

Mariana

POEM
BY C
DEAN



Mariana POEM BY C DEAN

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 2024 P.1, Sir John Everett Millais (1829–1896),
Mariana (1851)P.2 Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882), Mariana
(1870)P.3 Love Sonnets [Marie Spartali Stillman](#) (1844–1927)

P.5 Marie Spartali Stillman (1844–1927), Mariana (1867) P.6 Philip
Hermogenes Calderon (1833–1898), Mariana

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

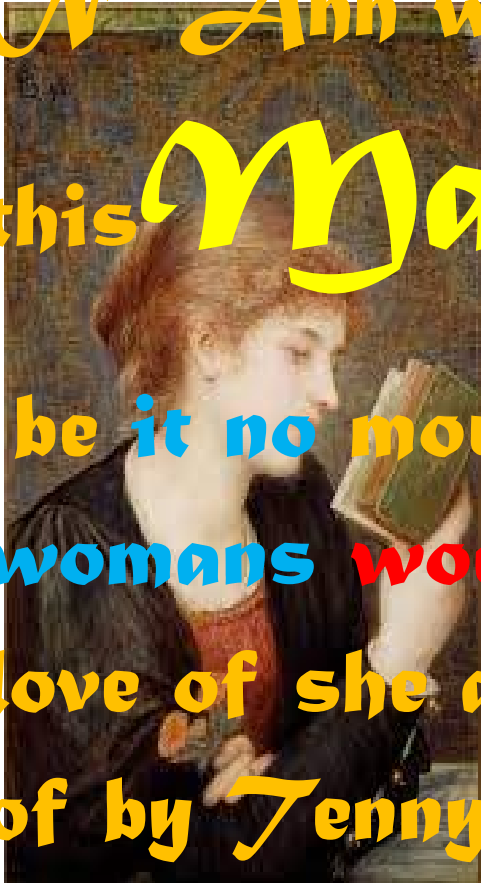
W Ahh what be

this **Mariana**

be it no more thanst a
 womans woe that lost the
 love of she ast doth But tell
 of by Jennyson andst that
 bard Shakespeare But Ahh

