



Lycoris

POEM

BY C

DEAN

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2021

FP: "Judith" by Gustav Klimt

Publishers introduction

Ah dean this

Lycoris

**of thee be it seems full of images
Oriental like glass tinted with
phosphorescent arabesques dean
thee be a nightingale singing contralto
but what be thy**

Lycoris be it they

seem to be miniature epylla but then

again be thy **Lycoris**

be a Sheela na gig but then what an icon for fertility or a symbol against lust or perhaps a amulet to protect against the devil Ahh perhaps an talisman of feminism a rebellion against misogyny or then a message about females body and its power but Ah dean this

Lycoris

of thee it must be said be an ornate iridescence of style pictures painted in tints of amber exfoliating sounds

like foam rolling on the sea shore
 kiss ones ears caress ones flesh
 stimulate ones mind with diaphanous
 delights of images and luculent
 dreams in Symbolism

Aestheticism Decadence or perhaps
 Post-Post-Modernism Ah dean

this **Lycoris**

of thee be a tapestry of prismatic
 colours of ecstatic lovlinessa one
 feels run thru ones mind patterns of
 scenes' stimulating like threads of
 pink silk flowing o'er ones quivering
 flesh Ahh such delights an alchemy

**with words and sound creating an
opulence of exquisiteness that makes
ones veins throb Ah dean this**

Lycoris

**of thee is a fresco full of rapturous
colouring is this work poetry or a
painting perhaps some word Alma
Tadema or Waterhouse what 'er it
be it sends fumes to titillate and
catapult one into joyous rapture**

Preface Comest pilgrim comest hold the hands
of **Death** and dance a tarantella

Skip

Hop in thy **Bacchanalia** trance

Dance

Dance with **Death** breathe o'er it thy breath

Dance and prance thy feet keep **Death** in thy
grasp

Laugh

Dance kick up thy feet and

Dance

Dance with fast pace

And laugh **Death** in its face

For thenst **Death** hast no fear for thee

For thenst **Death** canst thee embrace

Lycoris

Ahh *Lycoris* thee be the finished
 Aphrodite of kos of Apelles but sayeth
 ♪ that beauty of ♪ that beauty of mine
 shallst die and in the clutch of Death shall
 caress and pass thru the gate fromst which
 thy cunt perfume musk-strewn shallst lift
 the faces of flowery blooms upon thy grave
 say ♪ singeth and not thee weep singeth
 and sup the wine of spring that fromst
 which

life doth spring singeth with such song that
 the rose mistaketh thee for that nightingale
 and blooms do shoot forth upon the barren
 branches high withered singeth singeth

Lycoris and joyous be thee be and weep
 not thee let thy cheeks flesh flush pink with
 life for the desert blooms in thy sight

Lycoris

Ahh *Lycoris* thee weep not at thy death
 be it in many morrow hence *Lycoris* thee
 weep not not have thy feet in thy grave
 during the springtime of thy days for
 listen thee all for doth sayeth *Lycoris* that
 whilst the cunt of thee doth smile at thee
 doth sayeth ♪ *Lycoris* its perfumed
 breath shallst to flowery blooms the thorns
 of the bramble turn thy pink flushed lips
 out shine the dawn life to thee for they
 hunger for thy cunts face they hunger for
 paradise in the lips of thee that flesh that
 brineth joy and doth ease the pains of life
 so *Lycoris* do not thee mourn thy coming
 death hence for thy life be endless felicity
 for in thy cunt all lamentations fade into
 nightingale songs and perfumes of rose

Lycoris

Ahh *Lycoris* pursueth thee doth *Death* but
 ast thee skips to dance thru the springtime of
 thee the cunt of thee leaveth in thy wake
 perfume that coats the flesh of *Death* with thy
 breath and bringeth to flower the gardens of
Babylon buried deep in the shifting sands

Ahh *Lycoris* pursueth thee doth *Death* but
 in thy wake thee maketh roses bloom along
 those withered limbs of *Death* thee maketh
 that flesh of *Death* flushed pink with the life
 that thee leaves in thy wake Oh *Lycoris* thy
 cunt brimming o'er with jasmine liquidity that
 chalice of liquid life that bloom bringeth to life
 all the gardens of that ancient world deep
 buried in shifting sands the breeze musk-tinted
 with thy flesh bringeth all to youth again

Lycoris

**Ahh *Lycoris* runeth thee down the
 pathway of spring joyous be for in the
 winter of thy dance *Death* awaiteth thee
 so throw back thy neck and laugh with
 joyous song the pink flushed flesh of thy
 cunt doth say thy spring hath come Ahh
Lycoris howeth the throng of the sad doth
 scatter away whenst thy cunts breath doth
 kiss their flesh that crowns their days
 with mirth and the froth of joyousness that
 o'er flows the purple rim of the cunt hole of
 thee sadness tyranny shallst dissolve and
 lamentations fade away so *Lycoris* down
 the path of thy spring do dance whilst the
 pink flushed flesh of thy cunt doth glow in
 the face of *Death* laugh sing out and
 perfume its face with thy scented breath**

Lycoris

**Ahh *Lycoris* that cunt of thee sayeth ♪
 turneths this speck of woe into paradise
 heaven sayeth ♪ resides in that curling
 flesh flushed pink so *Death* whenst time
 commeths for thee to kiss the lips of ♪ ♪
 whilst grab thee by thy throat and press thy
 lips to the cunt of ♪ and press till upon the
 lips of thee leave ♪ embossed in that putrid
 flesh a flowery bloom that be the cunts
 imprint of ♪ andst thy flesh shallst breathe
 our perfumes upon this world of woes and
 into blossoms shallst burst and thy flesh
 shallst be burned by the lifeness of ♪ and
 thee shallst away turn fromst that cunt
 hole ♪ for it willst scorch thy eyes and
 turneth thee blind that thee canst not seeth
 ♪ or all they born upon this earth of we**

