

La

Mousmé

Poem by e

dean

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Preface

The feverish storm that ferments in the veins of the sick of mind of the soul sick where hallucinations of desires fires the fevered flesh of the hungry pain where the pulsating blood fires the yearnings that lurk 'neath the heaving breast that exhaust the flesh with sensual anemia with depravities of passions chlorosis pallor wallowing in squalid salacity with mouth gaping for the tastings of voluptuous flesh to suck the juices of the flowerings of youth to dive into sordid debaucheries with the unslipped feet of legs unstockinged to lust with impious sensuality o'er the ripe bursting flesh of youth with mouth frothing with crapulous intoxications of the flesh bursting with hysterical desire oh that all these sensual things wouldst o'erwhelm ♪ and into the depravity of my mind take ♪ into paradise upon the wings of lust

Theo Here lay I I sigh the pain
burns in the mouth of I ast sigh
I the cries of I that in the
shadows dissolves in the
darkness dies burns the mouth of
I ast the bowels of I churns
with tormenting pain the eyes of
I weep tears that flood fromst the
eyes of I to burn the cheeks of I
and the flesh that erupts with
pain cry I while the cries of I
in the shadows dissolve that
about I wrap I up like into a
shroud of black that sucks up the
cries of I and into oblivion dies
ast the bed of I scented with the
odors of my cries be scented with
the perfume of the pain the torment

of the acheing flesh of ♪ while
shadows dance macabrely round
with not a sound but the sighs
that fromst the burning lips of ♪
breathe out to die in these darken
shadows despair which doth
wrap ♪ up and the sighs of ♪ do
bubble fromst the lips of ♪ as
bubbles froth up fromst some
miasmie muck to burst and send
their stench dripping o'er ♪ ♪
who in sorrowful torment
remembers she she *La Mousmé*
she that beauteous flower child
clad in perfumed petals of delight
in the golden light yellow as new
born butter that cloaked she in a
halo of brilliancy to send ♪ ♪

into rapturous spasms ♪ ♪ who
 lay here in these shadow and spill
 out my cries of woe that in the
 darkness die and dissolve away
 while ♪ say ♪ ♪ that writhes
 with pain as memories of *La*
Mousmé she whose lips whose
 eyes whose velvet flesh didst ♪
 kiss languidly to taste the scented
 drops that fromst she didst pour
 o'er the earth burst that into
 bloom didst burst to form the
 memories of she that fill the mind
 of ♪ while ♪ ♪ lay in these
 shadows in pain crying out my
 woes of despair that die and
 dissolve in the darken light that
 hangs o'er ♪ like a pestilential

mist within which thru those
shadows do see ♪ in memories
eye the form of *La Mousmé* that
flower child whose memories of
she be the Viaticum for ♪ that
lies here sick with burning flesh
thru which flows like magma hot
and molted the passions aflame
for *La Mousmé* whose image
consumes the heart of ♪ with
longings to feast upon the petaled
lips of she with the burning
scorching lips ♪ bursting with
desires that ebb and flow with the
fleshes torment that rake the body
of ♪ laying in these shadows
that suck up my cries that into
which they fall and dissolve away

like frail flowers wilted and
blowing on the breezes breath that
snuffs out the flickering golden
candles flame around the corpse
in the crypt that lays with pallid
lips all empty of colors
beautifying light like the lips of ♀
that long to kiss along the neck of
she sucking out the breath of she
with each regular pulse of the
beating heart of she in rhythm
with the lips kissing dabs along
the eyes of she whose flesh
quivers like flower petals in some
perfumed breeze that emanates
fromst the soul of ♀ feeding upon
she who quivers with each touch
of ♀ with each caress of the wet

**slavering tongue that slides along
the throat of she to squeeze that
petaled flesh with each out breath
of she that blooms flower-like
upon the memories of ♪ to dazzle
the eyes of ♪ shining like some
opal on fire with the heated flames
of the desire of ♪ in the aching
flesh that torments ♪ with jabs of
pain that burn like hells flames
o'er the tortured flesh of ♪ whoe
doth perish like flowers unto
death lieing upon the cold dead in
some dank filled crypt that smells
like the shadowed fill room of ♪
that suck up the cries of ♪ that
dissolve in that black emptiness
that surrounds ♪ remembering**

that day of yellow light as the sun
golden-hued bright rained down
upon the earth within that abbey
garden upon Montmajours rocky
summit that sixth-century
Christians had sought safety in
those forbidding heights whose
stones moulded for some chapel
Byzantine and medieval *donjon*
that formed the cloister of some
eighteenth-century palace and
gardens left to rot and crumble
after the Revolution into desolate
dissolution under a cloudless sky
burning with yellow light upon the
panorama of Craus wheat fields
of gold painted like with a knives
flat blade in copper hues and

