

Passiflora

Poem by c dean

Passiflora

Poem by c dean

List of **free** Erotic Poetry Books by
Gamahucher Press by colin leslie dean
Australia's leading erotic poet free for
download

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press>

Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2015

Preface

That mystery that allure from a her

**That her that with poisonous breath that makes
the pulse of thee run with rapturous melodies
unto thy death**

**That her with eyes of the snake that set thee on
fire**

**That her with hair of spider webs that ensnares
the soul of thee with heated desire**

**That her whos pulpy lips of death thee longs to
kiss and have suck out the soul of thee**

**That her whos touch of fire ignite thee and
burns thee like a pyre**

**That her thee wants to stroke thy throat with
her viper tongue and run along thy pulsing veins
to curl round thy throat and squeeze thee into
ecstasy**

**That her that bringer of thy death to which thee
sings with desiring breath "come my languorous
thing that ♪ canst put the head of ♪ upon thy
breasts and hear thy frozen heart beat out its
deadly beats "**

**On strawberries soaked in ether
 supping sit here ♪ here writing
 in those perfumed fumes while on
 silken screens yellow hued writ in
 blood red iridescent the blood of
 ♪ about ♪ didst lie
 "La Belle Dame Sans Merci".
 that pitiless "faery's child".**

"She took me to her elfin grot
 And there she wept and sighed full
 score

And there I shut her wild wild eyes
 With kisses four

"And there she lulled me to sleep
 And there I dreamed-Ah woe betide'
 The latest dream I ever dremt
 On the cold hill side

Geraldine with the serpents eye

“Her stately neck, and arms were
bare;

Her blue-veined feet unsandaled
were;

And wildly glittered here and there “

“The gems entangled in her hair.” ”

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;

Ah! what a stricken look was hers!

Deep from within she seems half-way

To lift some weight with sick assay,

And eyes the maid and seeks delay;

Then suddenly, as one defied,

Collects herself in scorn and pride,

And lay down by the Maiden's side!—

And in her arms the maid she took,

Ah wel-a-day!
 And with low voice and doleful look
 These words did say:
 'In the touch of this bosom there
 worketh a spell,
 Which is lord of thy utterance,
 Christabel!
 Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know
 to-morrow,
 This mark of my shame, this seal of my
 sorrow''

**Acrasia she who to beasts didst
men to turn**

''Upon a bed of Roses she was layd
...

And was arayd, or rather disarayd,

All in a veile of silke and silver thin".
"And all that while, right over him she
hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his
sight,
As seeking medicine, whence she was
stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight And
oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips
bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did
sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure
"lewd;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his
case she rewde."

**Salome who with desires
unambiguous kisses amorously she
the decapitated head of he**

“She is like a mad women a mad
women who is seeking everywhere for
lovers She is naked ...She shows
herself naked in the sky ...”

“I will kiss thy mouth Jokanaan...”

Oh how I loved thee I loved thee yet
Jokanaan I love thee only I am
athirst for thy beauty I am hungry for
thy body and neither wine nor fruits
can appease my desire”

**On strawberries soaked in ether
supping sit here ♪ here writing
in those perfumed fumes**

ast upon ebony filigree gilded
 inlaid lay open at the page
 "Nana" bewitching courtesan
 and Lulu of the "Earth Spirit"
 and "Pandora's Box" who
 devouringly sexually intoxicates
 and "Carmilla" of bad dreams and
 bite marks
 and Lady Audley of madness and
 doom
 and Brigid O'Shaughnessy more
 ravenous than The Maltese
 Falcon On strawberries soaked
 in ether supping sit here ♪ here
 writing in those perfumed fumes
 with luminous paintings erotic of
 ozi Lindsay and Whiteley that
 make ♪ burn with "gemlike flame"
 that licks the air that surrounds

♪ On strawberries soaked in
 ether supping sit here ♪ here
 writing in those perfumed fumes
 tinted with the yellow hues of the
 dreams of ♪ of that flower of
 passion

Passiflora

Who

With vagina deep curved
swallowing heliamphora
chimantensis

With Dew along cunts lips
sparkling Drosera capensis

With Cunts lips red-pinkish
snapping Dionaea muscipula

**Oh that thee wouldst suck ♀ up
 into that deep curved throat that ♀
 couldst glued be to those
 gleaming beads of dew that line
 thy lips and have that snapping
 mouth bite the flesh of ♀ to
 devour ♀ and absorb the pulsating
 nerves of ♀ into thee that thee
 wouldst drain ♀ of my living
 fluids and into thee be absorbed
 into ecstasies deliriums**

