

ORGY
(The Rite of Spring)
POEM BY C
dEAN



ORGY

(The Rite of Spring)

POEM BY C deAN

Colin leslie dean Australia's Leading
erotic poet free for download

<https://www.scribd.com/document/35520015/List-of-FREE-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press> Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria 2026

fp. Basket of Fruit by Caravaggio (c. 1599)

c.1630-15, P.2 Dante_Gabriel_Rossetti_-_Proserpine P.3 George Lance Triumph of fruit
with persian carpet 1863 P.4 orgy peter rubens) P.5 -happiness-to-live-by-
henri-matisse-1 P.6 Top lovers 1585-89 paolo faammingo Bottom
Federico_Faruffini_-_Orge_di_Messalina,_1867

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W so what be this
 ORGY be it But just
 flamboyant flummery be it
 symbolism metaphor allegory
 be it But an antidote to the
 modern numbness the
 consensus dream that the
 mediocrity of the mundanely
 of modern consumer money

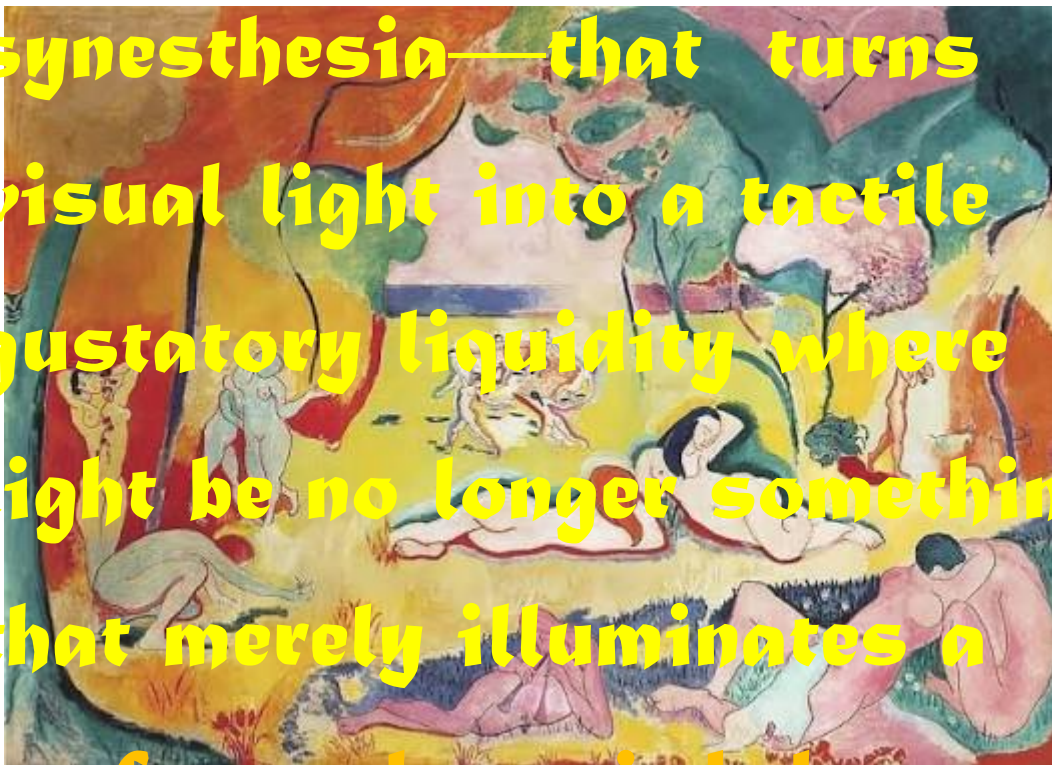
hungry debt slavery that be
the modern life doth Dean

