

Ming ji

(名妓)

of

Ko' Lin

Translated by

sā obī (骚戾)

Poems by

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 ♪ OhOh 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**

**OhOh 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 OhOh
 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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