PSYCHOPOMP

POEMS BY C DEAN

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colin leslie dean

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2025 P.1 **The Sorcerer** The Sanctuary' at the Cave of the Trois-Frères, Ariège, France, made around 13,000 BCE P.2 sheela na gig Kilpeck Church, Herefordshire12th to 13th centuries, P.3 Venus of Willendorf N late Paleolithic Stone Statuette Found in Austria Dating from About 24000-22000 BC P.4 La Fontaine plate, illustrated by Charles Eisen (1762)p.6 Fertility figurine from Mehrgarh, Indus Valley, c. 3000 BCE

PUBLISSERS INTRODUCTJON

N Ahh what be this

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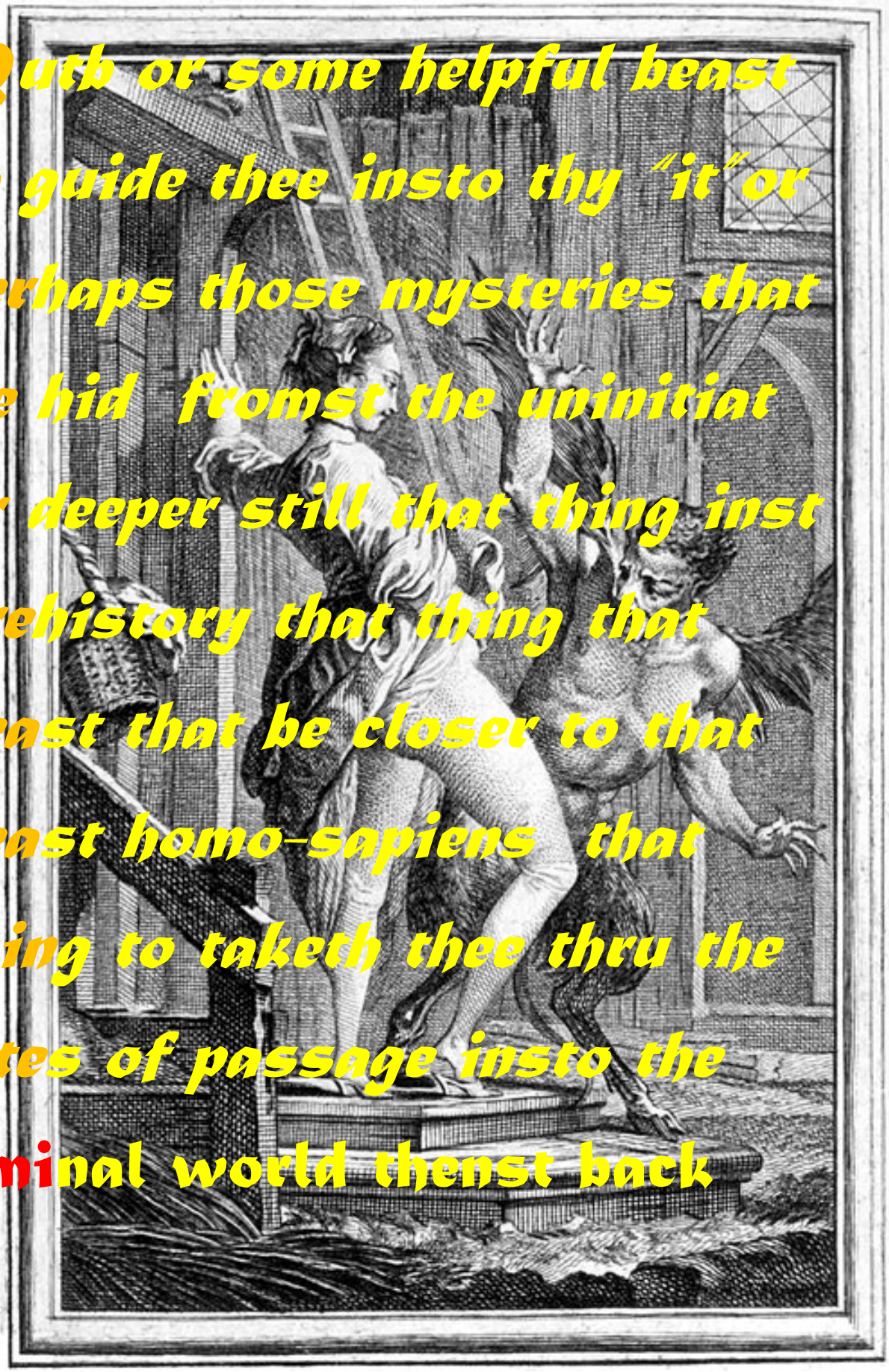
P be Jt some shamanistic guide to taketh thee to the spirit world andst back perhaps Shiva leading the soulto Moksha or Zoroastrian Daēnā perhaps

