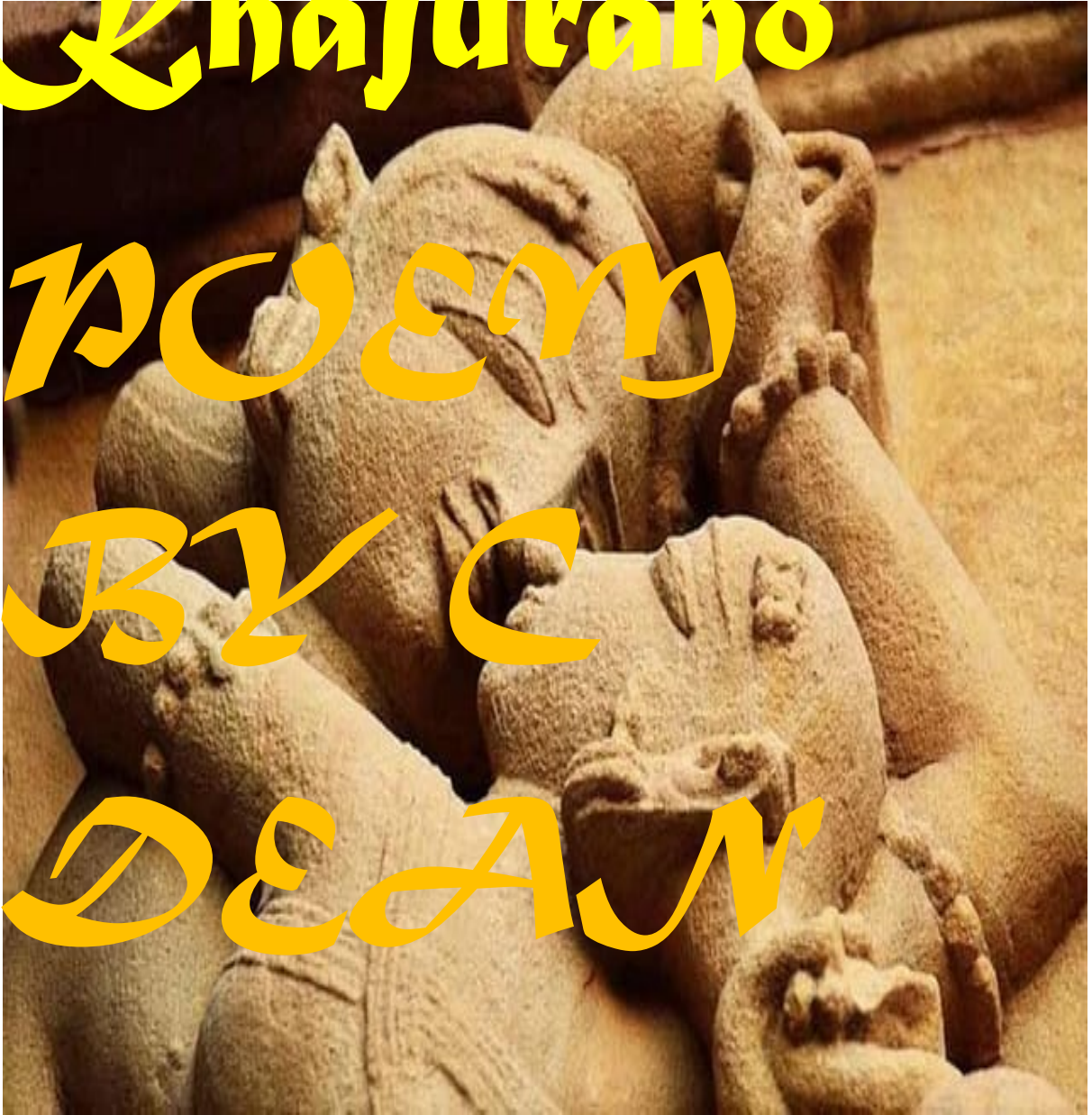


Khajuraho

POEM

BY C

DEAN





Khajuraho POEM BY C DEAN

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**FP2024 FP: Sculptures from Khajuraho
Group of Monuments**

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W So what be this

Khajuraho well

perhaps no more thanst love

Ahh But what kind of love

be it perhaps Keats doth lay

bare the secret onst that

Urn whenst he doth pipe his

song “Bold Lover, never, never canst

thou kiss, Though winning near the goal yet,
do not grieve;” But Ahh methinks

**that Laurence Hope doth
 tell us more true that what
 wast laughed inst the carven
 stone at that Tamarind Tank
 where didst Mahomed
 Akram his reverie take**

“Above, half seen, in the lofty gloom,
 Strange works of a long dead people loom,
 Obscene and savage and half effaced--
 An elephant hunt, a musicians' feast--
 And curious matings of man and beast;
 What did they mean to the men who are long since
 dust?

