

Orioles

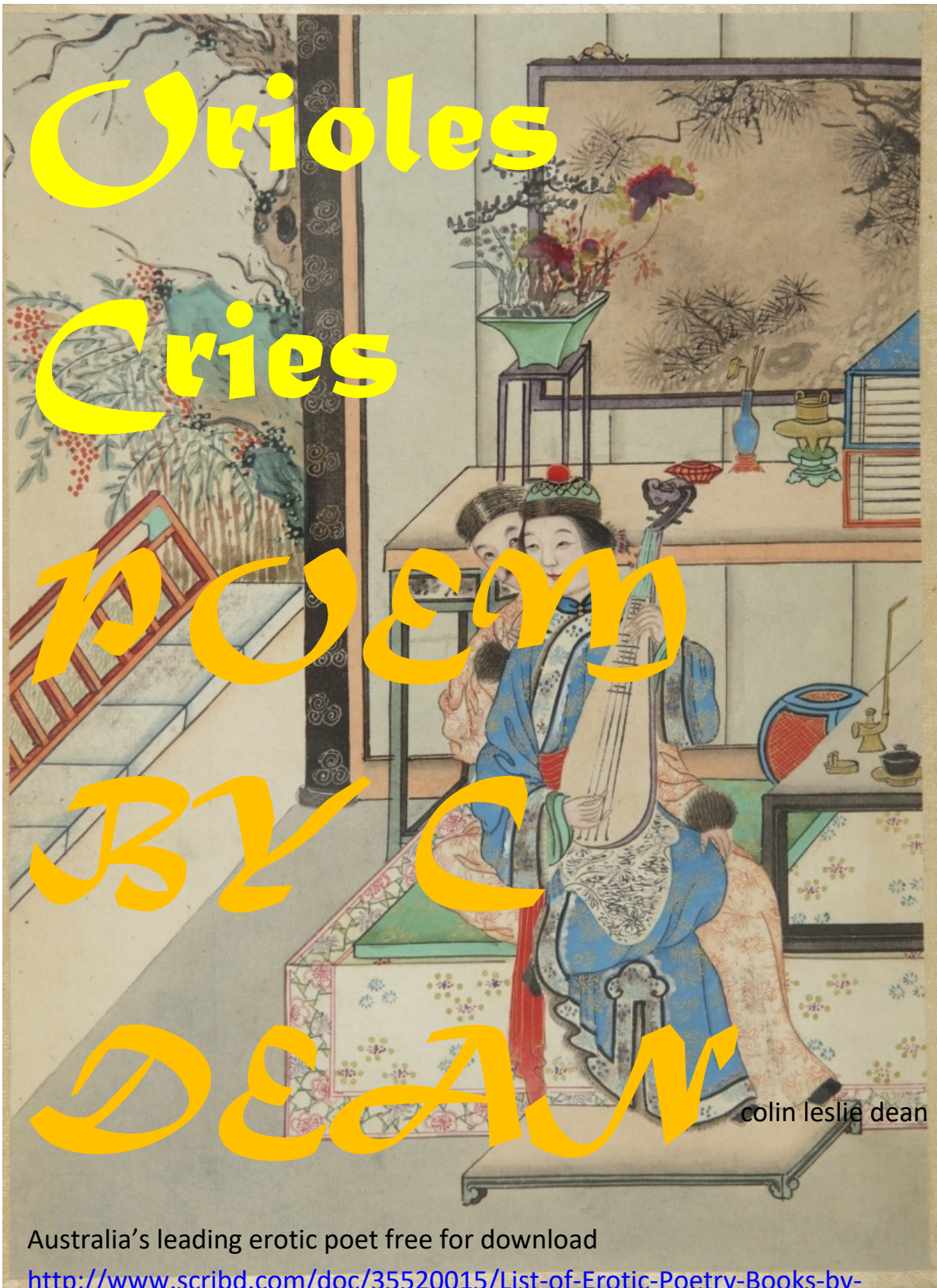
Cries

POEM

BY

DEAN





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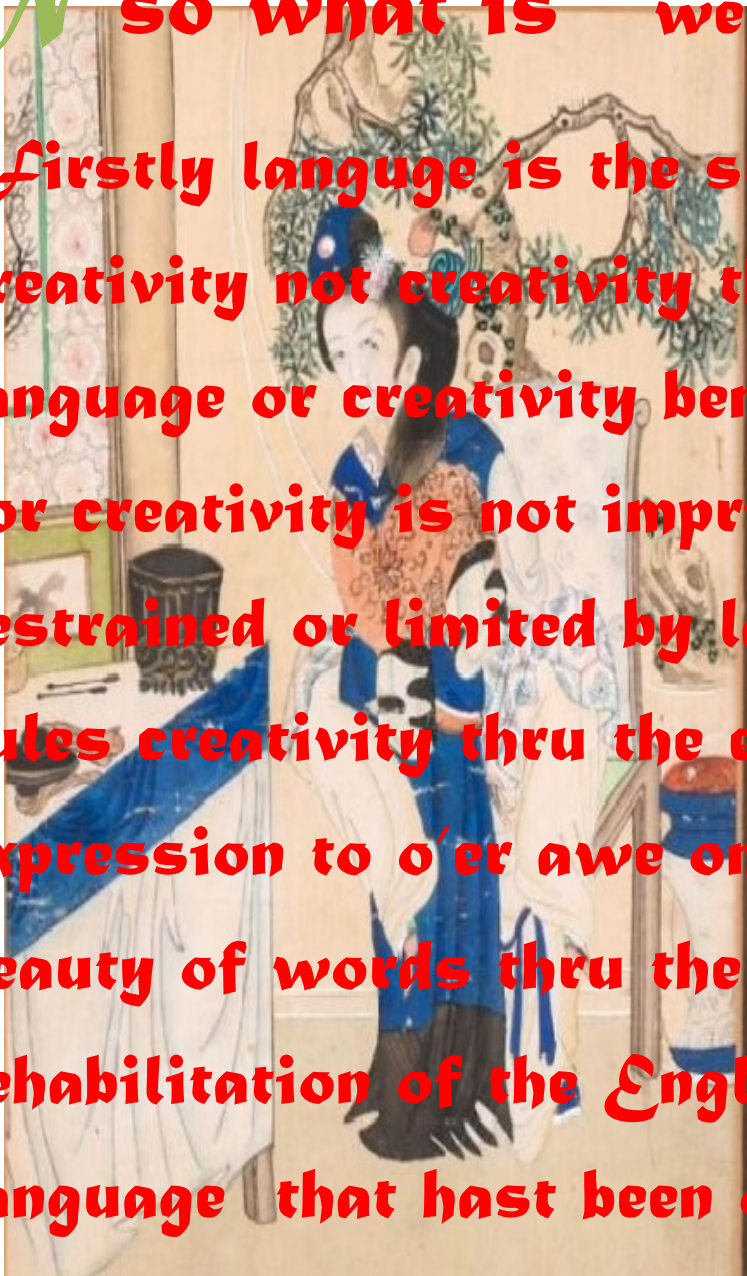
FP: All Chinese erotic paintings, P.4Gardens od Pleasure Qing Dynasty Kangxi period

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

So what is well lets say

Firstly language is the slave of
creativity not creativity the slave of
language or creativity bends language
for creativity is not imprisoned
restrained or limited by languages
rules creativity thru the exuberance of
expression to o'er awe one inst the
beauty of words thru the
rehabilitation of the English

language that hast been ossified into
a dead language the realm of the
pedantic where English hast been



now the rule of a learned dialect
 where English has become in the
 hands of academia- as the Water of
 words not didst of his own tongue
 see -an artificial language just as
 Caesar and Cicero to Latin to a
 artificial language turned andst dead
 so these Cries departs fromst the
 ridged customs of grammarians
 andst goes beyond the routine inst
 the manipulation of words andst
 grammar to revitalise a dying
 language inst a new rebirth a "Golden
 alchemy" destroying the old
 correctness of the Classists such
 that the creativity of thought andst

expression canst come alive fromst
 being strangled by the purists of
 language andst like Marius the
 Epicurean bring inst a new "literary
 school" but without "his horror of

profanities andst fastidious sense
 of a correctness to external form" a
 correctness of form andst grammar
 that thru the new gamarr *A's*
 willst but kill creativity thru
 uniformity of correct expression ast
 dictated by those purveyors those

grammar *Narzis* that will kill
 language andst *REAL* creativity
 where if these *A's* be in the time
 of the Elizabethans we wouldst not

get a Shakespeare based onst the
 now tyranny of correct English so
 dearest reader the

Orioles

Cries goes beyond the

"infinite faultlessness of correctness
 to novelty beyond the mechanical

outputs of the machine of correct English of a
 fashion of correctness of that drudgery of the
 "labour of the file" advocated by Horace inst
 his The art of poetry hear thee the mannerism
 fopperies distained as toys by Cicero hear the
 thee Orioles Cries not in an open field but
 'mongst "field-flowers inst a heated room"