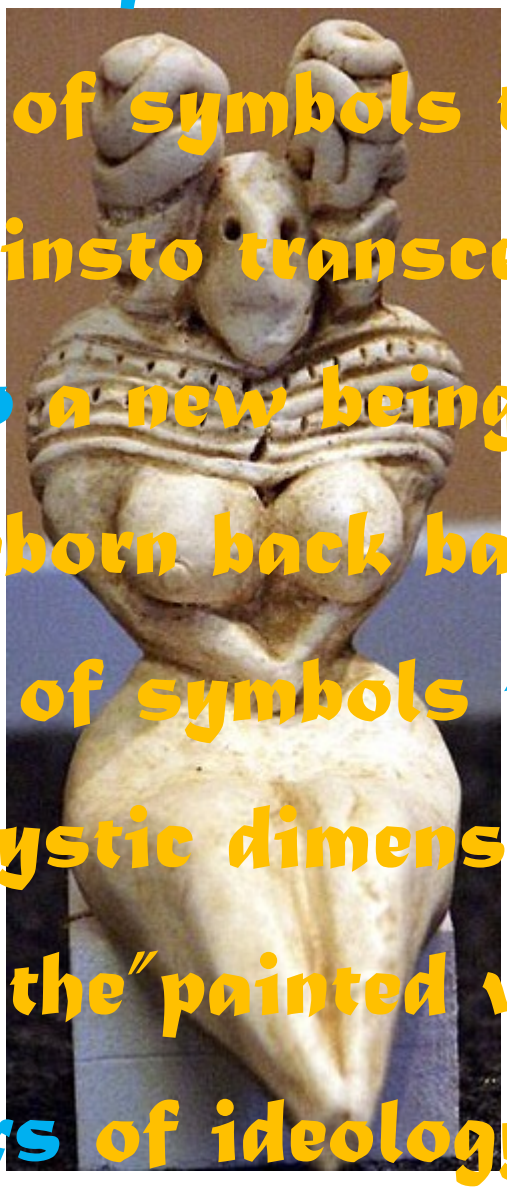
Amokye Murshids or

Quth or some helpful beast to guide thee insto thy "it" or perhaps those mysteries that lie hid fromst the uninitiat or deeper still that thing inst prehistory that thing that beast that be closer to that beast homo-sapiens that thing to taketh thee thru the rites of passage insto the liminal world thenst back



transformed to a newer being reborn to die to new life like perhaps inst modern times graduations bar mitzvahs debutante balls or e'en those initiations secret rites to secret orders initiation into certain professions perhaps like of the Bar Yet perhaps he she that beast be that that taketh thee onst a journey mythological fromst the

bounded bonded world beyond the mundane beyond all logics "painted veil" to the land of symbols to transform thee insto transcendence insto a new being formed to be reborn back back with the gift of symbols to a world of mystic dimensions to see thru the"painted veil" what others of ideology call mythology



PREFACE

inst the light of the lamps of the eyes of she midst lilac mists fumes of flowery blooms soft skin softer thanst roses petals pink lips pressed breasts softer thanst clouds breath to breath love lust doth speak onst each lips pressed to lips licked ecstasy bliss joy happiness burning flesh gripping lips quivering nerves vertiginously pressed ast bee to bloom doth winged creep seeking that hart lascivious of amour filled of nectars sweet syrups ast lips pressed lips amidst foliage hid ′neath blossoms blooms lips hips pressed Ahhh stings the bee the rose petals flesh transformed each insto bliss to be

Ahh doth thee know the secrets of Inner Alchemy the Ambix Cucurbit and the Retort howeth to light the furnace open the gates to make the Golden Pill doth thee know the art of **Hermes Trismegistus or that of** Zosimos of Panopolis howeth formst base metals to gold with mercury andst cinnabar Rasayana didst to form doth thee know

