

Mesto

Poem

by

c dean

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Preface

**In the cage of old age still burns
the flame of youth 'neath the shroud
of old age still burns hot the
desires of youth youths fires hid in
the aged flesh torment into frenzies
of frustrations the flesh does send
like a flickering flame that in the
nights breeze about to be snuffed
out the fires of youth torment the
aged flesh to the very last breath
the aged flesh longs desires full of
youthful passions till like the
flickering flame in the nights
breeze life is snuffed out**

**Fromst the mouth of ♪ ♪
sing words a poesy of
flowers wilted that drop
fromst the lips of ♪
fromst the garden of the
heart of ♪ words that
upon the mildewed lips of
♪ dangling like drops of
dew glinting diamond-like
along the lotus blooms edge
floating on pools looking
white like milk foam
frothed reflecting the**

**moons rays streaking thru
the pink morning mist like
flugurant strings of flugent
flashing pearls of light
wilted flowers fromst the
lips of ♫ that to the floor
do drop to shatter as
broken glass and scatter
their withered petals at the
feet of ♫ to tear like roses
thorns the flesh of ♫ and
maketh ♫ cry out in pain
the o'erflow of torment**

fromst the dying heart of ♪
 come musicians and play
 upon thy oud or tar come
 musicians and bang thy
 drums or tambourines
 musicians play out in
 Mixolydian mode thy
 melodies to the beating of
 my withered heart in
 Sapphos mode ♪ blow
 with the mildewed lips of
 ♪ on the gilded lip of the
 reed of Rumi my soul

hangs on its tip ready to fly
ready to fly like paroquets
that flap their new born
wings on nests edge
musicians play upon thy
instruments and mingle thy
chords with the plaintive
chords of ♪ in Sapphos
sweet melancholy mode that
each who hears in the ears
of them will know and
understand the murmurings
of the wilted heart of ♪

**will understand and know
the laments that fromst the
reed do blow that sings
out fromst a heart that
grieves that sings out
fromst mildewed lips that
sings to thee that sings of
the loss of she ♪ sing more
plaintive than Mujnuns
cries ♪ sing more sadden
than Shakuntala heartfelt
sighs more mournful than
ghazals of Sadi or**

Princess Zēb-un-Nissā
for the loss of their beloved
♪ sing out the sighs of the
withered heart of ♪ more
sorrowful than parents
blood soaked cries to
Moloch the blood
besmeared these sighs of ♪
turn to thorns and tear and
cut the wrinkly lips of ♪
and stain my chest with
vermilion as the blood does

dri

p

dri

**p to the beat of my
 plaintive heart my lips are
 torn and my sighs leaves
 the heart of ♪ like
 vaporous fumes of some
 Carthaginian_s incense to
Baal-hamon to bloody
 steam is turned the heart of
 ♪ fromst the fiery pains
 that engulf it from the loss**

**of ♪ of she my sighs my
cries be the record of my
pains the words that drop
like dead flowers be the
testament of the despair of
♪ my words that drop like
dead flowers do o'er lay the
earth in sadden tints of
withered grey and fill the
streams and pools and all
the gardens of the world
with shriveled petals of
decay come hear my lament**

**come hear my lugubrious
song of doleful tone to each
ear that does hear thee will
know and yet to understand
the speech that fromst my
lips does slip to drop
shattering to the floor in
broken calyces scattering
petals around like slivers
of crushed glass like the
wind that breathes its
breath upon the spring
fields of fragrant blooms**

**life floats away and in the
cage of old age all but
memories sweet
remembrances of past days
past days spent happy and
gay frolicking with girlies
nubile fresh as the new
born rose under springs
warm glowing sun all but
memories of these lissome
girlies in warm languid
days of passions play each
day a bubble of air that**

**soon bursts or floats
away or like the dew drops
upon the nenuphar bloom
that the moons rays do
rupture to burst to scatter
like diamond dust around
the water nymphs that
dance 'neath the moonlight
that lies upon lotus blooms
like glimmering moonstones
in the pink mist filled
spring morn life lasts like
bubbles of air to pass away**

till dust we be to turned too
mud in some deluge that
o'er the earth will flood no
whirling dervish in dhikr
✓ or sadhu or yogi in
trance on Ganges bank or
desert father or Buddhist
with cravings burnt up ✓
be oh to be on the journey
of life with ones flesh
filled with passion and
lusts heated fire to desire
all those girlies in scant

**attire to desire all those
girlies with panties white
that clutch those fleshy
fruity cunts all moist and
on fire oh to once again to
drink from the chalice of
those puffy folds those
puffy folds of pink tinted
flesh that form a fleshy
cups a fruity cup of folded
flesh that ♪ couldst drink
that fluid as Sufi drinks
his wine from the**

winebearers cup oh that *♪*
couldst once again run the
tongue of *♪* along those
hanging crimson curtains
like red flames of fire like
the glow of summer sun
like the glow of sunsets
tints upon the lips of red
rose petals that
phosphoresce like molten
blood oh the pain to run the
eyes of *♪* o'er the breasts
and arse of those girlies

