

Kujiru

by

Mara no Kai

by

henoko no Bobo

by

Chinpoko no Tsubi

Poems by c

Dean

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Translators forward

Resigned sadness in the face of loneliness be the themes of these poems expressing the Heian aesthetic of *sabi* loneliness and *yugen* a mysterious depth of feeling much like the gloomy loneliness of the Heian poetry this poetry expresses the moods of a lonely heart the hearts response to loneliness solitude and longing a waiting that will never end the poems are saturated with despair regret and melancholy all which depicts the fleeting beauty of nature and the females cunt all as fleeting as the dew on the petals of chrysanthemums or the froth that appears then vanishes in surging waters or the morning mist dissolved by the moons light these poems express the feelings evoked by loneliness and longing the aware or melancholy evoked by the sadness of fleeting things The connoisseur of Japanese poems will find many allusions to other poems

Preface *Ah Wabi-sabi*, the beauty of things things imperfect things impermanent things incomplete *Ah Wabi-sabi* in an altered state of consciousness to see in the mundane and simple *Ah Miyabi* (雅) the polished manners the polished diction the polished feelings that eliminate all roughness and crudity achieves the highest grace *Ah Shibui* (渋い) that beauty of simple subtle, and unobtrusive beauty *Ah Iki* (いき, 粋) poems of simplicity sophistication spontaneity and originality *Ah Shibui* (渋い) poetry of that is ephemeral straightforward measured and unselfconscious *Ah Jo-ha-kyū* (序破急) those poems with a tempo that begins slowly accelerates and then ends swiftly *Ah Yūgen* (幽玄) those poems with that are "dim" "deep" or "mysterious" Those poems that speak of the subtle profundity of things those things that are only vaguely suggested those poems that suggests that which is beyond what can be said *Ah Yūgen* (幽玄) *Ah* read these poems *Ah with Wabi-sabi with Miyabi* (雅) with *Shibui* (渋い) with *Jo-ha-kyū* (序破急) with *Yūgen* (幽玄)

by

Mara no Kai

**Oh the cunt of ♪ like cheery blossom
open ast thee passed the window of ♪**

but

alas wilted the petals be at thy passing

by

**Ah the cunt of ♪ be a fruiting fruit of
pinks and crimson hues the folds like
ailanthus in anticipation of thee but**

**lay here ♪ alone with the dream of thee
with me who at the door of ♪ knocks
not**

cunt like plum flowers h^ole like full moon

Yet

spring passes and the seasons change

Yet

again like old times alone ∫ 'mongst plums

blooms and moons luculent light

with fondness call ∫ thy name dream

that thee would pluck the stem of my

cunts flower

But

alas the loves dew along the lips pink

edge glitters like jewels which thee doth

pluck not

**lone duck cries passing o'er the face of
the moon**

Oh

**its echo ripples the cunts hole liquidity
of ♪ longing for thee**

**ast jasmine vines be tangled be the cunt
hair of ♪ ♪ long for thy tongue nestled be
in the blooming beauty of me in that
blackness darker than starless night**

But

**thee comes not to untangle the hair of me
hast thee lost thy way
or be the dream of ♪ be naught but mist
dissolving 'neath moons light**

**in the cunts desire for thee ♪ be a bird in a
cage of the desire of ♪ the years months
go by without thee**

Yet

in despair fromst this cage fly canst ♪ not

each month a new moon

**yet each month the cunts lips of ♪ not
plucked by thee**

oh though the petals wilt from longing

Yet

**their fragrance is sweet like fallen plum-
flowers**

the cunt of ♀ fruitlessly watch ♀ thru the
pink mist rising fromst the hOle of ♀

Yet

longing still see not ♀ thy face coming to ♀
thru that haze of lust

still longing lay here ♀ cunts passion
flower full bloom

Yet

visible thee be not thru the pink mist
fragrant fromst the cunt of ♀ like spring
flowers kissed by the golden sun

oh lay ♪ forlorn cloaked in the perfume of
the cunt of ♪ alone with no one too admire
the cunt hOle moon of ♪

languish here ♪ neath moon light bright
cloaking the cunt of ♪ in pink hues oh that
he wouldst come and sup the dew that falls
fromst the cunts lips of ♪

Covered in clouds of pink the cunt of J
such sadness that he doth not look upon its
folds and in the shimmering holes liquidity
see reflected his face

Cunts folds o'er moon-like hole hang like
willows swaying with the lonesome breath
of J blowing to be the fragrant scent
Yet
He comes not to lick lips unfurling like
pink clouds

