



Genoethea

Doem by c

Dean

Oenothera

Poem by e

Dean

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fp **Valentine Bartholomew (1799-1879)**

Still life with red poppy and white roses in a vase, surrounded by grapes, apples and a pomegranate

publishers

introduction

***Ahh dean thou dost do it once again
what doth thy***

Oenothea

**mean is it philosophy psychology or
poetry perhaps just painting we just see
be thy work be a commentary on Hegels
"Logic The science of being" or
perhaps Fichtes "Logique
transcendantale" or perhaps Schellings**

**"System des transcendentalen
Idealismus" or be thy**

Oenothea

**mean that which be based on Lacans
ethics of psychoanalysis "Man's desire
is the desire of the Other" we desire
to be recognised by the Other what we
desire is the desire of the Other the
thing the Other lacks. or perhaps thy**

Oenothea is a

**commentary on Rossettis
translation of Fazio deglie Umberti
or perhaps his "Body's Beauty"**

**Ahhh perhaps it be the visual
 painting images of "Lady Lilith"
 and "Bocca baciata" depicting the
 "perilous principle" what ever it be
 perhaps the clue is what the poppy
 and white rose symbolise or be thy**

Oenothra be just

decadence divinified be thy

Oenothra just

**literary porn a work to titillate to get
 horny be to be randy on heat perhaps
 naught but fluff naught but navel lint**

**but then in thy words sonorous
mellifluous hear *♪* tones melodies of
the human condition o'er indulged on
sensations o'er stimulated on excess**

be thy *Genothea* like

**most decadent prose a cautionary tale
for the modern world with just a tint of
*Keats***

preface

**we in the mirror gaze but thru a haze
we see obliquely**

**all the world be a mirror to see but
only the reflection of we in the mirror
all we discover is just we in the
mirror if we see we unravel the webs
and nets that we hast weaved
knoweth thyself sayeth the oracle
sayeth ♪ it be in the mirror if thee
canst see that thee willest knoweth
thyself**

Look look in mirror ♪ Oenothera
midst hunping jars bursting with
poppies nacreous and roses white like
liquid moonlight wafting fumes o'er
prints of Poroconetes in encrusted
frames each edge gilded with enlaced
serpents and spiders each with eyes of
black diamonds like spider eyes of
India ♪ Oenothera who turns stone to
water who puts out the stars in red
luculent bright light into the mirror of ♪
doth stare to see

eYes my pupil turquoise black iris
poppy red luculent bright light melting

into my sclera white like white rose in
 red luculent bright light into the mirror
 of ♪ doth stare to see

Alencon lace bordered pink silk panty
 bulging corners of pilosity flaming red
 pulling ♪ back the seam to see

Ahh that cunt of ♪ white rose those
 phosphorescent lips petals hot white
 clouded in diamond mists of randyness
 look that moonlight weaves rainbows
 thru a million billion prisms of
 diaphanous dew to view

cum ye Zuhds Bhikkhus cum ye
 Munis and Sannyasis come ye Yogis
 breathe in the breath of ♪ cum cum
 Encratites Ashkenazi Hasidim and

**Ebionites and look upon me the face of
 ♪ the divine Oh cum all ye girlies
 with dry cunts cum all ye old maids
 with clit flaccid with dolorous sighs
 cum ye cum ye all sup upon this cunt of
 ♪ drink thy fill wet thy lips with
 perfumed poppy juice perfumed stain
 thy lips sunset red with desires fires
 instilled by ♪ Ahh look upon that cunt
 of ♪ that diaphanous pool luminous
 diamantine gate thruet which thee
 cummeth to paradise that luminous
 voluptuousness lascivious
 succulenteness drink that dynamogenic
 fluid to satyrs and fauns and capripeds
 and nymphomaniacs become**

look at that white flesh well formed
 curves delightfulness look at that round
 cunts hole bottomless abyss of all
 desires look at that cleft of flesh that
 slit of crimson luculentcy no witchery
 couldst that have made no Polyclitus of
 Argos couldst form more beauty than
 Hera feast thy eyes devour that
 sumptuousness to have that flesh twixt
 thy lips twixt thy mouth caught in one
 long languid suck to leave thy mark
 upon that flesh with thy lips in one
 lascivious bite in that mirror of fleshy
 beauty Oh howeth thee wildest on that
 cunt be absorbed in its sensual
 loveliness with the cunts curve upon thy
 lips to burn thy mouth with the
 fluttering flesh butterfly wings on fire
 gleaming in thy eyes that ravishing flesh

of poppy breath absorb thee in ♪ in thy
selfs annihilation absorb thee in ♪ the
little death thee in ♪ reborn Ahh look
thy eyelids flutter thy pupil opens to the
loveliness of ♪ thee doth see what
others doth hide that cunt that cunt of ♪
upon which thy lust doth ride all the
universe see thee in that flesh the stars
the planets soar along through thy mind
thru thy mind to paradise thine eyes
fixed on the cunt of ♪ where all
heavenly joys reside that cunt a rose
white in bloom gaping mouth of
randyness embossed upon thy mind that
cunt kiss thee like thee kissing the lips
of *Bocca baciata* that kiss to bringeth
fortunes good upon those lips that like
the moon renews itself with each kiss
with each bite look that curly hirsute
mesh red entangles thy lips those

