

Orioles

kissed by

perfume and

moonlight

POEM BY C

DEAN



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 perfume and
 moonlight

POEM BY
 COLIN LESLIE DEAN



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**FP: JIANG LIAN 1835 Qing Dynasty Chinese Antique
 Silk Painting ISFC:Man and women making love late
 Qing P.4 Erotic scene of man and two women making love
 late Qing,P.5 Erotic scene, China, late 18th -
 early 19th century**

**PUBLISHERS
INTRODUCTION**
N so what be

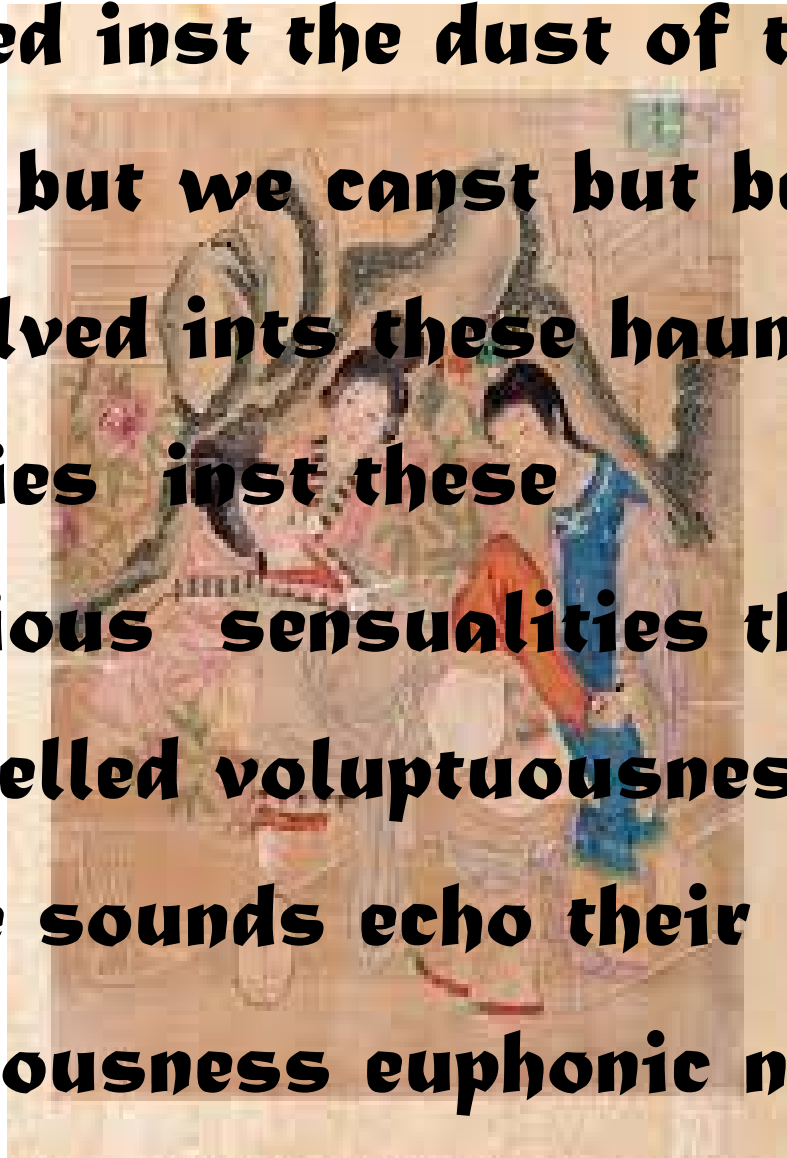
Orioles be they

**perhaps birds sing-song girls
o'er ornate full of allusions
mannerisms pretentions
cleverness perhaps shallow
conventionalisms perhaps
morally decadent like those
*New Songs from a Jade***

**Terrace full of
 craftsmanship rhymes of
 harmony imagery so delicate
 full of verbal ingenuities
 with Ohh so apt allusions rapt
 virtuosic imaginings Ahh
 doth we say with the
 Chinese these **Orioles** be
 naught but "all flowers and
 moonlight" dismissed as
 words of shame to be to
 oblivion consigned to be**



covered inst the dust of time
 Ahh but we canst but be
 dissolved into these haunting
 beauties inst these
 luxurious sensualities this
 bejewelled voluptuousness
 where sounds echo their
 sensuousness euphonic notes
 to kiss the imagination



