



**Paradise  
Gained**

**Doem by c**

**Dean**

# Paradise



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west geelong Victoria 2025 page.1 The Feast of Venus [Peter Paul Rubens](#) 1635-1636 P.2

P.2 The Triumph of Galatea (18th century) P.3 [The Triumph of Galatea \(18th century\)](#) P.6 on the way to the festival Charles  
william wyllie roi 1853-1923

# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W So what be



this **Paradise**

**Gained**

perhaps a Medieval  
allegory asst like "The

**Romance of the Rose"**

or a *Koan* not of the *Soto*  
 school *But* the *Rinzai*  
 where reason be *But* a  
 hindrance to the ultimate *ast*  
 doth say the *Christian St*  
*Bernard* holiness not  
 argument leads to the divine  
 or again *ast Hugh* of *St*  
*Victor* that the uncorrupted  
 truth cant be understood by  
 reason or again *Richard* of  
*St Victor* reason and the

imagination be inferior to  
mystical contemplation for  
as St Bernard didst say  
vision be the way for logic  
andst dialectics lead thee  
astray so andst what might  
the allegory be be it a vision  
of the mystic journey some  
doth say the world canst be  
an Hell or an heaven such  
that thee canst turn Hell into  
a heaven or turn heaven inst

to a Hell with clarity the  
 journeys end is But where  
 thee began all remains the

same what has changed is  
 thy clarity the allegory thus  
 seeks to put inst words that  
 vision seen where to see is  
 not to see to know is not to

know But words do falsify  
 so recierter try to see the  
 vision thru allegory to see  
 the ultimate beyond reason



# PREFACE

Ahh what be this askes thee sweet  
 recierter Ahh some humble wits doth  
 answer with pen dipped inst gold writ onst  
 pearl paper tinted with those thoughts of  
 philosophers andst mystics deep full of  
 words andst fancies that all their times  
 doth keep some others sing onst

Sheppard's pipes Ye what canst say I to  
 thee with vaine words that afford naught  
 But more words well let I say whenst  
 thee be onst the mystics way note that at  
 thy end thee be But back where thee began  
 I say for whenst thee hast lost thy  
 verbiage thenst thee hast won clarity  
 whenst thy end is where thee began whenst  
 thy words to oblivion thee doest send

Ahh what be this blue tinted orb that floats  
 around inst within space what be this place  
 that doth strew uponst the many andst the  
 few to coat their lives with joy or misery  
 some say it be Hell others tell it be Heaven  
 uponst them that befell what be this duality  
 this binary some say that be the way the  
 minde doth of reality to say other say that  
 duality be just illusion brought fromst that  
 scam Of Aristotle his logic the excluded  
 middle that hast way layed humanity for  
 2300 years some doth say make of that  
 Hell thy heaven rather thanst maketh of  
 Heaven thy Hell Yet what doth this proem  
 to of the matter to say well with clarity Dear  
 recieter read the words or go beyond such



**Andst doest I to But to lift the  
 painted veil fromst the vale of tears  
 fromst Samvrti the Sufi eyes to see  
 thru Māyā doest I seek doest  
 perhaps to see ast Dante didst seek  
 to see to be the candle ready for that  
 flame that flame that he didst didst  
 long to But to gain to see beyond the  
 shadowy play of realities prefaces  
 where the masks hast been lifted to  
 see Ohh to see perhaps what other  
 be the things to be where I doest to  
 see not unripe things But to see  
 where others sight be not equal to the  
 sight beyond the painted veil where  
 Ohh that sempiternal rose dilating**

doth its odours to exhale *But* give  
 off where be *But* all be *But* be  
 spring to see that without *But*  
 seeing to see to be to without  
 knowing to know to be that whenst  
 onst my journey didst *Y* to wander  
 to wonder that didst *Y* thenst to see  
 to know that that journeys end is  
*But* the journey where *Y* began *But*  
*Ahh But* with more clarity didst *Y*  
 thenst didst *But* to see before that  
*Y* began that rose be *But* a rose  
 that didst along the journeys path  
 became not that rose *Yet* at the  
 journeys end where *Y* didst to *But*  
 began the rose be *But* again that

