



*La Noche Oscura
Del Alma*

**(The Dark Night
of the Soul)**

By

Ignatius Carnicula

(945-1025)

Translated from the

Spanish by Sister Carneus

Poem by c

dean

La Noche Oscura Del Alma

(The Dark Night of the Soul)

By

Ignatius Carnicula (945-1025)

Translated from the

Spanish by *Sister Carneus*

Poem by c

dean

List of free Erotic Poetry Books by Gamahucher Press by colin leslie dean Australia's leading erotic poet free for download

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press>

fp Simurgh British Museum Gamahucher press west geelong
Victoria Australia

2019

Publishers introduction

So what can be said about " *La Noche Oscura Del Alma* " and for that matter all of deans poetry well first of all it is about lust Australia has been called a country of wowsers where like mid Victorian morality love is sanctified and lust vilified where lust is sinful and to be punished as can be seen in Swinburne that great satyr of libidinousness even he saw lust as negative full of pain death and satiety to be seen in " *Faustine,*" " *Laus Veneris,*" " *Delores,*" and " *A Ballad of Life,*" *Felise,*" and " *The Garden of Proserpine,*" also take the knight in " *Laus Veneris*"

“Alas! For sorrow is all the end of this O sad
 kissed mouth, how sorrowful it is! O breast
 whereat some suckling sorrow clings
 Red with the bottom blossom of a kiss “

**But deans treatment of lust and
 passion seem to shock “Australian
 prudity”**

**In the hands of dean lust is finally
 given a place of honor amongst the
 passions for dean with dean lust takes
 us to the spiritual to life not death to
 fullness to joy thru pain**

**So what can be said about “*La
 Noche Oscura Del Alma*” and for
 that matter all of deans poetry well here
 we have lewd thoughts clothed in a
 tapestry of over-ornamentation with
 sweeping rhythms and resounding
 sound-scapes that takes us into a world**

of melodic-music not seen before in
Australian poetry where deans poetic
 style is unequaled by any *Australian*
 poet *Dean* is a sorcerer of words and
 sounds full of dithyrambic exuberance
 which intoxicate the reciter with
 delirious music streaming from the tip
 of his tongue catapulting his senses into
 a *Bacchic* riot of sensuousness
 splendor luxuriating in the exquisite
 sounds that take us to the limits of
 sonorous capabilities with his siren like
 hypnotics thru what appears to be
 miraculous melodies his susurrus
 melodies exquisite alliterations syllabic
 rhythms results in subtleties of sounds
 and sensuousness that have no equal in
Australian poetry So what can be said
 about "*La Noche Oscura Del*
Alma" well dean uses if thee cares to

count 14 irregular melodies 15 different registers of emotion 13 different alliterative schemes and a countless number of internal and end rhymes patterns of dissonance sound occur in almost every line dean is a master in the art of major and minor variation of nuance and subtlety *La Noche Oscura Del Alma* " takes fromst the bottom of despair to the heights of felicity makes us cry makes us cringe but also makes sublime which have no equal in *Australian poetry*

preface

**into the abyss to plunge the mind torn
asunder by thorns the mind full of
darkling obscurity the mind full of
infirmity Oh that place of hell that
place words cant tell to writhe in pains
of the mind that place nothing can quell
but yet that hell that darkling pall be but
can be but a threshold some can tell a
doorway to the light a doorway to the
world bright to the super-splendent up
up fromst that hell out into the light into
the super-sublimity of the world above
joyousness raptures sublime into the
light to breathe ambergris and musk
drunk with dizziness be thee on the
intoxicating frothing sparks of light**

Oh this pall that o'er hangs the mind of
 ♪ this living hell of despondency aching
 pangs thru the mind of ♪ Oh this dark
 night of the soul of ♪ torments tear the
 flesh of ♪ apparitions float thru this
 mind of ♪

The flesh tears

The flesh aches

The flesh weeps tears of blood gashing
 wound rip this quacking flesh

This flesh fevered with lust anxieties

This flesh full of pain full of pangs
 that sting that bite that chew upon this
 fevered flesh

But

But

Ahh look a light bright burning in the
 soul of ♪ a light more certain than the
 mid-day sun a light bright like a guiding
 star Ahh look a cunt appears in the

mind of ♪ a cunt bright light a sun in
 this dark night enflamed ♪ with lust
 and yearnings of the flesh of ♪ that
 rises up