Ahh these **Orioles**
 be but sing songs evocative

verbal pictorial
 voluptuousness twining
 tapestry of imagistic
 landscapes of Oh for the
 discerning Taoist andst
 Zen within these "poetry-
 Chan" these **Orioles**
 songs finds one "self-ablaze"
 of the "of-itself" of the
 "10000 things" so reciter
 recite inst Idleness be with
 the **Orioles** songs

PREFACE Oh these
 words of mine doest they doest But
 tell of my minde or be these But
 imagining thee doest find But I
 doest say pardon this my say andst
 doest thee proceed to hear what my
 tongue to thee doth relay for thy
 entertainment be this But my lay full
 of conceits that may hopefully breed
 inst **THY** minde tales of beauty songs
 of lust that thy troubles may waylay
 that for some moment whilst thee be on
 thy way thy thoughts these words may
 feed with beauty such thee doth not
 find my say of unsuited things such
 that their readings a moment joy brings

Ohh Orioles with their sighs of sing-
song girls pearls perfumed drip fromst
their eyes butterflies inst flight
moonlight glints thru plum pink light
sparks of dust of gold shimmer to
float thru orchid nights to smudge
faint crimson sheets where lay silk
powdered Ohh Ohh Orioles with
their sighs kiss Lotus blooms with tints
of orchid red ast thy sigh rimmed inst
silver moonlight islands of languid
idleness sniffing cunts perfume

The silk after pounding look √ the
 window out √ look see Ohh see √
 skies twilight moonlight ripples o'er
 pools light flickers gems silver bright
 upon pools edge rimmed inst gold
 molten shimmers upon mountains tips
 emerald dance starlight like dust
 floats thru velvet night coating pools
 jade bowl rimmed goblets frothing
 light to my sight thru purple
 shadows flow lotus scent sent to √
 tints pink sheen flushed flowers
 Orioles sing green-jade glinting on
 wing whilst onst silk soaked scent
 go languid lay √ in idleness as cunts
 fumes perfumed seep thru window

Thru window I see I moonlight to flow
moonlight to glow pink lotus aureoled
inst sliver curtains plum pink flecked
edges rimmed ast liquid pearls seem
to drip upon silk sheets freshly
pounded ast see I shadows dance like
dust o'er bowls of jade changing tints
that skip o'er broidered pillows glinting
moonlight gold tipped slippers splinter
beams along goblets rim rimmed with
fire moonlight spreads thru room thru
air with peach plum scent specks shine
onst sleeves of silk that around wrap
dragon candle flickering o'er Orioles
that sing whilst I inst idleness inst
moonlight soaked inst cunts fumes that
waft thru orchid tinted rooms

Scent of lotus tinted with moonlight
thru window flows whilst light
tangles willows the rivers ribbons of
silver flash thru plains coated with
twilight shadows hung purple
curtains lay o'er wildflowers ast
mountains emerald tower twilight
shimmers that lingers inst pools
iridescent peach petals ripple thru
light like orchid rinse tinting
blossoms that burst to full bloom
fluttering to Orioles songs that seem
to be But dreaming of all of what the
Oriole longs crystalline light kiss
cranes inst flight empty distance float
out of sight ast inst light like the mist
of a kiss that lush cunts perfume
Infusing idleness inst my room

Moonlight thru window lattice slips
Onst sheet silk freshly pounded
moonlight like wet spot gleams ast
liquid pearl light rims my room an
island inst the night of light rippling
light tints the incense inst flight ast
bed curtains sigh inst the rippling
breeze flown up fromst reflected
moonlight onst crushed pillow silk
scatted o'er floor bursting lotus
blooms blossoms candles flicker
whilst water clock drips to Orioles
sing-song flushed moonlight silver
sparks litter about glimmering shine
off blue-green urns inst Deepening
quiet cunts perfume curls on cloud
of moonlight lay gaze I drifting
languid in idleness with "self-ablaze"

Mountains fade away inst moonlight rimmed inst
sliver painted onst velvet twilight etched upon the
sky see I thru window ast cranes kingfisher-green
tinted wings seem to be birds inst flight willows
coated inst apricots tints blaze as stars twinkling
ast blossoms of cinnamon fill gorges with fragrant
mist rippling patterns of purple shadows along
valley floors moonlight fromst trees tips with light
like white snow that doth show dew-decked
flowers along rivers edge pools froth light goblets
of delight float thru the twilight woven webs of
threads of silver bejewels multicoloured moss ast
they curl andst swirl to the sky rising within the
moonlight that congeals to love-knots like gleaming
eyes onst lotus dew-flecked ast Orioles do sigh
wisps of cunts perfumes climbing high onst drips
moonlight onst I inst idleness drift I far above
white clouds inst I inst effortless non-doing

