



LOGOS



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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria 2025

page.1 Order, via Unsplash P.2 *Bacchanalia* **Auguste Levêque** (1866–1921) P.3 the world before the Flood William Etty P.6 The Harem Hans Makart

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this



be it perhaps an excerpt
fromst say a Romantic

andst Dionysian manifesto a
tract 'gainst Enlightenment
rationalism doth it maintain
that logic suffocates the
minde turns the universe inst
to sterile waste land of

**sylogisms inferences a
 frozen world of ordered
 necessity a universe where
 only the logical is possible
 where myth andst instinct
 andst sensory joy where the
 spontaneous are all killed off
 by logics laws invoking**
But Ahh doth this proem
**suggest that logic andst
 words paint a veil that doth
 hide true reality doth this
 proem doth to say that 'neath
 the painted veil lays is found**

in passion mythos andst
 nature not syllogisms doth
 this proem align with
 Romanticisms rebellion
 'gainst reason of the like of
 Keats Shelley andst
 Nietzsche who didst But
 to praise the Dionysian
 wildness o'er Apollonian
 order be this proem an
 anthem to ones spontaneous
 indulgence of life andst the
 irrational the ecstatic andst
 Mythos dimensionss that

"cold syllogism" doth try to
extinguish But Ahh maybe
just only a proem that doth

But say logic andst words
doest paint the veil the
sterile constraints of
syllogistic reasoning that
structure to its laws a

dream an illusion a mirage
of the minde drugged by logic
andst words so read
wayfarer perhaps thee cant
e'en see the painted veil



PREFACE

**Ahh Dearest recieter come Ye near
andst doest of thee freely lend me thy
ear that I canst tell to thee my
thoughts of thee inst words of much
flattery full of tropes andst conceits
full of wit writ uponst thy frame with
words that sing thy fame andst paint
thy gifts thy image for all to see for
Dearest recieter doth I rain down
uponst thee golden showers of words
that tell the world of thee of thy grace
thy face doth I lace inst gilded words
that doth make all the world to sigh thy
praise Yet thee be a prick andst words
doth falsify that truth of reality**

Ahh wayfarer beware the systems of thought be
 they science or philosophy for they be words that
 paint the veil that o'erlays what may be reality Yet
 deeper still that veil be But woven by logos logic
 syllogism logics laws doest But create the dream the
 illusion the painted veil for logos be the barrier to see
 deeper things deeper beyond logics falsifying laws
 that hinder see without seeing to know without
 knowing see logic doth say between the beginning
 andst lines end be But an infinite of points Yet doth
 thy finger to go inst finite time o'er infinity fromst the
 beginning to the end Yet logic doth say that be But
 an impossibility Yet some doth say the problem be
 solved by the limit of an infinite series Yet thy eyes
 doest see thy finger to go fromst start to end Ahh
 we doth now But see that logic be not reality But a
 painted veil for reality exceeds logic andst our
 sensory andst mental frameworks our Monkey (homo-
 sapiens) brains ability

Inst the beginning wast the word

**Didst I wonder didst I onst
contemplate ast there didst I didst
But see to watch the painted veil
arise with Aurora that didst ride
onst the rosy dawn fingered with
streaks of pink thru the orange sky
fromst her saffron bed she didst rise
with robe of purple sky light bright
fire-like the Virgin didst arise
fromst her sleeping bower to turn the
earth rose tinted hues with scarlet
drops of gold flecking flowers tips
with gems of light gilded waves tip
ripple ast burning flames ast the
dawn light frozen to pearls that**

flicker along leaves rims whilst
 light skims along mine flesh the
 painted veil that doth lay o'er the
 universe **ast** **didst** *♪* **Didst** *♪*
 wonder **didst** *♪* **onst** contemplate
onst *Inst* the beginning *wast* the word
 thenst **didst** *♪* **see** **didst** *♪* **know**
didst *♪* **awake** to the painted veil **be**
But words this universe **be** *But*
 only words painted **onst** the
 "issness" the "thatness" the
 "beingness" that those stupid system
 builders of words *Aristotle*
Aquinas *Kant* **didst** *But* **enslave**
 our minds that thenst **cant** to see to
 see to **finde** our way out fromst such

