

# Mélange:9

(Oriental &  
Occidental poems by  
anonymous)

Translated  
Poems by c  
Dean

# Mélange:9

(Oriental &  
Occidental poems by  
anonymous)

Translated  
Poems by c

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

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

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press>

Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2018

# **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  
 Ganjadeen or Ko ' Lin**

## PREFACE

**Oh the poems of ♪ be lily-flowers  
 weaved thru the red flame of rose  
 petals twined with white violets like  
 smooth marble twisted in the petals  
 of narcissus and crocus and  
 Phrygian iris and the purple Tyrian  
 hyacinth wafting sweet scent that  
 be the poems of ♪ dripping the  
 honeyed nectar of the thoughts of ♪**

**Oh how thy cunt in the mind of ♪  
takes root bursting blooms thru brain of  
♪ the roots spread ast spider web  
bejeweled with dew each neuron into a  
cunt blossoms forth petals of roses  
folds the brain unfolds a flower bouquet  
of scented flesh**

**The moonlight kisses the cunts holes  
wine froth pink intoxicating dew  
splashes in splinters of pink glinting off  
the pink flesh marble-like melts the  
cunts slits shadows in vaporous mist  
speckled with specks twirling vortexes  
of fire**

**Oh that I canst kiss thy cunt opiate of  
bliss that poisoned flower that chaste  
rose white that in my desert of  
aloneness grows in purple shadows of  
my tomb chilled by the out breathings of  
my breath that I canst feel the rose  
texture of thy flesh delicate folds of  
intoxication enclosing humid waters  
heated by thy fervent fires that unchill  
the glacial coldness of my soul**

**Thy cunt white phosphorescent inner  
lips shadows of pink veins pink  
porphyry that beats with desires fires  
pulsing hot with faint hues of purple-  
indigo that breathes our scents of opiate  
tints changing to tincture of musk and  
and opalescent rose**

**Draw in the breath of ♪ ♪ grasp that  
 mango fruit cunt ripe in moonlight  
 bathing coat like frost pink in a coat of  
 fire lips edge curve borders of pink lily-  
 pink twins of aromatic flesh along creep  
 shadows the slits crease seek ast light  
 fromst lips to lips creeps petals of fire  
 tips glint crimson hues o'er flesh  
 indigo-shadows along lips curling**

**Ast drops thee thy panty white slowly  
 the light creeps down upon that clit  
 hooded pink o'er those folds outward  
 furled along lips edge the light creeps  
 glinting fire on each tip the light creeps  
 down slit shadows purple dissolving the  
 cunt flower unfolding spreading bloom  
 in the light creeping till like a sunburst  
 the cunts flesh under light full bright**

**Thy cunt be moulded fromst roses  
bloom each lips like chiseled fromst  
pink petals with the look of Chinese  
silk**

**Pink –flesh on fire  
Shadows– purple flames**

**Thy cunts petals be the arc of the  
narcissus bloom that pink hue be the  
pink of marble thy clit be the pink pistil  
of Passion –flowers Oh those folds be  
like cut fromst pink Samarkand silk  
and Oh Oh so be the scent of thy cunt  
like the perfume of white lotus and Oh  
Oh the arch of those folds be the arch  
of the throat of thee**

**Cunt dew be about thy lips like wreaths  
of scented blooms thy cunt hole sprays  
liquid light that sprinkles o'er thy cunts  
hair to cover that mesh with light like  
froth**

**Thy cunts hair be flecked with pink  
pearl light flows up thy crimson slit  
like light glinting on pink sapphires**

**Pink flesh fluted with shadows purple**

**Fruit of flesh**

**Flesh of succulent juice**

**Juicy flesh pink**

**Pink veined fruit cloaked in opalescent  
scent**

**Oh that cunt ripe fruit seen only thru  
white cloth mango tasty wanting the  
sight of ♪ like flowers need light Oh  
that cunt protected by white like frost  
juicy melon smothered in cunt scent ripe  
to bite**

**Oh that cunt sea shell of flesh  
beautiful furled lips light upon pink  
flesh that cunt swollen like slit conch  
shell**

