finger for thee

The scent to guide thy path on autumn

mountain⁶⁰

Think of this moth eyebrowed girl

Under the twilight rayed new moon⁶¹

⁵⁶ *hir hirōba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by the Zen monk Ikkyū Sojun (1394-1481) one of Japans great poets and Zen masters

⁵⁷ *ōba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by renga master Sogi (1421-1502) his travel journal was a source of inspiration to Bashō "Narrow road to the interior"

⁵⁸ *ōba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by the Zen monk Ikkyū Sojun (1394-1481)

⁵⁹ "Utamakura" An album of Ukiyo-e Shunga by Kitagawa Utamaro (c 1754-1806)

⁶⁰ *ōba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by Kakinomoto No Hitomaro ((d 739) a personal attendant on Emperor Mommu he is considered Japans greatest poet

Think of this moth eyebrowed girl and swoon

I pluck my White Camellia lips like

playing the biwa

Within it the juices swish and swirl

As in the “Emracing Komachibiki”⁶² my

mind awhirl

Like Ono No Komachi my breasts blaze⁶³

But thy love flower-like fades in the

emptiness of the world⁶⁴

⁶¹ *oba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by Otomo No Yakamochi (718-785) he was senior councilor of state after a career as a general courtier and a provisional governor. Due to a crime of one of the members of his family his family was broken up. His poetry in the Manyōshū is exceptional for its beauty. Lady Sakanoé was an aunt and lover of Yakamochi.

⁶² “Ehon Komachibiki” Ukiyo-e Shunga by Kitagawa Utamaro (c. 1754-1806)

⁶³ *oba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by Ono No Komachi (834-889) is a legendary beauty of Japan comparable to the Chinese Yang Kuei-Fei though it is supposed she died old and ugly she is one of Japan’s “six greatest poets” she is renowned for her erotic poems her poems have a lot of verbal complexity.

⁶⁴ Again *oba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by Ono No Komachi (834-889)

Not for me to hide in the moon⁶⁵

I shall cry my love from midnight to noon

Don't worry about age

Look upon my beauty in my face engage

Thou needs but only my beautiful flower to

see

To still my anxieties rage⁶⁶

I stroke my Yellow Tulip with thoughts of

thee

As I see the "Plovers above the waves"⁶⁷

⁶⁵ *oba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by Chino Masako (1880-1946) born in Oasaka and graduated from Womens University Tokyo was married to Chino Shosho a poet and professor she became a professor at Womens University Tokyo and visited Europe

⁶⁶ *oba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by Fujiwara Yoshifusa (804-872) Minister of the Right prime minister and regent from 858-872 under him the Fujiwara clan power greatly increased

⁶⁷ "Namichidori" (1828-9) Ukiyo-e Shunga by Katsushika Hokusai (1760-1849)

Let the years not touch thee as on my face

thou see

Oh but one glimpse of thee

My dreams full of thee

Oh but one glimpse of thee

worth all the night of love to be⁶⁸

Alas path o'er grown with spider webs

which thou followed to me

Like my sorrows they hang⁶⁹

Threads of woe more forlorn than solitary

bells clang

⁶⁸ Again oba-kyōfushō here alludes to a poem by *Ono No Komachi* (834-889)

⁶⁹ oba-kyōfushō here alludes to a poem by Lady Izumi Shikibu (end 10 century beginning 11 century)
The Izumi Monogatari a master piece of Japanese prose more than most poets of the classical period
her Buddhist sensibility is most poignant

He he my sensual garden wet with loves dew

Butterflies scurry around to my view

He he

Sipping my gardens nectar wet like a great

pee

Light rains down refracting reflecting in the

dew all round

Sparkling light butterflies colored bright

skip in and out between the startling light

he he

The flowers burst bloom lips furl out

Swollen blood bloated with joy I shout

Come oh lover come to me

Quivering like leaves my lips for thee

He he

*My mind disordered for thee but my love for
thee not I sing⁷⁰*

*Although I hide it don't ask "are you
thinking of something"⁷¹*

*For thee I prod my Red Rose as the leaves on
Mount Arima*

Rustle

*How will I forget thee⁷² as I view the "Eight
Views of Omi"⁷³*

⁷⁰ oba-kyōfushō here alludes to a poem by Minamoto No Toru (d 949) He was minister of the Left

⁷¹ oba-kyōfushō here alludes to a poem by Taira No Kanemori (10 century) Not much known of him
The Tairas were the third great family of Japan