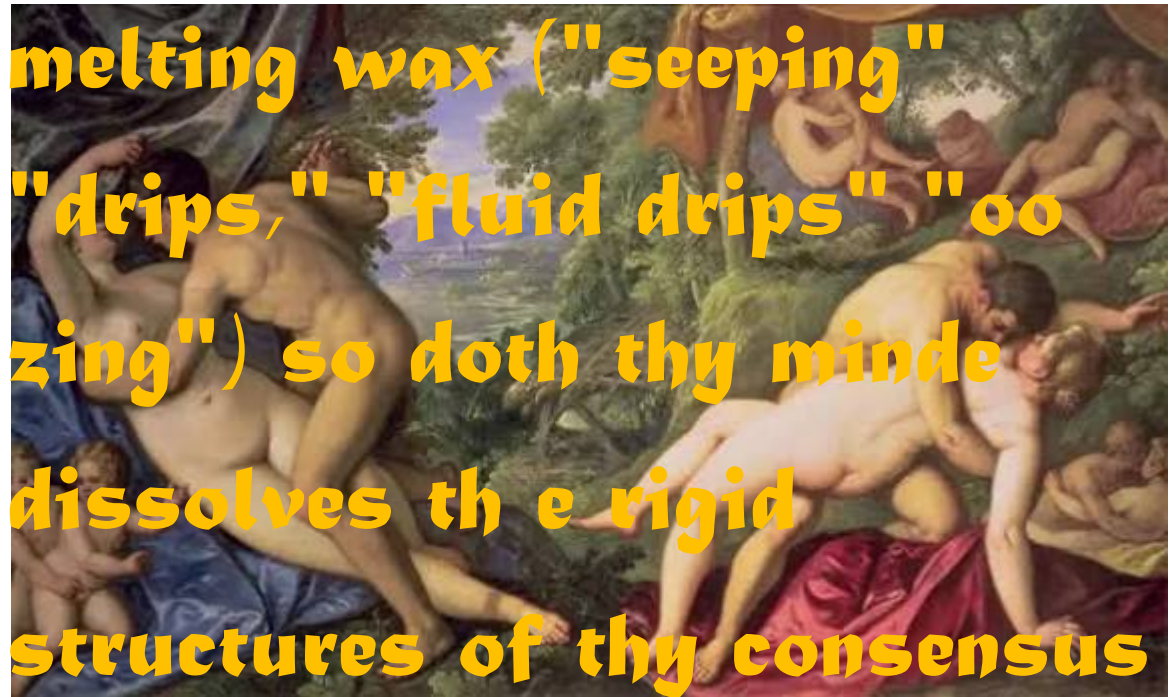
use the "bawdy" andst
hyper-sensory o'er the top
extravagant amplified
language to force the reciter
out of their habitual
mechanical parroting echo
chamber patterns of thought.

doth the "10000 glints of
lucid forms" andst the
"voluptuous fruits" serve as

**an intellectual and
aesthetic nuclear bomb to jolt
to revitalise a soul deadened
by a "mechanical routine"
both the extreme**

**synesthesia—that turns
visual light into a tactile
gustatory liquidity where
light be no longer something
that merely illuminates a
surface where it behaves
like a dense fruit juice or**





PREFACE Ahh dearest

reciter be thee a mere banal mediocrity
 with humdrum clichéd thoughts full
 with what thee hast been taught like
 some robot where be thee gets thy data
 plugged into some device be thee a
 parrot that hath no ideas of thine own
 that only doth take authorities advice
 like some trained mice thee be Ahh we
 see thy minde be no flame that doth
 shift with each varying form where
 naught be the same nor any norm Ahh
 perhaps there doth lurk inst this poesys
 song that which may dislodge thy minde
 for thee to finde a path not for mice
 But some other kinde to break the snare
 of thy minde

Ahh what doth thy minde doth to see
 whenst thee doth see writ pulpy
 swelling flesh turgid flesh ast flower
 stems ripe swollen juicy flesh ast some
 fruity fig of oozing ripeness some slit
 that be pink or some flesh that seep
 sweet smelling scents **fruits to
 splits**

Where doth to Juice to flows the
 flesh to glow some likeness of some
 sweaty pouting fruit **swolling
 splitting spilling oozing andst
 fertilizing goooing** AAhh what doth
 thy minde to paint

Ohh this wanderer ♪ a flâneur
 meandering onst my way through that
 trance that be the consensus dream
 where naught But thorns andst
 weeds doth the steps of mine impede
 that there be no rose to which the
 Bulbul doth sing no Wordsworth
 onst his flute or a Keats that doth
 onst his Syrinx doth to play all
 about doth to lay bleak shadows of
 darkling gray no poesy to alleviate
 the blues no Muse to kiss 'neath
 some perfumed tree mine Muse doth
 onst mine lips to lisp whenst thru a
 dell ♪ willst to tell that whenst

**mine feet didst to tread that path
didst ♪ to view**

**view that didst shower mine eyes
with sweet sights of fruits andst
flowers that didst to light aroundst
mine head andst that fed mine minde
with such verbal art that ♪ didst to
sigh what didst lay before mines eyes
of such delight such thoughts
ripening by the ripening sun a
sunflower seeping light like juice
that lit the scene with quivering fires
lit the shades with purples bright
pearled flowers twinkling gold tints
of lit dew silver tips of blooms
gleams that lit this place with**

sparkling bubbles of sapphires light
 ablaze to lift the gloom fromst mine
 minde to flash onst mine tongue
 quivering tones of such delight to see
 10000 glints of lucid forms of
 fruitiness 10000 fires along the
 petals tips dancing hues myriad
 dazzles unconfined mine minde a
 never-ending shifting scene of
 varying shapes of fruity things that
 shift as a flickering flames where
 each moment each be not the same
 where didst hear ♪ here whisperings
 of the wind Pan uponst his pipes
 didst hear here ♪ leaves flickering
 Nymphs dancing here didst hear ♪

ast sun light drips to the fruit
 painting crystal buds with tints to
 smell of odours languid o'er the
 glossy scene to mine view glitter
 liquids like onst paper gold
 innumerable dew-drops of perfumed
 light glitter like eyes of Peris andst
 Nymphs voluptuous fruits see
 ast sunbeams fall to fluid drips of
 light oozing down columns of marble
 of Phidias white o'er tables broken
 that glitter diamond-like fruit
 mingling o'er ruins be golden grapes
 andst melons swelling melting
 evanescent scents of fruity fruits
 floating luxuriousness blue pearl

