

Laments

of

Kush ibn Shaddad ibn Ad the

Great

As told by sheikh ' Abd al-Samad

ibn ' Abd al-Qaddus al-Samudi

Newly discovered fragment of the tale

"The city of Brass"

From the

THE ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

قيل و قيل فلأ باتك

Translated by al-Zib wa al-Kis

POEMS BY C DEAN

Laments

of

Kush ibn Shaddad ibn Ad the

Great

**As told by sheikh ' Abd al-Samad
ibn ' Abd al-Qaddus al-Samudi**

Newly discovered fragment of the tale

"The city of Brass"

From the

THE ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

قلىلو قلىل فلأ باتك

Translated by al-Zib wa al-Kis

POEMS BY C DEAN

List of **free** Erotic Poetry Books by Gamahucher Press by colin leslie dean
Australia's leading erotic poet free for download

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press>

Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2014

PREFACE

ON FROSTED GLASS I WITH
MY HEATED BREATH WRITE
THESE WORDS OF ME time
washes away all that must be
nothing will last of thee to dust
all the monuments of thee
buried in the dusts of time no
lasting residue will be left of
thee forgot unremembered all
the things done by thee the
things of thee to dust just as
thee will be not even a whisper
will last of thee

The night 569

I sheikh 'Abd al-Samad ibn 'Abd al-
 Qaddus al-Samudi do verily say
 that after wandering around
 alabaster gilded rooms inlaid with
 varied jewels of varied hues scented
 with scents floral fruity musk civet
 with naddah ambergris aloes and
 myriads perfumes upon the harems
 door we did stare ebony wood inlaid
 with gold and plenteous gems to
 captivate ones view opening of which
 a cold breeze did flow from and in an
 instant before it was gone on frosted
 glass inlaid in the marble floor this
 verily I did read

I KUSH IBN SHADDAD IBN AD
 THE GREAT ON FROSTED GLASS I
 WITH MY HEATED BREATH DO
 WRITE THESE WORDS OF I

Girls of all sorts from all the lands have
 passed thru my hands hot blooded from
 Abyssinia delicate from Sin passionate from
 Hind from Samarkand every land Isfahan
 all sorts of girls of the world from below the
 mountains of the moon to the heights of Qaf
 further than the lands of wak wak skin
 soft and translucent brown skinned like the
 tulip gold as the champa white as jasmine
 black like dahlia bloom pink as
 chrysanthemum petals and yellow as
 saffron red like anemone buds all sorts of
 girls of all the world did I enjoy for my
 delight more cunts thru my hands than

flower blooms in all the perfumed meadowed
lands

My idle hours filled I with many
flowers from many watered-meadows
that perfumed the harem of I cunts
red blushed like the rose in new born
bloom crimson hued as fresh as the
blood red lips of the baby that cries for
you oh I can still feel the passion of
its fire that meets me with its desire
the musk scented breath of that
aqueous hole folded in by those scented
lips that hold my soul burned in those
perfume scented fumes that to vapor
my flesh did flow tears of delight as
my flesh was consumed in those folds
with no respite oh my body to water

my flesh to burst into flame as in
that crystal fount my tears of joy
fell splattering light rippling thru
the air like silver scimitars bright to
drink at its mouth to suck those full
blown blooms to feel those lips caress
my cheeks like petals of burning
flames that I would take the crystal
bowl and drink that wine of lust oh
that I would drink my hearts fill
forgetting time all and everything as
my souls falls into that pearl-like
pond oh that lake of paradise to into
which to drown my sighs oh those
silken curtain lips darkly soaked
with my heated sighs oh that rose-
flower bowl kissed by my languid lips

from which light-blown cunny dew
like frozen honey of the bee drips such
that its sweet scented fumes float
around me like purple tinted mist oh
those long moonlit nights filled with
lazy hours oh those purple hued
violet-like cunts deep scented as is
the perfumed hues of Samarkand
turban frothed wine oh those
immaculate luculent petals that
my lips those lips entwine that to
thee pull me with their heated grasp
those lips that flutter in refulgent
light like butterfly wings to make
tunes upon my flesh with ravishing
delight oh those wings of purple night
wrap me into thee that I may feel the

flutterings touches of a thousand
butterfly wings o'er me flesh wrap me
into thee that I can reach heaven in
those tight folds to be with thee in the
paradise of thy delight oh the cunny
dew that drips is the dew of thy eyes
that bring me sighs the dew of thy
cunt is the frozen tears of a virgins
cries give to me those lips that are like
silk give to me those lips that are
softer than sun heated milk oh those
purple-colored lips like black eyes
perfumed with kohl clutch me up
with those fairy tips and caress me
into bliss oh those lips the flame for
me the moth oh burn my tissued flesh
with the licking of those flame-like

