

La belle muse
sans merci

Poems by C
dean

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Publishers introduction

Is *La belle muse sans merci* about
 as some critics saw *La belle
 Dame sans merci* the poet destroyed
 by his muse or the poet led to his
 destruction by his muse as Graves
 saw in *La belle Dame sans merci*
 Neither we say *La belle muse
 sans merci* is about the poet sent
 mad by the continual presence of his
 muse who want let up The muse is
 more akin to the "demon Posey"
 identified by R. M. Wilson in
 "The Nightingale and the Hawk"
 (1964 pp.141-2, 144) Dean in an

earlier work "La belle dames [sic]
sans merci"

<https://www.scribd.com/document/32976311/La-belle-dames-sic-sans-merci-a-males-sexual-odyssey-sic-erotic-poetry>

explores the destruction of the poet by his muse in greater intensity and erotic ardor than Keats does in his *La belle Dame sans merci* but in this new work *La belle muse sans merci* Dean draws upon his earlier female enchantress *Amore* in "Amore la mal incantare"

<https://www.scribd.com/document/56661505/Amore-la-mal-incantare-love-the-evil-enchantress-erotic-poetry>

to outline the poets descent into
madness when the poetic muse does
not let up

Preface

**She who torments me lures me plagues me
 with desires incessantly intensely won't
 leave me alone constantly inspiring me oh
 she that quickens my breath ♪ pant ♪ pant
 ♪ that dreadful beautiful she that image
 exquisitely cast in flesh so lovely oh no
 peace no rest ♪ sing of she oh those lips
 o'er flesh silhouette purple-pink stain cast
 on light the mind of ♪ quivers the flesh
 quavers out of breath sing ♪ of she
 inspiring me she
 plagues me with desires incessantly
 intensely won't leave me alone semitones
 of pain in rhythms with my breath panting
 tortures each fiber of my nerves drained
 exhausted be ♪ my flesh withering the
 limbs wilting
 but
 oh the image still burns still burns still
 sing ♪ constantly incessantly on and on to
 infinity oh no peace no rest ♪ sing of she**

**Oh in this purple twilight of the
 mind of ♪ from before my songs
 began in 95 to now 2017 161 works
 squeezed out of the mind of ♪ by she
 by she whose image burns upon the
 minds eye of ♪ whose image burning
 the very flesh of ♪ squeezes out
 songs that n'er hast heard ♪ oh oh
 do long for ♪ those tranquil days
 and night before she that image that
 burns ♪ those times before she
 dropped the white panty cloth of she
 that veiled that image oh that image
 that burns ♪ and wrapped the mind
 of ♪ in those spongy flesh pulpy
 folds Oh in this purple twilight of
 the mind of ♪ sing ♪ pulling**

**Thy cunts pool of amber
liquidity sweeter than the
milk fromst mother
seeping tit or the bees
sweet honey be the cunts
juice of thee
Cry ♪
that cunt hole watering
place of ♪ frothed thru the
licking tongues tip of ♪**

oh this singing ♪ canst cease not
 this singing surging fromst the flesh
 of ♪ this melodic speech into
 flames bursting fromst the tongues
 tip of ♪ fromst the lips of ♪ tumble
 words of rhyme on the heated breath
 of mine oh these rhythmic syllables
 do tear the very flesh fromst the
 tongue of ♪ do tear and burn the
 anguished flesh of mine this passion
 this lust of that image oh oh if only
 that image of she be torn fromst the
 minds eye of ♪ be ripped out oh
 cease cease the pulses of the veins
 of ♪ ast waves upon a storm tossed
 beach cease Oh in this purple
 twilight of the mind of ♪ sing ♪
 pulling

**Thy cunts hole
larger than the sea
Deeper than the
sky**

**Sigh ♪
Unfathomable be
its mysteries
Its folds higher
than Simalayas
immensities**

**Cry out ♪ in pains tormenting
wrath**

**Cry out aloud in anguishes
lament at that image at that image
that the mind if mine doth gash
with knives and scourge with
razorblades the flesh of ♪ in
flames the veins of ♪ spurt fire to
the nostrils of ♪ cometh the
fumes of the burning flesh of mine
shuddering with pulsations with
spasms of desire for that image
for that image which torments and
flays the mind of mine oh oh cease
♪ can not cease this singing Oh
in this purple twilight of the mind
of ♪ sing ♪ pulling**

**Thy clit
Moan ♪
That stalk that the
tongue of ♪ do lick
making sweet honey
ooze fromst thy
cunts hole**

**Oh red light blood bright-like
drips fromst the brain of ♪ burned
fromst the glow bright of that
image seared upon the mind of ♪
eddyng fumes fromst the
smoldering mind of me weave
tapestries of pain along the
neurons of my brain that image
that image in shadows of intense
pink coiling around my mind
deeper deeper into the dark of
those lustful depths those dark
huddled festering thoughts that
torment the flesh of ♪ with desire
that will not cease oh oh away go
go relief give fromst this singing
Oh in this purple twilight of the
mind of ♪ sing ♪ pulling**

**Oh the slow out breath of
 ♪ beating 'gainst thy
 pulpy lips
 Groan ♪
That beating breath forth
 bringing thy clit bursting
 into pink gleaming flower
o'er thy cunts pool casting
 indigo shadows**

