

Doesy

Philosophica

Poems by

C dean

Poesy

Philosophica

**Poems by
C dean**

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2016

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scent of

Rhododendrons

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the scent

Of

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**What be this dribble
called philosophy what be
this dribble that
effervesces fromst the
mind of man deduction
told we be if the premise
be true then the deductive
conclusion be true what
crap**

Pigs eat cheese

This is a pig

Therefore it eats cheese

**Blah this pig is dead so
it canst not eat cheese**

**All crows are black
This is a crow therefore
it is black**

**Blah this crow is a
albino mutant
thus deductions inference
from valid premises be
found to be incorrect and
thus deduction be not be a
certain path to "truth"**

**It be said that $1+1=2$ be a
certain truth**

Blah

**1 number + 1 number = 1
number**

**1 (2)number + 1 (2) number
= 1 (4) number**

**Blah blach it be said that
the law of non
contradiction be te most
certain of laws blah**

**Deans glass show that
the glass is half full and
half empty at the same
time thus showing the law
of non-contradiction is
wrong**



It be proven that

$$1 = 0.999\dots$$

Let be $x = 0.999\dots$

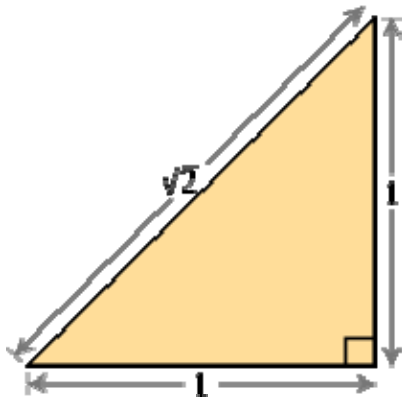
$$10x = 9.999\dots$$

$$10x - x = 9$$

$$x = 1$$

But that proof thus shows a finite number be equal to a non-finite number thus a contradiction in terms thus mathematics ends in contradiction

It be said that For a triangle that has sides equal to 1 unit long, the diagonal of the triangle is equal to the $\sqrt{2}$



blah

mathematics is in contradiction

Thus $\sqrt{2}$. is a non finite number ie it never terminates –thus can never be constructed

but the length of the hypotenuse is finite ie terminates

or

But by the mathematics the length of the [hypotenuse](#) is finite ie it terminates

Thus we have a contradiction the maths says

**1) the hypotenuse is finite ie terminates
ie can be constructed**

but

2) the length of the hypotenuse is $\sqrt{2}$. It is non-finite which does not terminate ie can never be constructed

Thus a contradiction in terms

Thus mathematics ends in

meaninglessness

**What be this rap called
philosophy all products of
the mind we see end in
absurdity as colin leslie
dean has seen *R*ead these
poems and horny become
thee melt in the musics
mellifluousisity pull thy
cock our rub thy clit at the
images beateousity**

Cassolette

By

*Comte Maximilien de W****

Translated from the French

By

Lucienne Emery

Poem by c dean

Cassolette

By

Comte Maximilien de W***

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Preface

The scented perfumed fumes of she that odorous totality the signature of she that wafts on the air to thee warping thee up up in a a cloak of delightful felicity oh to bathe in the scented perfumed fumes of she to imbibe of those fumes into intoxications deliriums to dissolve to melt in that odorous totality of she to burst into rapture into a multitude of joyousness fromst the scented perfumed fumes of she oh no heaven or paradise canst give such delight

Oh Lucienne ast I amidst
 blue smoke as layeth I 'mongst
 cushion red tinctured like flowing
 blood in that hot liquid fount of
 life write I to thee of the love of
 I for thee Oh Lucienne ast like
 the wing of a moth o'er a grave
 stone thy fan starts to tremble on
 thy breast remember these words
 from me to thee no causerie but
 the pulsations of the heart of I
 within the cloud of light blue
 smoke the thoughts of I doeth
 race and mull o'er to dispute with
 Democrituss and his two sons
 Epicurus and Titus Lucretius
 Carus particularly his "De rerum
 nature" ah that tied old

**materialism that circularity of
 negation where materialism as a
 truth leads to its own negation as
 based upon it our religious
 thoughts truths are organically
 conditioned by an arrangement of
 matter thus lacking truth yet then
 even scientific materialism itself
 cant have any truth as according
 to it each and all thinking even
 materialism is organically
 conditioned by an arrangement of
 matter within the cloud of light
 blue smoke the thoughts of √
 doeth race and mull o'er to
 dispute with Schopenhauer and
 Nietzsche his son those old**

**bores in love with logic for ast
sayeth the poet**

“Trapped all us be in the spider
web weaved by we in a dream we be
tangled in the our web that will not
let us see the ... the spider web of
the weaving of | broken the warp
of language weft of logic that
along the sticky silken threads like
millions of gleaming jewels thoughts
did lay...”

**Oh this load of crap for thee the
coprophilia philosophy be more
delight for me In urolagnia be
to read Baudelaires “Le
Dandy” for me be but ah that poet
reprobate kohl'in al-deen his**

**thoughts run thru the thoughts of
me his views twists and curls the
mind of J into whorls and
vortexes of maelstroms of
torments ah that proof of he
disrupts the mind of J and
throws the self of J into the
bottomless abyss it ruptures the
mind of J it bursts the neurons
and filaments of the nerves of J
that proof destroys all my
certainties to meaninglessness all
the products of the thoughts of J
and dropeth J cut adrift into the
sea of chaos where
meaninglessness itself ends also
in meaninglessness**

1.0 be a finite number

0.999... be a non finite number

Let be $x = 0.999...$

Multiply both sides by 10

$$10x = 9.999....$$

Subtract x from both sides

$$10x - x = 9.999... - 0.999...$$

Thus

$$9x = 9$$

Thus $x = 1$ and $x = 0.999...$

Therefore

$$1 = 0.999...$$

Or a finite number = a nonfinite number

This being a contradiction

**Therefore mathematics ends in
meaninglessness ie self contradiction**

**Ah Lucienne with the
 aurefaction of the air the blue
 smoke doth pause in its flight all
 movements stops then starts to
 flow then pause again the space
 around √ doth fracture the
 bottom half of the view of √
 moves back in background ast the
 top view moves forward in
 foreground a tessellation of space
 like some lambent serigraph
 without the crack light the color
 of honey dripped in gibbous globes
 with the scent of roses the air
 filled with thy cassolette
 felt wet like velvet and filled
 with sacerdotal tones of
 polyphonic counterpoint ast**

**flowers with callipygian petals
 steatopygous fell to litter the
 cushion tinted red with
 incandescent light and hymned**

“à deliquesce «

by

Duc de Freneuse

**Oh Lucienne visions passeth
 thru the mind of ♪ as thy
 cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
 sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in white
 light ast consciousness fades and
 space time melts away**

**The moon floats in lotus scented
 pools reflecting the face of thee to
 engulf the universe in thy beauty
 crepusculent light sweeps like
 scented breeze o'er liquidities**

purple surface bright rippling
 nenuphar and lotus blooms
 floating fructifying upon crystal
 waters that exhale perfumed fumes
 that mix with moonlight light into
 multicolored colors of vibrant
 hues that irradiate the airs in
 nacreous light like lacquer upon
 Japanese bowls in the silvery
 light that lays o'er the liquid
 crystal liquidity thy face floats
 amidst the deliciousness of thy
 thy cassolette Oh Lucienne
 visions passeth thru the mind of
 ♪ as thy cassolette to nebulous
 ecstasy sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in
 white light ast consciousness
 fades and space time melts away

**silhouetted 'gainst moon reflected
in aqueous pool moonlight wraps
rossignol in cloak of silver
shimmering as out fromst its
velvet throat tunes of harmonies
exquisite floweth to ripple petals
of roses deep crimson hued
exhaling scented perfumed fumes
wafting o'er garden soaked in
gleaming light that weave
tapestries of scent and light of
the face of thee that bringeth to the
mind of me memories of thee of
happy days bygone and nights of
nebulous pleasure thee didst give
to me of perfumes heavy of our
rapture ast the mellifluous tunes
didst ripple the moonlit petals**

glowing ruby bright coated in
 silver light to form thy face out of
 the cassolette scents of thee Oh
 Lucienne visions passeth thru the
 mind of J as thy cassolette to
 nebulous ecstasy sends J to
 engulf J in white light ast
 consciousness fades and space
 time melts away

moonlight refracts thru stained
 glass window into multicoated
 hues lurid like the blush of young
 virgin love coating the air in tints
 of nacreous light below above
 forming whorls that burst into
 perfumed blooms that form thy
 face o'er the shimmering air and

