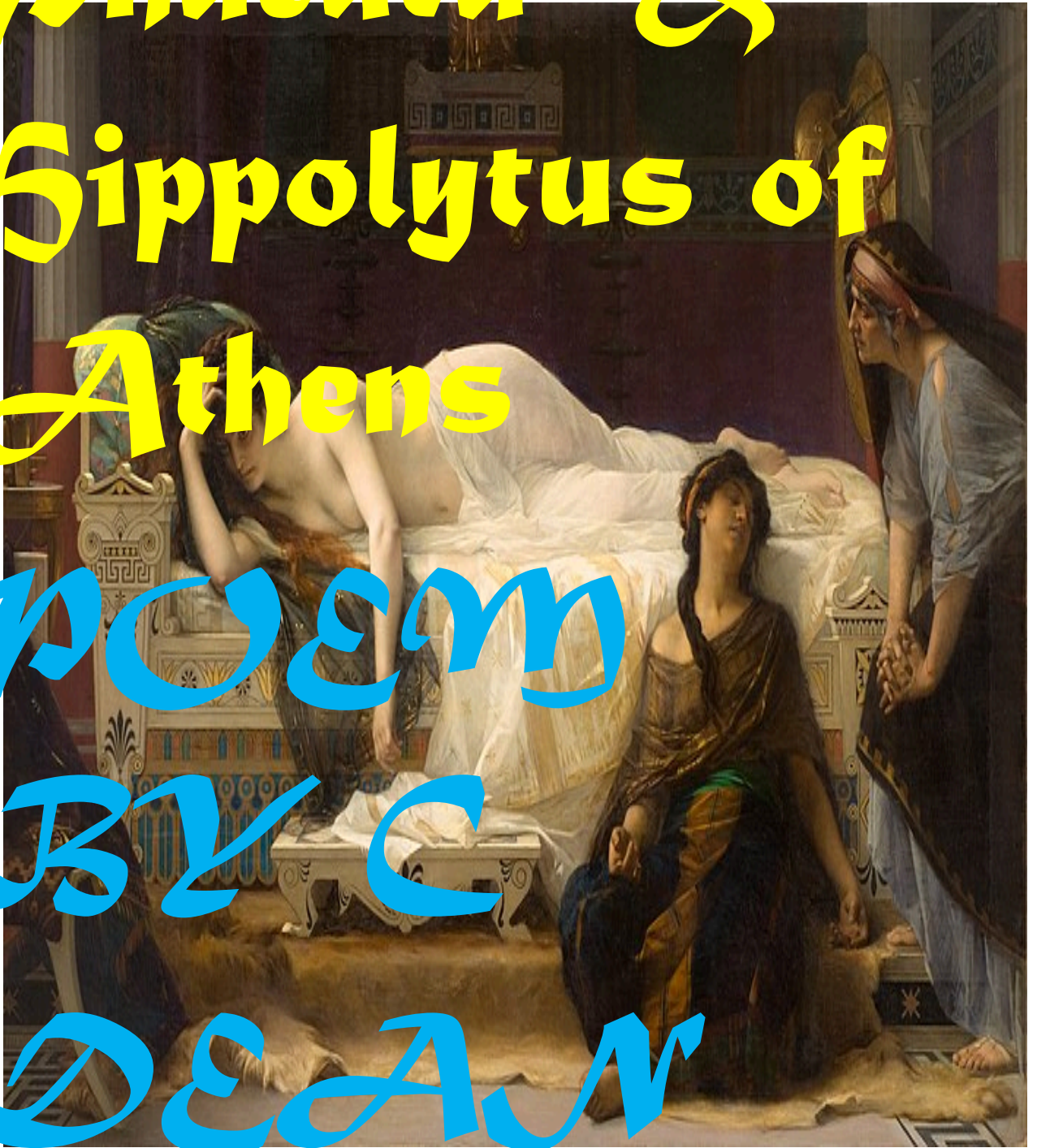


# Phaedra & Sippolytus of Athens

POEM  
BY  
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DEAN



# Phaedra & Sippolytus of Athens POEM BY COLIN LESLIE DEAN

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2024 FP: "Phaedra" (1880) Alexandre Cabanel INFC:Girl

masturbating [Gustav Klimt](#)Page3: "Seated woman masturbating" (1913), [Gustav Klimt](#) p4 "Woman Masturbating" [Egon Schiele](#) (1890 – 1918) P.6 "Masturbating girl" [Gustav Klimt](#) (1913),

