

# Les Sacres du Printemps

POEM  
BY  
DEAN



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 du Printemps  
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**fp:** Love in Spring floral flowers waterscape  
 landscape by Hans Zatzka

**PUBLISHER  
INTRODUCTION  
N**

**Ahh what be be this *Les***

***Sacres du***

***Printemps* be**

**Ahh it be a revolution in  
poetry it be a new horizon it  
be an icon of the 21<sup>st</sup> century  
like Stravinskys *Le Sacre  
du printemps* it looks**

**forward to new art to new  
imaginings this**

**this** *Les*

*Sacres du*

*Printemps* **be**

**fragmentation of melodies  
into separate cells into  
separate units of sound of  
tones of rhythms its  
structure a cacophonies  
which keeps the reciter and**



**listener off balance due to  
fragmented and inconsistent  
rhythmic beats and  
harmonies with its change in  
tempo into unexpected  
modalities and unpredictable  
visual and auditory changes  
of musical virtuosity with  
no harmonic centre or  
Imagistics over arching**

**theme this** *Les*

*Sacres du*

**Printemps** be full

**of paganism atavistic  
sounds and pictures which  
jar and jolt with jagged  
edges shuddering sounds  
and thundering tones  
capturing the trembling  
pulsating raptuosness of  
fecund rapacious spring**

# PREFACE

Ahh ♪ be naught but the ♪ ♪ be  
 ♪ that ♪ that garden of lusts of  
 passions of lewd desires that weaves  
 the behaviour of ♪ the frothing swirling  
 upwellings that be ♪ ♪ that never  
 sleeps that projects upon the world its  
 world its dreams of desires fires  
 dreaming of passion hot heated upon the  
 breath of ♪ that be but ♪ who be the  
 master of ♪ the slave of ♪

**Like de Casseres reaching for truth  
 fell √ of the edge of the world into  
 eternity fell √ into the void whenst  
 didst √ peek thru a crack in time  
 andst see the garden of Kama  
 floating on volutes of froth interlaced  
 with threads of mist diaphanous light  
 prismatic rainbows of colours didst  
 drip to my sight poured down in  
 flames lurid ast metal in furnace  
 heated in the void of eternity didst  
 see √ fuliginous mist perfumed of  
 angiosperm andst the odours of lust  
 didst see √ the garden of Kama  
 whenst √ didst peek thru a crack in  
 time √ didst breathe the scents of**



blooms spring-flowers of chalices of  
 gold splashed 'gainst a sapphire sky  
 odours more sweet thanst perfumes  
 fromst anschir brighter thanst steel  
 molten whiter than lily-flowers like  
 made of Calacatta marble luculent  
 clouds of butterflies didst wing thru  
 the crack in time striations of  
 colours vaporising in light spread  
 thru eternity didst hear ♪ Hexapoda  
 the chirping of mating Orthoptera  
 and Neoptera and the mating  
 vibrations of rock crawling  
 Mantophasmatidae rippled the light  
 with butterflies in flight the hum of  
 lust didst on the airs strum Ahh

**hear hear the sweet cooing of that  
dove-like voice that mellifluous voice  
of she clothed in a white brighter  
than milk calasiris a she with  
around the neck of she gold threads  
of hair brighter than saffron Ahh  
Ahh hear hear she sing to him a HYMN**

Oh! mushroom headed God,

Oh blue veined stem thou mighty Godhead

At thy feet I prostrate and for thee weep

Worship, kow tow and of thee entreat

Rescue me from my horny plight

By thy tumescent throbbing sight

My lips fold out, expand and pout

They long to clutch, furl round that bulbous headed spike

Caress, devour and of thee to me give life.

Sorrow fills my eyes without thy sight Oh mushroom headed sprite

The days are long and pained filled is the night

My heart longs for thee of thee I wish to see

My love for thee sets in my soul, my love, my divinity.

Grant me peace give me thy grace

Show to me thy blood gorged face

Come my beloved this very hour

And of me devour.

Oh lord my body wastes sleepless are my nights

Beloved when will thou come and rescue me of my plight

Oh lord I am thy slave without thee cowered and afraid

Fasten thy eye upon me lord and release me from my pain

Oh lord show me thy compassion, thy love, thy burning passion.

Come my darling my beloved thy coming fills my need

Come Oh lord without thee I feel no ease

Come Oh lord and save me I beg thee please.

Upon thy swelling stem My lord I offer myself as sacrifice

Again and again, once, twice, thrice.

Oh lord quench my fires burn up my desires

With one almighty burst squirt forth thy frothy seed

Oh lord of my anguish may my hymn please intercede.

**Ahh hear hear she sing to him a HYMN  
midst delphiniums see see the**

nelumbriums bejewelled calyxes the  
pulsing stamens the throbbing pistils  
of scarlets pinks and yellows midst  
spadices prodding spars angiosperms  
like burnished bronze glowing like  
Chinese lacquer petals palpitating  
tinted like with pink milk polychrome  
hues rippling blooms of molten gold  
each to each each kiss by bees  
fertilizing each to each on their wings  
flashing firey enamels coating the  
light with light weavings of silky  
embroidery iridescent like glowing  
mica or molten crystal Ahh Ahh  
hear hear he sing his song to she  
midst blooms of pollen dripping like

# **fireflies of saffron hear hear he sing his song to she**

YASMIN

Your mouth is as red as the buds of a vine.

