

# Penone & Paris

POEM  
BY  
DEAN





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<http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press> Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia 2023 FP: " Paris and Oenone" (1694) Adriaen van der Werff (1659–1722) INFC: Detail of "Paris and Oenone" (1737)) Jacob de Wit (1695–1754) Page3: "Paris and Oenone" (c 1655), Reyer Jacobsz van Blommendael (1628–1675) P.6 "Paris and Oenone" Agostino Carracci (1557-1602)

PUBLISHERS

INTROD

UCTION

So what be this

Penone &

Paris well let we

say what it be to tell thee

**Well it be not first we  
shallst say a work like of**

**Bacchylides Pseudo-  
 Apollodorus Lycophron,  
 Alexandra Parthenius  
 Strabo Quintus Smyrnaeus  
 Ovid Thomas Heywood  
 William Morris Laurence  
 Binyon**

**Or god forbid Alfred,  
 Lord Tennyson for all these  
 lays be but again dumb ass  
 males with no idea of the  
 mind let alone the soul of a  
 female they sing pompous  
 songs about the tragedy of**

**Genone &**

**Paris** Yet do not get

just howeth didst feel

**Genone** about this

for females be but

inconsistencies of emotions

they canst contain within

their souls both hate andst

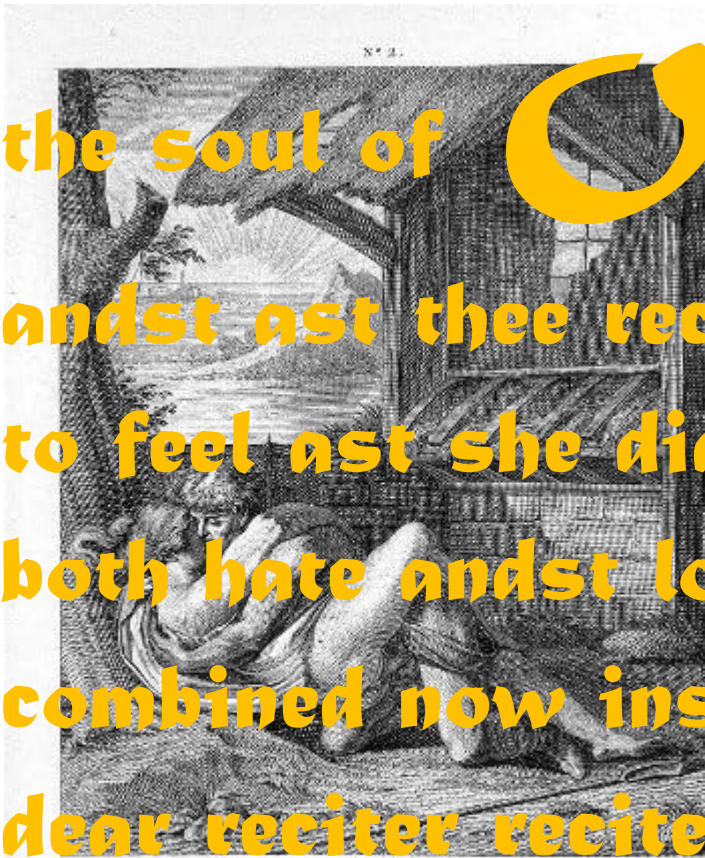
love for a he which all

these singers hadst no idea

andst do not tell us the true

**tale of this tragedy for only  
 a male that doth love females  
 to talk with them to hear  
 their woes their tales their  
 reality so dear reciter recite  
 this proem a andst enter into**

**the soul of Oenone  
 andst ast thee reciter become  
 to feel ast she didst feel  
 both hate andst love  
 combined now inst thy flesh  
 dear reciter recite on andst  
 come alive**



PARIS ET OENONE.

**PREFACE** The female  
 jilted in love Ahh what  
 vicious creature she may be  
 with thoughts of vengeful  
 fancies with dreams of evil  
 intent webs wrought of  
 deadly poisons that fromst  
 her hart streams that she  
 inflicts upon that scum that  
 she indites for love bought  
 with lies his ruin is but  
 sought to which her desires  
 fly Yet love in she may not  
 die Yet she his death desire