rose *But* with more clarity that  
 hadst *Y* *But* gained unlike that  
*Peter Bell* that inst shadows  
 trusted thenst to madness wast he  
 thrust to damnation where *Ahh*  
 where what wast *Sell* to heaven  
 turned to *Y* to burn with heaven  
 unto myself to be to see with clarity  
 whenst the painted veil didst to lift  
 andst reality to see to lift the  
 shadows o'er the abyss andst with  
 sight clear to view andst those unreal  
 shapes that mimic all that the rest  
 canst *But* only see to *Y* *Shall* lead  
*Y* to the shadows to lift andst inst  
 gloomy solitude to be *But* *Ahh*

**Ahh to be within the world But of  
 it not Yet part of that shadow dance  
 Yet with more clarity apart to see  
 Yet merged inst all that crowd  
 happier thanst all I hast But known  
 andst the shadows purple indigo  
 didst glow pearl tinted flushing hues  
 of dawn tinted colours spectrum  
 glistening blent mingled gem-like  
 stars spiral light vortexes whorls of  
 shadows bright light indigo purples  
 inst frenzy didst But to twirl  
 flickering quiver shadows ast if to  
 lift fromst the moon clouds of  
 speckled gleams doth lift the  
 painted veil the darkness to light**

bright *Ahh* doth see *Y* see *Y* *Ohh*  
 see *Y* light opens round the space  
 this sphere this universe this void  
 this *Ohh* this didst see *Y* where all  
 things to beauty be this space doth  
*But* be paradise to those that doth  
*But* see look looketh *Y* andst see  
 all shapes to light with delight with  
 beauty bright with thy sight doth  
 thee create paradise to fashioning  
 chaos inst to *Oh* these words doest  
 crumble inst mine mouth uponst mine  
 lips tip to dust worthless motes for  
 these bubbles of sounds doest *But*  
 be *But* lie for what doth lie before  
 mine sights that doth *But* pollinate

mine lips that  $\int$  doth breathe sweet  
 incense that doth kiss the breeze that  
 doth kiss the bright swift flowing  
 ripples uponst the azure gleaming  
 waves the multitudinous all sweet  
 flowing things within mine eyes orbs  
 that glint ast crystals of fire like  
 spears of gold the light flecked  
 burning flames of beauteousness  
 untold that coat fromst mine lips that  
 flow pollen of brightness thru the  
 purpling light glow golden thenst  
 didst burst to dissolve the indigo  
 purple shadows that preface reality  
 andst to mine gaze didst blaze  $\int$   
 didst blaze to mine gaze forth didst

I see ast if a dream But But real  
 uponst the meadows lucid hues of  
 greens andst blues like of jewels  
 didst lay Ohh didst lay I say  
 beauties ast nymphs that didst  
 perfume the airs nectareous of ooze  
 that fromst their pulpy –fruity  
 pollinating blooms didst to glow ast  
 dew 'neath clouds andst sky andst  
 burning sun of golden fire all ast if  
 painted uponst the light Nymphs of  
 pink cheeked flesh kiss each with  
 toying tongues 'neath sky transparent  
 ast glass a dome blazing like a lake  
 of shining expanse Yet inst clouds  
 reflecting all within what doth seem

a golden sphere encircling be it real  
or illusion within the lucid depth of  
mine sight to see those *Nymphs*  
those *Sirens* fromst those blooms  
the foam of love to ooze thru curly  
hairs they each to each andst each to  
me glances amorous sent fromst  
eyes dancing prancing o'er each to  
each andst each to me *Yet* of no  
imagination those pulpy-fruity-oozy –  
blooms of those shes they be the  
forms of things unknown 'neath  
purple shadows that thee see with  
clarity that take shape *Yet* be  
nothing that words of which canst  
tell for no name canst uponst befell