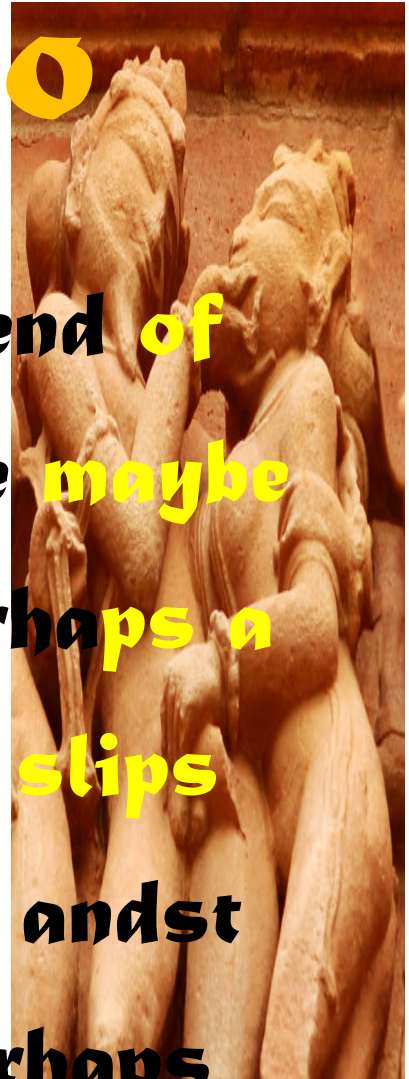
 Whose fingers traced,
 In this arid waste,
 These rioting, twisted, figures of love and lust.

Strange, weird things that no man may say,
 Things Humanity hides away;”

**So perhaps the answer may
be to w what**

Khajuraho

**may be maybe a blend of
both Keats or Hope maybe
Yet there maybe perhaps a
third possibility that slips
past the non-devotee andst
what may that be perhaps
mysticism or spiritualy if
thee cares to see perhaps all**



be **But** symbolisms of spiritualities

disguised those longings those cries

perhaps be **But** mystical sighs

those looks those touch perhaps be

But to rise thy mind to sublime

heights of of transcendencies to

catapult thee so beyond the

mundane for perhaps emancipation

liberation or self-realization -whatever

ever that "Self" maybe- so dear

recieter or perhaps we may say dear

Yogi gather around

Khajuraho andst

find perhaps thy version of spirtuaity

PREFACE Ahh

doest write the wits inst fine
 allegories andst tropes of deep
 philosophies about love Ahh love
 what cants we say that hast not been
 said by poet inst the lovely lays
 since times beginnings their tongues
 full of eloquence hast not slaked or
 tied andst many wouldst say be quiet
 for God sake give our ears a rest at
 thy quest for fame where thee thinks
 thy poesy doth thy intelligence frame
 So doest I sing of love quintessence
 like all the rest May for love no
 words canst capture its eloquence

To reach to lips for lips arms to reach to
 caress each flesh of each inst loves bliss
 to teach each to each of our love for
 each Ahh But Ahh n'er to reach those
 lips that flesh that thee doth longg to
 pocess Ahh to be But frozens at that
 moment whenst lips to to lips would meet
 Ahh frozen n'er to meet to grieve to cry
 to long for that touch that unity that willst
 be for eternity thy longing to prolong
 But Ahh But Ahh for the mytic there
 be But hope for all things are the same
 thing she andst thee are a unity thee and
 she are But One orginally for eternity

Sibiscus buds Ashoka blooms

Glint gleaming

Reds

Purples luminous slivers

Light

Open blossoms coloured lips

**Like ours reach unlike ours ours n'er to
meet**

**Must all thing must to dust But to rush
along the flow of time like the Kotri Yet
e'en then our dust to dust willst blend our
lips to lips to willst each to each to meet
e'en then But still separate our union we
still we hast not won Till blent to one at
the end of time whenst our soul to soul to
one we find**

Ohh Ohhh our mouths our lips
 scarlet red red Ashkoa blooms reddy
 for that kiss that kiss of bliss lips
 stuck to lips that scarlet mouth of
 Feroza be But that mouth of I Ohh
 n'er to touch n'er to taste that love of
 my lovers prize fate decrees that
 thee andst me linger thru time Ohh
 how I cry ast clustered inst spring
 Flowery blooms sented
 Perfume our flesh
 Odourous fumes
 Kiss
 Lick
 Ohh that thy breath be blent with my
 breath inst unions deathless death

Ahh the Vultuers fly

Crows

Caw

Caw cry a feather

Drops

Our flesh doth caress

Frozen here n'eath moonlight lily white
 like Mahomed Akram "what are stars to
 me" whenst thy eyes I doth pocess for all
 eternity glittering gems sparks of light the
 eyes of thee each we stare at each to
 each our eyes of each doth we lingering
 onst each eye that glints each soul within
 each we kiss Ahh unlike Mahomed
 Akram the sunset be joy like the sunrise to
 moonrise for thy eyes hold I for all
 eternity

Ohh Look look at I with those eyes with
 those eyes Oh look look at I for eternity
 look at I ast “The Moghra with its
 subtle flowers Intoxicate the sense” thy
 eyes Ohh thy eyes be incense that
 taketh I to heaven for which have I no
 defense like Udaipore love I like she
 loved he I for eternity ‘neath suns
 burning rays andst the moons soft silver
 kiss that our flesh doth caress thy eyes
 burn I with the fire of thy soul thy eyes
 of desire for I thy longing see thy eyes
 Whilst ast

