



On The Medusa Of
Michelangelo Merisi da
Caravaggio In The Uffizi
Gallery in Florence
POEM
By C dEAW

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FP. [Caravaggio's 1597 Medusa at Uffizi Gallery](#)

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this On
The Medusa Of

Michelangelo Merisi da

Caravaggio be it not be the
face that poets paint fromst
their consensus trance

dreams full shared

mythologies be this poem be
naught But the ripple of

words thrown up fromst the
poets minde ripples that doth
flow fromst his perfumed

breath that doth see beyond
 the face of things to see the
 Genius of the thing that be
 not the Kantian noumena
 that poor copy of the
 Aristotelian essence But
 more akin to the thing hid of
 Vernon Lee or again
 Walter Paters hedonism
 concerned with the expansion
 andst refinement of the
 power of perception to see a
 thing ast itself as it be
 really as where thee doth

thenst burn like a gemlike
 flame not the perception of
 experience But the
 experience itself stripped of
 all intellectual dross or be
 this poem just a fog-land as
 didst once didst say The
 Athenaeum mere affectation
 for the softest part of thy
 brain only fit for The Hobby
 Horse The Rose Leaf
 The Butterfly The
 Chameleon Ahh be this
 poem where its style be some

knew expressiveness thru a
 corrupt syntax with morbid
 tints inst its composition
 full of overripe fruit full of
 intensified colours ast the
 sunsets glow Ohh be this
 poem be of this she
 inherself be full of hothouse
 blooms with odours
 oppressive that fumes thy
 minde to o'er pages to brood
 inst the purpling shadows of
 an atmosphere sublime seen
 by animists and totemists

PREFACE

Ahhh Dearest reciter thee doth see
 reality thru thy mindes trance that
 consensus view that with maquillage
 doth paint the face of things rouge
 uponst thy glance pearl-powder
 lustrous dyes fromst thy minde
 reality complexioned determines
 what thee finds flesh sweet lilies
 white or lips rose that delights a
 moon silver light a sun golden inst a
 sapphire sky hell or heaven revealed a
 painted veil by the maquillage of thy
 minde that Spiflicate the
 Secernment by thy maquillage to
 conceal

So what doth thee see whenst thee
looks uponst a thing mere
superficiality the qualities ugly beauty
or something in between doth thee
ever see the thing for what it really
doth be doth thee But only see the
categories for the things utility
constructed reality fromst thy cultures
parochiality ist only superficiality the
only thing that doth interest thee
beauty ugly utility ist that all thee doth
see or all thee doth want to see or can
to see if not thee say then how doth
thee to see the thing it ist really to be
perhaps not to see

**Ahhhhhh doth mine feet to stone to
 binde to stone I ast mine eyes doth
 to finde Ohh to see to finde that
 she not horror andst beauty
 combined But Ahh beauty divine
 not grace andst horror to finde But
 that face grace divine which doth not
 mine spirit to stone to incline But
 Ahhh that face that to fire mine
 flesh where doth mine eyes uponst
 thine eyes with shadows of purpling
 hues those lips Oh those lips
 sublime where doth desires shine
 fiery lurid that ignite mine flesh
 with blissful pulsations of life that
 doth arise whenst I doest to view
 that she ast in itself ast she really
 be fromst mine impressions stripped**

of superficial reality the she in itself
 those untranslatable harmonies andst
 melodies that see the innermost she to
 me the Genius of she 'neath the
 apotrepein mask the beauty hid by
 Minerva that doth forbid the profane
 to see those serpents be sentinels o'er
 thy priceless peerless face that mine
 sights hast brought to light Ohh
 Ohhhh the gleaming flow'rets that
 burst fromst thy eyes displayed fromst
 which thy face unspoiled snow-born
 white full of grace sweet exuberance
 lusciousness that mine eyes full bright
 be not recoiled fromst Ahh gleaming
 streaming twining thick to flick hairs
 tips gilded light thy hair Ahh thy hair
 displayed layed bare to mine sight
 bursting flames whenst flesh be heated
 fires andst breath be feverish mad

