

**Ode from Old
Age**

**Poem by c
dean**

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Publishers introduction

***Ah dean a masturpiece once
again that the left brain again
have no clue they cast their
slanders and insults like snot
flicking fromst their noses Ahh
like Shelly once didst say in
praise of Keats Ahh these base
and most unprincipled
calumniators who screech the
praises of works that will end in
obscurity Ahh what contempt
thee hast dean for those left
brains who in their venal good
natures like those who saw the
parallels betwixt Mr Milman
and Lord Byron canst see past
the narrow minds and sycophantic***

**tastes these literary prostitutes that
 lick the arse of fashion thee dean hast
 of them no time to care or spend in the
 reading of their bigoted views and like
 poor old Keats dean thee willst be
 shunned by thy contemporary age
 but
 but
 dean thee hast the last laugh for dean
 couldst not care a fuck for them or
 posterity for dean for
 dean doth not want to be of their tribes
 coteries or cliques
 and cares even less for the publics
 views
 for he to all and sundry up turns his
 arse and brown eye farts
 nay
 better still on podium to my audience on
 ♪ piss**

Preface

**Oh aged soul don't go to poppy
juice or hashish's soft fumes do
not go to soma or anti-
depressants dark gloom look look
in the meadowlands and orchards
sweet scented perfumes and feast
thy eyes upon young flowers just
new and fruit ripe for plucking
drink not of Wolf's-bane or
hemlocks witchery but drink the
beauteousness of flowery forms
and taste with slaverling lips the
fruits soft pulpy core and fromst
these fountains of youth burst
into new life that
Withered hand withered leaf
presst to petals like rosy cheeks**

**The sun doth burn in the noon day
 sky it doth burn molten I doth
 say it doth flow down in streams
 of light like glass burning o'er the
 old flesh of I a fire hot with
 passions desires**

**These lips that long for ripened
 fruit long for to lick along some
 orchids dewy lips curved Oh to
 watch some blossoms open to the
 eyes light of I Oh to watch
 some fruit turn red with the lust
 of my breath Oh to lay the tongue
 of mine 'mongst those petals pink
 of hot flesh Oh those blooms
 that throb with heat wet with the
 dew of some virginal morn that
 may the tongues tip of I along the**

petals curve couldst creep to feel
 their touch soft like silken flesh
 with this

Withered hand withered leaf
 presst to petals like rosy cheeks

Oh
 for those sunny days doth √ doth
 say full of sunlight like pink mist
 that curled round flowery blooms
 that licked fruit ripe upon the
 bough Oh whenst apples round
 didst hang didst hang red ripening
 virgin fruit so tasty sweet held
 tightly in this

Withered hand withered leaf
 presst to petals like rosy cheeks

Oh

**Those fruits that swell full of
 oozy juice oozy pulp that squishes
 on the lips of ♪ those fruits
 plump and round those virgin buds
 that burst upon the sunny light
 taut little buds spikes of reddish
 light that in the mouth of ♪ they
 like *Keats with strenuous
 tongue burst Joy's grape
 against my palate fine Ohhh
 Ohhhhh* those flowery blooms
 o'er-brimmed with nectar oozy that
 drips drips upon the slaverling lips
 of ♪ ♪ drunken be upon the
 fruity fumes that like sluts the
 blooms compete with bees and ♪
 for our lustful touch Oh howest
 these blooms and colored hued**

fruit do fill the balls of *J* with
 hot boiling sap and maketh the
 cocks knob plump like some purple
 plum to swell the head like a
 gourd full o'er-flowing with
 sticky goo to the root that swells
 e'en more to all those flowery
 things that bringeth to their velvet
 throats all the bees and me that
 touch with this
*W*ithered hand withered leaf
 presto to rosy cheeks
*O*h
*T*he odors of those flowers come
 which kiss this withered flesh
 with breaths of perfume sweet
 which kiss this withered flesh
 fromst which the color hast gone

and bringeth back colored hues
 that glow upon this shriveled
 aging flesh that rests upon those
 petals folds that rests upon those
 petals folds ast baby rests upon
 its mothers breast Oh Ohhhh
 those scent revive ♪ cry lust
 breaths breathes in my soul its
 loud resounding note be ast lust
 shouldst be cast fromst this flesh
 with hot and scorching breath life
 floweths in this flesh of mine
 nourished by the earths dainty
 harvest of scented blooms and
 myriad fruits hued Oh this life
 in ♪ be all due to those born of
 the earth divine that throws about
 this flesh of ♪ that wealth that

dost sustain √ fromst thee
 Ohhhh fair hued fruits like babe
 fresh born thee around this flesh
 throws a wreath of immortality
 that floweth fromst thee earth thy
 ripe and scented divinities
 With blooms and fruits
 interwoven into deep hues sweet
 scented and tasting sweet thee all
 leap around √ dancing with
 succulent delights Ohh earth art
 given by thee all these succulent
 divinities for my delightful lustful
 ecstasies
 Yet
 Yet

sit ♪ upon some schoolyard bench
 or some coffee shops soft seated
 stool
 or at some workplace full of
 fools and linger ♪ in melancholies
 languor no need for poppies juices
 or the poison of Wolf's-bane nor
 the soma of doctors sorcery anti-
 depressants that kills the soul
 with fish eye glaze in some money
 making game no need for all these
 drugs that be all the same
 no no
 for ♪ to gaze upon the fruit that
 be like small balls small globes of
 soft light to gaze upon those
 flowers that flutter in the breeze
 that flutter petals pink curves or