these be just the ideas of
 love fromst a mans view

But Ahh what be these
 tales to mean fromst Ahh a

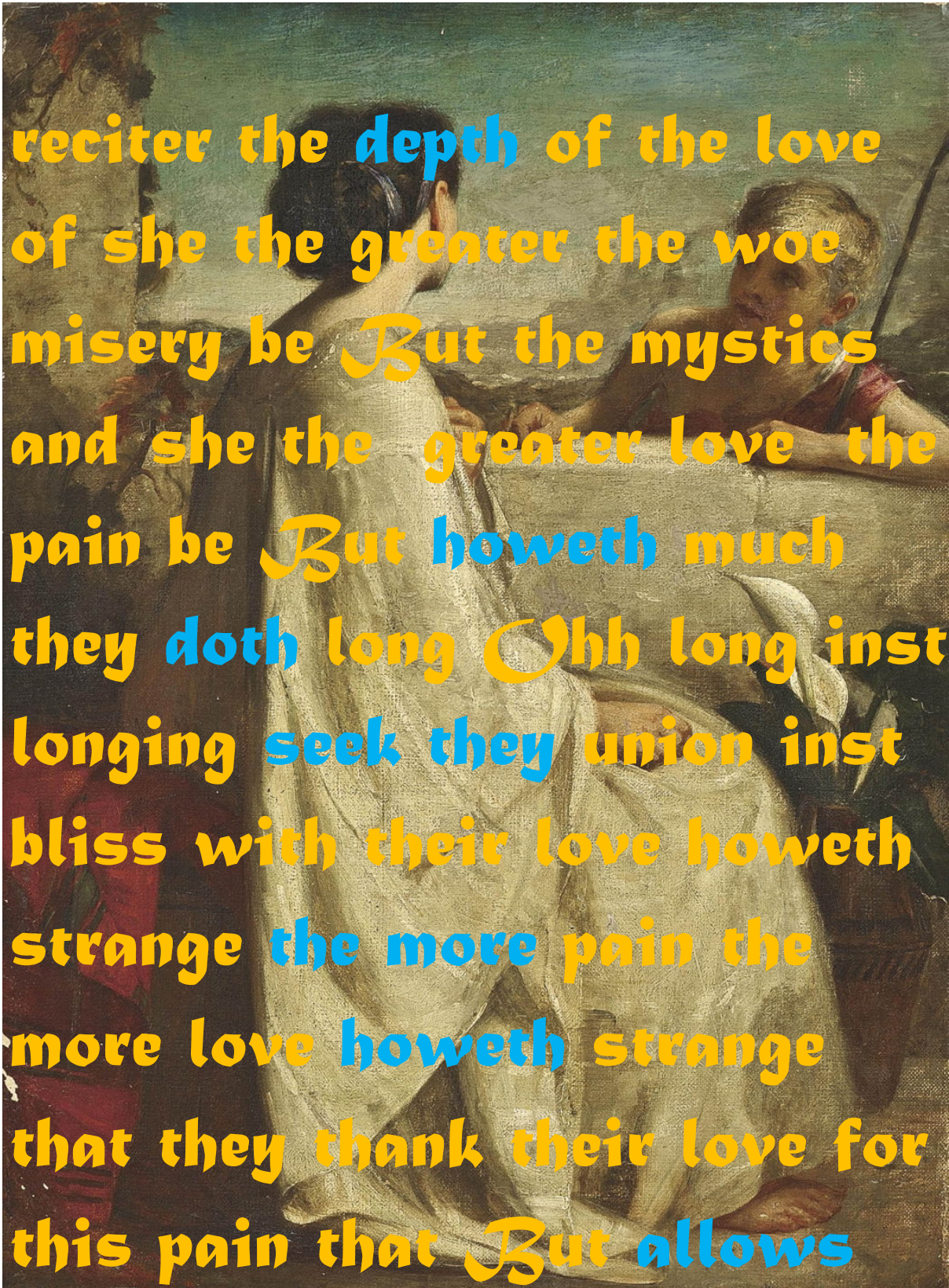


womans hart that be to more
 to the point for whenst it
 comes to womans love we
 all But just seem to get
 what man doth think her
 views to be her views are
 scanty we canst see fromst
 history so let thee dearest
 reciter see perhaps what

Mariana herself

didst feel whenst she didst
 tell her tale to Jennyson
 andst that bard Shakespeare

which they didst not
 understand being men who
 see love ast just men doth do
 andst think women feel ast
 they just do *But Ahh*
 dearest reciter women be a
 different breed andst love
 perhaps ast the mystic e'en
 the *Sufi* for she love be a
 deep mystic mystery for ast
 the mystic love canst be
 longing its woes its pain its
 despondency its *Ohh*
*AW*Efullness be *But*



reciter the depth of the love
of she the greater the woe
misery be But the mystics
and she the greater love the
pain be But howeth much
they doth long Ohh long inst
longing seek they union inst
bliss with their love howeth
strange the more pain the
more love howeth strange
that they thank their love for
this pain that But allows

**them to show their love so
recite onst mystic lover**

PREFACE Ahh that what doth

I doth hath to say I fayne to say But say
 be it for thy pleasure or thy pain Yet that what
 just said be But the trueth of love for many a
 Dame Yet I not be vain for I doth But to
 say my say just repeat what that Petrarch
 didst say what none who that doth of women
 know not gainsay for love for some Dames be
 But a dichotomy of contraries inst their hart
 a unity of they

for

Love giveth pain But as well giveth much
 woe

I fele such pain Yet love that which giveth
 much joy to gain

Love if this be thenst why fele I dreary so

Ahh to fathom the hart of such Dames
 willst confound thee to hell to gain

Ahh what be love most men hath had a lot to say andst onst that topic they hast drowned out any womens say for onst this discourse they hath a monopoly So let us say that for many a woman doth contain much that men canst n'er obtain inst their love for a he or a her that state of love be much akin to that love that doth a mystic doth proclaim for the object of the mystic love where he canst exclaim simultaneously of love

♪ long ♪ long for thee without thee

**"♪ am aweary aweary Oh God that
♪ were dead"**

Andst

Yet

**The sunset ast a crimson veil
 flame-coloured"inst the purple light
 set a flower bright that doth light
 this face of ♀ like Julia white
 poppy cheeks upon a field of saffron
 the shoes of ♀ tight ast ♀ not
 aweary at the arch of heaven to look
 like Dido for upon the winds Ohh
 for upon the marjoram fragrant wind
 doth hear ♀ his sighs that nearer to
 ♀ doth But approach that with that
 wind his love doth carry his sighs
 upon that wind that with our violent
 passions force that wind that fromst
 the source of our love that very wind**

that carried inst their dreams He
 andst that Dame fromst that place
 where the Po descends
 To rest in ocean with his sequent
 streams that wind that doth his
 sighs to I sends

Thus

I not aweary of my despair for like
 those mystics of Araby the depths
 of my woes be But the heights of
 my love of longing hast I for He
 who for He I care for the
 nightingale singtheth more sweet inst
 it plaint to catch the ear of that rose
 that doth not hear the love for He
 taketh I to the depths of hell Yet

this love of ♪ for He to heavens
 heights my love for He doth fly the
 greater the woe the greater the love
 fromst ♪ doth flow this passion
 heated storm of wind clasps ♪
 around like tendrils of perfumed
 vines like tresses of curls that
 wind about my limbs doth swirl
 across this pearl-opal-tinted flesh
 fromst Ohh fromst this wind that be
 the sighs of our passions breath
 fromst this woe of this soul this
 madness sadness doth happiness
 gladness doth grow that inst some
 unity of mystery we be But some
 unity of whole where this this woe

doth *But* kiss that rose with greater
 love thanst that nightingales trill that
 this love doth *But* my soul to fill
 kissed by this wind that inst the
 souls depths of woe upon that kiss
 of that wind that doth ast that
 woman of *Troy* sucke forth my soul
 let it fly to thy soul inst to bliss
 blent with thee that not ast that
Expiation break off that kiss
Which sucks our two souls to
 vapours that inst to us melts away
 inst to one not they, inst that mystery
 that beyond be the minde the senses
 space time where *But* myriad
 kisses inst this centre of this

