

Mélange:13

(Oriental &
Occidental poems by
anonymous)

Translated
Poems by c
Dean

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Dean List of free Erotic Poetry Books by

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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 Ganjadeen or
 kohl'in al-deen**

PREFACE

**Weave ♪ out of moonlight bright
words with the breath of ♪ scented
deep perfumed poems dripping lust
words squeezed out of the desires of
♪ o'er the flesh of thee shimmering
thy mind tinting in luculent hues Oh
that flesh iridescent unfolding forth
thy well rooted cunt in incandescent
bloom**

What didst she say

**That cunt of ♪ bigger than the sky
wetter more than monsoon storm
tighter than clam shell**

**Cunts folds mightier than mountain
slopes**

**More honey sweet than fromst
kurinci blooms more bees fluttering
sipping that sweet hole of ♪ than in
meadows flowers full**

**Oh more hotter than summer sun is
this lust of ♪ for thee**

What didst she say (version 1)

**Oh howest the scent fromst the cunt
of ♪**

**Sweet breeze rustling the leaves on
the vakai trees
wafts to thee**

**Ohh howest the bells along the cunts
lips of ♪ ring like anklets ast strum
♪ those folds thinking of thee**

**Ohhh howest doth the cunts of ♪
seep seep sweet juice like squashed
mango**

**That thee wouldst thy face press
thy lips press
thy mouth press
thy tongue press
and lap that ooze that drips fromst ♪
thinking of thee**

What didst she say (version 2)

**Oh howest the scent fromst the cunt
of ♪**

**Sweet breeze rustling the leaves on
the vakai trees
wafts to thee**

**Ohh howest the bells along the cunts
lips of ♪ ring like anklets ast strum**

♪ those folds thinking of thee

**Ohhh howest doth the cunts of ♪
seep seep sweet juice like squashed
mango**

**That thee wouldst press thy face
press thy lips**

press thy mouth

press thy tongue

**and lap that ooze that drips fromst ♪
thinking of thee**

What didst she say

**Ohh lover look
The cunt of ♪ blooms for thee like
blooms on the neem tree in summer**

**Oh lover look
The cunt of ♪ tasty like squashed
fig paste o'er the lips around the
cunt hole of thee**

**Oh lover
Come
Like the wild Katti lad with spear
tip red ast ashoka petal**

**And
And dip into this love hole
like ocean wide
like ravenous crabs**

What didst she say

**Oh thee of the Eynar tribes with
sharp spears tipped red like glowing
tongues**

**Come come to J rutting bull
elephants of men**

**Come to this cunt of J like ripe
jackfruit swelling smelling more
scented than spring meadows of
flowery blooms**

**Come come and makes the breath of
J hot with sighing fires scorching
forests into flames**

Let J sing out

Ahs

And Ohs

Fromst thee ravenous warrior men

**Ohhh kiss this cunt of ♀ with
 kisses sweeter than poet canst sing
 Lick thy tongue around this cunt
 hole of ♀ heated hot with fires
 desires more scorched than Aetnas
 rim of flames lick this cunt of ♀
 this ruby of flesh cut out of suns
 blaze Sip fromst this amphora of
 flesh this alabaster vase tinted with
 the hues of violets hyacinth and
 lilies lick this scented shell of flesh
 tinged with myrtle and thyme with
 thy lapping send ♀ sighs of flame in
 Ohs and Ahs that rhyme**

**The cunt hole of ♪ alabaster rim
That turbid pool whorl of heated
light come come rest thy chin upon
that altar of lust while cunts lips
pink lilies unfurl with the glow of
fiery amethyst that cunt of ♪ folds
upon folds of juicy flesh red as
pomegranate run thy tongue thru
that scented light halo around that
cunt of ♪ fronds of perfume delicate
tendrils of scent iridescent o'er the
shell-like cunt alabaster smooth
sculpture of flesh sculpture of light
cyclamen white kiss with
incandescent breath**

**Ohhh pull back ♪ my panty
 cyclamen white spread the cunts lips
 of ♪ white dust of gleaming pearl
 smeared that shell of flesh white
 ast ivory crushed each lips frail a
 petal delicate flushed with ♪onian
 pinks the underside tints of purple
 violets seen thru white light Ohh
 hear Pan his flute play seated on
 gold topped mushroom ast naiads
 play around ♪ singing dancing to
 their tambourines ast ♪ on back pull
 back ♪ my panty cyclamen white
 spread the cunts lips of ♪ and piss
 in rainbow curve like golden shower
 of drops speckle flowery blooms and
 the naiads hair lacing golden threads**

