

Narcissist

Poem by c dean

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Preface

The exquisite love of self

To adore to worship to idolize self

The captivation of self by self

Oh that ecstatic gaze upon the
beauty of self

To luxuriate in the sublime gaze
focused on self

To love self

To merge fuse self into self

In its adoration of itself in its
rapturous gaze of its self self sucks
itself up into self disappears into
itself into a singularity
extinguishes itself

Etched in fine cursive calligraphy
script o'er the mirror surface like a
deep pool of liquid light were writ

*“I asked my love : “Why do
you make yourself so beautiful?”*

“To please myself”

*I am the eye, the mirror, and
loveliness;*

*The loved one and the lover and
the love”¹*

To which she did sigh

¹ “I Asked my Love” from the Persian of Abu –Said (978-1062) translated by E .Powys Mathers(from from the French?) in “The Garden of Bright Waters” by E .Powys Mathers Oxford Basil Blackwell 1920,p.94

I glory in the adoration of me into
this mirrored glass I see the beauty of I
the lustrous hair of me lurid bright
that floods the world in its iridescent
fire hanging o'er me like some great
fleecy cape a silken cloak to encase
me like fiery clouds massing in
monsoon storm o'er reach the earth a
veil of silken threads dark as panther
glossy as crows dark wings each
luculent skein criss-cross dangling
hyacinth curls unfurl ringlets
falling down shedding their brilliant
sheen luminous like boiling coal
curtains the moon-like face of I in
the mirrors face reflecting eddies and
ripples of light the hair quivers like

creepers blown by summers heated air
oh the beauty of that hair acres of
congealed light like the dark starless
night glow like liquid silk poured out
of moonlight no blacker paint did
paint the night sky than the
darkness of the hair of I a canopy o'er
hanging me a thousand curls of
darkest jet run down and o'er me
unfurl the light ripples trembling in
mirrors face at the beauty of that
entwining lace cascading down like
lightfalls of jet black ink to flutter
like black frost o'er me slivers of light
dancing interfused like a curtain of
black gauze oh that canopy of night
black hair cloaks my lips in silken

mesh to robe those puffy lips in black
shimmering webs of night black light
light glints off those darken threads
to wrap those lips in purple shadows
glow around those lips the panthers
lair hang black curls like scorpion
tails twirling like Medusa hair o'er
the mons lays a thick mat of
intertwining vines-like slivers of
black turquoise light my beauteous
hair is a garden of luxuriant growth
falling o'er me a thicket darker than
darkest dusk to cover my lips puffy
and pink to frame the face of I in
threads of night black dye oh I am
fainting at the beauty of that hair
of I to wrap me up in that fleece and

of tingling ecstasy to cry with
pleasures sighs oh I to feel my softness
in the softness of that fleece to feel
myself against myself oh the
interminable rapture the ineffable
exhilaration of the touch of myself to
tremble neath the exquisiteness of
myself my blood surges my breath
heaves my flesh ripples with the
delight of myself to interfuse that
hair into me to blend myself with
myself oh the overabundant
joyousness of myself to be swept into
the infinitude of rapture at the of
the touch of myself the loveliness of
the immeasurable beauty of the
luculent hair of I oh to feel the

softness of the hair of I streaming o'er
me to feel the exquisite rapture of the
softness of the tresses of me to feel the
utter joy at the overwhelming
beauty of I to cover my self up in that
robe of beatitude to run my fingers
thru that rippling fleece of sensuous
delight to run my fingers down
around the hair along my lips edge oh
the delight oh the bliss oh the
ineffable beauty of the touch of I I
sigh I cry I delight at the total
inexhaustible beauty of me to feel me
against me the multitudinous
tinglings of rapture at the sublimity
of I

I glory in the adoration of me into
this mirrored glass I see the beauty of I
blue-black eyebrows curved dark
bows that shoot the arrows of love of
the eyes for I eyelashes blue-black
wings myriad cilia fibrous filaments
twin fans to flutter forth the sighs of
the eyes for I

I glory in the adoration of me into
this mirrored glass I see the beauty of I
my beauty dances in those eyes of I
like light on the face of liquid silver
bright my eyes black rose black dots
floating on great watery pools like
autumns translucent waters oh I so
much adore I those limpid eyes
glowing as blue mist shines o'er

emerald streams in the summer morn
like liquid jade the eyes light glints
and sparkles as bright moons hanging
o'er fulgent crystal seas oh those twin
eyes glowing like polished dew
reflecting the interminable beauty of
I oh I so much adore I that I could
dive into those empyreal depths
emulous of light I would drink up
my beauty into and burst into
ecstatic raptures in those luculent
depths I would to interfuse myself
with the reflection of I into
exhilarating joys of interfluent bliss
I would breathe into me the ineffable
beauty of me therein I would bask in
the splendor of me into my eyes I see

