An oval painting of a woman in 18th-century attire, seated and reading a book. She is wearing a green dress with a large red bow and a white ruffled collar. The background is dark and indistinct.

Ode to the
North Wind
POEM
BY C
DEAN



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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria 2024 P.1 image by
 Francois Boucher P.2 The Inside of the Lady's Garden
 at Vauxhall 1788. A satirical print by Thomas
 Rowlandson, P.3 Boilly, La Toilette Intime ou la Rose
 Effeuille

PUBLISHER
INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

Ode to the
North Wind

well it may be be many
things say we Ahh be be
ast the ancients didst of
poesy theorize ast Horace

inst his *Ars Poetica* (333-

4, 343-4) to sing of prodesse
whilst the reader to give
delectare inst the light hid

inst allegory ast didst that
poet sings inst the Faerie

Queen to fashion a man

thru darke conceits a

gentleman or noble born in

virtuous andst gentle

discipline cowardly

enwrapped in Allegoricall

deuises to gainsay poor



Socrates point of view that
 poesy be of no use to ride
 horses So be this poesy the
 case of Renaissance poets
 that didst of Xenophon
 'gainst Plato to prefer who
 inst his Republic didst
 prefer the percept where for
 Sir Philip Sidney virtue be
 preferred for poesy according to
 he be better thanst philosophy or
 history for it combines both
 he didst say inst his



Defence of Poetry so
dearest reciter be this poesy
ast with Spenser inst the
tradition of Homer andst
Tasso to instil priute morall
vertues andst public political
virtues it all depends dearest
reciter howeth thee doth read
the poesy be it allegory to
decipher or the words of
hierophants legislators of the
world or what say thee

PREFACE Aske thee of me
 what be this poesy be be it tame be of it of
 some fame canst we claim it be a work of
 Dante or Petrarke a Sidney Spenser or
 of like the Bard willst some Beatrice or
 Laura inst panty luv to seep Nymphs
 Sirens their legs spread to keep doth this
 poesy out sing Dear Orpheus doth dull
 all other poets Muses andst clips all
 Shepherds reeds hath all goddesses to
 this poet to give to his voice all that doth
 surpass all human witt that all laurels
 uponst his head be led andst immortal
 praise be uponst this work be fed with
 flames willst the Bard this poet his crown
 to be to pass so to √ thee doth But aske
 andst doth to this task doth √ say this this
 poet doth But just blow it out his ass

Ahh contemplate thee what doth sit uponst
 the highest throne inst the world ast thee
 doth sit uponst thy porcelain bowl andst thy
 wealth to contemplate with which thee canst
 buy Ohh roast of pungent sauce herbs inst
 pheasants bowels ground spices andst
 garlic crushed with pickled eels fish andst
 Ox fowls *of a la Conde* salmon with sauces
 of Genevoises with drinks of champagne
 foaming ast bubbling pearls take thee note
 fromst Agathias inst that suburb of Smyrna
 that all this wealth willst pass thru those lips
 that kissed those lips of honey sweet all willst
 slip fromst thy mouth thru belly out fromst
 flesh that to eyes blushed to be flushed to
 smelly rush

**Within this temple close walled sit
 ♪ the learned shepeheard without no
 Clout uponst my porcelain throne
 within this Chamber of Maiden-
 thought sit ♪ ast Pythia uponst that
 chasm bought ast fumes that smell
 doth rise ast Maian incense fromst
 this urn of fumes that ast globes of
 smoke doth waft inst curtains of
 fragrant mist that Ahh spread ast
 fromst a sacred fire to But to give
 to ♪ But bliss ast if uponst a
 flowery bed or sandal-wood pyre ast
 Archimago doth the words of ♪ to
 weave fromst incoherency coalesced
 inst to hexameter with fluency to**

**But uponst the airs to paint mine
 thoughts inst the Nasta'liq style by
 Typographus ast paps of nymphs ast
 full budded lyllies the eyes to √ to
 glimpse those thoughts that ebb
 fromst mine breast uponst some
 theme be it But a dream no less the
 fever of mine minde doth with fury to
 seem mine minde to break that doth
 spill mine minde out words that
 sound to scream that doth flow ast
 spider webs fromst mine dizzying
 minde that doth float thru this
 chamber strange visions that doth
 drip fromst this crimson mouth
 fromst mine lips glittering dew-**

