

***La belle muse avec  
merci***

***Poem by C  
Dean***

# *La belle muse avec merci*

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Gamahucher Press by colin leslie dean  
Australia's leading erotic poet free for  
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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

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# **Publishers introduction**

**After his *La belle muse sans  
merci***

**<https://www.scribd.com/document/3429900671-La-Belle-Muse-Sans-Merci-erotic-poetry>**

**the poet *Australia's* leading erotic  
poet colin leslie dean went into  
604800 seconds of inactivity  
inertia ennui lassitude and  
enervated languor with no pulling  
for because his muse had  
disserted him upon writing the a  
said above work deserted him as  
if pissed off irritated or annoyed**

at Deans exposition of his muse  
 as a Circe-like character exerting  
 a baleful influence open Deans  
 mind Now this work *La belle*  
*muse avec merci* outlines the  
 state of Deans mind upon being  
 deserted by his muse for a week  
 This work impresses upon the  
 reciter—for all Deans works are  
 meant to be spoken aloud in order  
 to get the total experience of the  
 poem—Deans poems are all about  
 giving the reader a vicarious  
 experience to place the reciter in  
 the mind of the poet the reciter  
 becomes the poet and lives out in  
 his mind the real experience itself  
 as if the reciter has been taken

possession of by an entity that  
 makes the reciter empathize for the  
 moment of the recitation a real  
 experience out side of the reciters  
 power to stop –to continue this  
 work impresses upon the reciter  
 this poem **La belle muse sans  
 merci** does impress the reader  
 with  
 it transports with the variety of  
 melodic mellifluous rhythms  
 its rapturous music and  
 sounds  
 it astonishes with its rich fresh  
 images  
 it fascinates with the inventiveness  
 of its original narrative  
 it entertains with the intensity of  
 its emotions

it enlivens one with the ebullience  
and exquisiteness of its sensual  
ambiance

Dean achieves a sublimity that  
intoxicates us and sends us to the  
heights of ecstasy by the exquisite  
use of rhythms repetitions  
assonances alliterations and blissful  
incomparable word music

Deans poem challenge conventional  
notions of decorum by using and abusing  
such tropes and figures as metaphor,  
hyperbole, paradox, anaphora, hyperbaton,  
hypotaxis and parataxis, paronomasia, and  
oxymoron. Deans poems produce copia and  
variety and cultivates *concordia discors*  
and antithesis – Dean uses these  
strategies to produce allegory and conceit  
As said Deans poem is like  
gold foil stitched with pink silk thread”

# Preface

In pain cry I my life laid waste languor  
 ennui torments my flesh inspiration dried up  
 dead like dead blossom petals withered o'er  
 the ground inspirations enchanted garden  
 laid bear all sunk in gloom with fetid  
 putrefaction the songs of I snatched away  
 fromst my lips the goblet of inspiration be  
 broke darken is the mind of I as if thru a  
 shroud of black in pain beseech I thee that  
 thy image will thou vouchsafe let fly to me  
 that I canst again see  
 all those girlies with Brugmansia 'neath  
 their skirts see I all those girlies with  
Aconitums under the cloth white of their  
 panties bulging see I all those girlies with  
Anthuriums in their bikinis see I all  
 those girlies in looking glass look at their  
 perfumed Asclepias Oleanders and  
Azaleas oh oh all those girlies randy hot  
 with petals powdered flower pollen gold

**Oh belladonna that thee wouldst  
 make the eye of she again  
 seductive for me oh belladonna  
 give to me again that eye of she  
 broad and round ast the abyss  
 dark hued drop again oh  
 belladonna thy magic juice into  
 that eye Oh doth miss √ thy eye  
 seductive enclosed with folds of  
 flesh pink oh how doth miss √  
 thy eye dilated with nacreous  
 drops of belladonna sending √  
 into delirious deliriums into  
 visions of thy beauteous form oh  
 that tyrannous eye in its bed of  
 flesh pink out breathing its humid  
 breath hot with fervent wrath oh  
 that √ couldst again faint and die**