Gustav Klimt PUBLISHERS

# INTRODUCTION

W

So what be this

Phaedra &  
Sippolytus of  
Athens

Well it  
not be the male denying of  
sexuality to the shes inst  
love which males seem to  
idealize all saccharine sweet

**Andst so nice like this crap**

**writ** Euripides, Hippolytus, Ovid, Heroides IV

Seneca the Younger, Phaedra, Jean Racine, Phèdre,

Algernon Charles Swinburne, Phaedra

Serman Bang, Fedra Gabriele D'Annunzio,  
Fedra

Miguel de Unamuno, Fedra Eugene O'Neill,  
Desire Under the Elms

Marina Tsvetaeva, Fedra Robinson Jeffers,  
Cawdor

Marguerite Yourcenar, "Phaedra", Mary Renault,  
The Bull from the Sea

Frank D. Gilroy, That Summer, That Fall

Tony Harrison, Phaedra Britannica Salvador  
Esriu, Fedra

Per Olov Enquist, Till Fedra Sarah Kane,  
Phaedra's Love Charles L. Mee, True Love

Frank McGuinness, Phaedra Ted Hughes, Phedre

*All denying andst lying  
about the fact that mommies  
masturbate ast doth  
daughters andst sisters inst  
love their hairy twats they  
fiddle andst diddle which all  
the historical crap about the  
tragedy of poor*

*Phaedra* they leave  
out of the curse upon her  
that made her love with such  
heated desires that didst  
their unrequitedness didst

**into masturbatory frenzies  
 didst throw her—which all  
 leave out— for what we love  
 we too want to fuck whenst**

**we cant we thenst fioddle  
 andst diddle our twats till  
 satiated be But poor**

**Phaedra** couldst not

**find relief fromst that curse  
 so didst for months to diddle  
 herself so recite her laments  
 which gave torments all left  
 out of the record by men**

**PREFACE** Ohh howeth  
 truth it be that love doth be of such  
 a kind that that which we love doth  
 not love we still doest we on love of  
 he or she still do proceed andst to  
 the world do But display with all  
 the froth that our lips canst say that  
 our love onst he or she will for  
 eternity stay Andst e'en whenst that  
 love we give he or she doth distain  
 andst our flesh be But full of woes  
 andst sorrows throws our harts full  
 of pain andst our hopes our joyes do  
 But flee But still doest we inst  
 love remain thru bitterness  
 wretchedness on bed of thorns we lay  
 our hart still But beat the music of  
 love when on he or she face we gaze

Ahh what be this tale of Phaedra andst  
the 'unleasher of horses' well it be said  
there be many accounts but I willst relate  
to thee this story that virtuous Queen  
daughter of Pasíphaë wast forced too to  
love the 'unleasher of horses' by  
Aphrodite who was annoyed at that  
'unleasher of horses' that claim of being a  
chaste devotee of Artemis wellst that  
poor cursed virtuous Queen daughter  
of Pasíphaë became lustful inst love  
andst depressed andst distraught with  
these "dreadful longings" unfulfilled for  
months so hear the randy horny complaints  
andst howeth she didst spend those  
months unleashed of restraints



**Fruit-flower-flesh pulpy fig with  
 dew decked along the rim of lips  
 puffy perfumed fresh bubbles  
 twinkling pleasures prolong that  
 love-juice stained mouth beaded  
 as five maenads doest dance round  
 the thyrsus dithyrambic Bacchanalia  
 along the folds down slit drip  
 flowers violet burning hues odours  
 that to Selene doest rise to kiss her  
 fays that doest round her face to  
 dance whilst lick ♪ that fingers tip  
 sweet honey wine that tints my lips  
 purple to shine to shine with the  
 breath of mine upon it be his name  
 that my flesh enflames with high-  
 throated sighs the climax subsides**

