

Laal Rookh
POEM
BY
DEAN C





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Victoria Australia 2024 FP: "Lady Godiva,

1856 BY Alfred Joseph Woolmer p.2

Sleeping Beauty by Alfred Woolmer p.3

PUBLISHERS

INTRODUCTION

So what be

Laal

Rookh well ast is

said a dearth of ornament

perhaps wasteful excess of

superfluosness tawdry full

of tinsel fireworks flash

andst flash effeminate with

no pause of images no

interval of sensations no

repose of meretricious



**rhythms no graduation
betwixt exquisiteness Ahh
just opera a feast of of
nectared sweets where there
be no surfeit of delights all
flowery fancy laden with
o'er ripe bursting fruit that
melts inst melliferous
succulent evanescent
spangles of glossy beautiful
sparkling tropes that breathe
out odours perfumed floating
liquid nouns andst verbs a
fairy land of bursting**

**sensations where one
 languishes inst languor
 upon ottomans soaked inst
 Otto of roses of silver
 sounds Ahh these be But
 negatives layed o'er Lalla
 Rookh by that great Hazlitt-
 which might say I be But
 Wildes "The Critic as
 Artist" - Yet these be the
 very things thee canst be
 titillated onst andst what be
 these dance of images these
 sprays of tinsel tinged with**

rosy light glitter of
moonbeam writ with "crystal
pen on silver paper" what be
these dew-drops of languid
odours that ravish thy ears
with pearly light upon thy
soft liquid languid sighs
well they be *But* naught
But what females want to
hear said of their beauty of
their lips dimples cheeks
those eyes painted poses
fromst a powder puff music
box with "'fire-fly' fancies'"

PREFACE Ah all beauties
doest But doest that all thy want is their
beauty to be But be described inst words
so fine that all canst see all nature doth
onst their beauty doth pine that all willst
agree that their beauty be But naught
canst name for of all beauties theirs is the
fame

for

Thy beauty doth eclipse the beauty of
Selene the rosey cheeks of thee doth make
Aurora back to the night to flee Ohh thy
eyes glints doest But But blunt the darts
of sweet Eros to back to his mother to fly
to cry thee hath But his place to take for
all inst thy sight doth to love ignite No
hyperbole for thy beauty to behold words be
too limited for it to be told

Ahh sing to me of my beauty that thee
 doest behold for all girls want their
 beauty told desire they fromst their
 beaus the greatest hymns sung of their
 beauty that doth their beau enfold inst
 dithyrambic tunes inst ragas of
 passionate rhapsodies upon their
 beauty thee doth view Ahh sing Ohhh
 singeth with hyperboles of tropes untold
 of similes andst metaphors clichés they
 cares not they doth say ast long as thee
 doth praise inst heated words perfumed
 their beauty upon which all eyes doth
 see her beauty viewed where all other
 shes But fade to wilted blooms whenst
 she be the centre for all inst some room

**Ahh whenst upon the breeze didst ♪
 sense some scent that didst kiss the flesh
 of ♪ with some Magis wand that to such
 delight didst my soul to rise to such
 exquisite heights that the very light didst
 glow with roseate tints that didst But the
 mind of ♪ didst take to flight upon wings
 of voluptuous dreams that didst But float
 around ast like cloud of dazzling pink But
 Ahh didst see ♪ swarms of butterflies to
 fly to where my eyes didst see a female of
 such beauty to advance like ast if upon
 those cloud to dance those butterflies upon
 her lips to kiss to sip those sweet honey
 lips like flower bloom to which didst ♪
 swoon back upon my Ottoman in Otto of
 rose soaked that Ohh that that beauty ♪
 couldst But view thru languid odours that
 did seep and drip upon ♪ like dazzling dew**

Ahh see *Y* see she standing there
 hair fair ast the air full of beams of
 golden light that spread her beauty
 o'er those rosy blooms that seem to
 But glow brighter fromst that light
 that seeps fomst the crimsons lips of
 she that doth But seem to paint
 that sun e'en brighter that hangs a
 glory to the beauty of she all Ohh
 all o'er the lands where she doth But
 stand beauty doth seem to repose
 upon that vales of flowers that soak
 up her beauty that doth But bingeth
 more grandeur to all those forms that
 nature doth But mould inst to fair
 paintings that But the beauty of she
 doth reflect upon all life inst
 enchanting beauteousness that

shines ast if inlaid of gems
 glittering streams of light that light
 the flock of birds with gleams
 golden that fall Ohh doth fall upon
 mine eyes like bees flickering they all
 doth Ohh doth But seem to be more
 luminous whenst they the beauty of
 she doth to draw near to that
 voluptuous loveliness that doth But
 explode ast fireworks upon the earth
 that flash to lay upon the world
 more rapturous beauty to splash inst
 gorgeousness before the eyes of me
 that beauty of luxurious delight
 sparkling evanescent dimples upon
 those rosy cheeks ast luminous dew-
 drops that dance andst fall andst skip
 upon those lips ♪ see Ohhh ♪ see

upon mine sight the gate of Eden the
 gate of paradise before mine eyes
 gazing √ such joy inst thy beauty
 Ohh thy beauty √ hast heaven
 gained √ thy beauty slained all my
 pains take flight Ohh rapture doth
 alight upon mine eyes that doth burn
 that doth fire with spangles that
 burst forth fromst thy beauty Ohh
 thy beauty that throws all round such
 dazzling light that doth tinge the
 ground andst that doth paint all Ohh
 all those blossoms that they beauty
 hast But found inst such surfeit of
 nectar'd hues Ohh such splendour
 for Ohh for all that thy beauty doth
 view no more joys fromst heaven
 above couldst over joy those joys