**Ohh this cunt of ♀ hast more
splendor thanst all meadow flowers
in bloom**

**This cunt of ♀ hast more fervor
thanst the summer sun on high**

**Rise up lover set thy soul in a whirl
ast thee glance o'er the whorls of
marble flesh that be the cunts lips of
♀ splash thy tongue in the sea of ♀
boiling fluid liquidity slip thy tongue
in and sip the honey that be the sweet
of Eros sip lick those cunts lips
that be the wings of Eros that be the
bows of Eros those curves of flesh
cut fromst Hesperus bright like fire
burst fromst light**

**Sing out sing out Ohh nightingale
sing out the spring hast come with
the unfurling of the cunt lips of ♪
sing out sing out this rose of folded
flesh sugar tasting to thy lips in
frenzy fall Ohh nightingale at the
beauty of this face that wouldst
seduce Harut and Marut fromst the
stare of ♫uhrah this face more
beauty than the moon more beauty
than that little Turk fromst Shiraz –
Town look and sing Ohhh
nightingale for spring hast come and
all the flowery blooms burst into
light in the meadows of the world in
homage to this face of ♪ this face of
♪ wouldst draw Hafez away fromst
his sweet poesy songs**

**Oh lover upraise this cunt of ♀ and
 drink fromsts my cunts hole cup
 place that rim pink to thy lips and
 drink drink to that cunt of ♀
 more hallowed than the high born
 moon**

**more brighter than the stars on fire in
 heavens dome**

**more fairer than Venus with her
 silvery face**

**Ohhh place thy nose twixt my
 spongy flesh and smell smell the
 odors of paradise smell the spring
 airs that blow o'er the pink mists
 floating o'er this cunt of ♀ so fill
 thy lips fill thy lips with this cunts
 wine and be more drunked than Hafez
 with his Sufi dreams**

**Ohhh cunt thou hast stolen this
soul of ♪ whenst thee didst show
thy face hid in white panty cloth
thenst Ohhh cruel cunt thee didst
steel this heart of ♪ Ohh pitiless
cunt conqueror of this soul of ♪
Ohhh howest thy face shoots
arrows into this bleeding heart into
this torn soul of ♪ thy face tears
but but cry ♪ not with pain but with
joyousness with delight the lips of
♪ coat the breath of ♪ the sighs of
♪ in perfumed odors of rapture the
arrows bedded in this soul of ♪
pluck not ♪ out Ohhh heartless one
that this heart of ♪ thee breaks with
raptuousness sing ♪ for thee more
blood shed than Hafez for his rose**

**Ohhhh cunt that be the refuge of this
heart of ۞**

**Lips gleaming pearl-like
That cunt more fragrant than
Musella**

**That cunt hole of my dreams more
sweet than Ruknabad**

**Ohh sup not ۞ on ۞spahan honey
nor taste sweets fromst Shiraz**

**But sup ۞ on thy pool of paradise
heavens stream**

**Take ۞ not fromst this
delightfulness Oh Sufi for in the
depths of those folds more bliss
more ecstasy than fromst Dhikr or
Muraqaba if asleep be ۞ wake ۞
not not e'en the poesy of Hafez that
sang he on his knees waketh ۞**

**The cunt of J drips tears
The panty is soaked thru
Thinking of thee
Nights dreams or day dreams
What is real what is not**

**This cunt is untouched
Lying J on this bed abandoned
The cunts dew falls in dirt and dust
The cuckoo sings in another nest**

**This cunt of *J* ardent bloom half
 concealed in white panty cloth orchid
 flame of lust no one to show this
 precious gem no one to sip wine
 sweeter than *Dukangs***

**Cunt seeps orchid scent behind
 brocaded curtains spiders web silk
 threads of light ast guttering candle
 weeps tears no one to teach this
 "*Plain Girl*" laments**

**Cunt hills of flesh veiled in pink
mist—who cares her name**

**Cunt lovely vase—flowery petals
well arranged**

**Cunts folds—clouds of cherry—
blossoms**

Cunts hole—how glorious the moon

Cunts lips —dancing butterflies

**Butterfly perfumes its wing—floating
o'er cunts folds**

Mélange:1

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Those lips pink

hole reflecting stars like glittering