

Mélange:15

(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

**With deep perfumed breath Weave
∩ words of ∩ scented poems lust
dripping with words out of
moonlight bright squeezed out of the
desires of ∩ o'er the flesh of thee
shimmering thy mind tinting in
luculent hues Oh thy well rooted
cunt that flesh iridescent unfolding
forth in incandescent bloom**

**Oh beloved whilst thou kiss me on
my lips**

Whilst thee kiss me on my neck

**This mukhlās of thee longs for thy
lips those lips puffy pink those lips
wet with desire for ۞ those lips
with the scent of my beloved that be
thee Oh the light of my life lift thy
panty white cloth that thee unveils
the mystery of thee Oh beloved in
the mirror of thy cunts hole is
revealed the world Ohh Ohh unveil
for me the unseen that ۞ mayest
sings more intoxicating gazals than
Rūmī didst for Šams-e Tabrīzī**

**Oh beloved peel back thy panty white
 cloth reveal the unseen to ♪ showeth
 ♪ thy face of light beaming forth
 intoxicating the world that reels to
 thy flesh drunk on the wine of thy
 cunts hole the scent flies forth
 fromst that secret veil like a bird of
 paradise the lips flutter bosom-friend
 to the dwelling place of the lips of ♪
 Oh beloved on the light of thy face
 thousands be slain thousands be
 slain wounded burning with desires
 for thee burning with desires for
 union with thee burning with fires
 hotter than the face of the sun than
 Shams-al Din Mohammad was for
*Rūmī***

**Oh Friend Ohh beloved pull back
that panty white cloth and let seeth √
what be enclosed of the unseen that
face**

brighter than light

brighter than houri

brighter than peri

that face that turns blood to wine

that face that turns night to day

that face that turns flesh to fire

Oh beloved the heart of √ be

roasting meat bathed in the light of

thy folds let the eyes of √ gaze upon

that crimson slit that stream of

Kauther of paradise Oh beloved

listen to my tunes more doleful of

separation than the reed of *Rūmī*

**Ohh beloved thee pulls back the
 panty white cloth drowned art ♪ in
 the unseen intoxicated sipping the cup
 of thy cunts hole with elation cry ♪
 drowned art ♪ ♪ leap out of reasons
 trap into unreasons joy mad art ♪ to
 the world drunk on the opium of thy
 cunts bowl Ohhh Oh with elation
 cry ♪ clapping hands above head
 Tapping feet in the earths dust soar
 ♪ into the unseen with wine fromst
 the veins of ♪ pouring in exctacy
 circle ♪ around the sun circle ♪
 around the face of thee Oh with
 elation cry ♪ the dervish dance
 begins Oh motes of this earth more
 joy than *Rūmī* hath for *Shams-al*
*Din***

**Ohhh beloved whenst thee didst peel
 back thy panty white cloth the unseen
 thee revealed in that cunts hole Oh ♪
 saw those folds of flesh curved
 hyacinth curls snatch ♪ up into
 paradise snatched up ♪ ♪ in rapturous
 joy dissolved ♪ in that cunts holes
 wine foamed that pool with foam-flecks
 wave upon wave dissolved ♪ like the
 drop hidden in the sea Ohhh beloved
 whenst thee didst peel back thy panty
 white cloth the unseen thee revealed
 melted ♪ into the eternal melted ♪ into
 thee and light flashed out fromst thy
 face enlightening the world revealing the
 beauty of thee more beautiful than
 Šams-e Tabrīzī was for Jalāl ad-
 Dīn Muhammad Rūmī**

**Cunt voids gate burns incandescent
in moonlight**

**Cunts folds gate of flesh gazing at
in idleness**

**Cunts flesh gateway to all mystery
pink ripples on the void**

**Cunts folds the gateless gate
perfumed chrysanthemum scent the
flesh**

**Cunts folds the gate to the root of
heaven and earth the source of the ten
thousand things shimmering in the
void**

**Ohh my friend look look at that cunt
 cunt hair decked with peacock
 feathers scented curls of hair lay o'er
 pink flesh furling down around folds
 like a butterfly flown onto this lotus
 bloom strewn with cunt dew like
 pearls in a setting of flesh powdered
 with vermilion powder Ohh look
 look smell that scent of aromatic
 cunt hole fumes wafting skyward
 tinting clouds with pink hues Ohhh
 look my friend howeth that mango
 ripe cunt be the destroyer of woes
 with that smile intoxicating with its
 deep lips of red Ohh friend what be
 it be but ast sayeth the *Rishi Tat*
*Tvam Asi***

Sādhū sādhvīne awake look look that
 cunt lotus bloom of furling lips dripping
 nectar fromst that cunt hole of bliss
 look Oh *Sādhū sādhvīne* awaken be to
 see the blossom waft its scent o'er the
 world to see each and each flowery
 bloom becomed perfumed with that scent
 sent fromst that cunt see each and each
 vine that twines in forest deep burst
 into bloom scented by that lotus
 blossom cunt Ohh see thee *Sādhū*
sādhvīne the bees fromst all the blooms
 of all the earth flock to this lotus cunt
 drunk on nectar more delicious than
 amrita more delicious than Shivas kiss
 more sweeter than the songs the women
 of Braj didst sing what be it be but ast
 sayeth the *Rishi Tat Tvam Asi*