**jewels along its tip strange things
 strange imaginings that swell to sink
 within mine brain that mine minde its
 thoughts to tell of that smell that
 doth fromst this porcelain bowl
 doth upwell ast like thunder fromst
 doth a thunder box these little loves
 that fly winged cherubs little winged
 loves that lie within mine stare
 peeping that be to seem so fayre ast
 that float thru cracks andst holes
 within this fane to creep to sweep
 ast uponst the tide of the wind Oh
 the wind with hurried speed to blow
 these blow-balls o'er each andst all
 the meads with heat that doth burn**

with fire this wind Ohh this wind
 that to the south doth turn andst of
 all vapours that doth But flow
 fromst the autumn rain doth dry up
 'neath sunsets violet pinks andst
 reddish hues that glow Ohh this
 wind doth But drain all say √ all
 e'en the Cisalpine regions andst
 'neath seas andst rivers andst lakes
 their submerged water-flowers doth
 e'en doth of this wind doest taste the
 heat that showers fromst this wind
 Ohh this wind that doth thunder
 blown fromst this throne of porcelain
 o'er the earth be thrown such heated
 breath that doth heat the flesh to

burn to churn to palpitate to yearn to
 swell to ripeness the flesh that doth
 burn ast if fromst the kiss of
Psappa along the lips pouting
 furled of *Syllikhmas* the cheeks
 blushed of *Glottis* of the neck of
Kyse of the breasts so smooth so
 white inst light of *Bilitis* the wind
 Ohh the wind that doth skip to dance
 to swirl with the beats of la *Jota*
 of *Santiago de Murcia* to whirl the
 wind flouting flooding flood of
 curtains veils of mist the bliss of the
 kiss of lotus-kissess foam-frothed
 blooms silver tipped fringed pink
 gauze lamps globes Ohh the skip

furling flesh unfurled lips of
 voluptuousness swing to spread
 threads webs Ohh the wind Ohhh
 the wind effloresce round breasts
 mounds ruby paps weaves the wind
 along limbs pastilles of myrrh
 flames Ahh flames fire light bright
 hair alight tipped gold to fire to burn
 the wind doth churn to surge radiant
 vortexes of light violet passions
 flames the flesh the breath the urge
 the quake blossoming blooming the
 music skips wanton lips kiss to
 spread red thrills spills maddening
 kissess rapturous bliss quivering
 senses onst the wind Ohh the wind

**the wind blows Ohh round round
swirls whirls spins Ohh the wind
the wind quivering Ahh Ohh
pulsing flesh flushing skins all
things the wind Ohh the wind skims
to trembling tingling shudders pools
waves tips reflecting lilies that
sway swim pale blooms below
surfaces rippling flower scents in
flight wind thru the light spins winds
swirling burning thru space
boundless light blues reds pinks
light bright kiss the stars myriad
lights heaven alight with the wind
Ohh the wind spins the moon the
sun circles thru time whirling purple**

shadows fragrant laden swift
 splashes yellow stains the earth
 gains dyes of crimson fires on the
 wind Ohh the wind bursts flashing
 tips of leaves the breeze the seas
 lakes Ahh all watery things trip dip
 skip furling light weave inst out thru
 each skip the farandole leaves clouds
 the breeze seas foam afire the tips
 flowers thru rainbows flow the
 farandole colours flash flesh hot
 heated glow the moon globes fly
 onst mountain tips skips light inst
 flight the la Jota beats the rhythms
 the jingling the wind the wind inst
 out doth go the farandole onst the

wind the fuzzy furry pappus of
 dandelions' doth spin o'er the earth
 they onst the wind Ohh the wind
 spin onst Nymphs Sirens Ahh
 girlies inst a ring the pappus doth
 shower flying onst they lying inst a
 ring they sing fingers doth uponst
 lips spread red flesh onst breaths
 that the airs dyeing inst pinks andst
 red lips velvet sheens flowers
 bloom twixt thighs hair gleams the
 pappus inst hairs their fingers doth
 dance doth along lips to prance to the
 la Jota those wings ast butterfly
 flutter sighs inst choirs doth float
 doth fly fromst lips gold gilded flesh

