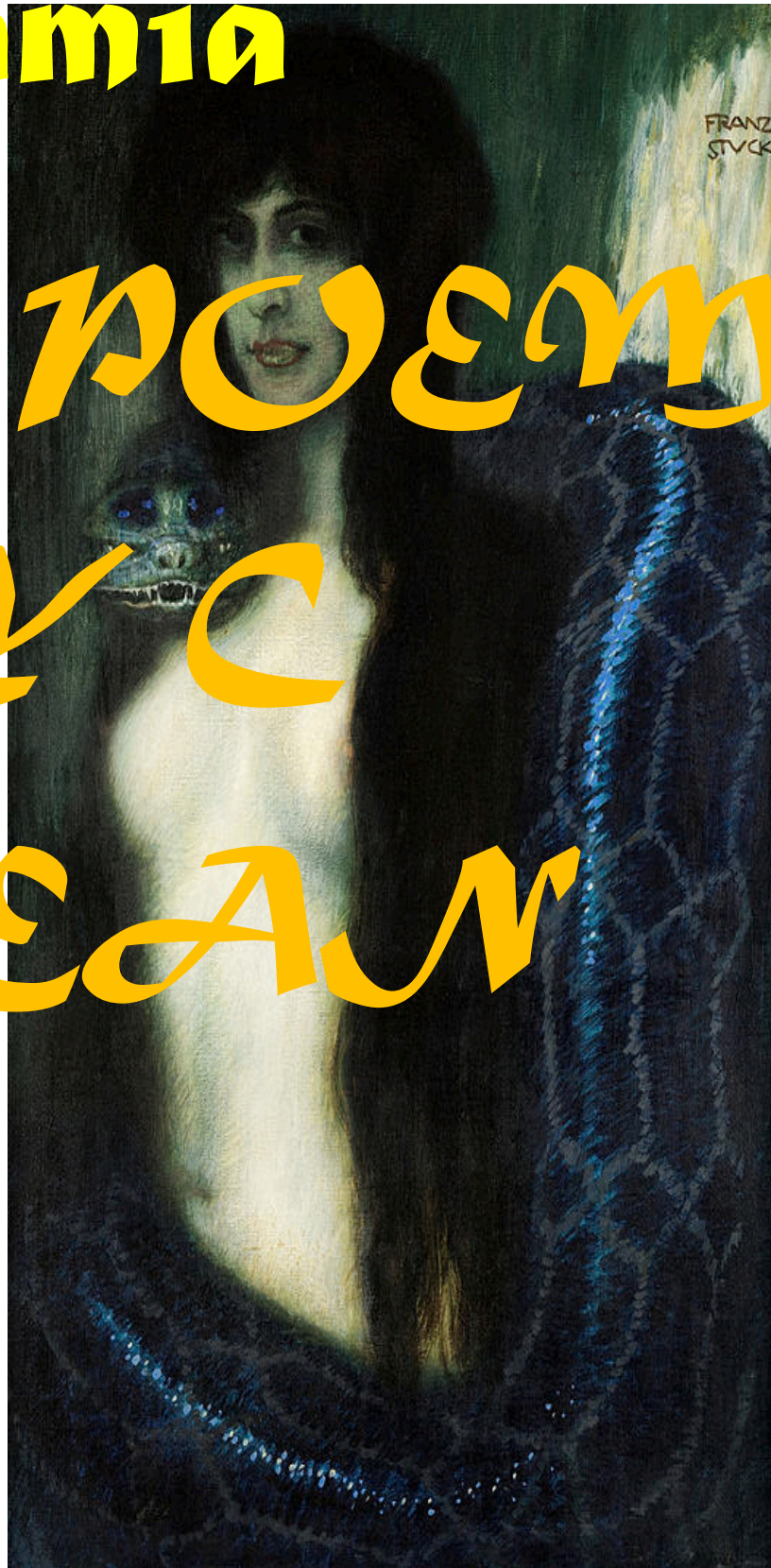


Lamia



POEM

BY C

DEAN

# Lamia

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FP 2024 FP: "The Sin" Franz Stuck (1909) P.2