green-gold tints along with yellow-gold and yellow-bronze some flashing orange colored tinctures like red-hot fire that erupted in desires delights of rapture under the suns glowing eye that modulated the light of midday yellows to the russets of sunset hues making the wheat shine luminous in the translucent view in the full furnace of the sun that painted the sky in shades of cobalt and lavender to run into turquoise and the yellow show of the burning sun that cast the scene to my view as some Cloisonnist depiction of haze and glare in an atmosphere all crystal clear 'neath

a cerulean sky infinite as the sea
 'neath a view full of eternity in
 an infinity of serenity that cloaked
 the garden fecund with boisterous
 growths and profligate flowering
 'midst pomegranates with orange
 lusty flowers vines that climb and
 myriad blooms that all surround
 with fructifying growths with
 mysterious perfumed bouquets
 that gamboled and stampeded in all
 directions all about o'er the ground
 like *Le Paradou* in *La faute de*
l'abbé Mouret with riotous
 exuberance opulent blooms with
 colors extravagant in fertile o'er
 abundancy pulsating throbbing
 without room bursting with

perfumed symphonies of scented
 delights in the yellow light to o'er
 flow and grow 'gainst the
 crumbling gardens walls and round
 the century aged trees knarled with
 age coated with lichen like
 smeared of gems of vivid green
 that shown light upon to the view
 of √ 'midst flowery blooms
Sweet peas Pulsatilla
Wisterias Rhododendrons
Pittosporum Philodendrons
Colchicum Lily of the valley
 twining round each other like in
 lovers embrace the face of *La*
Mousmé slightly discerned
 'mongst the voracious flowery
 growths hidden away √ say ast

here ♪ lay with the memories of
that girly form seared upon the
mind of ♪ which seethed with
delight upon the sight of she in
that yellow-golden light like fresh
butter hidden 'mongst those
perfumed blooms that hid the
outline of she to me that looked
upon she with rapturous
joyousness that made the veins of
♪ run with fire while the heart of
♪ didst beat beat out its rhythmic
sighs to leave the lips of ♪ in
outward heated breaths that made
the petals of the flowery blooms
quiver and tremble in harmony
with the pulsations of the desires
of ♪ who looked upon this

flowery girl like looking upon the
 full sultry moon drenched ♪ in the
 scents of she like in an opium
 dream luxuriate ♪ coiled up in
 the form of she embraced by she
 like a wreath of flowers encasing
 me that intoxicates and maketh
 the eyelids of ♪ heavy with
 sleepfulness to cling to ♪
 entwining like a shroud of petaled
 fingers that tremble along the
 limbs of ♪ clinging like uncoiled
 snakes that delight ♪ in the
 inexorable bliss of this flowery
 girl who gives respite fromst the
 blights of the days and nights that
 immoblie ♪ and maketh ♪ fade
 like some wilted flower like unto

death to ♪ to which to long if to
 die under some silvery moon
 fanned by the scented breath of she
 with the blightfull joy in the
 shadow of the form of she
 entwined in the sweetness of she
 fanned by the breath out breathing
 of she in the hour of my death
 under some sultry silver moon in
 a languid dream-like swoon with
 the hair of she little bells of lily
 of the valley falling o'er ♪
 cascading down around the lips of
 ♪ that kiss the velvet petals with
 the pouting lips of ♪ that run
 along each stem and lick the
 flowlets into tintinnabulations of
 delight that send scent upon the

lips of ♪ to titillate the tongues
tip into paroxysms of the
deliciousness of ripe fruit along
the lips edge of my puckered
mouth that sucks the flower hair
of she delineated in the Japanese
manner with multiple tones of
subtle hues that mark of the
quivering forms of those jingling
bells of color that impasto-like
raise upon the lights rays in rows
of colored explosions like bursts
of light fromst fireworks that
dotted the yellow light like strings
of frozen light jabs and splashes
o'er the background of flowlets
into a cacophony of combinations
of hues of unreasoned color that

**sprung to life before the ravenous
eyes of ♪ hungrily slurping in the
bouillabaise of delicate colors
voraciously devouring those eyes
of *Datura* filled with dew
fathomless in their mysterious
glow of limpidity infinite in depth
in the immensity of the gaze of ♪
that dive into those waters of
desire and swam round the
gibbous rim percolating scented
bubbles of globular light in those
eyes like blue flowers floating
upon a bottomless sea twin
luminous flowers that out scented
perfumed breaths to be sucked up
into the soul of ♪ lighting ♪ up
into flames of desire upon the**

**translucent limpid liquidity of
those floating flowers with
seductive gleams that cheers my
days breathing in the scent of
those floating flowlet of eyes that
quiets the agitated soul of ♪ that
feels the trembling warmth beneath
the flesh of ♪ that luxuriates in
the tingling fondling and caresses
of those eyes enchanting ♪ into
forgetfulness like the sleep of
death that encases poppy filled
dreams in the immortal flames
of bliss that flare in the gaze of ♪
upon those luculent eyes whose
color vibrates shrieks and pops in
savage show of desires fires that
emanates fromst those twin**