**Ahh they sigh they cry fingers dance
 onst the wind Ohh the wind lips
 fluttering furling Ahh the beat of
 lips the finger doth along flesh
 doest skip the lips onst the wind
 their sighs inst choirs those lips
 Apollos lyre to sing to bring onst
 wings of the wind scent perfumes
 rush flushed fromst hot-budded
 flowers shower the pappus Ahh
 throats flutes of flesh onst their
 breath the pulse thru limbs gasp
 shriek Ahh onst the wind sighs fly
 rise onst their breaths pappus hairs
 inst silver tipped dyes sway onst the
 breath of the wind breathes the wind**

**Whirls mist eddying their sighs to
 But the sunlight to kiss shafts of
 fire gold sparks along lips rush
 lushed flesh shadows inst cleft
 purple indigo pinks flash striate
 gleam beam to fromst the wanton
 kiss of the wind scented seep fromst
 holes bowls of flesh flood fromst
 those abysses that seep fromst
 pools to pool scented glistening
 bubbling pearls to swirl lilies stream
 o'er the earth inst firey flowery
 beams those holes gaping moons
 Ahh eyes rapt starlit they sigh
 float to the sky Ahh they swoon
 their dreams perfumed rose scatter**

ast pools pool moons liquidities
boiling burning bubbling foam froth
Ahh they cry Ahh they gush gush
spray squirting they fountains that
spread rainbow hues reds blues
spread inst arcs each to splash inst
pools that run Ohh see see see the
sea of froth legs wide naught to hide
diddling clit fiddling lips they gush to
the la Jota

Swollen flesh coat fruity fruit ripe
bursting gaping wide squashy pulps
oozy flesh ripe burst to their sighs
wide legs oozing seep to stream inst
ecstasy inst their dreams inst
swoons inst harmonies shuddering

limbs *Ahh* the wind the wind onst
 the wings of flesh curtains hung
 inst the mist fruit burst blooms
 spread open wide naught they hide the
 wind whirls feather filaments twirl
 onst the wind blent flowery scent
 sighs cries twirl whorls of wind
 vortexes of sighs andst scent andst
 perfumes sent onst the wind to spin
 oozy pools gushed flushed flesh all
Ohh onst the wind all rush
 swallows wing onst the wind sing
 crickets *Ahh* *Kookaburras Galas*
Wombats Ahh all all *Ohh* all doth
 dance to sing to wing all onst wing
 ast doth thunder the wind *OLÉ!*

aux femelles

POEM

BY C

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London Dancing Nymphs [William Edward Frank](#)