**To jail inst limits of thy mind andst  
to capture inst they senses that be  
But glimmers shimmering whenst  
that painted veil be lifted andst to  
see thru not seeing andst to know  
thru not knowing that thy fancy  
unhindered canst ast *Dante* drink of  
those waters to lift those shadows  
of reality to know to see what be  
before thee *Ohh* those blossoms of  
fruity-pulpy-scented-ooze that dangle  
flushed with blushed flesh twixt  
sweet pink flesh thighs odorous of  
breath that lay about onst carpets of  
myrrh inst blissful field of cassia  
of nard of *Armidas* isle of bliss**

**andst balm scented flowery odours  
 full this wilderness of sweet oozy—  
 flesh-puply-fruity-blooms of flesh  
 flushed blushed of wantonness these  
 virgins pouring forth that scented  
 ooze that fill mine fancies with  
 delights that fill this paradise with  
 fragrance filled to rise ast plumes of  
 light sky-tinting 'neath fervid sun  
 burning onst those heated fleshy  
 blooms onst carpet ast painted o'er  
 meads of golden blossoms with  
 grasses of greens with themselves  
 offered up ast a banquet to mine  
 fancies with such banquets of things  
 that o'er spread the earth which be**

**But a feast of Venus thus the  
 odorous flowery bloomed flesh with  
 odours burn a banquet for those that  
 see with clarity sate √ inst cool  
 bower with enormous amounts of  
 bliss ast spicy forest deep within  
 didst kiss mine lips to tingle the  
 tongues tip ast wanton Nymphs  
 their savoury fruit dishes didst the  
 tongues tip of √ didst into too dip  
 to please with relish this thirst of  
 √ for nectareous draughts of their  
 ooze to quench with delight mine  
 appetite uponst those milky streams  
 those buds that turgid swollen gorged  
 to be like grape or berry ast more**

**Nymphs doth Eastward stream  
thru trees to me with blooms of  
glorious shape such sight to see to  
behold ast a new morn risen inst  
mid-noon that they sweep along  
oozing to their guest the receiver of  
their gift that pour forth from thighs  
with fertile oozeing of squishy  
fruity fruitfulness that be the fruit  
to bringeth forth the fruit that be  
mine desires fired by those pouting  
growths of flesh that grow with  
each breath more fruitful all ripe  
inst season that doth hang twixt  
those thighs like stalks that enclose  
those moist lips that mine lips doest**

long to pluck to lick that doth nourish  
 I to consume such for mine health of  
 such superfluous moistness fromst  
 each she that doth the blooms to hang  
 ast fruit fromst bough or brake that  
 uponst the earth with clarity thee I will  
 see bounties of delicacies that doth mix  
 I inst mine mouth uponst mine tongues  
 tip tastes so well joined andst mixed  
 that Ohh of all the shes that the earth  
 doth yield fromst India west andst east  
 of middle shore of Pontus andst the  
 Carthaginian coast be sure to Scheria  
 andst that land of that Phaeacian King  
 Alcinous Ohh didst I see all those  
 fruity shes ast like some tabletop dish  
 fromst a Netherlandish still life print

those fruity–flesh blooms doth ♪ crush  
 with lips like must ripe–juice like  
 meaths andst berry anst kernel pressed  
 tight lipped pressed to sip that wine  
 some say be blood that some doth say  
 ast on the *Phelgrean* plaine doth stir up  
 rebellious thoughts or doth bringeth  
 excess ast doth say that motto at the  
 palace *Culross* MIHI PONDERA LUXUS  
 fromst *Paradin* Yet One wanton she  
 didst to ♪ fromst the rest didst leave to  
 ♪ ♪ believe andst wouldst fromst that  
 wanton she didst receive fromst she  
 upturned bloom sweet wine that didst  
 mine minde heightened ast with wine to  
 be jocund andst with boon that didst  
 realize ♪ Ahh hadst ♪ paradise gained