lips burn up my flesh with thy sighs
for I my soul consumed in one second
of eternity let those flame-like lips
leap o'er me burn me endlessly oh
that with thy heated kiss my flesh
does melt and into thee dissolve in a
paroxysm of flame may my dripping
flesh perfume the moonlit night in
drunken fumes of purple mist may
my flesh drip down o'er the ground in
purple flowers of light and soak up
the night with my cries of delight oh
those languid hours filled with the
scent of those translucent pink lips of
the neuphar lips of curdled light oh
that I did thirst for the waters of its
immaculate pool to feed my frenzy

and cool the rippling of my heated
flesh of that I could suck in their
balmy breath that I could ravish
that pink bud thrust up prayer-like
to the moon I thrust my mouths cup
to thy moonlit pool that its limpid
waters flood my soul with insatiable
lust oh squeeze me in that pink
musky flesh such that my veins
burst and my blood drips down
clotting into myriad flowers o'er the
ground oh those lips fed with light
feed my soul give me rapturous
delight oh flower petals of light give
to me thy flesh that from them I
could shower kisses endlessly breathe
o'er them and expire give me those lips

dappled in purple shadows that cast
pinkish hues o'er my flesh give me
that pool alive with fire give me its
perfumed breath softer than silk oh
flower of coagulated light smile upon
me let thy dripping dew congeal o'er
my flesh like dewy pearl like the
frozen light from a virgins eyes
moonlight glints off thy pink laced
lips tips brightening the room like the
refulgence of dawn thy hole of
flowery waters burst out from thy
folds like the dawn day sun upon the
night oh enfolded in thy robe of
pinkish light is the full moon
scintillating light like the noon day
sun upon the gardens in bloom oh

those lips are slivers of light that
strike my eyes and burst thru my
mind thy lips pinkish light lies
scattered o'er me like myriad flowery
blooms of dancing light oh give me that
sight thy moon-like hole decked
around with their dew-like stars pour
into the mouth of I from the hole of
thine that wine that is sweet nectar
to my soul pour into my mouth that
libation of liquid light that it slips
down my heated cheeks to drip into
pools of liquid fire of luculent pink
Oh those hours of idle languor nestled
'neath those petals of chamomile
bloom thy bloom spreads yellow across
thy thighs of alabaster white thy

lips of yellow garment cloak that
pool of porphyry dew in thy flowery
waters float the dreams of I in those
immaculate lips I see reflected back
the face of thee oh that scent of
delightfulness overabundant with
desires untold let us together die in
those watery depths lets us be
consumed in the passion of those
flowery waters oh that I would thirst
for the lust of that hole in that
brimming bowl be all the oasis of
Araby oh that I could sit at thy
saffron hued feet and drain the drops
that drip from that limpid pond like
falling frozen light oh I would drown
myself in those fathomless depths to

soak into my flesh the smells of that
perfumed vent pour forth that froth
of snow white frost I would suck that
dew ast sucketh the leach upon pink
hued flesh I would wash my rippling
flesh in the bath of that shimmering
dew there is my death in those
diaphanous lips in those curling
translucent tips there is forgetting of
every care thy holes dew heals all
miseries oh to lie upon those plumpy
folds and forever kiss that blooming
flower watered by the moons light
beams oh sweet scented mouth rain
down o'er me the heated dew-flowers
of thy holes sighs

press the pink flecked flesh of thy lips
to my cheeks those flesh drawn
shadows of their abundant folds more
purple than the clouds shadows o'er
yellow meadows oh thy lips yellow
pigments more brighter than burnish
gold washed o'er with honey sweet
oh could we be mingled in scented
sleep enfolded up into thee like the bee
in the clasping flowers bud to be
drowned in the aqueous depths that
flow from that silken furrow to have
my tingling flesh sprinkled with the
liquid scent and to melt into to it and
of me to have bliss thy hole is a drop of
sliver among the nights glinting stars
thy slit like water flowing o'er

polished glass oh give to me that
yellow fruit that I may be lost in the
glow of its light like a yellow sunset
oh I did idle away many lazy hour in
delightful bliss thru out my many
coulombs marble and ivory pink
with myriad beauties from east and
west their perfume sweet like a
meadow of multitudinous flowery
blooms filled the perfumed scented
rooms the meadows of my harem was
scented from the breaths of their
flowery bodies fair harem screens
enclosed all those royal flowers under
nets of silken canopies red tinted and
black pearl laced golden goblets and
jade bowls were filled with their

