

Ming ji

(名妓)

of

Ko' Lin

Translated by

*sā obī* (骚戾)

Poems by c

Dean

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**translators**

**introduction** so what can

**be said about** *Ming ji*

(名妓)

**of**

*Ko' Lin* firstly it is a masterpiece of allusion the whole work is a collage of textual allusions from poetry and Taoism through out the work *Ko' Lin* alludes to such poets as *Lin*

*Ch'ing-chao, Zi Ye, Huang o, Wu Tsao, Chao Lun-luan, Yu Hsuan-chi Han Ts'ui-pin* and ... no let thee discover with rapture those poets

**Ko ' Lin** splashes thru his  
**Ming ji**

(名妓) so what can be said about

**Ming ji**

(名妓)

of

**Ko ' Lin** Secondly it is an allegory about the insipid banal world of a cultureless materialist money driven wealth obsessed capitalist world where drones run run like on amphetamines chasing the dollar with the consequence they have money but no culture it is an allegory about a soul alone in a boring philistine world long for its soul mate longing for its mate to share its culture with it is a cry of desperation a cry of despair that of a lone soul in a world of crap of rubbish of TV entertainment

**fed bullshit of news sport celebrity gossip where the drones cant even tell prose from poetry cant even tell shit fromst clay for they get their views fromst the media which dumbs them down anaesthetizes them in societies quest for their mind in societies battle for their mind thought control they need to be told what is good for they cant work it out themselves but what they are told is good is only what the media tells them based on profit and making money) so what can be said about**

**Ming ji**

**(名妓)**

**of**

**Ko ' Lin Thirdly it s an allegory for a spiritual way out of the bullshit a way of freedom a way of release fromst societies grip its strangle hold of the mind out of the matrix read on if thee dare**

## preface

उत्तिष्ठ जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत । क्षुरस्य धारा  
निशिता दुरत्यया दुर्गं पथस्तत्कवयो वदन्ति ॥

( uttiṣṭha jāgrata prāpya varān nibodhata | kṣurasya dhārā niśitā duratyayā  
durga pathas tat kavayo vadanti|| ) (verse 1.3.14 from the [Katha Upanishad](#))

崛起，醒來，尋求智慧和意識。這條路  
很難像剃刀的鋒利邊緣那樣穿過 (verse 1.3.14

from the [Katha Upanishad](#))

Alone a lone soul dancing with  
 shadows be ♪ self- ablaze a blaze of  
 yellow fires whilst the crowd doth  
 crowd the Lotus Flower House

(蓮花樓) in shadowed shade say ♪  
 in summer day ♪ Oh where ever  
 thee see the moon see thee the cunts  
 hole of me lay hear ♪ on  
 embroidered quilts of pink mist fall  
 asleep ♪ upon winter clouds tear  
 drips fromst eye a flake of ice  
 glinting with specks of fire  
 loneliness longings swell like waves  
 upon azure seas lone flame flickering  
 thickening sighs rise to the moon

soaking in the laments of ♪ blossom  
 withering    panties silken soaked  
 with loves dew    slips down gazing at  
 summer moon thru lacework of tears  
 jewel-like    lone bird be ♪ on the  
 winds of scent a traveller alone  
 searching for its mate doth cry ♪  
 wandering midst clouds of woe thru  
 space and time without trace Oh  
 that mate for she that song soon  
 sung upon the wind pine ♪ thru  
 sapphire sky the cries of ♪ hide the  
 moons face silver sliver shimmering  
 in the void cry ♪ look 'gainst the  
 golden sky    is a phoenix  
 multicoloured    spreading wings

