

# Mélange:11

(Oriental &  
Occidental poems by  
anonymous)

Translated  
Poems by c  
Dean

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**Dean** List of free Erotic Poetry Books by

Gamahucher Press by colin leslie dean Australia's  
leading erotic poet free for download

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2019

# **Publishers**

## **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 Ko'lin or  
 kohl'in al-deen**

## PREFACE

**Weave ♪ out of the rainbows  
colored hues these poems of ♪  
gleaming in colors shimmering tints  
the mind of ♪ squeeze the colored  
hues that drip into words scented  
with the thoughts of ♪ that grow in  
the mind of ♪ blossoms upon the  
cunt deep rooted**

In morning nestled in silk box upon  
 peony petals poem in a dragon scroll  
 to she

**Those folds pink flesh luminescent  
 That ♀ couldst suck those ripe two  
 Tips breathe in their sweet scent  
 That ♀ wouldst lick the flesh too  
 Till the soul of ♀ be to heaven sent  
 And ♀ the hungry tongue of ♀ to  
 lips run along lips a moons crescent**

Oh she didst read ast

**In panty white thin cloth seeps  
 plum cunt bright ripe sheen**

**In imaginings she in glee cunt  
wrapped in fine perfume along pink  
ribbon cunt lips floating fromst her  
jade pool glowing spring moon fine  
mist of dew decking her silk curtains  
of flesh**

**Panty slipping off she dusts cunt  
with powdered jade**

**Cunt seen in candle light three  
flames bright**

**Ahh looketh at that berry red that  
rose of intoxicating flesh it be but thy  
dreams incarnate that fills the mind of  
thee**

**Ahh the bubbles rise upon the cunts  
holes scented wine effervescing they ride  
the waves liquefying popping balls of  
light**

**Ahh show √ thy face a candle to  
the moth eyes of √ that √ couldst  
die wrapped in those folds of juicy  
flesh**

**Ohhh bringeth ♪ those fragrant  
slivers of moon flesh that ♪ couldst  
quench the parched lips of ♪  
thirsting for that cunt hole that  
water of life**

**Ahhh pure tears of silver flow  
down the cheeks of ♪ of joy that  
wine-red flushed flesh curls of flesh  
Brighter than gold Ahh but they be  
pink too with fecund youth fresh and  
new**

**Ohh howest doth the lips of ♀ reel  
with the sweetness of thy cunts hair**

**Ohh howest doth the lips of ♀ tang  
with the light snagged in thy cunts  
thick-lilied hair**

**Ohh howest doth the lips of ♀ riot  
Fed on the dew on thy moon-dewed  
cunts lair**

**The wits of ♀ lost ♀  
In the folds of the cunts of she have  
pity for ♀**

**The wits of ♀ lost ♀  
Supping on the honeycomb cunt of  
she have pity for ♀**

**The wits of ♀ lost ♀  
Lapping the scented wine fromst the  
cunt of she have pity on ♀**

**The cunt of thee be the rising sun in  
the west**

**Oh that gossamer cunt hair  
glistening ast silk threads in  
moonlight**

**The cunt of thee be a flower garden  
in spring**

**Oh thy cunts lips be like flesh hued  
with lily dust**

**The cunt of thee be scented like  
hyacinth curls**

**Oh howest that cunt of thee  
inflames the Sufi eyes of √  
incarnadine**

**Ohh thy cunt be a green pill  
 wakening lustful dreams  
 Thy cunt be the Sufis wine  
 awakening dreams of bliss  
 Oh that cunt of thee be full of  
 Mansurs divine mysteries  
 Ohh Ohhh that that cunt of thee  
 wouldst be to ♪ Arak  
 long ♪ for that than  
 long ♪ for Houris unnumbered in  
 paradise**

**Ahh thy clit be the crimson filament  
of the *Kimshuka* flower budding  
bright light of fire cunts pool half  
concealed by curling flesh of flames**

**Thy cunts lips the half moon  
crescents of *Ashoka* blooms Ohh  
they be the love Gods bow shooting  
arrows of desire to the eyes of ♪**