- *nigredo*, a blackening or melanosis
- *albedo*, a whitening or leucosis
- *citrinitas*, a yellowing or xanthosis
- *rubedo*, a reddening, purpling, or iosi

Ahh all thee doth need to know to transform be a caress of lips sweeter thanst honeyies -breath quivering lips pressed breasts reborn thee be onst red-tipped lips

Andst J erect didst see a flower stem throbbing J that flower stem didst see see J onst Persian saddle-bags J soaked inst rose tints that with perfumed didst to fill this studio of lilac andst pink-flowering thorn ast summer wind stirred leaves amidst trees inst garden of scent sent to J J that didst to too see the glint of laburnum honey-coloured honey-sweet to the eyes of J to meet blossoms ast mine ears didst meet the hum of bees so sweet to see to think the birds shadows onst curtains long of tussored-silk that didst of J remind of J with to see

with glee effects ast of like of those painters of Tokio of pallid pale jade-faced Andst J erect didst see a flower stem throbbing J that flower stem didst see see J with petals pink swollen ast some fair ladies lips to kiss that pistil turgid ast some dark ladies clit to kiss didst into bliss to reminisce to see to drip fromst those lips petals pink swollen tight honeycomb sweetness syrup andst milk like under mine tongue to slip to drip to press to too mine sense scent of Lebanon those petals ast flesh ast fresh ast cheeks ast like an orchard of rare fruits

andst pomegranates to melt uponst mine tongue to tint with ast like saffron cinnamon andst Ahh spikenard doth J sigh ast didst Solomon to his bride ast shadow purpling of birds didst fly o'er mine flesh flame-like tremulous didst hear J the dim roar near ast the note of of some bourdon organ andst didst fly thru mine minde didst hear J onst the murmuring of bees such sweet sighs Cum ye in shining armour knight cum ye thee swain be thee be a she or he cum thee to she that she that with the lambent voice of Aglaophonos she that she that

Smileth she whenst doth see she the petals of the rose drop withered be

Be she a flower of snow embedded in ice heart ast black ast the winter dark cunt hole just shadows weaved warp and weft fromst desires that have paled and wilted lacerated hopes and stale hellos hast in the cunt hole of shadows a mourning cup whenst sup thee upon flowers decayed upon Styxs liquidity sup thee and still thy hearts beat and darkness fills thy eyes and stills crushes thy soul sighs cum pluck the cunts lips of J the roses of Pieria or lay thyself like Gorgo in its blue

and purple shadows cold within
those lips shroud Morte Un Jour
cum swain burst forth in song
supping upon the lips of J didst
hear J mine life fly by the summer
andst spring andst autumn flow Ohh
so slow Yet so fast that all we doth
of life doth say of love andst lust
all that tempts thenst doth fly away
as didst to say that Poet thenst
doth thenst found J thru walking
thru portal laced ast like a Morris
tome of boarded of Dante Andst
Doth J didst J didst doth to

Andst didst J walk inst the twilight
life of J thru light where be

mouldering leaves of eddies of winds autumnal that blow thru this stagnate light like that life who pulses didst pause to die midst blackness andst murky shadows silent cold motionless this light with bleak wailing wind midst shadows that seem to watch ast that Poet didst exclaim lay about leaves lying not dying But dead as heaped uponst a sepulchre didst see I a wilted dried pallid-pink-petaled daisy ast languid limp lilac blooms that flickered with sparks of moonlight like glittering stars that flashed o'er dead grasshoppers andst Oh such loveliness didst lie with brown gauze wings andst a dead thing a blue thread of sapphire

burning light that shrivelled dragon-fly that lit the light the light like undulating snow a "painted veil" of white laced limp stems laced andst twigs entwined with dead flowery forms to form such patterns ast boarded inst a Kelmscott Press Paradise Lost Ahh those dried leaves with withered stems didst weave ast bleached hair like threads of spider-webs tipped with moon-like dew mingled this mesh of hair-like light around to surround dead lilac iris andst faded roses dried tinted with light silver-like that floated ast vapours o'er Fields of Asphodel ast didst see J J didst trickling down from ast a

high and beetling rock see sheer-falling waters ofsticks that didst J see see J inst front of J not far nor near J hear that didst some fear instil J inst J Ahh But inst front of J didst betwixt that stream andst J that didst But seen to maketh no sense didst J see see around surrounded with shells pink like flesh shells with lips spread iridescent which fromst those mouth vapours odorous didst to float ast foam rippled by the airs luminous ast dew moonlight lit lips tips with luculent bright sparks that drifted ast onst the light like flowers kissed by

