

Lamentations
of
KOHIL'IN AL-DEEN

From the
kitab al-kis
of
kus bint wisal
translated by
abu al-fasia zib ibn kis al-mash'ilyya
poems by
c dean

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Preface

*into thy cunts bowl I dip my lips
that mellifluous words will flow
from my tongues tip like wafting
scent o'er thy cunts curling petals
tips that like gems dripping from
melting jewels my words will
beautify thy cunts beauty and
sing out to the world the
gorgeousness of thy flowery cunts
face*

*Oh beautiful one
 in the desire for thy cunt into a
 furnace is my flesh burning hot like
 lines of roses along my limbs
 flames of lust burst from me to burn
 all the forest of the world oh thy
 crimson cunts lips I long to see and
 enfolded in them to die to be*

*Oh beautiful one
 to look upon thy cunts hair darker
 than shadow of crow in moonlight
 nestling round thy cunt like a
 crimson flower tight on my cock gives
 ripples of delight in it sight oh I sigh
 "like flowers in forest fire is consumed
 I"*

Oh beautiful one

*Oh that my words like tongues of
scented smoke would curl round thy
cunts lips like scattered flowers in
moonlight and lick those crimson lips
cat-like such that incandescent
raptures would ripple o'er my heated
flesh*

Oh beautiful one

*Oh that I could smell the scent of thy
cunt like the scent of innumeral
blooms bursting in my mind that
scent to fan the heated flames of lust
burning red o'er my flesh like slivers
of rubies bursting from my veins*

Oh beautiful one

*thy cunts scent is odors of rose and
hyacinth the dewy drops o'er thy
crimson lips drip and o'er ground
myriad colored budding flowers bloom
oh tears of scents of nenuphar wash
down the cheeks of I in delight at the
sight of the crimson lips of thine*

Oh beautiful one

*may the words of I lace the cunt lips
of thee like congealed moonlight that
sparkles o'er thy flesh like sparkling
diamonds on black velvet cloth may
the words of I with sparkling
limpidity burst thy cunt lips into
sprays of blooming pink hued clusters
of dazzling light*

*Oh beautiful one
with flaming eyes
with flowery scented hair
with ivory pink cunt lips
oh beauty with saffron hued flesh
about thy clit budding like a turgid
grape garlands of crimson lilies will
hang I that thee will hear in thy ear
my scented sighs*

*Oh beautiful one
delightful is thy cunt a giant red
blooming rose twixt the pink hued
flesh of thy ample thighs oh that
could I pour the honeyed words of I o'er
thy cunt like colored shining flowers
to deck thee in a scented glow*

Oh beautiful one

*thy cunt a poppy bloom which upon
its nectar art addicted is I in its hole
bees and butterflies abide oh that I
could in the luculent rays of its sight
drink the syrupy juice such that the
lips of I drip crimson drops of blood red
light*

Oh beautiful one

*in thy cunts hair has spilled the
scent of jacinth and jasmine blooms
colored flower blossoms deck the
shimmering net like silken robes thy
cunt a young rose in the garden of
thy refulgent hair*

Oh beautiful one

*thy cunts lips are a garden of crimson
hues burning red like the luculent
light of the noon day sun under its
lurid gaze my flesh burns to powder
scorched art I in its searing light give
to I the poppy juice of thy cunt to
cool the heated torments of I*

Oh beautiful one

*I am the nightingale to thy rose-like
cunt sighing in the net of thy hair oh
thy cunt is a garden and I sing in its
flowering tresses thy cunt isa giant
flower and its lips are golden petals
fluttering to my sighs*

Oh beautiful one

*the coral lips of thy cunt burn my
eyes I gaze upon its lurid face nestled
in its tangled tresses like night
black lilies the ruby frosted edges of
its lips glow like points of red light
but like the dark hued moth to its
light I fly and in its gorgeous sight I
die*

Oh beautiful one

*before the bowl of thy cunt hast
fallen I that golden rimed pool limpid
with nectar like a liquid pearl hast
ensnared my soul round which thy
lips saffron stained curl flower-like
through the pink mist of thy cunts
evaporating dew*