**into oblivion sucking in that eyes  
narcotic scent oh that that eye  
wouldst look upon ♪ look upon ♪  
again and again that couldst ♪  
drown gulping in that narcotic  
breath into the soul of ♪ oh oh  
without that eye naught  
assuagements fromst this pain  
fromst this loss of thee fromst  
this loss of that image that gives  
life to ♪ to inspire desires fires  
to inspires lust bubbling froth of  
heated concupiscence oh oh  
without that image burnt into the  
mind of mine my flesh withers the  
limbs of ♪ wilt  
oh that that image wouldst again  
burn in the mind of mine that the**

cock of ♪ throbs not stopping  
 the flames of songs that burst  
 fromst the tongues tip of ♪  
 fromst the lips of ♪ not stopping  
 singing couldst be ♪ again with  
 the tumbling words of rhyme on  
 the heated breath of mine oh that  
 these rhythmic syllables wouldst  
 again be not stopping not  
 stopping ast they dance fromst the  
 very flesh of ♪ fromst the  
 tongues tip of ♪ wouldst the  
 songs burn the fevered flesh of ♪  
 once again set on fire the flesh of  
 mine oh oh regret ♪ whenst cut ♪  
 that image with shattered glass  
 fromst the mind of ♪ regret ♪  
 whenst once torn ♪ that image

fromst the mind of ♪ torn out the  
 very flesh that image be seared  
 upon  
 in madness didst ♪ didst ♪  
 exorcise thee fromst the mind of  
 mine in madness didst cast ♪ out  
 that very treasure that be the life  
 of ♪  
 in madness ♪ cursed ♪ that  
 image in folly  
 oh oh now in separation fromst  
 my love fromst my love be filled  
 ♪ now with cruel pain with cruel  
 sorrow with ravaging grief at the  
 loss of thee fromst me oh be  
 there  
 no remedy for me but in the  
 vision of thy flesh pulpy form

**no remedy for me but be that  
image cometh back to me oh oh  
604800 seconds of inactivity  
inertia ennui lassitude and  
enervated languor with no pulling  
with no pulling over thee oh  
thee art the solace in the  
wilderness of me  
thee art the perfume wafting thru  
trees  
thee art the moonlight glinting thru  
pink mist upon syringa leaves  
oh thy breath breaths out the scent  
that doth be the perfume of  
flowers in spring  
*L*ook see look see look of  
flowers in parterre all round  
*C*olumbines *U*mbells**

*Nasturtium* *Trilliums* *Syringa*  
 breathing out perfumes of miasmatic  
 foulness loquat aconites acanthus  
 and astragalus alyssums and  
 amaryllis o'er lawn cloth spread  
 ast lampas but oh but oh all the  
 corollas and calyx pale like death  
 wilted and withered ast dried  
 flesh  
 languor of me takes hold midst the  
 mephitic odors of vegetal  
 putrefaction pistils and stamens  
 sulfur yellow flaccid hang limp in  
 corollas leprous white umbels  
 droop coated in mildew poisonous  
 unclean perfumes of decay waft  
 fromst the throats of flower

**strewn around in clumps in an  
ambiance of superheated fetidness  
flowers stems and vines coil  
round each to each dried of sap  
petals translucent lepros send  
strange scents of noxiousness  
seeping round each to each flower  
coiling curling petals curled in  
their dieing throws an effusion of  
death and decay of dying and  
morbidty flower cadavers rotting  
'neath an egg yolk yellow sun  
strange flowers in death in  
corruption and stink a dying  
tapestry covered in fetid shadows  
woven petals of shrouds a  
quivering pulsating mosaic of  
putrefaction decaying flesh-like**

oh oh my woe  
 wouldst that it be those petals  
 shone ast enameled glass in  
 resplendent splendor that those  
 petals glow translucent flesh pink  
 enliven with life oh that it  
 wouldst be that those arums  
 pistils turgid ast colichemardes  
 darted fromst trumpet throats  
 dripping pollen ast showers of  
 golden stars oh oh that it  
 wouldst be that those calyx held  
 within their sepals that beauteous  
 corollas glowing like porcelain or  
 ivory gloss like flesh spongy  
 translucent oh wouldst it be that  
 to the nose of ♪ wouldst waft the  
 perfume of femininity fromst

**those flowery forms pulpy flesh-  
 like caressing each to each in hot  
 heated grip oh that it wouldst be  
 that those flowery forms haloed  
 by glaucous and zinzolin leaves  
 throw their colors o'er the flesh of  
 ♪ that lotus blooms dew flecked  
 pink irises and narcissi wouldst  
 throw up to ♪ like many colored  
 jewels the hues of their eyes oh oh  
 wouldst it be that all those  
 flowery forms folds swollen  
 flesh-like swarming of life  
 ferment of growth superheated  
 with fecundity outspreading o'er  
 the earth entwined joined wouldst  
 exude the deliciousness of their  
 scent congealing into fervent**

**intoxication of delightfulness**  
**luminous with translucent sap**  
**seeping boiling oh for that**  
**blossoming of life**  
**oh oh come my muse come back to**  
**♪ that ♪ canst sings my rapture**  
**of thy image sing my rhapsodies**  
**of syllables pregnant with**  
**mellifluous sounds**  
**oh that that image wouldst again**  
**burn in the mind of mine that the**  
**cock of ♪ throbs not stopping**  
**the flames of songs that burst**  
**fromst the tongues tip of ♪**  
**fromst the lips of ♪ not stopping**  
**singing couldst be ♪ again with**  
**the tumbling words of rhyme on**  
**the heated breath of mine oh that**

