





Paolo il

Bello

POEM BY C

DEAN

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2025 P.1 The Kiss By Gustav Klimt

P.2 Wiesiowski - Francesca i Paolo 1885

P3 detail Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta appraised by Dante and Virgil Ary Scheffer P.6 detail Giuseppe frascheri, paolo e francesca nel vortice infernale, ante 1884

PAULIJSERS INTRODUCTIO



Malatesta doth say ♪
andst who be this thee doth
say well say ♪ he be a lover
hid fromst history where
Paris andst Tristan

Orpheus andst Adonis

Romeo Montague

Casanova andst Don Juan

Tannhäuser andst Hikaru

Genji andst Ariwara no

Marihira andst

Abu-Nuwas al-Hasan ben

Sani al-Sakami all andst

all the rest their voice we

hear see recite to our ears

Ahh the list goes onst

andst onst Well But again

thee doth say who be **Paolo**

Malatesta But say √ that

lover history hides forgets
denies his voice kept quite
silence except for what some
fool didst But say his
weeping his cries which
perhaps meant for his times
an unmanly man hid thus
perhaps defamed inst his
times andst now fromst
sight no poet hast told his
tale sung his songs writ his
thoughts uponst some page
perfumed andst writ inst
gold ink forgot lost where

that Poet didst proclaim his
 name "Here lies one whose
 name is writ in water" Yet
 poor Paolo Malatesta his
 name inst nothing onst
 nothing his name not e'en
 writ inst that fools proem
 all we hear is his weeping
 his crying no mention of he
 so Dearest reciter recite
 and for the first time hear
 inst all history his voice his
 soul sing his tunes to get his
 version of the truth



PREFACE Ahh thee poet
 thee doth sing inst that sweet new
 style of things profound that doth all
 make to smile thee doth paint the
 moths wings ast coloured ast
 flowers thee doth spellbind us for
 hours with thy methods thy rimes thy
 melodies bring such sublimity that
 out sings the birds onst wing thee
 doth wring fromst thy tropes golden
 fleck of light to light our way thru
 thy wit more profound thanst Plato
 thy quick witted thoughts full of
 antithesis where the truth lays hid
 ast within an orchids bowl for the
 bee to go Yet Dearest poet for all
 thy cleverness with thy style thy wit
 Oh thee hast no clue to know Paolo

Ahh Dearest Human what be that that
 doth maketh thee male of female well
 some doth say we be a *Coincidentia*
oppositorum ast didst say Heraclitus
 Anaximander

Ahh that be something for thee to
 ponder with Nicholas of Cusa
 Dialecticians the Metaphysicians the
 Hindu Ardhanarishvara andst that for
 that Jung we be both anima & animus
 Ahh donot cuss all the that thee hast to
 do to see to view is to see thee inst love
 to see the contraries inst thee inst we so
 read onst to see what thee be andst
 howeth a he wast misread mistreated by
 all of history till now

Doth thee to that fool to talketh that doth
 place thee andst me inst *Hells* second circle
 for those full of lust be Oh he that fool
 that hath the gall to call this love of *I* for
 thee lust whenst he didst But sing of his
 lust for *Beatrice* disguised by love
 purified by that *Dolce Stil Novo* where
 he andst the rest didst But divinize their
 lust inst the cloak of love *Divine* Ahh he
 andst the rest not fool *I* for *I* am a man
 like the rest andst like a man doth possess
 desires fires of lust for of truth all love
 doth of lust containe andst thus all the rest
 including he should be inst *Hell* like thee
 andst me they shouldst all to gain for love
 Ohh for love not be inst logics chains for
 logic doth not of reality proclaim for all of
 us be But a union of opposites which logic
 not explain thus wail *I* the wind my breath

**My love to gain for the soul of I
 be But whole where love andst lust
 within mine hart of noble pain of
 suffering andst pleasure of peace
 Yet torment of hope But despair to
 burn with lusts fire within mine
 flesh Yet to be But soothed of all
 mine pain thru the love of thee I gain
 to feel what others say be But the
 impure andst base Yet whenst
 looketh I uponst thy face to some
 say with nobler thoughts doth thru
 mine hart to race Ohh Ohh doth
 wail I for the whole of mine hart be
 filled with each of those parts that
 whenst divided be greater thanst**

the whole Yet within mine hart each
 part doth inst the whole remain not
 apart andst of mine thoughts mine
 feelings mine Ohh emotions for thee
 be of each andst each the sum of all
 mine love for thee Doth wail I cry
 that fromst mine lips doth this wind
 to sweep thy hair uponst the breath
 that this air be of mine breath
 scorched thus Minos grinning with
 features ghastly doth judge what not
 be crimes of poor Semiramis andst
 Dido with hart so sore or Paris or
 Helen Tristan andst Cleopatra
 where they their groans andst
 bellowing be But ast I with hart of

**contraries that doth their harts andst
 flesh to turn to a tempest where love
 andst lust equally their harts to bust
 andst to sway But sway not with
 lamentation be But not their pain ast
 that fool or But Midos doth exclaim
 Ohh But the joy andst delight whenst
 the pure andst the dross doth combine
 that the hart doth light with light bright
 that the fools mistake for pain for they
 cant take part inst the sublime to gain
 for their harts keep apart love andst
 lust thus they misjudge andst their
 harts they themselves condemn their lust
 these *stilnovisti* with their sweet new
 style where their woman their**

