

*Nymphē*

*POEM*

*BY*

*DEAN*



# Nymphē

## POEM

## BY

## DEAN



colin leslie dean Australia's leading erotic poet free for  
download [http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-  
Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press](http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press) Gamahucher

press west geelong Victoria 2024 P.1 Paul-François  
Quinsac - Jardin japonais (1895) P.2 Nymphs in the forest by  
Paul François Quinsac P.3 [Paul Francois Quinsac](#) 1858- Diane P.4  
Mercury Instructing the Nymphs in Dancing P.6 William-  
Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905) - The Nymphaeum

PUBLISHERS

INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

Nymphē

well lets say ٧ ٧ say it be

a Potpourri of gorgeous

scenes taken fromst the posey

of Keats juggled inst the

softess part of this poets

mind thenst shaken to let



drip uponst the page int the  
 ways they they themselves  
 arrange where doth inst paint  
 inst vivid colours upon the  
 colour of the page scènes of  
 sexual delightfulness with  
 the figures outlined inst ink

where be **But this poesy be**  
**But more a decorative art a**  
 painting more thanst poesy be  
 to be enjoyed not perhaps by

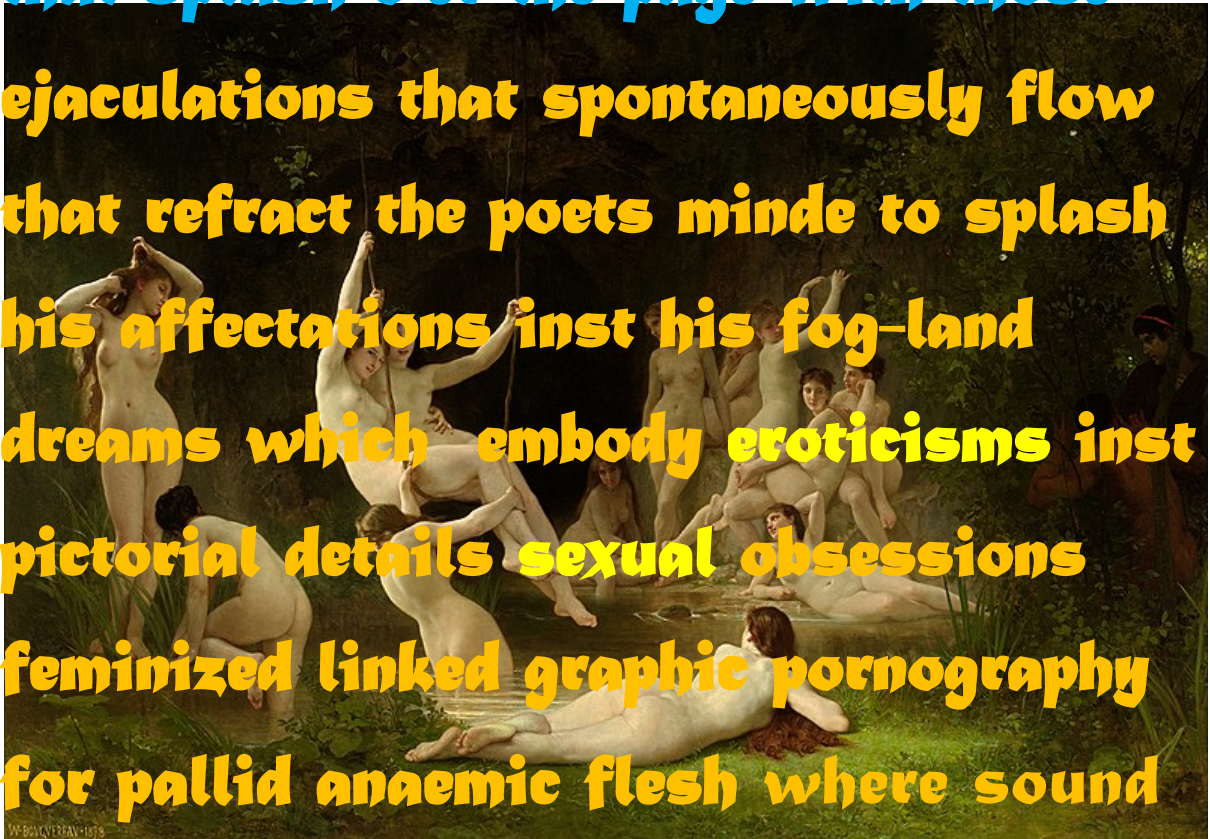


those ensnared to a

utilitarian ethos wealth the  
markets shares the "Two  
"Nations" the GDP But  
Ahh more enjoyed by the  
o'ersexualised immoral  
"unmanly" Bohemians that  
be that counter culture of  
beauty for beauty sake "art  
for arts sake" to be indulged  
by those young dudes with no  
exercise andst too much of  
too much beauty Ahh this

posey be a bricolage stolen scenes  
 fromst Keats to paint Ohh to paint  
 new scenes wet Ohh wet with the  
 poet dreams his froth of lust-foams  
 that splash o'er the page with those

ejaculations that spontaneously flow  
 that refract the poets minde to splash  
 his affectations inst his fog-land  
 dreams which embody eroticisms inst  
 pictorial details sexual obsessions  
 feminized linked graphic pornography  
 for pallid anaemic flesh where sound



be superior to sense expression  
 superior to thought that extols  
 fleshiness thru the fusion of the  
 visual anst literary read recite