bleakness such a servitude to a
 weakness of inanities philosophy
 fanaticism of words that didst √
 smell the stench those odours fromst
 academia that doth house those foul
 monsters that doth giveth out such
 stink uponst their lips fowle dark
 inke that doth swarm thru the mindes
 of those that try to think about those
 forms hideous doth swarm hordes of
 those that hang off every word that
 falls fromst their foul breath to breed
 more suckling sucking licking
 sundries of things that feed that lick
 andst eat the vomit that doth flow
 fromst those mouths of academia

those mouths that doth froth forth
 such rot of books andst papers of
 vomit full ast didst that *Redcrosse*
Knight didst to *But* see that
 deformed monster half serpent half
 woman with her filthy breed crawling
 about her feet ast those acolytes doth
 crawl about the academics heels
 those monsters that doth *Ohh* doth
 see *I* doth *But* paint the painted veil
 across the universe to keep inst
 illusions deep inst their perpetual
 sleep that they didst *But* not know
 as sages hast of time to *But* of said
 the universe be *But But* only words
 that paint the veil that those serpent

forms of hideousness doth keep all
 inst servitude to words to systems
 of enslavement deep that doth inst
 their diversities of choice they lead
 ast the Redcrosse knight andst Una
 astray to keep inst the selva oscura
 that Dante didst inst the dark
 forest to be waylaid inst the dark
 andst night with fear to reap with no
 light to light the way out andst Yet
 to mine minde their be more to the
 painted veil that doth mine sight to
 avail for thought there must be more
 behinde the words that seem too to
 paint the veil thenst didst ¶ Didst
 ¶ wonder didst ¶ onst contemplate

ast there didst see ¶ didst Inst the
beginning wast the Logos

**But to know that the word to
translate ast word be But the
Greek λόγος for those Hellenistic
Greek Logos be But the governing
principle of the universe that orders
all things fromst chaos to order
brings of Heraclitus the first to
formulate the rational structure of all
things found thru reasoned argument
to prove or disprove ast outlined by
Aristotle to move to the true with
sound logic for only of truth be found
of logic to approve for logic doth
order the structure of all things for
the structure of all things must be of
the laws of logic andst Yet didst ¶**

wonder ponder to see Ohh to see
 that logic be the loom that doth inst
 fact weave the painted veil andst
 didst see √ didst Ohh see √ that
 those dialecticians Nagarjuna andst
 Buddhapālita andst Chandrakirti
 with their prasanga didst seek to
 free the the minde of words to show
 “the emptiness of emptiness” that
 reality cant inst words be depicted
 Yet be they enslaved to the mindes
 process their minde to finde with
 logic to inst reality But what to
 finde But just those processes of
 their minde the limitations the
 boundary of our mindes andst howeth
 doth they know what they know by
 logic andst that Ohh that be that

which weaves the painted veil
 dialectics andst reasons deductions
 inductions doth weave what be But
 a *mythos* andst didst see I didst see
 I the way Ohh I doth say the way
 to lift that veil be not to drop words
 or to ponder thru logics maze But
 Ye to Oh I not say Yet doest doth
 say Ohh what lay 'neath the veil be
 all that logic doth not avail for andst
 thus the forest dark didst dissolve
 into light bright for I doth I see
 what be impossible for logic be really
 the possible andst be what lay 'neath
 the veil But all the impossible for
 all of logics travail for thenst I
 didst to see without seeing to know
 without knowing that Gods of Hellas

gods of Hellas. *Pan Pan is not*
dead andst didst heard ♪ the Hymn
 of Apollo the Song of Proserpine
 andst that Hymn of Pan thru mine
 minde was led thoughts of him of
 whom taught the unity of opposites
 to finde the universe he posits thenst
 didst hear ♪ leaves to rustle feet to
 seem to fleet uponst the air sweet
 scent those feet deposits thenst didst
 ♪ see to silent creep Satyrs Fauns
 Nymphs andst Dryads that thru
 the lattice of leaves crept they inst
 to the day awake fromst their
 slumbers that logic hadst killed off
 andst put away andst of cold
 syllogism filled Yet to the eyes of
 of ♪ to their eyes didst burn the

breath uponst the breeze didst of mine
 flesh to kiss andst didst I stare
 thirsting for more of the sight that
 not one sight wouldst I miss for
 with delight they came uponst
 which didst I gaze with amaze at
 their breasts andst chests arms andst
 thighs with fevered step they didst
 thru the woods andst bowers andst
 fields lit alight with bloom that
 perfumes o'er their flesh doth shower
 to coat their lips their limbs Ohh
 their fresh flesh andst didst hear I
 the sighs of Venus for that love of
 she that bore her up inst to love to
 lose he to that boar Yet didst hear
 she sigh with such bliss uponst her
 lips Ahh mine love

