

# Medusa & Perseus



POEM  
BY  
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DEAN

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FP: "The Head of Medusa": Godfried Maes (1649-1700);

"Medusa" Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio (1597); p.3

"Aspecta Medusa" [Dante Gabriel Rossetti](#) (1828-1882)

# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W

So what be

this **Medusa**

**& Perseus**

well let us doest say it be

maybe an allegory of

**Aristotelian metaphysics or**

be it maybe a **Kantian**

**Transcendental idealism or even a Sufi mysticism so let us try to unravel this mystery inst Aristotelian metaphysics the object is that thing that can exist independent of a perceiving mind which has a substance whereby the substance is that of which material objects be made some say this substance be**

**the objects essence inst other  
words the quiddity that  
which makes the thing what  
it is andst those things  
which be but secondary or  
incidental to the thing be but  
called the accidents now  
Kant doth call it it seems  
the accidents by the name of  
phenomena andst the quiddity  
the thing-in-itself or the  
noumenon but for the Sufi**

**there be no essence but only  
accidents ast doth say *Jami***

“Things that to those limited view are  
existing as accidents of the physical  
world are appearing To those in the  
Light the physical’s an accident that  
only True Being is forever ... renewing”

**thus what be this tale be**

***Medusa* an essence hid**

**where only the accidents be**

**seen or be she just accidents**

**andst naught be any more be**

**so read and see by not seeing**

**PREFACE** fair lips fair  
 checks fair eyes that be what many  
 shes doest to their face apply for inst  
 their minde they themselves doest  
 see what their hart doth claim for  
 all women be but somewhat vain  
 andst doest wish others doest see  
 what they inst their face doest **But**  
 find so the hes or perhaps the shes  
 taketh pity on those shes whenst  
 other not see what she doest claim to  
 see for into woes she doest go to  
 find no bliss whenst done doest find  
 inst she delightfulness so thee sob  
 with she whenst she find no joy **But**  
 sorrows woes whenst she all annoys

It be said there be 3 Gorgons immortal 2  
 but mortal Medusa be so what be Medusa  
 story well she once was a beauty the  
 daughter of Phorcys andst Ceto but others  
 do say the daughter of Gorgon and Ceto  
 But poor she was raped in the temple of  
 Athena by Poseidon to which Athena didst  
 curse her to have hair of serpents andst eyes  
 that turn all to stone that didst see But poor  
 Medusa wast beheaded by Perseus after  
 he was to told to fetch her head by King  
 Polydectes of Seriphus because he wanted  
 to marry Perseuss mum But none hast told  
 what Medusa didst feel about all this so  
 dear reciter recite onst to hear Medusas  
 tale andst thee may feel pity andst e'en woe



**Stiff erect thee stand with that harpē  
 inst thy hand raised with glint of light  
 upon its point come here listen hear ♪  
 say taketh pity onst ♪ the breasts of ♪  
 heave with sighs that float upon the  
 dark ast perfumed lilies around this  
 hair dishevelled of ♪ ast legs lay  
 splayed the eyes of ♪ weep tears more  
 salty thanst the sea the lips of ♪ doest  
 tremble with the voice that doth choke  
 see scented pollen that doth drip upon  
 my breath that doth soil the dark like  
 kissing the lips of death Fear fromst  
 my lips my pliant the kisses of my hart  
 to stir thy hart willth my hyacinth  
 kisses that willth leave scented that  
 thy arm thee willst fine restraint**

**Ahh dearest be born fromst my hart be  
the Stygian gloom that doth shroud all  
inst darkness enclose all inst pains of  
despondent doom**

**Fromst my sighs my eyes my tears  
doth the Phlegethon fires rise that doth  
all flesh to ignite to sorrows sighs**

**Fromst out of my lips doth flow the  
Acheron to But drown all inst  
melancholy that do into madness slips**

**Fromst my eyes my tears the Cocytus  
be but o'er flowing to flood eternally to  
soak all around inst the sadness of me**

**For what thee sees be not the essence  
but only the incidental the surface for I  
am beauty hid by the illusion thee sees**

**Ohh dearest the darkness doth lie  
upon my flesh it doth mingle with  
the perfume that doth rise fromst that  
thing thee doth see like mist tinted  
the darkness softly Ohh so softly  
doth kiss my lips that glisten cant  
thee see with my sighs ast my lover  
the night lie upon my flesh to hear  
my breath to feel my breath breathe  
out to tint the dark with pearls that  
be my sighs that light about ♪ like  
stars to glisten to gleam about that  
thing thee doth see Ohh kiss darkest  
night to still my weeping to stay my  
pain cursed by Athena my woes to  
but to gain with thy kiss to wane**

Ohh dearest thee the Erinyes screech  
 andst howls couldst not drown out  
 the groans andst moans of I for

If I told my sorrow to Philomela  
 her throat wouldst too to crack

If I told my woe too to Orpheus  
 his voice wouldst too to break

If I told my harrow to Medea her  
 hart wouldst too to sack

For e'en the songs of the Sirens  
 e'en they couldst not sooth the cries  
 of despair of I for e'en the Muses  
 couldst not devise any Nay any play  
 or lay that couldst display the pains  
 of I that I doest to thee relay