desires where doth ♪ to dream or to
 see thy eyes of sapphire of the blue high
 sky of emerald green of the deep deep
 ocean seas thy lips Ohh thy lips of
 sunset red or the pink glinting of
 butterfly wings tips thy lips the red of
 blood shed Ahhh what need of words
 of songs or soft singing whenst thy
 flesh of untold gold that of mine soul
 kisses untold the ringing thru the limbs
 of ♪ of passions unfold along thy lips
 thy kisses not die that doth mine soul
 to fly Ahh what need of words need
 ♪ of verse new or of old naught canst
 be told Ohh naught canst be told of thy
 beauty that uponst which mine flesh be
 fed thy locks of shadows black twine
 along mine rhymes to bust mine minde
 to summers heated air to light mine
 souls with roses of spring-time those

locks doth hold the dreams that doth
 thru mine minde revolve tips with gems
 andst pearls that light thy lips with
 fire the breathing airs to heat fromst the
 sighs of ♪ the eyes of ♪ twin bees
 that drop along thy mouths bloom andst
 feed uponst the pulses beat thy eyes
 each the dewy beads that glitter inst my
 minde no breathless pause the eyes
 doest dip to drink to peck to sip the
 watery-beads that seem to drip like
 seeds to enflame desires fires Ahhhh
 all be a gorgeous flowering bloom that
 sheds uponst mine minde thrills that
 canst not be expressed or to still mine
 lips to press uponst thy lips those lips
 mine lips hast met our lips close set
 pressed thy hair to entwine mine flesh
 to creep along to finde thy hair Ohh thy
 hair that sweeps a whirling cloud of

shadows black to kiss the shy to mine
 throbbing sight that lights with mine
 ecstasies thy eyelids by mine eyes
 pressed with mine sighs expressed
 Ahh thy eyes of ♪ hop leaping along
 the curves of thy face non stop the eyes
 of ♪ fluttering kissed by the perfume
 sweet of thy lips hot house blooms of
 opoponax andst frangapani scented flesh
 of thee creeps along mine rhymes
 wrought by thy face by thy grace to
 swoon to ache to make mine flesh to
 quack to make mine soul to soar uponst
 perfumed clouds to fill mine minde with
 lewd thoughts uponst the breath of thee
 ast tropic heat that seeps thru mine
 flesh thy fervent gaze uponst the face
 of ♪ thy hair Ohh thy hair entwines
 mine minde to lace to weave subtle
 dreams all dread to efface to light like

flames around thy head a flowery
 wreath of perfumed hues an orchestra of
 scented tints of myriad sublime hints
 that dance andst spin to twirl to ripen
 inst to fruit thy lips open bloom a red-
 fleshed goblet that uponst I doth sip
 devour with mine eyes Ohh with mine
 eyes thy hair luscious threads hang
 like blooms fromst which the nectar
 drips Ahh Ahh mine eyes to fly
 along that face to caress mine limbs
 with tints of crysolites berls andst
 opalines that doest to stain with hot
 spots that burn mine flesh onst that
 sight Ohh that sight of o'er ripe fruit
 those lips that mouth offered to I that
 tinge with violets Ahh singeth I I
 fly Ohh I fly so high onst the wings
 of heated thoughts flame-like those
 threads of black beauty to flowers

burst to onst mine lips to doest of
 honey taste sweet face fair andst pale
 ast snow flakes burning insto the eyes
 of ♪ those eyes of she like peacocks
 hues of gold andst azue that flicker to
 mine view that burn like suns that
 doth of mine blood to boil to run
 rippling like waves of delight Ahh
 Ahh delight flesh of lilies those eyes
 like moons whi this room that with
 rapture mine flesh to swoon onst airs
 of heliotrope perfumed the light that
 paint those lips with rouge of of pearl-
 powder those cheeks blooms that burst
 insto sparks quivering the blood beat
 melodies of heat breath deliciously Ohh
 rapturously of light those eyes of she
 ♪ see gazes intoxicatingly that wrap
 ♪ up to curl around my mind that cuddle
 ♪ drunken ♪ onst that mouth

**offered to ♪ maddening ♪ reach mine
 lips to the lips of she to kiss maddening
 ♪ a silver tress to kiss the forehead of
 ♪ twined about mine lips ♪ kiss ♪
 her lips to hear her with breathing
 sighs to whisper to ♪**

