

Narcissism

Poems by

C

Dean

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introduction

**Ahh readers what canst be said
about deans work well it depends
whether you want your poetry to
make you think or you want your
poetry to make you feel or another
way do you want your poetry to be
part of the academic syllabus/cannon
taught in schools universities where
you use left brain analysis via
literary terms
and anthologized in establishment
anthologies about the best of poems -
English literature courses have
destroyed English literature-
or do you want your poetry to be
right brain where literary terms are
irrelevant and perhaps the terms of**

music or fine art are more appropriate where it is your groin your heart not your brain that likes the poetry deans poetry is spontaneous an overflow of emotion these emotions are part of the poem if you recite deans work you will feel the intensity in right brain poetry the feelings emotions etc are part of the work unlike left brain poetry where the emotions come from you putting them there In one [left brain] you bring/put the emotions into the poem in the other [right] the emotions are put into you from the poem itself—deans the left brain poem is chiseled and filed the right brain spontaneity dean poetry is an attempt to give the reciter a flash of sensation of passion and emotion to

**give the finer shades of moods dean
brings us face to face with ourselves
the feverish passionate emotional
creatures that we are dean has
brought music and the nuances of
moods thru sound deans poetry is
not a new way of describing things
but instead a new way of feeling
things he creates and captures in his
lines the ineffable the evanescent
the fleeting palpitations of *la nuance*
of the soul in its flight**

**So if you are a left brain reader
then deans poems will probably be
incomprehensible to you but if you
are right brained then enjoy the
delicious intoxications of the
rapturous symphonies of emotional
subtly**

Preface Thee that looketh upon
thy face gaze with eyes in amour
taketh heed the sayings of the wise
youth wears decay upon its face
what is freshly born is born to age
Oh flower in the garden sweet
remembereth that each bloom willst
withered be and its petals weep **Oh**
bloom of youth thee is born to grieve
to wither and fade and goeth the way
of all born of earth dust to dust and
like **Ozymandias** nothing besides
remains ast singeth **Khayyam** "the
flower that once has blown for ever
dies" take heed of **Mu'tamid King**
of **Sevill** "Woo not the **World**"
and sing with him " **Tears of the**
World" ".. is become a sea-wave of
sand and sound and foam"

**Oh my lovely cunt my tight little
twat virginal shallst compare ♪
to the "Yoni" of e dean that
delicious poem of salacity what
doth the mirror say**

**Aside pull ♪ my panty white like
peeling plums skin fromst mushy
squishy pulpy flesh ripe Oh my
lovely lovely tight little twat
virginal thy hues doth change with
the mood of ♪ fromst pink to red
to crimson Oh Oh my little
temple of flesh ripe like a plum all
squashed juicy Oh Oh my
lovely lovely tight little twat
shallst write ♪ sonnets of thy
beauty or haiku of thy delights or
rubaiyat or ghazals or some**

**Tang verse of thy deliciousness
 all soaked in the plum squashed
 juice of my Oh Oh so lovely
 cunt my tight little twat virginal
 that o'er thy cunts face paint √
 variegated hues of yellows
 purples mauves and pinks those
 lips puffy making into hothouse
 orchids Oh like flowers delicate
 that breathe out tropic heat Oh
 tropic flowers wet fromst the
 gaze of √ wet bloom sweet with
 perfume whose fevered colors
 delight the eye of √ whose lips
 colored lips watch √ the lips of
 those petals color √ intermixed
 while as flick √ those lips
 colors hues to the eyes of √**

