



**Passion flowers**

**Poems by c**

**Dean**

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## Dean

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FP "Sleep impressionist nude" 1903 *Frederick Carl Frieseke*

**Publishers**

**introduction**

Ahh these **Passion**

**flowers**

**what might be the inspiration be  
flowers of passion might be the  
inspiration for dean be Moore that  
unsung out of his time man like dean**

**Ahh dean thy poems catch on the  
tongues tip flaring with a gem-like  
flame thee sing of lust for an age that  
just fucks fucks with out lust fuck as  
if just reliving an itch like scratching a**

flea bite no more no less just to relieve  
an itch no desire no lust for the man or  
female just each to each just a means  
to masturbate without hands just to  
relieve a throb an itch where anyone will  
do without desire without lust Ahhh  
but dean thy poems evoke desire inflame  
lust recite dear readers hear the passion  
hear the heated sighs that willst rise  
thee up fluids to seep and drip Ohhh  
you lucky aesthetes those with fire  
burning in thy flesh that are not dead  
meat that just fucks Ohh you lucky  
aesthetes take out the green carnations  
and blow its scent o'er the groins of thy  
lusties watch each groin to each burst  
into flames gem-like then fuck with lust

# Preface

**With the tongues tip of ∩ write ∩  
these perfumed vignettes on a  
background of my pink breath breathe ∩  
passion flowers to ease thy lust to ease  
thy desires breathe ∩ passion flowers  
o'er thy flesh to ease thy pain to put  
thee into thy dream to ripen thy flesh to  
an indehiscent fruit to drip to ooze thy  
squishy flesh pulpy on the iridescent  
words of ∩**

**Crimson light all faint with delight  
 crimson scent all faint to my nose sent  
 weaves warp and weft of perfumes left  
 and right o'er my lady bright that nude  
 sleeping impressionistic in shadows of  
 varied hues that fromst the cunt of she  
 rise ast if fromst some temple censer  
 that filters thru the cunt hair of she ♪  
 see thru peep hole ♪ with glee Oh  
 those folds of voluptuous flesh kissed  
 by light perfumed fromst my breath  
 Ohh Ohh the sighs of ♪ swirls that  
 fragrant air that about the cunt of she  
 doth flare the sighs of ♪ weave thru the  
 crimson light perfumed by the loom of  
 the airs of all sighs ♪ breathe**

Dreaming she lies with fast closed  
 eyes bend J o'er the cunt of she be the  
 temple of Isis exhaling kyphi Ohh  
 look the thighs of she glisten with  
 liquidities the beds pink sheets soaked  
 fromst the squirting of she Ahh hope  
 me that this pool of wetness is fromst  
 thinking of J by she Look  
 sweet- marjoram floats in that  
 moistness that decks the pubes of she  
 Ahh smell the crisped mint that wafts  
 fromst the eyelashes of she Ohh see  
 the eyelashes flutter ast the tongue of J  
 lick that wetness along the right cunt  
 lips of she tasting of the honeyed-liquor  
 fromst the Peloponnesus

**The breath of her mouth is like the air  
 from the south that cunt that source  
 ushers forth perfumes fluttering fromst  
 those lips those lips that the mouth of  
 ♪ do kiss do kiss with the taste of ripe  
 fruit those lips those lips fragrant flesh  
 that enmesh that enmesh my quivering  
 flesh fromst the kiss of those tremulous  
 lips those lips that cunt indehiscent  
 fruit ripe fruit bursting seeping juice  
 seeping juice the fragrance of spikenard  
 fromst Phaselis the taste of wine  
 fromst Tarsos that breath that breath  
 fromst the cunt of she that mouth doth  
 caress the flesh of ♪ doth caress with  
 lingering breath that willst be my death**