**threads that enthrall thy flesh look at
 that cunt dew like pearls liquefying sip
 that liquidity let it floweth within taste
 that scent let it penetrate thy soul with
 the lusting for ♪ let ♪ penetrate thee
 with the beauteousness of ♪ let thy
 desires be caught in the nets mesh of the
 cunt of ♪ let my cunt close tight
 around thee like a magic purse soft as
 moonbeams caught in the cunts hair of
 ♪**

cum ye all

♪ turn water to stone

♪ turn on the stars

♪ turn flaccidity to turgidity

♪ turn frigidity to lascivity

Passed the lips of ♪ paradise resides

All joys there be within the cunt of ♀

**Look look into that fleshy eye of
swollen desire let the lust of ♀**

penetrate thee to the core of thy being

**Look upon that rose white penetrate
that corolla of pleasures inconceivable
that perfection of fleshly beauteousness**

wrapped in the splendour of its

sublimity ♀ be the abyss ♀ be

emptiness fill ♀ with thy desires fill ♀

with thy dreams fill ♀ up with thy

fetishises see ♀ thru thy eyes and ♀

will enchant will mesmerise to be thy

reality to be thy enchantress thy body

sets ♀ on fire thy body enflamed for it

is thy desire that feeds ♀ and ♀ reflect

back ♀ ast seen by thy eyes all see ♀ in

**the mirror of ♀ is what thee reflects
back to ♀ of thy desire for ♀ empty am
♀ of all except thy desire for ♀ whose
reflection in the mirror of ♀ be the
perpetual reflection of thy of thy desires
beyond the mirror not ♀ care for sit ♀
sit ♀ for eternity tiering not at my
reflection of ♀ enchanting thee feeds me
for thy soul ♀ turn thy flesh to flames
for thy soul ♀ turn thy flesh to
quivering pulp
cum all ye limp impotencies
cum all ye cold frigidities
look in to my mirror and burn with thy
gaze on ♀ look into that darkness look
into that abyss let the void envelop thee**

let the void enchant thee with thy own
imaginings with thy own desires
reflected back to thee let thy flesh burn
on what thy gaze sees into being cometh
♪ on thy gaze fromst the cell of non-
being cometh ♪ into being fromst
nothingness into being cometh ♪ fed on
thy desires that ♪ enchant in thee
♪ am being all that ♪ shall be for with
out the mirror naught becomes me
cum all ye limp impotencies
cum all ye cold frigidities
impute to ♪ thy desires
looketh upon those succulent lips
terrible in their lusciousness lay back
thy head satiated upon the look of ♪

**with thy languid eyes look at the
glorious beauty of ♪ delight repose
with passion upon thy lips and reach
reach out for to grasp to clasp on the
flesh of ♪ be ♪ thy mistress and thee
my slave enthralled in the enchantment
of ♪ lift up thy lips and suckkkkkk
fromst that pink rimed cunt hole that
poppy juice and in euphoria fly cry cry
with languor ardent in exultant felicity
in the enchanting beauty mesmerising
luxuiantsty of ♪ the sublime
luxuriousness of the voluptuous cunt
flesh enlaced in the sumptuous threads
of cunt hair poppy red all crystallized in
♪ by thy desires for ♪ thy desires
ignite fires on my voluptuous flesh**

**sends heated quivering thru thy limbs
 thy limbs with stimulations excess but
 no satiety commeth to thee for be ♪
 with no love for thee my beauty be
 without careing but yet instils in thee
 passions fires that drive thee mad sends
 thy flesh into raptures fromst the cold
 stare of ♪ into mirror gazing at ♪ see
 ♪ with languorous absorption on ♪
 ♪ see ♪ on ♪ that cunt white rose
 blooming the excess of flesh abundant
 the curve of those lips along trace ♪
 with finger dipped in poppy juice that
 mass of hair full of witchery along
 those folds animated with thy desires
 Ahhh Oh howest lovely be ♪ Ohh**

howest desired feel ʃ ʃ be

contemplative of ʃ upon ʃ

all ye limp impotencies

all ye cold frigidities gazing on ʃ

entangle ʃ in the web of thy own

weavings enchant ʃ in the net of thy

own desires but still sit ʃ beyond the

mirror do not ʃ care for sit ʃ sit ʃ

for eternity tiering not at my reflection

of ʃ my sighs be spun gold enchanted

on ʃ be ʃ

cum all ye limp impotencies

cum all ye cold frigidities gazing on ʃ

drink and eat the fruit of ʃ get high on

ʃ addicted to ʃ fill thy flesh in excess

on ʃ cannibalize ʃ intoxicated be thee

on the poppy fluids of ♪ thy eyes burns
 the soft flesh of ♪ ensnares cum ye all
 in euphoria crave ♪ with persistent
 urges long for ♪ dissipated be
 debilitated be thee o'er ♪ at the
 separation fromst ♪ grieving be thee
 with painful longing desires for ♪ ♪
 till wasted thee be fromst ecstasy and
 despair thee till thy withered flesh curls
 up in pain and thee be wilted be one
 more dry rose white petal to on my floor
 lie as ♪ ♪ **Oenothera** who turns stone
 to water who puts out the stars in red
 luculent bright light into the mirror of ♪
 doth stare to see the gorgeous reflection
 of ♪

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***Nihilist √ say some say √ the named
Tao be not the Tao***