**orchestras of intermingled tints
diffuse the light dissolve and fuse
into psychedelic views Oh Oh so
lovely cunt my tight little twat
virginal that o'er thy cunts face
paint ♪ that delicate flower of
spongy flesh symphonies of colors
variegated that change to
harmonies of tints of subtle hues
of melodious sheens painted upon
the Oh Oh so lovely lovely tight
twat virginal of ♪ colored forms
of butterflies splayed wings
glinting in the light coat the flesh
of ♪ like slices of gems rippling
bright colors yellows pink reds
and orange paint ♪ the lips of ♪
exotic tropic flowers Oh Oh my**

so lovely lovely tight twat
 virginal of ♪ howest ♪ love to
 gaze upon those colored petals so
 delicately made Oh howest ♪
 love to watch those colors fade
 and change with the moods of ♪
 Oh howest love ♪ to paint red
 hues along the cunts lips edge
 outlined ast some butterfly wing
 on wing Oh howest like ♪ to
 smudge that flesh with dabs of
 wet colored ink printing flower
 and butterfly prints upon the cloth
 white of the panty of ♪ Oh
 those lovely hues of the
 delphinium those blues of oleander
 the lobelia the reds of the azalea
 and anthurium and Oh Oh for

**the lustrous yellows of the
ranunculus Oh Oh my pretty
colored cunt and tight little twat
virginal the delicate charms of the
painted face rouged in variegated
colored hues those lips like
lustrous blooms or luculent
butterflies on the wing those
cunts lips complexioned with the
randy moods of ♪ that dye the
painted tints in subtly of tones
those lips coated with gold dust
or pearl-powder or speckled with
saffron pollen that shine like
nenuphars 'neath a brilliant moon
that pass across the mirrored
glass the maquillage cunts
colored lips of ♪ like the plumage**

of peacocks these cunts lips the
 colors of flowers in the glass
 mirror look heated randy hot wet
 cunts of different moods proud
 flowers of my dreams spreading
 thru the light flesh like burnished
 gold boiling yellows burning reds
 Oh my lovely lovely flower cry ♪
 with sighs at thy spreading
 brilliance of *la nuance* Oh Oh
 my lovely lovely garden of colored
 delights that flashes like
 phosphorous flames of melting
 colors ast ♪ gaze upon thy sight
 Oh howest like ♪ to paint that
 round cunts holes rim pink
 powders tints and press that
 curved hole on the mirrors glass

**and watch that oval iridescent
glow brighter than the pink in
sunsets glow**

**Oh Oh those splendid folds of
flesh rare flowers of colors bright
delight Oh Oh my pretty colored
cunt and tight little twat virginal
howeth**

**Like ♪ to press those flowers of
colored flesh 'gainst the mirrors
glassy face and see those flowers
exotic o'er the face of ♪ reflected
back Oh Oh howest love ♪ to
lick those pressed flowers and
run the tongues tip of mine along
those colored lines that smudge
the lips of ♪ multicolored hues
Oh Oh howest love ♪ to rub**

that mirrors glassy face around
 upon the cunts lips of √ painterly
 colored and mix and fuse and
 intermingle in one great splash of
 speckled tints *l'image peinte* and
 tones of *la nuance* of subtly
 whereby there be but *nuance* but
 howeth

shallst compareth √ thee to a rose
 no thou art more perfumed with
 flowery scent than that bloom

Oh my Oh so lovely lovely cunt
 tight twat virginal Oh my pretty
 colored cunt of √ dab √ in tints
 of opoponax and frangipani blent
 with the cunts hues scent that
 wafts and floats twixt the cunts
 folds crevice that is blent with

**saffron powder and musk and the
 heliotropes scent within the soft
 silken folds of the cunts lips of ♪
 Oh those odors headier than the
 opiums of poppies red with those
 cunts odors blent luxurious
 vapors perfuming the folded flesh
 of ♪ into a Locrian mode of
 scented tones of musk a lowered
 second and frangipani a
 diminished. fifth mixing with
 white lotus scent into a tonic
 chord a diminished triad of
 scented tones Oh Oh such a
 delightful deliciousness of
 dissonance that sweep o'er the
 senses of ♪ washing the flesh of
 the cunts folds in exquisiteness**

paint ♪ in thick mix Chypres of
 bergamot oakmoss patchouli and
 labdanum. And Oh Oh of such
 delightfulness the chords of
 woody mossy floral and the
 sensualities of Amberys of
 vanilla and animal scents blent
 with flowers and woods Oh
 howeth delight ♪ in the perfumes
 fused with the randy moods of the
 cunts hole of ♪ those scented oils
 that seep down the slit of ♪ that
 rub ♪ in all those symphonies of
 scents dab in those palettes of
 colors Oh Oh howeth delight ♪
 in finger dabbing in those oils and
 outlining in the curves of the folds
 of ♪ upon the mirrors glass Oh

