



Lassitude

POEM

BY C

DEAN

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Fp: **Woman lying on her Back - Lassitude, study for 'Elles' - Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec**

Publishers

introduction

Ahhh what be this

Lassitude it

**seems to be it be we seem to
think a rebuttal of the**

Carpe Diem of Horace

**"carpe diem quam minimum
credula postero" what tripe**

to say pluck the day this

poem doth say trusting as
little as possible in the next
day only leads to

Lassitude Ahh

Horace and Epicurus what
fools be the say of this

Lassitude Ahh

the folly to live without
restraint in the world of
ones senses such wisdom

**clothed in such beauty such
artifice the artificial so
loved by the aesthete the love
of aestheticism but the bane
artifice condemned by
English purists of old like
the pre-modern Persians to
say a poem is artifice is to
say of course its poetry
reused trope and metaphors
are poetic in the new ways
they are used not as the**

English say are colloquial

Ahh this

Lassitude be a

woven necklace a woven

brocade all fabricated

**artisanal not about truth-
telling or sincerity at thy**

leisure pluck each pearl

fromst this necklace of

gilded words swoon into

bliss

Preface

**To say lay upon the present hour and have
thy fill of promised bliss with some willing
kiss with some coy nymph to say to snatch
pleasure before the run of time doth thee
age to say now time thee should possess
and taste of those golden early joys blahh
all this ast the decadents didst show leads
to miseries and ennui lassitudes
impuissance listen to the moan of those
world weary souls hear their dying sighs in
that gem-like flame of tormenting desires in
that hell of gorged senses to see where it
doth lead thee who doth say live for the day
to Young Thaliarchus**

**Cracked hast the cup of amethyst
 cracked hast that violet cup andst
 spilt the wine of lust once didst ♪
 fill the goblets brimmed with every
 costly wine but with a sigh set forth
 on that pilgrimage of ♪ not of space
 or time but of my mind but to but
 arrive in this *Sappy gloom Dark
 paradise where pale becomes the
 bloom where Omar in his grave of
 withered vine-leaves doth not sing
 Carpe Diem blah once didst once
 sigh ♪ Carpe Diem blah today be a
 veil of stagnate scents the odours of
 Atar-gul sprinkled by Zuleika lay
 stale o'er the pictured roof and***

marble floor *Carpe Diem* blah once
 didst once sigh ♪ doth only bring
 stupor exhausted languor in this
 garden where the nightingale of hafiz
 doth not sing where the rose is
 withered and the asphodels only
 bloom only bloom scented blooms
 where that perfume doth kiss the
 pallid lips withered of ♪ those lips
 that kissed once those cunt lips of all
 those she those cunt lips of all those
 she bedewed with cunt dew flickering
 fire light thru that violet mist that
 each lip yea each lip coated with
 purple dew didst stain the lips of ♪
 and didst burst forth that flesh of ♪

with delight *Ahh* howeth those
cunts folds cast indigo shadows o'er
the burning limbs of *♪* howeth
those lips seem to lie with loveliness
like a shadow which shine fiery and
lurid *Ohh* howeth those lips laid
upon the lips of *♪* perfumes fused
with moonlight howeth now those
lips be withered flowers pale that
twine thru this mind of *♪* weaving
sighs of dullness around the soul of
♪ *Ahh* howeth all lust falls
scattered like dried petals of roses
upon the winter wind that breathes
thru the mind of *♪* *Ohh* howeth the

wind in the temple wind voices
 scatter sonnets fromst this song-tide
 this bitter tide by winds of passion
 moved move no more

No more the flickering flames of
 lust

No more the cunts fumes of
 hyacinth

No more thy cunts lips to ignite the
 fire in the flesh of ♀

The flames of lust low flickering to
 a dim light all joys a pale glow

Over the flesh of ♀ go wane
 shadows cold halos of violet blent
 with silver moonlight that caress this

flesh of joyless delight 'neath
 pomegranates rotting in the scentless
 nights blight Ahh these lips taste
 the wine of Lethe whenst once they
 didst sip that honey fromst honeyed
 cunts lips aureoled in lights
 flickering dew that placed with their
 kisses garlands of mauve carnations
 twined with corianders and coral and
 orange roses bright upon the limbs of
 ♪ that quivered that danced to thy
 sighs to thy sighs like the
 Madhuvanti raga fromst sitars or
 sweet tunes of the guqin singing
 Guan guan cry the ospreys Ahhh
 didst ♪ ago long long for with

joyous sighs long for their sighs
 that came as through bubbling honey
 for Loves sake they that shed scent
 and soft-shed kisses and soft sleep
 those with hard eyes that grow soft
 for an hour they they Ohh those they
 with amorous girdle full of thee fair
 and leavings of Lilies in thine hair
 Ohh those days those sweet days
 slumberous 'neath rose didst hear ♪
 the lusting sounds of Pans flute
 didst see those girlies sweet lift feet
 to cunt filled panties see those
 skirts whirling waves of silk 'neath
 a sky like a sapphire sea didst smell
 ♪ those cunt perfumed scents sent

