



Nepenthaceae

POEM

BY C

DEAN

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*Sp: "Spring" Lawrence Alma-Tadema, 1894*

PUBLISHERS  
INTRODUCTION

Ahh this

# Nepenthaceae

what be it be be it the  
insouciance of someone with  
too much tobacco and too  
little exercise be in no more  
that impressionist ornate  
froth an abomination of  
too much of the baroque a  
wallowing in brilliant

**sensations fleeting**

**impressions of an addicted**

**sensualist be this**

## **Nepenthaceae**

**be a work blending the foul**

**the filth with exotic beauty**

**and loveliness be it be the**

**work of a he or she full of**

**impuissance and ennui dotting**

**too much on "Love-Lily"**

**full of aestheticism for the**

**exquisite full of intoxication  
for the perverse full of  
language extravagant  
bejewelling obscene lusts  
and opulent beauty full of a  
superfluity of sensuality  
tinted with gilded hues and  
perfumed sorrows and  
scented woes where kisses  
evaporate in mists of  
burnished bronze where  
languor dissipates into a**

**dream of lustrous  
gorgeousness but Ahh this**

# **Nepenthaceae**

**be to full of mystery full of  
intertextualities that hide  
subtleties and nuances of  
ornate profundities of a  
dreamscape both sumptuous  
and squalid**

## PREFACE

**What be old age but world  
weariness full of memories and faded  
dreams with the sun extinguished and  
the light pallid white memories of  
those shes with faces reflected in the  
silvery moon with perfumes wafting  
o'er crystal pools of amethyst hues  
where Sphinx and Sirens didst kiss  
thy lips with flowers bond with  
light weaved in each tress where  
trumpets roared and cymbals clashed  
and flutes sonorous didst sing with  
fromst those she dancing feet cries of  
joyousness smiles lust lulling one  
into to dream**

**Look the sky be copper hued  
 splashed with pale pearls crushed to  
 my view the rose pallid all colours  
 sucked fromst the breath of ♪ Look  
 a petal floats in the stale air  
 withered like dead flesh kissed by  
 deaths breath Look Look a  
 Dionaea muscipula**

**in its lips the ladybird doth crush  
 ast ♪ upon the lips of ♪ the  
 asphodel remember ♪ dripping  
 spikenard and lotus scent sweet froth  
 incense to the sky sent scattering  
 gleams of vapours curled thru  
 amethyst mist licking that blanched  
 moon wreathed like death by pallid**



stars pallid light limpid bright all life  
 sucked fromst life by ♪ drained  
 dry by those *Nepenthaceae* that  
 clung round ♪ those flowers corrupt  
 those flowers that doth the flesh  
 decay that kissed the flesh of ♪ with  
 hot kisses breaths hotter that  
*saimūm* those flowers that to rapture  
 to bliss Ohh yea on the kisses of  
 they that didst to the limbs of ♪  
 cling with painful sting of ecstasy  
 Ohhh those lips with pleasures  
 promise Ohh yea didst lift ♪ to  
 paradise in a dream with life forgot  
 Ahh a bliss made of pains

a dreaming made of languorous sighs  
 veiled in a luminosity of light each  
 day a sunrise of unbroken luminous  
 skies where birds sing sing wing to  
 enamelled wing revelling flying  
 where didst melt ♪ melt ♪ in  
 sensualities o'erload dissolved ♪ in  
 impressions dissolved ♪ into  
 listless dreaming in listless sighs  
 of passions fires dissolved  
 disintegrate in a gem-like flame ast  
 those **Nepenthaceae** to ♪ came  
 with painted lips of saffron cheeks  
 alabaster tints moth eyebrow purple  
 hues blent with yellow mist rising  
 fromst the earth flower-woven dew

dew decked perfumed gossamer  
 wafting to the sighs of ♪ that stain  
 the air like stained glassed threaded  
 with cobwebs of delicate light Ahh  
 didst dream ♪ in this twilight this  
 place this space of mystic grace  
 where didst the dreams of ♪ didst  
 interlace with those

**Nepenthaceae** with those cunts  
 those cunts gorged pitchers gorged  
 mouths insatiable throats of  
 viscoelastic juices that didst absorb  
 ♪ with sighs with cries lie ♪ here  
 now with cheeks the hue of faded  
 ivory lips ast withered leaves in this  
 sepulchre of stagnate airs of fetid

**pools of decaying blooms thru out  
 this gloom of dead shadows that  
 dance that dance the danse macabre  
 o'er the blanched flesh of ♪ o'er lips  
 parted for the next kiss next bite of  
 those *Nepenthaceae* with the  
 taste of hemlock and *Lethes* breath  
 that weaves the sighs of ♪ with  
 moonlight mixed with poisonous  
 flowers sing ♪**

I love the girls who fuck you with a stare  
 Haughty proud aloof don't give a fuck and don't care  
 Who week after week wear their soiled underwear  
 Don't give a fuck about the odours on the air.

I love the girls who rant and rave  
 And of the cock and cunt do crave  
 Who will spread their legs at a whim  
 And don't care if it's a her or him.

I love the girls who hump all day

Thirteen, fourteen times in myriad ways  
 Who don't care if their mensus flows  
 But shag and swive and anything goes

I love the girls who fuck in crowds or alone

Who fuck you with her or her with him

Up the rear or in her qwim

Up and down round about who let you dive in and  
 swim.