Yet ast the pulse subsides Yet  
 doest do I cry whilst moon-light the  
 valleys coat inst white white snow-  
 like cold ast that hart of he ast wail  
 I away the days of I the nights  
 dark shroud with the beating of mine  
 hart that moans like the deaths bell  
 Ohh howeth his lovelessness doth  
 rend my flesh with languishment that  
 doth bringeth tears heated to mine  
 eyes with no end no peace to still  
 mine hart with his loves surcease do  
 long I his kiss upon mine lips for  
 all crave I be But this that mouth  
 that to my mouth do close in close  
 embrace But my woes my secret  
 joys be But unmet that do I cry  
 unslept from he all my tears be wept

**Within twixt flowery blooms that  
 with open petals sweet perfumes tint  
 the airs 'neath sun that doth spy upon  
 ♪ ast the lips of ♪ ♪ twiddle whilst  
 Bees winged flit round that honeyed-  
 pool wreathed mound that seeps  
 luv-juices like scented wine ast lay  
 ♪ hear within purpling shadows  
 sighing melodious sighs that ripple  
 the breeze to tease fresh fruits andst  
 ruffle the leaves ♪ sigh ast sheep  
 bleat whilst swallows upon the wing  
 do their tunes do sweetly do sing the  
 lips of ♪ full gorged with luv plump  
 flesh oozing ripe fig of lusciousness  
 bursting andst to pop around my ears  
 grapes andst berries ast sighs ♪  
 his name andst my climax subsides**

Yet ast the pulse subsides Yet  
 doest do I cry no scent of flowery  
 blooms do light my days no merry  
 singing of birds do But take mine  
 tears away for All All be dreary  
 weary be my days without his lips  
 upon the lips of mine without his  
 arm entwines round me without the  
 sight of he do I waste away andst  
 pine no comfort inst the sunny rays  
 no joys inst the childs plays for thru  
 andst thru mine flesh death doth  
 take its rest for without he all each  
 day night my woes do renew which  
 shallst not pass for sigh I inst vain  
 'neath sunny skies that be But grey  
 for my pain doth I regain again  
 again for my future be But the same

**Dryads andst shepherds andst maidens  
 3 lead bleating goats to that temple of  
 Pandemos to which with hetairai the  
 melodies of flutes andst pipes andst  
 trimrels do kiss the ripe fruit-flesh of  
 me where within the marble shape do ♪  
 do lie to twiddle those blooming lips  
 that Ohh do dream ♪ that his blossom-  
 lips to my petaled lips wouldst kiss  
 where fromst the perfume doth blend  
 with the incense that doth waft to  
 heaven with the baas of goats garlanded  
 the lips of ♪ with dew like stars round  
 Selene with scent of crushed frutiness  
 lay oozing upon the floor with writhing  
 hetairai do ♪ gush that doth flood to  
 soak mushed grapes bubbling foam to  
 purple-stain flesh with the sighs ♪ to  
 his name ast my climax subsides**

Yet ast the pulse subsides Yet  
 doest do I cry with the pain of a  
 dying bird doth my breath upon the  
 rivers the streams upon the airs do  
 But tempest with my doleful strains  
 full of woe high moan no hope no  
 love to gain no single word fromst he  
 andst thus doth come my death-like  
 torments be gone my dreams But do  
 But come my woes again for he doth  
 I do shun andst inst despair my hart  
 doth break with bitter cries andst  
 doleful sobs that rise to But darken  
 the sky andst stir the waves with  
 tumultuous hiss to drown out the  
 thunder the noise with my lay for all  
 has gone my joy without he a living  
 death "I not love thee" he do say

**Phoebus doth ride across the sky  
golden yellow upon a bed of pink my  
finger moist doth slips ast the bride  
is to be wed 'mongst the crowd doest  
∩ hide whilst they doest dance andst  
drink doest ∩ my flower-fruit doest  
∩ fiddle where its odours do But  
mix with white lilies roses red that  
doest deck these loves that be wed  
inst garlands of grapes that jiggle to  
melodies sweet piped to music ast  
birds doest sing andst nymphs doest  
swing their hips to minstrels with  
merriment of laughs of cheers with  
my sweet sighs fromst my lips doest  
drips luv-juice ast with music blent  
my sighs ∩ sigh his name ast my  
climax subsides**