Thy lips pressed ripen my lips like
 flowery blooms by the sun kissed by
 moonlight the gift of thy eyes kiss the
 eyes of I my sighs drip like nectar
 fromst the syrup of thy kiss uponst the
 face of I plucked fromst thy lips fruit-
 flowers drip along mine lips Ahh long
 hath I looked for that that look long
 hath I looked for that which was not nor
 couldst to be But be to see Ohh to see I
 ast I is truly be long hath I looked with
 mine hart sick where all doth to flee
 away fromst the face of I Yet waited still
 I for that look Ohhhh that look to bring
 spring to mine soul to waste away the
 cold andst grey inst mine shadow-land

to lie to die whilst flowers bloom and
 others kiss kiss doth other lips to kiss
 not of mine Yet thy eyes does to see I
 andst my soul doth to poppies andst
 flowers andst bursting ripe fruit to turn
 to burst for where thee doth kiss I my
 flesh doth ooze scent fromst thy kisses
 soft soft-shed- o'er I sweet doth my lips
 to flare burning eyes thy kiss a spell I
 tell I to caress thy flesh with my scented
 hair the lips to peach-blossom-bloom
 about my face my lips to breed spring-
 flower-fruits fromst thy eyes burning
 flames of I my hart a golden rose that
 with my hair does to bind thy soul
 within the twin'd threads of my lips for
 Ohh for life does to return to I my
 cheeks to burn alive on the wind of thy
 breath sail I for life doth return to I Ahh
 kiss that fruit that juice along thy
 tongues tip to flip I to skip I to fly I Ohh
 to fly come with I kiss I fly eyes to eyes

to fly Ohh drink fromst my flesh suck
 fromst my lips kiss kiss suck the pulp of
 my flesh kiss andst kiss andst kiss
 thirsty I for thy kiss Ahh kiss my mouth
 hungry for thine lips to fly I fly I to too
 life to fire lightening streaks fromst my
 eyes light my locks like candles alight
 flames flash fromst eyes to eyes we fly
 we sigh we Ahh each to each alive hug
 kiss clutch lips to eyes eyes to lips we
 skip we dance we fly I thee we we fly so
 high we drink each we fromst the eyes
 the lips of we

Bite

Bite cherried lips

We bite peach cheeks
 to flight we fly lips to lips eyes to eyes
 glued each to each flesh suck each the
 grapes pears citrons andst dates that

froth fromst our eyes our lips pressed
to pluck fromst each the plums that

drip
drip

to drop 'neath our eyes twin suns to
froth pomegranates along our flesh figs
to eat each our flesh Ahh the wet scents
that flow fromst thy eyes edge that my
eyes my soul doth needs the sweet
smells of thy breath along my flesh that
the eyes of I that track thy tongue that
onst I feeds the smiles of mine fed by
thy kiss the purpling arch of thy lips my
pulses of bliss that the eyes-lids of I
flutter again andst again that draws
the breath fromst the open lips of his
that rise inst curling flesh the fires in
my eyes that be colours sublime of
yellows andst reds flecked with life that
flow fromst my lips of heated sighs that
my lips to thru the edge inst thy mouth

slips to suck the breath that I does to
 breathe out inst sighs bubbles of scent
 of pearls andst golds andst amethyst
 purpling light that the air does to ignite
 inst fires Ahh gaze onst I lest I does to
 die the dancing whirl of thy eyes twine
 about my hairs tips delights giddy turns
 my eyes twines my hair about thy face
 there flower bloom blossoms
 everywhere dance twirl whirl my eyes
 my desires Oh Oh the face of I the moon
 thee does swoon eyes blue through the
 room my eyes pluck gold dust fromst
 thy eyes thy lips the song bird awakens
 my hart bursts with thy eyes dart my
 hairs twine vines where poppy buds
 grapes of Flora the blood floods
 blushes cheeks crushes our lips seep
 thee wine pressed fromst lips kiss the
 end is heaven I tell wherein onst thy lips
 thy eyes I dwell **Roses bloom around**
thy neck lick ♪ with mine tongues tip