**Ohh the darkness that shadow of  
 bliss that doth kiss that thing thee  
 doth see to fire to turn that flesh that  
 doth the perfume that doth rise doth  
 to mist to turn to coat those hairs  
 that thee sees ast serpents round  
 their lair inst dew that sparkles that  
 round that flesh be But moons that  
 glimmer like lanterns that glow to  
 shine upon that flesh that splays like  
 lily petals scented pollen on fire  
 within that liquidity that not be  
 quenched fromst the kiss of darkness  
 that be the lover of ♪ my sufferings  
 be eased with the warmth of its lips  
 fromst that shadow that doth ♪ kiss**

Though it be day to thee it be **But**  
 darkness night to **I** for all about **I** be  
 blackness whenst thee doth see but light

That **I** couldst swap the torments  
**Sisyphus** to **But** have some peace from  
 this torture of **I**

That **I** couldst swap the anguish of  
**Prometheus** to **But** have some ease  
 fromst this agony of **I**

That **I** couldst swap the pain of  
**Atlas** for his task be **But** **Ohh** **But**  
 so more easy thanst what **I** must carry  
 within **I**

For the world doth ugly to see **I** to  
 die whenst in truth my beauty be hid  
 fromst the eyes of thy

Ahh this lover of ♪ darkness radiant  
 of bliss fromst its kiss doth this flesh  
 to burst into flowery gems of light lit  
 by my passions fires this shadows kiss  
 across this flesh sparks doest hiss  
 bright gold amethyst burning blooms of  
 fire round this bower thee doth see  
 decked inst gems that take flight  
 butterflies bright garland night  
 darkness shuddering ecstasies fromst  
 the sun burnt kisses of that lover of ♪

Ahh ast my sighs float like incense  
 languorous smoke that fumes fromst  
 that thing thee sees fromst the kisses  
 that burn fromst the lips that furl froms  
 that shadow that for one hour fromst  
 hell taketh ♪ to burn my flesh to flower

Oh howeth hast I besought the moon  
 to But shine light on I to illumine my  
 flesh to But dry my tears Yet  
 countless woes do But shroud I  
 midst this gloom that be the universe of  
 I that inst which do I dwell with  
 despairs boundless for which my  
 sorrows into an abyss where there be  
 no light no joy only despondent cares  
 that do tear my flesh But hour on hour  
 thru this eternity with no rising sun no  
 mercy to quell my pain no hand to hold  
 no lips to kiss the soul of I for one  
 lone smile endless thirsty this my  
 Being that I do but gain within the  
 clouds of gloom with But my shadow  
 in this room my only beau my swain



Ahh within the wanton caress that be  
 the kiss of darkness my lover the roses  
 the riotous blooms of spring do But  
 burst into bloom along my limbs to  
 spill their perfume golden tinted  
 gleaming glints along the lily lips of ♪  
 where do hear ♪ the flutes of Pan the  
 lyre of Ohh sweet Orpheus Ohh with  
 the trembling lips the gushing sighs do  
 my limbs do seem to dance ast if inst  
 springtime to flush my flesh with  
 Auroras hues bejewelled with lips  
 fringed in gold the tints of the dawn no  
 more doest ♪ mourn with this moments  
 kiss to shudder ast sunbeams twinkle  
 on the lily pools to dance with passions  
 that do my burning woes to cools

Ohh the feel to feel alive within the arms  
of Love to be to be But desired within  
the eyes of a beloved Yet Yet e'en  
wouldst I to be set onst fire to weep the  
tears of these of these poor dears

Ohh howeth wouldst I be Daphne to  
feel hot lips upon the lips of I

Ohhh howeth wouldst I be Syrinx to feel  
the hard clutch of lips upon the neck of I

Ohhhh howeth wouldst I be Leucothoe to  
But tremble to be But thrown upon my  
back to feel the thrust that doth not slack

Ohh howeth wouldst I Be glad I to  
tremble in fear for Ohh But one hour to  
But feel desires fires for I that sets my  
flesh alight fromst dark to night to stop the  
tears of weeping thru lust immortalized

**The eyes of ♪ shoot fires sparks of  
golden light mirrored inst the pools  
of my eyes my lover the darkness the  
night that shadow that be my dream  
that inst the image of which be ♪  
wed where darkness doth kiss ♪  
with maddening kiss of bliss which  
upon the lips of ♪ be fed that lily  
moat of ♪ that smouldering fount of  
perfumed steam that doth rise with  
my sighs my soul inst flight upon  
the light that flashes fromst mine  
eyes whenst ♪ be kissed be bit be  
licked that fount honey-fed my sighs  
float above my bed sweeter thanst  
all the cooings of all the doves**

**Ohh dearest thee ast the earths shadow  
 doth But hide the face of the moon this  
 curse doth But hide the true face of √  
 these serpents be But the shadows that  
 cloud thy mind fromst to see √ the  
 accidents that hide the true object that  
 be √ those coiling serpents that hiss  
 andst sting andst bite be But just a  
 fantasy of thy mind that doest But hide  
 my true quiddity for beauty be my  
 substance andst these horrors to thee  
 be But adjuncts on √ put fromst that  
 curse fromst that she Ohh doest thee  
 see √ without seeing know √ without  
 knowing to lift the veil that curse that  
 clouds thy mind andst see andst know  
 the true me to find Off with that bane**