

*Leucippe*



*& Clitophon*

*POEM*

*BY*

*C*

*DEAN*

*Leucippe and*

*Clitophon*

*POEM BY C*

*DEAN*

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**FP: "Bacchanal with**

**Satyr and Nymph" by Luigi de Servi: b. 1863. d. 1945. Italian painter.**

**PUBLISHERS  
INTRODUCTION  
W**

**Ahh what be this**

***Leucippe and  
Clitophon***

**Be it a tale of love or be it  
a tale of lust be it an  
account of what too much  
erotic literature or pictures  
doth do for love or perhaps it**

**be what love doth unlock of  
the erotic whenst we be in  
love Ahh but perhaps  
darker still this**

# *Leucippe and Clitophon*

**be an excursion into the  
mind into a mind that doth  
repress the instincts during  
the day but upwell fromst  
the dark unconscious in the  
dark where shame doth flee**

**andst our dirty obsessions  
 do take form whenst our  
 flesh doth pulsate with sex  
 andst desires fires for  
 naught canst restrain our  
 instinctual drives that  
 whenst we love in the night  
 arise our obsessive lusts  
 that form around that which  
 we love Ah this**

*Leucippe and*

*Clitophon* be a *fin*

de Siecle thesis of blazing lusts  
 andst repressed desires fromst a  
 more accepting world thanst this anal  
 repressed modern world of moral  
 hypocrites that do cry porn Yet in  
 the night moan andst groan with their  
 dirty lusts hid in the night where in  
 the darkness they tug and fiddle  
 living out their phantasies for porn  
 be just a cultures morals –which  
 change–placed on what is just  
*ART* for if thee wants to know a  
 cultures–peoples–hung–ups–repressed  
 sex drives– then just look at what it  
 says porn is –the moral o’erlay on  
 what is just *ART*

# PREFACE

Oh how  
 strange it be whenst inst love we be  
 where thoughts do but emotions to  
 follow fromst that love that doth do  
 bring felicity upon the wings of love  
 be it a he or she our thoughts do fly  
 andst passions andst lusts do appear  
 fromst that place where they  
 repressed didst lie andst for that  
 which upon our love doth dwell we  
 canst be in heaven or hell depending  
 on those emotions fromst which our  
 thoughts do gel shame or praise our  
 conscience doth make those shapes  
 our thoughts do take

This be a tale of a youth that didst by  
accident didst fall in love andst into  
lusts thrall fell that inst the night  
durst he durst on that she to dwell  
where hitherto emotions of which he  
wouldst not tell burst forth in the night  
where in the night such thoughts take  
flight unhindered by the light they  
grow with might fed upon images  
pictures that once hast seen feed  
those lusts that do toss the flesh with  
lurid thoughts of the one we love we  
love but lust upon the one we love



**Lightning entered the eyes of J**

**sparks flashed thru the brain of J**

**As whenst didst Leucippe see J**

**upon that face didst Elysian J didst**

**gain andst all my woes that beauty**

**didst alay for upon those eyes my eyes**

**didst stay upon those lips that be the**

**roses bloom those petal tips more lovely**

**thanst the peacocks plume my eyes didst**

**play o'er those cheeks blushed purple**

**tint like ivory dyed by Lydian women**

**glinting upon that hair golden fair**

**brighter thanst the sun didst sharper**

**prick thanst darts that beauty that at**

**once didst throw J into shame terror**

**with awe with shamelessness the more**

**admiration fromst my hart didst pour**

Thus do I remember whenst first  
 Leucippe didst see I she like Selene  
 upon that bull I hadst seen face white  
 splashed purple tint whilst here lay I  
 that naught canst slumber with thoughts  
 of She thee Leucippe full of lust  
 fromst Milesian tales andst song of  
 Apollo that Daphne desired that But  
 no shame hast I for Apollo doth that  
 game do play andst I be not more  
 superior to He But Ahh But must  
 with eyes drunk with desire for  
 Leucippe do fall with lust into lusts  
 fray to kiss those lips whilst  
 frolicking sunk with biting touching  
 into bliss Ahh with pictures to imitate  
 my appetite to fuel my flesh to palpitate

Upon that face of *Leucippe* do I see  
 the tastiest flesh that any eye didst do  
 to fall that doth bringest lust to me  
 so sweet so juicy with I in its thrall  
 that Oh that mouth of *Leucippe* be all  
 that willst suffice to giveth I joy that  
 pout of lips that's drips to entice that  
 assaults my flesh to arise my veins to  
 throb ast mine eyes do kiss along that  
 edge of flesh be bliss that Ohh be But  
 mine But looketh look ast fromst that  
 dream I didst at 19 didst But dream  
 that *Medusa* doth appear to I whose  
 face doth the mouth of *Leucippe* exactly  
 doth do trace with terror I do stare  
 perhaps *Artemidorus* may explain Yet  
 the serpent hairs o'er my flesh do reign

**Whenst *Leucippe* didst see *I* thy face  
 the sun didst rise at thee so chaste that  
 face that e'en the beauty of *Venus* thy  
 face doth defy thy eyes that the earth do  
 light do all eyes blind with thy beauty  
 that be sublime that all eyes draw to  
 thee like bees to the flowers scented *I*  
 on thee *Leucippe* be in awe for *Ohh*  
*Leucippe* love *I* deeper thanst *He* that  
 didst *Thisbe* to love deep be my love  
 that love that willst last e'en after *I* do  
 die all others fade dear *Leucippe* in thy  
 beauty be they hueless wilted blooms all  
 others *I* deny *Dear Leucippe* for in  
 thy beauty be *I* drowned in awe *I* hast  
 found in thy face all art which burns in  
 my eyes andst gives life to my hart**