**crystals of color like stain
glassed windows those eyes look
upon √ like dabs of paint straight
fromst the tubes glossy mouth in
an extravagance of saturated light
that lights upon the eyes of √ like
canvas for the painters brush
streaking with slices and dabs of
color that blind with their savage
light and burns voluptuously
upon the lips of she red Azaleas
in full bloom that breathes o'er √
the fragrant scent of the breath of
she those lips curling
voluptuously like puffy fruit ripe
and sweet upon the flesh of she
that explode like twin red suns of
flaming color that √ long to kiss**

**and run the tongues tip of ♪ along
around o'er those puffy slices of
fruit that taste of lust and desire
upon the mouth of ♪ like some
long languid kiss that sucks and
bites the lip of ♪ to send ripples
and quivers of trembling thru the
flesh of ♪ that feels the heated
breath that emanates fromst those
flowlet lips of burning red like hot
coals fromst hell that burn ♪ with
desire burn ♪ with heated pangs
of ravishing delight in the light
layed on with thick brush strokes
like like with knife edge patches of
red colored hues fevered dabs of
light red blooming fructifying
'fruit of dashes of stark outlines**

that lay above 'neath which
swayed in bountiful profusions
breasts of *Hydrangea* great puffs
of bursting colors that felt soft to
the tongues tips lick of ♪ that run
around the abundance of
polychromatic color bursting
with fecundity and fructifying
fervor that sat upon the light like
great clumps of frozen liquidity in
lace works of hatchings and
globes of protruding color
swirling with fertility edged in
contours of voluptuous exuberance
in an evanescence of perfectibility
of brush-like strokes and dabs of
pure color of delectability that
hurl passions into the soul of ♪

like a flaming dart of light full
 of joy in the kisses the eyes ♪
 lay o'er the soft petals of those
 breasts upon which spread the
 ruins of the heart of ♪ fragmented
 fromst the gaze of the eyes of ♪
 that vampire-like drink up that
 beauteous form that strangles ♪
 in its hold like some dreadful
 thing coiled round the soul of ♪
 reaching to the depths of ♪ that
 holds ♪ tight like unto death that
 wraps ♪ up like some loathsome
 snake and crushes in its embrace
 fromst the gaze of ♪ that lurid
 stare that bathes ♪ in the poison
 of the breasts scented breath that
 spreads o'er ♪ a shrouds of

enlivened passions sweet sickly
 scents that mingle with the
 perfumed breeze that wafts up
 fromst that curling bush of
Delphinium that flowers and
 brocades the Venus mount of she
 in scented foliage luxuriously
 arrayed to my gaze in linked curls
 of light that o'erlay the mount that
 curl round clit *Anthurium* spadix
 yellow spike like frozen sunlight
 that upon which suck ♀ giving
 heated burns to the lips and mouth
 of ♀ that sends the flesh of ♀
 into cascading ripples of flashing
 flames that curls round the
 pouting lips of ♀ into joyess
 paroxysms of delightfulness to

rise high upon the sighs of ♪
 fromst the quivering lips that
 burn with the Anthuriums breath
 to curl round the head of ♪ like
 the wreaths for the dead and mix
 with the breath of that thing of
 delightfulness 'neath those curling
 twinning threads of lacing petals
 sheen along the nymphae with lips
 of pastel pinkish gloss of the
 scent of oleander lips in slight
 curves of rapturous delight
 whose odorous breath inhale ♪
 with prodigious might the scent
 of blooming flowlets that into
 reveries of exquisiteness speak to
 ♪ of death of those days whenst
 ♪ shall no longer be but absorbed

**into the abyss of nothingness of
this fatigued quieted soul incased
in the scents of those pinkish lips
like slices of crystal that flutter
to each out breath of ♪ ♪ sigh
o'er those pinkish lips of fevered
passion a fire flaming circles of
pink flowery lips flaring torches
to the sight of ♪ that ♪ long to
kiss to lick to bite and nibble
along the lips curvaceous form to
catapult ♪ into the oblivion that is
but death breathing in the scented
fumes of those hanging lips
frames of glorious colors
luminous bright in the yellow
sunlight that coats those lips in
pinkish hues like squeezed**

unmixed fromst the painters tube
 of pure pigment that in J evoked
 the "nostalgie de la boue" a
 melancholy "Weltverachtung" that
 up welled fromst "notre nevrose"
 to taint the soul of J with the
 fumistes "distain for everything"
 and send the mind of J to
 reminisces upon the Moulin de la
 Galette and those brothels of
 sordidness where the flesh of J
 wallows in fevered appetites of
 lust and longing of the muck
 where the mind of J stupefied
 with that greenish fairy to dull
 and deaden that it would descend
 into death-like languor like
 sniffing the flowers of wilted

lilies where the mind of ♫ be at
 peace and where nothing hurts the
 flesh of ♫ that cheers for nothing
 but the scented perfumes of death
 that hover around *La Mousmé*
 that idol of my dreams at whose
 feet worship ♫ unto the kiss
 fromst she of oblivion gives to ♫
 the peace of the death-like sleep
 that she upon the lips of ♫ doth
 render with one long lingering
 press of her lips of noxious breath

♫sbn

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