**Oh that cunts scent like sea mist  
breathe ♪ in with each breath invigorate  
♪ pleasures delightful scent fromst lips  
to lips pastel pink in white moonlight  
cunt tastes exquisite like licking  
perfumed frost**

**Ahh gaze ♪ upon that fruit twixt  
those thighs of marble pink honey  
scented pink like warm cream that  
floats upon the light bright to my sight**

**What loveliness**

**What beauty**

**More gorgeous than all the fruits that  
hang upon the trees**

**More juicy than berries purple**

**More tasty than figs ripe**

**More oozy than mangos flesh**

**Oh Oh spare not ♪ that sight this  
honey-seeking tongue longs for delight  
of those lips furling fruits full of  
oozings exquisite spare not ♪ that sight  
for bringeth ♪ these lips for thy  
offering for those lips more delicate  
than gossamer that hangs upon seeds  
of dandelions wind kissed**

**Oh that thy cunt flower of delight shall  
 clutch ♪ in its petals pink that that  
 cunt of thee shall like the bee clutch in  
 lusts embrace shall clutch with burning  
 bite around the flesh of ♪ that canst  
 sup upon that scented wine that  
 floweths fromst that cup of Khayyam  
 and hear the birds of paradise sing  
 and smell the scent of pairi daeza  
 and see the flowers of Jannah  
 that ♪ canst drink upon the perfume of  
 thy cunt  
 drink upon thy desire  
 drink upon thy fires  
 of lust let ♪ bask in the light of that  
 cunt of thee and the flesh of ♪ burst  
 into full bloom in the folds of that cunt  
 of thee**

Oh that I couldst lay under the shade  
 of thy cunt like lover 'neath rose bush  
 that I in Sufi solitude canst  
 contemplate those folds of delight that  
 anar e bustan whilst above the  
 anar e pestan heave with sighs of fire  
 whilst I in the shadows purple shroud  
 of thy cunt sniff the breeze pregnant  
 with the cunts perfumed scent Oh that  
 thee wouldst fling o'er I thy cunts  
 dew like stars falling fromst heaven  
 that in the sight of thee all flowers fade  
 all scents dissolve and into thee be I  
 absorbed bedazzled by that cunt  
 brighter than the sun o'er flows the joy  
 of me seeing thee mader doth I become  
 than crazy Majnun on the light fromst  
 the dew drops like frost with edges of  
 fire

**Oh howest thy cunts lips tulip-pink  
 smell of jasmine and ambergris Oh  
 howest thy cunt shines brighter red than  
 the ruby of Badakhshan Oh howest  
 thy cunts scent like Esfand frighteneth  
 away the Jinn Oh howest thy cunts  
 hast ensnared this flesh of ♀ with thy  
 cunts sight thee hast captured the soul  
 of ♀ thee hast captured ♀ with the  
 silken hues of thy folds captured ♀  
 with the honeyed taste of the scent of  
 thee Oh howest the flesh of ♀ is lit  
 like a burning moon the heart of ♀  
 roasted like kebab Oh howest dance ♀  
 in the purple shadows of thy cunts folds  
 my flesh a red bright flame burning ast  
 the rose on fire with thy cunts kiss my  
 flesh along each pour blossoms into  
 tulips red**

**To the Throne of Jamshid Oh thy  
 cunts slit the Persian gate the bane of  
 Sikandar in that pass many hast died  
 the little death along the lips walls of  
 flesh the hues of vermilion tulips and  
 orpiment of buttercups of flesh lobster  
 pink those lips tips tinctures of indigo  
 Oh that cunt a Persian miniature  
 flecked with malachite folds of flesh  
 deeper than the Zargoses rounded form  
 fromst dawn to eve the colors hues  
 creams lavender rose and shadows  
 purple view o'er that scented flesh  
 creep to the cup of Jamshid that pink  
 rimed bowl that holds the whole  
 universes seven heavens in those  
 aqueous depths all truths be found the  
 world me thee all reflected around in that  
 pool be immortality**

