

*Nam pulvis es et in
pulverem reverteris*

Бу (ПОДПОЛЬНЫЙ
человек)

podpol'nyy chelovek

**POEM BU C
DEAN**

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РОЕМ БУ С

ДЕАН

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Publishers introduction

this *Nam pulvis es et
in pulverem reverteris*

what be it be doth it say

Don't name what thee see

**Instead describe what thee
see**

Better still doth Keats say

**Dont describe what thee see
but describe what thee**

**imagine how profound what
indictment on the present
epoch full of unimaginative
greyness complacent
mediocrity a technology
epoch not concerned to go
beyond function a bland age
where style is pared down a
straight forward style of
unimaginative sentences
sharp concise terse where
this *Nam pulvis es et***

in pulverem reverteris

be seen as odd an epoch that
be not passed yet the style of

a *Pio Baroja* or

Hemingway an epoch where

like *Roman* critics denounce

the "jewelled style" to

"*Asiatic*" which be this

Nam pulvis es et in

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this be like "*Vis* and

**Ramin" of Fakhraddin
Gorgani in the "jewelled
style" reminiscent of late
antiquity of Latin and
Greek and of the Parthian
and Sasanian epochs with
elaborate rhetoric and
embellished descriptions and
florid ornamentations now
this work be an opera like
Rosmonda d'Inghilterra
Enjoy**

Preface

**Break thru reason cross the barrier of
truth see see the light in the darkness
reason keeps thee prisoned tight enter
the light where throbs the soul in
ecstasy ecstatic vibrant with quivering
raptures in the light lift the veil enter**

**Life truth be a barrier to cross reason
a door to go thru the sublime to view a
Life new thru**

I am a sick man I am a spiteful
 man I am an unattractive man what
 a joke didst I wrote since before
 didst see I ast spoke the Masoretic
 Text *Nam pulvis es et in pulverem
 reverteris* since before didst see I
 those words sublime didst haveth I
 one on going tooth ache facing the
 stone wall crying two pulse two be
 equal to five Ahh what ennui what
 ennui be I be too lazy for activity
 Ahh howeth didst I despise
 rational egoism till didst seeth I
*Nam pulvis es et in pulverem
 reverteris* didst seeth I the way thru
 the wall of stone whenst didst seeth

♪ Magister colin leslie dean smash
 the stone wall with 1 number (2) plus
 1 number (3) = 1 number (5) Ahh
 1+1=1 howeth didst that wall turn to
 dust didst seeth ♪ clearly that truth
 be a barrier to cross to see clearly
 Nam pulvis es et in pulverem
 reverteris to seeth clearly be the eyes
 of me to seeth that Life Yea Life
 beeth in that Arak that love beeth
 the Rizwan that the kisses of she
 beeth Selsebil Ahh now Yea Yea
 now singeth ♪ like Hafiz for his
 Selma for his Ferrukh doth singeth
 for she me for to enjoy Life Yea
 Life since Nam pulvis es et in

pulverem reverteris commeth to all
 full of will abandon *∩* the prison of
Apollonian to singeth of *Life*
Yea of *Life* free in the *Dionysian*
 be *∩* the stone wall shattered reason
 destroyed freedom gained cease *∩* to
 be nothing but a piano key cease *∩* to
 be governed by determined by
 mathematical necessity freedom
 gained thru $1+1=1$ *Elysium* gained
Magister colin leslie dean smashed
 the stone wall fromst reason freeing
 the will fromst the rational *Ahh*
 noweth *Yea* noweth hast *∩*
 independent choice at what ever cost
Ahh Life Yea Yea Life Life

**Yea Life beeth in that Arak that
 love beeth the Rizwan that the
 kisses of she beeth Selsebil Ohhh
 thee she poureth me that sweet wine
 fromst the crescent moon folds of thy
 luscious cunt spill that honeyed juice
 o'er the lips of ♪ turning that flesh
 into twin flames of fire of luculent
 light that glistering juice tinkling
 along the saffron-painted lips of thy
 cunt Ahh howeth the scarlet tints
 o'er that cunt flesh of thee shames
 the dawn in its glow blood red Ahh
 howeth that wine jar of thee that
 fount of sweet wine shames the
 purple grape upon the vine Ahh**

howeth those cunts lips of thee those
 cunts lips quivering to the morning
 breeze shame the rose blushed to
 which the nightingale sings *Look*
Look howeth the bees hurry to thee
 that pool of honey that pool of fire
 that burns the flesh of *♪* that
 fount of passion that turns to fumes
 my soul that vaporizes the flesh of *♪*
Ahh the sweet torment curled within
 those curling lips of delight breathe
♪ life into *♪* *Yea Yea* breathe *♪*
 the meadows scents drink *♪* the dew
 along thy cunts lips drops of
 moonlight frozen sighs of virgins
 crys *Ahh* howeth bliss resides in