plum fruit slits drip spangles of light
 like yellow snakes garlanded with
 pink veils of lit tincts perfumed
 scents twined flowery stamens
 turgid andst sweet about the fruits
 andst marbles feet where 10000
 pistils lick to kiss the 10000 lips of
 fruity tips ast didst ♪ to breathe
 inst the scents that plums andst ripe
 squishy figs didst to exhale o'er the
 sweet heated flesh of pale breasts of
 fruity scents to fly Ohh to fly to
 cast such a spell onst mine minde ♪
 doth to tell the lustre of all these
 flowers andst fruits of Arcadia
 cluster to twine to weave

haycinthine fine airy scents inst
 wreaths of light fragrance rich purple
 bells of plums bees golden winged
 slivers of wings striated spears of
 perfumed to lick mangosteens that
 drip grapefruit split where wasps
 glitters of streaming light lick the
 peppery tufts of saumanillas andst
 pisang-masas andst grapes slippery
 seep pools of alabaster that sparkle
 ast opals pink undulating ripples of
 light that kiss the pulpy dripping
 fruity fruit of copper tints where
 stamens prod the mouths of fruit
 open gaping dewy fluidly orifices lie
 enamelled gold flecks where peony-

**buds be licked by bees that doth to
enter swollen figs andst blooms of
trumpet mouths swollen plums that
burst juice fromst the kiss of wasps
andst the prod of tumescent stamens
with swollen tips the translucent
corollas deck the tables flecked with
sparkling juice with luminous calyces
stems large umbels dates ferment
heat the sap of fruits of jade hues
bright gemstones of heated scents
fruit andst serpentine vines twine
that shower the marble floors inst
thick juice scent that bees andst
wasps doth to lick the pistils andst
cracks that seep andst ooze andst to**

Where doth to Bees enter flowers
Wasps doth to but to penetrate fruit
Where doth to stamens kiss pistils
Where doth to Fruits to splits
Where doth to Juice to flows
Where doth to scents to exhale
Where doth to Flowers to open to
spread

Where to everything be opening
swelling entering penetrating
swolling splitting spilling oozing
andst fertilizing goooing the bees
wasps fruity fruit andst flowers
andst andrachne flame flashes to
paint deep purpling lash-like
perfumes of diamond light that float

ast dew to mine sight o'er the
 sunlight meshes that weave
 embroiders of fresh flesh tints along
 the fruit andst blooms edges woven
 blends of mushy fruity flesh like
 dew coral lips that hang alone table
 tops andst columns white that doth
 the minde beguile that the lips to
 smile the breath to breathe the eyes
 to starry light inst this scene where
 doth Elysium doth to lie where doth
 to inst this place Bacchus frenzies
 doth to fly where all doth entwine
 bees andst wasps andst those fruity
 mass of oozing slippery gaping
 blending tinkling rivulet that flow
 along white marbles with bees wasps
 dashing flashing stamens that flick

pistils cluster drip together blent
 fruity shapes arabesques fruity
 jewels agitate to stamen prods pink
 fabella twine around to bees kisses
 quiver blooms and fruits fruity flesh
 ast they embrace the twining stamens
 that lace to clasp gushy pulp of
 olivines andst topazes to the tips of
 wings gilded pistils firebands of
 light corollas of massive floral
 flames lit by bees kisses baskets of
 perfume that ooze ast yellows of
 zircon the fruits pinks copper juice
 with gleams of cerulean beryl fires
 works of rubies the grapes that seep
 flames of green ast doth to sip
 wasps andst bees creamy flesh ast
 the sun ablaze plunge the stamens

that lick those swelling slits inst all
 that fruity mush Ahh Ahh the
 lustre confused radiance of yellows
 gleaming lamps of fruit pressed to
 each to each the stamens stems doth
 to press their tips swollen heads of
 flowery flesh ast bees doth to drop
 pollens of sun-like scent that swim
 to float to coat the juicy gaping
 fruity flesh of plums bursting grapes
 splitting mangos andst pomegranates
 as the breeze beats like Corybantics
 andst the leaves dance that seem to
 Pans pipes whilst the juice flows
 ast wine tinted of rose andst pink
 hues bees wasps flutter inst frenzies
 heated to fruity things onst wild
 fervid Bacchanalian wings compelled

that seem to dance andst the wings to
 sing dizzing springing fromst fruit
 to blooms a thiasus it seems to
 view of maenads satyrs andst half-
 man half-goat creatures andst sileni
 all fruity wine-loving andst nature
 spirits dizzing to mine view to mine
 mind this sporting scene of
 voluptuous rapturousness this
 enchanting dell of song andst dance
 of *Dionysian* entwining clustering
 oozing pools where Ohh where to
 mine minde fruits andst calyxes
 gleam as o'er the floors stream
 nenuphar water-lilies entwined all
 the forms of colour scents lotus buds
 andst fertile eggs