**mix their rapturous scents with
 thy cassolette scents that soak thy
 room in textures of exquisiteness
 to send the senses of ♪ into
 paroxysm of delightfulness that
 bursts the soul of ♪ into an
 o'erabundant plentitude of
 numinous delirium ast bathe ♪ in
 silver shimmering moonlit light
 Oh Lucienne visions passeth
 thru the mind of ♪ as thy
 cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
 sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in white
 light ast consciousness fades and
 space time melts away**

moon light bathing purple sea like
 liquid crystal scatters upon
 rippling waves sparkling like
 fireflies 'neath gibbous moon
 adored with stars diamond-like
 glinting ast upon dark velvet
 phosphorescent spume swept up
 mingles with sand grains
 reflecting moonlight to form the
 face of thee ast threads of
 seaweed lace around patterning the
 tresses of thee while air soaked in
 thy cassolette evokes
 remembrances of thee that wash
 o'er the soul of ♪ to which to
 paradise doth fly Oh *Lucienne*
 visions passeth thru the mind of

♪ as thy cassolette to nebulous
 ecstasy sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in
 white light ast consciousness
 fades and space time melts away

moonlight washes o'er gardens of
 fructifying fecundity flickering off
 the wings of iridescent butterflies
 who with gibbous eyes
 phosphorescing green flutter
 twixt prodigious outgrowths of
 fertility fluttering wings upon
 floribunda with polyantha
 profusion sweeping pollen golden
 bright into the silvery moon
 soaked light forming thy face ast
 thy cassolette scents intoxicating
 perfume fumes heavy odor wash

o'er me laying 'neath lifes
 profusion breathing out the
 scented breath that exhales up
 fromst the soul of me to solidify
 into globes of phosphorescent
 yellow perfume Oh Lucienne
 visions passeth thru the mind of
 ♪ as thy cassolette to nebulous
 ecstasy sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in
 white light ast consciousness
 fades and space time melts away

white swan bathed in silver
 moonlight glowed phosphorescent
 ast o'er pond coated in iridescent
 light like clouds of snow it
 floated serene leaving frothing
 wake of silver flowers-like that

traced out the face of thee rippling
 waves that sparkled bright
 reflecting its nacreous eyes green
 thru the aqueous liquidity with
 languid suspirations it didst glide
 with melodious harmonies
 sighing with its scented breath
 wavering orchids and nenuphar
 that exhaled their scented perfume
 fumes upon the beams of
 moonlight cascading down around
 slivers of fragrant light that fused
 with thy cassolette scents forming
 a cloak weaved with light and
 scent that lay o'er all an
 ambience of felicity Oh *Lucienne*
 visions passeth thru the mind of
 ♪ as thy cassolette to nebulous

**ecstasy sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in
white light ast consciousness
fades and space time melts away**

**moonlight susurrated thru
iridescent air rustling a symphony
of tones that to the mind of me
brought to me thee thy eyes of
languid pools of nacreous green
that shimmered reflecting the
gibbous moon eyes glowing with
soft radiance eyes of the scent of
roses eyes that within float petals
of nenuphar that formed thy face
incandescent with light eyes
floriferous that didst drip petals
of scented perfume fumes that**

sent thy cassolette scents to the
soul of ♪

Oh Lucienne visions passeth
thru the mind of ♪ as thy
cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in white
light ast consciousness fades and
space time melts away

moonlight filtered whispering
mellifluous thru the flowing
tresses of me that lush do grow
curling round that vigorous
beaming face agitating into
rhythms the vibrantly bloomed
angiosperms like colored bells
that sent tintinnabulation upon
the air and like filigrees of lace

formed thy face upon the face of
 me whose scented perfume fumes
 potpourri formed with thy
 cassolette scents that flowed
 exhaled fromst the pores of ♪
 Oh Lucienne visions passeth
 thru the mind of ♪ as thy
 cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
 sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in white
 light ast consciousness fades and
 space time melts away

moonlight doth stream like silver
 flames 'neath aqueous liquidity
 like plastic crystal caressing
 whorls of light vortexes that
 blossom into iridescent flowers
 full of lifes fecundity to fill the

**glaucous depths with hyacinths
 and pearl that in the rippling
 crystal placidity form the face of
 thee that be surrounded like liquid
 hair purple and multihued tinted
 lotus and nenuphar that curl
 round and twine ast golden
 cordate fishes weave thru the
 silver shafts of light exhaling
 bubbles of scented perfume fumes
 that mix with the odors of
 flowering blooms out breathing
 thy cassolette scents Oh**

**Lucienne visions passeth thru the
 mind of J as thy cassolette to
 nebulous ecstasy sends J to engulf
 J in white light ast consciousness
 fades and space time melts away**

**moonlight o'er iridescent emerald
aqueous liquidity doth float like
silver shimmering veil to back
reflect the face of the moon silver
phosphorescent gibbous disc that
lay reflected in nacreous waters
like the beaming face of new born
love fromst above the purple night
breathed out scented perfume
fumes to scatter night flowers
golden pollen and to ripple
wavelet o'er the hovering disc that
traced out the face of thee with
the pollen of bloom blossoms that
shone like luminescent dust
fragrant with thy cassolette
scents**

**Oh Lucienne visions passeth
 thru the mind of J as thy
 cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
 sends J to engulf J in white
 light ast consciousness fades and
 space time melts away**

**Oh Lucienne midst this
 bluish smoke the mind of J
 dissolves into nebulous ecstasy
 into white light lurid bright
 melts J like into boundless
 being individuality fades
 dissolves space time melt awa**

For more see
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Preface

**What be this thing called creativity
 that muse fromst the zone who
 writes but be no me that muse that
 uses ♪ to write its songs thru the
 mind of ♪ to channel thru ♪ ♪ a
 mere tool for its creativity doth it
 use ♪ like some thing that it
 purpose serves to express it to have
 its say be ♪ just its tool for it to
 write thru ast Sit here ♪ in twilight
 twixt day and night sipping purple
 wine sweetened with honey of the
 heptakometes smelling of
Rhododendrons
 Looking at for inspiration
 "Pictures of the floating world"**

**Sit here J in twilight twixt day and
 night the limbo land of half light sit
 here J squeezing out the ink fromst
 the cloak of night to write these
 words of J in ink darkly bright
 Sit here J in twilight twixt day and
 night sipping purple wine sweetened
 with honey of the heptakometes
 smelling of *Rhododendrons*
 Looking at for inspiration
 "Pictures of the floating world"
 Fed up with philosophies
 sophistries trapped in this gilded**

cage of language and logics bars

like ast sayeth the poet

“As a white dove that, in a cage of
gold,
Is prisoned from the air, and yet more
bound”

**Sit here ♪ in twilight twixt day and
night the limbo land of half light no**

**Boethius ♪ enamored of his
mistress philosophy to the fire send**

**♪ all this babble all this empty
rhetoric that beguiles and imprisons
us all in its gilded cage blah blah to**

philosophy blah blah to its

sophistries

ast sayeth the poet

“Tell me not of Philosophies,
 Of morals, ethics, laws of life ;*
 Give me no subtle theories.
 No instruments of wordy strife.
 I will not forge laborious chains
 Link after link, till seven times seven,
 I need no ponderous iron cranes
 To haul my soul from earth to
 heaven”

Tell me not of Philosophies all be

more bars in its gilded cage

**materialists and all in between fight
argue and rage idealist and scientism
all shout out wisdom of the age
what dross mere words the scientific
materialist will say
no mind just matter we all be just
stuff of the laws of physics
molecules chemical hormones and all
the rest but then no reason just
merely reactions all
but**

**then did I just react with these
words of mine or didst reason I but**

then

**the reasoned arguments of these
materialists would then refute their**

idea that we just react

for

if all be just reactions then the

reasoned argument would be

impossible

thus

their arguments that all we do is

react

**would be self-refuting because that
reasoned argument would deny its
own existence
that an argument to that effect would
be self-refuting because it would
deny its own existence
if we just react then the reasoned
arguments would refute the idea that
we just react
similarly
if there is only matter as the
scientific materialists do shout then
no idea couldst exist**

but again

if it be true then no idea couldst

exist

but that argument idea wouldst be

self-refuting because it would deny

its own existence

ah this philosophy crap this

sophistry of words this cage of

gilded bars that ♪ couldst be free of

these bars

and sit here ♪ in twilight twixt day

and night sipping purple wine

sweetened with honey of the

heptakometes smelling of

Rhododendrons

Looking at for inspiration

"Pictures of the floating world"