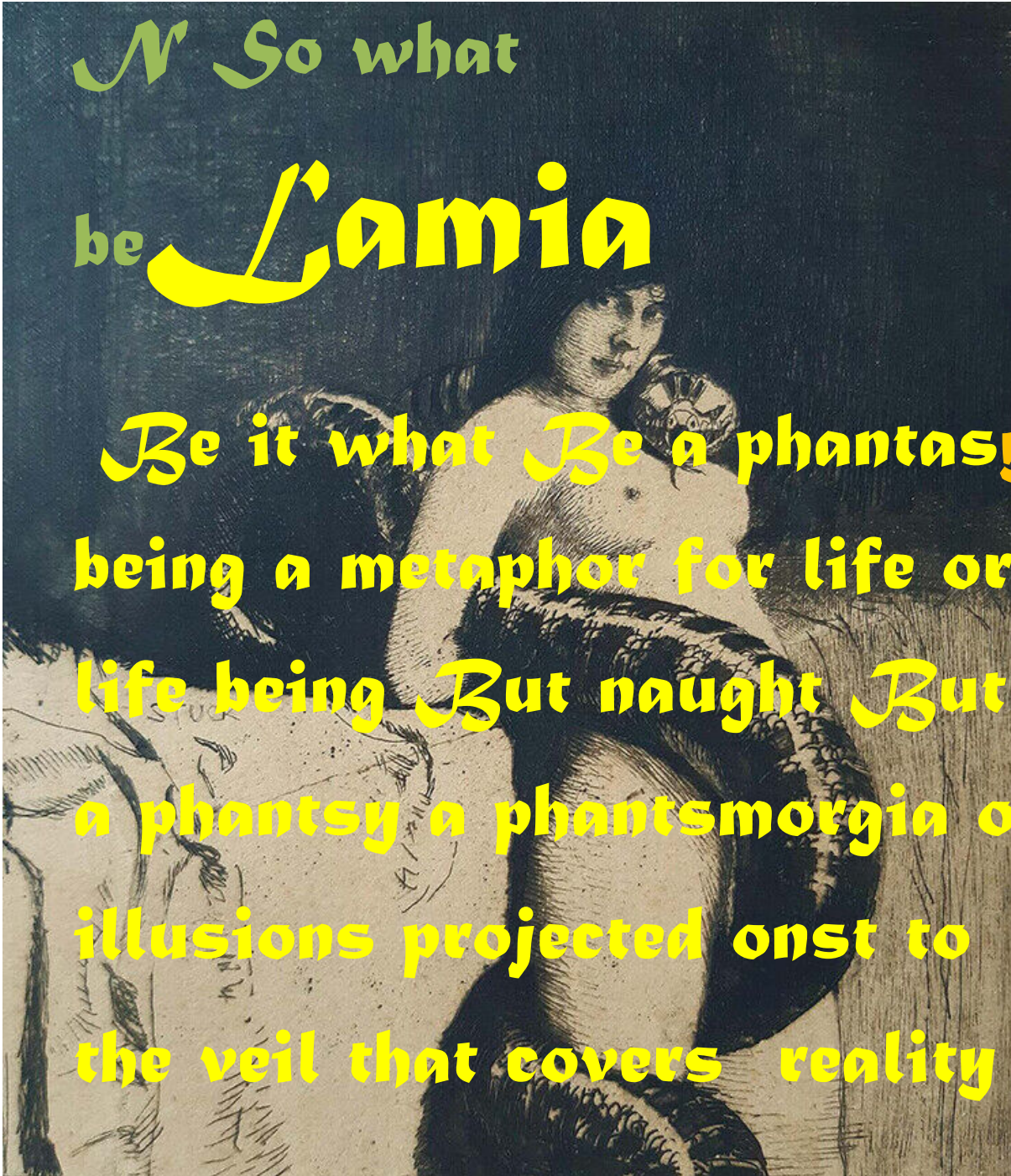
"The angel with the serpent" [Evelyn De Morgan](#),  
1870 – 1875 P.3 "The sensuality" Franz von Stuck  
(1889)

# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

So what

be **Lamia**

Be it what Be a phantasy  
being a metaphor for life or  
life being But naught But a  
a phantsy a phantsmorgia of  
illusions projected onst to  
the veil that covers reality



by our unconscious must doth say  
 Klein But doth say I perhaps that  
 reality is naught But our  
 unconscious which be a variation  
 onst Kants transcendental idealism  
 all thus But naught But a dream  
 world andst nothing else which some  
 doth say Keats didst say tried to  
 discredit where I doth say this

