

*New Songs from  
the Jade Terrace*  
(玉臺新詠) *variations*

玉臺新詠  
卷之四  
蘇若蘭  
蘇少卿妻

*By*

*Ko'lin*

*Translated by Xian*

*Poems by c*

*Dean*



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2020

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# Publishers

introduction *Ahhh Lo'lin*

thy 玉臺新詠

is a wonder *♪* what be its meaning  
 what be its message be it vulgar  
 lacking sophistication or good taste

may thy 玉臺新詠 rich in

*Mil*tonic rhetoric full of different  
 schemes of words aphaeresis  
 syncope and antisthecon full of  
 different schemes of construction  
 anastrophe hyperbaton be full of  
 schemes of omission ellipsis

**asyndeton rich in schemes of  
 repetition alliteration assonance  
 anaphora epistrophe Ahh thy tropes  
 are exquisite metaphor simile  
 synecdoche Ahh thy word patterns  
 be rapturous But *Ko'lin* be thy**

## 玉臺新詠

**be it vulgar making explicit and  
 offensive reference to sex or bodily  
 functions be it coarse and rude nay**

**thy 玉臺新詠 is art it be  
 literature bejewelled words unlike  
 Chinese poetry before or since which  
 all be polite decorous full of**

**innuendo allusive delicate imagery  
thy themes be more like occidental or  
Sanskrit verse Ahhh Ko'lin thy**

## 玉臺新詠

**be full of rhymes and harmonious  
rhythms' full of pleasing plays with  
sounds full of patterns of words  
imagery and tonal harmonies full of**

**is thy 玉臺新詠 Ko'lin of**

**musicalitys and haunting beauty thee  
paints picture thy way of seeing thy  
descriptions' one revels in one baths  
in one dissolves in into rapture bliss  
delightfulness thy images ravish the**

**senses thy details are voluptuous  
 such erotic décor coats thy poems  
 thy imagination bursts forth in  
 howeth thee captures in a single  
 word a single line nuances of delight**

***Ahhh Ko'lin* thy 玉臺新詠**

**is a wonder Ast Hsu Ling delights  
 in saying put away thy drugs banish  
 thy ennui and read this art of gold-  
 and-cinnabar thee languidly idle in  
 quite tranquillity read these poems in  
 long hours be diverted thee and thy  
 scented vanity-case**

# Preface

**Cunt be a name the mother of ten thousand things a dark-enigma gateway of all mysteries see the root of all things being and non-being desireless all mysteries see**

**Full of desire all manifestations see be they one and the same only differ once named all have the same source Cunt deep deep the gate way to all mysteries be enter be free of yourself then become yourself on the way which cannot be named**

**Moon light bright cascades thru  
jade lattice lace thru bedcurtains silk  
o'er brocade sheets shines on panty  
soaked in plum blossom juice tears  
soak eyelashes thinking of thee**

**Billowing curtains brocade in silk  
simurges flare out fromst the cunts  
perfume of ♪ lamp wick brightens  
sending scent spiralling clouds thru  
empty room**

**Shadow indigo on panty cunt slit  
brocaded gold fish swim in wet spot**



**Raising nephrite blooms White girl  
 kiss ♪ silver sparks shoot like  
 lightening fromst the hot cunt of ♪  
 cunts lips like crimson banners  
 scarlet canopy fades into pink mist  
 fromst cunts peach-plum perfume**

**Cunt soaked in juice sweet moist**

**Orchid scent on winter breeze cunts  
 lips phoenixes wings flutter around  
 jade pool bubbling a lone cricket  
 chirps**

**On breeze lonely sighs dance in  
 rhythms complex stirring cunts scent**

**Wrapped in sighs she dreams of he  
 moonlight pools fill with dripping  
 cunt juice watches she the ripples of  
 cunt scent o'er lights liquidity moon  
 flowers sprout along cunts lips edge**

***F*loating clouds of cunt perfume  
 clouds mirrors face wafting fragrant  
 jade panties stretch fromst bulging  
 cunt flesh gorged folds thinking of  
 he cobwebs lace mulberry door**

***F*romst the cunt hole of she jade  
 pool dampness spread thru silk cloth**

**Sighs she to the tune of *South of  
 the River***

***Powdering cunt with crushed pearl***

***Scenting cunt with plum blossom***

***Juices run thru panty silk***

***scintillating gleams no steps heard***

***by she***

***Panty parts bit by bit gold voile***

***seam glistens wet spot in candle***

***light fluttering the clit of she the***

***wick splutters goes out no sound***

***of he***

***Like fan in amber case her cunt***

***perfumed velvet sheen bulgers in***

***panties seam spread no he***

**No sounds of slippered feet cunts  
lips tinted with kingfisher hues no  
one to smear across folds flesh  
scented ripe emotions of lust**