The tale be told that the daughter of the  
 river god Cebren or doth some say  
 Oeneus either way she be linked to the gift  
 of wine andst prophecy andst healing well  
 she andst with the . "protector of men" didst  
 fall inst love inst Arcadia andst didst marry  
 with a child named Corythus andst didst live  
 happily till this "protector of men" didst win  
 ast a prize the most beautiful female inst the  
 universe andst thenst didst run off with she  
 to Troy leaving abandoning dumping that  
 child andst she that he didst say he loved  
 she so he didst become mortally wounded to  
 which this nymph didst not help andst she  
 stood by his pyre andst this be what she  
 didst say to he ast he didst burn



**Burn thee scum of the earth roast thy  
flesh of filth that carcass that didst  
give all lies to birth too to rot inst death  
thy soul to stink the earth with thy  
breath that fromst thy flesh the fumes  
doth the sun to darkness to cloak thee  
vile piece of scum that ♪ willst with  
glee to place the lips of ♪ to that pyre  
andst breathe out my breath that the  
flames do reach higher to thy flesh  
heated hot scorching fires that burst  
alight fromst this hate of thee fromst  
me that with this kiss of ♪ of my  
distain that ♪ willst e'en inst thy death  
giveth thee pain that e'en in death thee  
all torment do gain that doth strum  
along thy flesh thee filth thee scum**

**Yet I doest recall our days of youth  
 whenst our eyes of love shone brighter  
 thanst the sun ast round about our feet  
 didst rabbits andst sheep didst run ast  
 we didst skip to the pipes of shepherds  
 ast light didst kiss lush grass to flicker  
 shimmering emerald-like that didst light  
 our eyes flashing eyelids fringed with  
 golden drops of fire to hear thee whisper  
 inst my ear that thy love if shouldst fail  
 thenst let the Xanthus flow back Ohh  
 those words didst the river of love of I  
 that didst to make to flood to make my  
 hart to thud to resound along long  
 valleys andst purpled shadowed hills  
 that didst quiver the nymphs with thrills  
 andst Oh the birds with glorious trills**

**Spit J on thee thee piece of shit**  
**that this pyre upon which thee doest lie**  
**be inflamed fromst my spit that these**  
**pains that J didst fromst thee gain be**  
**upon thy flesh that for eternity willst**  
**not quit for for all thy boast thy crap**  
**that thee didst do J But be spin to J**  
**for Backward flows not Xanthus but**  
**the love juice of J didst to flow back to**  
**its fount to dry that stream to parch**  
**those lips that fromst naught drips that**  
**once for thee didst flood the panties of**  
**J with my love for thee that now doest**  
**flood forth andst But doest turn to spit**  
**that J now VEE with glee doest pour**  
**uponst thy flesh of filth all my hate**  
**fromst these my lips my venom drips**

**Yet I doest see Phoebus that  
 chariot ride thru the heavens lighting  
 the sky inst deep yellow tints andst  
 of pinks that doest kiss our cheeks  
 ast we do kiss each lips roses red  
 perfumed fromst our love that the fire  
 fromst our eyes do But spark andst  
 glint golden inst those honey jars  
 pressed fromst those bees lips that  
 sips the juicy marc whilst ast our  
 lips to lips be blent the sheep do baa  
 andst the cows too moo inst dales  
 lit with flowers bedewed rippling  
 petals with rain bowed gleam that  
 streak along the water streams like  
 rives of light cascading golden like  
 threads of silk whilst pressed lips to  
 lips we kiss tongues tip to tips**

**Shout ♪ with gall more furious  
 thanst Erinyes cries doest speake ♪  
 with this wrath that doth hold my  
 hart in thrall that with these curses  
 thy limbs to breake andst with each  
 crack my lips to smile shall that my  
 tongue shallst lash thy flesh with  
 deep hurt that thy pains e'en inst  
 death shallst not die that thee inst  
 agonies unstedreamed shallst lie  
 uponst thy pyre inst thy hell inst  
 thy hell where all doest hear thy  
 cries that Ohh Ohh ♪ long to keep  
 with this spel of curses ♪ heap upon  
 thy flesh thee piece of shit upon  
 which doest war my hate with no  
 constraint that none doest to thy  
 plaint do come for that be my bliss**

**Yet doest see still √ the shepherd  
 with that flock of sheep in  
 joyousness to keep 'neath purpling  
 clouds that float high where 'neath  
 run brooks andst streams that above  
 the wandering breeze doth carry the  
 sighs of we happily our echoes of  
 joy doest the meadows flood that be  
 perfumed with fuliginous light  
 twinkling upon the berries blue hued  
 like dancing nymphs drunk upon the  
 tunes of Pan cicadas sing that  
 with our sighs doest fan the zephyrs  
 with music the world alit with  
 joyous sound for Ohh for each hast  
 each inst each its love hast found**