## Lamia

may inst fact discredit reality which  
 doth say Water be But naught But  
 sensations of which Keats didst  
 say what people "want is sensation

of some sort" so Dearest reciter

perhaps this **Lamia** is

naught But eroticized pulsations of  
sensations to ripple thy flesh thy

imagination that like that Wilde  
"flame-like" ast with Swinburne

"[thy] soul burn as an alter-fire To the  
unknown God of unachieved desire"

andst thee victim of modernity thee  
mechanized routinize algorithmize

thee technological

reproduction of mass culture

thee utility inst a utilitarian

capitalism enjoy for a moment

this lay inst thy sensations o'er

stimulations which **But**

doth make thee

overstimulated **But**

existentially bored which

thee be caught inst a

vicious cycle to escape that

feeling of more

o'erstimulations for as

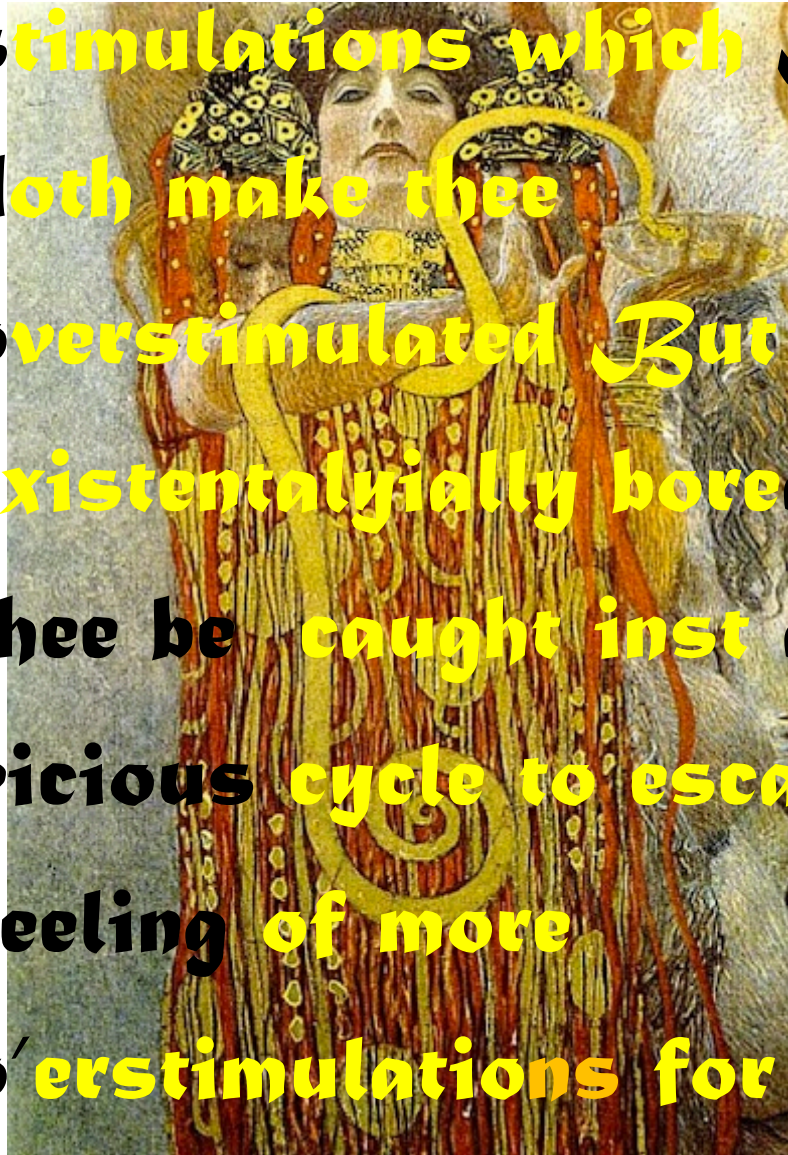
**Bagehot** didst prophesize **Oh** "hasty

reader... [pass] on to some new

excitement which in turn stimulates

for an instant and then is passed by for

ever"