**o'er the flowery ground fromst those
alters of flesh dripping spikenard and
myrrh those days of joyousness to
drift with every passion till my soul
is a stringed lute on which all winds
can play Ahhh Ohh Carpe Diem
blah to at the banquet to eat ones fill
to thenst eat more to vomit o'er the
floor that excess but thensts to eat
some more to drink to drink into a
stupor thenst some more to thenst
into in a torpor to unconscious
collapse into that vomit o'er the
floor but to thenst it to drink for
some more to fuck to fuck till heart
a beat to miss but thenst to fuck for**

evermore bliss blahhh *Carpe Diem*
 blah burnt out the passions fire of
 delight drop now the tears of ♪ like
 pale pearls brittle to coat this garden
Sappy gloom Dark paradise where
pale becomes the bloom to bruise the
 petals of the lilies that rest this head
 listless upon mists of amethyst
 tinted with my languid sighs fly high
 to a sky like crushed mother of pearl
 faintly to stir pale asphodels that
 upon rest ♪ my feet slumberous in a
 shroud of mist fumes sweet the scent
 of lassitude breathe ♪ breathe ♪
 with deep sigh in this gloom see ♪
 ibis and crocodile to which doth tell

I by Osiris and Isis of some deed
 done by I Ohhh the eyes of that
 thing doth haunt the dreams of I
 dreams once in which didst see I
 those cunts those cunts of all those
 shes which I didst kiss into bliss
 'neath sunsets of ruby molten red
 didst bite into bliss ast bees didst
 fromst flower to flower hurry
 'mongst flowers of jade didst lie I
 caressing the flesh of youth now the
 flowers die andst with them the
 dreams of I the dreams of I but
 but be life itself be but a dream all
 life is a dream to all and that dreams
 themselves are dreams ast sayeth

***Pedro Calderón de la Barca y
 Barrera González de Senao Ruiz de
 Blasco y Riaño in this Sappy
 gloom Dark paradise where pale
 becomes the bloom where turquoise
 sky starless doth cloak ♪ with its
 shroud indigo dyed where the tears
 ♪ hast cried be mirrored spheres
 mirroring the pale flesh of ♪ where
 the air is scentless ast molten lead
 and purple shadows o'er the
 asphodels creep like manyed spiders
 feet to breathe is too breathe air like
 rust in this gloom perpetual of
 unearthly twilight where dust floats
 o'er the grounds like pale silver***

**threads of gossamer weaving threads
 in pallid lilies thru the light like mist
 like thru a gothic window of glass
 stained scarlet see √ cunts of
 manyed dyed pinks phantasmal forms
 of flesh with flesh rims of ivory and
 holes deep like filled with milk
 phosphorescent that pass before these
 eyes of √ these eyes that dream but
 do not sleep pass phantasmal shapes
 of flesh like eyes stained upon the
 scentless air that form dissolve to
 melt along the limbs of √ with cold
 bite like ice in this *Sappy gloom*
Dark paradise where pale becomes
*the bloom where dried lips of***

withered flesh suck in those flowers
fumes blent with this stale air
whilest the sighs of ♫ float in the
nocturnal light up up to curl around
the moon aureoled in the dreams of ♫
that eye that eye in the sepulchre sky
floating in the purple mist where the
tears dropped by the sleepless eyes of
♫ lay like clotted blood upon the
petals of asphodels tracing out the
lost dreams of ♫ look a withered
petal floats and swirls fromst the
languid breath of ♫ across the face
of the silver moon to trace thru that
orb a cut like a gaping wound deep
gash fromsts the sighs of ♫ in this

torpid night in this impuissance this
 deathless dream fromst which not √
 doth wake of phantasmal cunts half
 felt half seen longed for no more in
 this *Sappy gloom Dark paradise*
where pale becomes the bloom Ohh
 wish √ that this fatigue wouldst
 stupefy my heart to every days
 monotony or like the mystics claim to
 leave myself behind to escape fromst
 √ to become some other person for a
 day for my thoughts have grown
 uneager and depressed but Ohh but
 Ohh like the bird to escape its cage
 and fly fly on desires and lusts
 imaginings

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