that thy beauty doth instil with love
 no more bliss inst paradise couldst
 out bliss all this thy beauty doth
 fulfil Ohh Ohh Dante wouldst
 upon thy beauty to look wouldst
 Beatrice forget andst thy name to
 write inst that book e'en Petrarch
 his Laura wouldst forsake for thy
 beauty that to his soul wouldst to
 heaven But take for thy breath onst
 the breeze doth But kiss the trees
 for the eyes of thy doth But light
 the skies that doest burn andst doest
 flame with the perfume of thy
 beauties name thy scent of thy
 breath out of thy lips sweet
 fragrance slips of wantonness that
 the blooms doth But woo ast they

doth *But* bloom ast a lovers swoon
 their petals doth of thy beauty doest
 illumine that cupola of the sky
 shimmering roof of gold that
 arabesques of scents that lace that
 net-work of fumes that curtain
 silken of odours sweetened gleams
 that glow that *Ohh Ohh* doth
 burst fromst those blooms enlarged
 fromst thy beauties perfume that
Suri rose that didst to give that
Syria its name that *Land of Roses*
 lingering dew didst *But* fromst its
 petaled folds didst *But* drip its
 scent like stars sparkling fire-flies
 of light doth flicker whenst those
 scented wafts seep fromst those
 gorged cups of *Jinan Nile* roses

kissed by thy beauties ravishment
 tremble those roses of blooms of
 Cashmere those rosey cheek urns
 where doth *But* such beauty doth
But churn *Ahh* all those blossom
 flowers of delight cassolettes with
 odourous fumes lap o'er the those
 leaves of golden splinters of those
Indian Champacs upon the breeze of
 thy beauty to which that *Sweet*
Elcaya doth not to be out of
 courteousness to bow *But Ahhh*
But Ohh inst homage it doth
But kowtow 'neath that canopy that
 thy beauty doth upon it lay inst
 wanton showers that play within the
 bowers so bright so gay sprinkling
 fromst thy eyes such rainbows of

pearly light such loveliness
 gleaming onst thy face that fairy
 mine of delight that doth But shine
 ast crystal light upon a golden vase
 of flesh glittering hues that Ahh
 that Ohh those nightingales that sing
 doest But doest But Ohh doest
 But sweeter sing thanst they hast
 even done upon the face of anything
 of loveliness 'neath moon or sun or
 such thing of delightfulness andst
 look looketh that Bülbül doth fromst
 the Gül doth turn to face thy face
 andst inst sweeter songs than it hath
 sang fromst Khājah Shams-od-
 Dīn Moḥammad Hāfez-e Shīrāzī
 andst e'en But more profound thanst
 fromst that perfumed crystaled quill

of Jalal-e-Din Mohammad
Molavi Rumi that Pagoda Thrush
 of the first of choristers of Hind
 doth inst to thy beauty sing more
 melodious thru Hindostan doth ring
 with such warbling that gush
 fromst those golden birds upon the
 wing whenst they didst But see thee
 Ohh see the thy beauty for which to
 sing which doth But turns those
 feathers blue those beaks purple legs
 to more radiancey more brilliancy
 whenst that Sultana bird of thee
 doth see those wantons that doest
 But fromst those perfumed bowers
 doest to thee doest But run Ahh
 see those Peris those nymphs
 Satyrs those fairies see Oh see

**Chole fromst her Daphnis doth to
 turn to run with all of those wanton
 things see Ohh see Leucippe that
 Clitophon to leave Chaereas that
 supernaturally beautiful Callirhoe to
 leave for thee didst fromst Janthe
 Yphis for thy beauty of thee see
 like bees that swarm around that
 honey bower these dear forms didst
 to thee to swarm like butterflies rain
 bowed hues around thee like some
 gorgeous bloom flying fluttering
 with feet that didst But skip with
 fromst their lips scented sighings
 with tremulous breaths they didst
 But advance to link their arms
 interlaced sparkling inst mazy dance
 around thee they didst to all those**

birds sweet singings inst melodious
 tunes to Ciaccona of Francesca
 Caccini around thee arms to arm
 But their eyes turned to thee fixed
 gaze to see thy beauty ast Chakors
 upon the moon be But entranced they
 be But upon thee ast round andst
 round they dance their eyes But
 always fixed upon thy beauty that
 painting of exquisiteness that doth
 bewitch all those things upon the
 earth that dance andst dance andst
 swirl about around thee their eyes
 Ohh their eyes Naphian diamonds
 that spark spears of light sparkles of
 delight to that music all Ohh all
 seem to be But inst a dream
 assembled glittering stream of

**flickering eyes gleaming light
 rapturous sighs that flow fromst
 tremulous lips they drink upon thy
 beauty ast bees upon a flower each
 each hour their feet to the
 nightingales beat doest skip their
 sighs onst the breeze doth thy flesh
 kiss with their eyes that lights the
 sky out of their lips with thy beauty
 onst their breath that doest burn
 andst doest flame out of thy lips
 sweet fragrance slips to the beat of
 their feet**

Ahhh

**No hyperbole for it be told words be
 too limited for thy beauty to behold**