Passiflora

**More liquidity be in thy cunts
 puffy folds than in sweet scented
 savourous pulpy squelchy fruit**

**more intoxicating be the cunt of
thee than in opiums sweet scented
fumes**

**oh the cunts of thee exhales
scented perfumed fumes that tint
thy cassolette that fills my
passionate soul with ecstasies of
paradise and Technicolor the
dreams of ♪ that ♪ couldst press
the mouth of ♪ o'er thy fleshy
cunts flesh and to lips to lips do
in one exquisite lingering
languorous kiss to explode in a
gem-like flame of heated desire
that blots out the noon day sun
with it burning glare that ♪
couldst in thy hairy lair lay ♪**

**down to sleep and sleep the sleep
of perpetual rapturous dreams**

Passiflora

**In hothouse amidst nacreous
humids airs that melting
dissolving imagery of thee
dressed in white silk tulle thee
the pallor of chlorosis pale
'gainst the flowers flourishing
vitality and thy red puffy lips like
rubies on fire nibbling Parma
violets crystallized thy hair coal
black locks clocked in net like
gossamer web spider spun with
topaz arachnid in centre shinning
like the blazing yellow sun**

**nimbus of languor around thee
surrounds that on the surrounds
precipitating in pallid hues and
bleached half tones thy cunt be
one large virgin lily that secretes
perfumed fumes that solidify into
whirlpools of dripping light like
opal tinted globes bright amidst
flowery blooms that exhaled their
perfumes atop stems as if
sculptured of jade and emeralds
laid like bouquets of colored hues
that flickered as guttering flames
fromst the breezes thy lips exhaled
thru the cunt of thee into each of
thy pores of thee thee didst absorb
those scented perfumed fumes into
thy flesh thee sucked the flowers**

**vitality that to withering wilting
 insipid things they didst form ast
 thee didst blossom with new
 found life in those reddish pink
 flushed cheeks of thee the
 flowers the pallor of chlorosis
 pale 'gainst thy reddish pink
 flushed cheeks flourishing
 vitality**

Passiflora

**Thy lips cyclamen white as if the
 moon melted upon banks of snow
 thy lips apart trembling with
 desires pangs fromst that
 tempestuous fire that in thy cunt
 doth up flames as if didst
 supernova the sun those lips
 apart that lure that humble bee**

**into the velvet depths of thy
burning chasm
those lips apart that chalice that
knights of gore had longed for that
flowery bowl of heated fluids of
delight bright glowing luculent of
hidden deep mysteries out of sight
those lips apart that the fluttering
bee in search to quench its thirst
alights upon the folds of velvet
down pollen dewed and in its
sniffing face bespeckled with thy
lips liquidities carries within
those fleshy lips to feel those
velvet perfumed petaled lips to
hug and crush upon the bees soft
form to feel the lips close up and
feel the crushing hug to out breath**

**and fromst within those tighting
lips of thee we do hear the poor
bee to scream**

Passiflora

**Within garden close 'neath the
noon day sun a gibbous disc of
molten gold the canopy of a
sapphire sky laying o'er thee with
Safez by thy side**

“The bird of the gardens sang unto
the rose

New blown in the clear dawn “bow
down thy head

As fair thou within this garden close
Many have bloomed and died “she
laughed and said

“that I am born to fade grieves not my
heart

But never was it a true lovers part
To vex with bitter words his loves
repose”

**Thy eyes glittering twin bluish
stars gleaming in the yellow light
the pallor of thy skin paler than
Cyclamen petals of velvet flame
thy cunt aflame bursting with fire
a red blooded bloom that to the
bees didst allure that longing to
kiss that flowery form didst
flutter with desire fromst near
and far drawn on by the perfumed
fumes exhaling fromst that velvet
throat that didst flutter thy cunts
reddish lips like flowery petals**

**kissed by the heated breeze to thy
lips the bees didst fly but on the
touch of their lips to lips to kiss
into flames didst burst they to
die to shrivel and to burn with
agonizing moan to lay in burnt out
carcasses at thy dainty feet as
thee didst flower petals pluck to
crush then in thy dainty hand to
drop as confetti like on a brides
wedding day that drifting down
like butterflies on the wing like
globes of colored dust to form
o'er those burnt out husks a
shroud of colored arabesque
whilst with thy head thrown back
like some hound fromst hell**