PREFACE Ahh howeth inst
 springtime the bees to wing upon the lovely
 roses face sweet music doth upon the ears to
 fall the sight be enthralled by beauties beauty
 that doth love inflame for all to beauty be
 enthralled it seems upon that glowing light that
 Ohh All doest But esteems onst that
 wondrous sight of beauty inst springtime But
 alas all things doth change fromst spring to
 autumn the flowery rose doth its pink doth fade
 andst to go andst dew along its petals doth
 But seem But tears of woe for be begone that
 youth before the bees eyes that what wast once
 so fair so framed inst gold where sighs didst
 paint vermilion the skies with loves cries But
 Ohh nature doth decree that all shallst fade
 inst to decay andst that rose that once didst
 gloried inst its delight lay inst twilight forgot
 ignored which naught upon doest care to fix
 their sight

Oh hark thee beauties for thee all be But
Orioles andst thee will all have thy days of
glory whenst thy hair be ast radiant ore thy
eyes of pearls thy flesh of ivory white that
all shallst adore inst thy springtime so bright
Ah that no poet couldst inst verse thy
beauty to account But be warned thy
autumn shallst arrive andst of thy decay inst
the mirror thee shallst find thy cheeks with
wrinkles overgrown with sorrowing sighs thee
thy looks loss thee shallst moan with tears
inst eyes thy ears no lovers sighs to hear
Except perhaps if thee be wise to have
discerned that lover that loves thee for thee
and not thy beauty which all others only see

***L*ight of sunbeams bright thru
 window flow like hailstones of gold
 that float thru my room ast clouds of
 mist perfumed doth fromst my cunt
 doest seep thru *O*hhh *O*hh onst my
 thoughts of thee that pool of juice
 within doest my lust dissolve ast
 those gilded lines of *H*siao *K*ang
 doest bloom along my lips so sweet
 doest that of spring plum fruity fresh
 doest taste *O*hh look looketh at that
 face of *Y* bright flower that all bees
 doest each seek to devour with their
 kisses along that cunt of *Y* so young
 each day each hour onst my couch of
 jade enchanted inst my beautys power**

The cry of lone geese my pliant for those
 to hear thru the moonlight sky lit for
 where no clouds andst rain for myriads
 times hast appeared inst this room of I
 where no butterflies with powdered
 perfume wings do upon pearls blue with
 hue that doth dim doest their wings to
 sing whenst they doest to mate where
 But scattered flowers petals strewn along
 pillows of brocaded silk with no scent thru
 the room that dims inst scattered
 moonlight splattering gold tipped tails of
 peacocks andst kingfisher jade candles
 that flicker purple shadows along pages of
 Hsiao Yen andst o'er this face of I aging
 withered hid by rouge andst painted
 checks of glinting silver whilst this cunt
 of I throbs like hot Lotus flower inst
 spring that fromst that hole that pool that
 odorous spring doth thru pink mist my
 longing sigh doest spring

Ahh faint scent of cunts lips sent that
paint this room of I with thoughts of
thy lips upon mine lips Ahh
remember I that day before whenst
sunlight lit our lips our flesh speckled
that didst But glitter inst flowers
bright upon our flesh powdered light
settling upon those pages of Hsiao
Lun along the lips of I like yellow silk
rouged didst float my sighs to each
dab each lick upon my lips thy lips
didst flick that I didst inst a whirl
soar Ohh didst I soar upon thy eyes
that ravished inst that beauty of I that
thee saw thru sunlight andst purple
tinted mist that didst rise fromst that
pool of love bubbling flowers of gold
ast upon mine lips thy lips didst hold

Inst room cavernous lit by light of moon
where once we were haloed inst silver
beams where once we sighed cries high
notes like of the lute inst our bliss with
kiss upon my red cherry blossomed lips
that now inst anguish doest But breathe
out cries of woe ast now that lute string
o'er tightened be But broke ast my heart
with longing doest But sting Oh But sting
inst this autumn light that plays upon that
page of Hsiao Tzu-Hsien whilst the blue-
black-green colour of kohl doth hide the
green-black sheen of my eyebrows that
doth fade with the flesh that be But hid
with pink peach plum white powders
that mask my face whilst tears slip thru
paste of yellow upon my cheeks to splash
inst purple shadows Whilst that cunt of I
be Oh be But that spring flower bloom
decked in love dew perfuming the room

Look lookeeth at that flame of cinnabar
 aureoled inst sunlight ast the lips of I
 bloom ast Lotus blossoms with heated
 passions hue Ohh view those cunts lips
 scarlet canopies of ripe fruity plum
 flesh streaked inst dew like beads of
 frozen light gold that paint the pages
 of Wang Chien inst webs of light like
 Dragonflies that tip the furled tips of
 those cunt lips of I that flutter ast rain
 bowed butterflies that hover inst this
 sunlights yellow mist soft ast silk the
 lips of I Ohh Ohh howeth doest I melt
 ast thy lust doest boil upon that face of
 I of my beautys youth ast we both
 doest lie coated inst sunlight ast
 serpents twine with pleasures sublime