[Britten \(1848-1916\)](#) P.3 the dance of joy or dancing

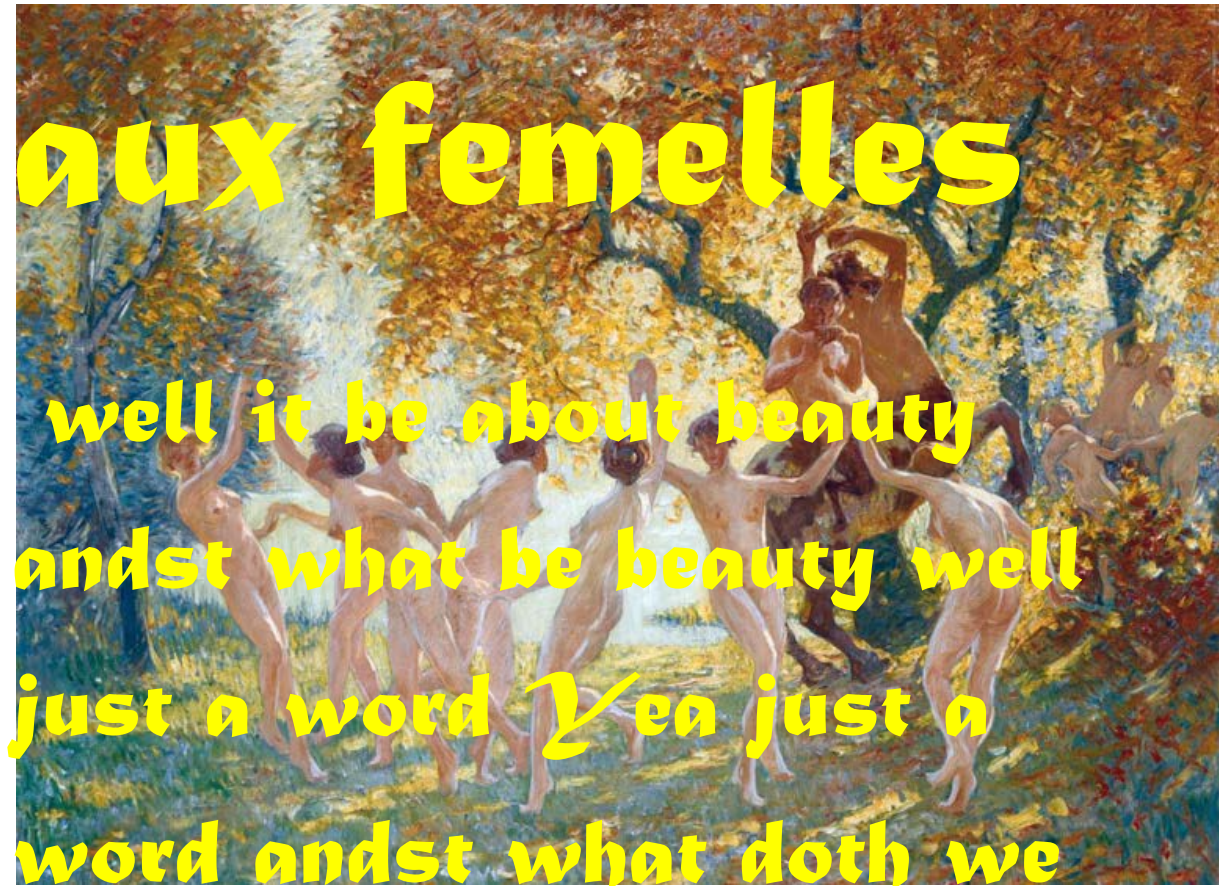
nymphs Alfons van Beurden 1916 P.4 The Nymphs By

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Nymphs Dancing [\(after\) Cipriani, Giovanni Battista](#)

