

Mélange:1

**(Oriental &
Occidental poems
by anonymous)**

**Translated
Poems by c
Dean**

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Dean List of free Erotic Poetry Books

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

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introduction

**So what can be said about
Australia's leading erotic poet Colin
Leslie Dean it could not be said
better than**

Paraphrasing Baudelaire

**"When you think of what
[Australian] poetry was before
[Dean] appeared and what a
rejuvenation it [will undergo] since
his arrival when you imagine how
significant it would have been if he
had not appeared how many deep and
mysterious feelings which have been**

**put into words would have remained
 unexpressed how many intelligent
 minds he .. [will bring into] ... it is
 impossible not to consider him as
 one of those rare and providential
 minds who in the domain of [poetry]
 bring about the salvation of us
 all..." ("Victor Hugo Selected poems
 Brooks Haxton Penguin Books
 2002 p.xv)**

**with his groundbreaking poems who
 knows which new Baudelaire or
 Swinburne will appear**

Preface

**Paint ∩ these poems with
moonlight upon perfumed airs that
thee canst fill thy senses with
delight that each sense doth ache
ache touch taste sight feel ache all
the senses of thee for that cunt of
she**

**Pink hues along cunts flesh
sunset a streak across watercolor
flesh**

**What canst say ∩ thy lips thy
lips twin slices of crystal pink
fruit**

**The mouth of thy cunt oh deep
within pink folds curls of hair
panther black shadows glistens
like silk bejeweled with dew**

**Ahh there be an embroidered
curtain of flesh flashing scarlet
screen painted o'er in pink
blossoms of perfumed hues
patterned folds cushions of flesh
pulpy crescent moons gleaming**

**Moonlight bright like frost o'er
limpid pool bright moon ahh
remember ♪ that cunt of thine**

**Dare ♪ kiss thy lips least that kiss
of bliss chars my lips**

**Dare ♪ kiss thy lips least that kiss
of bliss in flames my lips**

**Yea ♪ for my flesh knoweths thy
lips bliss best brief bliss clasping
thy lips than in Tushita Heaven its
bliss**

**Cunt lips folded screen spread
wide shadows indigo fall on
pools liquidity reflecting milky
way upon waves crest rippling
light like frost**

**Up cup-bearer up arise and place
thy folds to my lips for this
nightingale thirsts for that rose
splayed this nightingale thirsts
and longs its tongues tip to dip
twixt those petals hued pink**

**Ahh laying there 'neath purpling
sky thy cunts hole reflecting
crimson sun glinting on lips pink
blossoms dabbed like watercolors
blooms on yellow sky**

**'Neath moon bright thy cunt lips
pink reflecting in limpid pool like
frost white ice a cup of flesh
twin slices of crimson plums**

**Ahh that blossom bud that ♪
 shall smell and pluck with the
 tongues tip of ♪ ♪ shall twirl
 that mound of flesh and that bud
 grape like suck oh that pink mouth
 tasting of honeyed flowers that
 pink mount that flower of delight
 that my flesh doth quiver at its
 sight**

**Ohh that cunt of thine a jade
 bowl laid with slices of fruit pink
 pools rim o'erflowing purpling
 wine ahh bring close that cup that
 its sweet taste compete ♪ with
 the bee**

**Ahhh sings this nightingale that
 thy cunt –like rose long ♪ for thee
 that thee would crush ♪ in thy
 thorns crush press ♪ that the hot
 gurgling blood of ♪ runs anointing
 thy flesh oh oh clasp thy lips to
 mine and press thy thorns into ♪
 crush ♪ in thy thorny grip give ♪
 bliss as kiss ♪ thy lips as the
 thorny tips press into my flesh**

**Thy cunt opens ast kiss thy lips
 the moon light like beams of lotus
 filaments wash o'er thy pool of
 liquidity frothed like white frost**

**Ahh beloved thy cunt hast
impaled ♪ on thy lips curved like
elephant tusks**

**Oh moonlight hast burst open thy
lotus cunt loves dew clusters o'er
thy pink flesh like moonstones
bursting into blossoms**

**Pink mist above cunts lips
cherry blossoms-
folds of mountains emptiness**

**Oh butterfly
flapping wings-
floating on cunts holes perfume**

**Oh this nightingales heart burns
 with fire burns scorched kebab with
 my sighs this heart of ♪ drips blood
 pierced by thy loving thorns oh rose
 sorrow rose fromst this heart that
 bleeds oh cruel love why doth thee
 tear this heart wounds with deeper
 gash that thee withholds thy cunts
 face from ♪**

**Ache ache touch taste sight feel
 ache all the senses of ♪ for that
 cunt of thee that thee wont give to me
 that cloud of pink mist that thy cunt
 shed o'er ♪ oh that once it fed my
 desires all still still long ♪ my
 senses to feed touch taste sight feel
 with hungry bite the lips of ♪ like
 flowery bloom upon flowery bloom
 claspt tight**