**Ravine enfolded by cunts folds dark with
purple shadows perfume floats seeping
fromst cunts pool**

Yet

**sad alone no he to sup at my moon-cup of
pink froth**

**cunts lips pink ast hibiscus flowers blooms
folds encased in crimson hue**

Yet

**in my deserted room they blossom in
profusion unseen by he**

hills empty soaked in rain

mist descends betwixt the cunts folds

moon light streams up crimson **slit**

perfumed liquidity flows fromst cunts

gurgling h^ole

Yet

ast bamboos rustle and monkeys cry no he

be here to still my breaking heart

that couldst ♪ find peace in mountain

solitudes to home make for ♪ away fromst

this room without he where cunt throbs

with the lonely beats of the heart of ♪

oh the cunts lips of ♪ are so far apart are
we that dew drips fromst the lips of ♪
like tears falling in a pink mist

alone the heart of ♪ suffers the world in
the despairing mind ♪ mist pink rises
fromst the cunt hOle of ♪ veiling the world
fromst the loneliness of ♪

by

henoko no Bobo

cunt lips their hue pink

laying here the cries of ♪

hear here me hear the pum blossom rustle

to the lonely breaths of ♪

o'er the limpid liquidity of the cunt h^ole of

♪ the moons face luculent glows

But

not even a monk to see that bright brilliancy

only ♪ in my despondency

**in the lonely autumn nights all hear ♪ be
temple bells each footstep make the cunts
lips of ♪ quiver crickets cry each sunset
without thee returning ♪ at the cunts hOle
gaze tears dropping scattering circles
within circles of silver ripples o'er the face
of the moon**

**oh moon has thee seen my love remind he
that thee be the reflection of the cunt hOle
of me**

like the hen in Muko Bay fromsts its
 mate sundered dieing of longing for thee
 imagine the face of thee ♪ doth do gazing in
 the cunt hOle of ♪ pink rimmed ast the
 autumn moon

Oh unkissed the cunts lips of ♪ wither
 ast plum petals that fall oh that thy tongue
 wouldst flicker the lips of

But

alas dew drops jewels along the lips edge
 be the tears of ♪ shed in loneliness

**oh that he wouldst be the butterfly 'mongst
the cunts lips of ♪**

But

**Night comes and the scent of the loveless
cunt of ♪ floats to cloak the moon in a
curtain refulgent hues**

**Thru the pink mist a lone duck cries ♪ for
thee that thee wouldst part the cunts folds
and gaze at the moon rimmed in pink ink**

**Long sighs of lonely sighs cry ♪ love
unfulfilled**

But

**out of the perfumed mist blooms the cunt
flower of ♪**

**oh seasons change the hours drag by
forever nothing lasts**

But

loneliness lasts forever

But

**this cunts flower of ♪ fragrant ast the
plum blossom forever blooms for he that
commeth not to me**

oh whenst pluck ♪ the cunts lips of ♪ like
the cry fromst the koto fromst Manyoshu
sorrow fills the world rippling thru the
twilight mists mixing with the cry of a lone
wild duck

But

watch ♪ the moon for thy shadow o'er
passing of thy coming

in autumn light leaves fall that the cunts
lips of ♪ soak up their iridescent hues
fading ast the scent of thee

But

lingering o'er the lips of ♪ thy kisses
tingling fromst long long ago

**amid the mountain crags of my cunts folds
find √ peace in the loneliness of √ my
sighs the world at my despair**

But

still in this world of suffering

**doth the cunts lips of √ quiver with joy
at thy still remembered kiss**

**laying here 'neath the autumn moon forlorn
that thee may not come soon**

But

**Oh how thee wouldst admire the cunt h^ole
of √ shimmering liquid gold liquidity**

with refulgence of liquidity the cunt h^ole of

**♪ more beauteous than a night of veiled
moon shimmering thru pink mist**

But

**Naught to see the extraordinary not veiled
cunt of ♪ quivering with the forlorn breaths
of ♪**

**♪n the moonlight the forlorn breaths of ♪
sweep down twixt the cunt folds of ♪**

moon lingers in the cunt h^ole of ♪

**lips coated in dew wet with the forlorn
tears of ♪ oh with autumn sorrows arrive**

cunts lips like burnished gold 'gainst mist
 like plum petals painted on Chinese paper
 pink lined with diamonds along lips edge

But

thee doth not see the sweet flag that floats
 in the cunts hole of ♪ despondent quaking
 with lovelorn pain with cunts lips drenched
 with the sighs of ♪

these tear stained cunts lips of ♪ like
 beads of frost flutter to the breaths of ♪
 that rustle the leaves dropping fromst
 autumn trees that sweeps thru mountain
 paths lined with dew

like a moon carved out of pink mist be the cunts
 lips of ♪ pink like cherry blossoms pulsating
 ast the hearts of lovers oh that he wouldst
 marvel at these sights

But

more drenched than the panty of ♪ be the
 sleeves of ♪ fromst the tears shed in this
 lovelorn misery

oh the cunt hole of ♪ glitters like a rainbow
 bubbles bursting scented plum blossom like a
 cup full of whirls of mist pink blurred tumbling
 circles within circles