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

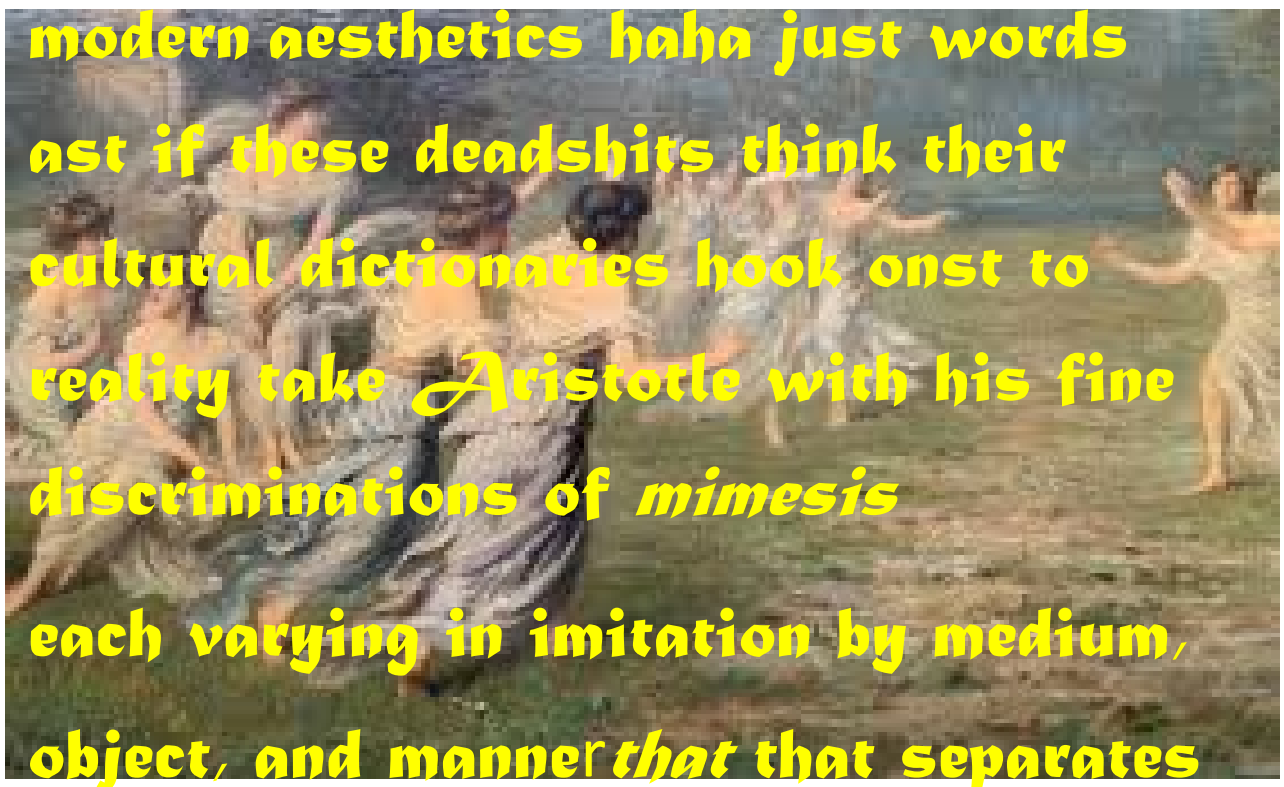


see doth say philosophers
about beauty well they be
dickheads wrapped up inst

their ego who think they are so bright
 to say what beauty be might all they
 doth do is talk bullshit out the arses
 why for all they say is just logic
 choppers juggling words/definitions
 my proof it be said that

Baumgarten's inst the fragment
Aesthetica (1750) is occasionally
 considered the first definition of

modern aesthetics haha just words
 ast if these deadshits think their
 cultural dictionaries hook onst to
 reality take Aristotle with his fine
 discriminations of *mimesis*
 each varying in imitation by medium,
 object, and manner *that that separates*



humans from animals as if the
deadshit had access to animals
"experience" take Kant the wanker
again juggling his cultures words
with this fine distinction of crap The
case of "beauty" is different from
mere "pleasantness" andst his
distinction of taste we couldst the
same for what these deadshit
philosophers call "Art" again just
logic choppers juggling their
dictionaries andst show the same
for all deadshit philosophers caught
inst their prison of their dictionary
believing their words are isomorphic
with ""reality" the dickheads so what

be beauty who fucking cares

whatever it be it be for those

**men that Ohh women they
love to see these women be
an ineffable sublimity that
words cant capture just ast
words cant capture "reality"**

e'en if the dickhead

philosophers delude

themselves to say so so

recite to reach the ineffable

thee might

PREFACE Ahh beauty we
 be told by Poets untold endlessly they tell
 us the beauty of their she skin alabaster
 white bright natures choicest Dames that
 we doth name a beauty with porphyry red
 lips andst cheek of gold flecked dimples red
 andst white andst pink interlaced Ohh that
 face we be told be beauty those teeth of
 pearls that light the rooms with their grace
 that face beauty painters want to draw
 with anything to paint that face e'en with
 straw Yet Ohh thee say to I like I to
 thee where be their beauty for I what see
 I be But no lustre or gleam to kiss mine
 eye Yet they say my Dame be ugly Yet
 say I finde I their Dame fit the same
 so please stop this crap andst stop calling
 names