**Ahh the moon rises streams of light
 alight o'er cunts hole bright bursting
 filaments of light in the lily pool
 dew clusters bursting into moon
 blooms competing ♪ with the
 chakoras each and each and ♪ afire
 with desires each and each and ♪
 drinking the cunts hole milk of
 moonlight**

**Like upon a pool of yellow cunts
 lips pink bloom decked in pearly
 dew like a pink goblet cunt
 brimming o'er with wine early new**

**Cunt clam shell-
 Soft folded on pink flesh**

**Thru mica screen translucent candle
 light gleams in her room purple
 shadows dance o'er phoenix brocaded
 sheets with moth eyebrows waiting
 for ♪
 her cunts perfume to the nose of ♪
 wafts**

**Wouldst ♪ be that this nightingales
 woes were poured out in ghazals
 sweet as syrup that my grief were
 turned to perfume upon my sighs oh
 rose for thy look thy kiss for that
 touch smell feel of thy cunt oh oh
 rose my blood falls with my sighs
 like rain with pain ast thy thorns my
 heart do pierce oh beloved vouchsafe
 one glance one look that bringeth ♪
 peace**

**Thy cunt like the moon painted
with musk that hole a pool of
milk which chakoras mistake for
moonlight white as jasmine**

**Cunt pink folds of fruit
Look- lips flap butterfly**

**Oh flower bowl of pink
Look -cunts lips chrysanthemum
petals**

**Laying on kingfisher sheets
Chao girl powders her cunt in
mirror looks pinker than peach**

**Oh thy cunt a bursting bloom
To which bees will swarm too
soon**

**Oh the tongue of mine tingles
♪ in those folds with bees finds
no room**

**Oh those lips like flames of
forest fires burn the lips of ♪ in
languid kiss oh those flames of
fire burn the lips of ♪ that kiss
along thy lips curved folds thy
lips art fire thy flesh babies
flesh tender for my kiss oh my
shuddering lips moist with the
wetness of thy flesh lick around
that hole of foam and on thy twin
lily lips feed the mouth of ♪
fervent with hot desires**

**Oh cupbearer uplift thy cunts cup
and pour that sweet wine into the
mouth of ♪ that sweet wine red
ast sunset that its froth bubbles
up to take this soul to paradise**

**Oh rose touch my lips with thy
cunts lips pink softer than silk that
weaves perfume upon the mouth of ♪
of this nightingale**

**Oh beloved Allah hast fashioned
thy lips out of the sunsets glow the
curve of thy folds edge a golden ring
of light the cunts hole of thee**

**Oh the moonlight covers thy cunts
lips like the powder on the faces of
Geishas of Edo**

**Oh lowers she the crystal curtain
out leaps a waterfall of candle light
like shining water her cunt delights
with wet dew dragon scales of gold**

**Ahhhhhhh the kisses of thy lips be
hotter than fire thy lips be more
lovelier than the Sufis rose ahhhhhh
my lips and thine each to each with
desires ohhhhh that ♪ couldst bury
♪ in thy folds and press that flesh
around the limbs of crush me crush
me bind me head to foot in thy cunts
flesh with kiss that stings into bliss**

**Thy cunt spills perfume on the air
 Thy lips jacinth curves of flesh
 come come beloved with indigo
 shadows betwixt thy lips**

**Oh thy cunt spills splashes of
 ruby light that ooze fromst twixt
 those folds of flesh oh cloak ♪
 this nightingale oh rose ♪ in that
 cleft refulgent of light**

Cunt –

Look bubbles of moonlight froth

**Thy cunt kingfisher tints indigo
 shadows falling within those lips
 with silken caress afire with all
 desires**

**Washes she in Kunming lake
 orioles sing cunts lip pink waver
 'neath moonlight kiss 'neath water
 a flower floating**

**Oh rose behold the fire in the
 heart of this nightingale flames
 lash the flesh of ♀ with each sigh
 that ♀ couldst sing hymns
 sweeter than David of the
 sorrows of the pains that sweep
 the limbs of ♀ oh this intoxicated
 nightingale sings wooing the cunt
 of thee crying songs of love thru
 this thorn torn heart of ♀**

**Pink mist o'er covers thy cunts
 lips crickets sing and lilting tunes
 float thru perfumed airs ast strum
 ♪ with the tongues tip of ♪ thy
 juicy lips**

**This nightingale at thy feet rose
 doth fall be ♪ the moth seeking in
 thy face bliss extinction in the
 scented fumes of thy cunts petals**

**Oh pink smudges upon kingfisher
 sheets fromst the cunts lips of
 she oh traces of crimsons faint
 tint fromst the tongue lashing of
 me**

**Tedium cloaks the mind of ♪
fromst smelling much to much
perfume and moonlight oh how
time we wastes away it runs and
out does us all none escape deaths
call so away put ♪ my brush and
to await next the muses call**

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