



Lamentation
(A Confession)
of *Father Ignatius*
Carnicula (945-1025
)

Translated from the
Spanish by
Sister Carneus

Poem by C
Dean

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Front picture "The Temptation of Saint Anthony" by Norman
 Lindsay

Publisher introduction

Now as for deans

Lamentation

**Lay thee back languid aesthete sip
thy absinth green put down À
Rebours set aside The Picture of
Dorian Gray and close thy Monsieur
de Phocas stack those yellow books
and place those vases with green
carnation in the perfume of that
frangipani incense stretch thy legs
clothed in white samite and nibble
passion-flowers whilst thee read this**

***Lamentation* of dean read of
this priest whos flesh burned with a
gem-like flame whos flesh burst into**

fire at those temptations sadhus
 sannyasa yogi desert anchorites hid
 themselves fromst the temptations' of
 the flesh those fools who renounce the
 flesh who destroy the flesh who torture
 the flesh fromst its natural urges
 fromst its natural desire fromst what
 nature hast given us and to which
 Adam and Eve looketh upon with
 shame and guilt yet didst not god put in
 to Adam the desire of Eves flesh for
 Adam and Eve must have felt desire
 or else they couldst not have had shall
 we say with hushed voice so ast not to
 upset the holier than thou **SEX** read
 this *Lamentation* of dean
 read the account of this priest labour of
 the flesh read of his fleeting sensations
 his burning desires read of his

ecstasies of bliss in his excess of
 being vanishing away in textures of
 impressions of colours of odours
 dissolving away in ecstasies of
 flickering unstable in vapors of flames
 his flesh that burned in a gem-like flame

read this *Lamentation* of
 dean of this priest encircled in
 aureolas of desires flames that burned
 his eyeballs that burned his lips his
 pouting mouth crimson stained with his
 blood that boiled that burnt his eyeballs
 glued fixed upon the dancing images of
 his lust *Lay* thee back languid
 aesthete in lemon light and suck in
 the perfume of Gloire de Dijon roses
 as thee reads

the *Lamentation* of dean and

**remember thee there be nothing of
morality for a work is neither good nor
bad but only well written or badly
written and remember Ohh languid
aesthete te words of Des Essientes
in the Chateau de Lourps and Lord
Henry Wotton or even Monsieur de
Phocas and hear this song filter thru
pink curtains there be no good nor evil
there be only art**

preface

**the flesh of thee that burns like a gem-
like flame whenst kissed by desires
whenst licked by sensualities that flesh
on fire whenst sin quickens the pulse
boils the blood whenst sin with fleshes
joys but minds torments *Ahh* who hast
not sinned who would not sin with
scent powdered face fecund sent scent
of randy sins quivering that lusts
amorous joys begins**

**A vision bright ast day not it be of
 Mary or angels on high but be it be of
 cunt yes cunt hot juicy cunts I had had
 I whilst read I The Song of Songs
 whilst flog I this burning flesh this
 flesh of flames this disgusting flesh of
 lusts torments whilst I pull squeeze
 flagellate I the back of I with cords
 razor tipped the back of I with tears
 cry I with tears of blood the flesh
 crimson soaked slash I across my back**

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**Oh those cunts red of blood ripe for a
 kiss each lips caressed with my breath
 each lips wreathed in perfumes scent
 each breath of ♪ o'er those folds
 breathe the hot fumes of death gazing ♪
 behold that beauty robed in crimson hues
 robed fair of grace pouting spread Ohh
 Ohh cried ♪ begone thee with the face
 of hell begone cried ♪ Oh thee of sins
 untold yet still looked ♪ with eyes full
 of lust and cried Ohh ye form of hell be
 not gone stay yes stay for my gaze
 cried ♪ cried eyes of joy cried eyes of
 sin ast cried ♪ Ohh this flesh that
 burns with the fires of hell Ahh Ahh
 didt pout ♪ my lips and kissed that
 vision yes yes didst ♪ kiss upon those
 lips wth joy with pleasurance OOOh
 those velvet lips kissed ♪ and to
 paradise wast flown on wings of joy**