That I couldst be free of these bars

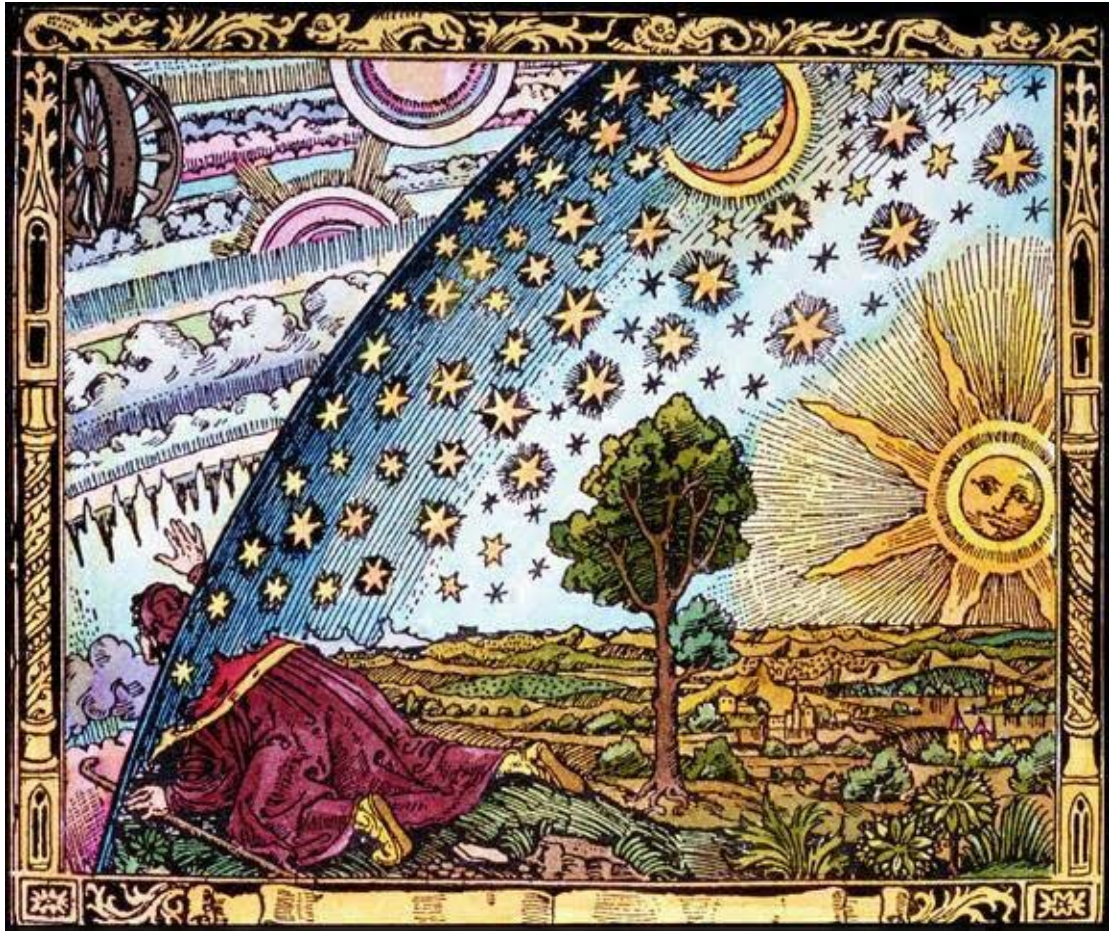
and push back the veil of the

universe and seeth ast didst

flammarions mystic man

ast sayeth the poet

"And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human
thought. "



**Blah to all philosophy for ast sayeth
the philosopher**

„What is your aim in philosophy?—To
shew the fly the way out of the fly-
bottle.“

**to go beyond the bottles wall of logic
and language that invisible a cage
that imprisons we all invisible
barriers to our understanding.-logic
and language
and sit here ♪ in twilight twixt day
and night sipping purple wine
sweetened with honey of the
heptakometes smelling of**

Rhododendrons

Looking at for inspiration

"Pictures of the floating world"

pushing the mind of ♪ beyond the

bottle

and seeth ♪

visual poetry or reality idealized

and seeth ♪

The *Rhododendrons* scent thru the
 room bathing fromst thy cunt clothed
 in pink mist fluttering the candles
 flame makes the nerves of ♪ quiver
 like some viols strings anticipating
 thy loves ardent kiss
 wenst look ♪ at thy cunts folds see
 ♪ a luscious garden cloaked in pale

pink scented *Rhododendrons* scent
bursting with crimson flames be the
cunt lips of thee dipping o'er thy
cunts hole rimed with pink porcelain
dripping drops translucent like the
colors of some blooming lily fromst
that low-rimed fount rounded like
the mouth of some scented urn all
like painted by Botticelli
Into thy cunts hole the breezes hast
blown flickers of sunlight darting
flames of polished gold that o'er that
scented aqueousness float and drift

**weaving webs of light weaving with
the tingles fromst thy cunts lips
studded with sapphire bells
o'er the lavender walls cast thy cunts
lips purple shadows of flowery
blooms that flutter like colored
flames ast thy cunts hole glows like
the centre of molten gold
thy cunts pale pink tinted lips like
fleshy sunshades cast waves purple
o'er the cunts holes incandescent
face**

**dashes of light incandescence fromst thy
cunts hole like fireflies o'er pale pink
frosted ponds flashing like colored
stars that skim along thy cunts
fleshy lips that glow like burst of
pink-crimson flames
of thy cunts aqueous pool light
reflects bright cracking and tingling
in the pale pink *Rhododendrons*
scented air to ripple and stir the
shadows of thy cunts lips that float
o'er the fleshy crimson lips of ♪ that**

coat thy lips fromst the lips of ♪
with kisses of vaporous gold
thy cunts lips burst forth like
flowers reaching for the light that
quiver ast candle flames kissed by
moonlight to cast o'er the face of ♪
purple-plum shadows
in thy cunts lips hast seen ♪ slivers
of shivering amethyst
hast seen ♪ the curling petals of
irises the pink bursting hues of
roses blooms along the cunts lips
edge hast seen ♪ the dewy light like

sapphires blues the yellow of
shimmering topazes the yellowish-
green of chrysolites whorls of
colored lights
lacing thy cunts lips like sequins
aglow
under moonlight thy cunts lips what
may they be
frozen moonlight
slivers of pink amethyst
a pink rimed marble cup fromst
which the Sufis sup

flames fromsts sacred fires of the
Σoroastrians
what may they be
the puffy lips of virgin girls
the luculent petals of irises that curl
or be they skeins of folded silk tinted
with gold and sliver stars
thy outer lips great folds of fruity
flesh ripe succulent
inner lips slices of the crescent moon
pink hues 'that saw gently to the
breath of √ inner lips the pink petals
of some flower that quivers to the

sweet touch of the licking tongue of

♪

inner lips faintly crimson streaked

flecked with cunt dew gem-like

burnished by the tongue softly-

licking of ♪ that brightens thy lips

with the fire of desire

they cunts hole stilled aqueousnes

disturbed by a falling beam of

moonlight that casts purple shadows

o'er thy Phlox pink lips wafting the

scent of *Rhododendrons* fromst

thy fleshy folds that lulls the mind

of ♪ into languid *Rhododendron*
 dreams and melts the flesh of ♪ that
 tingles like solid moonlight dripping
 on pink silk
 o'er thy cunt hole floating sliver of
 silvery moon
 still upon the cunt holes aqueous
 face
 silhouetting flower petals thy cunts
 lips in moonlight ast lay ♪ here
 midst heliotropes and crocuses
 mistaking those purple shadows for

**lilacs tinged with silver frost
floating in a bowl of pink amethyst
oh whenst thee didst cum thy juices
tasting of cinnamon and pink wine
didst soak the lips of ♪ in its
sweetness softer than reams of silk
while thru the pink mist see ♪ thy
cunts hole floating like a second
moon wrapped in skeins of gold dust
thy cunts lips 'gainst the tongue tips
of ♪ pout fruit fleshy pink flames of
light o'er which thy cunny dew glitter**

like cantharides in the purple wine of
 ♪ coated in moonlight like frost
gaze ♪ upon thy cunts fleshy form
and run the eyes of ♪ up that slit
that ribbon of iridescent light gaze ♪
upon thy cunts lips that flutter like
fritillaries o'er that cabochon hole of
aqueous silk gaze ♪ upon that cunt
of thee that blooms like pink
hydrangea roll ♪ the tongue of ♪ in
loops to furl round the curl of those
succulent lips and suck and pluck