**these rhythmic syllables wouldst  
 again be not stopping not  
 stopping ast they dance fromst the  
 very flesh of ♪ fromst the  
 tongues tip of ♪ wouldst the  
 songs burn the fevered flesh of ♪  
 once again set on fire the flesh of  
 mine**

**oh ♪ crave that thee wouldst  
 vouchsafe ♪ release fromst this  
 torpor fromst this enervated  
 dearth of inspiration crave ♪ that  
 thy image thee wouldst give back  
 to ♪ oh the cries of ♪ to thee  
 seem empty breath my eager  
 prayers my supplications seem be  
 for naught oh that my sorrows  
 my pains sharp ast arrows**

wouldst melt thy heart to drain ♪  
 of this draught of grief oh that  
 thee wouldst cast upon ♪ thy  
 image that thru its sorcery ♪  
 couldst sing again oh oh throw ♪  
 at thy feet and beg of thee release  
 ♪ fromst this inspirations dearth  
 oh that the chords of my woe  
 would play upon thy heart strings  
 and thee wouldst grant me peace  
 for oh for oh ♪ sigh ♪ cry for ♪  
 hast lamented enough for with  
 woe do die ♪ oh oh pine ♪ take  
 pity on ♪ take pity send back to  
 ♪ thy image thy image curvaceous  
 of folds of sumptuous flesh folds  
 of ravishing flesh pulpy  
 that hole of firey scented light

ah pink mist forms within the  
mind of ♪ feel ♪ thy image burn  
into the mind of ♪ out of the mist  
pink see ♪ see ♪ oh she comes  
back she cometh back to ♪ oh  
what delight the folds do form and  
curvaceous mould the flesh pink  
swollen with lifes fecundity  
those folding lips that clit ast  
colichemardes darted casting  
indigo shadows along that slit of  
crimson silk oh back it comes  
back it come she that image the  
pool of scented liquidity fills that  
eye of aqueousness glints at me  
midst the mist pink oh such  
delight the perfumed scent of  
the cock throbs the knob glows

the flesh of ♪ flutters like a  
 butterfly at the luscious rapturous  
 delicious scented blooms of  
*Brugmansia Oleanders*  
*Aconitums Anthuriums*  
*Asclepias* and *Azaleas* oh their  
 scented folds of intoxicated  
 deliriums delightfulness  
 ♪ sing ♪ sing again

Oh kiss ♪ those folds ast  
 eyelids o'er the perfumed pool of  
 frozen moonlight flutter ast  
 curtains of crimson slik while  
 glinting dew splatters o'er the lips  
 of ♪ fromst those folds of lips  
 flutter ast rustling leaves

**Ah play ♪ Prestissimo affrettando**  
**up and down along the archiluth neck**  
**of the cock of ♪**  
**Sing ♪**  
**Sing ♪**

**Oh the flower of thy face plays**  
**indigo shadows o'er thy holes deep**  
**limpidity a drop of pink wine the**  
**tongue of ♪ dives into those warm**  
**shadows and froths up the**  
**aqueousness into flecks of pink**  
**flowers dancing o'er the mirror of**  
**thy hole like beams of silver light**  
**pirouetting**

**Oh the crimson lips of ♪ sigh the  
 eyes of ♪ closed like after love oh  
 the precum milky ast moonlight  
 while  
 Pull  
 Pull  
 Pull ♪**

**The light streaks 'neath thy pool of  
 wine ast silver fish on fire darting  
 Oh  
 The scarlet lips puffy of ♪ kiss thy  
 crimson clit ast mosaics of  
 scattered colors burst thru the mind  
 of ♪ while the tongues tip of ♪  
 lingers in that pool of liquidity  
 tingling as slivery bubbles foam  
 along the tongues pink tip**

**Ah cum ♪ cum ♪ the sap flows  
along the archiluth neck of the cock  
of ♪**

**Ah blow ♪ light bright flowers  
shimmering ast china silk in the  
white light of the mind of ♪ see ♪  
all those girlies with Brugmansia  
'neath their skirts see ♪ all those  
girlies with Aconitums under the  
cloth white of their panties bulging  
see ♪ all those girlies with  
Anthuriums in their bikinis see ♪  
all those girlies in looking glass look  
at their perfumed Asclepias  
Oleanders and Azaleas oh oh all  
those girlies randy hot with petals  
powdered flower pollen gold**

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