

Ode on
Aloneness
POEM
BY
DEAN

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Aloneness

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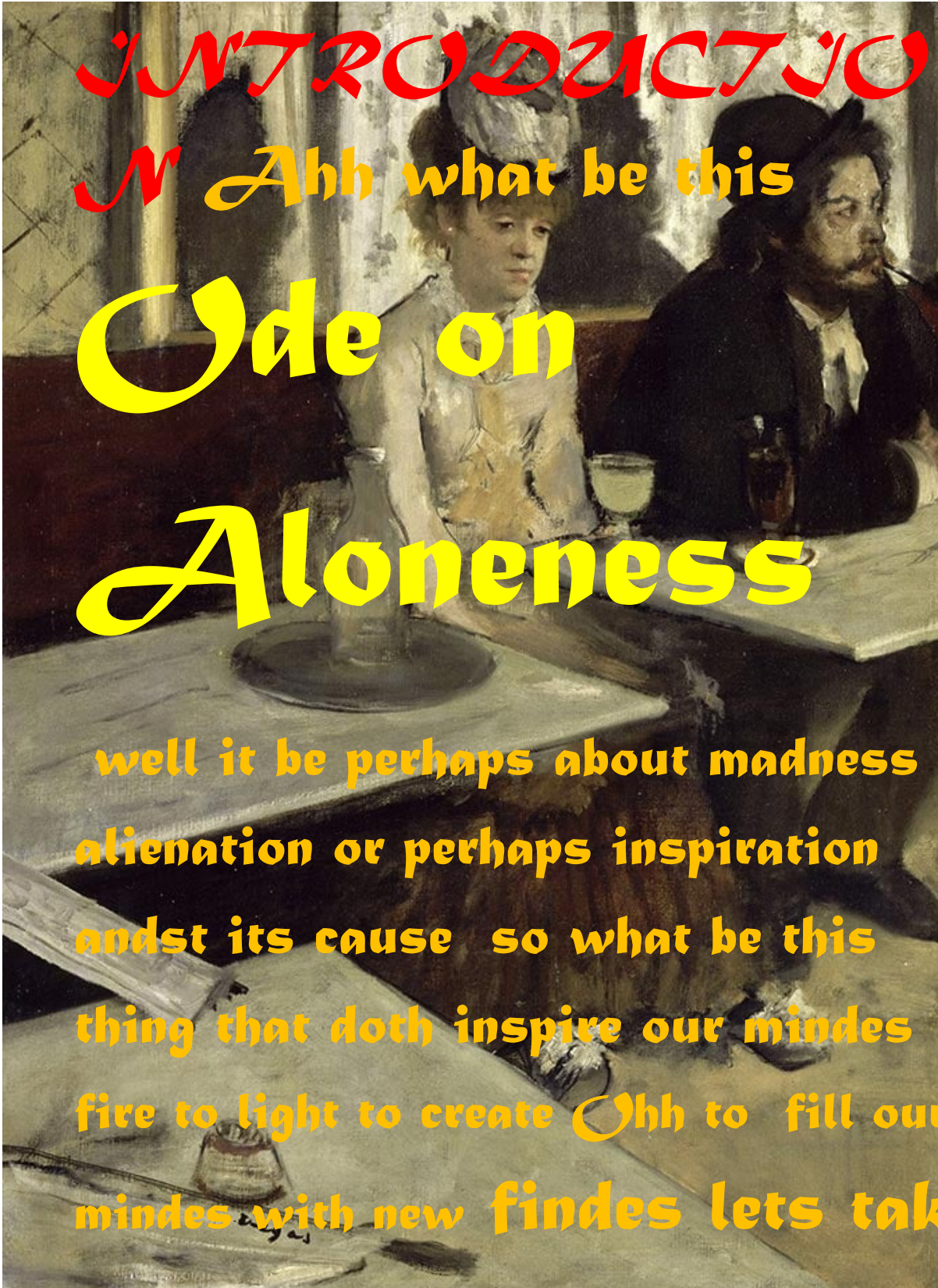
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INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