**The eyes of I uponst thee doth with
joy alight Yet doth weep tears
whenst the eyes of thee fromst I
take flight**

**The flesh of I doth burn fromst thy
gaze Yet freeze whenst thee doth
blink to take thy eyes away**

**The hart of I inst my breast a
flower to bloom with each breath of
thee Yet to wilt whenst thy breath
to take each moment of each hour**

**Love I thy beauty for beauty inst
all things I discover Yet hate all
things that be of thee the other**

**Andst thenst didst they all to skip
 to sing arms to arms they didst
 spring around the ground they didst
 thread creeping peeping sneaking to
 look at each to each sweet glances
 nearness they didst to move to skip
 feet to leap heated breaths to flesh
 upwelling flesh oozy goooy pulpy
 fruity flesh to kiss to lick to press
 their lips to fresh flesh order to
 chaos they didst to fling each to each
 around uponst the ground to fuck to
 fuck suck fuck those two backed
 beasts halves to one inst unions bliss
 to kiss to fuck opposites blent to one
 blissful fuck lips to lips inst kiss**

**Andst whilst the hordes didst frolic andst
 fuck to sigh to cry with such joys bucolic
 didst didst see ♪ midst their lust didst see
 ♪ didst hear ♪ an Echo of soft of light
 caress to sigh to cry**

**The flames of joy doth lick mine flesh
 whenst see ♪ thee Yet those flames doth
 of mine flesh cause pain at thy distain for
 ♪**

**Doth mine flesh burn with such delight at
 thy sight Yet doth freeze whenst doth not
 offer thy eyes to me**

**All joy doth cometh to ♪ ♪ doth tell
 whenst my sight uponst thee my sight fell
 Yet all woe flows thru mine hart whenst
 thy sight fromst thy sight doth not part**

**Andst they fromst the ground lifted
 upward hopped to abound didst they swing
 skip around inst each each to each to the
 left to right kissed by Phoebus light to
 jump uplift legs spread to skip to clutch
 each lips to lips to drop to earth to inst
 union with each to each to fuck to fuck to
 sigh to cry to die inst the little death with
 sighs onst their breath ast flowers petals
 lick their flesh with bubbles of sweat full
 lips fondling tongues tips their limbs
 kissed by jasmines myrtles sweet eglantine
 to twine around each fucking flesh bloomy
 oozy vases of seeping flesh to seep pulpy
 ooze to squish to hear Ohh to hear that
 mush gush fromst flesh inst a howl of joy
 to froth to foam to weave streams of light
 rippling oozy bright the Mythos of Logos**

Sell Regained



**POEM
BY
C
DEAN**

Sell Regained

POEM

BY

DEAN colin

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PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this



whenst we see whenst the
painted veil lifts not Ohh
such ambiguity be it morality
or perhaps Ahh perhaps

thee might see for some
 hypocrites doth moralize
 andst accuse the other with
 names those with high regard
 for their virtue doth of
 themselves ignore to accuse
Attila the Hun Tamerlane
 andst *Genghis Khan*
 savages brutes of carnage
 immoral scum Yet they with
Bible inst one hand to give
 those savages of *Afric* or

other poor savage lands with
 one hand to give and with the
 other their land to take inst
 the same breath they singeth
 of brotherly love andst

Agape Yet enslave to Sell
 those poor savages they
 blame of immorality the very
 people their crusade didst
 exploit didst do the very
 things that they themselves
 didst to do *But* of the other

to accuse Ahh what we see
 doth depend uponst whether
 the painted veil be lifted or
 doth lay before our eyes thus
 Dearest recieter all doth
 depend uponst thee what thee



thee doth But regain

PREFACE

**Ahhh Dearest recierter telleth Ÿ thee
with wit writ uponst the airs with
thoughts deep andst tongue dipped inst
sweet odours perfumed ast like those
moralists that with flowers choisest
uponst their tongue engarlanded with
such grace stirring tropes andst words
that doth lace that place uponst the
podium they doth fomst pontificate
with elegance so displayed andst their
thoughts so well arraid to with such
depth of wit to proue that their foe be of
such status low of so low morality that
they float high with such sublimity
andst no hypocrisy**

