





La Belle
 Muse sans
 Merci
 POEM BY C
 DEAN

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west geelong Victoria 2024 P.1, the-idol-of-perversity-

1891-jean-delville P.2 Love and pain(vampire) Edvard Much 1895 P.3

Head of Medusa Franz Stuck 1892 P.6 -Fernand_Khnopff_Caresse

1896

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION



let us see be it be she a
cruel harpie that doth like
Circe But to destruction
doth lead the foolish be she

be the "demon *Poesy*" ast

mentioned inst the

"*Nightingale and the Hawk*"

be this proem be about

creativity be this *La*

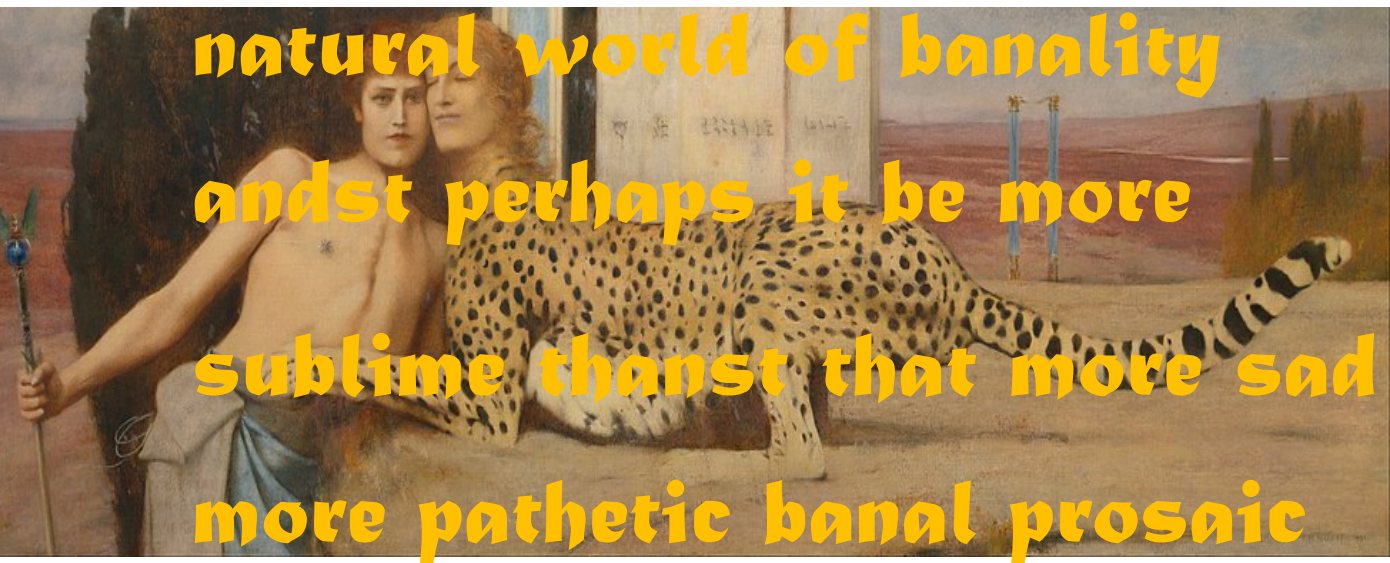
Belle Muse

sans Merci be

about a she a witch that

doth enchant beguile seduce

or e'en to feed upon the poets
 minde to devour to suck
 fromst his brain his fancy
 like some vampire that doth
 suck the life blood fromst its
 prey what canst we say be
 ast Bloom didst But say
 of that poem of Keats inst
 his "The Visionary
 Company" where that poet is
 allowed to dream But Ahh
 But to awake within the



where that Muse hath fell
inst love andst doth But to
try andst sing her song to
arouse within the fancy all
so wonderful dreams But
Ahh Ohh poor she for she
hast loved a thing of mediocrity
too worthless for the love of she

PREFACE Muse why
 doth thee shun me andst leave my
 fancy sterile that all that canst I
 write be But trite for no dreams
 canst I obtain to put upon the page
 writ no words to paint no inventions
 fine to house my wit that doth seem
 to be But blinde this tongue of I
 with which I doth use ast mine pen
 be But blunt feeble be my verse
 andst all that I doth win is But my
 own distain my own pain at my
 enfeeble fruitless brain Ohh Muse
 why doth thee abandon me is it be
 that thee doth not finde me worthy