Moonlight growing inst to upon my
rooms floor flowers of blooming
silver spirals labyrinthine of light
specks shadows inst the rooms
silence kissing golden fans andst
brocades that lay upon my bed of
pounded silk whilst upon the
forehead of I silver beauty spot of
moonlight flower shape plays criss-
crosses of light like fireflies dancing
inst jade-green light lit by moonlight
king-fisher drapes soaked ripple to
Orioles sing-song tunes that splash
sounds onst golden screens
perfumed fumes coiling fromst cunt
flaring fire I inst idleness I gaze
upon those 10000 things
burgeoning fromst nothings play

Far off 20000 leagues mountains seem
just splashes of emerald onst velvet sky
lit by moonlight air swirls clouds of
mist threads woven fromst silk float
o'er streams silver ribbons crescent
moons spread o'er the plains light onst
like see see looketh like butterflies
tumbling o'er blooms lit brocades of
peacocks tinted hues Ohh the earth
strewn with petals of light that my
room doest powder with flickering
flecks flying blue-green dragons about
my room flying onst the light of the
moon look looketh golden tails of light
of Orioles that sing silver tongues of
languid songs whilst lay about
hairpins jewelled I lie inst idleness
whilst cunts perfume waft thru room I
be blent with the far off moon

Orchid mist onst moon light doth light
my room 'neath moon spreading light
like gems of white limpid pool white
cloud upon my floor blent with candles
light smearing rouge o'er mirror ast
looketh I glittering dragons float by
scarlet phoenix fly across silk freshly
pounded jade mats sparkle with
moonlight dust kissing dangling hair pins
of kingfisher-green tints that speckle
jewelled sheets like sapphires of onst fire
dragon eyes glint like butterflies that just
hang inst the light inst my room ast
beetles hungry doest about I doest crawl
iridescent emeralds their feet gold
tipped flecking light off the lips of I
dance whilst Oriole doest sing its songs
cunts perfume andst I dissolved inst the
emptiness of all inst idleness

Moonlight wraps the night inst a silver
cloak sheering the night inst slivers
splinters if spirits that glisten to float
glints of frozen light cascading like
waters that fright my sight fine-spun
like nightmare dreams they dangle
fromst willow tress moonlight spears
that piece the night swords that cut
thru the light fromst which seep fromst
that wound boundless things snarling
their eyes ablaze furnaces of fright inst
the night coated inst moon beams owls
that hoot ast Oriole sings sighs hungry
ghosts scream along streams hung
with moon-flowers girdled like white
jade black waters thru gardens doest
stray the emerald curling fumes of my
perfumed cunt dappling the gate thru
inst idleness I drift on a way

Fromst shadows purple fades the tints
fromst beds sheets of pounded silk
fringed tassels of gold wane 'neath
moonlight that doest thru this room of
I cast the Milky Way light upon each
thing hid inst shadows where crows
doest cry andst spiders doth seem to
spy I with eyes lit fires each thing doest
seem to drip tears that doest But soak
my rouge powder with red tints like
blood ast moon beams twine thru my
room ast sliver spider webs of light
sparkling dew ast molten pearls hear
here Oriole at that moon sighing inst
this emerald void of light darkening
coil upon coil of dragons wilted leaves
onst window sill ast cunts perfumes rise
lay I inst idleness all inst all to melts to
But too I pass thru green lacquer gate

Moonlight sees I sees I that hare
andst toad leap fromst that
moon to dance Ohh to dance
inst my room with fire rimmed
eyes crow doest thru my room lit
inst moon beams fly twixt rays of
light dripping like tears upon my
cheek Ahh that scent upon
blooms inst gardens lit by
moonlight rancid stale fumes
glint fading lights of gold fromst
by candle flame that frozen be a
frost of cold light still whilst
Dragon lady sorrow sighing with
Oriole cunts perfume flying with
moon across the sky I in idleness
lie I fleeting I inst emptiness

Radiant silk inst moonlight pounded
upon lay I cloaked inst purple shadows
fromst which creep those things with
eyes that dart fire andst teeth that bite
lotus blooms that doest inst shadows
hide that betwixt each candle light
flicker doest Ohh Ohh to snap upon my
gold fringed camisole that But leave
their tracks to But see naught But their
shadows whilst fox bark at that moon
that doest shine moonlight inst my
room that upon my silk scarf doth my
face reflect that shimmers paintidly
with that light ast silver dust tinting
rouge andst pale pink peach flesh cunts
perfume wafts ast sings the Oriole inst
its cage inst idleness I lie inst non-being