⁷² oba-kyōfushō here alludes to a poem by Danini No Sanmi (10-11 century) daughter of Murasaki
Shikbu and is known by her rank of honor and title of her father or husband Daini

⁷³ "Omi hakkei" 1833 Ukiyo-e Shunga by Utagawa Kuniyoshi (1797-1861)

He he

Loves juice on fingers stains the views of Omi

As my thoughts race o'er thoughts of thee

He he

The images of "*Seasonal Blossomings*"⁷⁴ bring

pictures of we

Me atop thee

In public we

Don't pick the flower of forgetfulness

Give to me all the scarlet flowers

Don't cry tears⁷⁵ but alleviate my fears

⁷⁴ "Hanagoyomi" 1835 Ukiyo-e Shunga by Utagawa Kuniyoshi (1797-1861)

⁷⁵ oba-kyōfushō here alludes to a poem by Yamakawa Tomiko (1879-1909) she studied at Womens University in Tokyo married at twenty one but her husband died a few years later with Yosano Akiko she was a lover of Yosano Tekkan she is the "lily" of Akikos and Tekkans poems.

I caress my Lily White thinking of thy love
for me

“Scenes of Lovemaking”⁷⁶ before me

“Lovers behind a screen”⁷⁷ I see

He thee me she

Lovers we

Give to me all the scarlet flowers

For thy love of me

I said I would come

And thou waited

Till in the October dawn the moon did rise⁷⁸

Alas my fears I could not shun

⁷⁶ *Scenes of Lovemaking* mid 1680 Ukiyo-e Shunga by By Sugimura Jihei (1681-98)

⁷⁷ “*Lovers behind a screen*” mid 1680 Ukiyo-e Shunga by By Sugimura Jihei (1681-98)

⁷⁸ *oba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by Monk Sosei (Whose lay name was Yoshimine No Hironobu (end of 9TH Century) son of Abbot Henjo

But a firefly of love burns in the ravine of
my heart⁷⁹

I fiddle my Chrysanthemum in memory of
thee

Gazing on “Erotic prints for the Twelve
Months”⁸⁰

My thoughts wander and wonder on what
could have been

Coupled together

Coupling forever

He he

No one to touch my soft skin

⁷⁹ oba-kyōfushō here alludes to a poem by Abutsu –Ni maid in honor to princess Kuni –Naishinno then to the wife of Fujiwara Tameieshe wrote of her journey to FROM Kyoto to Kamakura called Izayo Nikki one of the classics of Japanese literature

⁸⁰ “Koshoku zue juniko” c 1788 Ukiyo-e Shunga by Katsukawa Shuncho (1726-1792)

Surging with fiery blood
 Are all expounding the way
 Neither White Camellia nor Rose White
 Nor Cherry Blossom colors
 None for me⁸¹
 Like following trails left by birds
 Vanished in yesterdays sky

 No trail left by my heart in these endless
 days⁸²
 “Satori” they say
 Down wrong headed ways I go
 Ever more wrong ways⁸³

⁸¹ *hiroba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by Yasano Akiko (1878-1942)

⁸² *hiroba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by Koko Kennichi (1254-1332) son of Emperor Go Saga a member of the “Five Mountain group” of Zen poets

To feel the hot kiss o'er my turgid lips
 Feel the heated breath caress my breasts tips
 Oh to hear the beating of a love charged heart
 O'er flowing pounding as we never part

He he

My mind whirls brain throbs oh my head
 hurts

I see "*Diving Girl Ravished by Octopuses*"⁸⁴

Oh that that slimy mouth suck on my
 flowers

While others devour my wet pouting mouth
 As their bulging pupils stare at me

⁸³ *hiroba-kyōfushō* here alludes to a poem by Muso Soseki (1275-1351) along with Saigyō Ikkyū and Ryōkan one of the greatest Zen poets in all of Japanese literature he reached enlightenment in 1305 under guidance from Kohō Kenniichi

⁸⁴ *Diving Girl Ravished by Octopuses* from "Pining for love "Kinoe Komatsu" 1814 Ukiyo-e Shunga by Katsushika Hokusai (1760 -1849)

Oh those tentacles all my lovers arms about
me

oh my head hurts

My garden my cunt flowers

My cunt the swollen lips like butterfly
wings

Pink flesh lips flapping fluttering

To butterfly form it takes

And flutters off⁸⁵

⁸⁵ According to *Kwaidan: Stories and Studies of Strange Things*, by Lafcadio Hearn, a butterfly was seen in [Japan](#) as the personification of a person's soul; whether they be living, dying, or already dead(<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Butterfly#Symbolism>)

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