wet dewy folds that upon my gaze
 do hold then bid I adieu to pain
 nigh turning ageings acheing pains
 to pleasure ast bees do sip within
 the hidden flowery depths Oh joy
 doth with hands at his lips bids I
 to come and leave veiled
 melancholy and say to ageing
 adieu and the soul of I doth taste
 of delightfulness at these flowery
 sights that be among life trophies
 sweetly hung and do I glut my
 senses upon flowers that drip like
 fruit whose juices slip along the
 red curve of my lips which
 imprison those soft fruits that I
 which upon sup I sup deep and
 deeper upon those succulent folds

then I exult in my new lifes
 gayness rambling in the meadows
 and orchards of life free of cares
 and sadness the soul of I leaps
 with earths bounteousness and
 keeps this flesh of I with lust
 alive watching those delicate
 blooms exotic flowers how great
 be my delight to see those petals
 curiously formed and decked in
 shadows multitudinous hues too
 stare at those splendors in
 schoolyard or beaches hot filled
 days Ohhh how be I be lost in
 a rapturous dreams to dream
 whilst bathed in those musky
 scents and honeyed juices fumes
 Ohhhh it be the scent of hothouse

**flowers sent fromst along the
 flowers puffy folds the scent sent
 fromst deep within the velvet
 softness of hidden mysteries not
 musk or nenuphar nor amaranthus
 these scents be more heady more
 heady than poppy fumes scent
 more heady than Morpheuss
 languorous sleep this scent that
 seeps fromst those crevices deep
 that scent that on the air doth
 slowly to my lips creeps that upon
 ♪ doth with tongues tip snake like
 licks**

**Ohhhhhh these odors that circle
 the flesh of ♪ this flesh sparkles
 with new life ast if of speed ♪
 hath drunk sparkles with life with**

**these fruits and flowers to the
sight of ♪**

but

then

then

see ♪ this

**Withered hand withered leaf
presst to petals like rosy cheeks**

And

**dark melancholy grabs ♪ by the
throat and death see ♪ not to far
in front smiling ast it beckons ♪**

**and the soul of ♪ doth ache and
the flesh of ♪ doth quake and
despondency oozes thru the mind**

**of ♪ and all these fruits and
blooms fade away dissolve
evaporate and fromst my throat**

**comes sighs and groans the sunlit
day fades into darkest night all
about turns pale all corruption
'neath this darkly shroud and
creepy things crawl along the
barren earth and slimy things
creep e'er my feet and I fall into
a nightmare sleep where meaning
turns to meaninglessness and all
things become absurd and in mine
ear still death hear I calling
calling with waves beckoning I
all life be emptied of all things
and I pain in my unhappiness
and there be no beauty in this
souls darkly night and pine I
pine who hath no to-morrows only
ageing flesh o'er hanging the abyss**

**with all its sorrows the earth be
 hard and dark a graveyard all
 beauty gone and I be a living dead
 upon which no beauty shone and
 into the darkness deep my cries
 and groans fade forlorn I be
 buried in this living hell
 whenst see I this
 Withered hand withered leaf
 presst to petals like rosy cheeks**

But

Yet

Yet

**A flowery scent sent to the nose
 of I out of this gloom and it
 ripples o'er this soul of I and it
 caresses this flesh of I and light
 and it pulls back the darkly**

shroud and light light burst o'er
 the sky tearing apart the darkly
 gloom light shafts of crimson pink
 and purple hues soaked the airs
 to my view and earth was coated
 in a gorgeous robe of colors new
 and Ohhhh Ohhhh flowery
 blooms budded around the feet of
 ♪ and shimmering fruits didst
 hang o'er the head of ♪ and in
 the light saw ♪ death turn away
 fromst be and walk forlorn away
 with sad moan and about ♪
 bloomed lilies languid for a kiss
 and roses and eglantine and all
 manner of blooms that waved their
 petals fluttering perfume scent
 and all the fruits didst glow and

**shine little balls of light soft
filling the hand of ♪ and
streaming strands of light didst
fromst the sun flow and a
beauteous splendor of meadow
lands and orchards didst burst
upon the land and the soul of ♪
durst bud into roses true and the
soul of ♪ durst flame with lust a
passion burning new Ohhhh
pressed ♪ my lips to a yellow
golden bloom and thunder and
light flooded o'er my soul the
flesh of ♪ in rapture at that kiss
and on that blossom didst ♪ drain
the fountain of youth and the soul
of ♪ be reborn in a thousand
splendors of delight and ♪ durst**

**drink fromst that flowery cup
 unfathomable dreams and didst ♪
 lay in the hands of ♪ to feel to
 touch to caress those fruits of
 deliciousness and didst feel ♪
 their warmth into the soul of ♪
 flow and feel their tremulous
 delight 'neath fingertips of ♪
 Ohhhhh bathe ♪ in all this
 loveliness all this beauteousness
 and
 to kiss ♪ into rapture
 and
 to caress ♪ into bliss lingering
 on a languorous kiss
 and
 to together these fruits and
 flowery blooms and ♪**

**fused into the eternity of bliss
Ohhhhhh joy thee seeps into the
soul of ♪ flowers at my feet and
fruits hanging high my soul
trembles at their beauty and my
soul ignites with lust fires and
youth bursts into bloom**

♪sbn 978187634735 ♪