"angel" their "bridge to God" be **But**
 guile to their lust to hide behind a smile
Ahhh whenst didst *I* see thee
Francesca da Polenta *I* *Ohh* *I* didst
 see thee whenst thee didst to **But**
 believe thee to marry me *Ohh* thenst
 didst mine hart beat with contraries
 mine flesh mine soul with that tempest
 uponst mine breath with flurries of
 thoughts untold *Ahh* *Francesca da*
Polenta that *I* with the lyre of
Orpheus couldst with the tongues tip
I of to write uponst the heated air that
 which didst appear too to mine sight
 such loveliness that all the hues of
 paradise all those tints of splendours
 that the stars the leaves the blooms all

the meadows fruit to glint thy
 loveliness doth all out shine the glories
 of the sunset glow the flickers of
 moonlight phosphoring uponst the
 pools depths to show that blaze to
 glisten ast lightning onst the seas
 waves *Ohh Francesca da Polenta*
 what radiance thy loveliness that didst
 interblend withinst mine minde all
Elysiums of ravishment 'neath earth or
 sky atop mountain peaks 'neath the
 seas unfathomable deep naught *Ohh*
 naught didst compare with thee *Ohh*
Ohh mine *Francesca da Polenta*
 didst mine soul ast that moth that
 circles around that flame didst mine
 soul escape fromst that *Sell* that be life

that doom which doth encase all we
 didst mine soul to flight to soar free to
 enamoured onst thee winged with
 burning flesh ast wings plumes inst
 flames didst Oh ♪ didst ♪

Francesca da Polenta reach paradise
 lifted by thy soul mine soul that
 whenst at *Ravenna* whenst didst ♪
 proxy marry thee Ohh Ohh thenst

Dear Francesca da Rimini didst thine
 andst mine soul didst marry each to
 each inst complementarity responsive to
 each to each inst union be inst a higher
 place an higher order with soul uponst
 soul inst fusion with no space no border
 betwixt lust andst love within our unity
 where uponst the stars we skip we

dance with diamonds light uponst our
 toes tips lightning flashing inst our
 eyes sparks be our sighs that fromst
 our hart flash flames fromst our whole
But whenst of which naught thee andst
 me didst of know the name the cause the
 philosophy which didst explain to we
 what we each didst proclaim with sighs
 with moans with cries *But* are the
 words unknown to tell of what we each
 had of our souls befell till *Ohh* till
Dear Francesca da Rimini we be
 'neath jasmine bower 'neath blooms of
 purple hue that didst tint the airs of
 perfumed flowers with petals of flames
 that blent the scent with our breaths to
 turn to pinks of lips andst cheeks that

fumes of honeydew didst uponst our
 flesh to lay andst our harts to beat
 inst perfumed melodies whenst inst that
 book writ by Galeotto of about his love
 for Launcelot du Lac andst thenst
 with palpitating breaths we thenst knew
 that our love be But by the name of
 Courtly Love our love a love that be at
 once illicit andst moral with passions
 disciplined to be near But unrequited
 with urges illegitimate Yet urges
 principled to love Yet unable to love
 our love ast a flame Yet that burns
 'neath water Yet both we our Nobility
 didst our love constrain our urges with
 that Courtly Love didst restrain Ahh
 that love of we both of chivalry chaste

burning andst ideal our love to burn inst
 our harts that be lamps of flames of
 gold inst purity inextinguishable fires
 fed by our desires that inst his
 jealousies Giovanni didst But not see
 which to our doom led we Yet Ohh
 Yet whenst read we of Galeotto longed
 for kiss uponst his Noble lover
 Launcelot lips Ahh thenst for our
 first time to kiss mine lips uponst
 Dear Francesca da Rimini Kissed
 she with her mouth all palpitating with
 feelings that swell I doth tell the
 breasts the breathes flood passions fire
 desires flames the flesh doth gain Ohh
 Ohh the joy the pain the strain of lust
 anst love uponst our limbs to fall to fall

Ohh we inst fires flames to gain Ohh
to gain the pain of love of lust Ohh no
shame the rush the blush of lips Ohh
lips breathing bliss the souls
communion trembling lips lips bursting
bloom crimson perfumed flesh lips
petals kiss to kiss loves lust
confession the tongues tips skip too trip
uponst the flesh the harts beat bursting
blooms sprout along our lips we shout
we sing we dance with our tongues tips
with our bliss-breathing lips that kiss
that suck that bite to suck our lifes
nectars that doth along our lips to drip
to slip along our lips our necks ast the
veins pace out our kiss uponst each lips
to place to race Ohh the joy to gain to

see uponst our face heaven lit our eyes
gold sparks molten flames that naught
canst to restrain our love our lust inst each
breast each limb each flesh the breath
heated thru the airs spread to fall to too
splash inst gold those lips folds doth our
kiss caress those lips to invest with
heavens bliss with love lust blest flushed
flesh pastures of lust-love-woven gardens
of flesh heated with our burning breaths
flushed flesh with Edens-gloves kiss-
woven bliss uponst our breaths doth loves
sweetness doth rain the froth fromst our
brains harmonies tunes melodies that sing
that doth I ast I Kissed she uponst
the mouth all palpitating of she Ohh
that that fool didst swoon ast if to die
 mistaking my song for some weeping cry