**that down the streets do go
wiggling their mums like
jelly oh what torments to
run the eyes of J o'er those
wobbling mounds of pulpy
flesh to look to caress with
eyes to look but to never
have no more to touch to
lick to kiss never no more
to eat and sup up those
delights of flesh to smell
those hot moist cunts that
hide 'neath white cloth that**

**seep cunny cream that on
the breeze to my senses
does go to into tortuous
raptures flings my soul into
tortuous deliriums at that
I will no more shall never
possess will no more
shall never caress to run
the eyes of I o'er those
came toes bulging in jeans
or the skirts wind blown
across those spongy cunts
outlining those pulpy**

**bulging cunts oh to perv up
skirts to see that white
cloth embossed with the
cunts folds with the slit
purple shadowed outlined to
see to glimpse the dark
curly hairs that peak fromst
the seam of those cunt
soaked perfumed panties
white to long to desire to
tormented be at that ♪ will
no more shall never
possess will no more**

**shall never caress my youth
be gone and old age cloaks
me in a prison the skin of
∩ a shroud that wraps up
the old bones of ∩ my
flesh is limp the flesh on
the face of ∩ be wrinkled
and creased like sun dried
leather yet the one youthful
thing does still burn bright
like hells fires in the mind
of ∩ the youthful fires of
desire still this flesh aging**

**and withered do deep in my
loins fires up like candle
flame to lick my flesh and
send it mad with longings
lustful oh that life be
ephemeral as the cunny
dew along the pouting cunts
lips of a randy girl life be
transient as the light
surging fromst the young
girlies eyes of love life be
more fleeting than the
winking of a lovers eye ah**

**youth passes earnestly as
the flicker of a candle flame
in tempest breeze oh those
girlies that in youths prime
looked with longing at the
face of J now fromst that
face the youthful girlies
turn and cringe as the eyes
of J on the crutches of
them do gaze oh this old
man cries and sighs at the
whirl of his youthfulness
all gone like smoke**

wandering sky ward sighs
and cries at the girlies that
don't long for he that he
longs for with the fires of
youth burning in the
withered flesh oh ♪ turn
my face to the moon full in
star lit night and howl and
wail my dolesome moan ♪
cry ♪ cry more mournful of
the lost youth of ♪ than
mother wailing o'er her
dead cold babe more

**mournful than child lost
from its mother in the
wilderness depths ah those
girlies do torment ♪ to a
frenzy of frustrations send
this aging longing flesh oh
that some cow eyed girl
wouldst look at ♪ with
smiling eyes that with
those eyes to shoot looks
as full of longing for ♪ as
for she have ♪ this
nightingale still sings its**

**song but there be no rose
that its song does want to
hear this poet still sings
his song but there be no
narcissus eyed girly to be
my muse no randy panty
soaked girl that wouldst ♪
to let to munch on the
nectarous cunt of she to
swirl my tongue inside that
cunt fig-like and swish up
all that cunny juice into**

**frothing foam of scented
delights**

**oh oh to the moon full in
star lit night ♪ throw back
the head of ♪ and tear the
flesh upon the cheeks of ♪
till it curling in the nails of
♪ hang like orange peels
dried ♪ cry ♪ sigh ♪ moan
come come girlies come to
this old aged man and let he
drink in thy beauteous sight
in thy youthful luminescent**

**in thy luminous
lustrousness of youth come
come oh girlies beauteous
with faces painted by
moonlight with faces who
shame the moon with the
lustrousness of their
cheeks soft velvet flesh
come come ♪ moan ♪ cry
♪ beseech thee come
girlies with arse curved
like a Mongals bow with
breasts curved like the**

**blade of a Saracens
scimitar oh those mounds
of soft pulpy flesh that
upon sit anemones of
scarlet tint oh oh come
girlies come ♪ cry ♪ cry
fromst my eyes heated tears
of pain that flow down the
cheeks of ♪ scolding that
crinkly wrinkled flesh oh oh
this old age of hell
torments ♪ it send ♪ into
writhing pangs of pain oh**

oh come girlies come and
give one quick look fromst
the eyes of thee dark like
watermelon seeds please
just one quick look just one
quick glance from thee that
fromst that look ♪ couldst
fantasize of thy desire for
♪ please please just one
look ♪ cry ♪ moan
wailing to the moon tears
flow down the cheeks of ♪
♪ cry ♪ sigh come back

**youth come back my
frenzied youth of whirling
desires of longing looks
fromst girlies oh ♪ sob oh
♪ cry head held back
tearing hair come come back
youth this cage of decrepit
age is a living hell of
torments is a living hell
that to the youth ♪ tell
grab take hold of thy
fleeting youth drink it to the
dregs and then drink some**

**more all the girlies enjoy
for old age is long for
which unrequited thee the
girlies will long**

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