**Look look the beauty of that
 image look translucent pink petals
 of pink swaying to the sight of
 mine oh the mind of mine turns to
 foam turns to pink froth in that
 image absorbed in that image of
 pink jade in a sea of pink mist
 floating ast those pulpy lips hiss
 serpent like at ♪**

**Shahaha those lips flutter with the
 sound of flutes the mind of ♪
 ruptures and burst into
 dissolution as along the cock of
 ♪ the veins run with burning
 flames in those veins acid flowing
 ast cease not ♪ my singing Oh
 in this purple twilight of the mind
 of ♪ sing ♪ pulling**

**Oh thy cunts lips have
the grace of orchid petals**

Ache ♪

**Oh thy cunts hole
mistaken for the moon
pink**

Ast

**Around the cock of √ my fingers
coil like 5 snakes squeezing its
prey**

**Thy images bursts forth fromst
the burning flames of my desire
burning like ruby crystals on fire
eeei**

eeei

**flames pellucid ripple o'er the
turgid stem of mine precummy
drop limpid like moonlight glowing
crystal-like glints atop the cocks
eye of mine**

haha

**Oh in this purple twilight of the
mind of √ sing √ pulling pulling**

**Doth the West wind
blow
the sent scent sent scent
of thy cunts fleshy folds
quivering along the limbs
of ♀ like fire
Pain ♀
The sent scent sent
cascading like odorous
waterfall into thy cunts
pool sparkling**

See

hee

**thy image pulsates in rhythmic
beats hahaha give ♪ beat for
beat with the pulling of ♪ pulling
that my spoof will shoot like
blood surging fromst a severed
juggler vein eeei will ♪ drain the
balls of ♪ to thy image pulling
that the gooy libation of ♪ will
gush like starlight iridescent
shimmering nacreous light o'er
that image my delight ahh burn the
flesh of ♪ wither it with
insatiable desires that thy image
will alive burn ♪ haha
Oh in this purple twilight of the
mind of ♪ sing ♪ pulling pulling**

**Those cunts lips twins
tinged with pink
Cry ♪
sparkling wet with moons
dew those twins of curling
flesh
bright scimitars gleaming
in moonlight**

**hahaha in thy image the filaments of
my brain catch fire**

eeei look

**my cocks veins form patterns along
its turgid stem of peacock feathers**

**heee its beauty the passion
throbbing hee my cock a lily stem
tremulous clutch squeezing snake-
like the 5 fingers of my hand eeei**

eei

**the peacock quakes and blows a kiss
to me hee**

**hee along the cocks stem it thru the
eye flows a blossom of moonlight
foam silvery light star-like haha**

the eye of a snake

**Oh in this purple twilight of the
mind of ♪ sing ♪ pulling pulling**

**Look the pink mist sits
upon thy clits grape bud
the moonlight lights thy
cunts lips like rubies on
fire**

**Sigh ♪
thy cunts lips in the
scented breeze dance like
dancers garland with
moonlight**

oh oh the heart of ♪ doth race and
 throbbing beat ahh hot sweat
 pours fromst the pores of ♪
 glint like crystals o'er the flesh of
 ♪ the cocks veins pulse eei out
 of the pink fog the cunts images
 comes to ♪ burns my mind oh
 with sharp thrust of the hand of
 ♪ pull ♪ the cock pull ♪ the cock
 fromst its roots with the pulling
 of ♪ eei
 eei
 the fingers hot coiling around that
 burning turgid flesh
 cum pellucid creamy moonlight
 ripples in the cocks eye of ♪
 Oh in this purple twilight of the
 mind of ♪ sing ♪ pulling pulling

**Blow ♪ flute music thru
the wavering curls of thy
cunts lips
Groan ♪
on the flowering curves of
lips of thy cunt
bees hum violins in tune
with peacocks dancing
across the face of the
moon**

**haha cunts everywhere look for ♪
 'neath jeans crotch and skirts
 cloth eei
 look ♪ seeking that image that
 cunt on every girly look ♪ hee
 heee her cunt appears to ♪ in the
 mind of ♪ her cunt sees ♪ 'neath
 cloth eei eei
 but not stopping the flames bursting
 fromst the tongues tip of ♪ fromst
 the lips of ♪ not stopping tumbling
 the words of rhyme on the heated
 breath of mine oh these rhythmic
 syllables not stopping not stopping
 do they tear the very flesh fromst the
 tongue of ♪ do tear and burn the
 anguished flesh of mine
 Oh in this purple twilight of the
 mind of ♪ sing ♪ pulling pulling**

**Look look the cunt of
thee goddess clothed in
pink ink tinted flesh**

Pain ♪

**Lips edged dusted with
saffron pollen
with pink mist like rain
clouds on fire around thy
ruby lips of desire**

drained exhausted be ♪ my flesh
 withering the limbs wilting
 but
 oh the image still burns still burns
 the cock of ♪ throbs but oh not
 stopping the flames bursting fromst
 the tongues tip of ♪ fromst the lips
 of ♪ not stopping tumbling the
 words of rhyme on the heated breath
 of mine oh these rhythmic syllables
 not stopping not stopping do they
 tear the very flesh fromst the tongue
 of ♪ do tear and burn the anguished
 flesh of mine
 yet
 yet eei eeeei
 oh not another 162 works squeezed
 out of the mind of ♪ by she
 Oh in this purple twilight of the
 mind of ♪ sing ♪ pulling pulling

J S B W

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