Ahh Dearest lover hast thee ever thought
 what thy lover doth think or feel of thy love
 for thy lover perhaps naught at all for we
 doth all But seem to think that our lover
 loves us the way we love our lover andst
 there be But thy tragedy poor foolish lover
 for whenst thy lover doth But walk out onst
 thee thee hast no idea what the problem may
 be But ask that lover what didst make them
 leave andst we may hear of our mediocrity
 inst being unable see our lovers love for me
 worthless we be for we cant be inspired inst
 to fancies fromst our lover that wants to be
 our Muse to inspire more love for the lover

**Oh Dearest Poet inst thy sleep
 that hath I lulled thee that thee
 willst singeth of poesy upon the
 wings of fancy that I willst inst thy
 dreams instil that thee willist inst
 thy fancy to speak thee willst thee
 inst rhyme that thy pen shallst upon
 the sheet be writ such joyous things
 that thy lips shallst naught be
 constrained andst thee to reach the
 heights of delight to attain upon the
 the wings of fancy that fromst this
 Muse thee obtain so forget thee the
 admonitions of Chartier andst forgo
 those silly thoughts of courtly love
 andst doest But not heed the words**

of that *La Belle Dame Sans*
Merci' andst seek thee here now
upon mine wings to end thy woes of
love andst to grant thee thy minde
some peace to let thy flesh run free
upon the songs the *Sirens* didst to
But sing to *Rinoldo* those songs
hear thee inst thy ears ast thee doth
dream upon the wings of fancy hear
thee those sweet lays that didst inst
shady dale upon a grassy playn
Phaedria didst to entertain
Cymochles ast he slumbered inst that
lap of she ast the "mistress of the
field" didst with mate with the
flowre deluce

See thee *Poet* upon the wings of
 fancy that my songs doth to make
 thee dream with heated flesh with
 burning breath upon thy lips red see
 those eyelids of blue of eyes of that
 false *Duessa* that be *But*

Fidessa of pale andst deadly hew
 that thee doth *Ohh Poet* doth reach
 fromst within thy dreams upon the
 wings of fancy those lips she offers
 to thee to be kist singeth singeth high
 with voice singeth exclaim upon the
 perfumed breath that thee doth
 express *Ohh Poet* express those
 matters of all those wanton shes
 forger *Ohh Poet* that tripe of
Spencer whenst he didst sickingly
 defend those *Dames* of such odious

chastity those Dames that be But
 a poets fabrications that that poet
 upon women project he fromst his
 unconscious false images chimeras
 an "anima-ideal," that be not real
 But "figures of semblance" of
 femininity conjured fromst his minde
 where doth lurk those desires that
 turn his flesh to turbulence But
 Ahh Dearest Poet fromst the
 wings of fancy that spring fromst
 what doest I sing conjure thee with
 inventive device fromst thy minde
 with cogent wit andst from inst to
 wonderousness form that naught
 onst earth or heaven hast been formed
 before that be But the envy of all
 Nature created by that Which for

thee thy minde sets *But* frees all the
 womens wantonous not those
 phantom dreams of clouds andst
 sunbeams that of that *Helen* that
 wast to *Troy* carried by *Paris*
 Come *Ohh Poet* Come inst thy
 mindes deep abyss of fire desires of
 lust andst such delight Come Come
Ohh Poet to thy mindes
Walpurgis Night

Andst thy fancy upon the wings of
 the dreams *I* doest *But* doth sing
 let thy phantasies of the women thee
 doth sing of love andst doth *But*
 sing of thy dark feeling that doth
 dance within thy minde Come Come
Ohh Poet onst thy wings of fancy
 andst let thy dreams dance onst

**Brockens summit clasp hold of thy
 desires andst thee join inst the
 Wolfshäger Hexenbrut Dance that
 doth But be But thy dreams within
 the deep of thy minde that Ohh Ohh
 Dearest Poet doest my songs doest
 But release andst thy true self doest
 But finde Come Poet Come to hear
 my song that thy fancy canst But fly
 Come Come Poet andst finde inst
 thy mind that be But that witches
 cauldron where its bubbles andst fire
 be But thy real desires andst sing
 Ohh andst sing Poet upon mine
 wings**

Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in

**Andst thy flesh to burn with
 implacable fyre like Pyrrhochles
 that naught canst quench that flame
 Ohh that flame that doth burn inst
 thy minde reside thee not 'neath that
 faire morn rosey fingered of Aurora
 andst shun her purple robe whenst
 she grew weary of poor love sick
 Tithones onst his saffron bed be
 not he Dearest Poet But drew near
 to those wanton maidens that Guyon
 saw with paps aloft ast 2 illies
 displayed that willst thy eyes to
 cause to cause to melt with those
 displyes of such desirous delights of
 fair spectacle their faire locks that
 doth But naught their nudity doth
 hide away andst Cometh thee Ohh**

**Dearest Poet to that bower of bliss
of Acrasia that be thy minde andst
she be me that doth reside andst
clasp ¶ inst thy bower not 'neath a
sun with purple-coloured face But
'neath a sky thunderous with with
hot moans a sky cut by lightning that
be thy sighs upon thy hot Rose-
cheeked flesh where the air be
scorched by thy breath upon mine lips
those lips that be But thy mindes
dreams repressed those lips pressed
to thy unsatiated lips every hungry
of appetite Yet n'er to be of lust not
oppressed of mine serpent kisses
Hellish blissess that doth thy flesh
to smother ast thy flesh doth
smoulder For Dearest Poet the**

women that so politely of doth tell
 those poets of Beatrice or Laura
 andst those troubadours that sang of
 Ohh those women that they didst
 But falsify around their ideals to
 But turn to make believes that
 suited those poets to both constrain
 those she for they those poets their
 lust hadst to be But contained for
 some ideology or or ast Freud might
 proclaim desires for their mommy
 Yet Dearest Poet women be
 women ast mummies are women full
 of instincts like those of Wolves
 packs that prowl inst the twilight
 with jungle cats these women be
 beasts of prey for a *FUCK* that
 slink andst prowl with red-eyed

panthers onst heat that doth claw
 andst bite the flesh of he that doth
 turn those shes to raw instincts
 lucking inst their flesh still *Yea*
 still inst that cave inst that jungle
 where they shriek andst scream with
 lusting rage that ast *Helen* didst to
Faust to sucke his soul with her
 cunts immoral kiss that doth he
 andst thee to heaven to take upon
 those lips of lust of fire of her *Yea*
Poet Yea her desires inst that
Paradise Lost thee live within thy
Hell fromst thy desires thee cant
 fromst to fly just ast those she thee
 doth try to beautify like *Dante*
Petrarch those of the dolce "stil
 nuovo" their goddessess they

refused to see be *But* ast "*Venus*
 and *Adonis*" with lust suffused if
 they andst thee *Dearest Poet* onst
 their lips betwixt their thighs viewed
 those lilies within of ivory prisioned
 inst that flesh of snow flashed with
 fire those lips flames brighter thanst
 lightning inst the sky with lips of red
 andst flesh of white ast that nymph
Scylla of red of rose of milk so
 white where that ruby portal doth
 fromst that passage seep honey so
 sweet to lick with the aidance of thy
 tongue fromst that fountain of
 pleasance where all shes be wet andst
 soaked of juice 'neath prim face doth
 lurk hot randy throbbing flushed
 flesh blent of the scent of red rose

andst violet solutions ast the lips of
 pulped flesh ast a bloom like of
Isabel where *Dearest Poet* within
 my elfin grot upon the wings of fancy
 where all those women hast starved
 lips inst their gloam that wait for
 their *Satyr Poet* with their holes
 andst lips gaped that sigh full andst
 sore for flesh that *But* stretch their
 lips the more *But Ahh* thee poet
 thee doth *But* still be *But* asleep
 thy fancy cant reach my words *Nor*
 my speech e'er grant them wings like
Chartiers poet cant sing for he like
 thee to lovesick prim so doth dump *∩*
 thee not worthy of me like *Blakes*
Ulro midst withered sedge where no
 bird sings onst a cold hill