



**Genothea**

**Woem by c**

**Dean**

# Oenothera

## Poem by e

## Dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2020

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***

# **Oenothra**

**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 luculency 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 willest 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 ♪ ♪ be

contemplative of ♪ upon ♪

all ye limp impotencies

all ye cold frigidities gazing on ♪

entangle ♪ in the web of thy own

weavings enchant ♪ in the net of thy

own desires but still sit ♪ beyond the

mirror do not ♪ care for sit ♪ sit ♪

for eternity tiering not at my reflection

of ♪ my sighs be spun gold enchanted

on ♪ be ♪

cum all ye limp impotencies

cum all ye cold frigidities gazing on ♪

drink and eat the fruit of ♪ get high on

♪ addicted to ♪ fill thy flesh in excess

on ♪ cannibalize ♪ 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 ♪

**isbn 9781876347309**

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