Catch ♪ the sun and into the mouth of
 ♪ put Oh love thee be the rose of
 "Dazzling obscurity" thee be the rose
 "super-splendent" thy face creates
 universes out of thy holes emptiness at
 the door of thy folds kneel ♪ breathe ♪
 in thy breath of ambergris and musk
 drunk with dizziness be ♪ on thy
 intoxications froth sparks of light
 spear forth Oh Oh kneel ♪ at thy door
 overwhelmed with ecstasy hoping that
 thee wouldst open those folds
 welcoming me in to that "super-
 sublime" that "teeming desert" of
 oneness with thee Ahh

Kiss ♪

Lick ♪

**Suck ♪ thy flesh sup ♪ upon the
 "super-essential " fluidity the mind of
 ♪ be freed Eeeii cum cum beloved cum
 o'er ♪ ♪ grab the drum grab ♪ the
 cymbals and dance on tip toes around
 that moon face Ahh my beloved ast
 thee cum hear the music of the spheres
 hear the music in all the worlds unseen
 dance ♪ whirl ♪ twirl ♪ to those
 rhythms of "whispering silence" echoing
 fromst thy hole which spreads "super-
 luminous" light thru which the toes of
 ♪ skip dance ♪ submerged ♪ in thy
 beauties glow whilst ♪ clap clap hear
 the tumult hear the sighing of thy flesh
 the singing of Ghazals float thru the
 ears of ♪ Eei Eei listen listen look
 look the flesh of thee tight "super-**

sublime" closed like a bud a lotus
 drifting in the silence of moonlight cum
 Oh cum cum and turn the world to
 sugar sweet syrupy juices of thy oozing
 cunts hole Oh that thee wouldst squirt
 o'er ♪ the Sufis wine Ohhh Ohh
 spurt thy grapes wine o'er this flesh of
 ♪ Ohhhhhh gush thy fluids purple
 liquidity and purge this flesh of its
 dross Ohhh beloved squeeze out each
 drop and drip its velvet scent o'er this
 burning flesh of ♪ Oh water of fire
 Oh sea of pearls wash o'er this
 burning flesh and set alight the pores of
 ♪ set alight the very veins of my
 palpitating limbs Oh love burn ♪
 upon the spear tips of those folds rose
 lips burn ♪ with joy intense upon the
 flowers of thy face passion burns my
 flesh Oh Oh see the rich dye of desire

seep thru this flesh with hot stain of
 lusts fire Ohh blessed lust Ohh blest
 of desires flames blest of desires pain
 that taketh ♪ to thee that taketh ♪ to
 see the face of thee Oh precious joy
 thy flesh doth sweep sweet trembling of
 desire that doth not die but grow hotter
 with each glance
 with each look
 with each touch

Ohh with each lick of thy flesh dance
 ♪ dance ♪ twirling dervish-like around
 that face more beauteous than the face
 of Joseph admired by Zuleikha
 brighter than the bush burning on
 Mount Sinai ♪ behold the light
 shining diamond the mind of ♪ glowing
 star of delight laugh ♪ in joy laugh ♪
 in luxuriant ecstasy behold ♪ the light
 ast around that cunt twirl ♪ twist and

swirl ♪ the mind of ♪ a garden
 frothing forth flows beauteous scented
 by my beloveds breath bright radiance of
 loveliness blessed 'super-luminousness'
 of raptuousness desire that doth not
 expire desire that be past control my
 mind glorified exalted o'er all the
 worlds seen unseen unwearied with
 this lust every fiber of my mind be a
 sacred thread knitting patterns of thee
 thru the mind of ♪ Ohhh Ohh ♪
 joyousness floods the veins of ♪ feel
 ♪ the breath of thy lips pearls of light
 drip fromst the eyes of ♪ to burst into
 roses blooms bringing spring to the
 worlds seen unseen Ahh deeper yet the
 lust of ♪ resides to bring bliss to this
 flesh of ♪ new joys new delights
 cometh fromst thee new desires
 Ahhhhhh the fathomless 'super-

ravishment' Ahh what be I I am who
 I am I be the truth be I aseity be I
 αὐτουσία Ahh exfoliate I out into
 actus purus be I ipsum esse
 subsistens be I thee we our all the
 unified now