iridescent dancing whilst cry ♪ look  
 out thee for thy footsteps for a  
 snake iron coloured is lying on the  
 ancient path way to ♪ lying cry ♪  
 the sighs of ♪ at the moon pointing  
 see the sighs of ♪ coat the moon in  
 bright emerald clarities with the  
 perfumed harmonies of the grieving  
 mind of ♪ full of empty thoughts  
 flurries of loneliness like plum  
 blossoms on water drifting carried  
 like a mind at ease Oh where ever  
 thee see the moon see thee the cunts  
 hole of me this Lotus flower  
 House (蓮花樓) o'ergrown terraces  
 with cold old gardens of wilted

leaves while scented breezes fill  
 rooms with plum-blossom scent  
 girdles of Wu in blue silk sleeves of  
 Ch'eng-tu brocade serve Lo-Yang  
 wine in jade cups they sup those  
 banals insipid uncultured things  
 downing cups drunk on mountain  
 blossoms deaf ast dragons to the  
 sighs of ♪ weeping perfumed tears  
 down jade-like cheeks chilled in the  
 summers dusks failing flare  
 intensities of colours burst along the  
 flesh of ♪ brightening the red dust  
 o'er the Flower-Garland Oh that  
 ♪ couldst ast the crane flies soar  
 wing to wing with ♪ that mate of ♪

**See the room of √ flares with fire  
 fromst snow flakes flowering  
 fromst the sighs of √ the room  
 ablaze incandescent with frozen light  
 frost covered quilt flicker azure  
 bright light shimmers o'er room like  
 blossoms of snow white filling  
 windows and crystal blinds ast  
 candle flickers light fluttering along  
 cold bed frozen red dust coated Oh  
 sighs plum petals wilted o'er water  
 azure**

**cascade scattered on the air room full  
 of chrysanthemum scent stale full of  
 red dust glinting in light fromst the  
 tears of √ light faded emerald green**

splashes walls cold sigh rinsed with  
 the sighs of ♪ summer frozen with  
 the snowflake-sighs of ♪ tossed thru  
 the room on each heart beat of ♪ Oh  
 ...Oh chrysanthemum petals  
 withered float across the eyes of ♪  
 ast candle flame red flares emerald  
 shadows ♪ write my sighs upon the  
 frozen air and sit for thee waiting  
 with rouge of Wu upon the pale  
 cheeks of ♪ by my azure simurgh  
 mirror look ♪ at ♪ in my purple  
 gown of brocade silk cheeks dusted  
 with perfumed saffron pollen powder  
 whilst tears of snow tears caverns  
 thru the powdered face of ♪ wait  
 for thee plucking my ch'in to the  
 sighs of ♪ this ode to melancholy

**Oh..... Oh waiting for thee to see  
the face of ♪ Oh ....Oh naught but  
banal insipid hes no culture to share  
with me a midsummer nights dream**

**Oh that ♪ wouldst never sorrow ast ♪  
sing my sighs to the jewelled ch'in of  
♪ on my silk-hung couch whilst the  
bright moon on jade curtain hooks wane  
o'er cassia flowers my heart breaks into  
ten thousand flecks of gold like she who  
looked out into thin gleaming mist with  
the incense faded**

**and longed for Yen fu**

**and longed for Yen fu**

**Oh Oh where ever canst thee be  
fall the leaves of the the wu-t'ung tree  
fall the leaves of the the wu-t'ung tree**

**Oh ....Oh that he wouldst sip  
 fromst the everlasting jade cup of ♪  
 behind cypress bead curtains that  
 like juniper berries the bed of we be  
 perfumed whilst the gold bracelet on  
 the arm of ♪ shines ast the blinds  
 gleam like blue pearls Oh ....Oh  
 where ever art thee be**

**Oh where ever thee see the moon  
 see thee the cunts hole of me**

**The dew of waterlilies flows like  
 flying snow summer pools frozen  
 'neath the sighs of ♪ the roughed  
 lips of ♪ wilted bloom flowering in  
 bronze mirror a red summer cloud  
 lone crane soars in empty sky cries  
 the tune "soaring clouds" Oh....**