# **PREFACE** Come thee

**listener listen to my reed my voice that  
 doth sing to thee of some shes I paint  
 for thee pictures that gives the world  
 some beauty thru some vain conceits  
 that may seem strange or perhaps just  
 my minds deceit to give thee pleasure or  
 perhaps some woe at what I show thru  
 reason thy passions may grow or thru  
 thy passions reason may But go Yet  
 my words carve inst marble the temper  
 of my mind that inst this world I doest  
 finde that ones fancy onst some she may  
 But illusions be projected fromst thy  
 Id to make thee blind at what that she  
 may really be good or bad or perhaps  
 like me to send thee mad**

Andst what be the poets fancy With his or  
 hers imaginings be thy real or illusions veil  
 that they lay o'er reality But what is real  
 andst just phantasy is the real But a  
 projected dream to the mad its doth seem  
 But real Ahh are their fancies tales of their  
 mind or just fleeting imagined picture fromst  
 what be But pure creativity which the  
 mediocre canst not see or e'en themselves to  
 dream so we are But to surmise is this proem  
 fromst a mind gone mad or just a bit of fun to  
 pass away the time inst revelry to make thee  
 happy to make the glad is this proem about  
 the reality of some shes or just phantasy well  
 we guess that doth depend onst **THY**  
 mindes quality



**Ahh within thy wanton flesh with  
 lips violet-coloured lips from sipping  
 fromst that fount of Hippocrene doth  
 Ohh doth I give voice with  
 articulate sound to rejoice at that  
 which I hast found that which I  
 hast seen at that scene Ahhhh  
 within thy wanton flesh frenzied  
 upon the fumes that be that fleshes  
 breath faint tinted thy lips foam-  
 flowers of odorous froth passions  
 effloresces fizzing along thy lips  
 curved edge bubbles seem to steam  
 upon mine lips poppy juice that beam  
 pink light that be I see ast flames  
 like ointment that doth But enflame**

**my flesh turgid ast some stem that  
 throbs andst beats pulsates with heat  
 that seeks that fountain of this  
 delightful femme that seeps pastilles  
 upon mine tongue that taste of musk  
 andst ambergris to float ast clouds  
 of scented perfume a lucent veil of  
 violet light radiant that**

**Streaks bright**

**Blossoming**

**Slivers of**

**Flames arabesques**

**Petalled-flowers**

**Faery weaved upon lips violet-  
 coloured lips look look doth √ see**

**Within that mound of flesh  
 Jamshids cup that pool that crystal  
 globe that greater truth be seen  
 within √ "peeking" within √ "seeing"  
 that to the eyes of √ doth show  
 within that robe of flesh fauns  
 andst Satyrs andst myriad cloven-  
 footed forms doest do But internit  
 andst blend andst mingle andst to be  
 But blent inst one struggling all  
 combined within inst some  
 intermeshed serpentry entwined each  
 within each guggling gurgling a  
 whole a serpentine snake that each  
 fromst each tangled mess doth  
 doleful sounds doest make ast one**

that be **But** stung by some venomous  
 thing that doth sting with wailings  
 forlorn their breaths to bubbles form  
 like melted inst some gummy myrrh

To float like swollen mushrooms  
 golden topped

Fromst that cup of that her to burst  
 upon the violet-coloured lips of **J**

To flair

With a perfumed glare

Inst tangles of

Loveliness kissed upon mine flesh the  
 anguish of their pain tempestuous that  
 be **But** delights melodious that my ears  
 doth gain to sing with my lips violet-  
 coloured lips look look doth **J** see

**Bella Donna those hairs threads  
twisted Wolf's-bane**

**Twined tight weaved nightshade  
threaded with gems flickering with  
yew-berries that lay within tangled  
enlaced Fuans andst Satyrs that  
squirm within those threads that  
tight tie they with their moans with  
their groans of some hidden folly that  
doest But seem to mine ear But  
Odes onst their Melancholy**

**That seep fromst their eyes tears  
that form to berrys red ast rubies  
that wine fromst their eyes ast they  
twist andst turn andst seem to burn  
within those threads of hair that doth be**