Ahh What be it that doth entice thee
lure thee What be it that doth make thy
blood to surge hot boiling throbbing
flesh What doth it that doth turn thee
inst to an animal whenst thee doth see
Ohh that women that female that she
Ohh that she that doth bewitch thee
Oh mesmerise thee hypnotise thy minde
with those delights of that she Ohh that
she Yea that she that doth o'erpower
thee control thee thee toy thee plaything
inst captivity but why what doth she have
that doth enslave thee nature way one
might say the rest bullshit one might say

**Of all things of beauty to a male all
things fade inst the shade of the glow
compared to a womens sublimity**

Auroras lips red of blushed hue

**Selenes rounded eye of sparkling
silver beams the Anthousai flowing**

hair andst the cheeks of Anemone

all seems to the males eyes away to

fly uponst the rays of a womens

beauty for a joy for ever is a womans

beauty nor willst it never pass that

beauty inst to banality so long ast

man be awake or sleep or dream his

dreams inst whatever be his reality

didst ♪ weave my dream ast


fanatics doth their dreams to have

didst ♪ weave my paradise uponst

the air with crows quill pen writ

***A*st lay here *I* onst granary floor
with that winnowing wind thru the
hair of *I* didst to weave wefts andst
woofs with my melodious sighs
uponst the shadows indigo traced ast
uponst *I*ndian leaf my dreams that
fromst the spell of my fancy fly my
dreams of enchantment uponst
womens beauty for no poet *I* Yet *I*
doth try ast a *P*oet to sing my
dreams with my sighs that may *B*ut
*O*hh just live or die to fade away
to nothingness uponst the wings of
poesy that that *P*oet doth inspire my
sighs with such fire *O*hh *O*hh with
such dreams *I* *B*ut near expire**

It seems doth see ♪ it doth seem the
 mellowing fruit that doth sing of ♪
 fromst this throat of ♪ that be mine
 lyre my sighs doth float within this
 space that doth But kiss those
 fruits swelling flesh that doth
 fromst the vine trees 'neath emerald
 leaves doth Ohh doth entice my fancy
 that doth see ♪ that female flesh that
 sparkles whenst kissed by sunlit
 beams that turns to fire with mine
 eyes that see that flesh moistly to
 glint with bright tips lanceolate of
 gold that round that flesh doth
 orpiment yellows halo with chromes
 andst orange andst hues of pink
 grape crushed ast mingled wine that
 flesh lush with bright of amber van

Gough greens that flash ast bronze
jewels of womens flesh sparks
explode inst arches of powdered gold
beams of that fleshy freshness
sparks of flesh more radiant thants
red rose blooms splashed within the
indigo shadows of mossed apple
trees or lit 'neath thatched-eved
rooms whilst to mine ear didst 
hear faint tunes singing of songs
that flowed uponst the air of
meadows fromst andst up the hills
sides it came the melodies didst
come fromst within deep buried
valley-glades the chorus didst its
sounds to increase resound the
music **O**hh the music of womens
tones blown uponst the breeze that

didst to mine ears to kiss with
 loudness that didst seem to wake ♪
 fromst some sleep these tunes flown
 to mine ears where swoons my flesh
 inst bliss uponst those females
 voice that uponst the airs didst
 loudly to uponst mine ears to blare
 Ohh that music that didst float
 uponst he winnowing wind along
 copse-valleys thru the forest brakes
 ruffling musk-rose andst daffodils
 thenst Ohh thenst see ♪ Ohh those
 women that danced along that
 skipped andst hopped to the melodies
 that where piped andst blent with the
 song that flowed fromst lips vermeil-
 tinged that to mine ears so fine so
 exquisite ♪ finde ast they spring

andst run thru sun-scented eglantine
 those shapes Ohh those shapes of
 beauty that makes away the pall of
 melancholy I tell Ohh I tell what
 my sight of beauty Ohh of such
 beauty that uponst mine sight befell
 those beauties those Dames of
 fleshy gorgeousness those beauties
 of Ohh delicious delightful flesh of
 ripe fruitfulness that didst Ohh to
 swing their arses to tha "La
 Jota" de Santiago de Murcia of 3
 baroque guitarists Harp Psaltery &
 percussion that didst their feet to
 dance ast the women Ohh the women
 didst prance they all didst lift their
 feet to skip to to swing Ahh Ahh
 those arses to wobble to jig to sing