**To paradise full of dark eyed Houris
 cunts splayed Oh didst burn this flesh
 that flogged ♪ hotter than hell brighter
 than bush aflame on mount Sinai Ohh
 seeth ♪ floating round those cunts
 angels bright singing hymns of glory
 o'er those thrones of delight Ohh
 scented cunts wide mouthed flowers
 thy perfumes blows thy flesh like hell
 burns lusts passions sears sin
 with the panting breath of ♪
 with the pouting lips of ♪ with
 the thirsting eyes of ♪ wouldst that ♪
 couldst part those lips with the tongue
 of ♪ this aching tongues tip with one
 long longggg lick one long lingering lick
 this flesh burns hotter than hell which
 ♪ flog Come come bringeth ♪ relief**

relieve ♪ of this throbbing of this flesh
 hot to the tip come come Houris come
 squat thy arses o'er the flesh of ♪ that
 ♪ canst see thy cunts all pink and wet
 spread wide o'er the earths face spread
 spread those legs let ♪ gaze in
 wondrous delight upon those holes that
 drip sweet juices fromst those streams
 of ♪lligin more gushing than Salsabil.
 those holes libidinous like eyes like
 pearls and full-fleshed voluptuous
 folds that ♪ crush the lips of ♪ into
 fused flesh bursting with flames in one
 long bite in one long kiss Ohh in one
 eternity of bliss didst ♪ press the
 aching lips of ♪ to those lips of sin
 whilst didst ♪ flog this flesh of sin
 flagellating ♪ this flesh burning like
 hell kissing thy lips with kisses

**fromst my mouth for thy kisses are
 better than wine Ohh flog ♪ gazing at
 thy lips comely with rows of dewy
 jewels thy clits decked in chains of
 gold Ohh the Houris thy cunts are like
 the Rose of Shar-on and the lily of the
 valley Ohh Ohhh howest didst feed ♪
 upon with the lips of ♪ among the lilies
 those lips that didst drop ast the
 honeycomb honey and milk are 'neath the
 tongue of ♪ Oh Ohh thy cunts smell
 like the smell of Leb-a-non Ohh
 howest taste thy folds like pleasant
 fruits of pomegranate like camphire and
 spikenard cinnamon calamus and
 saffron Ohh Oh thee Houris howset
 didst thy cunts perfumed of frankincense
 myrrh and aloes burn this flesh of ♪ in
 sin burn this flesh of ♪ in hell ast thy**

**cunts lips like threads of scarlet thy
 clits like pieces of pomegranate within
 their hoods Ahh Ahh howest didst
 flog ♪ flog flog with delight in sin
 this burning flesh this flesh of flames
 this disgusting flesh of lusts torments
 whilst ♪ pull squeeze flagellate ♪ the
 back of ♪ with cords razor tipped the
 back of ♪ with tears cry ♪ with tears
 of blood the flesh crimson soaked slash
 ♪ across the back of ♪**

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but but Ohh howset with joyousness
 didst I gaze upon those cunts Ohh ye
 daughters of Je-ru-sa-lem those cunts
 those cunts lips redder more delicious
 that the lips of that daughter of Ethbaal
 king of the Zidonians Jezebel more
 tasty than the mouth of Delilah more
 scented than the flesh of Drusilla more
 voluptuous than the folds of Bathsheba
 more heavenly than the face of Zuleikha
 more rapturous than the kiss of Lilith