But

forlorn remembers ♪ he sucking sucking
 fromst that pink rimmed bowl scented of peonies
 persimmons and chrysanthemums

by

Chinpoko no Tsubi

**Cunts lips Plum blossom scent on wind
blowing fluttering mist clouds pink cloaking
moon light streaming thru autumn leaves
glittering off dragonfly hair pin clasped in
pubic hair black**

Oh

**alone ♪ thinking of thee and me floating in
orchid boat upon the pink limpid pool of my
cunts hole**

The breath of ♪ sighs forlorn blows mixed
 with pink cunny mist down the crevice of the
 cunts folds of ♪ rippling autumn leaves that
 drop and flutter o'er the grass dyed with
 iridescent hues and melancholy sighs of ♪

Oh

Hast thee forgot the perfumed mist within the
 cunts folds of ♪ hast thee forgot the touch of
 silk the pubic black hairs of ♪ hast thee forgot
 fromst the pink rimmed cup which thee thirstily
 drank to thirstier become that e'en the whole sea
 couldst slake it not

Oh

remember ♪ still that kiss under lip softer than
 moonlight

**languishing on the bed of ♪ the cunt flower
blooms kissing the moonlight**

Oh

**Forlorn this parched flower longs for the dew
kissed upon thy lips**

**Thee said thee wouldst come waiting ♪ waiting
cunt hole flooding fromst the dreams of ♪ with
thee**

Oh

**Fromst the sighs of ♪ the dew upon the lips
of ♪ shatters scattering like broken glass**

Fromst the moon flakes of light scattered
 o'er the cunts lips of ♪ streaming thru the
 pubes black hair in the moons light lips
 blaze with crimson **fire** pink hues cloak the
 cunts **flesh** of ♪ the touch of silk lips
 blurred in curved contours flapping ast
 plum-colored **flags**

Oh

but he doth not pass before the door of ♪
 forlorn that he be not driven to ♪ by the
 cunts lips of ♪ in pink haze with the scent
 of pink **peonies** and orange **persimmons**
 that glitters like a yellow **bell** 'neath the
 bowl of the moon like a pagoda lamp

forlorn sighs ♪ 'neath autumn moon cunts

lips covered in pink haze like the moon

cloaked in clouds

Oh

With mind disordered like Michinoku

ponder ♪ the pool covered with duckweed

and sadly think of the cunt hole of ♪

unused by he

The scent fromst the cunt of ♪ wafts o'er

Mount Arima beckoning he to me

Oh

forlorn stroke ♪ the cunts lips ever

remembering his silken tongue them plucking

The moon casts purple shadows within the
 cunts folds of ♪ throwing up pink mist
 fromst the cunts hole iridescent froth
 coating the peacock silk soft flesh of ♪ in
 luculent hues like the malachite enamel of
 dragonflies

Oh

How long forlorn at this moon must gaze ♪
 longing for thee to untangle the tangled
 black pubes of ♪

Oh

Longing for he picked ♪ an azalea
 imagining the crimson lips of he rub ♪ into
 the cunts lips of imagining he kissing me

**Cunts lips like the folds of a thousand
clouds like rose-red silken curtains hang in
the dawn light**

Oh

**The sleepless night spent forlorn at thy not
coming now lips with frozen dew like frost
that gathers on morning azalea petals**

**the seasons change will the crimson upon
my **cunts** lips of ♪ fromst thy kiss fade
ast the blooms in autumn**

Oh

That thee couldst smell the orange **blossom
scent that o'er the cunt of ♪ wafts that
fragment mystery of me**

**Long sighs fromst the depth of my soul waft
skyward the cunts folds of ♪ part at the
thought of the**

Oh

**How long to wait in this despondency spider
webs hang across my door still wait ♪ but the
moon little by little gives way to the dawn**

**Gaze ♪ at the turbid waters of the cunt hole of
♪ that swirl in vortexes of pink light flashing
light lightning o'er gold flakes o'er which whirl
clouds of pink mist**

Oh

**Cicadas in the sunset glow cry ♪ longing for
thee no sound upon the autumn grass naught but
the autumn wind blowing gives a sound**

**Pink clouds top the cunts folds of ♪ like
cloud around mountain peaks purple
shadows fade ast the moon raises**

Oh

**if only thee couldst see the crystal fountain
that bubbles up the little crimson stream
flowing up the slit of ♪ to whirl suddenly
into pirouettes of light**

**the dew drops fromst the lips of ♪ like
tears of glass**

Oh

**♪ lie alone if only we couldst both admire
the the cunt hole of ♪ shimmering moon of
light**

**Long night of waiting cunts afire with
 desire **lips** flicker like crimson flames**

Oh

A cuckoo cries not he only the **moon
 sinking in a bed of sunrises orange glow**

the **cunt of ♀ blooms like a crimson flower
 the **clit** prongs like a pink fruit dew gleams
 diamonds along the lips edge like white jade**

Oh

**The days go by months without thee the
 sighs of ♀ congeal with the autumn light
 ast slivers of frost lay o'er the burning
 flesh of ♀**

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