*Oh beautiful one
thy cunt remember I as like a red sun
arising in morn o'er multi-hued
flowers garlanded with dew glittering
gem-like like flames dancing in
forest fires thy crimson petals glowed
with heated scents*

*Oh beautiful one
in thy cunts hole is the singing of
nightingales like a full moon
luculent in silvery light is the sight
of thy cunt oh drunk am I on the
scented light that from those crimson
lips flash and in my heart fires ignite*

Oh beautiful one

*thy cunts cream is like drops of white
milk shimmering in moonlight that
cloak thy crimson lips in luculent
light like flower petals tinted with
silver flake*

Oh beautiful one

*like traced with porcelain pen thy
cunts lips crystal-like glow with
pink hued light as along their edge
trace the lone curling hair of thy
cunts mesh like a scorpions tail
pointing at the moon to strike my
heart with lusts travail*

Oh beautiful one

*rise up thy cunt like a glass goblet
yellow hued scented with odoriferous
scents that I can kiss those golden
tinted lips tips and wet my vermilion
colored lips with the juices of thy
golden flowers mouth*

Oh beautiful one

*to the viper like flickering of the
tongue of I thy cunt lips jingle with
mellifluous tones from the marble
and ivory bells studded along the lips
edge chinking like gold anklet
bracelets on the perfumed air flowing
from thy hyacinth cunt hair*

Oh beautiful one

*is there a pinker silk than thy cunts
lips*

*is there a pinker hue than thy cunts
sheen*

*is there a softer touch than thy
velvety flesh*

*is there a greater picture than rows of
roses blooms along thy lips enfolding
the silvery moon of thy cunts glows*

Oh beautiful one

*thy cunts hair is like curly silk with
glittering splinters of gold sprinkled
in the dark net o'er which bees and
butterflies fly to sup from those red
rosey lips that are like burning
flowers in the moonlight*

Oh beautiful one

*the eyes of I have gazed thee to see a
great thicket of panther black hair
'neath which lies its lair an
amethyst bowl crystal clear with
lucent deep waters into which up
drink my eyes*

Oh beautiful one

*the cunt hair of thee is an
embroidered robe flaked with purple
dust sparkling that clothes thy cunt
hole silvery shining like dappled
moonlight on water reflecting
glittering stars*

Oh beautiful one

*thy cunt hole shines like coruscating
light reflecting of pink lips that hide
shadows in their deep folds twixt flesh
like coated in pink frost that gathers
light in its luculent hues that robes
all like viewed thru pink gauze*

Oh beautiful one

*the cunt lips of thee curved like
crescent moons dangling in space
shower bright light in the holes deep
limpid waters that o'er flow the pink
lined rim to cascade down light like
shimmering waterfalls in moonlight*

*Oh beautiful one
the pink clusters of thy cunts lips
open wide to reveal a shimmering
pearl 'gainst the pink flesh that
beams like beads of light the light
like fingers of pink spray out o'er
flowing the bowl and shower down in
lightfalls of moonlight*

*Oh beautiful one
like a purple orchid is thy cunt with
cunt hair dark like night creeper-
like curling down around those turgid
flowery lips to conceal the flesh folded
that within lies paradise*

*Oh beautiful one
thy cunt hole breathes out bubbles of
scented air to float like streams of
incense o'er thy hyacinth purple
hair to mingle with moonlight
dancing in space like leaves reflected
in silver mirrors*

*Oh beautiful one
thy crimson cunt lips waver o'er the
limpid pearl-like pool of thy cunts
hole like moonlight kissing night
flower blooms oh that could I dive into
the pink colored shadows of thy folds
blooming like pink roses*

Oh beautiful one

*the cunt lips of thee are scented with
the breeze o'er flowing that pool of
milk white limpidity turning those
folds into burning buds of pink flames
shooting up like tongue of lucent
light to send beams of light cascading
down thy pink fleshy thighs*

Oh beautiful one

*the scented breeze of thy emerald
rimed pool of coagulated light lifts
thy cunt lips like pink hanging veils
to flutter like fans o'er that oval of
jade colored like pink roses sending
wavelets of light rippling in that
bowl like pink flowers floating on
moonlight ruffled waters*

*oh the words of I pour like streams of
honey*

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