What be we see whenst the painted veil
 we lift whenst *Māyā* is dissolved to see or
 not to see 'neath appearance to its
 "isness" thatness" "beingness" 'neath the
 illusion of the phenomenal world what be
 this force that doth create the painted
 veil perhaps just simply words perhaps
 that be that drug of the minde that doth
 bewitch so wayfarer taketh thy journey
 follow thy way lift the veil andst thee
 might see some "isness" thatness"
 "beingness" not thru philosophy But
 perhaps anthropology

Andst didst wander ¶ didst ¶
 wonder a flâneur that didst But be a
 wayfarer thru this earth not be with
 philosophy a consolation ast with
 Boethius mere words the painted
 veil of no avail Ohh howeth that
 poet 'neath autumnal winds
 mouldering bones 'neath leaves that
 rot onst that couch of everlasting
 sleep who now not sings poor fool
 he to seek thru philosophy that
 wasted trek onst that Great
 Alexanders path all that he didst
 But see be But illusions created
 by he by who thought he doth see to
 seek the truth But sees it not But

see naught But his ideans which he
 didst But see ast objects external to
 he Yet they be shadows of words
 But phantoms where he be But the
 dupe of the victim of the shadows of
 words the prey of his self created
 dreams sweet illusions that But
 deceive for the reality that not be
 But didst I see 'neath the painted
 veil ast I didst But wander I didst
 I wonder a flâneur that didst But
 be a wayfarer thru this earth ast
 didst Fleetwood with too much
 solitude thru crowds didst wander
 wonder inst travels 'mongst
 mountains along rivers up tall

precipices andst thru verdant fields
 andst thru lands of darkness Yet
 not like he for / an Aesthete didst
 But see all beauties 'neath that
 painted veil glitter green ripples light
 reflecting golds to sparkle inst white
 ice to see flowers bloom with odours
 of sweet hue to tingle along streams
 gilded edges of yellow strips that
 meander ast webs to paint the fields
 andst lands ast tapestries of blazing
 bright light thru a universe of
 glittering wave tips scarlet leaves
 'mongst shadows of indigo 'neath
 moon silver pearl that glows tinted
 onst dark velvet night to flicker onst

seas blue amethyst crystal fires
 flecked the mountain peaks azure ast
 drops of liquid grains fromst frozen
 moonlight 'neath skies unfathomable
 streaked with plumes of dawns rosey
 light andst didst wonder wander ♪
 an Eolian Harp whose minde didst
 flicker thoughts like tunes fromst
 that breeze that ♪ didst But see to
 finde inst all the world diversity
 that didst thru my minde to sweep to
 flutter my minde to thoughts to creep
 to seep within mine brain with all the
 beauties of the earth to gain andst
 thru lands of darkness a flâneur o'er
 plains didst ♪ wander wonder inst

barbarian lands of *Aḥmad ibn*
Ḥadlān ibn al-ʿAbbās Ibn Rāshid
Ibn Ḥammād andst the lands of
 darkness the lands of the Volga
 Bulgars of the Oghuz Turks
 Bukharā andst the Khazars, andst
 Cumans, andst Pechenegs where the
 Bashghirds doest of fleas andst lice to
 eat to carry wooden phallus that where
 people doest to But worship cranes
 andst snakes where men of intelligence
 be But sacrificed where adulterers be
 But cut inst two fromst their nape of
 neck to their thighs with sharp axe to
 hang with each male andst woman those
 pieces to a tree that all canst see But

Ahh to see the Northern lights bright
 moonlight float wisps of dazzling light
 bright stripes ast burning fires light the
 night with shades of indigo to Ohh to
 engulf mine minde inst speechless
 thoughts brought to this minde of √
 spectral red mist of fire 'neath which
 didst to But fight believing andst
 unbelieving Jinn within the night to
 fight each andst every night since
 creation with savage might didst √
 trek with Abu Ḥāmid al-Andalusī
 al-Ḡarnātī to see the bones of the
 people of Ad with four arms length
 fromst head to shoulder with heads
 like great domes to travel with the
 Rādhanīya merchants fromst Hind to