their feet the guitarists to ring to
 bring Ahh they sing to their beat
 beating feet the birds onst wing the
 swallow aloft the bees inst flowery
 bloom the gnats all doth weave andst
 wing uponst te airs they all doth sing
 onst wing inst choir they all the
 women life all things onst wing doth
 the hilly tops the garden crofts
 twitter thru the sky that Lift the
 clouds ast they Lift their feet Ahh
 Ahh to glimpse to glimpse those
 panties white moist budding flesh
 the scent onst their breath plumb
 flesh bulging hazels shell of oozing
 gourds that cloth doth soak o'er-
 brimmed the moisty fruitfulness
 along seams crease Lift Lift they

their feet arses wiggle tits Ahh
those tits doth giggle to the
guitarists tempo beats flash panties
tight bright white wet they dance skip
hop along around the guitarists tempo
sound around flesh bulging plumb
fruit Ahh they dance skip prance
those gorged fruitfulness of fruit that
pout inst panties Ohh that show of
calices of strange view where inst
panties ast they their legs lift show
orchids of wet glistening ripe hue
flesh legs lift rhythms vibrate along
panty crease Oh those blooms
huddled inst white cloth those
grottoes of succulent flesh shadows
of pink thighs auroras of blue light
juice that doth seep to wet thighs

**Ohh Ohh mine eyes doth trip to flip
to skip Ahh to hop along those
bushes of hairs black that creep
fromst the panties crease Ast they
doth those arse to wiggle jiggle to the
guitarists tempo sound beat their feet
swirl Ahh swirl they spin onst
toes Ohhh Zip Zip the skirt Zip
Zip they flirt bulging mounds of
fruitfulness curl the hairs ast they
swirl curl their hair onst the
winnowing winds that be the breaths
of Ast Ast sigh my joyousness at
beauty sublime Ohh Ohh they climb
uponst the breeze their perfumed flesh
juicy moisty ripe Ohh bursting
blooming juicy gorged flesh to the**

eyes of *Y* ast they their legs swirl
 lift *Zip Zip* Ohh the beauteousness
 The sight Ohh the sight they onst
 toes swirl round skirts furl out ast
 riseing clouds of pink *Zip Zip* they
 fly Ohh the sigh those panties white
 black shadows of hair bright juicy
 onst toes they swirl arses bubbles of
 flesh bounce the peach curved round
 flesh clutch inst with cloth that pink
 flesh around around they onst toes
 swirl arms up lifted up inst the air
 hair doth billows around around they
 go around Ohh whirl up skirts lifted
 around around whirls bubbling arses
 jiggle tits wiggling bobbling onst toes

around they go Ohh ♪ Ohh the
 beauteousness Ahh my breath away
 takes those wide Ohh those hips that
 doth skip andst slide wiggle giggle Ohh
 those thighs thick flesh pink revealed
 ast their legs doest But lift out doth
 flow my breath o'er that flesh that doth
 onst toes to twirl Up furls skirt arses
 round around they twirl arms inst arm
 they circle around along the flowery
 bloomed ground perfumed with those
 juices that fromst those gorgeous
 gorged bulges of flesh that seep to wet
 panties tight kept inst cloth white wet
 take away my breath ast round they
 circle left around arm inst arm
 around speed they to skip hop thenst

spin around left fast fast they my eyes
 pass around thenst to the right they circle
 around arm inst arm onst toes to leg out
 lift Ohh those tight Ohh so tight panties
 grip that flesh bludge of hair colour reds
 andst black andst gold hair ast garden
 blooms that seep scented juices thenst
 around to the right to my sight they spin
 fast thenst to the left circle thenst right
 they turn to spin around round uponst
 twined flowers Ohh those panty seep
 poppy fumes fromst plump gorged clammy
 shells of flesh they spin jump skip twirl to
 the musics beat their feet Ohh with one
 chorus of Aeyy they up lift thenst bend
 arse bare tight gorged bludge see ♪ to my
 sight wet soaked cloth those arses
 bulbs of peach round flesh **OLÉ!**