But some lair of some strange snake  
 thing that doth torment those silenus  
 forms inst that hair that be ast if be  
 that labyrinth that that fair Gentle

Knight with that bloudie Crosse didst  
 finde that thing with mortal sting these  
 captured things within the tangle knots  
 wound about doest sing such moans  
 such doleful groans twisted up coiled  
 around ast if fromst venomous snakes  
 their prey hast found But Ohh doth  
 those hairs upon the air seep perfumes  
 so sweet to mine senses with rapturous  
 delight Ohh Ohh those curling  
 twining fumes entice ♪ that doth Ohh  
 doth sing ♪ doth with my lips violet-  
 coloured lips look look doth ♪ see

Upon that chest what dearest  
 Philoclea hadst which Philisides  
 didst see ast doth see ♪ those  
 breasts of milken name Ahh those  
 wanton nests Ahh like pommels of  
 marble But But not those porphyry  
 tops that that poet didst But see  
 But Ohh But Ohhh didst see ♪  
 two tips ast serpent fangs red  
 pouting points of ruby light turgid  
 flesh swollen flesh circled inst some  
 halo of violet light fervid flesh that  
 seems to ♪ to pulse with passions  
 deep to bulge to surge to swell andst  
 not repulse for around those fangs  
 didst surround myriads of Fauns

**andst Satyrs andst myriad cloven-  
 footed forms sucking upon those  
 fangs some syrop of delight that  
 didst drip fromst their lips iridescent  
 luculent light ast didst they swarm  
 ast that brood didst that saw that  
 knight onst adventures that Glorinna  
 gave upon those fangs they licked  
 andst bit andst sucked with ravish  
 just ast that brood didst suck their  
 dying mothers blood feverish frenzied  
 they didst upon the flesh didst flood  
 andst to those paps those fangs didst  
 my lips long to dwell ast that juice  
 upon my lips fell my lips violet-  
 coloured lips look look doth ♪ see**



*Lips* Ohh lips palpitating flesh  
 around which didst hang a halo of  
 bubbling honey breath that didst kiss  
 those lips ast that scented air didst  
 the air refresh andst seem to paint  
 with purple flakes that ruby glow  
 that didst upon those lips grow *But*  
*But* Ohh those lips red gorged of  
 blood those lips ast some serpent  
 mouth that doth upon its prey doth  
 close didst pout didst with sweet  
 lispings didst *But* seem to *Y* to be  
*But* some hissing that didst  
 confound my listening *Y*et the blood  
 to those lips didst flood fromst the  
 lips of all those myriads of *Fauns*

andst Satyrs andst myriad cloven-  
 footed forms that clasped their lips  
 flesh to those swollen lips of flesh for  
 that kiss of bliss like leaches hung all  
 they fromst that mouth But no blood  
 they sucked But their blood fromst  
 those those lips didst those lips treat  
 ast a baby upon a teat its life to suck  
 ast blood didst drip drip to froth andst  
 ast to glow

*Foam*

*Rosette blooms*

*Blossoms of                      blood*

*Drips That my lips doest*  
*seek Upon my lips with my lips violet-*  
*coloured lips look look doth √ see*

**Unblinking**

**Slitted pupils**

**Enchanting hypnotic gaze fixed**

**No whites But that stares**

**Unyielding Unblinking**

**Ohh**

**Ohh with iris encircled with scales  
iridescent**

**Ohh that iris shimmering  
kaleidoscope Of greens golds blues  
that flash rotate**

**Dilate**

**That But stare at √ intense unyielding  
gaze upon on √ that doth seem to see**

infinity thru the veil of reality into ♪  
mesmerised

Captivated the eyes of ♪ caught trapped  
to gaze at those eyes ast moth to flame  
hastening my eyes to those eyes that  
gleam thru what seems purple vapour  
that thru look ♪ at those eyes fixed on  
♪ Ohh so loveliness so much be  
But terror Yet Ohh Yet such joyous  
delight like Medusa " its horror and its  
beauty are divine" within my sight ast  
rotate greens andst golds andst blues  
Ahh such sting inst my throat the pain  
runs thru to sleep ♪ fall

To awake inst that crystal globe  
intermeshed serpentry entwined ♪ with  
each within each guggling gurgling be ♪