**She is bathed in the deep dream-mist of  
 sleep the dream-mist of sleep of what  
 doth dream she me or he that poet lusts  
 she ast cunts fumes waft and the sighs  
 of she perfume the breeze perfume the  
 airs that circle thru the cunt hairs of  
 she where lies open upon that lily bed of  
 the little death that *Lily* bed of  
 fragrant breath lies there upon *Passion*  
*Flowers* soaked in the scented squirt  
 of she opened at a page much loved by  
 she kissed by those cunts lips kissed by  
 those cunts lips that page that rubbed  
 she upon those lily lips she is bathed in  
 the deep dream-mist the little death and  
 with faint sigh sighs the name of dean**

I gently took from her lap the book of  
 those *Passion Flowers* sweet scented  
 pages of that cunt of she that reminds  
 me of those fumes of flowers in  
 moonlight o'er *Assyrian* nights that  
 waft one into lusts the breath of  
 desires scented blooms in *Semiramis*  
 gardens Oh howest these fumes  
 soaked in these pages of my ladies lust  
 remind I of *Astarte* who bathed in the  
 squirt of virgins a thousand who bathed  
 in the dreams of randy girls who bathed  
 in tears of virgins thousand joys Ohh  
 that cunt of she more scented than  
 blooms of *Babylon* more witchery than  
*Circes* snares all soaked into *Passion*  
*Flowers* licked I her lips

Just like a pale white sea-shell misted  
 rose those cunts lips of she white lily  
 petals scented on the tips delicate ast  
 dew upon butterfly wings that quiver to  
 the breath of ♪ Oh that cunt fleshy  
 clam tight shut fleshy clam that opens  
 to my touch revealing that pink satin  
 pulp that hidden pearl of lust Oh  
 howset that pale white sea-shell misted  
 rose fromst those fumes that rose  
 fromst thy cunt hole tinted the lips of ♪  
 that sea-shell of flesh that flutters to  
 my breath like violets kissed by the sea  
 breeze that sea-shell of flesh that glints  
 the light like pink frost along thy cunts  
 lips edge that catches fire whenst with  
 the tongue of ♪ in its frail clasp

**Like trailing hyacinth flows the  
 clustering hair down around the cunt of  
 she tiny curls twirl along the clit bud a  
 grape ripe to burst upon my tongue in  
 one quivering squirt that cunt decked in  
 perfumed hair dark ast houri eyes**

**That cunt ripe fig pulpy flesh dripping  
 juice to my tongue lick**

**That cunt o'er ripe berry purple hued  
 dripping scent**

**That cunt ripe pomegranate burst open  
 to the touch of ♪ Ahh thee goddess of  
 fruits thee bringeth ♪ thy offerings of  
 thy lust harvests place them about the  
 mouth the lips the tongue of ♪ that ♪  
 canst offer worship to thy wares**

**The large full throat upon a gold ground  
glows that cunt a voracious heliamphora  
chimantensis those cunts lips a  
luscious *Dionaea muscipula* Ah that  
*Drosera capensis* clit decked in dew  
that *Medusa* throat gaping hole full of  
soft trembling that eats one whole**

**Within that void lie pleasures untold**

**Within that abysm lie joys for the bold**

**Within that emptiness lie deaths hold**

**Into that throat gazing I see I all the  
dreams of I all the lusts all the  
cravings that riddle I into that throat  
would throw I into deaths oblivion for  
one for one night of joy for all eternities  
darkness one night devoured by thee**

I am most lovely fair beyond desire  
 Ahh but the cunt of I be more fair be  
 more delightful than the face of I for  
 that cunt of I evokes fire lusts furnace  
 of flames Oh cunt of mine howest love  
 I to gaze in mirror upon thee to paint  
 thy face with rouge red as blood along  
 the lips edge of thee to sprinkle mica  
 and pearl-powder o'er that pulpy flesh to  
 see it gleam 'neath frozen moonlight to  
 see it glow flesh on fire to sprinkle  
 specks of perfumed rose o'er that flesh  
 the hue of pink lilies the scent of  
 heliotrope Ohh those lips of mine  
 shine thee like Chinese silks and gems  
 of light the loveliest of any girly born a  
 lotus flower of lustful breath