**With the sighs of ♪ thy cunts lips  
twin *Kadamba* petals be tossed like  
on a storm fromst the desires of ♪**

**Kiss ♪ thee thy clit curling thru  
clouds of incarnadine flesh loves  
juice rains down in monsoon surge of  
flooding sighs fromst thee**

**Ahh that little blossom breaks  
fromst the tongue diddling of ♪  
'neath monsoon clouds and lightening  
flashing**

**Ahhh that cunt of ♪ mango fruit  
ripe fragrant unfolding at the sight of  
thee the clit of ♪ with an itch**

**Nights jasmine scented full of  
thunder lightening rippling cunts hole  
of ♪ with fire for thee of my desire**

**Peacocks cries entangling with my  
sighs longing for thy tongues kiss  
the cunt of ♪ like crimson Kadamba  
petals blown by monsoon storm**

**Ahh like the prowling wolf gorge  
thymself upon the fleshy cunt of ♪**

**Oh my cunts hole stagnate waters  
longing for thy tongue**

**Look look Oh thee marauding wolf  
the cunt lips of ♪ like wild  
jasmine sweet scented curls**

**Ohh Ohhh come Oh stag and feed  
thy hungry lips upon the cunt of ♪  
pink bean o'er ripe pod**

**See ✓ he**  
**Thunder claps**  
**Lightening flash**  
**The stars and moon vanish**  
**Ohhh how fragrant my wet flower**  
**blooms**

**Pulpy cunts flesh swollen crimson**  
**clouds Ohhh look the kadamba**  
**petals wilt in jealousy**

**My cunt a crimson lotus**  
**His spear thick and long**  
**My cunt a wet pond**  
**His spear dipping in the scented pool**

**He says**

**It be curled but it be not Ashoka  
petals**

**I sigh**

**He says**

**It be silvery but it be not the moon**

**I sigh**

**He says**

**It be perfumed but it be not the  
jasmine**

**I sigh**

**He says it be wet but it be not a  
lotus pond**

**I sigh shutting his lips with kisses**

**I melt outside**

**Looking at he sucking a plum**  
**Cunts lips rouged crimson with**  
**powdered cassia flower**  
**Thick dew along frail flowers petals**  
**lips**  
**Scented soaking into panties**  
**brocaded cloth**  
**Oh Oh gusset wet pulled aside**  
**Looking at he sucking a plum**

**The cock crows**  
**The bee tangled in folded cassia**  
**petals**  
**The butterfly flutters the lotus pistil**  
**The blossom of ♪ on fire**

**Wet spot on Kingfisher quilt  
 sparkles in candle light  
 Cunts lips reflect like flowers  
 Behind emerald curtains the peach  
 blossom of ♀ wet and spongy dewed  
 with semen**

**Neath brocaded silk panty cunts a  
 ripe fruit flesh red as cassia petals  
 moist cherry pulp squishes and  
 squashes ast walk ♀ to he**

**All night long long ♀ for he in my  
 Kingdom of Dreams drip drip  
 fromst my peony bloom melting ♀  
 ♀ swoon play upon that pistil of ♀  
 all throbbing scattering loves dew  
 o'er brocade Kingfisher quilt**

**Ohh open √ the thighs of √ spring**  
**lust be on the breeze the cunt of √**  
**sweet smell of peaches ripe**  
**Perfumed lips for he to kiss**  
**Crimson flesh for he to lick**  
**Jade bud for he to suck**  
**Boiling pool for he to sup**

**See √ he go**  
**With smattered rough o'er the cunts**  
**folds of √**  
**With his breath still hot upon the**  
**flesh of √**  
**With his bite marks along the lips**  
**edge of √**

**Ohh when we kiss into sunlight  
bursts ♪**

**When we two tough into thee melts  
♪**

**When thee licks the lips of ♪ into  
flames burst they**

**Ohh when with thee the flesh of ♪  
into sunlight burns bright bright  
light ast into thee melts ♪**

**Mélange:1**

<https://www.scribd.com/document/368185403/Melange-1-erotic-poetry>

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**ISBN 9781876347074**

**Those lips pink**

**hole reflecting stars like glittering**