

Old Age To

Youth

POEM

BY C

DEAN



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fp: "Young Girl Defending Herself Against Eros " William-Adolphe
Bouguereau (1880)

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION N

Ahh this **Old Age**
To Youth

be the solution to **Le**
Roman de la Rose andst
we canst see the irony of
Guillaume de Lorris in
agreement with **Jean de**
Meun it be a rebuff to the

**courtly love andst sings the
praises of Nature where
love be no more than**

**Natures tool to perpetuate
the human race-andst all life
at that – but with a subtlety
that be found in *Le Roman
de la Rose* that love
bringeths both pain andst
sorrow hell andst heaven
simultaneously but
fornication be natural where**

if one follows the *Buddha*
andst burn up desires thenst
the human race willst end
BUT further in denying
Nature we take the path of
repression andst illness ast
exemplified by *Petrarch* who
tried to spiritualize sexual
desire andst ended up
lamenting those early days of
his love for *Laura* which he
didst say were his days of

tempest andst war where he
ended up with shame for this
natural love of he that love
be but a passing dream
andst into illness didst
Petrarch slide defaming his
love ast just the ravings of a
man that callest himself
foul andst unworthy for
what for doing the most
natural of things of falling
in love

PREFACE

Ah my Muse giveth my tongue to
 speak verses sweet to write in ink
 the language of the hart of *J* andst
 thru that door pour forth thoughts of
J o'er this parchment white andst
 with this treasure of my mind giveth
 all andst sundry pleasure be that on
 Elysian plains they lie in bliss to
 these pleasant strains Ahh Ohh
 Muse giveth *J* that voice that sends
 they into mirth where all joys grow
 andst no sorrow knows enraptured
 by these line of *J* writ with Ohh
 Muse the gift of thy wit

Fromst where didst I come

To where am I going

**Tell I will thee a tale food for the
mind to make the thoughts grow in
allegories**

**In the 70th year of my roaming
whenst Love lay dormant in I
andst desire doth wane didst I bent
the steps of I thru winters dew
where the earth be barren of blooms
where trees be barren of leaves
where the air be cold with the light
barren of warmth whenst bent I my
steps o'er a lifeless earth till be
came I to a garden no crenellated**

wall didst surround all around it
 was open to all written above the
 entrance hall in faded azure andst
 tarnished gold entered ¶ to behold
 to hear the sighs of sirens songs to
 hear the sounds of flutes andst
 minstrel tones out of tune the
 jongleurs rotruenge all didst seem to
 ¶ andst all around in some strange
 mix all fused blent each to each didst
 see ¶ the garden be how strange how
 hellish but so heavenly where be
Beauty in Ugliness in Beauty
 ¶t be beauty but ugliness
 simultaneously thenst didst see ¶ a

pool stagnate fetid full of sewage
 that didst stink andst the fumes didst
 maketh I retch whenst didst I look
 into that putrid mess reflected back
 to I was my hideousness whilst all
 about only an Echo didst hear I
 whilst thenst didst see I at that
 foul pools bottom two crystals next
 to each shaped in a V that whenst
 I didst place to the eyes of I behold
 I such mystery for in one the garden
 didst turn to paradise but in the other
 to hell didst the garden be Oh only
 with thy imagination couldst thee see
 what I didst see a marvel unities of
 contrarities to see in the middle of

that garden be seated crowned with
 myrtles withered sat *Love* with face
 painted arsenic white with lips the
 colour of blood clotted amidst rose-
 buds cracked andst dry andst by *Loves*
 side sat *Loves* companions by
Loves companions *Jealousy*
Suspicion Revenge Cruelty whilst in
 the background *Nature* stood with a
 grin ever so sly *But* in the corner of my
 eye *I* didst spy there didst see *I* hid
 'neath a mouldy withered tree starving
 skinny naked of clothes shivering didst
 lay all alone she or a he *Friend* who
 looking at *I* didst sigh didst cry with
 woeful moan these words of *Love's*
seven deadly sins of *Constable* to *I*

Mine eye with all the deadly sins is fraught.
First *proud*, sith it presumed to look so high.
A watchman being made, stood gazing by,
And *idle*, took no heed till I was caught.
And *envious*, bears envy that by thought
Should in his absence be to her so nigh.
To kill my heart, mine eye let in her eye;
And so consent gave to a *murder* wrought.
And *covetous*, it never would remove
From her fair hair, gold so doth please his sight.
Unchaste, a bawd between my heart and love.
A *glutton* eye, with tears drunk every night.
These sins procurèd have a goddess' ire,
Wherefore my heart is damned in love's sweet fire.