the face of I what bliss what
ravishment

I glory in the adoration of me into
this mirrored glass I see the beauty of I
the poppy of the lips of I the
crimson flowers twin lips of I
double folds of red puffy flesh like
red dyed silk twin lips of pouting
flesh bursting forth rows of
luculent rose petals shimmering in
the mirrors incandescent light like
neon rouge upon lotus blooms
decked in glistening dew enclosing
teeth dazzling bright as pearls
liquefied in the aqueous light like
veils of red curtains draping round

an aqueous pool of liquid pearly
light lips that burst forth like
frozen petals of red peony bloom as
upon light lingers then splatters
into multitudinous sparks of red
waves of rippling light red bloated
folds of coagulated blood red hues
those lips the red rose adores those
lips beautify the mouth of I those
lips that hang and o'er lay the
pool of gleaming dew like frozen
light froth lips with gloss like
polished rubies bright twin lips
where blood has curdled into fleshy
folds the color of lust those lips
that cast curtains of shadows o'er

heated flesh lips like silken
banners flapping in perfumed air
those lips that flutter like
butterfly wings stirring air into
whorls of rippling light those lips
sweeter than all the syrups of the
world those lips from which to
drink sweet wine to luxuriate in
the balm of those lips those lips
decked in a shift of dew like flakes
of red lacquer as red as spurting
blood congealed on the air oh that
I could kiss those lips of I to feel
their soft spongy flesh to burn up
in their passions fire oh that I
could kiss the lips of I to eat up

that delicious flesh I would place
the lips of I o'er the lips of I and
drink from those lips as the drunk
sucks upon the wineskins turgid
teat rise up those pouting lips like
tents open flaps that I may enter
into I the serene kiss of I on those
succulent lips like ripe fruit
catapult I into rapturous
beatitude the exquisite loveliness
of those lips thru my flesh sends
ecstatic ripples of interminable
shudders of inexhaustible joy I
burst into tremulous ripples at the
softness of I at the clasping of those
lips my flesh burns with ineffable

paroxysms of joys I swoon into
delicious deliriums at my kiss of I
oh the exultation of my lips upon
mine the utter inexpressibility of
the wonderfulness of I of the
inexhaustible rapture of I with
the lips of I the awfulness at the
majesty of the beauty of the lips of
I the overabundant bliss the
plentitude of felicity in I oh to be
transported by my beauty into
dizzy intoxications in my
ravishment of I in the presence of
my beauty I tremor at the
overplus of rapturous feeling to
delight in my sight to delight in

the shuddering pulsations of my
rippling flesh oh my beauty
captivates I my beauty sends I
into consuming fires of delight I
dissolve into an overabundance of
bliss I burst into spasms of
overabounding exuberance as I
luxuriate in the presence of I oh
give me those lips that I can kiss
into insensibility give me the lips
that I can enter into my beauties
sublimity oh my flesh quivers my
veins ripple with rapturous
intensity give me those lips give
me those red puffy lips of spongy
heated flesh give me those lips that

I can feel the love of my beloved
pour from those lips all the beauty
of I into I
let me lie warped up in that night
black hair
let me melt into those eyes
let me drown in the softness of those
slivers of rose petal lips
that I could luxuriate in the
tresses of my hair
that I could see the beauty of I
reflected in the eyes of I
that I could eat the delicate flesh
of my lips like twin succulents
fruits

oh that I could lay myself around
myself till I dissolves into clouds of
mists

oh that I could feel the thundering
of my heart at the beauty of I
oh deliriums delirium

I crave my hair my eyes my lips
to feel to kiss again again in
endless bliss I kiss I lick I feel
to seek unsparingly with hungry
lips the lips of I to probe those lips to
inward slip the tongues tip to be
into infinite delirium be swept by
the beauty of I to feel the
shuddering of my veins next to
mine to suck the honeyed dew from

my lips curtained bowl into
drunken madness into ecstasies
untold oh to crush my self upon
the breast of I to envelope myself
with I into frenzied caresses that I
could love the beauty of myself
into incomprehensible
insensibility that I could
luxuriate in the exquisite splendor
of I that I could fall quivering
into the purple shadows of my red
frosted lips to feel the yearning
longing suffocation of my breath
for the interfluence of I into I I am
beauty incarnate all desires focus
on I I desire I to melt in the sweet

absorption of I for I to merge with I
oh my exquisite beauty attracts I
as the moth to the flame oh to
perish in the beauty of I to burn in
my beauties fiery light to blaze in
its fires to burn up with the flames
of love for I oh to gaze for eternity
on I that I could melt my flesh
into I to burn with my desire for I
that my flesh is consumed in the
beauty of I like the moths tissued
wings in the burning flame oh to
gaze for eternity on I oh that I
could melt my flesh into I with the
frenzied kisses of I that I could in
my beauty be transported to

inexpressible raptures oh oh the
thrilling pleasures of I oh to gaze
for eternity on I ahh I dissolve into
the mirror fall I to be one with I I
drop into that sublime beauty in
the mirrored glass and outward
look

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