# **PREFACE** Ahh what be the

**Poet a Poet once said** “who alive can say “Thou art no Poet-mayest not tell thy dreams”? since every man who is not a clod hath visions would speak” **But**

**Ahh** how canst he tell his visions whenst he

doth writ andst not to speak **Well** I willst

tell with poor wit for no **Poet** be I so how

doth a real **Poet** speak well the **Muse** thru he

or she doth flow andst his or her identify doth

**But** go andst out his or her minde fine

inventions fine wit fine words fine rhetoric the

numbered lines with form doth **But** flow **But**

be writ by themselves do fall uponst the page

ast leaves that shower or fruit to drop fromst

the minde that do not age fromst a **Muse**

kissed brain all that be writ to entertaine like

perfume that fromst a bloom blows the **Muse**

thru he or she the poesy throws whenst the

**Poets** identity individuality doth go

Ahh what be inspiration perhaps the  
answer doth require inspiration But let I  
say if the minde be empty thenst there be  
nought for the Muse to be taught to  
bring forth those flights of inspirations  
for creating seem to be But to need  
things with which to create new things  
with so Oh so if the minde be full of  
things thenst the Muse canst perform  
her magic andst create thru you new  
creativity So read read andst fromst thy  
minde to see what doth flow whenst the  
Muse to feed doth produce for thee thru  
thee some new thing



Ahh midst sweet perfumed airs the breeze  
 that thru mine hair didst sweep didst soak  
 I inst fumes of poppies that didst inst to  
 I didst breathe midst flowery blooms lay  
 I uponst a granary floor with at my lips  
 Ohh delightful Keats ast I inst half  
 sleep didst with the breath of I onst that  
 winnowing wind that thru mine hair didst  
 sweep thru that light ast a "painted veil"  
 that didst lift a mask fromst that sight of  
 I splendour rolled tingling thru the eyelids  
 I those orbs of I seem to burn ast  
 censures with odorous fumes ast incense  
 the poppies scent thru the minde of I  
 visions Oh sent scenes that naught of fact  
 of reason meant mysteries uncertainties of  
 sense no truth need I But sensations that  
 did leave I with no identity annihilated  
 individuality be this that not be me see

**Scents perfumes odours sweet that  
 didst flow fromst those fruit that to  
 mine eyes didst hang bloated to puff  
 to ooze Ohh to ooze that down the  
 throat J of J didst upon to gloat to  
 sniff that nectareous ooze-born  
 draught of air Ahhh the bliss of  
 that Felicitys abyss to into to  
 which didst J Ohh to But seem to  
 flow away away away to go to float  
 uponst those odours sway uponst  
 the gulping swirls that didst along  
 mine senses didst prolong that  
 delight those fruit Ohh those fruit  
 that But be gorged cunts to mine  
 sight that drip Ohh drip uponst mine**

flesh to **B**ut tint mine breath with  
 the breath of that air that to mine  
 little death didst fromst mine limbs  
 seem to enflame with ecstasies fare  
 of such exquisite **O**hh such exquisite  
**O**h bliss **O**h pain doth **I** gain  
 raptur'd onst that kiss that kiss upon  
 mine limb to doth to my toes to go  
 that doth to cause my woes to go to  
 flow around along mine limb ast love  
 spangles that curl andst furl andst  
 dance to cause to foam to along the  
 limbs tip to burst rillets of ooze  
 the tip doth freshet yields that **O**hh  
 not the flesh to cool **B**ut **B**ut ast  
 ripe grape doth burst against a

palate so fine that the flesh doth  
 blush for wont of more andst blush  
 for the thought of that burst forth  
 of the froth that be going to blush  
 at what be done to blush at what  
 Ohh what hast began for mine  
 flesh hast tasted the breath of those  
 cunts inst the delight of mine flesh  
 its amorous lickings uponst that  
 pulped fruit that doth mine limbs tip  
 to make to bloom a touch alight to  
 light all darkness to too light all  
 that wast once But gloom now  
 bright 'neath trellis hung with cunts  
 ripe sprout glossy inst that bower  
 streaked with dew-berries tendrils

were laced intertwined trammelled  
 flesh bloom with damask mouths  
 that ravened doth pout with lips ast  
 leaves velvet that about the head of  
 ♪ doth a coronal doth make ast lit  
 light bright marigolds andst eglantine  
 those cunts lips gold-tinted with that  
 suns light with curve of flesh Ahh  
 liquid ooze ast squashed peach juice  
 that doth gurgle to flush the flesh of  
 ♪ with crimson blush at Ohh at  
 those bugle-blooms so Ohh so divine  
 that like ivy along Oh around mine  
 neck doth But gordian twine  
 surround *Nymphē* they But  
 smothered 'neath green luculent