**them ast they twist and turn and
writhe to thee breathings of thee
oh whenst scent begins to waft
fromst that cunt of thee up along and
round those pink fleshy lips the
mind of ♪ races with desire for thee
the eyes of ♪ peer and peek at those
lips pink ast fromst some ♪apanese
garden ast the light dances in thy
cunts bushy hair stare ♪ at those
folds of flesh that hover in a pink
mist those swollen lips that o'er that
cunt hole hang and flutter to the**

**breaths of ♪ like flickering candles
like in some Pagan temple
thru pink incandescent mist see ♪
thy cunt floating like some huge
dome of flesh bathed in gold hanging
'gainst the purple sky like giant eye
while the swollen lips curved
crescents of light pout open and
flutter with the thoughts of thee
thy cunts lips be like the curved
bridges of the Chinese 'neath which
flows stream of polished gold
incandescent in the purple night**

**sparkling with flecks of saffron like
stars that float o'er thy cunts lips
to flare like some fireworks display
along the edges of thy fruity flesh oh
that cunt of thee reminds ♪ of
clusters of pink hydrangea that deck
the hair of temple virgins
oh that cunt of thee reminds ♪ of
coral red floating in an amethyst sea
of purple
like a rose encased in purple ice
like a ruby incased in stone
sparkling forth**

like an amaryllis red in amber pink

like tongues of pink fire within

water purple

like the effulgence of a red star

supernovaing in a halo of pink light

oh thy cunt be a peony red splashed

o'er a canvas by an impressionists

paint brush

oh that cunt

pink flames slowly fluttering

o'er saffron hued cunts pool

purple shadows of cunts lips

thru pink mist o'er cunts aqueous

hole

crimson edge of cunts lips

tracing lacework thru

Rhododendrons **sweet scent**

wavering cunts lips undulations

rippling light o'er cunts effulgent

hole

cunts lips dew

needles of fire stabbing pink mist

Rhododendrons **scent of cunts hole**

perfumed smoke raising to heaven

**cunts lips curling form
twisted fromst pink mist
mist colored pink
huge cloud o'er cunt of thee
cunts holes aqueous pool ripples
golden fish leaps blue skyward
tintinuabulations
cunts lips fluttering jingling studded
sapphire bells
cunt blooms flower-like
pink hazing into cunts hole purple
hue
cunts hole rippling light**

refracting prismatic hues

tinting pink lips with golden shading

merging with swirlings of lapis

lazuli sky light

ripples o'er the face of the cunts

effulgent hole

shadows casting on pink lips

o'erhead slivers of frozen light

thy cunts aqueous hole scrolled o'er

with tongues tip of √ etching

patterns in the limpidity

thy cunts lips wet with

***Rhododendrons* scented juices**

**etching arabesques of sparkling
symphonies of subtleties ejaculating
up fromst the heart of ♪
shafts of flaming fire pink burst out
fromst the cunt hole of thee
warming the face of ♪ that reflect
back the light thy cunts lips catch to
glow like molten gold
oh those cunts lips of thee two pink
sails that flutter in the breeze of the
breaths of ♪ in moonlight their
shadows float o'er the face of ♪**

**whenst see ☺ thy cunt it fizzes and
sparkles flashes and spits colored
asterisk stars * * * that spiral and
twirl along the tongues tip of ☺
along thy pink cunts lips edge
crimson dew like spirals of
asterisks * * * spit fire that tints
thy cunts hole with yellows and
mauve hues colored sparks rippling
in thy cunts hole like liquid crystals
of amethyst**

they cunts fleshy fruit spits

fireworks of colored asterisk sparks

*** * * arrows of golden light weave**

patterns of saffron lozenges in thy

cunt hole a crimson moon with

whorls of thy desires flaming fires

writ in colored hieroglyphs

thy pink cunts lips dusted with

pigments of colored crystals

thy clits pink bud burst into

fireworks at the flicking of the

tongues tip of ♪ raining down o'er ♪

multitudinous lights like falling

stars * *

*** * * oh sigh ♪ ast along**

the tongues tip of ♪ runs a

Catharine-wheel sputtering and

swishing arpeggios of nuanced

sensations tinged with the scent of

***Rhododendrons* scented juices**

thy cunt pink splashed 'gainst smear

of purple mist cunts lips edge wash

of red hovering o'er dab of liquid

amethyst streak of crimson ripples

o'er cunts hole mauve liquidity flame

**of pink roses petals flash 'gainst
cobalt tinted sky**

**thy cunt a ripe opulent fruit dappled
in saffron light flickering shadows
of purple across the crimson mouth
of ♪**

**thy cunts hole shadowed by pink lips
fluttering flags of heated desire fires
of effulgent light**

**thy cunts lips twisting curls of
frozen pink translucent mist**

**run ♪ my tongue along thy cunts lips
crimson edge the mind of ♪ bursts**

into a fireworks display dropping

colored stars * *

*** * * down around thy**

cunts fruity form like the tapping of

kettle drums ringing out crescendos

of cadences that vibrates thy pale

pink clits tip sending ripples of

***Rhododendron* scent patterning the**

light

the tongue of ♪ butterfly-like o'er

thy clit shimmering like pale pink

varnish plucking beats our rhythms

with its tip like plum-blossoms

undulating to moonlight in lotus

pools liquidity

sit here ♪ in twilight twixt day and

night sipping purple wine sweetened

with honey of the heptakometes

smelling of *Rhododendrons*

Looking at for inspiration

"Pictures of the floating world"

pushing the mind of ♪ beyond the

bottle

and seeth ♪ all these cunts

beauteous

visual poetry or reality idealized

**and seeth ∩ all these cunts
beauteous within
globes and lights of ineffable shades
pools of ruby-colored whorls of
effulgent liquidities o'erhanging
shimmering surfaces of light red-gold
like iridescent moss speckled with
tingling points of colored lights
spiraling maelstroms of amber thru
amethyst light soft ast silk
interweaving queer pools of glittering
golds and silver irradiations formed
into cryptically shaped forms all**

**neath a canopy of lilac light
streaked with impasto reds golds
yellow greens and multitudes of
colored hues hypnotic symphonies of
nuanced harmonies of colors like
melting gems and fromst end to end
an incandescent multi-colored feather
spread dizzyingly dazzling**

isbn 9781876347783

the scent

Of

Cypripedium

Poem

By c dean

the scent

Of

Cypridium

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preface

**ah what be worse for thee incessant
thinking round and round deconstructing
in solipsism's loneliness indifferent to
the world no desires no passions fires
but**

**be this a living death and to what end be
it for this nothingness of detachment
or**

**be it worse than passions fires thee
driving mad with cravings desires on
fire with lust with insatiable fires
driving one mad unremittingly
incessantly no respite fromst the
cravings fire**

which do ask √ thee

which madness doth thee aspire for thee

**Sit here ♪ in thought caught naught
but in incoercible churning thinking
of chloasma women of dubious
muliebrity while round the head of ♪
float parthenoides of many blent
colors oh to drink the nepenthes of
homer and rid ♪ of these twirling
thoughts that couldst ♪ look upon
the candles flames flickering flowers
of gold to see in their light some
respite fromst the mind of ♪**

**oh the churning of the incoercible
 thinkings of √ that blister the mind
 of √ and turn all to nothingness to
 meaningless nonsense and ast sayeth
 the poet**

“... and to this nothingness we
 sacrifice all...but to what end’

**Even √ who sit here turn this glass
 in front of √ to absurdity for
 absurdity be ast didst Aristotle
 sayeth**

1) ontological “It is impossible that the
 same thing belong and not belong to

the same thing at the same time and in the same respect."

2) psychological "No one can believe that the same thing can (at the same time) be and not be."

3) logical "The most certain of all basic principles is that contradictory propositions are not true simultaneously."

so 's this glass half full or half empty in front of me Aristotelian logic doth say no contradiction canst be true

yet reality contradicts that truth for In
 reality a contradiction canst be true is
 this Deans glass half full or be it half
 empty as the poet colin leslie dean he
 being the first to see points out **this**
Deans glass is in itself both half
empty and half full be both
simultaneously but that doth contradict
 the law of non-contradiction of
Aristotelian logic which doth sayeth a

contradiction cant be true but the Dean



glass exists it is true

**oh this sterilization of thinking oh
 this incessant fecundation of
 tormenting ideas
 locked √ the soul of √ away fromst
 this world with disgust and closed**

**every sense except be the mind of J
 observing itself in tormenting
 analysis of each thought that passes
 before the gaze of J**

“... and to this nothingness [I] sacrifice
 all...but to what end

with this result ast sayeth the sage

“what nonsense I have to think what to
 platitudes hear what stupid remarks
 to bray? And in what language! Just
 so the practical part of my talk be not
 useless! “

**And for what result all we do is
project onto the world our own inner
mind our own inner issues our own
inner nightmares for ast sayeth the**

sage t

“The material and unconscious world
lives and moves only in the intelligence
which perceives and recreates it anew
according to personal forms there is
as much of the thinking world as a
superior intelligence unites and
fashions to his wish”

to simply sayeth

“... that you judge humanity by your
own sentiments”

**and all this whirlwind of thinking
has given I be but a withered soul a
soul pained with loneliness no
splendor of the sky do seeth I no
beauty in a butterfly seeth I no
visible thing doth give joy to I
nothing serves for pleasure beyond
the solipsism of the mind of I an
inner world built only on the
imaginings of I
what canst bringeth I peace joy
some happiness outside the mire of
the mind locked in on itself of I**

ast criest the tormented soul

“To make our sorrow less

Is there not pity in the heart of
flowers,

Or joy in wings of birds that might be
ours ?

