Mélange:5 (Iriental & ()ccidental poems by anonymous) Translated *poems by c* Dean

Yélange:5(Iniental & Oriental & Oriental poems) **Iniental poems Iniental poems Iniental**



by Gamahucher Press by 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 Australia 2018

Hublishers introduction

So what can be said about Australias leading erotic poet colin leslie dean it could not be said better than Paraphrasing Raudelaire

"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 being 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 Rrooks haxton Penguin Books 2002 p.xv) with his groundbreaking poems who knows which new

L'i po or Lo'lin

PREFACE

Ahh paint J in pink ink upon musk perfumed lotus pools in chiaroscuro that that cunt in its voluptuous volume in its sumptuous three dimensionality splendor thee will see What be this a mango bloom hid within ivory thighs a mango blooms petals unfurled spread shut away What shall J say Like water color pink on mulberry paper this kiss of J into thy cunts lips deep seeps

Oh ast touch J thy cunts lips with tongues tip pink hues soak thru that pulpy flesh like indigo ink into water pink

Oh with this kiss thy cunts lips flutter peacock feathers flying dyed deep pink Oh thy cunts lips with this gaze of J shine mother of pearl iridescent pink

Oh thy cunts lips splendorous ast glittering feathers of peacocks

Ah thy cunts lips dews like fires of peacocks feathers decked in pink sapphires

The lips of J kissing the cunts lips of thee twin flames each each dancing flesh in lusts rhythms of we Ahhhhh that clit pink filament of pink flesh half concealing half revealing in fleshy lips like Ashoka blooms

Oh thy cunt an Ashoka bloom half revealing half concealing that clit pink filament of pink flesh

Oh thy cunt swollon monsoon clouds of pink pours forth lust juices that peacocks compete with J to drink Oh look whenst kiss J thy cunts lip that pink flesh flashes lightning across the eyes of J

Oh look lights in the dark nights sky thy cunts lips twin crescent moons bright

Ohh no moon tonight But look -thy cunts twin crescent moons rise in the sky

Thy cunts lips pink petals strewn on yellow flesh

Thy cunts lips to my kiss rippling fires smoking pink mist

Oh searching J for the moon in the night sky see J thy cunts lips crescent moons of light rising o'er pink mist

Oh thy cunt wears lusts dew like pearls glittering fire

Thy cunt decked in lusts dew like a flower glittering with pollen golden

Oh look fromst thy cunts lips cliff-like waterfalls of pink splashing Oh how twin lips of thee and me incarnadined pour out our melodies

Oh thru nights of moonlight and perfume thy cunts lips bruised pink fromst the lips kisses of J

Oh like caught in the rain the flesh of J soaked by thy cunt dripping juices of lust

Oh thy cunts lips of silk burnt by the moonlight pink

Oh thy cunts lips spread wide after lust burnt pink fromst the fires of the kisses of J Oh in the cunts jade pools depths water lilies burst flames of pink fire fromst the kisses of J

Oh in the cunts jade pools depths boiling bubbles burst pink mist fromst the kisses of J

Oh in the cunts jade pools depths silver fish flashes of light rippling fromst the kisses of J

Oh in the cunts jade pools depths slivers of moonlight frost shimmer pink fromst the kisses of J In thy cunts lips burn wildfires of desires

Oh along thy cunts lips edge pink clouds rise fromst thy cunts wildfires of desire

Desires wildfires cunts flesh drift gold flames o'er jade pool rippling

Thy cunts flesh desires wildfires the sky burns billowing pink clouds of mist bubbling fromst thy pool of jade Look cunt -pink ink splashed on gold silk

Look cunt lips -pink petals impasto

Look cunt lips- petals frosted with moonlight

Look cunt –embossed on pink silk

Look cunt lips- set in chiaroscuro

Look cunts lips- sfumatos of pink hues

Look cunts lips -red shadows cangiante on yellow flesh

Look cunts lips- vibrant unione of shadows dark and light

Ahh thy cunts three dimensionality shadows tones of light and dark contrasts stark

Ahh thy cunts flesh blurred hues of soft pink tones fromst light to dark

Ahh thy cunts flesh pink highlighted with shadows indigo

Ahh thy cunts shadows edged with pink ink

Thy cunts lips kohl lined purple eye iris-like

Oh thy cunt purple streaked eye like irises in lotus pools

Oh look thy cunt- a crimson Ashoka in full bloom

Neath moonlight thy cunts lips edge white like white jasmine

Oh thy cunts mound reddens dark ast mango leaf

Oh look thy clit pink like the legs of the jungle hen

Oh thy cunts lips tips float above pink mist evaporating fromst thy pool of jade boiling desires

Oh craving mangos sweet nectar licked J thy cunt Ahh much sweeter still

Oh that lusts dew drop sparkling diamond hangs limpid on thy cunts lip just waiting for the tongues tip of J

Oh thy cunts scent perfume of a thousand flowers sent

Oh in thy cunts sight gaze J burning my flesh with desire Oh moonlight o'er the cunt of she wafts orchid scent to me wafts orchid scent to me fromst the cunt of she

Moonlights heated glow the cunt of she to me doth show Oh look spreads she the thighs of she for me

Oh spreading legs she doth reveal the languid curves of the cunts lips of she

Oh that cunt of she half concealed by her hand Orops – look silken curtains bejeweled by dew she reveals

Look pellucid dew drop dangling on cunts left lip Wait it quivers-shimmering diamond-like Oh look it wobbles Look look it trembles Ahh it f Q l l S splashing on tongues tip spraying a thousand crystalline lights tingling Ch

Oh the moonlight wanes the mango blooms petals curl up close shut tight

Rut

Ahh the perfume of lust lingers on the breeze in memories of she Torpor cloaks the mind of J fromst smelling much to much perfume and moonlight Oh how time we wastes away it runs and out does us all none escape deaths call so away put J my brush and to await next the muses call

Mélange:1

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