

Mélange:12

(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
 kohl'in al-deen**

PREFACE

**Out of moonlight weave √ bright
words scented with the breath of √
deep perfumed poems dripping lust
o'er the flesh of thee shimmering
words squeezed out of the desires of
√ tinting thy mind in luculent hues
iridescent that blossoms forth thy
deep rooted cunt in incandescent
bloom**

***Light lies white along cunts lips—a
cuckoo cries***

***Ahh lift ♪ up the lips of ♪ the lips
of ♪ and sip sip Ohhh that cup of
pink flesh sip sip those lips with the
lips of ♪ dusted with fresh breath***

***Oh Ohhh look with the cuckoos
cries thy trumpet flower bursts into
bloom***

**Oh hear here the red-eyed cuckoo
cries look Oh look O'er the cunts
lips moonlight tendrils like jasmine
vines climbs up slit bursting into
frost flowers in cunts hair weaving**

**At the eyes of ♪ like catching the
sun the cunts lips flesh flames of
fire**

**Smell this cunt of ♪ for thee
perfumed with the flowers of the
cadamba tree**

**Oh that cunt of thee hear the hum of
bees fills the perfumed air fromst
that trumpet flower of thee**

**Ohh that cunt of thee eye-like flesh
stares at ♪ with joy ♪ stare at thee**

**They lust burns along thy cunts lips
like a fiery necklace of many-petalled
flower flames**

**Thy cunts folds pink mountains of
flesh breath blown clouds of cunt
hole mist like bean flowers**

**Oh that I canst wander in thy cunts
garden covered in neem flowers thy
mound of love jewels set in pink
flesh puffy like monsoon clouds**

**Ahhh what be best the smell of
cedar midst sandalwood trees or be
the smell of thy cunts fumes
aromatic mango midst honeycomb**

**The breath of ♪ sighs o'er those
 cunts lips petals dance sweet
 perfume on the air another spring**

**O'er those cunts lips peony petals
 the tongue and lips of ♪ butterflies
 flitting fromst flower to flower**

**Ohh those cunts lips of thee stained
 by the dew and lust on the lips of ♪**

**Ohhh o'er that cunts hole that pond
 of perfumed bliss drapes curtains
 of flesh painted in pinks hues**

**Ohh Oh look at thy cunts frost
white complexion like a ripe plum
haloed in a pink mist perfumed glow**

**Oh hear thee sigh ast play ♪ upon
thy cunts well tuned ch'in the Xiang
strings of thee**

**Rest ♪ the tongue of ♪ o'er those
cunts lips embroidered with pink
cunts dew**

**Oh howest couldst ♪ suck thy jade
pendulum twixt thy cunts lips pink
phoenix dancing wing to wing**

**Ahhh drunk be ♪ upon thy cunts
holes wine more drunk than Sufi
upon his well pressed grape thy cunt
in intoxications bliss ♪**

Doth see

Doth smell

Doth taste

The face of the rose the face of thee

**Be ♪ be one of thy lovers be full of
joy full of ecstasy clad in robes of**

violets singing high the praise of

thee bathed in thy cunts wind blown

scent Ohhh Oh lift up ♪ the lips

of ♪ and sing sing with more delight

thanst Hafez drunk in his tavern be

**Ahhhhhhhhhh this soul of ♪ doth
 breathe and burn again burn and
 breathe again in such joy clutched
 onto those cunts lips of thee soft
 ast rose petals mine eyes shine in
 their glare Pipes and ouds doth echo
 in the ears of ♪ and sweet sugar
 tastes upon the tongues tip of ♪
 lapping along those cunts lips sharp
 scimitar swords of pulpy flesh
 spring awakens in this soul of ♪ at
 the sight of thy garden of delights
 Ahhh ♪ doth breathe and burn again
 this nightingale sings out its hearts
 blood in sweeter tunes than Hafez
 whenst look he upon his beloveds
 face**

