

Mélange:9

(Oriental &
Occidental poems by
anonymous)

Translated
Poems by c
Dean

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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 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

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Those lips pink

hole reflecting stars like glittering