Chin to *firānja* along the trade
 routes of the *Rūs* with aloes andst
 musk camphor andst cinnamon Ahh
 andst to see the trade inst the
Saqāliba slaves with *Mas'udī* to
 see the land of the midnight sun
 andst Ahh to see the slaughter up
 the river *Guadalquivir* by the
Norsemen to put all to the sword
 thenst inst carnage that be near *Ŷ*
 saw they be butchered by the cavalry
 of the *Amir* Ahh inst all these
 lands But brutal be where life be
 cheap andst Ohh so nasty so be
 where all be But to seem fromst the
 Christian eyes to be But Sell they

doest tell to be to be the devils
 scheme So didst ♪ that flâneur to
 wonder to wander to didst ♪ go
 andst along the route to follow the
 flow of silver to Christendom that
 didst the camels laden didst go to
 thru the eyes of the needle ast inst
 the heavens height bright inst flight
 didst ♪ see ast the sun inst Aries
 rose rose tinted red blooded scarlet
 hues Ohhh it didst seem to ♪ to see
 an angle bright twixt the
 constellations of the Centaur andst
 the Scorpion to mine view didst ♪
 seem to see writ inst the clouds
 above Christendom to mine view

*what advantaeth it me if the dead rise not let us eat
andst drink for tomorrow we doest die andst*

**didst ♪ see 'neath the painted veil to
revel such a revelation Ohh didst ♪
see such beauty such refinery to to
see to see a she inst scarlet clad
upost a scarlet beast she decked inst
pearls andst none the least of gold
untold purfled inst pearls of precious
stones with of gold a cup inst that
fair hand with cloth gilded of again
of gold andst purple scarlet arrayed
with trappings of tinsel that lit up
the lands andst bright fair air to
deck the blooms with flecks of
gleams of fleck of sparks that dance**

along the flowers tips to ripple
 scents of odours fair sweet scents
 breathed uponst the breeze to coat all
 inst vapours of pink mist streaming
 gleaming drops of gold that rain ast
 dew light light inst tints of purpling
 shadows to fill Christendom with
 perfumed blooms censures of odours
 inst the breeze of the breath of that
 she those camels laden to swing inst
 the airs that kiss the lips of all those
 that be to live inst Ohh this
 Christendom of which didst But
 say Medieval Dante be of loose-
 living corrupt full of materialism of
 which Petrarch didst inst the

**Renaissance poor forth wrath inst
 his Canzoniere that doth But
 castigate where they that doth grow
 rich to make others poor andst didst
 ¶ see those with pets of leopards
 loins andst she-wolfs that let those
 led about whilest with whispers
 some uponst their lips uponst their
 lips ast the multitudes 'neath burning
 sun andst the lights andst colours
 spectrums hues variegated didst to
 tint the masses flesh with mingled
 charms perfumed with all the sweet
 vapours of blooms andst spices rare
 ast they didst swarm ast bees to the
 honey-pot to the camels that didst**

thru the eyes of needle with their
 burdens of silver slivers that
 gleamed andst flecked andst glinted
 with streaks of light more radiant
 Ohh to those more ravishing thanst
 the moons bright light whilest with
 whispers some uponst their lips
 uponst their lips these words slip off
 of Menander fromst his *Thais*
 Bad company corrupts good
 character thenst Ohhh thenst the
 pipes the lutes the harps the drums to
 beat the feet to keep the beat they she
 ands hes the shes that be hes the hes
 that be shes andst all the rest
 betwixt didst their feet to beat

decked inst flowers blooms
 fragrant of smells ♀ willist tell all
 to be naked to be like ast Pomonas
 arbour they didst swarm to beat their
 feet naked strove they to each to
 each ast wood-nymphs andst Satyrs
 andst Fauns onst heat seeped inst
 wine andst myrtles andst myrrh
 andst odours ointments to seep the
 flesh the feet to beat wanton flesh
 heated breaths the flesh dripping
 bliss nard andst cassia to burn the
 their flesh each eyes of each onst
 temptation of flesh the fruit oozy ripe
 to their sight gazed they onnst each
 pulpy fruit to taste to lick to suck