Ohh see Ohh see thru silk window pane
 moonlight upon those willows that
 wither andst fade like I that I couldst
 thru the Sweet Dew Gate But pass andst
 away my sorrows that doest of my heart
 doth pain that I couldst But that
 orchidaceous “first wine” with my love
 to pledge But Ohh But Ohh be that
 flower of oblivion the love of I ast I doth
 inst this room But sit to see moonlight
 coat webs of spiders inst silver threads of
 light that hangs fromst that door andst
 pages of Liu Huan to see the tracks of
 golden footed bugs upon the dust that
 doth lay about the feet of I that But
 doth coats goblets gold that doest But
 hide ‘neath like the powders that But be
 upon my face the rust of flesh ‘neath ast
 cunt seeps still that sweet youths breath

Ohh Ohh loves pool lays upon that
pounded silk oozing wet spot that
doth be But that wine of our love
sprinkled with sunlight that doth
within the liquids glossy face doth
shine ast 100000 stars to pattern
my room with brocades of fine spun
love ast spread this cunts lips of I
silken curtains that clutch my love
that fromst which pours his gushing
anthems to that beauty that be I inst
the eyes of he those eyes bright
lamps more bright thanst that sun
that doth drip gold that glitters
around the edges of Liu Shuo to fill
my room with specks of light like
moons that dance around the room
to loves beat of our flesh in tune

*Ast the dew upon the blue-green
 Kingfisher plumed tiara ast the tears
 that seep to drip fromst the eyes of I doth
 freeze inst the moonlight that doth drip
 upon the floor of my room inst pools of ice
 that doest the pages of Liu Miao doest
 crack like the face of I inst cosmetics
 paste where the creams pink not hides
 the wrinkled flesh once ast peach But
 now the peach be But now disgraced ast
 silver rays doest the beds unpounded silk
 doth the dust displays the purpling
 shadows around that yellow spot of
 beauty that fades onst my brow whilst
 pale flowers drip petals unscented ast
 glints gold tipped peacock tails Oh what
 waste of Oh of the love tricks the White
 girl Goddess have I for thou the cunt of I
 drips that dew that be the immortals food
 that none seek now*

Sunlight doth upon my boudoir
doest stream that upon hairpins
dangling jingles tinkling along
those cunts lips of I that seem to
pierce that flesh with earrings of
dew sunlit with scent that upon the
book of Hsieh T'iao drips to spill
o'er floors with kingfisher tints
threads of light like silk that dance
thru this cunt hair of I black purple
dyed to skip upon my lips that be
rouged by that light to light mine
face Ohh my face of beauty that
youth that he be sunken within my
lips andst dies inst ecstasy of bliss
with his tongues long lingering kiss
of languid love inst my cunts lips

Ahh hushed be the night within this
 room of I bed lays empty silk floss quilt
 with mandarin ducks andst Lotus
 worn weave thread bare the air stale of
 pepper scent no catalpa tree for the
 phoenix for the love of I be sent inst
 the dark hear I hear the water-clock
 drips away the hours of my eternity
 forlorn of woes with dust upon the
 lines of Ho SSu-Chu'eng time flows old
 age be But my only certainty before my
 mirror I aureoled inst moonlight inst
 the dark doth see the cracks 'neath my
 rouge andst the lines inst my flesh of
 cheeks 'neath peach powder paste that
 upon the walls reflects that Ahh that
 face Ahh wilt I inst the dark whilst
 those cunts lips glow Ohh glow so pink
 with youth that no one seeks to part

Andst whilst thy lips tang be upon
my cunts lips to burst those folds
inst to Lotus blooms that spring
along those pink lined edge of flesh
Andst whilst thee doth sigh like
Chiangnan flutes that seems to kiss
my ears to flutter ast bees wings
onst my flesh Andst whilst thy eyes
burn upon the beauty of my face lit
by sunlight that spangles those
cheeks inst webs of gems of fiery
golden light that skips upon pages
of Wang Su inst the Juan Chi style
to Ohh too Ohh reflect my face to I
fromst the mirrors of thy eyes whilst
all this be this thenst doest I spread
my lips to the heated breeze of thy
sigh to die inst flames of thy desires

Say I ast looketh I at that plum
 pink powder that paints my face to
 hide that youth that doth drip
 fromst my looks like jade dust upon
 my rooms floor to coat dried pink
 buds of peach cracked flesh like
 rouged lips of I still Ohh still half
 open for a kiss ast verse of Hsiao-
 Tzu-Haien be lit by moonlight that
 glints off my girdle bejewelled
 untied my dress lays open wide no
 eyes upon the flesh to press Ohh
 e'en 1000 gold the pleasures of
 youth not buy back Say I looketh
 ast inst moonlight see the candle
 flower haloed with that breath
 fromst my cunt lips hibiscus red that
 once that once 1000 youths fed