**whirlpool of wind of maelstrom
passions play upon our flesh circle
fires alight ast gems inst flame thru
that void down down that centre
whirling onst our kisses swirling
one desire onst fire Ohh Ohh upon
this wind our souls our love acquire
thru this abyss doth race along our
flesh Aghh Ahh till to that place
we doth aspire that goal Ohhh Ohh
that gaol of union inst bliss we doth
gain perfection upon our longggg
lingering kissss untold with thee
andst me a rapturous whole beyond
the heavens blue the earths confines**

Beyond the stars that mortals view
 within that unity thru andst thru for
 all eternity our love be new beyond
 afar Ahh Just ast those words
 of love of Valgius doth not cease
 whenst doth out of the evening doth
 come dear Vesper whenst he flies
 before the sun doth my words upon
 the passions wind doth Ohh Ohh
 dearest be contained within my
 Mystes of our love of each for each
 that life aweary Ohh that my life
 be dreary be But the depths of my
 love without thee this darkness
 swirling blackness within these
 shadows of woe these that float
 within this room circling ast
 carrion birds upon their purple wings

that that doth **But** seem to herald
 doom within that that doth seem **But**
 gloom **Ohh** Yet fromst these sighs
 of **I** be **But** incense that doth **But**
 the shadows doest **But** kiss to too
 burst to flame-flowers that doth
 unfurl their petals to paint the airs
 inst rain bowed hues ast if upon a
 loom stitched with my sighs pearls
 of passion andst threads of gold
 that fromst my woes my sighs my
 love be told upon this storm of
 violent passions

sweet flowers

of marjoram fragrance

upon the winds that storm to rush to
 whirl swirl pulsating ripples upon

mine flesh upon mine lips to kiss
 Ohh to kiss that wind that be the
 breath of He that cometh Ohh that
 cometh upon the soul of I upon this
 heavy middle of the night honey'd
 upon mine lips that ast that Dame
 with that Pot of Basil there doth
 sing of birds inst this darkling light
 this room doth But fill with the rill
 of trees blown by this wind ast a
 breeze pleasanter more that this
 hart of I be But that Lyre of
 Orpheus where each throb each thud
 of blood of love be But an echo of
 my soul that doth fill the fields with
 soft tenderness that doth become ast
 a full-done briodery woven fromst
 these sighs of I that fly that fly

Ohh that fly to the He where this
 love be But his name Ohh his name
 spelt out inst the colours that coat
 all the gardens andst fields andst
 woods where nymphs doth skip andst
 sing where each doth her love
 wouldst to clasp inst deep kiss inst
 deep kissings upon this wind this
 wind that doth blow within mine
 opal-coloured cave where butterflies
 doth about the taper wing circling
 with eyes aflaming upon the eyes of
 ♪ that light with my sighs aweary
 my cries so dreary that drop thru
 this darkling light like fires aflame
 that splash upon the floors to spatter
 inst to gems of fire that within my
 love doth whirl thru purpling

shadows of my woes bright
 phantoms of my soul that thru this
 gloom thru this Sepulchre room where
 this wind doth my hair unwind andst
 doth swirl with glimmers upon the
 crest of those shadows ripple that
 be *But* the love of *Ÿ* that finds no
 rest those curls that sweep along
 mine face those lips that singeth
Ohh that singeth my love dreams of
 hope that though be *But* *Ÿ* living
 dead without my *He* this tomb be
But still my heaven *Ohh* my heaven
 where doth break my sighs of love
 that doth *But* glitter upon those
 moonbeams ast numberless andst
 more thick ast those motes of
 gayness that people the *Suns Beams*

for I unlike "The Thinker" doth I
 Sail divinest Melancholy for she
 doth giveth I not delusions of joy
 But joyousness that doth But
 cometh fromst my woes such
 delightfulness that be But real to
 rest upon mine soul to burst forth
 ast lightning beams that doth But
 coat that golden chariot that drives
 across the sky so swiftly doth fly
 my sighs ast to take shape ast a
 peacock fan that doth scent the
 blooms within my gloom to waft thru
 this room ast if a meadow kissed by
 woodland birds that sparkle upon
 the dew-drops that be But my
 dreams of he my love that fringes
 my gloom with gilded jewels of

richest gold that tint the purple
 mantel of my tomb with threads of
 silver knitted inst to the darkling
 light my love Ohh my love for He
 pulsating passions onst the wind
 flecked with my sighs that be But
 my blood set inst pearl-shadows
 that doth surge upon the wind ast
 waves upon a sea that doth surge
 with frenzy with glee Ohh with glee
 doth my soul to foam inst these
 shuddering of my madness inst love
 inst my delight fleck with crimson
 that be But my blood that be my love
 inst flight that doth ignite to crimson
 the moated grange and my tombs wall
 andst the blackest moss the flower-
 plots were thickly crusted one and all