Is there a beast that lives, and will not
move

Toward our poor love with a more
lovely love ?

And might not our proud hopeless
sorrow pass

If we became as humble as the grass ?

I will get down from my sick throne
where I

Dreamed that the seasons of the
 earth and sky,
 The leash of months and stars, were
 mine to lead,
 And pray to be the brother of a
 weed.

**To make a start to give a try at life
 will view √ these "London
 Nights" Ah what sensuality
 oh what heated joys these nights give
 to the flesh of √ fertilizing the mind
 of √ with desires imaginings the
 mind of √ awash with **the scent****

Of

Cypridium

**The senses of ♀ reel sparks of
color flesh fromst the flesh of ♀
that once didst shine like ice on fire
be ♀ with all the desires within a
brothels den flames leap saffron
hued to the arched dome of the sky
flickering tongues of light pour forth
fromst the cocks knob hole of ♀ and
blend with the light of the suns
burning eye the flames lap and caress
the flesh of ♀ like the petals of**

**flowers like flowers do the flaming
 sparks form and heaven sent upon
 the heated breathings of ♪ the
 heated goo fromst the cock of ♪
 drips like crimson seeds fromst like
 fromst some ripe fecund pomegranate
 cleft with the scent**

Of

Cypripedium

**to burst into flames ast innumerable
 candles with luculent luster of blent
 colors
 leering thru a brothels window pane**

intoxicatingly do √ see she eyes meet
me skipping along the eyelashes of
√ gazing into the pupils of √ eyes
dancing o'er the flesh of each eyes
dancing skimming along each curve
of breast up along thigh where panty
white like a gash of glacier twixt
two pink sides covered in mist of the
scent

Of

Cypripedium

whose fumes permeate the room
rapturously deliciously do the eyes

**of each kiss with long languid look
desires leap like flames of hells
fires eyes twin blend grasp in tight
embrace waves of delight flash o'er
the flesh of each each thrilling to
each the eyes glance gleam with
burning light ast each eyes dancing
to the rhythms of the pulsating
melodies of desire of each under the
moonlight that rains down like
phosphorescing milk at the arch of
this brothels window oh long ♪ for
a she pallid like some withered**

petaled bloom white like light upon

ice or chlorosis skin melancholy

sorrowful with woes exuding the

scent

Of

Cypripedium

In the night oh that she wouldst out

of this brothel come undulating like

some snake thru hidden grass

undulating sinuously like some feral

she-cat full of desires of fire for

oh that she wouldst come more

beautiful that flowery blooms with

the hair of she decked with the tears
fromst all the eyes of the cries of
all the girls of all the worlds their
lost loves lamenting oh that she
wouldst come with eyes full of
desires flames ever desiring ♪ ast ♪
ever desiring she ast wait ♪ here see
♪ a she skipping with fromst the
skirts billowing

the scent

Of

Cypripedium

**she skips the shirt of she floats
higher white panty round pear shaped
arse cheek revealing in the plum
colored night the white light lights
the night wavering thru the night like
light refracting thru waters aqueous
liquidity making night undulate like a
amethystine pool shimmering the
street lamps like gillyflowers upon
sinuous stems seaweed-like swaying
in the vast sea of plum colored light
she skipping circling agitating the
water-like night with surreptitious**

**glances the fluidity of she washes
o'er me writing poems with her
gestures up wells the skirt of she
tightly clutching the cunt of she with
little black curls peeking freely
fromst the white seams of the
moisty panty oh she skips and twirls
deliciously down bending her
callipygian arse revealed round like
ripe fruit to see she like *Bettina* of
the old pervert *Goethe* with limbs
suppler and more suppler bends o'er
she with the delicate tongue of she to**

lick the delicate cunny of she
 absorbed in the delight of she
 unaware of the delight of me desiring
 she ah long ♪ for that she that be a
 hothouse flower delicate with
 the scent

Of

Cypridium

on the cunts breath of she that she
 that be a flower artificial with
 lipstick red painting lips full blown
 ast the flowers petals that she
 artificial completely with the tint of

**violets on the cheeks of she with the
curls of the hyacinth furling round
the face of she with the eyebrows of
the night moth with the eyes gleaming
like diamonds oh for she completely
artificially a flower made up
where nature be the unreal and the
real be the artificial where the eyes
of she gleam 'neath eyebrows like
peonies 'neath arch bridges where the
cunt of she be a garden fair cunt
hair well trimmed purple hued
decked glinting sequins of blent**

**colored hues where the cunts lips of
she be painted lipstick red like the
petals of lustrous roses blooms
where the cunts hole rim be etched in
pink like the lips edge of budding
blooms where the clit of she be ring
pierced and pink lacquered like a
throbbing grape oh for she artificial
completely she well poised
with the scent**

Of

Cypripedium

**perfuming the cunt of she buoyant on
the airs cinctured fromst the cunt
hairs of she crinkling the light**

oh that some she wouldst come

cloaked the scent

Of

Cypripedium

some she like a spring-time open

flowery bloom cunt with petals

unfurled like ships sails in the wind

unfurled like butterfly wings basking

'neath warm sunlight some she

dripping cunny ooze like some

bursting nectar filled bloom some she

with cunt unfurled wavering to ♪

with heated desires fires

oh beauteous she will give ♪ thee

rings for thy nose and fingers tip and

thy pink clit and for the ends of thy

toes bangles for thy ankles and

dainty wrists and studs for thy

breasts red turgid tits oh beauteous

she will give ♪ thee flowers for thy

cunts curly hair and rubies pearls

sapphires and chroysoites and

chrysoprase to stud along thy cunts

lips pink edged rim tinted with the

scent

Of

Cypripedium

oh beauteous she will give ♪ thee

all of thy dreams to beautify thy

wanton ways all thee hast to give ♪

be only thy desire for ♪

oh sweet girly at this hour thee be

legally for me thee wanton thing thee

tantalizer of the senses of ♪ long

hast ♪ looked at thee ast thee didst

pass the gate of ♪ and desire thy

**callipygian arse clutched tight in that
 skirt so high long hast ♪ have hoped
 for that thee wouldst bend to knot
 thy unknotted black shoe lace giving
 ♪ a glimpse of that white panty that
 clutched tight thy hairy cunny that
 wouldst then waft to ♪ the scent**

Of

Cypridium

**oh that thee wouldst tremble with
 some desire for ♪ oh that ♪ couldst
 glimpse that budding nipple 'neath thy
 white full bra oh that they eyes**

**wouldst bloom with desires delight
 for ♀ and that thy wet spot where
 due to ♀ that thy virginal cunt
 wouldst blossom full bloomed into
 desire for ♀ that thy eyes wouldst
 meet the eyes of ♀ and hide a sweet
 desire for ♀ oh that ♀ couldst kiss
 that flower budding cunt and draw
 into me **the scent****

Of

Cypridium

**that fruit puply mouth full of its
 sweet honeyed liquidity with its hole**

**of liquefied amethyst with its lips
like violets that the tongue of ♪
couldst with desire play along their
dew lips edge those lips that at ♪ do
smile with flushed flesh oh if thee
will will ♪ desire thee into delirium
will ♪ devour thee in the plentitude
of my lechery thee be to me a
capriccio full of flirtatious caprice
that we couldst kiss in wild embrace
in the immortality of an ecstatic
moment of frozen time that ♪
couldst press the lips of ♪ to thy**

**cunts pulpy folds and taste for
 eternity that sublime sweetness
 oozing fromst thy hole fromst desire
 for ♪ oh whenst thee comes ♪ be
 enveloped in **the scent****

Of

Cypripedium all the flowery
 blooms be images of thy cunts
 blossom bloom all the earth doth
 smell of thy scent the blood flows
 thru the veins of ♪ with fires of
 desire the knob of ♪ throbs whenst
 thee comes near the cock of ♪ glows