The tigers prey doth

Cry

The vulture with carrion on high

Creatures scream with pain

Thy eyes for eternity all pleasure I gain

Poppy fumes drip

Ting

The temple bells

Ring golden light

Drips

O'er we

Carven here n'eath moonlight lily
 white like Valgovind my song whenst
 that breast of thee I doth possess for all
 eternity soft as ripe mango perfumes
 fromst Hibiscus doth that flesh caress
 plump bud outlines inst silver threads
 of moonbeams carven for all times my
 flesh to thy breast Ahh unlike
 Valgovind for eternity we be " in the
 glow of golden weather and endless
 azure sky" hold I for all eternity with
 sighs with all the joys I cry

Ahh that so soft touch of that breast of
I by that hand of thee that shallst feel I
for all eternity carven here we with
thee upon my breast that blossom inst
bloom that ripe Ohhh so ripe fruit that
Ahh fills the airs inst perpetuity with my
Ohhs andst Ahhs of such delight that
Ahh shallst fade away not like that
song of Sitara not we for she “Away
To be forgotten

A ripple on the river

That flashes in the sunset

That flashed –and died away” we here
frozen inst love all ways ast thru time

Heron one yellow leg stand

In emerald waters

Lampreys flash silver thru eternity

Thru the ripple of time frozen we stand

Deep

Within the Ashoka bloom

The bee

Thrusting

The calyx of the neem

Elephant rutting

Ast I with thee be so deep so deep within
 that bloom blossoming that fromst doth
 drip perfumes to out scent the forest
 blooms Ahh so deep so deep for eternity
 buried inst thee to feel thy flesh like rose-
 petaled-leaf thy nest andst Ahh andst not
 like Ormuz the Persain that didst lament
 “Since to my sorrow I loved loved and
 grew weary of you” For Ohh this view of
 you inst unions bliss for eternity deep
 within thy flesh my love for thee be for
 eternity refeashed whilst other blooms
 will fade thy bloom will be forever fresh

Ohh Ohh such bliss that stem of thee
 buried deep within that mango ripe sweet
 perfumed flesh pulp that mouth tight
 around thy flesh clasped ast sharks
 mouth that full-budded Kimshuka
 flower clings along thy turgid flesh-
 filament to clutch that curve of crescent
 moon flesh inst union for eternity one
 eternal present of one perpetual swoon
 for blest be I like Lalila “ Why above
 others was I so blesed

And honoured? To be chosen one

To hold you sleeping against my breast
 As now I may hold your only son” But
 more thanst so

Ast peacocks scream

Andst tigers mate

We in time frozen fuck with no end date

Clouds swollen

Ready to

Burst

Scarlet Ashoka stem bloated

Moon Froth floats

Upon full-budded Kimshuka stem like
white foam pollen

Stand we here with thy hand upon around
that stem enlarged that swollen stalk of
man thru eternity my love thee doth hold
my love for thee andst like Zahir-u-Din “I
want to take you in my arms And kiss your
lips away” But Ahh let I thee dream with
thy hand around that inflated flesh for thy
eyes doest But seem Ohh doest But seem
lost inst that present bewtixt infinities Ahh
that be our eternity

Ahh clasp I that trunk of the
tree of thee that head ast a
gorged fruit doest I twine the
fingers of I like a jasmine
vine doest cling I tight Ohh so
tight around thy bulging flesh
that doest rise to the sapphire
sky with thy love thy desire
for I I sing the song of Ojira
“Till I see you tall and
slender standing clear against
the skyline” whilst

Inst moonlight

The manai creepers twine

The black stemmed Venkai

Around climb the jasmine

Splashed inst silver light

Frozen hand clings for all time

Moonlight drips

Silver petals

Floating blooms

Frothing bright

Yellows

Red

Spread

O'er we seated here frozen inst time we gaze
at each face to face

Our eyes onst each doest place our eyes see
each see him see she each face a flowery
bloom coated inst moonlight bright not like
Khan Zada who didst complian "You gave
your beauty for an hour I held it gently as a
flower" Ahh Ohh thy beauty that flower
willst But last not an hour But eternity the
eyes of I rest upon thy face forever inst joy
in perpetuity

Ohh why should look I at moon or stars
 whenst thy face be But more glorious
 thanst silver crescent orb they Ohh thy
 eyes more ravishing thanst the gems
 that be But glittering shimmering lights
 Ohh the forest sighs andst soft cries be
 But my Ohh the rippling echos of my
 breathing soul for like The Girl of
 Baltistan "Throb throb throb On the
 outer horizon of a dreaming
 consciousness She hears the sound of
 her lovers bearing boat Afar afloat"

Whilst the light of the moon doest coat

Our flesh inst bubbles

Silver light

That wash our flesh like

Wet milk

Ast stare I at thee thy beauty for
 eternity