Oh howeth I glee in licking that
 finger of I coated in all those
 heated scents Oh howeth I love
 to paint in colored oils that clit of
 mine that throbs and prongs like
 some pink fang snake

Oh my Oh so lovely lovely cunt
 tight twat virginal Oh my pretty
 colored cunt of scented
 exquisiteness Oh odors of randy
 girl exquisitely wrought upon the
 spongy flesh multicolored mouth
 breathing symphonies of perfumed
 sumptuousness such lush scented
 music of quivering flesh Oh that
 cunt hole of mine Oh that pink
 rimmed urn that censer exquisite
 oval of liquidity thee doth pour

out those fumes that interlace the
lips of ♪ weaving tapestries of
scented vapors o'er that beauteous
face of colored powdered delights

Oh howeth ♪ love to watch the
colored lips shimmering fromst
those oils change hues change
tones and notes of randy *la nuance*

Oh howeth ♪ love to watch those
lips those pulpy folds of flesh
change hues fromst my randy
vicissitudes

Oh my Oh so lovely lovely cunt
tight twat virginal Oh my pretty
colored cunt of scented
exquisiteness

howeth ♪ love to look at that face
howeth love ♪ to stroke those lips

ast playing a cello runeth the
 finger of ♪ along the lips pink
 edge and see them quiver like ast a
 bell rings Oh howeth love ♪ to
 run the finger of ♪ bow-like
 across the twin lips and see them
 tremble unto their puffiness
 see them dance and fling the
 perfumed oils o'er the mirrors
 glass face
 see them dance feverish heated and
 the colored dabs and the scented
 oils twinkle like 'neath a pale
 moon
 see the harmonies of color flash
 and the melodies of the oils ast
 o'er the mirrors glass face they
 splash

**Oh Oh those lips like dancing
 feet whose pink tips exotic out
 beat Oh Oh those lovely lips
 twirl and whirl to my randy
 breaths and cause spirals of light
 o'er the mirrors frozen face of my
 cunt Oh Oh howeth love ♪ to
 look Oh Oh look howest thy
 dance weaving scents and
 tapestries of color Oh Oh look
 howest thy dance to the hurried
 strumming of the finger of ♪ Oh
 Oh look look ast quicken ♪ my
 fingering of the pink flesh ♪ look
 look to see the quivering face to
 the major chord of my fingering to
 the heated sighing breath of ♪
 flute-like Oh Oh looking at**

that face howeth those lips flutter
 butterfly-like ast the fingers tip
 runs down along the crimson slit
 up down to the randy sighs of ♪
 quickening the beat quickening up
 the pace o'er the clit flicking the
 lips trembling splayed well
 flickering fluttering to the bowing
 of the finger of ♪ to the passions
 of the flesh of ♪ play ♪ my lute
 of flesh pink ♪ sigh Ohhhhhhhhhh
 the cunts hole bubbles froths and
 foams Ohhhhhhhhhh the limbs of
 ♪ quake spasm of flesh
 Ohhhhhhhhh the cunts folds flood
 with blood swell and gorge become
 with randy heat swollen folds of
 randy flesh Ohhhhhhhhhhhh

**outflows the cunny juice scented
out gushes the cunny juice o'er
the mirrors face**

**Oh my Oh so lovely lovely cunt
tight twat virginal Oh my pretty
colored cunt of scented**

**exquisiteness my cunt of dancing
flesh my cunt in spasms**

**Men kow tow bend down
worship at my cunts flesh fresh
fresh flesh perfumed with my
cunts holes breath**

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