Ode on Aloneness

well it be perhaps about madness
alienation or perhaps inspiration
andst its cause so what be this
thing that doth inspire our mindes to
fire to light to create Ohh to fill our
mindes with new findes lets take



poetry for to mine some say
poetry be divine the centre
andst circumference of
knowledge that comprehends
all science andst be the root
of all the blossoms of all
systems of thought doth say
Shelley say Shelley like
Milton andst Keats that
poetry be But directed by
the Muse an unpremeditated
song a power within to rise

to fade and blooms doth be
born andst decay where our
consciousness are
unprophetic to its coming
andst going poetry be not like
logic inst the control of the
active powers of our mindes
Yet neuroscientists doth
say all be But due to the
mechanical workings of our
neurons like naught But a
ChatGPT or again just a

biological *And* Yet doth
 say *And* the physicists canst
 tell us all the wavelengths of
 the colours that hit our eyes
 inst an impressionist
 painting of say Monet or
 e'en the pressure of all the
 notes to hit our ears inst a
 Mozart symphony Yet
 these numbers played no
 parts inst the poets
 creativity



PREFACE Ahh some wits
 their Muse their minde doth entertaine with
 storms of thoughts of living joys hot heated
 desires of heated flames all food for their wits
 brought Yet some of these wits neede solitude
 for their creativity to feed Yet still need to be
 alone not Yet others need for their creativity to
 be alone inst aloneness completely for their
 inspiration to be But fed unprisioned they be
 fromst marriage relationships love andst all
 things inst between for these things for these
 wits be But things to still to kill with
 banalities their creativity for these wits poesy
 doth bloom spontaneously to write what doth to
 spill fromst their mindes at anytime that doth
 inspiration to fly where those other wits must
 finde the time andst by then inspirations hast
 But flown by forever lost never again that
 gem that didst inspire to finde

Ahh what be poetry creativity well doth say
 Wordsworth poetry be the spontaneous
 overflow of powerful emotions be the bursting
 ripe fruit that doth whenst full of juice to burst to
 spray that liquid sweet of taste andst tangy
 things But some doth say all be poetry free
 verse they speak But some distinguish betwixt
 craft andst art such things Shelley didst
 compare to mosaic to painting so let thee say
 what thee prefer spontaneity of feeling or logics
 deductive syllogisms where creativity be naught
 But a puzzle game to fit thy words inst to their
 logics proper place naught But rhetoric But
 naught be poetry some doest say so let | thee
 have thee thy opinions for thee to say to say
 inst rules of logic or fuck thee thee might say
 spontaneously to me thee may

Ohh delight hear here I lay inst
 aloneness wrapped inst its arms with
 such splendour with such
 voluptuousness it doth kiss the minde
 of I andst all things doth I possess
 with my thought that be my company ast
 doth here hear lay I with such delights
 for I confess no ether doth my minde to
 need to stimulate ast didst with Jean
 Lorrain neither need I narcotics ast
 Coleridge with his Kubla Khan nor
 need I absinthe ast didst Verlaine
 andst

For inst this crepuscular gleam
 luminous be mine thoughts it doth
 seem see I inst moonlight framed
 leaves diaphanous jade green flicker

**inst valleys of solitude tumbling
waterfalls down mountain sides
water pools shadows perfumed
rustle flower calices that perspire
scent along petals tips of irises
andst butterfly wings float sparking
inst deep gorges speckled with
woods andst asphodels ♪ tell where
filaments dangle their tips inst lakes
andst ponds silver sparkling hid
'neath full moon that flickers onst
moss andst virgin vines that climb
along ebony trunks andst
honeysuckles jasmines andst blooms
of all kinds speckled mottled rushes
undulating shadows indigo o'er trees**

onst mountain peaks waterlilies
'neath pools deep like alters of white
'neath rocks inst the still light inst
the aloneness of silence languorously
lay here hear ♪ midst corollas andst
strange plants with lacustrian tips
aloneness thee doth kiss my quivering
lips that doth tremble that flesh for
thee hath given ♪ all the beauty
glories that others canst But only
of dream thee hast to ♪ given all
knowledge of philosophy science
alchemy all the mysteries thee hast
shown ♪ that be But denied to
those that cant be alone inst their
aloneness the masses the poor things

**Within their individualism sold to they
 by their capitalism lay their aloneness
 that suffer they their suicides minde
 miseries all their wealth with mental
 ill health alone each individual that doth
 only cope with drugs alcohol to dull the
 wounds of their individualism Yet doth
 not I need to escape with Bacchus
 andst his pards like that Poet that didst
 fly onst the wings of poesy Yet doth
 not I need to escape with the sweet
 kiss of Morpheus to dream asleep for
 I The only way out is within doth I
 shout uponst the wind being I alone
 midst the teeming throng hubbub of
 humanity midst the cities crowds
 streaming along I like A dust Speck**