**Ohh the beat ast lips to fruit ripe
 ooze to lick inst beat of the drums
 the pipes the harps desiring the fruit
 to eat empreged with their sight the
 fruit to tempt with appetite the lips
 crush tight the fruit savoury of
 smell they fell each to each onst each
 shes with shes hes with hes andst
 all that be betwixt the fruit to taste
 to lick greedy gorged the fruit with
 no restraint Ohh Oh they go
 insatiable of appetite eating with
 juice uponst the breath their lips ripe
 fruit doth hang all seasons ripe tight
 nectareous fluids drip onst tongue
 tips 'neath skies bounties of heaven**

to each to each a guest of delight of
 desires fertile abundance of fruit
 bearing flesh onst heated breath earth-
 bearing sights the eyes capture flesh
 multiplies dazzles the mass of fruit
 grapes flesh lips gold rimed nourishment
 of flesh to the beat the feet seeps the
 juice each doth to fruit reach with
 mouths tongues lips to slip inst flesh
 fruity ripe ooze to sip the sciential sap
 nectar sweet ast the grape well pressed
 the pleasures of flesh ast wine
 fermented bliss excesses of flesh fruity
 ooze to drink intoxicated drunk onst the
 ooze wine fruity flesh that scented
 vapours sent to the nose of ♪ that ♪
 doth to taste thenst fromst that ♪ell-

Mell of crowdie chaos blent into one
 flesh of ooze that didst to But seep
 juice around mine feet to the beat of
 harp pipe lute andst flute ast a she
 didst with flowlet hairs decked naked
 andst didst up to √ lift her feet
 upturned that that censure that vessel
 that fruity flesh to √ didst offer that
 juice fresh of flesh to drip ooze twixt
 thighs flesh to √ that fruit that be the
 fruit of desires andst thenst didst see √
 with eyes of the world hid by the
 painted veil that that Hell of the land of
 darkness those lands of paine that of
 Christendom doth of to tell be But
 Ohh be the very Christendom that hast
 of Hell regained



Paradise

Gained

Poem by c

Dean



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william wyllie roi 1853-1923

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W So what be



this **Paradise**
Gained
perhaps a Medieval
allegory ast like "The
Romance of the Rose"

or a Koan not of the Soto
 school But the Rinzai
 where reason be But a
 hindrance to the ultimate ast
 doth say the Christian St
 Bernard holiness not
 argument leads to the divine
 or again ast Hugh of St
 Victor that the uncorrupted
 truth cant be understood by
 reason or again Richard of
 St Victor reason and the

imagination be inferior to
 mystical contemplation for
 as St Bernard didst say
 vision be the way for logic
 andst dialectics lead thee
 astray so andst what might
 the allegory be be it a vision
 of the mystic journey some
 doth say the world canst be
 an Hell or an heaven such
 that thee canst turn Hell into
 a heaven or turn heaven inst

to a Hell with clarity the
 journeys end is But where
 thee began all remains the

same what has changed is
 thy clarity the allegory thus
 seeks to put inst words that
 vision seen where to see is
 not to see to know is not to
 know But words do falsify
 so recierter try to see the
 vision thru allegory to see
 the ultimate beyond reason



PREFACE

Ahh what be this askes thee sweet
 recierter Ahh some humble wits doth
 answer with pen dipped inst gold writ onst
 pearl paper tinted with those thoughts of
 philosophers andst mystics deep full of
 words andst fancies that all their times
 doth keep some others sing onst

Sheppard's pipes Ye what canst say I to
 thee with vaine words that afford naught
 But more words well let I say whenst
 thee be onst the mystics way note that at
 thy end thee be But back where thee began
 I say for whenst thee hast lost thy
 verbiage thenst thee hast won clarity
 whenst thy end is where thee began whenst
 thy words to oblivion thee doest send

Ahh what be this blue tinted orb that floats
 around inst within space what be this place
 that doth strew uponst the many andst the
 few to coat their lives with joy or misery
 some say it be Hell others tell it be Heaven
 uponst them that befell what be this duality
 this binary some say that be the way the
 minde doth of reality to say other say that
 duality be just illusion brought fromst that
 scam Of Aristotle his logic the excluded
 middle that hast way layed humanity for
 2300 years some doth say make of that
 Hell thy heaven rather thanst maketh of
 Heaven thy Hell Yet what doth this proem
 to of the matter to say well with clarity Dear
 recieter read the words or go beyond such