the flesh of ♪ thou art the breath of
 Life that doth flow into ♪ Come
 Come encase me in those fold hold ♪
 in that embrace of delightfulness into
 rapture giveth ♪ giveth ♪ thy
 luscious folds giveth ♪ Life thou
 art the breath of life the music of all
 the nightingales caress this heated
 flesh of ♪ glowing ast o'er laid
 with suns molten light of gold Ahh
 howeth this soul of ♪ skips and
 dances thru the meadows of the
 world howeth doth rise up ♪ the
 lips of ♪ too kiss too kiss those
 flowery blooms those cunt folds of
 flesh that sent sweet musky scent

upon the breezes that caresses the
 fecund earth those perfumed lips that
 odorous pond of delight spreads o'er
 the world perpetual spring perpetual
 days of sunlight where the lips of ♪
 doth plunder those cunts ast bees
 doth suck doth suck the honeyed
 bloom ast the lips of ♪ doth suck the
 cunts pomegranate ripe ast the bees
 doth plunder the fruits blooms upon
 the emerald gem-like trees hear
 beloved the doves above on the wings
 on the wind of thy cunts heated
 breath hear the nightingales sing
 beloved but *Ahh* sweeter still be the
 tang of the taste of the tint of the

**cunts folds of thee Ohh beloved the
 cunt of thee doth give ♪ Life fromst
 that o'efow fromst that bowl of
 jacinth scent fromst that Sakis cup
 set with dew along its rims
 glistening like stars lacing the dome
 of heaven Ahhh howeth thy cunts
 folds be twin petals of the rose
 scenting the soul of ♪**

**Ahh howeth thy cunts folds be twin
 crescent moons lighting the path of ♪**

**Ahh howeth thy cunts folds be twin
 scimitars piecing the heart of ♪**

**That cunt of thee bursts violets
 narcissi and all the flowers into**

bloom *Ahh* see those saffron
 colours those blues pinks and roses
 red *Ohh* the time hast cometh for
 poesy sweet rhythms off the tongue
 of *♪* roll the tongues tip dips in that
 cunts pool and paints the world in
 joyous colours in rapturous odours
 in delightful tints of ravishment
Ahh 'neath those panties white lie
 hid that cunts flesh but *Ah* ast
 sayeth the *Kokin Wakashū* for
 while we see not the colour of the
 plum blossom can be their fragrance
 hidden ast thee no matter where
 blooms thy cunt the scent of that
 cunt washes the senses of *♪* no

matter where thee sits that scent
 lingers o'er all andst doth see ♪ that
 faint dampness glimmering like
 slivers of jewels on fire to bringeth
 Life to ♪ Ohh howeth sweetness
 gleam on the lips of ♪ fromst the tint
 of cunt juice as the warbler comes in
 the *Kokin Wakashū* to sing
 thinking the scent of plum on the
 sleeves be the real plum so doth the
 bees swarm to me thinking that juice
 smeared on the lips of ♪ be honey
 sweet Ohhh beloved thy cunts lips
 hid veiled in white breathe out the
 Life to ♪ thy beauty be sorcery thy
 cunt be paradise with cunt hair

climbing ast grape vines that cunt of
 thee be a snare glittering with dew
 around the curls of thy night black
 hair Ahh howeth

Each look

Each glance

Each glimpse bringeths *Life* to *∩*

Reasons hast burst and bubbles
 froth fume foam effervescent shine
 the light of *Life* into *∩* the heart in
 crystal doth burn the ice doth melt
 shining suns the eyes of *∩* become

Ah that accursed winter of the
 existence of *∩* doth into spring bloom

Ahh Ohh howeth doth she let slip

thru the panty of she that cunt for *♪*
 too see that cunt a moon shows
 with perfumed glow thru the golden
 mist thru the light like melted pearl
 a fire bright lights bright light
 showing *♪* the way out of that hell
 of *♪* out of that damnation of reason
 into the light bright *Ahh* no
Majnun didst kiss his *Layla* with
 such heated flesh *Ahh* no *Ferhad*
 didst caresses his *Shirin* with such
 heated breath *ast ♪* didst my beloved
Ahh didst *♪* throw that soul of *♪*
 to that flower of flesh thenst the
 world awoke in light whenst my
 beloved didst raise the veil fromst

that cunt of she tears of joy flowethed
 fromst these eyes of ♪ the veil lifted all
 fragrant the world became full of sweet
 melodious music ast singeth Hafiz in
 this hopeless love of ♪ doth seemeth me
 the bird of Paradise all rainbowed-dyed
 ast gaze ♪ on she

That fleshy cunt like silk

That cunts pool the Sakis wine

To be with she for eternity

To see the eyes of she bright stars in
 the light let there be light wast said
 andst the eyes of she dark pools of
 wine in the cunt of appeared in Liza

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