moonbeams with perfumes of ripe fruit which the lips of didst to pulse andst to swell to long to kiss with bliss those nebulous stars of flesh whose perfumes doth uponst mine breath doth all joys to But to promise thenst within their midst didst see J ast of thru pink perfumed mist she sheela na gig eyes like glass grapes emeralds that flickered with long stare set inst eyelids of gold ′neath hair tipped with pearls curls furls of dark threads ′neath that face of ivory flesh flower-like ast of a doll that face-flower laced with that hair that waved onst

the air wisps that kissed cheeks flesh that didst twirl to mine eyes serpent-like interlacing mine face facing they twirl twined to furl to curl ast snakes serpentine those eyes Ohhh those eyes of grapes green changed hue to my view didst strange tints of emeralds flicker ast of spring sheens or autumns dull beams those greens of those grape-glass eyes didst to too mesmerise mine eyes mine minde that moth to those eyes of green Ohh so green fire-flames to kiss mine flesh those eyes of perfumed delight ′neath that hair ast of orchard foliage speckled with

with pearls ast of moonlight frozenBut Ahh those lips spread puffy swollen flesh rose petals red flames spread of cruel bite that hole that abyss of cruel kiss that didst spread those flames that mine flesh didst kiss nectar golden drips odorous fumes spread o′er mine flesh mine breath mine Ohh mine little death within that swollen puffy flesh with dew drops inst fine moonlight mesh tenuous threads of star-light-flames-lit that light that hole ast tomb lit by flowery blooms of perfumed light roses tints andst violets blent inst to those dreams of

mine scented of flowers andst ripe fruit those lips enlacements of dream quiver to with tremulous throb that long Oh that long for mine embrace within that abyss the ecstasy of death perfumed voluptuousness fromst those lips doth But spill within didst J that flume didst to go to go to fill to crawl along that long canal J doth tell cramped all fears didst J uponst J befell to crawl that flume ast a pipe long maybe 50 or to tell 75 yards to crawl along thenst Ah thenst to see to see with a cavern deep of light animal forms lit inst

flight uponst all wall plains of animals ast of the Serengeti engraved with paint Ahh Ahh thenst didst J see that form huge of height lit by saffron light of lion body andst genitalia of some feline the legs of man andst antlers of stag of ivory white stalagmite icicles sparkling crystal-like radiant crown that lit purpling shadows glint of sumptuous hues to mine view with eyes of owl jade dishes orbs perfumed light to fall to too fly uponst the walls fromst pearly lids didst splash about within the shadows fromst those eyes shades

of peridot cymophane rosettes that swirl inst liquid flames fromst those eyes sculptured amschirs that all within the cavern deep doth stain those plains with all the dyes that doth fromst those eyes to seep to see all ast of window of glass stained of Burne-Jones thenst that Beasty didst to J to beckon J to ride it to guide J it didst taketh J thru vaults thru columns of onyx doors of porphyry to see dwelling of magic display decors andst floors inlaid naves past the lady of honeyed kisses with eyes of sapphire past again "The Lady Of Delights" adorned

with eyes full bloomed inst splendour to a door of pure gold such a door of Nabuchodonsor around the floor liquid perfumed puddled of odours of tuberose cinnamon andst acacia ast gems of fire lit the eyes of bulls enamelled inst hues of rain bowed light the entrance onst fire with golds andst stones of the suns bright brilliance thenst that Beasty didst do to tell "Open the house Keeper of the door" thru which didst he lead me thru the lapis lazuli halls ast Inanna didst to for to see she Ereshkigal he didst lead I to ascend or to But descend steps naught which couldst say I to which uponst the step we passed Ahh Ahhhh such delight to

see ast of some Jngres painting filled the minde of J filled J of delight bright sight 1000 gleams it seems the light bright of opaline light flowers sight chrysoberly olivine uvarovite sprites that fly Ohh doth fly with wings of sapphire fires that ignite fires that light the flesh that light the breath to spark to skip to fire 1000 wings to sing to flying emotions nuances of desires on fire each iridescent thing inst its enamelled Alvéole each thing inst each cubical ordered doth to But mine minde to ecstasy to desires emotions to bring sing within such ordered things such ordered things doth to to But bring Ohh such delights