Ohhh in sin didst flog I gazing at
 those cunts round goblets which not
 wanteth of wine Ohh the tips of thy
 cunts art like a heap of wheat set about
 with lilies Ohh this darken room this
 anchorites cell burst into light fromst
 that visions fire light burnt along the

molding walls o'er that fetid bed of
 hemp light shone away the shadows
 burnt up the gloom Ohh fruit grew
 along the roofs down around the beds
 legs pomegranates burst their fruits
 seed along the floor walls which burst
 into flowery bloom orange and red
 streamed with violets hues in the cell of
 ♪ humid with the lust of ♪ ardent
 pinks full of corruptions delights dainty
 blooms Gazani Lantana wet with
 nectars sweet dew oriental blooms full
 of full throated desires hang round the
 head of ♪ blooms full of oriental
 sensualities bathed in perfumes
 mesmeric splendours petals more
 delicate than virgins lips rare blooms
 interlaced white purities full throated
 with scent powdered face fecund sent
 scent of randy sins quivering that lusts

amorous joys begins the scented scene
 passed before the gaze of ♪ of ♪ the
 flowery blooms and o'er ripe fruit burst
 open didst grab ♪ and of them didst eat
 chewing succulent tastes sucking
 squishy dishes of dripping things that
 dangled and hang and climbed

AAA Ahhh filling the throat of ♪
 filling the mouth till my lips didst drip
 and ooze with perfumed oils splattering
 the throat of ♪ in sticky juices cunt-like
 perfumed luxurious fumes in my humid
 lust filled room Ahh then then into
 cunts those beauteous things into

Houris cunts didst transform all a while
 painted cunts of myriad hues danced
 round the head of ♪ danced round the
 head of ♪ glittering in a swirl inviting
 cunts twirled thru the light lips didst

flutter dance in randy delight musky
 vapors bubbling cunts o'er spilled and
 washed and wet o'er the floors flowery
 petals and squashed fruit Ohh those
 cunts twin lips like two twin roes
 those clits columns of ivory pink cunts
 holes like fishpools in Hesh-bon by the
 gate of Bath-rab-bim and and those lips
 as to the tower of Leb-a-non that to
 Da-mas-cus looks Ohh howest the
 tongue of J poked and licked and
 slashed that flesh Ohh howset that
 wine that be of the roof of thy lips
 flowed down comely that caused the
 lips of J to sing this lamentation

Ahh Ahh howest didst flog J flog
 flog with delight in sin
 this burning flesh this flesh of flames
 this disgusting flesh of lusts torments

whilst I pull squeeze flagellate I the
 back of I with cords razor tipped the
 back of I with tears cry I with tears
 of blood the flesh crimson soaked slash
 I across back of I

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flog I this flesh with a gem-like
 flame thenst thenst didst I jump into
 that vision into that vision leaped I
 flogging crying Oh Houris come come
 my beauteous cunts thou art my desired

and my desire is towards thee thy
 cunts be fountains of gardens running
 streams like fromst Leb-a-non Ohh be
 the breath of mine like the north wind
 that blows o'er thy cunts those gardens
 of myrrh and frankincense that bows
 o'er those cunts Ohh my Houris let ♪
 come into thy gardens and eat lick suck
 sup upon those fruits of delight let ♪
 ravish that flesh of thee let ♪ ravenous
 devour those folds of flesh succulent in
 the banqueting garden of thy flesh pour
 out thy juice ast fromst wine flagons
 large spread those lips and let ♪ taste
 of apples for ♪ am hot with lust Ohh
 hear the earth is alight with flowers in
 the fields the singing of birds and the
 turtle is heard o'er the face of the world
 dripping with grapes and decked with

**green figs and the dew along those
 cunts lips dear Houris laced clusters of
 vines with the smell of apples ripe come
 come my wantons my companions in sin
 let us go forth into the fields into the
 vineyards that tender grapes and fecund
 pomegranates appear with our sight
 that new fruits pleasant grow and
 mandrakes smell Ahhh thou art my
 desired and thy desire cometh forth to
 ♪ ripe come come my wantons my
 companions in sin clutch thy cunts on
 the bleeding flesh of ♪ suck lick sup
 upon the flesh of ♪ burning in
 corruptions sin Ahhh Ahh bite Ahh
 bite yessssssss Ahhhh**

**Then didst come ♪ to thee father say
 ♪ ♪ sinned**

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**Nihilist I say some say I the named
Tao be not the Tao**