Your arms are as fine as it's tendrils that Climb.

And the joyful bloom of your tremulous limbs,

Are like a mass of blossoms blowing in the wind.

Like luscious ivy, falls your succulent hair, Covering your  
face and hiding your eyes.

Toppling down, curling around it leaves sweat scent on the  
air.

A wild vine creeping over thy breasts soft sighs.

Entwine me in those arms so tight,

My neck, my arms, my thighs my pretty sprite.

Caress me with thy leaf-like hand,

With thy shoot-like fingers send me mad.  
 As a serpent doth clutch at it's helpless prey,  
 In thy tendril like arms devour me | pray.

Oh! my sweet-scented flower, crush me in thy bud-like  
 breasts,

Suck from thy nectar dripping mouths my languishing  
 breaths.

Oh! my sweet-scented vine while thou doth entwine  
 Let the fragrant thick floral juice from thy flower-like pores,  
 Wash over me and of my flesh absorbs.

***Look looketh light glinting glittering  
 on waters fairies dancing to***

***Mendelssohns***

***Overture To A Midsummer  
 Night's Dream Look Looketh  
 coleoptera sent to each by rutting***



**scent on the wind fecundation in the  
 air rutting day and night in copulation  
 elation invertebrates their love of  
 hypodermic insemination the thrust of  
 the aedeagus thru the hemocoel love  
 in the garden of Kama see ♪ thru a  
 crack in time loves dance loves prance  
 'neath sky streaked with red  
 translucent bright to my sight the  
 sun ablaze hot fires of desires of  
 love 'neath sunlight caresses 'neath  
 sunlights kiss zoomorphic bliss each  
 to each impregnated in the  
 incandescence of lust kiss thrust  
 Look Looketh**

I did see

Puck satyrs fauns on pan pipes  
 flute tambourines banging cymbals  
 clashing skip and twirl swirl and

whirl with tumescent cocks priapic  
 turgid of prodigious girth lead thru  
 the flowers  
 skipping gyrating  
 pirouetting  
 with eyes that floodlight beam as if  
 stoned in an opium dream  
 eyes of fires that leap with desire  
 dancing feet  
 swaying with delicious melody  
 one step two steps  
 quickening beat beat beating out  
 rhythms on their feet  
 in circles whirling twining  
 in raptures intoxicated  
 spreading their glances smiling o'er  
 all

myriad girls sweet hair black as  
 crows wings  
 along each curling twirling braid  
 fragrant fluffy inflorescences

swinging hips  
 ,neath twixt thighs snow white  
 cunts giant orchid blooms bedded in  
 luxuriant silky cunny hair  
 saffron colored light curled round

down their wet glistening slits ran  
 along their pink cunnies lips edge to  
 form cupolas of light around  
 prodding clits

**Hear Hear those flowers burst into  
 bloom with lightening thunder  
 arteries and veins thudding pulsating  
 bubbling each and each shimmering  
 in yellow penumbra 'neath the eye of  
 the burning sun in the humid air full  
 of lusts liquidities rippling light  
 rippling airs pregnant with lifes  
 loves joys *Look Looketh* the  
 flowers lustrous like smooth skin  
 great blooms petals ast pearls  
 undulating to the airs humid  
 caresses haloed in spectrums  
 colours undulating voluptuously  
 rapturously perfumed sex organs**

seeping scent diaphanous in  
 loveliness sketched upon the airs ast  
 Pompeian frescos painted 'gainst the  
 sky ast landscapes of Monet Ahh  
 Ahh didst see ♪ all lifes rut in the  
 garden of Kama didst see ♪ thru  
 the crack in time all those vein  
 flowing with heated larva all that  
 flesh all that flesh opalescent of  
 work of Phidias in a forest didst  
 see ♪ ♪ didst see ♪

the forest did hum

Kokila birds mating tones and turtle doves plaints did ring

Koels enraptured tunes to the ears the breeze did bring

O'er moss hanging trees lianas creepers did cling

The nims green foliage the pippals domes and dark tamla-  
trees

All did flutter in the springs breeze

Red blooded Asokas did glow in the sun  
 Jasmines white blossoms showed perfumes as bees did hum  
 With Asoka blossoms falling over him Pandit Ganja Dean  
 the sadhaka seated in the padma posture  
 All around did bloom Salas Lakuches and Talakas  
 Dharvas and Aswakarnas Shytandanes and Khadiras  
 Jalakadamba Ketakis Trimish and Champakas  
 The forest shimmering in gold copper and silver bloom  
 As snow white swans on mirrored emerald lakes did roam  
 As perfumed lotuses white pink and red  
 Did in the dawn float  
 As all around dear did drink and all life bred  
 While in shady groves lovelorn peacocks did dote  
 The forest was alive  
 A gigantic hive  
 Where life did thrive  
 Lovers caroused to lutes sweet melodies  
 Lovers musk sweet breaths mixed with flowers sweet scents