No Ohh nooo lust leaves I the lips
 kiss unclasps the light fades the folds
 close the face of the rose recedes
 nooooooooo Oh no look the desolate
 region of the dark night of my soul
 returns sorrow takes flight the night
 comes with thy vanished face despair
 pours down it scorching tears thy face
 hast vanished dropped I in the mire of
 pain into the miasmatic pestilence of
 quacking wretchedness Ohh beloved
 thee hast left I with separations agony
 cast I adrift in this cage that be this
 world I the dervish thrown into the

dust of this world with quivering veins
 that pulse along the wasted limbs of *ی*
ی that hast looked upon the face of the
 divine now left by thee burning in
 despairs fires burning in depressions
 flames unfulfilled unquenchable appetite
 hungers for thee but *Ahh* lust expired
 the curse of old age and plunged *ی* into
 wretchedness *Ahh* be *ی* like *Farhād*
 despairing welcoming death from world
 weariness of life weep *ی* my grief
 without relief whenst shall see *ی* that
 garden that garden of flesh below in
 this dung heap of the world wallow *ی*
 wallow *ی* crawling in the dust
Weeping tears that flow into streams
 of boiling liquidity
Weeping tears that flow into rivers of
 heated steam

**Weeping tears that flow to the sea o'er
 flowing banks that flood the stinking
 earth with the woes of ♪ desolations
 tears the tears of the blood of ♪
 crushed in that separation fromst thee
 Stricken in that separation fromst thee
 empty soul widowed fromst thee torn
 asunder flesh pierced veins sliced
 gushing this flood of never-ending
 despair Ahh these withered limbs of ♪
 to withered vines grow this shriveled
 limp thing twixts the thighs of ♪ a
 wilting bean a disgusting lifeless thing
 Ohh beloved grovel ♪ in the this muck
 of the earth fawn ♪ in this earth of
 sewer waste Ohh that the wouldst
 throw ♪ a crumb fromst thy "super-
 sublimity" to nourish this starving beast
 of shriveled flaccid flesh Ahh behold
 that dark no light behold the dark empty**

of thy face behold the dark engulfs this
 seething mind of ♪ look look
 apparitions float along the fibers of this
 brain of ♪ Haa Haa look look seraphs
 dance with serpents in the mind of ♪
 look look Haa Haa they grimace at ♪
 laugh they do with heckling smiles upon
 those grisly faces Haa Haa a million
 voices seethe in this mind of ♪ Eei
 Eei dance and clap waves ♪ my hands
 hee hee dance and swirl tapping toes
 ♪ roll around tapping toes on the
 grounds tapping toes ♪ pound round
 round go ♪ tippity tap tappity tip Eiii
 swing the arms to the voices beat feet
 dance to the rhythmic heat Ohhhhhh
 thorns grow in this brain of ♪ the pain
 please stop stop this pain Ohhh Ohhh
 please someone stop this pain it hurts

so it hurts please stop this separation
 fromst thee Ohh beloved why doth thee
 reject ♪ why doth thee debar ♪ the
 pleasurance of thy face Ahh the thorns
 dig in the brain of ♪ tear rip and gash
 this flesh of ♪ Ooh stop it please stop

♪n distress cry ♪

♪n hopelessness cry ♪

♪n anguish cry ♪

Ohh please stop amongst the earths
 putrid dust weeping ♪ in fetal position
 whimpering please stop a shadow
 passeth o'er this cringing flesh

A shadow of purple cloaks this flesh
 in garment soft

A shadow soft caresses this aching
 flesh

A shadow kisses the lips of ♪ rise ♪
 the head of ♪ look look the Simurgh
 flys o'er the land of Al-Andalus the

curtain of the world is torn the veil lifts
 light stream thru the dark night of √ a
 lamp light guiding √ thru the night Oh
 Ohh look the world a pearl hidden in
 the dark now shines beautiful Ohh
 look that beauty seems but a dream but
 real be in loveliness the mind of √ a
 garden of roses for each nightingale that
 seeks to sing the song of songs that
 seeks to sing the world into joyousness
 each lover be a Majnun each beloved be
 a Lalya she Ohhh look the world be
 but a meadow of flowery bloom the
 world be but the scent of musk and
 ambergris the world be the sweet taste
 of sugar Ohh how wondrous this
 world be to the eyes of √ to the eyes of
 √ with the eyes of my beloved not mine
 doeth see √ this world not two but one
 of delight

Ohh The one who sees

The one who knows

The one who feels

**Be all but thee intoxicated on thee the
world is but thee come grab the drum
shake the cymbals tap the bells and sing
with joyousness dance with glee throw
back thy head and at the world smile
happiness and revelry flow thru the
world laugh and sing laugh and wave
thy arms above thy head for the**

**Simurgh o'er flys *Al-Andalus* for
In the church**

The synagogue

And the mosque

**Resideth god the same for each and
each**

Hear here for "abiding" In *Baqa*

ISBN 978 1876347805