**The cunt hole moon risen flashes  
glints gold pins laced thru cunt hair  
ripple with fluttering cunts lips light**

**Diddling finger tip in cunt hole  
splashed pearl powdered cunts lips  
soaking panty wet spot that savour  
of plum scent**

**Shadows o'er cunts flesh hour by  
hour change the hues along cunts lips  
crimson too pink ast on he she thinks  
no footsteps in the dark**

**The sighs of she echo thru twilight  
jade lattice curtain colours of the  
cunt flesh of she panty around knee  
smudge of pink stain fromst randy  
cunt perfume floods room spider  
hangs weaving web**

**Dark dark twilight cunt lips  
unfurled strings of zither no one to  
pluck whilst moss covers floor**

**Like curtains sheen cunt lips soaked  
 in moonlight crimson hue redness  
 fades like fan bleached in sunlight no  
 sound of he on breeze brings lone  
 crickets sighs**

**Play ♪ upon the cunts lips of ♪  
 strings of zither by moonlit lattice  
 clear tones sigh ♪ in high key cry ♪  
 cunt aches for he the melody stops no  
 sound of he cunts lips flurry like  
 strings that snap**

**Cunt hole a jasper jewel like set on  
 orchid in moonlight lips hues flare at  
 pleasures peak on him ♪ think**

**The cunt of ♪ a gold goblet offering  
to be a flower more fair than plum or  
peach with perfumes allure of randy  
fragrance alas moon beams float o'er  
orchid mat to vinegar wine foams no  
sound of he**

**Thru silk window moonlight streams  
cunts lips flicker like flaring flames  
cunts folds lovely eyes twin  
butterfly wings smile only the sound  
of spider spinning**

**Cunts lips sparkle dewed gossamer  
silk cunts eye sad drop tears liquid  
pearls alone 'neath apricot rafters**

**Open 'neath moonlight cunt flower  
 lotus bloom crimson sheen tints cunt  
 hole jade-green liquidity hearts beats  
 flutter cunts folds flush but alas  
 only cricket footsteps at scented door**

**White light ripples on cunts folds  
 pink blossom as on Cunt hole frozen  
 ice moonlight glints long nights wait  
 near dawn only spiders spinning  
 passions turn to white snow**

**Dew on cunts lips pearls  
 embroidered on flesh that cunt of she  
 jade dish ripe fruit full of purple  
 plums to eat no one comes**



**Cunt scent invades room washes  
thru curtains soaks thru bed  
embroidered kingfisher quilt Oh that  
flower waiting for he more wilted  
than blooms in jade vase**

**Moonlight lapping cunts lips  
splashing o'er crimson curtains  
shadows dancing with cunts fumes  
perfumed no bee comes**

**Cunts lips dropping like wilted  
blooms in vase she sighs flicking  
dust around door tightly shut cunt  
powdered perfumed stale in dawn  
light**

**Cunt diddling in moonlight cunt dew  
sprays like fireflies cunts lips  
unfurled like pearl blinds autumn  
night long alone cunts lips dancing in  
candle light sighs echo in empty  
room**

**Oh that cunt mother-of-pearl goblet  
full to pink lined rim howeth it froths  
in moonlight waiting for jade lips to  
sip that flower wine but Oh only  
dust settles in that liquidity**

**Cunt she smears with pearl powder  
rouges cunts lips crimson the 10th  
time thinking of he that comes not**

**Cunt lips unfurled like billowing  
curtains to the sighs of ♪ flare  
crimson in candle light of moon  
shines o'er cunts hole flooding room  
with gleams thru shadows that ebb  
and flow o'er ruffled panty with print  
of lone bird soaring**

**Light o'er brocaded walls flash  
scarlet cunts lips like crimson  
banners fluttering in autumn wind  
alone watching candle splutter ast  
cunt lips stretch out soaked in  
perfume floating clouds of longing**

**Cunts wetness fading long night  
waiting lips full of pale hues sighs  
soften under silk quilt longing aches  
fading shadows ast dawn light  
comes cunts dew hast dried on panty  
seam only a cricket and spider in  
empty room eyes smeared with black  
tears sadness grow tied the door  
creaks aside footsteps cunt bursts  
into crimson flames**

***ISBN 978187634752X***