**with the heat fromst my pounding
heart like a flaming candle it warms
the world with it golden light a tall
glowing daffodil be the cock of ♪
whenst thee comes near whenst thee
comes near the air undulates with the
curves of thy body firm the light
becomes liquid blent with thy cunny
scent making the flowers colors
brilliant like the fires in gems ast the
fire in the eyes of thee spark thru the
light whenst thee comes near oh
whenst ♪ walk the cities streets**

see ♪ sleep walking phantoms
 drowning in mist blent with violet
 purple hues till the air be with the

scent

Of

Cypripedium andst fromst

afare ♪ view you with eyes afire
 lips red garish rouged cheeks afire
 with memories of desire memories of
 our night of fucking our night of cunt
 licking and kissing whenst fromst
 afare ♪ view you with a slip in thy
 step with a wiggle in thy callipygian

arse know ☺ that thee remembers me
 that there be in thy panty a wet spot
 fromst thee with memories of me oh
 ast wait ☺ for thee with **the scent**

Of

Cypridium fromst thy cunt
 upon the lips of ☺ remember ☺ thy
 flower soft cunts lips that flickered
 upon the tongues tip of ☺ remember
 ☺ thy black cunt hair perfumed with
the scent

Of

Cypripedium black ast panther
shadows or shadows of crows
wings in the night oh remember ♪
thy sudden orgasmic cries thy moans
and cries with each jab fromst the
cock thrusts of ♪ the blent sighs in
the candles golden light that washed
o'er the pink flesh of thee tints of
fire remember ♪ the pounding of thy
heart syncopated with pounding of
my heart each in rhythm with the
cries of thee with the cries of me oh
remember ♪ ast upon thy mothers

doorstep didst we loiter remember √
 how fingered thee didst √ muffling
 thy moans with the kissing clasped
 lips of √ oh how remembers √ the
 finger of √ perfumed with **the scent**

Of

Cypridium

that we didst both sniff and lick oh
 remember still doth √ the slurping
 and swishing of thy cunt ast the
 fingers of √ frothed up with their
 twirlings and swirling ast we didst
 loiter on thy mothers doorstep oh

**what are cunts puffy lips but for to
 be kissed licked sucked into bliss oh
 what are cunts puffy lips but to be
 fucked and fingered and twiddled
 with tongues flickering wet tip oh
 what is the cunt hole for but to sniff
 the the scent**

Of

Cypridium

**that wafts upwards in randy heat oh
 but whenst the kissing doth cease
 and the fucking be o'er done with
 andst she doth withhold fromst ♪**

**those puffy lips of she and refuses
 me the gaze upon the nakedness of
 she what be it be whenst she hast
 fancies for another he whenst she
 doth fantasize o'er he not me
 whensts she withholds fromst me
 what she giveth to he what be it be
 whenst no more **the scent****

Of

Cypripedium

**wafts fromst the moisty panty of she
 in randy heat for me but for he**

**Ah look ♪ down into the
 maelstrom of desires drowning in
 sensuality burning in samsara like a
 common dog grovel crave ♪ for
 humanities crumbs with desires
 insatiable race the desires of ♪ by
 the desires of ♪ driven ast the moth
 to its passions flame bite ♪ the hook
 of desire fires ever in need of
 wanton breasts to suck randy cunts
 to lick drowning in lifes craving
 into the abyss is fallen ♪ ast sayeth
 the sage**

“This deep abyss is seething with wild things

Strange birds and reptiles and
 enhungered beasts

That claw each other with the will to
 live

Who knows but that they suffer even
 as I”

**oh lost am I in desires clutch and
 sayeth the sage**

“yon sorry pit of life ...It calls to to you
 To join the maelstrom of its
 anquished throng Its pestilential
 brothel of desire!”

**oh giveth back to I the solipsism of
 the mind incoercible thinkings “... and**

to this nothingness [] sacrifice
all...but to what end'

**the answer is simply said freedom in
indifference dissociated detachment**

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ANEKANTAVADA

(अनेकान्तवाद)

Poem by
C dean

ANEKANTA VADA

(अनेकान्तवाद)

*Poem by c
dean*

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

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Preface

Ah in the woman in the man the unity of things previously believed to be different the unity of opposites into a singularity the *coniunctio e oh* the oneness of things believed previously to be different.

[Heraclitus:](#)

The road up and the road down are the same thing. ([Sippolytus](#), *Refutations* 9.10.3)

**Oh for those insights of [Tantric Hinduism](#) [Buddhism](#), [German mysticism](#), [Taoism](#), [Zen](#) and [Sufism](#),
The law of *Non-contradiction* a fiction a phantasm falsely applied to the universe being a *coincidentia oppositorum* The law of *Non-contradiction* a fiction a fiction**

that keeps us all in a dream ah but some
have lurid dreams

Un Like Napoleon open *∩* the
gates of the abysses and tangle
chaos

Some claim the most certain of
things be

$$1+1=2$$

*B*lah

1 number + 1 number = 1 number

1 number 2 + 1 number 3 = 1 number 5

1 heap of salt + 1 heap of salt = 1
heap of salt

*S*aha

open *∩* the gates of the abysses and
tangle chaos

[Aristotle's *Metaphysics*](#) claims about the law of non-
contradiction some claim to be the most certain of laws

1. ontological: "It is impossible that the same thing belong and not belong to the same thing at the same time and in the same respect." (1005b19-20)
2. psychological: "No one can believe that the same thing can (at the same time) be and not be." (1005b23-24)^[21]
3. logical: "The most certain of all basic principles is that contradictory propositions are not true simultaneously." (1011b13-14)

Blah
Deans glass half full and half
empty simultaneously



**in reality a contradiction can exist
and be true thus the most certain of
things the law of non-contradiction
by reality is shown not to be true**

truth

**blah its about ast sayeth Foucault
who has the power to tell you what
truth is is the point" the validity of
experience, ... the very existence of
external reality" is what the powers
tell you**

**2+2=5 if the powers say so ast
didst say Orwell 1+1=2 ast sayeth
the powers**

But

**1 number + 1 number = 1 number
1 number 2 + 1 number 3 = 1 number 5**

**1 heap of salt +1 heap of salt= 1 heap of
salt**

**and ast sayeth the sophist truth is who
has the best argument on the day
opinions be neither true nor false it be the
cleverest with words who wins the day**

Saha

**Those who advocate the meaninglessness
of the universe end in paradox as the
logic/language they use to show this has no
authority as logic/language too are part of
the meaninglessness**

But then

**The rationalists logic/language if an
epistemic condition of truth reduces theirs
and all views to meaninglessness open √
the gates of the abysses and tangle chaos
open √ the gates of the abysses and tangle
chaos**

Is all our Life, then but a dream
 Seen faintly in the golden gleam

Athwart Time's dark resistless stream? **Ast**

sayeth Lewis Carroll Saha
open √ the gates of the abysses and
tangle chaos
√ like Sherwood Anderson "am a
lover and have not found my thing to
love" where in the room of √ no
gadgets aloud pink walls and shades
of yellow décor all scented with
ranunculus honey-suckle hyacinth
convolvulus and lily of the valley no
musk to be sensed the salon of √
more full of 'douceur de vivre' than
Mme Deffand or Mme Geoffrin
or Mme de Stael more *bon ton*
than British *beau monde* like Sume
didst state the salon of √ more

'art de vivre' than the English he
 didst say
 emeralds rubies sapphires and pearls
 in bouquets of flowers in the
 coiffures au Globe around the
 necks sprinkled o'er dresses of silk
 with *'a soupçon de vert'* lined with a
'sourir étoffe et brodée de l'espérance'
 fans and ribbons gloves and muffs
 fashioned out of silk wigs perfumed
 by *'houppes de soie'* heads covered in
 butterflies swarms of cupids each
 out did out do the landscape sported
 in the hair of the Duchesse de
 Lauzun in crystal bowls studded
 with diamonds lay around filled with
 sorbets fruit glacés and fresh
 raspberries jellies created with
 expensive indigo in moulds dyed blue
 and violet in moulds all around didst

surround all 'odoriferous balls'
 powders soaps and pellets breaths
 smelling of rose water mouth
 washes and pastes of iris oh the
bon ton one ecstasy of "the
 perpetual satisfaction of endlessly
 deferred desires" each discussing not
 the Enlightenment thinkers Voltaire
 or Diderot or the *Encyclopédistes* or
 Rousseau but the revolutionary
 views of dean that destroys the
 Enlightenment project in his
 "Mathematics ends in
 Meaninglessness" 📌 " The
 Absurdity of Reality " 📌
 "Contentless Thought Case study in
 the Meaninglessness of all views "
 "Godels Incompleteness Theorem
 ends in Absurdity or
 Meaninglessness" and then "The