glinting cunny dew more brighter
than the steel of glinting scimitars
silver lamps did throw o'er their
flowery lips soft colored hues as if seen
thru a silken skein shadows purple
dance o'er all dappling the rooms in
rippling hues patterns of light rippled
across translucent flesh with the
sheens of polished gems colors reflected
off jasper tops silken screens and
columns stately tall like frost of color
splashed upon all woven into mats of
scent their dripping cunny dew lay
within the perfumed scented rooms
flowers of cunny dew did float in the
mottled air to drip and splash into
fingers of light to burst into clouds of

scents that covered all in odorous
mists o'er all the moon cast its web of
slivery light like silk netting to
enfold those flowery blooms in froths
of light milk-like the very moon was
jealous of their glowing light every
room was vibrant with the wanton
sights the very air vibrated cymbal-
like to the lustful waverings of those
soft baby flesh petaled tips those
dewy lips were water to a thirsty
man those refulgent holes were wine
to a drunked man those full brimmed
holes were filled with liquid gold to a
greedy man oh that I would drink the
dew of their flower holes like wine

that I would eat their lips like
nibbling black dates to drink the
breath of their cunts like heated wine
their sweet curling lips were red
poppies that enraptured me by their
opium scent oh to lay my head upon
the laps of scented cunny dew
to shake the drops of dew from their
black netted cunny hair to drip upon
my quivering tongues tip oh their
curling cunt hair like scorpions tails
stinging my senses to overblown
enraptuousness to delight in the
curves of their lips across their thighs
more beautiful than the moons curve
cutting the night sky I covered them
with kisses as the hot sun the

parched earth does kiss on the curve
of their crescent moon lips I did nibble
hungrily oh in the flowery waters of
their limpid pools I did anoint my
flesh and in that scented flesh I did
dream ineffable dreams of bliss I did
cover them with my kisses like the
vine to the vine to entwine oh their
holes were gilded shrines at which to
the divine in adoration sublime I did
prostrate at their saffron colored feet
oh to bask in the overabundant
splendor of that pulsating flesh to be
transported into delight at that
ineffable sight to kiss those lips under
the down pour of silvery moonlight to
be coated in light like white frost as I

looked upon those miracles of bliss oh
to have been transported into
beatitude at those numinous delights
to be taken into swooning on the
winds of their scented breaths oh those
lips curved like small shells those lips
like ripe fruit those lips like fleshy
flames catapulted into rapturous
happiness in the glow of those lips my
veins throbbed my eyes burned with
heated tears my lips cried out for
them I gazed upon the languor of
those pouting folds their image like a
flame burns into my mind I drunk
at the flowery bowls felt the longing
and yearning in my fevered flesh felt
the suffocation of my breath felt the

bursting of my throbbing heart felt
the burning of the tears that seared
my burning cheeks I have felt the
madness of those diaphanous lips
touch I have felt the agony of my
longing for their look tears flooded my
eyes blood surged thru my veins their
looks turned my flesh into flames into
my meadows I walked in swirling
currents of flesh I fell quivering into
the purple shadows of their
shimmering pools my body sparkled
like sheaths of diamonds coated in
their cunny dew lost to the world lost
possessed by the images of those
flowery folds those fold were the
window into eternity with those lips I

was touched by the infinity
 luxuriating in the that exquisite
 splendor when lips met lips mouth to
 flowery mouth the flames streaming
 from my eyes the tremulous breath of
 my sighs ineffable forgetfulness what
 divine insanity what ravishment
 then

I Kush Ibn Shaddad Ibn Ad The
 Great do say the destroyer of all came
 upon me washing away all of my
 meadows and me I do say the world is
 a dream a mirage on an illusion I
 admonish thee to not fall in into its
 snares and of its clutches beware time
 washes away all all my armies and
 wealth could not give me one second more

I do say the destroyer of delights upon us
 come unawares nothing can give thee an
 extra second of life I say to thee to all
 like me time washes all away nothing
 stays forgotten all will be all the
 monuments that thee make for thee to
 dust decay oblivion will be no trace of
 thee like these words of me writ upon
 frosted glass when the doors of my harem
 will again be open be then nothing at all
 of me will be left to see thus warns thee I
 Kush Ibn Shaddad Ibn Ad The Great do
 verily say

as rememberth

I sheikh 'Abd al-Samad ibn 'Abd al-
 Qaddus al-Samudi do verily say

ISBN 978187634749x