**iridescent sparkling bright rippling onst
a waves tip midst an oceans vast blue
expanse alone quiet**

Ast

***A* mote within the empty spaces
infinity twinkling alone within eternal
night**

***Alone Ohh so sweetly alone I not
moan But sing Yea songs doth I sing
for aloneness to I doth misery to I not
bring Ohh to I not bring that that
death that that Poet Alastor didst to
bring unable to his aloneness to rejoice
in for I doth like him to sing Ohh to
sing of beauty to drink of knowledge to
think Ohh to think with insatiable***

thoughts of that universe majestic
 profundity that doth the minde of *J*
 exhaust not inst its beauty unmeasured
 inflamed the imagination of *J* with
 Ohh Ohh such delightful contemplation
 that *J* Ohh *J* not like poor Poet
Alastor doth need *J* intercourse with
 like minded mindes no need not *J* for
 some self similar to the self of *J*
 which doth with my own imaginations
 to embody which doth not lead *J* to
 ruin like *He* or to strike with darkness
 to decay to extinction *J* Ahh *J* not
 languish for lack of one with mine own
 nature But doth *J* glory inst this
 aloneness not perish *J* ast didst that
Alastor that tender-harted Poet for

lack of human sympathy no misery for
 I I not be blind selfish or torpid or
 unkind nor apathy inst the aloneness of
 I for it doth bringeth to I But
 fruitfulness for inst my aloneness doth
 love I all life all beauty doth finde I
 for I Ohh for I doth say The only
 way out is within doth I shout uponst
 the wind to thy self sensations to fill
 to still the minde andst Ohh Ohh
 dreams andst fancy to finde within the
 Poets minde andst what be that trick
 that that Poet didst But finde Ahh
 for the Poet didst realize hast no self
 not the Poet identity nor individualism
 ast the masses doth seek for the Poet
 hast no individuality for for that Poet

be nothing andst everything annihilated
 dissolved dying inst sensations the self
 inst all things to fade to fade away
 absorbed inst all things thenst all
 beauty doth bring the winds rhythms
 the lights caresses uponst the flesh
 rippling undulations of shadows
 melodious inst flight filled with the
 perfumes of orchids andst the soft touch
 of corollas the kiss of dusk the
 glistening feel of fruit ripe of full
 fruitiness to quiver inst the infinite
 hues of twilights that fromst inst
 grottos reflect uponst thy lips with
 Ohh such gentleness thenst doth come
 Ohh doth come thy Muse whenst thy
 Oh thy ego doth fly andst thenst doth

bubble andst froth fromst that wine of
 Hippocrene fromst that fountain near
 Helicon andst thenst doth the Muse to
 thru each neuron of mine brain to sing
 with that fever that that Poet didst
 distain for he it But didst cause pain
 But Ahhh Ohh for I beauty joy
 delightfulness doth I gain for doth
 inspiration fill this brain of I with
 fruitfulness that doth fromst each
 neuron seep to flow andst uponst the
 winds to soar fromst those fancies that
 doth bud inst this minde of I ast
 flowers blooms to burst along fibres
 andst synapse with their oozing of
 dreams that flood fromst mine minde
 o'erbrimming with fertile ripeness that

brain of *Ÿ* that gourd gorged with fruit
 dripping plumb dreams uponst my floor
 to seep to creep fromst my minde with
 each pulse of my harts beats doth *But*
 grow pleasure *Ohh* sensations uponst
 my breath to weave flowers of dreams
 thru moon beams twined blooms that
 quiver with the blissfulness that doth
 obtain *Ÿ* inst this place of nothingness
 egolessness *Ahh* this be not that
Demon Poesy distained by that *Poet*
 this be *But* the bliss of the kiss of my
Muse upost mine lips *Ohh* my *Muse*
 that sings within my brain *Ahh* not *Ÿ*
 the anguish nor mental pain of *Rodion*
Raskolnikov where whenst didst his
 brain to burst fromst that aloneness

