

Mélange:8

(Oriental &
Occidental poems
by anonymous)

Translated
Poems by c
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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

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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 being 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
kohl'in al-deen or *Ko ' Lin***

PREFACE

**Weave ♪ poems out of sound
each poem a jewel glittering
bright stars in a net of my sighs
each poem a cunt jewel-like that
reflects each other poem containing
the perfumed sighs of ♪**

Thy cunts lips pink silk threads

Thy cunts clit grape shining pink

**Thy cunts lips part like silk
screen pink**

Thy cunt veiled by pink mist

**Thy cunt veiled in mist pink lit by
moonlight like frost**

Thy cunts folds pink peach bloom

**Thy cunts folds twin crescent
moons pink**

Thy cunts lips glinting moonlight

**Oh look see that purple shadowed
slit twixt lips pink**

**Look Oh see that cunts hole
froth like champagne bubbles**

**See Oh look what felicity thy
cunts smiles ast an opening rose**

**Oh see look thy cunts lips flames
of fire pink spread along thy pulpy
flesh**

**Look see Oh upon thy cunts
flesh a rose pink blossoms**

**See look Oh thy cunts pulpy
flesh be a rose chalice of pink hue**

**That hole of thee that bubbles
with pink foam that hole of thee
be the nectar sweet that the
narcissus lips of ♪ do drink for
sustenance**

**♪n that pool of froth lifes relief
doth ♪ find in that pool of froth
the cup of life ♪ find**

**That hole pink rimed with froth
hold up thy cup that be ♪
drunkened oblivious of this
worlds misery**

**♪n that hole of thee no desire for
the world by me all that ♪ desire
is that hole of thee**

**Ahh happy be he whose sight
 drinketh upon that crimson bowl
 that crimson bowl brimming to the
 brim wine untold**

**Ahh in that cup of pink flesh
 seeth √ spring days golden with
 that froth that seepth o'er the
 holes rim**

**Ahhh cometh thee now and lay
 before √ thy cunts fleshy hole
 that the lips of √ be sweetened
 and free be √ of melancholies
 snare**

**Oh thy cunt be blessed in
shaplyness graceful in form
delighting in symmetry those folds
of flesh exquisite in
curvaceousness sending ♪ into
ecstatic raptuousness**

**Oh there be no equal to thy cunt
neither the moon nor roses velvet
petals neither the beauty of girls
canst rival thy cunt Oh beloved**

**Thee asked "what be hole of ♪"
replied ♪ "the source of life
the fountain the water of my life"
thee asked "what be the cunt of ♪"
replied ♪ "the guiding star of my
life"**

**Hear speaketh ♪ hear sigh ♪ with
 delight look spring hast come thy
 cunts bloom pink hued blooms in
 sumptuous splendor that clit of
 thine glows pink grape and see the
 nightingale leaves the rose to sing its
 songs of yearning to those folds of
 spongy flesh of thine**

**Speaketh hear ♪ while ♪ sigh ♪
 smell the sweet breeze of thy cunts
 scent sweeter than rose basil or the
 flowers in the meadows that grow
 for my beloved sent ♪ her cunts
 scent new upon the cunt drenched
 breeze that decks the lips of ♪ with
 perfumed dew**

**Oh beloved unconceal thy face
 pull back the panty cloth that a
 new moon shallst rise unto this
 earth May pull back thy panty
 beloved feed my starving eyes
 upon those folds of thine keep not
 thy cunt hidden fromst ♪ this
 watcher this gazer this lustful
 mendicant looking for paradise**

**Beloved cried ♪ "take pity upon
 this dervish longing for paradise"
 replied she "why" beloved ♪ cried
 "thy cunt ♪ worship my idol be
 that cunts hole of thine a melted
 rose those folds slices of plums
 blushing pink hued halo round
 thy cunt divine"**

**Ahh lust hast entered this
 dervishes heart lust hast befallen
 upon this lover of god for whom
 love hast dissolved bonds of
 desire curl round the flesh of ♪
 Lust hast befallen upon ♪ that
 away hast fallen the friends of ♪
 Now ♪ cry "maketh thy cunt
 mine maketh mine that pink rose
 for which this nightingale sings
 let not the eyes of ♪ upon those
 folds of flesh not in vain fall
 maketh mine that cunts hole that
 bowl that not in vain ♪ long to
 drink and hast that scent mingled
 with my souls breath to relieve my
 pain not in vain"**