**Ohhh kissing thy cunts lips with the
 lips of ♪ kissing the beloved lips
 sets the heart of ♪ on fire roast
 meat ablaze thy lips heal lifes pains
 of ♪ thy lips giveth back life to ♪
 Ohh raise that veil of white panty
 cloth and let ♪ looketh upon thy
 joyful face that rose of delight
 Let ♪ drink in its sight let the eyes
 of ♪ taste its delight let ♪ get
 drunk let ♪ kiss thy beloveds lip
 and to heaven rise to paradise fly to
 leave this world to die upon that
 spongy flesh to cry out songs to
 sigh with wild delights clutched onto
 those lips to more joyess sing than
 Hafez with his lips upon the wine
 cups brim**

**Oh that cunt of thee goddess of
 flesh in its snare hast trapped ♪
 unfolding those folds fresh with the
 tint of the breath of ♪ Oh Oh
 howest those lips do smile Oh
 goddess thou hast slain ♪ whenst
 thee lifted that white panty cloth
 wast the time of the death of ♪ that
 glance that look fromst those lips
 pink hued eye**

♪n that eye be my death

♪n that eye be fragrant breath

♪n that eye be Ashtoreth

**Oh yet do ♪ bend the lips of ♪ for
 thy kiss turn again the face of ♪ to
 thy face for one kiss one last kiss
 though they crush me in their clasp
 thy face be bliss**

**Ohh see ♪ the fire in the eyes of ♪
 reflected in the cunts hole of thee see
 ♪ the pink lily of my lips see ♪ the
 lips of thee claspt in a kiss fromst
 me see ♪ the flesh of thy lips the
 hue of crocus see ♪ the hole of thy
 cunt the hue of purple hyacinth**

**Ohhh that lily mouth Oh those lips
 of myrtle breath with the hot glow of
 thy desires fires fills the air with
 sparks of light catching embers in
 that black tangled mesh of the cunt
 hair of thee see ♪ the pink marble of
 thy flesh see ♪ the bright flames of
 thy lips see ♪ that mouths that
 smiles that bloom of flame-flower
 quivering to the kiss of ♪**

**Oh that cunt of thee washed by the
 furnace of my breath flesh seared
 scorched folds of glowing fire Ohhh
 that rare flower of raptureousness
 that shell of flesh delicate tiny leaf
 enclosing that limpid pool of bubbling
 froth Oh Ohhh those lips like
 molten lilies those lips like oozing
 glass the scent of camellias the
 glow of crocus petals drips drips
 fromst those lips fromst the cluster
 of flesh lips from lips quivering
 whilst that stiffen bud honey horn
 circled in circlets of honey blooms
 love-offering to the Satyr tongue of
 ♪ that lustrous bud like polished
 glass**

Ahhh sip ♪ honey fromst that cunt
 hole of thee ♪ sip dripping
 sweetness down the chin of ♪ Ohh
 Ohh Eros how sweet thou art more
 sweeter than syrup than Sapphos
 lips or red-lily mouth of Anyte thy
 lips be carved flames flung o'er the
 flesh of ♪ thy scent be liquid
 Phrygian violets washing thru the
 pores of ♪ Ohhh Oh looketh
 howest thy cunts lips hast the tint of
 iris-flowers Ohh Oh looketh
 howest that slit of thine silver river
 of light look look howest that hole of
 thine glows white like the moon
 spreads open thy scented bloom
 flower-petals splayed ast the lips of
 ♪ wander fromst lips to lip

What she said

He said

**Oh sweetness
thy cunts hair is
like the forest thy
cunts hair be
tangled vines Ohh
howest thy cunts
mouth of red coral
smiles at ♪ thy
lips be sweet honey
thy lips be
glistening buds of
the fragrant
screwpine come
closer closer and
listen to my
metaphors**

**What she said
look Ohh look
lover the loves
mound of √ be a
juicy mango
seeping syrup for
thee Look Oh
look the lips of √
be pink Ashoka
petals splayed for
thee come Oh come
lover this cunt of
√ glows with
pallor waiting for
thee to sip along
the thighs of √
licking juice**

**What she did
say**

**Oh lover come
to ♪ come to ♪
and of this cunt of
♪ ravage like the
bull elephants the
millet field pound
this love mound of
♪ drowning out the
monsoon thunder**

**Lick this cunt
drink up the rivers
flood squash this
ripe mango into thy
face and lick my
clit like a vipers
tongue**

Mélange:1

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Those lips pink

hole reflecting stars like glittering