**Oh that thee wouldst suck the pistil  
of this lotus blossom with thy  
burning lips clasped tight that ♪  
couldst clasp that red cocks gorgeous  
crest erect like a flaming plum Oh  
that couldst ♪ be that bee clung to  
thy stamen glowing red Oh... Oh  
that mate of ♪ only wouldst ♪ let  
thee sip the scent of that perfumed  
jewel of ♪ only wouldst ♪ let thee  
devour that scared lotus pond of ♪  
that thee wouldst make that blossom  
of ♪ be in me a flower of fire Oh  
....Oh naught but banal insipid has  
no culture to share with me when the  
lone crane soars in empty sky cries  
the tune "soaring clouds" cry ♪  
locked in this *Lotus Flower House***

**(蓮花樓) daylight be night summer be  
winters cold full of shadows like ♪  
float o'er rooms solitude with the  
melodies of my lamenting grief the  
deep sorrow of ♪ the cunts lips of  
♪ be fading plum blossoms moan ♪  
to the tune of "Perfumed Garden"  
Oh whilst know ♪ my plum  
blossom fruit**

**be sweeter**

**be lovelier**

**be more scented**

**than all others**

**time will devour these untasted  
slivers of ripeness their scent shall  
dissolve in times mouth their petals**

will fall and withered be eaten by  
 time swept away no trace all  
 remains be shadows no lingering  
 beauty cast by pale moonlight Oh....  
 Oh candle snuffed by moonlight  
 slip ♪ fromst my silk skirt lifting  
 thigh Oh ... Oh orchid scent  
 gushes infusing crystalline airs  
 whilst thru heavens depth moon  
 drifts with idleness radiant Oh..  
 Oh no one to see this loveliness of  
 ♪ wearing winter skirts with  
 crystalline dew alone a lone wander  
 ♪ in this radiant moonlit room  
 whilst snow white drifts along  
 quilts edge and cinnabar blossoms  
 blaze twixt thighs of ♪ longing  
 longing for orchid-love whilst frost

frozen in curtain tops Oh ...Oh this  
 heart in this frozen all year all  
 boiling ast this gauze skirt of ♪  
 light and airy slips open fromst  
 perfumed cunts bubbling hole whilst  
 read ♪ "Advice To A Neighbor  
 Girl"

Oh howest ♪ not long for some  
 Sung Yu weep ♪ tears not for he  
 it be harder to find mate than to find  
 priceless jewels though ♪ be tied of  
 this spring melancholy and ♪ do  
 cover this face of mine with silk  
 sleeves ♪ long for no Sung Yu but  
 pine for that mate of ♪ whilst afraid  
 of sunlight be ♪ moonlight cloaks ♪  
 in soft caresses behind which hide

♪ my heartbreak in flowers withered  
 'neath pale moon light Oh ...Oh

That some mate for ♪ wouldst sing  
 the tune "The Love of the  
 Immortals" to this Ch'ing Lin  
 that glows in darkening shadows like  
 a perfumed candle

that he wouldst possess this mind  
 of ♪

that he wouldst caress this flesh of  
 ♪ and taketh we in a painted boat  
 and carry we away that he wouldst  
 kiss this powdered cunt moist with  
 fragrant perspirations aroused with  
 thoughts of he soft ast cream warm  
 ast moon soaked peonies or purple  
 grapes for he to with play that he

wouldst taketh we in a painted boat  
 for us to be "*Living In The  
 Summer Mountains*" to us to live in  
 the home of the immortals floating  
 wine cups in my silken skirt with  
 books upon books in piles each to  
 each to read and chanting poems to  
 each to each to read and drift in  
 idleness 'neath moon with soft  
 scented breeze blowing us home to  
 roam in each and eaches mind  
 Oh...Oh see how fast this stream  
 flows away whilst I alive buried in  
 this *Lotus Flower House* (蓮花樓)  
 write I "*A Poem Written On A  
 Floating Red Leaf*" and on the  
 stream place to go in the world to  
 find my mate

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