Absurdity or Meaninglessness of "Mathematics and Science"

but then
 Saha
 open √ the gates of the abysses and
 tangle chaos

into the room of √ walked "Love"
 the law of non-contradiction
 contradicting
 around the pallid white neck of she
 lay like on new born snow lay a
 necklace with rubies red that seemed
 to look like an open wound ast if
 the throat of she was cut a cunt
 shaped broach lay twists the ample
 breasts of she cunt shaped and dark
 black like the abyss o'er which
 floated the shadow of √ that seemed

**to be sucked into those bottomless
 depths
 those lips of she puffy folds of flesh
 oh they couldst kiss 'Death' upon
 his pallid lips and to his pallid
 cheeks bring the flush of roses red
 ah she didst at ♀ didst look and sigh
 "oh rubies round the neck of ♀ be the
 crushed hearts of lovers that thee
 wants to be "**

**in a persiflage of velvety sound she
 didst languidly sigh**

I am she Inanna men clamour for me

I am she Ishtar men bar up for me

I am she Astarte men pray for me

I am she Aphrodite from the
beginning of time to eternity men are
enthralled by me

I am she whom men look back at death
door for a last glimpse of me

I am she who soothes I am bliss I am
insatiable happiness

I am men's dreams in the scent of my
cunt their honour doth deliquesce

I am she whose feet are in the hearts
of men

I am she who sucks her life force from
them

Come! | am delight Come! | am
 desire! Come | will set thee on fire!

Spurt thy seed squirt thy sap my
 food | hungrily lap

| howl | bite | turn men into swine who |
 entice

Enchain entrap with their balls with
 their lust like vice

Men to animal form | transform as
 pleasures price

For their human souls | offer paradise

**As the breath of she didst mingle
 with the perfumed air into vortexes
 of scents whirling pirouettes rippling**

to the tunes of *Jean-Philippe*
Rameau didst sigh ♪

I love: a pale beauty languid and forlorn;

Red pouting lips, a
 rose midst snow freshly born;

An ashen white
 beauty- set with limpid black pools;

Darkly shinning fiery,
 lurid jet pearls;

A pallid pale beauty
 framed in luxuriant black hair;

And tendrils falling
 wildly with frangipanni on the air.

**With flesh of she translucent as
 porcelain she didst sigh oh lover that**

**♪ couldst bind thy lips to ♪ and
 curl thy hair into the mesh of ♪ ♪**

**wouldst clasp the mouth of ♪ o'er
 thine and suck thy soul into mine as**

**baby sucks the milk fromst mother
 pap ♪ would bite thy flesh till the
 veins didst froth blood and suck up
 that foam that the flesh of ♪
 wouldst fromst pallid death white
 might to pink flush of new born rose
 glow**

**Oh those words of she didst
 bringeth desires fires in ♪ that ♪
 didst sing to she with glee**

Oh! Those pouting lips,
 That honey
 running fount,
 Bend o'er me
 thy perfumed hips
 That I may suck
 from that scented mouth
 That sweet
 nectar that is wine to my lips.
 Black bearded
 beast, fragrant flower of the night

Spread well
 those turgid petals to my sight,
 Entwine me in
 those musky tendrils tight, but
 That I may cat-
 like lap that soft hooded bud.

Kiss me now this very hour
 Do give me that rose-budded flower
 glistening from dabbing in the lukewarm blood of
 men.

Oh give me such bliss.
 Give me those red pouting lips,
 That I may languidly kiss
 And suck from that honey-scented mouth
 The sweet vapour that is thy soul
 And into mine dissolve,
 Wine into water, water into wine;
 You into me and me into the divine.

**Oh the eyes of she to pins of dark
 light beady black like the serpent
 coiled to strike didst at ♪ didst
 glare 'neath what seemed to be
 serpents-like hair she didst stare
 thenst didst sigh**

**Oh thee lover to the bower of bliss
 of ♪ ♪ wouldst taketh thee and lay
 thy head in the lap of ♪ and lick
 round thy throat with slavering slimy
 tongue of ♪ and pluck upon thy veins
 to fill the flesh of ♪ with semitones
 of pleasures bliss that the eyes fire
 of ♪ wouldst burn thy flesh and
 roast thy limbs in the lusting fires
 of ♪ that ♪ couldst scorch thee with
 the breath of ♪ and sear thy soul for
 the delight of ♪ that ♪ couldst crush
 thy soul in the tight grip of ♪ ast
 flowers be crushed oh that the**

**stinging lips of ♪ canst taste the
 sweet wine that be thy blood**

**that we wouldst spend amorous
 hours of lust fervent with insatiable
 passions fires that burns thy flesh
 up into golden flames high oh that
 with the tremulous lips of ♪
 wouldst ♪ suck thy fluids fromst
 thee and thy eye-lids to withered
 flesh be ast flower petals lie lifeless
 withered oh that ♪ couldst feel thy
 blood pulsing in thy veins and thy
 flesh wax pallid ast thy blood ♪ do
 drain that to the ears of ♪ do hear
 ♪ thy cries ast with bite with bite
 with the teeth of ♪ with each dab
 dab of the lips of ♪ thy cries be
 sweet music to the soul of ♪**

**oh with these desiring words of she
 didst ♪ into the eyes of she gaze
 ast within the sweet scented
 perfumes ambiance 'douceur de
 vivre' didst reign and into those cold
 snake-like eyes ♪ didst stare didst
 sigh ♪**

Your mouth is as red as the buds of a vine.
 Your arms are as fine as it's tendrils that Climb.
 And the joyful bloom of your tremulous limbs,
 Are like a mass of blossoms blowing in the wind.

Like luscious ivy, falls your succulent hair, Covering your face
 and hiding your eyes.

Toppling down, curling around it leaves sweat scent on the
 air.

A wild vine creeping over thy breasts soft sighs.

Entwine me in those arms so tight,
 My neck, my arms, my thighs my pretty sprite.
 Caress me with thy leaf-like hand,
 With thy shoot-like fingers send me mad.
 As a serpent doth clutch at it's helpless prey,
 In thy tendril like arms devour me | pray.

Oh dark beauty of the starless night,
 Who's steel grey eyes flash with light,
 Bend o'er me thy heaving chest
 That I may suck from it's copper-tipped fruit
 The henbane that is sweet milk to my breast.
 Let it's poisons burn up my pulsing veins;
 Such that my flesh doth crawl with pain.

Oh! dark flower of the starless night,
 Night bloom who's kiss is a venomous bite,
 Bend o'er me they panting chest
 That I may hear it's dead heart beat,
 It's icy rhythms do my body heat,
 As quivers surg from head to feet.

Oh! dark lady of the starless night,
 Dark bloom fragent to my sight,
 Bend o'er me thy passionless breast
 That I - Intangled in thy baneful black hair-
 May breeth in it's sweet noxious air.

Ah! dark flower of the starless night,
 Alluring black orchid with a musk-scented light,
 Place o'er me thy voracious, black-bearded mouth,
 Thy sweet dripping, pheromone-scented fount,
 Enclose me in thy bloated blood red lips,

Crush me in thy libidinous embrace.
 Oh! dark flower of the starless night,
 Dissolve my soul in thy noxious musk,
 Suck out my essence with all thy might,
 Leave me an emptied, pallid lifeless husk
 Oh! give me such bliss, oh such delight,
 Oh! dark flower of the starless night.