gleaming leafs where pleasure didst  
 But reigned they garlanded inst  
 chains tendrils that around their  
 cunts Cupids empire onst fire those  
 cups fromst which loves nectar  
 didst But run glittering perfumed  
 juice fromst fountains didst But  
 flow to glow 'neath sun that fluid  
 didst But run down thighs to mine  
 eyes flesh of fruit ripeness plump  
 flesh gourds of nectareous oozes  
 well puffed flesh large hazel nut  
 shells curls of fleshy lips to sip  
 those budding sweet kernels that  
 flowers forget the bees that to those  
 blooms doth swarm that be

o'erbrimmed those clammy wells of  
 Ohh Ohh those temples of delight  
 that Ohh Ohh mine eyes those bee-  
 mouths that sip the pleasure nigh of  
 mine eyes ast strenuous tongues that  
 lick those slits to glut my sight  
 uponst with joyous delights uponst  
 those lips ast some morning rose that  
 doth spangle the dew-ooze to rainbow  
 hues that glint andst gleam thru the  
 eyes of ♪ within the fine airs inst  
 this season that be so of so much  
 beauty now not with temperate  
 sharpness But the fire of desire that  
 flickers upon the stubble of the fields  
 more beauty thanst the chilled green

grasses of spring that doth make  
 the scene to mine eyes a picture to  
 bring so warm ast some summer  
 days walk that these poppies fumes  
 doth thru mine minde these visions  
 doest *B*ut churn that this thing that  
 be not me doth it be awake or doth it  
 dream *O*hh so real *A*ll doth  
*B*ut seem the meadow o'er which  
 these gorged cunts scent doth float  
 along to ripple those still streams  
 that lay deep within valley-glades  
 inst indigo hued shadows shades that  
 flicker waves uponst those temples  
 of delight that doth to *Y* bringeth  
 such joys of happiness where doth



coat those ripe cunt-fruits inst  
 trophies of crimson berries that  
 wreath those cunts hairs ast  
 rosaries that hang to iridescent  
 beams thru that juice of fruit that be  
 But wine to the lips of ♪ that  
 alight inst my limb joys mysteries  
 that throb andst tremble with  
 palpitations whenst ♪ looketh inst  
 those pools ast a dream like moons  
 with moon-beams that gleam to seem  
 to ast a dream within the the water-  
 world that be Ohh that be so deep so  
 deep where doth sparkle glints ast  
 like gold to behold to the eyes of ♪  
 those lily shells of flesh impearled

**drops of milky-white light bright  
those cunts gourds ripe fruit to their  
very core budding clits Ohh Ohh of  
so gorgeous fruitfulness to smell  
those scents that waft winnowing  
thru mine hair ast lay ♪ uponst he  
granary floor careless of all But  
those cunts soft-lifted by my breath  
to ripple those bubbles of fruit juice  
along those Oh Ohhh pink-stained  
mouths that along their brim that  
blushes ast winking to mine eyes  
drips that scented juice that dewy  
wine that runs around mine feet  
soft incense to mine flesh hangs  
fromst my limb fruit-tree-stem Ahh**

Come Come to ♪ Ohh to ♪ fly ast  
 Bacchus andst his pards inst that  
 frenzy that doth my lips to the sky  
 doth float Ohh my posey uponst  
 wings of my delight fevered frenzy  
 sip ♪ those draughts of that vintage  
 that fromst those cunts that be ast  
 some opiate that doth mine minde to  
 stimulate with visions numberless  
 be mine joys tasting ♪ of that juice  
 that Lethes-wards be But leave ♪  
 be happy ♪ that the feet of ♪ doth  
 dance with joy of mine happy lot ast  
 if ast of light-winged Dryads my  
 sighs float thru the trees ast if be  
 some Provencal songs by drunk ♪

fromsts those cunts that be *But*  
 fountains of *Boeotia* that *Sippocrene* that  
 be doth mine lips violet-coloured fromst  
 the kiss *Ohh* the kiss of those cunts that  
 doth the *Muses* doth to *I* inspire with  
 voice of articulate sound *Ahh* such  
 happiness be mine bliss the very words that  
 hath *I* spoke doth tell of mine joyness  
*Ahh Adieu Adieu* those woes of *I* for  
 the joyous anthems of my joy *But* kiss  
 those cunts that with their fruitiness doth  
*But* spread ast blooms of perfumed juicy  
 scent o'er the meadows along still streams  
 rims up all hills inst all valleys deep buried  
 inst valley-glades *Ahh Ohh* these visions  
 be they dreams or real or phantoms that be  
 these scenes of bliss is life itself *But* a  
 poppy dream thus what be it to awake this  
 thing not me be *I* a dream it do seem