



Pagan Flowers

Poems by c

Dean

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FN The Birth of Venus by Sandro Botticelli

Publishers introduction

***Ahh dean be these Pagan
Flowers***

***Passion flowers or lurid Pagan
Poems what be sure dean thee be
like Moore a man out of his time
like Moore thy poems be full of
sensual temperament in our non-
sensual age people fuck now but no
not lust be dean thy work of
decadence full of lurid matter or
aestheticism about form and style***

**but what be sure deans work exudes
the odours of hothouse blooms of
tropical flowers full of germination
all clothed in a perfumed light of
purple shadows that fall o'er the sick
wouldst say the sordid the
blasphemous the immoral anti-natural
perverse the narcissistic o'er subtle
the intensely artificial diseased soul
the impressionistic *Ahh* but ast the
aesthete wouldst say they all burn
with a gem-like flame flowers in
decay wreathing thy flesh in
poisonous blooms press *Ohh* reciter
press these noxious blossoms to thy
lips**

Preface

**Soft languors subtle moods nuanced
shades of feelings**

**Pagan flowers withered into decay
wreathed with poisonous fumes
deadly flowers beauteousness unto
thy death feed thy senses upon
perversities delightful breathe in the
odours of hothouse blooms
carnivorous blooms prey on thy flesh**

I am most lovely Oh to my mirror
 say I I be lovely and fair that hair
 that the cunt of I surrounds that cunt
 of I I be more beautiful than
 perfumed moonlight soft and bright be
 those lips of I that burn like flames
 of fire flickering with sensual delight
 Oh that cunt of I Oh howest desire
 I with I instincts she-cat like that
 sting ast viper bite Ahh howeth doth
 I play upon the lips of I lyre of flesh
 Ohh I am the queen of sensual
 delight

**My beds are odorous with soft-shed
scent of the panties of ♀ be perfumed
with cunts odors sweet seep they
fromst languid flesh that lingers round
the lips of ♀ with lusting oils sent
coiling thee up in their snare Oh this
cunt of ♀ hot passion flower that cunt
hole of ♀ moon that drips tropic
fragrance ♀ be a sirens scent that
weaves lurid dreams ♀ be the blossom
that odors meadows flowers all the
scented blooms be the cunt fumes of ♀
where e'r goes ♀ thee smells that
bouquet that swells round the cunts
flesh of ♀**

**Idly she yawned panty throwing back
thick cunt hair curling vipers cunt hole
Ohh Ohh that cunt hole a moon rising
fromst some tomb that cunt hole looking
Medusa mouth devouring Ohh howest
strange that face edged like with black
lace Ohh those lips flesh slivers of
silver pink white doves wings in flight
dancing butterflies in search of flesh
Idly she yawned cunt hair powdered
purple laced with pearls lips that taste
of wine fromst Samothrace perfumed
with opoponax and frangipani wafting
fumes to awaken the dead**

**The fire shed over all a sullen glare
 thru ruby bright the light shows blood
 red purple shadows o'er crimson walls
 dance chiaroscuro sponging cunt she the**

**Venus of Botticelli perfumed
 liquidity runs thru cunts crimson slit
 drips to spread circles within circle of
 rippling light bubbles o'er cunts lips
 form rise floating o'er cunts dark mesh
 bursting in the fervent air cunt a scent
 drenched bloom sponges she with care
 that flower rare of languid flesh
 savouring of spices and delicate delights
 that ♀ couldst that baths water drink**

**Then Zoë entered lolling languid she
drawing the legs of she she rolling
slowly the silk stockings up the leg of
she with soft whispers and inviting
sighs of she the legs she spread of she
the cunt she saw of she pink fairy floss
honeyed scent luxurious vapors the lips
of she kissed the lips of she didst melt
in rapturous delightfulness ast licked
she the perfumed paradise of she that
fleshy palace of bliss in passionate bite
with hungry clasp the sigh the cry the
silent quiver bubbling moans burning in
the blood-red light**

**Did I love thee Blah thee didst I
 lust for thee with sweet hungers fervent
 with sweet fires of desire didst I lust
 for thee didst I lust for thee with
 voracious kisses didst I lust for thee
 for thy cunts hole full of wine sweet for
 to into intoxications deliriums to swim
 to finger that cunt to finger with 4
 fingers that hole into odorous foam
 lustfully to twine thy perfumed pubes
 along around the tongue tip slaverling of
 I and smite that flesh with burning
 bites that I couldst hold that cunt in
 the clasp of I Did I love thee Blah**