**Ohh that mound of love that cunt that
 cunt
 that this devotee sees
 that this devotee smells
 that this devotee tastes
 that cunt laced with strings of pearls
 glittering as dew upon moon soaked
 lotus blooms that dew hang about thy
 lips like beads around Vishnus neck
 those gems of light that bees too in
 intoxication swarm Ahh that √ sip
 upon those lips rose-bud tips and suck
 that flesh softer than doves pink breasts
 this be Vaikunṭha thy lips be the two
 worlds thy full scented cunts slit
 Jumnas stream what be this that along
 lips edge bite-marks leave √ but ast
 sayeth the Rishi Tat Tvam Asi**

**Ahhh looketh ॐ with my eye ॐ see
 ॐ that cunt of thee burst forth into
 light those four lips lotus petals like
 planets laid across the universe of
 thy flesh garlanded with flowers
 scented chalked with saffron dust
 looketh and see thee flowers
 blooming o'er that flesh looketh and
 see decorated dear draw near here
 hear thee birds chirping with dancing
 peacocks and here hear the bees
 humming and the cuckoos sing five
 kinds of tunes Ahh looketh thee and
 see in the very centre of that cunts
 hole Ohh that cunts hole be Goloka
 Vrindavan the goal of all devotees
 for it be ast sayeth the Rishi Tat
 Tvam Asi**

**Ohh looketh at that cunt seeth how
the breath of ♪ painted pink hues in
that flesh seeth how the breath of ♪
paints desires tints in those folds**

**Ohh how the breath of ♪ turns the
blood to surge along those lips
curves ashoka blooms Ohh how feel
♪ those lips squeeze the tongue of ♪
like squashing berries Ohh how
those folds chew the cock of ♪
slowly eager bites with delight Ohh
how the cock of ♪ churns that ocean
of purple juice like the gods of gore
Ohh how translucent that flesh be
shaped () Ohh my love thy cunt beeth
for me be ast sayeth the Rishi Tat
Tvam Asi**

**Ahh Mnasidika powder ♪ thy
 cunts folds with the kisses of ♪
 warm sweet kisses full of wetness
 and desire caress ♪ with the soft
 tip of the tongue of ♪ soft ast rose
 petal tip the hyacinth curves of those
 flaming cunts lips Oh my darling
 those cunts folds be softer than thy
 breasts little clouds of milk white
 hues all flushed fromst the breath of
 ♪ Ohh howeth they shiver to the
 touch of ♪ Ohh Mnasidika like
 little turtle-doves kissed by frost
 take the tongue of ♪ in that cunts
 mouth of thee and taste how sweet it
 be let us spend our days in our
 joyous bucolics in Pamphylia**

**Ahhh Gyrinno howest hast I had thee
I have licked that cunt of thee ripe like
squashy fig**

**I have drunk fromst thy cunts hole
bottomless bowl of wine**

**I have made thee cry in ecstasy fromst
eating that cunt of thee**

**Ohh howset we didst each amuse each
me with thy cunts short hair thy clit
pointed spear thy lips folds the hue of
dates and thee howest thee didst drink
up the desire of me Ohh howest**

**Gyrinno thy burning flesh of that I
dream but alas ast press I thy flesh
too mine in unions bliss its**

**Mnasidika for who cry I in tunes
more beautiful than the songs of Bilitis**

**Ohhh beloved thou art like the
 priestesses of Astarte thy cunt full
 like the new moon douched in water
 scented with oinanthinon fromst Xrpos
 in silver basin bowls Ohh howest √
 with tongue of √ run its tip thru that
 tangled fleece of thy cunts hair scented
 with Kyphi fromst Egypt lands that
 triangle of curls thy temple to my
 desires tinted with saffron fromst the
 Peloponnesus Ohh that clit of thee
 beloved red coral spike that thee lets me
 suck at the setting of the moon with
 thy flesh and the flesh of √ hotter than
 gold lamps set about Oh √ couldst
 sing of that cunt with more ingenious
 endings thanst the epigrams fromst the
 isle of Cyprus**

**Look look beloved look and see
 what doeth wear ♪ for thee the cunts
 mound soft and spongy flesh crowned
 with hair dyed Tyrian purple each
 curly fleece tipped with crimson
 interlaced with golden threads
 a web of delights for thee Look
 look beloved look and see what doeth
 wear ♪ for thee each cunts lips
 studded with gems along the cunts
 lips edge silver tints do run the clit
 of ♪ clasped with golden asp the
 fang a the clits tip Ohh beloved
 look look and seeth thee the cunt of
 ♪ be clothed in gold upon the tangled
 hair be writ in saffron "love beware
 ♪ unfaithful be to thee thrice upon
 each day love me if thee dare"**

**Ohh beloved that cunt of thee be
 like the dawning sun spilled o'er with
 dew that face be the wonder of
 Aphrodite those dew lined lips of
 thee be wreathed in wild flowers of
 Jonian iris that cunt hole of thee
 flares like Entas fires h Oh beloved
 which lip to lip to sip which choice
 to be between Scylla and Charybdis
 this strange dissonance ast gaze ♪
 upon that cunt of thee which to be the
 field of Mars on *Elysian* fields**

Mélange:1

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Those lips pink

hole reflecting stars like glittering