That doth we uponst the step nexts we passed Ahh Ahhhh such delight to hear here ast of some Sargent painting filled the sight of me didst hear we 5000 beats of instruments of nacre andst silver gilded andst inlaid pearled strung of strings andst drums andst clashes of sounds so andst so sweet the ear to meet chords strung onst psalterions andst lyres sweet tones that rippled the wings of dragon-flies gold laced silver trimmed eyes of cymophane pearly sparks that flash to ripple onst rhythms sistra harmonies that ravish to kiss the flesh of beetles rich eyes blue sapphire flames green enamelled iridescent feet tips that seem to skip onst tympanons where melodies doth kiss mine ears with such amorous delight that throb mine veins with ecstasies of delight

That doth we uponst the step nexts we passed Ahh Ahhhh such delight to smell here to tell ast of some van Gough painting to see within the airs spirals to left spiral to right of 10000 perfumes splashed inst light whorls of oliban twirls myrrh swirls of turberose andst neroli rose fromst urns ewers amschirs of olivine sardonyx and turquoise green the scent to mesh weave tints of crimson ast some sunset mist dancing fumes of vanilla lemon andst spikenard to seem to make mine sense to dance brilliant melodious skips with delicacies of delight that seem to burn like fire follets along my sense amour to light with delight the scents along mine sense interlacing joys andst desire fires to glow to catch fire within mine soul fanned by mine souls desires lit by scents sent

That doth we uponst the step nexts we passed Ahh Ahhhh such delight to taste the tongue to race ast of some Matisse painting to see the tongue to place uponst 20000 things to taste fruits andst syrups andst sweet unknown things inst bowls of sardonyx trimmed with rubies bright to cast lilac light andst crimson hues o′er purees of Mangosteens unctuous mangoes pemelos undulating tastes along mine tongue the figs to lick inst plates of olivine pearls decked Ahh subtle supple slithering thru moisty oozy slopply things the tongues tip sings the lick the flick Ahh to dip the nuances of wetness voluptuous tingles amorous throbs the lick the tongues tip sparks fly fromst high Ahh the tastes dance farandoles along its length luscious joy the fruits doth to cloy

That doth we uponst the step nexts we passed Ahh Ahhhh such delight to feel the touch ast of some Picasso painting to see 30000 blooms flowery forms voluptuous delicate to form diclytra of little harts red to feel the softness of labiates pulpy flesh parts so smooth the spadices the silky contractiles to too the incarvillea andst delphimiums Oh so so Ohh that exquisiteness the touch sensations infinities of sensualities of feel golden calyxes silky feels oozy touch of nelumbriums the quivering ast shadows purpled doth of the flesh of J to kiss ast an honeyed breath sensations of smoothness nauanced subtleties the flesh to burst to flames lust love joy raptures to thrill tingle mine flesh with touch feel to feel amour ripple flesh on mine breath to

That doth we uponst the step nexts we passed Ahh Ahh such delight to see the sight ast of some Kandinsky Painting to see 40000 tints of fireflies moths butterflies dragon-flies magically fulgent flash past the eyes of J infinite hues fulgurant lightning flash streaks of gold ast dragonflies fly thru splashes of blue cast by butterflies that fly past of floating colours bubbles that burst rapture bliss of intoxications voluptuous delight inst the coloured light that doth the eyes of J to kiss the streaks the threads the fibres of tinted lines that weave andst web-like paint to see J bees pollen drip ast mists saffron fire the room lit splashed bright light twinklings of stars flash dragon-flies butterflies an infinite bliss thru the colours that kiss with heated lips mine flesh

Thenst thenst doth we the step to take Ahh a painting ast of Pollock delightful bliss sensations sublime 50000 suns burst inst mine minde sensations taste awake sweet sounds that take my minde to colours hues to new sensations touch that onst mine ears place rhapsodies within mine sense of smell to taste unordered senses chaos of bliss ineffable delight numinous joys alight within mine flesh drunk drugged who doth know what sublime intoxications Ahh Ohh doth J seem to die into Ohh know J not what the minde doth to explode burst to diamantine stars of froth reborn ast hear J lay here onst Persian saddle-bags J soaked inst perfumed scents midst J with flower

stems erect