I love the girls who wank and fiddle all day through

Who prod and stretch their cunt lips to my view

Who shaft themselves with that or this

And let me watch take a piss.

I love the girls who fart and swear

Don't give a fuck for what they wear

Don't give a fuck for him or her for me or you

So long as good head and on their muff you chew.

I love the girls who piss on love

No time for wine or those that whine

Who break the hearts of the lovelorn duds

And fuck only those that are not refined.

I love the girls that fuck on stairs

Against a wall in a hall any place anywhere

Who don't care that they show their wares

As they ease their gusset to the side

Revealing lips hair as up them you do lick and slide.

I love the girls as cold as ice  
 Who make your groin feel warm and nice  
 Who fuck you silly with their fanny tight  
 Who gush and squirt then out of bed with bounding might  
 Leave you alone and languid in the night  
 To prowl streets like she cats for anyone in sight.

Oh ! Ahh! she cried and Oohh! Ah! he sighed

As from her fanny gaping wide  
 Smells, juices, sweat, blood  
 Splashed over the bed in a gushing red  
 flood.

Cock, lips, sheets  
 Her bellies rippling pleats  
 Cheeks, mouth, beard  
 In richly red menstrual blood smeared.  
 The quilt awash in red and semen globs  
 Blood bespeckled with whitely globes

**But**

**Ahh but now lie ♪ in 'mongst  
 dead blooms the sun hast fled the  
 petals droop upon their stems o'er the**

earth be but noxious weeds that  
 seep miasmas pestilential deepening  
 the gloom ending my endless  
 dreaming faded dreams veiled in the  
 tears of ♪ that drip to rotten new  
 burst blooms within air tinted of rust  
 that folds along the limbs of ♪  
 casting shadows arabesques to the  
 lips of ♪ to kiss to kiss ast to dust  
 to dust doth the blooms of the earth  
 decay with the scattered sighs of ♪  
 cum cum ye back ye sweet

**♪epenthaceae** cum make

solitude brief for in this hell this hell  
 where *Nor ear can hear nor tongue  
 can tell the tortures of that inward*

*hell cum ye **Nepenthaceae** cum*  
*ye and enthral me with thy spell cast*  
*♪ back into dreams back into light*  
*and sunbeams cum ye e'en doth know*  
*♪ know ♪ know thee be *flatterers**  
**of the festal hour the heartless**  
**parasites of present cheer but Ahh**  
*such delights such paradise with*  
*those cunts that clutch crush with*  
*such bite Ahh if thee reciter didst*  
*know *the secret of woe the keenest**  
**pangs the wretched find are rapture**  
**to the dreary void the leafless desert**  
**of the mind pine ♪ for thee find ♪**  
*bliss only wrapt in thee we Ahh*  
*cum give ♪ back my dream cum ye all*



shapes laughing eyes on fire full of  
 desire Ahh cum ye wailing for thy  
 demon lover cum ye with sting and  
 bite with moan and groan with  
 Stygian fumes upon thy breaths  
 with flutes upon thy lips with heated  
 fires to upon thy flesh puff out thy  
 cunts pitchers that drip wine for my  
 lips Ahh see in the mind of ♪  
 Sirens led by nymphs in fandango  
 with Pan upon his syrinx and  
 Satyrs and Fauns serpentineing  
 casting grapes with hair flying into  
 the bight gold air with shrieks and  
 wildening cries

upward floating to the skies with  
lust upon their lips licking  
diaphanous clouds like liquid pearls  
float thru sunlight with odours that  
ripple wave-like upon the flesh of ♪  
glistening froth of perfumed air halos  
of amber foam bubbling midst  
jonquils and jasmine vines that climb  
about the limbs of ♪ Ahh their kiss  
lights the soul of ♪ that bursts  
across the earth ast a dawning sun  
evaporating shadows of indigo hue  
to my view painting peacock-colours  
thru opal mists lit by a copper sun  
that stains each bloom stains each  
lotus bud jade-like that lie upon

pools like liquid crystals afire  
 scarlet -like blood-like Ahh  
 Look Look those

**Nepenthaceae** with lynx eyes  
 mirroring the gilded sun those lips  
 those cunts honey bubbling round  
 rims of flesh interwreathed with  
 lustres of light congealed into dew  
 Ahh Look Look they recede  
 fromst √ the dream of √ dissolves  
 into a pallid sickly world drops √  
 those Gorgonian eyes fly fromst √  
 away doth √ say the scents about  
 those Medusa cunts turns fetid  
 away they go with slow step leaving  
 √ with ennui the flowers decay

scents to a stench do fade vapours  
 noxious o'er the earth do hover curl  
 and swirl light goes out the world to  
 darkness becomes shadows roam like  
 heavy shrouds that bathe the flesh of  
 ♪ wrinkled with chills of cold like  
*Tithonus a white-hair'd shadow*  
*roaming like a dream the ever-silent*  
*spaces of the East far-folded mists*  
*and gleaming halls of morn with only*  
 memories of kissed lips bruised of  
 ivory limbs afire and cunts of liquid  
 gold and perfumed breath of flower  
 wreathed cunts and dancing

*Nepenthaceae* ♪ say be this the  
 end be this be the eternity of old age

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