**Oh look thy cunt the lotus of the day  
 hast burst forth into bloom thy cunts  
 hair curls like dangling bees around  
 those lips of pink fire Look the sun is  
 dimmed by the bright light of thy face  
 dazzled be the mind of I be eyes glazed  
 with lust sing I cry I like the girls of  
 Braj thy face entrances I I dance  
 tambourine shaking feet tracing whorls  
 in the flying dust like specks of gold  
 glinting 'neath the fire of thy cunts flesh  
 bimba fruit lips what mass of delight  
 that cunt of thee that this catak-bird  
 sups upon those dewy drops spilling  
 fromst thy cunts gem-like hole ringed by  
 beads of juice sparkling lighting-like  
 along those cunts lips of thee curved ast  
 thy ample breasts swelling plump  
 mountains of flesh mangoes-like  
 kisses rapturously this koel**

**Oh two lips crescent moons of pink  
 light cakors intoxicated on their sight  
 glisten along their edges curve pearls of  
 radiance thy cunts slit Ganges stream  
 crimson fire thy cunts hole whirlpool  
 of fathomless depths light slivers o'er  
 its face like fish shimmering in the  
 whorls of fire-light like gems in flames**

**Oh thy cunt tat tvam asi see ♪ ast  
 lightning fromst thy cunts pool streams  
 along the folds of flesh sprinkling  
 cunty dew like pollen o'er the lotus  
 bloom of thy face Ahh bewitched art ♪  
 by the radiance of that face catapults ♪  
 to neti neti into bliss jumpeth ♪ fromst  
 the lips tips thru the rainbow of colors  
 that arch across that limpid pool of  
 liquidity burned by lust burst ♪ like a  
 bubble of froth into the great oneness of  
 thee**

**Oh beloved cunt beloved caki this pareva  
 existence be the finding of thee Oh howeth  
 sunlight glints off the lips of thee thy  
 furling flesh be wings of swans set to fly  
 search ♪ thru moonlit nights in lust  
 separation doth pine ♪ to be a cakor and  
 drink the drips of moonlight that float  
 across that pool of liquidity that scent of  
 lotus that makes the lips of ♪ sigh like a  
 Vedic chant ♪ pant ♪ throb for shouldst  
 ♪ be at that pool be drinking in the amrita  
 of life drinking in that fluidity of bliss  
 whilst garlanded with passions sighs  
 girdled with desires fires bound with lusts  
 pangs Oh hast ♪ longed too much for thee  
 cravings tear the flesh of ♪ Oh to out of  
 this puddle of existence step into thy sea ♪  
 absorbed back into thee to be thee in thy  
 immensity**

**Oh howeth doth thy cunt look folds of  
pink flesh kissed by purple shadows  
dew sparkling lighting up the night  
spirals of perfume wafts fromst the  
cunts lips tips like butterfly ready for  
flight thy cunts hole swells and bubbles  
that dark enigma fromst which the ten  
thousand things spring**

**Thy cunt lost in pink mist like clouds  
o'er those lips in idleness watch √ the  
shadows unfolding out of void running  
up that slits crimson stream those  
folds of flesh with pink veins like the  
markings on jade Oh howeth seeth √  
the inner pattern**

**The gaze of 𠄎 travels along the cunts  
 folds hairs like vines clutch the pink  
 flesh with empty mind enter 𠄎 the  
 indigo shadows like a gate into heaven  
 down down the sides of the furling lips  
 in idleness 𠄎 wend my way see 𠄎 the  
 ten thousand things burgeoning forth  
 fromst that pool that dark enigma but  
 look look around the pools azure rim  
 cranes have abandoned Mount Penglai  
 to banquet**

**Mélange:1**

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

**Mélange:2**

<https://www.scribd.com/document/368569577/Melange-2-erotic-poetry>

**Mélange:3**

<https://www.scribd.com/document/369150985/Melange-3-erotic-poetry>

**Mélange:4**

<https://www.scribd.com/document/369396610/Melange-4-erotic-poetry>

**Mélange:5**

<https://www.scribd.com/document/369947870/Melange-5-erotic-poetry>

**Mélange:6**

<https://www.scribd.com/document/370904166/Melange-6-erotic-poetry>

**Mélange:7**

<https://www.scribd.com/document/373289540/Melange-7-erotic-poetry>

**Mélange:8**

<https://www.scribd.com/document/379061908/Melange-8-erotic-poetry>

**ISBN 9781876347074**

**Those lips pink**

**hole reflecting stars like glittering**