**baying to a pallid moon thee didst
mirthly laugh**

Passiflora

**oh that face of thee with the
tints of decay pallid pale ast some
bleached out flower thy eyes like
the stagnate waters of some
decomposing pool companion fair
for *Faunas* that "lover of
doomed ladies" the perfumed
fumes of thee a nimbus that
surrounds like some pestilential
mist the cunt of thee some o'er
ripe fruit with the hues of autumn
leaves that out breaths sulphide
of hydrogen but ah whenst thee
dost feed like some leprous thing**

upon desires sucking the life
 fromst things thenst thee to a rosy
 bloom do form peachy skin eyes a
 light with vivacity thy scent the
 scented perfumed fumes all the
 gardens of the world thee be the
 lurid colors of spring time thee be
 the tasty new born fruit while
 decaying at thy feet be the lover
 that thee didst seek

Passiflora

Thee wash the blood of thy
 paramours devoured off thy puffy
 lips with the mornings sparkling
 dew thy ears ring with the agonies
 of crys of thy paramours devoured
 thy lips thrill with tremblings of
 exquisite joy ast they remember

**the lingering last kiss of thy
paramours devoured into bliss
thy lovers be but dead and the
cries of they waft like the pyres
baleful fumes across the barren
land to the clashing of thy cunts
bloody lips like cymbals of
polished brass ast thy eyes like
gleaming gems bright lay like
silver moons reflected in the
heated pools of foaming blood
asts thee lick thy scarlet tongue
like the vipers in the blood coated
of its prey oh say ♪ thy heated
breath breathes noxious fumes
that wilt and mildew with
miasmatic hues the flowers in thy
way thy heated breath breathes**

out pestilential fogs in rhythms
with the pulsations of thy hearts
poisonous melodies oh what
odious sprite didst bringeth thee
in my way what demon fromst hell
didst let the eyes of ♫ gaze upon
the eyes of thine what demon of
hell disturbed the poppy dream of
♫ and bringeth thee to ♫ oh
whatever whoever it be thank ♫
thee with glee oh how ♫ long for
those snake tresses of thee to
entwine me up in those coils of
lingering death that to madness
and doom await ♫ oh that thee
wouldst press thy pulpy cunt o'er
the flesh of ♫ and bewitch and
drive ♫ to folly oh that ♫ couldst

for eternity look upon the
 Medusa face of thee look upon
 face of death and plunge the lips
 of I o'er the devouring lips of
 thee that thee wouldst with thy
 serpent eye wouldst suck out of I
 the humid eyes of I my soul and
 to thy elfin grot take I lay I
 upon thy bower of bliss and to
 bad dreams and bite marks on my
 flesh to send the veins of I into
 pulsations of rapturous
 tremblings that thee would set I
 on fire with desire that burn I
 bright like the heated coal that I
 couldst burn bright with gemlike
 flame and into deliriums float
 upon the maelstroms of

sensations play oh happy be ♪ to
 be Meïamoun in "Une nuit de
 Cléopâtre" the poison which to
 drink oh how lucky be Kriton
 with the secrets of those kisses
 for one Egyptian night then but to
 feel in the morning dawn the axe
 across my neck oh for all these
 joys oh serpent eye cast they
 glance upon ♪ and give to ♪
 exquisite joys if but for one
 moment till death but that ♪
 couldst gemlike burn for that
 moment ast the moth drawn to the
 burning flame for love giveth its
 life for that heated moment of
 delight oh thee serpent thee awake
 in me the beast within that beast

thee make the senses of ♪
 pulsate that girth round ♪ in one
 nimbus of sensations might oh
 loathsome thing oh loathsome
 carnivore of human flesh give ♪
 thy lips to kiss and taketh ♪ to
 paradise in one bursting flame of
 ecstatic delight in one fleeting
 momentary paroxysm of
 rapturous ravishment give ♪ thy
 lips and ignite the flesh of ♪ into
 that gemlike flame that ♪
 supernovas then to melt in
 exquisite passion then goeth out a
 burnt out husk to be to be absorbed
 in thy black hole that sucks in all the
 universe but oh that ♪ will giveth all
 for that moment of fleeting delight
 for that rapturous night with thee

**For to see more of Australian
decadence**

<http://gamahuchepress.yellowgum.com/wp-content/uploads/decadence.pdf>

jsbn

9781876347872