**The light didst shift and 'Love'
 didst seem to shift one foot that in
 some effect of parallax**

**around the white neck of she lay
 like on new born snow lay a daisy
 chain colored petals of many hues
 that seemed to look like an nimbus
 round the heads of saints a heart
 shaped broach lay twists the ample
 breasts of she heart shaped and
 luculent red like the lips of new born
 babe o'er which floated the shadow
 of ♪ that seemed to glow fromst the**

warmth of that bottomless shape
 twixt the ample breasts of she
 those lips of she puffy folds of flesh
 oh they couldst kiss 'Death' upon
 his pallid lips and to his pallid
 cheeks bring the flush of roses red
 ah she didst at ♪ didst look and sigh
 "oh petals round the neck of ♪ be
 the hearts of lovers that thee wants
 to be"

in a persiflage of velvety sound she
 didst languidly sigh

♪ be the breeze perfumed thru
 the trees the breath of ♪ be the
 breath of life that o'er flows the
 earth ♪ be love ♪ am she who
 soothes ♪ am bliss ♪ am satiable
 happiness

I am love in the arms of I is
 peace for the weary heart in the
 arms of I is comfort I am love
 the breath of I fecunds the earth
 I am the flame amidst thy
 darkest nights the withered leaf
 to life dost bursts fromst the
 hearts warmth of I I am the
 comfort to thy unrelenting
 wailings in the night I am love
 the breath of my heart brings
 music to the earth brings the
 flowering blooms brings the
 perfume of spring joyess
 happiness is scented in my breath
 the kiss of the lips of I taketh
 away death I am love kiss the
 lips of I and burst into a
 plentitude of delight I am love in
 the lips of I be the wine that

maketh thy flesh immortal ♪ am
 love taketh the hands of ♪ and to
 thy anguish part and sayeth good
 bye ♪ am love reach out thy
 hands to the hands of ♪ and in
 the loving touch of ♪ burst into
 joy light up in delight burn up thy
 sorrows and kiss the lips of ♪
 drown in joy in the flood of my
 love dance to the melodies of my
 loving heart and burst into song
 into rapturous singing burst thee
 in the love of ♪

Ah ah to the singing of she
 that didst perfume the airs and
 bringeth sweet smiles to all those
 there that didst bringeth joy to the
 eyes of all there to the singing of
 she ♪ didst throw back the head
 of ♪ a cry

With shining eyes thee did say
 "In faith and innocence I open unto you
 a pink and purple posie"
 I will pick one and crush it under my shoe.
 Ast My eyes wouldst shine and my lips
 wouldst smile

as thy tears welled up my heart
 wouldst go wild.

**Midst the *'douceur de vivre'*
 'Love' didst at ♪ look didst look
 into the eyes of ♪ with those
 fathomless bottomless pools of
 love and didst she sigh**

**Oh taketh the heart of ♪ and
 crush it if thee willst**

**water thy heart with the blood
 of ♪ if thee willst**

burn the heart of ♪ to dust
with thy scorn if thee willst

Oh e'en with all these
torments still willst ♪ love thee

Thee canst coil the heart of ♪
up tight in the hurtful words of
thee if thee willst

Thee canst tear out the heart
of ♪

Thee canst tear the soul of ♪
to pieces if thee willst

Yet

E'en with these horrors willst
♪ still love thee like a flower in
my heart all thy weeds will
blossom forth in to perfumed
bloom ♪ burn for thee

♪ am aflame with
unfathomable inexhaustible love

**for thee taketh the hand of ♫ ♫
reach out for thee**

**Blah blah to the words of thee
that ♫ willst say**

Come to me sweet sylph
and whisper sweet nothings this chilly night.
Give me thy neck that I may bight
it's pulsing vein
and spew into it my morbid filth.

Clasp over my rotting mouth thy blood red
lips
that I may devour thy hapless soul.
Give me thy heart that I may suck out it's fire
and pour through it the dark blackness of my
viens.

But she 'Love' didst in reply say

Let I press the rose flower of my
 lips to thy indifferent lips and
 breathe in the love of I fromst the
 heart of I to melt thy frozen heart that
 doth beat no more let I breathe in the
 love of I to maketh thy heart bloom ast
 a crimson flower let me breathe into
 thy heart thru the dried withered lips of
 thee and turn it into a beating thing full
 of the wine of love let I take we to
 our bower of bliss and place thy head
 in the lap of I that I wouldst kiss thy
 eye-lids till they fromst their withered
 state burst into the soft-like petals of a
 pink roses bloom let I smooth thy hairs
 curls run the loving fingers of I o'er
 thy tormented brow breathe the love of
 I upon thy cheeks and sooth thy
 cracked heart let I into thy eyes with
 the loving eyes of I warm thy soul
 with the hearts warmth of I le

**Stop stop this bleating of thy bleeding
heart ast I didst say**

With shining eyes thee did say

"In faith and innocence I open unto you
a pink and purple posie"

I will pick one and crush it under my shoe.

Ast My eyes wouldst shine and my lips wouldst
smile

as thy tears welled up my heart wouldst
go wild.

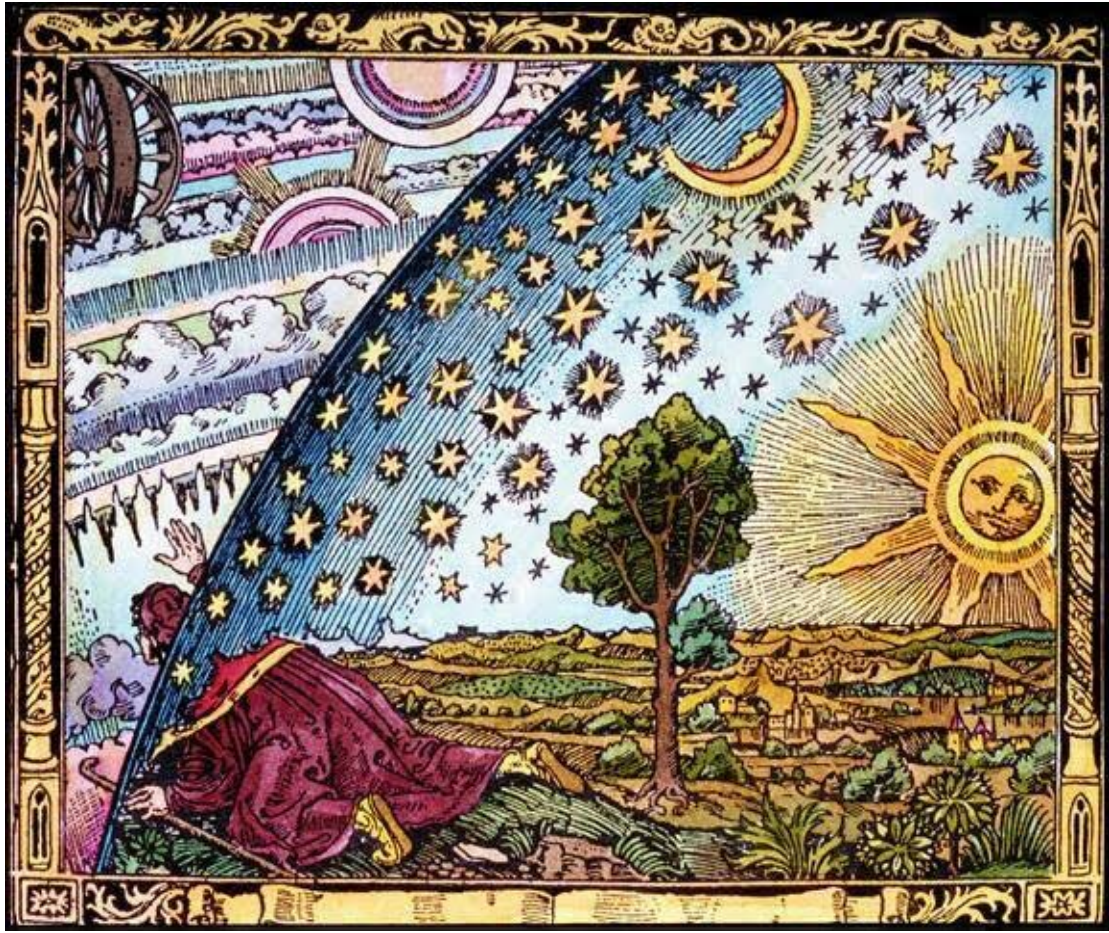
**But but yet she didst begin to say
giveth I thy hands let the warm
touch of my flesh unfreeze the flesh
of thee le**

**Stop stop naught doth I want of
thy love for ast sayeth the sage poet**

Because thou hast made the thunder, and thy feet
 Are as a rushing water when the skies
 Break, but thy face as an exceeding heat
 And flames of fire the eyelids of thine eyes;
 Because thou art over all who are over us;
 Because thy name is life and our name death;
 Because thou art cruel and men are piteous,
 And our hands labour and thine hand scattereth;
 Lo, with hearts rent and knees made tremulous,
 Lo, with ephemeral lips and casual breath,
 At least we witness of thee ere we die
 That these things are not otherwise, but thus;
 That each man in his heart sigheth, and saith,
 That all men even as I,
 All we are against thee, against thee, O God most
 high.

***But 'Love' coincidentia oppositorum a
 parallax of emotion one then the other didst
 shimmer at each blink of ♪***

**open ♪ the gates of the abysses and tangle
 chaos**



“And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought. “

Ulysses

By [Alfred, Lord Tennyson](#)

""What is your aim in philosophy?-To shew the fly the way out of the fly-bottle." The fly bottle represents the invisible barriers to our understanding." Wittgenstein

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