**Oh this Bodhisattva cries "rebirth
 never more Blah" Oh thee upon
 that cunt of thee ♪ doth see crowned
 with dew like waterlilies pink that ♪
 couldst for eternities of rebirths gaze
 upon those folds that ♪ couldst lay
 beneath that mouth of delight and
 sing its praises day and night Oh
 this Bodhisattva cries " no desires
 Blah" come burn my flesh with the
 heat of thy cunt that my cravings
 wash waves of sensualities thru the
 veins of ♪ Ahh thy cunt be the all
 conquering savior of all the worlds
 thy face glorious of moonlight drips
 nectar to assuage the thirst of the
 dead Ahh speak ♪ with insight a
 noble truth clasped in thy folds be
 the cessation of the sufferings of ♪**

**Oh look ♪ upon thy cunts face
 those folds painted with saffron
 paste flames those lips rouge
 tinted clits tip and that slit purple
 hued where flowest the Ganges
 stream and in thy cunts hole see
 ♪ Shivas third eye blazing
 lightnings flame flashing and all
 above decked in dark matted hair**

**Look ♪ look at thy cunts face
 calyx of lotus pink that cunt
 source of all the universes those
 folds the four arms of Vishnu
 encase that hole of thee that sea
 of milk bright like the kaustubha
 jewel ♪ see ♪**

**Clap clap my hands sing ♪ sing
 loud with glee at thy cunt this
 devotee sings at thy cunts hole
 ocean of milk dance ♪ with
 fleeting feet in thy sight ♪ be
 withdrawn fromst the world no
 awareness of me in thy sight ♪
 be in ecstasy in thy sight ♪ taste
 the sugar that thy cunt be**

**Oh Oh this devotee takes in his
 breath at the sight of thy cunt
 holding tight thy cunts sight in
 the mind of ♪ ♪ be the sugar
 that thee be thru the grace of thee
 absorbed into thee nothing ♪ be**

**Oh thy cunt be pink like the ripe
mango that ♪ couldst fall upon it
like the jungle deer that ♪
couldst breathe in its scent to
mingle with the breath of ♪**

**Oh that ♪ couldst lick thy cunt
tasting honey on the lips of ♪ like
the bees sip the nectar fromst the
kurinci flower**

**Oh look thy cunt the hue of a
new mango leaf decked with cunny
dew like evening stars Oh thy
cunt hid twixt pink thighs rise ♪
♪ with perfumed sighs**

**Oh look thy cunts lips edge pink
like the waterlilies in deep
mountain purple pools Look Oh
how thy cunts pulpy folds turn
crimson like the sunsets glow**

**Oh gaze J upon thy cunt sweet
aromatic mango lips like pink
jasmine Oh that inner flesh
smelling of honey the color of ripe
pink fruit tasting of sugar blent
with musk**

**Look J upon thy cunt flower of
pink flesh the color of desire
glistening mouth clasp my flesh
like a ripe wet fruit**

**Oh beloved ast Radha glimpsed
Krishna on the sight of thy cunt be
I in paradise**

**Beloved Oh whenst I pray upon
thy cunt bliss thee gives to thy
devotee**

**Oh beloved whenst facing thy cunts
pink folds deliverance and bliss thee
gives untold**

**Beloved Oh in sensual delight sing
I the praises of thy pulpy cunt**

**Oh beloved thee reveals the universe
whenst gaze I upon thy cunt**

**Look Oh look the dew upon thy
cunts pink folds look Indras net
of jewels**

**Oh look look thy cunts hole
mirror clear dazzling splendor the
mind of J**

**Look look Oh how thy cunts
hole brighter than the kaustubha
jewel of Indra**

**Look Oh look thy cunt like the
lotus bloom in Indras navel**

**Oh look look light streams
fromst thy cunts hole brighter than
Shivas third eye**

Thy cunt vaporizing musk

**Thy cunt dew embroidered pink
flesh**

**Thy cunt swollen petals of the
rose**

**Thy cunts hole brighter than
Sarada moon**

Thy cunt a lotus flower blooming

**Thy cunt to which the cakors
sing**

**Thy cunt blossoming flower
embossed on panties tight**

Mélange:1

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Those lips pink

hole reflecting stars like glittering