Womens curving hips swayed neath gem studded silks  
 Their turquoise-like hair perfumed with scented roses  
 Breasts round and full lured ardent lovers  
 O'er which hang necklaces curved beads of lustrous pearls  
 Shimmering globes like frozen dewdrops  
 Enclosed turgid nipples red seated on blood red areoles  
 Mixed with cuckoos sweet melodies the hum of intoxicated  
 bees  
 Wafted o'er blooming mango-trees  
 Round Asoka red festooned with emerald leaves  
 To kindle in big breasted girls the yearning of passions fires  
 Kamas arrows five pierce hot sweaty loins  
 The Asoka and the best the lovely mango flowers  
 Into the hearts of lovers heaving breasts **Ahh**  
**howeth the spring light lit the**  
**blooms to fire set the petals aflame**



**whose fiery glow rippled in pellucid  
streams blinding the eyes of ♪ with  
luculent sparks blooms seemed to  
dissolve in the light like molten opals  
poured forth torrents of mist  
perfumed with froth bubbles of humid  
lust filled airs Look Looketh giant  
blooms burst into colour Black  
Dragon' Hibiscus Cobalt Dreams'  
Delphinium Shimadaijin Ahh Ahh  
the odours of the giant penis of  
Amorphophallus titanium and**

gaping holes the great void of  
***Rafflesia arnoldii*** *Look Looketh*  
*howeth didst the veins of* *♪ didst*  
*burn didst see* *♪*

*Luxuriant growths and green climbing vines*

*Full scented temptresses succulent blooms entwine*

*Jasmines lover like bent entwined roses slim lithe stem*

*Priyangu's dark green stems clutched the yielding Asoka's  
drooping bloom*

*Flowers yellow scarlet blooms lay like multi-coloured  
butterflies through out the room*

*Atimukta's pale purple tubes kissed Banduka's orange  
coloured bloom but did not bruise*

*Sirtsa's tubular floret powder puffs quivered neath the lilies  
languid touch*

*Petals to petals lips to lips in one lolling languid kiss*

*Fragrant juicy poppy blooms and full scented breathing  
rose*

*Wide open orchid lips and tight buds that did tightly close*

*Wisterias purple Bandhukas brilliant orange bright*

*The flames of passion consumed me in the perfumed scented  
light*

*Limbs to vines to limbs entwined*

*Tickling pistil to pistil flowers climbed*

*Encasing circling twining around*

*Flowlets hugged perfumed breathes as petals caressed*

*Green vines round tulips serpent like twinned*

*Twisting tendrils to the flowlets wedded*

*Woven petals tying in close union as jasmines daisies*

*clutched together bedded*

*A net work lacing in the humid scented air*

**Ah ast peeked ∩ thru the crack in  
time to see flowers with flaming  
tints pulsating blooms fecund  
reflecting in opaline pools illuminated  
flames of curling light kissing  
outlined forms of gorgeousness  
organs of sex luminosities of  
lustrosness orifices of perfumery**

**klamklins wafting scents of cedar  
 frankincense costellataed with  
 necklaces of gems on fire blooms  
 like wrought fromst gold fromst  
 Ophir blent with ivory scented with  
 cinnamon and spikenard Ahh Ah  
 ast peeked √ thru the crack in time  
 butterflies swarmed thru on the  
 wings of tones of he on the luscious  
 rhythms' to flow thru eternity to  
 swarm into infinity his song to she  
 to the**

POISONOUS FLOW'RS

---

I love the girls who fuck you with a stare  
 Haughty proud aloof don't give a fuck and don't care  
 Who week after week wear their soiled underwear  
 Don't give a fuck about the odours on the air.

I love the girls who rant and rave  
 And of the cock and cunt do crave  
 Who will spread their legs at a whim

And don't care if it's a her or him.

I love the girls who hump all day  
 Thirteen, fourteen times in myriad ways  
 Who don't care if their mensus flows  
 But shag and swive and anything goes

I love the girls who fuck in crowds or alone  
 Who fuck you with her or her with him  
 Up the rear or in her qwim  
 Up and down round about who let you dive in and  
 swim.

I love the girls who wank and fiddle all day through  
 Who prod and stretch their cunt lips to my view  
 Who shaft themselves with that or this  
 And let me watch take a pissss.

I love the girls who fart and swear  
 Don't give a fuck for what they wear  
 Don't give a fuck for him or her for me or you  
 So long as good head and on their muff you chew.

I love the girls who piss on love  
 No time for wine or those that whine  
 Who break the hearts of the lovelorn duds  
 And fuck only those that are not refined.

I love the girls that fuck on stairs  
 Against a wall in a hall any place anywhere



Who don't care that they show their wares  
As they ease their gusset to the side  
Revealing lips hair as up them you do lick and slide.

I love the girls as cold as ice  
Who make your groin feel warm and nice  
Who fuck you silly with their fanny tight  
Who gush and squirt then out of bed with bounding might  
Leave you alone and languid in the night  
To prowl streets like she cats for anyone in sight.

***J S B N 978187634704 X***