**Did Ÿ love thee Blah loved Ÿ thy
 cunt loved Ÿ those lips that unfurled
 blossom-like loved Ÿ to watch that cunt
 swell blood swollen puffy wet full of
 fecund odors loved Ÿ those lips bloated
 folds of voluptuous flesh that exotic
 flower petals of delicate pink loved Ÿ
 those lips to spread splayed wide like a
 virgins smile warm 'neath the hot breath
 of Ÿ flickering ast thee didst sigh
 thickening into shuddering bliss those
 lips marvellous hothouse bloom full of
 the savour of spice and incense Did Ÿ
 love thee Blah**

**Did I love thee Blah to breathe in
thy cunts odors that perfume fromst
thy boiling blood that surged thru thy
flesh that be the love of I thy dainty
lips sensuous to the senses of I**

That taste

That smell

**That touch Ohh that thy cunt doth
flood the senses of I with delight do
flood with each nuance of delight with
each nuance of desire Ohhh Ohh howst
that cunt of thee awakes the beast in I
that cunt bejewelled with delicate fire
with cadences of sighs I expire Did I
love thee Blah**

**I love the luminous poison of thy cunt
that drips like shafts of light moonlight
O'er flowing the earth like a sea of
scent I love thy cunts hole great void
of mysteriousness the mother of all
things floweth forth fromst that abyss
of liquidity the fount of creation
perfumed exquisiteness the temple of
the moon 'tis the heaven of I the pink
of thy lips floweths into each soft
petaled bloom Ahh that couldst I
wear that fleshy blossom in the button-
hole of the cloak of I drunk to be upon
that luminous poison of thy cunt**

**And weaken will large snakes who
 oscillate thru the thick mesh of thy
 curling pubes hued with yellow sulphur
 odorous like nightshade berries that
 cunt of thee lurid with lust fires those
 moisten lips like dew upon the sepulchre
 of some *kedeshah* those lips soft like
 silken pussies full bloom exotic flower
 in thy folds find ♪ bliss find ♪
 oblivion find ♪ the little death in thy
 folds find ♪ find ♪ the mysteries of
 the sphinx in those folds lurk that hole
 with Horus eye Ahh 'neath those folds
 worship ♪ in a Memphis temple of
 flesh**

**My soul e'er dreams in such a dream
 as this is of the odors of thy cunt
 perfuming moonlight of the hues of thy
 lips staining virgins lips ruddy-pinks of
 the hues of thy cunt painting pinks o'er
 the petals of meadows flowers Ohh
 howset dream ♪ of the blisses of those
 lips kiss of those cunts lips curling
 tight round the tongues tip of ♪ curling
 round the plum-headed cock of ♪ in
 tangled dances of sweetest bliss ♪ feel
 the bite of that cunt ♪ see the lust in
 those eyes that fascinates ♪ into the
 little death**

**We have passed from the regions of
dreams and of vision and feast we upon
each to eaches ravishing flesh each to
eaches cunt flower roses of delights for
now live we in the present each to eachs
sighs moans cries of lust each to each
bathing in the luculent beauty of each
Ohh let us devour each and bite each
and suck each to rub each to each in
scissor clasp flesh fused with flesh
melting in each to each languorous kiss
such that each to each bursts into fires
engulphed each to each in our desires**

**I am filled with carnivorous lust: like
a tiger do bite I thy flesh scratch with
claws of silver thy cheeks do I ravish
thy flesh in hungry lust do I devour
thee each bit of flesh by bit of flesh do
run I the fangs of along thy cunts
fleshy folds and nibble each each of lip
Ohh do I prey upon that cunt of thee
do I feed the mouth of I upon thy
cunts beauteousness do I fill I up
with is delightfulness Ohh in this
world there be nothing more ravishing
than that cunt of thee nothing more
sublime to fill up my insatiable need**

**Let me lie let me die on thy snow-
coloured bosom No No let me expire
upon thy pink fleshy cunt let me die
eating that pulpy fruit let me die with
that squishy fruit upon the lips of ♪
that oozy fruit that tangy odorous mush
of delight that squashed flesh dripping
fromst the lips of ♪ Ohhh yes let me
die in that cunt of thee that devours this
flesh of ♪ let that cunt hole suck in ♪
and squash ♪ that the fluids of ♪ drip
with the liquidity fromst thee that ♪
melt into the smell of that delicate fruit
to perfume thy darkly pubes that the
smell of thee and me waft to heaven
drunken be the gods upon**

**Thou art demon and God thou art hell
thou art Heaven thy cunt be all things in
between thy cunt be the meadow blooms
it be the scent of all the flowery forms
it be the colours of all beautiful things
it be the taste of all delicious fruits**

Thy cunt be a virgins smile

Thy cunt be a sunsets glow

Thy cunt be a moon lit night

Ohh Ohh

**no painter canst paint the beauteousness
of that flesh no poet canst sing the joys
of that pulpy face no libertine canst
lust after anything more desirable thy
cunt be the perverts dream thy cunt
ineffable full of moon beams**

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**Nihilist I say some say I the named
Tao be not the Tao**