Lycoris

**Ahh *Lycoris* thy cunts a flame of lust a
 fire of desire that flickers shadows o'er the
 flesh of *Death* that dance about its feet
 and draws sighs fromst it ast the moth be
 drawn to the candles flame death be drawn
 to thee Oh *Lycoris* thee be a lighthouse
 light that guides the wayfarers of life a
 radiance that attracts all to thee a radiance
 that burns the flesh of *Death* a radiance
 that scorches its drooping limbs and sends
 it back despondent back to its grave deep
 seated in the earth Oh *Lycoris* all thee of
 this world drink impassioned fromst that
 cunts cup of thee their mouths musk-
 sweetened all thirst for thee so think not of
Death that waiteth for thee but all those
 whom thy cunt cureth of their misery**

Lycoris

**Ahh Lycoris thy cunts perfume doth
 turn to drunkenness Death to wobble and
 fall upon its feet that cunts cup of thee to
 besottedness turns Death that it falls
 upon the ground at thy feet trapped within
 the woven threads of thy delights to squirm
 with doleful tunes within its throat Ohh
 Lycoris take thee thy cunt and fill the
 earth with its joyousness wander Oh
 Lycoris the world with the gladness of
 thy flesh to cease the sorrowing and fling
 thru the world the jasmine-scented tiding of
 that cunt of thee of that lusciousness that
 was once sent upon the breeze to Solomon
 fromst the garden of Sheba Oh Lycoris
 of thy garden of delight nightingales sing
 with voices of heavenly melody**

Lycoris

**Ahh Lycoris thy cunts kiss shallst still
 the work of Death it shall quake and
 tremble with those lips pressed to its flesh
 clutch Ohh Lycoris Death face and with
 lascivious desire see it turn and run run
 fromst thee Oh Lycoris that kiss shallst
 make it cry and fromst thee hide lift up lift
 up Oh Lycoris thy cup of flesh andst
 give us all the taste of bliss healer of
 melancholies woes such that all shallst
 cease fromst weeping Ohh howeth the
 meadows show such beauteousness and
 the warbling birds do sing of thy delights
 and the unopened buds do bloom violets
 and roses do fling their perfumes upon the
 earth ast thee Oh Lycoris doth open thy
 cunt and let all to view and see**

Lycoris

Ahh *Lycoris* throw off the morrows
fear of *Death* let thy cunt seize to-day the
joys each day doth bring that cunt of thee
be the source of the worlds felicity we all
can see so dance and sing andst thy cunts
lips unfurl to keep *Death* enchained within
the shadows purple of its realm joy andst
delight keepeths that thing called *Death*
locked within prison of its gloom for beth it
afraid of the light of life that glows fromst
that cunt of thee Oh *Lycoris* doth thee
see the rose glows within the light of thy
flesh laughter andst joy wafts o'er the
lands of spring for spring be eternal 'neath
the cunts fires of thee but Ahh *Lycoris*
the sugar be but sweetened by thy cunt and
the flowers scent be but thy perfume

Lycoris

Ahh *Lycoris* with thy cunts hole no more shallst the pilgrims mouth touch some other cup that cup of thee brimming with felicity no more shallst the earth be barren scourged by the thorns tip for in thy sight

Oh *Lycoris* the world bursts into springtime eternal where abundance blossoms o'er the land and crying and woes be ended with the perpetual mirth and joy that floweths fromst that cunt of thee say ♪ *Lycoris* joys path leads to the cunt of ♪ in the flesh of me no more miseries nor sorrows be so grab *Death* by the throat and give it thy cunt to drink

Lycoris andst laugh with joy at its vomiting its diarrhea andst convulsings

Lycoris

**Ahh *Lycoris* with thy cunts scent calls
back all the flowery dead the dry earth
burst into bloom the deserts flower andst
the sighs of lovers longst dead echo o'er the
land with that cunt of thee uncurled to
roses red to deeper hue becomes and the
perfumes of all the blossoms thru all the
wild wildernesses be sweeter due to that
cunt of ♪ up turn thy cunts cup Ohh**

***Lycoris* andst pour out that musk-scented
froth and hear the soft sighs of all those
kings and Sufis that have died cry out
"place that cunt to our lips andst of our
flesh red dye" andst turn to *Death* and
around its neck place a flowery bouquet**

Lycoris

Lycoris

**Ahh Lycoris sayeth ♪ thee all skip
 crawl or run come ye all to the cunt of ♪
 come ye all to that cunt of flesh that
 shinning hole of wine andst drink up thy
 fill ast doth the Sufi with his juice of the
 grape come come ye all and taste this flesh
 sweeter than sugar of Shiraz more
 perfumed than the lips of randy virgin girls
 more beauteous than the hue of roses red
 Up ye all call "delight of our joys conceal
 thy face not" andst to thy prays send ♪
 that light to light thy path to ♪ ye all poor
 mendicants in search of paradise come ye
 all and fill thy lips with the cunts froth of
 ♪ come ye all thee Death ast well tread
 thy path to ♪ forget thy task curled up in
 the spongy flesh of ♪**

**Come ye pilgrims and sit thee near the
grave of *Lycoris* and forget not the joys
she brought to the sadsome weary within
her grave atop bloomeths spider lilies
andst still up wells her perfume to scent
the flowery blooms**

isbn 9781876347139