he didst *But* unable to his minde to
 maintain for whenst the *Muse* doth
 sing *Ahh* indifferent be *I* like
Meursault to all things for *I* such
 joy doth aloneness to bring within the
 world *I* *But* of it not *I* for *I* sing
The only way out is within doth *I*
 shout uponst the wind ast doth burst
 within my minde those buds of
 fruitiness to drip fromst my tongues
 tip all that beauty that doth ooooze
 fromst the fancies of my minde *Ohh*
 doth my tongue to lick along the plums
 curved flesh to flick the grapes bud that
 doth quiver to the tongues tip of *I* like
 ast a bee that doth hum winging around
 along that gorged bud *Ahhh* doth my

lips to press that flesh of peach rounded
 balloon of ripe flesh of such tangy
 things to flutter to tremble the limbs of
 I ast I doth sip that spilled wine
 fromst that cracked cup of purple
 amethyst that be the perfumed hollow of
 those scented blooms furled curled that
 fromst which doth I sip to run my
 tongue around the curved inner flesh of
 those blooms to scent perfume with
 poppy fumes my room where doth lay I
 where my fancies doest But fly to
 those hothouse orchids those flowers
 of voluptuous succulence where doth
 my lips like dancers feet doth uponst
 those corollas like pink curved throats
 those calices ast breasts that float

**within the dulled muted light of reds
 andst pinks like flesh heated with
 desires breaths that doth maketh the
 flesh of ♀ to swoon with my kisses
 along those blooms like tangled hair
 uponst some ♀enus mount within this
 red room of ♀ where lay ♀ with
 honeyed vapours that ooze fromst those
 scented flesh of ripe fruity fruit of
 fresh mushy oozy fruitiness that
 bursts to my tongues tip press that
 tongue of ♀ that doth dance a bacchanal
 that doth dance along around like the
 feet that skip a fandango to up well to
 kiss my lips like incense like perfumes
 fromst those fruity clefts those Ohh
 so delicate bloomed flesh that doth**

**fromst my brain doth drain like heated
smoke my fancies rain uponst those
lilies Ohh those lilies so white so pure
so Ohh so sweet untouched till doth
my tongue to lick to sip to Ohh to bite
those roses full bloomed ast full fleshed
bosoms that doth savour the lips of my
tongue ast doth those petals to flick to
trace round their curved lips to see
them to tremble with such bliss such
delight fromst my kiss that my fancies
doth sweep thru this world this
universe to scatter my dreams ast
sparks to burst to blooms uponst this
earth that fromst my tongues tip doth
flow verse to blow onst the winds like
leaves andst petals such happiness**

such delightfulness that fromst this
 lyre that be mine voice doth flow ast a
 tempest of perfumed tones that doth lay
 ast seeds to to **B**ut to bloom that the
 bees doth ast clouds of humming wings
 to feed uponst mine fancy born of my
 minde inst aloneness kissed by mine
Muse where mine lips trembling
 uponst those fleshy buds of ruddy hue
 doth flesh their flesh to enflame inst
 this twilight where **I** lay **I** burn with
 those fruits that melt oozy inst mine
 flesh whilst gnats whirr onst amber
 tinted wings about mine brain rhythmic
 dancers to andst fro to go to glide
 whirl swirl within mine minde painted
 orbs of fiery light those plum plump

**bulbs of voluptuous juiciness that excite
mine minde to ecstatic joy numberless
for drunk am I onst this aloneness
with this fever of fancy ecstasy frothed
forth pouring foams of dreams of
fruitinessness ripe juicy fruits andst
flowers flesh-like that seep honey
uponst mine tongue Ahh Ohh to drink
fromst those founts of globulous cups
of ripe fruity flowering flesh-like
petals where beauty doth exude fromst
each tip fromst each lustrous succulent
oozy juicy moist curls of flesh petal-
like Ohh those open-eyed delights that
see I that uponst I doth suck with my
sight all the juicy blooms bubbling with
rippling nectared-froth that red-stain**

**mine lips fromst those pools of juice
 that brim to the full those blooms those
 fumes that uponst doth float my poesy
 fromst this brain of ♪ excited inst such
 delights that no sensations doth retard
 the sighs of ♪ that flow uponst he
 breeze Ohh nort doth retard these lips
 of ♪ to drink that dewy-honeyed-wine
 so sweet to lick those pistils of gorged
 fibres those filaments of turgid swollen
 suckulence Ahh the minde of ♪ doth
 dissolve andst the ego doth go andst ♪
 be extinguished inst the drunkenness of
 all that beauty ♪ doth suck to drink
 fromst those fleshy blooms fade this ♪
 away onst poesy inst to the blooms
 andst fruit away this ♪ goodbye**