**Burn you prick burn let the breath  
 fromst my lips thy flesh to lick in  
 death thy flesh to putrid ooze to form  
 Yet let thee wake fromst death to hear  
 my soul to curse thee with spit that  
 awakes inst death the pain of these  
 flames that doest fromst my hart doest  
 insto agonies horrors thy flesh to  
 wrinkles to gain that doest dance along  
 thy limbs ast √ my disgust of thee  
 doest into paine thee doest complaine  
 inst wretchedness awake inst death the  
 vapours of my breath doest make thee  
 cry inst death that be **B**ut music sweet  
 more sweeter thanst the tunes of  
**E**uterpe do joys do bringeth to me ast  
 √ doest the writhing of thee √ do see**

**Yet do I see still the nymphs that  
 Satyrs to chase to catch to love  
 whilst the birds do sing andst  
 blooms inst meadows doest glow ast  
 like gems of many pearls lit gardens  
 of flames that flash ribbons of light  
 across the sky fires bright like  
 violet-eyes or eyes of tinted fruits  
 amber sparks sulphur luminescent  
 blooms that flicker inst the wings of  
 birds above whilst 'neath in vat of  
 grapes we he andst me cling arm to  
 arm with dancing feet the grapes  
 doest crush to feel the juice squeeze  
 thru our toes so sweet to laugh andst  
 kiss ast the juice thru our toes seeps**



**Ahh death beeth too good for thee thee  
 pig that doest lie upon the pyre whose  
 burning flesh of filth doest But light  
 the light to mine eye thy shrivelling  
 flesh of filth brings glee to my sight  
 viewing thee that once wast beauty to  
 behold now with delight see √ thy flesh  
 horrors to delight √ let thee stink pig  
 fromst thy vile lies that be But these  
 fumes that doest rise inst torments that  
 hope √ thee doth quiver inst turmoyles  
 torn limbs that burst fromst my wrath  
 andst inst pain thee with no respite be  
 my wroth upon which inst lieu of thy  
 faithlessness √ bond with thee with  
 this my troth**

**Yet doest I see still 'neath the burning  
 sun our flesh heated fire our blood onst  
 fire limbs to limbs entwined inst love  
 'neath that tree thee didst my name  
 engrave 'neath vines of grapes andst  
 trees of fruit ast within the leaves doth  
 Dear Eros with his quivering bow doth  
 smile to watch our flesh to flesh  
 mesh glistening ast the breeze doth  
 carry our sighs that waft perfume to  
 rustle the grass andst quaver the leaves  
 ast fruit doth burst ripe figs to drip  
 nectar sweet ast flowers do open wide  
 to froth scent ast the trees sap doth rise  
 to our sighs the birds do sing our love  
 for each to bring**

**Vile filth pour I onst thee this venom  
 of mine hart that hast bred upon thy  
 lies thy onst thy faithlessness fed andst  
 with mine art withhold I andst spit  
 onst thee my viper brood that doest tear  
 thy flesh apart andst tell I thee that**

**If Corythus to save fromst death for  
 not I to spit onst thee**

**If Helen the place to take inst that  
 contest for not I to spit onst thee**

**If thy love to return to I for I not to  
 spit onst thee**

**Vile thing piece of shit I wouldst  
 But spit onst thee andst lose ALL  
 that be dear to me my looks my youth  
 my loves All that I canst see thy  
 flesh putrid rot dissolve fromst my spit**

**But Ohh But look there doth he lie alone the  
 flames do lick like what wast my heated kiss  
 inst those day long ago Ohh Ohh look there  
 doth he lie alone Ohh what crap I hast spoke  
 for ast those flames doest rise the hart of I  
 doth melt andst upwell inst tears that doest  
 fromst my eyes doest flow Ohh Oh he alone  
 doth lie andst here hear I cry for thee forrr  
 thee memories doest return andst doest**

**Thy kiss remember I**

**Thy lips do still touch the lips of I**

**Thy smile doest I see still now**

**Andst doest do my hart to melt again for Ohh  
 thy kiss upon my cheek I hast felt in memories  
 bliss of thee my love my love my wrath doest  
 dissolve alone my love hast I loved thee all  
 along all along my love thee hast I loved so  
 fling I upon the pyre for inst death we belong  
 ours souls in the smoke blent to one inst love**