**Andst didst friend didst say Ohh
 friend what say I hast caused I to be
 spurned but yet I sigh for thee so ast
 to protect thee fromst the worst those
 feelings that in thy breast thee may
 nurse for in time to come thy turn to
 sorrows that comes fromst that love
 that be but a curse Ahh now those
 rose-buds be sweetened to thy tastes
 andst to thy eyes nectar be those cheeks
 red tinted hues which like a flame
 blazes brightly grows the more thee
 doth love the more the flame doth hotter
 glows upon thy flesh like the crimson
 light purloined fromst sunsets show
 doth colour thy form beauteous to that
 eye thru which love doth see Nature**

clothes thy love in every hue of the
 flowery blooms beauties of all the
 things that be fine to thy blood boiling
 to that love that thee be inclined in
 loves sight it be a spell that thee hast
 beheld *Natures bewitchment on thy*
 love plays enchanting thee upon which
 thy eye stays slave thee be to suffer
Loves tyranny But Ahh such beauty
Love shows to thee painted fresh in
 colours hues such mystery beyond
 words andst poetry to rhyme thy
 beauties fame thy loves beauty sage to
 name to catch in musics heavenly refrain
 all the delights of thy loves praise n'er
 ending toil unending days *As* didst
 say *Astrophel* to his *Stella*

You that do search for every purling spring
Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flows,
And every flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
Near thereabouts, into your poesy wring;
Ye that do dictionary's method bring
Into your rimes, running in rattling rows;
You that poor Petrarch's long-deceased woes
With new-born sighs and denizen'd wit do sing:
You take wrong ways; those far-fet helps be such
As do bewray a want of inward touch,
And sure, at length stol'n goods do come to light.
But if, both for your love and skill, your name
You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to endite.

Ahh my friend this friend of thee
 askest of thee thy ears to lend that of
 my song these sighs for thee intend
 thy mind to awaken andst of thy
 woes to but end beware Love be
 Natures snare to plant in the flesh
 of thee Loves tool to continue
 humanity Love instils in thee love
 with thy love in shadowed grove
 purpling tints that raise the eyes to
 bliss upon that face of thy loves
 ravishing bliss on that face thy eyes
 doth kiss andst beauty grows andst
 shows in the eyes of love Natures
 lair those lips those gems of flesh
 that catch fire fromst thy breath that

flesh those lips kissed into paradise
 leaps thee into bliss enchanted by
Natures art *Natures* slave to love
 tied fromst which thee canst part
 united joined two be but one in love
 two love two hearts that beat andst
 beat ast one *But* what be *Reason*
 says this unities point *Ahh*
Natures tool to continue humanity
Natures tools that bleat *Loves*
 mantra " *I* love thee" that flames
 desire andst fuels the fires humanity
 adores thee before thee out their
 hearts pour they at their idol singing
 these words each longs to hear ast
 sayeth the poet to his *Delia*

Let others sing of knights and paladins,
In agèd accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines
Which well the reach of their high wits records;
But I must sing of thee and those fair eyes
Authentic shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th'unborn shall say, Lo, where she lies,
Whose beauty made him speak that else was dumb!
These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark and time's consuming rage.
Though th'error of my youth in them appear,
Suffice, they show I lived and loved thee, dear

**But my friend the tools of Love be
 but living a hell in heavens realm
 where sorrows mix with pain that
 doth their flesh turn to an icy fire
 andst the light of love that spreads
 its light doth burn the flesh andst
 into ash turn the delights lift up but
 the breast sorrows oppress delights
 in despairs darkness in light Ohh
 these the lover assails 'gainst which
 the lover canst prevail the tools of
 Love caught in the their own
 wrought snare made by Nature
 which they willingly bear till in old
 age to come love wears off andst
 desire doth expire the fog of love**

fades andst then invades the trick that
 Love hast made the fruits of love lay
 around each fruit bearing fruit Natures
 cycling merry-go-round whilst each to
 each the other canst stand the other
 around eyes not meet andst hands not
 touch Love hast had its way ast each
 to each go their separate ways Love
 smiles andst laughs at each to each
 This love be no more thanst what
 Love doth use to create for the species
 to fornicate to survive to be to procreate
 Friend didst its song didst end to
 which said ♪ ♪ completely concur life
 hast taught ♪ this with which Friends
 hand ♪ didst find ♪ grabbed andst we
 ast one the garden left behind