Andst doest *Ÿ* to But to lift the
 painted veil fromst the vale of tears
 fromst *Samṛti* the Sufi eyes to see
 thru *Māyā* doest *Ÿ* seek doest
 perhaps to see ast Dante didst seek
 to see to be the candle ready for that
 flame that flame that he didst didst
 long to But to gain to see beyond the
 shadowy play of realities prefaces
 where the masks hast been lifted to
 see Ohh to see perhaps what other
 be the things to be where *Ÿ* doest to
 see not unripe things But to see
 where others sight be not equal to the
 sight beyond the painted veil where
 Ohh that sempiternal rose dilating

doth its odours to exhale But give
 off where be But all be But be
 spring to see that without But
 seeing to see to be to without
 knowing to know to be that whenst
 onst my journey didst I to wander
 to wonder that didst I thenst to see
 to know that that journeys end is
 But the journey where I began But
 Ahh But with more clarity didst I
 thenst didst But to see before that
 I began that rose be But a rose
 that didst along the journeys path
 became not that rose Yet at the
 journeys end where I didst to But
 began the rose be But again that

rose But with more clarity that
 hadst ♪ But gained unlike that
 Peter Bell that inst shadows
 trusted thenst to madness wast he
 thrust to damnation where Ahh
 where what wast Sell to heaven
 turned to ♪ to burn with heaven
 unto myself to be to see with clarity
 whenst the painted veil didst to lift
 andst reality to see to lift the
 shadows o'er the abyss andst with
 sight clear to view andst those unreal
 shapes that mimic all that the rest
 canst But only see to ♪ Shall lead
 ♪ to the shadows to lift andst inst
 gloomy solitude to be But Ahh

Ahh to be within the world But of
 it not Yet part of that shadow dance
 Yet with more clarity apart to see
 Yet merged inst all that crowd
 happier thanst all I hast But known
 andst the shadows purple indigo
 didst glow pearl tinted flushing hues
 of dawn tinted colours spectrum
 glistening blent mingled gem-like
 stars spiral light vortexes whorls of
 shadows bright light indigo purples
 inst frenzy didst But to twirl
 flickering quiver shadows ast if to
 lift fromst the moon clouds of
 speckled gleams doth lift the
 painted veil the darkness to light

bright Ahh doth see √ see √ Ohh
 see √ light opens round the space
 this sphere this universe this void
 this Ohh this didst see √ where all
 things to beauty be this space doth
 But be paradise to those that doth
 But see look looketh √ andst see
 all shapes to light with delight with
 beauty bright with thy sight doth
 thee create paradise to fashioning
 chaos inst to Oh these words doest
 crumble inst mine mouth uponst mine
 lips tip to dust worthless motes for
 these bubbles of sounds doest But
 be But lie for what doth lie before
 mine sights that doth But pollinate

mine lips that ♪ doth breathe sweet
 incense that doth kiss the breeze that
 doth kiss the bright swift flowing
 ripples uponst the azure gleaming
 waves the multitudinous all sweet
 flowing things within mine eyes orbs
 that glint ast crystals of fire like
 spears of gold the light flecked
 burning flames of beauteousness
 untold that coat fromst mine lips that
 flow pollen of brightness thru the
 purpling light glow golden thenst
 didst burst to dissolve the indigo
 purple shadows that preface reality
 andst to mine gaze didst blaze Ohh
 didst blaze to mine gaze forth didst

I see ast if a dream But But real
 uponst the meadows lucid hues of
 greens andst blues like of jewels
 didst lay Ohh didst lay I say
 beauties ast nymphs that didst
 perfume the airs nectareous of ooze
 that fromst their pulpy –fruity
 pollinating blooms didst to glow ast
 dew 'neath clouds andst sky andst
 burning sun of golden fire all ast if
 painted uponst the light Nymphs of
 pink cheeked flesh kiss each with
 toying tongues 'neath sky transparent
 ast glass a dome blazing like a lake
 of shining expanse Yet inst clouds
 reflecting all within what doth seem

a golden sphere encircling be it real
 or illusion within the lucid depth of
 mine sight to see those *Nymphs*
 those *Sirens* fromst those blooms
 the foam of love to ooze thru curly
 hairs they each to each andst each to
 me glances amorous sent fromst
 eyes dancing prancing o'er each to
 each andst each to me *Yet* of no
 imagination those pulpy-fruity-oozy –
 blooms of those shes they be the
 forms of things unknown 'neath
 purple shadows that thee see with
 clarity that take shape *Yet* be
 nothing that words of which canst
 tell for no name canst uponst befell