**Yet ast the pulse subsides Yet  
doest do I cry with no sight of hope  
do I see andst lie dead upon the  
lilies andst roses wilted blooms lie  
hear I inst gloom alone upon my  
breasts with no rest for my woes  
andst all my tears I shed upon the  
broken petals andst decaying blooms  
beat hart that dies for want of his  
sweet kiss for all my life be death  
andst all of life be But a tomb for  
all the light hast flown from my eyes  
for But do see I But perpetual  
dark andst only night willst cover my  
lips for within my flesh lie buried his  
lovelessness for my cries fly fromst  
that hope buried there no more to hope  
no more to dream I scream**



**Aurora her crimson beams spread o'er  
 the streams fromst that lamp red  
 blossomed rose decked inst the sky ast  
 ♪ with nymphē ast the selini brood do  
 watch do ♪ But ast they do wash my  
 puffy fruity lips do ♪ twiddle with  
 gleeful heed whilst around andst twixt  
 the thighs of ♪ lampreys pike andst all  
 manner of fishes do But swim their  
 fins flashing light silver streaks  
 rippling light o'er backs striped golden  
 gems do dart about thru waters inst  
 which ♪ gush emerald fire that doest  
 my face do mirror ♪ spie eyes dilated  
 lips so red those lips full succulent  
 flesh ripe pulsating folds my sighs do  
 ring thru meadows do sing to go thru  
 woods that echo doth back reply to ♪  
 whenst ♪ his name do sigh ast my  
 climax subsides**

**Yet** ast the pulse subsides **Yet**  
**doest** do **I** cry cold be mine hart  
 which no love do flames impart for  
 of mine love he doth **But** distain  
 with no word no look **I** cry "Ohh  
**But** just say e'en if thee doth feign"  
 for e'en onst a lie my hart be fed if  
 lying "thee **I** love" be said **But** nay  
 thy look do **But** pierce mine hart like  
 steel that fromst which my blood be  
 bled that be **But** proof of my love  
 for thee that my lips rise up for thy  
 lips to hold for of my love for thee  
 to know **Yet** no nothing nothing thee  
 doth show the curved lips kiss doth  
 feel the chill of thy dismiss **Yet** still  
 the flesh of my lips do long to feel  
**Thy** lips so beautiful e'en if too cold

**Whenst Phoebus had run his course  
 andst Selene her place didst take with  
 starry nymphs didst we our place didst  
 take for banquet placed inst honour of  
 Persephone andst Dionysius for our  
 repast we didst do fill our bowels  
 fromst our long fast held fromst  
 delights andst whilst they at seat didst  
 sit 'neath bench onst feet of cyanus my  
 fruit-flower-flesh didst twiddle ♪ up  
 along crimson wet slit where the holes  
 perfume didst fromst to seep too tint  
 with luv-juices with tangy taste**

**Bibline wine inst bronze *skyphoi* clots  
 of curds ringdoves eggs of quail spiced  
 of Ceylon cinnamon andst geese too to  
 of roast pig full of oysters warblers  
 andst honeyed-prawns whilst muffled by  
 their ruckus his name do sigh ♪ ast my  
 climax subsides**

Oh I be torn apart with anguish andst  
 with woe for of his love not my life be  
 blackest dark the skies be grey I love in  
 vain pain doth come I do waste andst pine  
 my hart no warmth no spark for

The flames of loves burn hot within my  
 hart Yet be But cold that of I he doth  
 rejects

The flames of love do burn hot within my  
 hart Yet doth freeze with we apart

The flames of loves burn hot within my  
 hart Yet be But cold for of I he not  
 selects

Andst thus my flesh turns pale for  
 his lips upon my lips be not mine andst  
 the music of my hart doth fail for the  
 cups full of my eyes o'erflow with tears  
 that mine lips do drink ast wine