Yet Dear *Leucippe* upon thy flesh  
 the flesh of *I* doth ache at the  
 thought of thee like *Daphne* that  
 fromst *Apollo* do flee fromst me  
 ast thy arse doth shake 'neath those  
 feet that try the prize of thee do *I* to  
 cheat whilst those wobbling cheeks  
 do to make *I* with desires that  
 keeps my flesh to burn at that chase  
 that Ohh Dear *Leucippe* with no  
 shame hast *I* but delight at thy cries  
 that Ohh so do my limbs to quake  
 at thy fears that *I* willst thee  
 o'ertake andst to bite thy ears that *I*  
 do wrong care not *I* for *Leucippe*  
 doth the weak o'ercome the strong

**Andst Yet Leucippe my sighs  
paint out my love for thee the rhythms  
of my hart show no restraint fromst  
that dart that didst my flesh to  
smart fromst that love childs bow for  
Ohh Leucippe thy beauty doth the  
lilies andst the roses too andst all  
blooms doth Ohh Leucippe giveth  
they their perfumed hue thy beauty  
Ohh Leucippe doth giveth spice to  
all those spices andst doth giveth the  
taste to all the fruits that be in all  
the trees in every place thy beauty  
Ohh Leucippe thy beauty doth  
giveth all things their elegance andst  
their grace**

**But But Ohhhh Leucippe see J**  
**thee Selene that doth the flanks of**  
**Zeus do caresses that Zeus that**  
**be me in the mind of J that Ohh**  
**sweet chaste Leucippe doth thy**  
**thigh do place o'er the back of J that**  
**thy thighs do rub the flesh that be**  
**heated fromst that caress upon that**  
**horn of J which too to which thee**  
**doth grab ast thee Oh Ohh**  
**Leucippe doth ride J ast J doth**  
**away carry thee to hide Ye to hide**  
**that which J glory in my**  
**shamelessness ast J blow o'er thy**  
**flesh saffron crocus e'en ast thee**  
**cry in thy woe**

Ohhh *Leucippe* in awe do I lie hear  
 my sighs of love doth echo thru the mind  
 of I Andst do I swear Ohhh  
*Leucippe*

That if *Apollo* his beauty to I to give  
 Or

That if *Venus* her love too I to give  
 Or

That if for thee *Zeus* all his powers  
 too I to give

If all these *Gods* didst *Leucippe* too  
 I to give all their riches to I for thee  
 Ohh *Leucippe* I wouldst decline for  
 thy love be worth more to me for in thee  
 Ohh *Leucippe* all I need in thee I  
 find



But Ahh *Leucippe* in lust do I lie  
 hear my sighs of lust do echo thru the  
 mind I Andst do I see that face that  
 be thee that serpent haired face that doth  
 o'er the flesh of I doth place that mouth  
 deep fount dark hole of delight that  
 Ohh do my flesh to bite Ohh  
*Leucippe* with thy lips swallow up my  
 flesh eat me suck the fluids fromst my  
 limb that doth arise to thy sight where  
 my flesh doth blaze fromst thy gaze  
 Andst with this sickness in my soul  
 to be devoured I do resolve into to that  
 abyss find I bliss upon thy mouths  
 kiss devour I Ahh *Leucippe* down  
 that hole tight squeeze me eat me whole  
 for in that death ecstasy I hast found

Oh Dearest *Leucippe* in admiration  
do hold *I* thy beauty andst of which  
there be no *I*mitation andst *I* do say  
of all those love tales that be told  
admit *I* e'en

*Ceyx* that son of the morning star who  
loved *Alcyone* daughter of the wind  
Wouldst With

*Acontius* whenst he first set eyes on  
that charming *Cydippe* loved  
Wouldst With

*Leander* Who loved *Hero* that alluring  
priestess of *Aphrodite*

Wouldst all abandon those *Shes* Oh  
*Leucippe* once they didst see thee they  
all wouldst have loved thee

**But Dearest Leucippe here I lie  
 sleepless upon thy flesh my mind doth  
 gaze Yet no satiation do I gain for I  
 pregnant with desire**

**For**

**Though I feast upon thy flesh the  
 more hungry for thee I be**

**Though my flesh doth burn with lusts  
 fires for thee still more lusts for I doth  
 need for I still seem to freeze**

**Though I thru lusts desire be on fire  
 still more lusts need I to fan that fire**

**Yet the longer lusts do last the longer  
 on thy flesh that lust I I must avow  
 that full of contraries antitheses doth  
 my flesh do pull**

**But Dearest Leucippe here I lie  
 sleepless upon thy face my mind doth  
 gaze with Sappho I do sigh my soul  
 fell sick whenst first thy face I didst  
 see to praise that beauty But now  
 inst admiration of that face lie I hear  
 pale awake chattering be my mind upon  
 thy face I cry I sigh laugh thenst  
 into woes I fly tormented But thenst  
 to be gay on thee Leucippe the love of  
 me But thenst the flesh turns red with  
 my thoughts of thee But Ohh But  
 Leucippe thenst to ice it doth be andst  
 e'en though the hours do drag Yet the  
 longer they be the longer on thee thy  
 beauty my hart avows full of contraries  
 antitheses doth my hart to pull**