**Full well I know my touch doth burn  
like fire full well I know my cunts  
touch sets thee full of desire rise up  
suppliant and worship at my flesh rise  
up suppliant and expire on my breath at  
the altar of my flesh lies lovers heart  
full well I know my cunts touch sends  
quivers thru thy veins sends tremors  
along thy limbs burns desires within an  
infernal hell with no end about the flesh  
of I lovers breaths cling to my touch  
unending lust brings a tempest of  
cravings to thy wanton flesh tumult  
rapture upon the unending scent of my  
flesh breathes an opium dream full well  
I know my cunts touch into wakeful  
sleep addicted on the touch of me**

♪ am the queen of sensuous delight ♪  
 lighten thy darkness into light my cunt  
 be a beam directing thee to me be a  
 dream directing thee to me painted in  
 pinks and roses hues lust spills fromst  
 ♪ the seraphim at the feet of ♪ lie  
 gasping for one kiss fromst ♪ the lust  
 of ♪ o'erflows into shuddering in thy  
 limbs the hyacinth and nenuphar pale  
 at the beauty of my scent in the sight of  
 ♪ thee melts into tremblings numinous  
 ♪ be the ecstasy of all virgins sighs  
 ♪ be the limbs quivering unto bliss  
 Come come drink of my dreams come  
 and taste the breath of my kiss fill thy  
 instability upon the fluids that flows



**My beds are odorous with soft shed-  
scent sent fromst the cunt of ∫ thinking  
∫ of thee and he and she and we my  
beds are odorous with the scent of  
Parfum Exotique with the cunt hole of  
∫ be thy port Oh mariners on lusts  
seas enticing thee with the perfume of  
tamarind guiding thee to the heated flesh  
of the lips of ∫ veils of silken flesh  
fluttering sails of desire o'er that cunts  
hole that be the harbour for thee Oh  
voyager breathe in the opium breath of  
my passionate flesh ignite thy limbs like  
sunset fires with no rest voyage to my  
port that luxury marvellous and mix  
they soul with the songs all mariners  
sing in the port of my cunts weavings**

*And strange moon flowers a  
tremulous twilight air hangs o'er that  
cunt of √ rippling patterns of light  
reflect o'er cunts lips slivers of jade  
shadows purple caress the dew o'er  
cunts folds mist of aloes hangs o'er  
cunts pool quivering dew around cunts  
holes rim twists and curls trembling  
pool fragrant scent soaks thru the air  
whirling light o'er those jewels glinting  
on cunts puffy lips like silk curtains  
wavering in the breeze budding cunt  
those lips opens streaked with crimson  
a blushing virgins cheek perfume soars  
into the moonlight cunts pool bubbles  
light drifts into the void colours melt  
like bronze dissolving in pools depths*

**My sirens songs until all souls are  
 bent sing ♪ o'er all lusting flesh sing ♪  
 of the cunt of ♪ of ♪ its folds  
 mountain tops of flesh each tip  
 streaked in emerald tints each tip  
 powdered in pink frost with thy breath  
 ruffling its beauty its long hair sing ♪  
 of cascading down mountains of tresses  
 fall around cunts lips bright dew along  
 scented lips fading into pale pinks of  
 these of these do sing ♪ my Sirens  
 song wrecking thee upon the rims of my  
 cunts spongy flesh ship wrecking thee  
 upon the lips of ♪ of which sing ♪  
 alluring thee to thy doom plug thy ears  
 with beeswax doomed mariner the  
 song of ♪ be sweet irresistibly sweet**

that laps thy soul laps thy flesh each in  
 lethargy fatal that leads to thy little  
 death listen thee all sing ♪ of that cunt  
 of ♪ that "flowery" island of  
 Anthemoessa allures thee all fills thy  
 flesh with lust sing ♪ My sirens  
 songs until all souls are bent with lust  
 come thee all come hear my Siren song  
 thee all fill thy flesh with desires burst  
 forth into flames let thy flesh burn let  
 thy flesh melt in ecstasies of bliss come  
 come ye all come unto ♪ and die in thy  
 little death till the song of ♪ ♪ do stop

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