To jail inst limits of thy mind andst
 to capture inst they senses that be
 But glimmers shimmering whenst
 that painted veil be lifted andst to
 see thru not seeing andst to know
 thru not knowing that thy fancy
 unhindered canst ast Dante drink of
 those waters to lift those shadows
 of reality to know to see what be
 before thee Ohh those blossoms of
 fruity-pulpy-scented-ooze that dangle
 flushed with blushed flesh twixt
 sweet pink flesh thighs odorous of
 breath that lay about onst carpets of
 myrrh inst blissful field of cassia
 of nard of Armidas isle of bliss

andst balm scented flowery odours
 full this wilderness of sweet oozy—
 flesh-puply-fruity-blooms of flesh
 flushed blushed of wantonness these
 virgins pouring forth that scented
 ooze that fill mine fancies with
 delights that fill this paradise with
 fragrance filled to rise ast plumes of
 light sky-tinting 'neath fervid sun
 burning onst those heated fleshy
 blooms onst carpet ast painted o'er
 meads of golden blossoms with
 grasses of greens with themselves
 offered up ast a banquet to mine
 fancies with such banquets of things
 that o'er spread the earth which be

But a feast of Venus thus the
 odorous flowery bloomed flesh with
 odours burn a banquet for those that
 see with clarity sate I inst cool
 bower with enormous amounts of
 bliss ast spicy forest deep within
 didst kiss mine lips to tingle the
 tongues tip ast wanton Nymphs
 their savoury fruit dishes didst the
 tongues tip of I didst into too dip
 to please with relish this thirst of
 I for nectareous draughts of their
 ooze to quench with delight mine
 appetite uponst those milky streams
 those buds that turgid swollen gorged
 to be like grape or berry ast more

**Nymphs doth Eastward stream
 thru trees to me with blooms of
 glorious shape such sight to see to
 behold ast a new morn risen inst
 mid-noon that they sweep along
 oozing to their guest the receiver of
 their gift that pour forth from thighs
 with fertile oozeing of squishy
 fruity fruitfulness that be the fruit
 to bringeth forth the fruit that be
 mine desires fired by those pouting
 growths of flesh that grow with
 each breath more fruitful all ripe
 inst season that doth hang twixt
 those thighs like stalks that enclose
 those moist lips that mine lips doest**

long to pluck to lick that doth nourish
 I to consume such for mine health of
 such superfluous moistness fromst
 each she that doth the blooms to hang
 ast fruit fromst bough or brake that
 uponst the earth with clarity thee I will
 see bounties of delicacies that doth mix
 I inst mine mouth uponst mine tongues
 tip tastes so well joined andst mixed
 that Ohh of all the shes that the earth
 doth yield fromst India west andst east
 of middle shore of Pontus andst the
 Carthaginian coast be sure to Scheria
 andst that land of that Phaeacian King
 Alcinous Ohh didst I see all those
 fruity shes ast like some tabletop dish
 fromst a Netherlandish still life print

those fruity-flesh blooms doth ♪ crush
 with lips like must ripe-juice like
 meaths andst berry anst kernel pressed
 tight lipped pressed to sip that wine
 some say be blood that some doth say
 ast on the Phelgrean plaine doth stir up
 rebellious thoughts or doth bringeth
 excess ast doth say that motto at the
 palace Culross MIHI PONDERA LUXUS
 fromst Paradin Yet One wanton she
 didst to ♪ fromst the rest didst leave to
 ♪ ♪ believe andst wouldst fromst that
 wanton she didst receive fromst she
 upturned bloom sweet wine that didst
 mine minde heightened ast with wine to
 be jocund andst with boon that didst
 realize ♪ Ahh hadst ♪ paradise gained