Poesy Philosophica

Poems by C dean

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Jndex Preface Cassolette



scent of *Pododendrons* p.36 the scent Of Cypripedium p.76

ANEKANTAVADA P.118

Mhat 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

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All crows are black This is a crow therefore it is black Rlah 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 = 1number 1 (2)number +1 (2) number **=1 (4)** number Rlah 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



 $\begin{array}{l}
 J't be proven that \\
 1 = 0.9999... \\
 J'et be <math>x = 0.9999... \\
 10x = 9.9999... \\
 10x-x = 9 \\
 x = 1$

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

Jt be said that For a triangle that has sides *equal* to 1 unit long, the diagonal of the triangle is





blah

mathematics is in contradiction

Thus √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 √z. Ie is non-finite which does not terminate ie can never be constructed
Thus a contradiction in terms
Thus mathematics ends in meaninglessness

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

Cassolette Ry Comte Maximilien de M*** **Translated from the French** Ry

- Lucienne Emery
- Noem by c dean

Cassolette

By Comte Maximilien de W***

7ranslated from the French By Fucienne Emery

190em by c dean

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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 J amidst blue smoke as layeth J'mongst cushion red tinctured like flowing blood in that hot liquid fount of life write J to thee of the love of J 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 J within the cloud of light blue smoke the thoughts of J 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 \mathcal{J} 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 Jn urolagnia be

to read Baudelaires "Je 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 abysss 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 fiet be x = 0.999...Multiply both sides by 10 10x = 9.999....Subtract x from both sides $10x - x = 9.999 \dots - 0.999 \dots$ 7hus 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 J doth fracture the bottom half of the view of Jmoves 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

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flowers with callipyian 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 J as thy cassolette to nebulous ecstasy sends J to engulf J 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 J as thy cassolette to nebulous ecstasy sends J to engulf J 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 Jucienne 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 J into paroxysm of delightfulness that bursts the soul of J into an o'erabundant plentitude of numinous delirium ast bathe J in silver shimmering moonlit light 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

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 *J* to which to paradise doth fly 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 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 flittering 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 J as thy cassolette to nebulous ecstasy sends J to engulf J 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 over all an ambience of felicity 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 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 J Oh Jucienne 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 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 fromsts the pores of J Oh Jucienne 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 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 🗸 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 Jucienne 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 Poetry of the Australian decadence Vol.1 by c dean

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

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scent of *Rhododendrons*

Poems by c Dean


scent of



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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 \mathcal{J} to write its songs thru the mind of J to channel thru J J a mere tool for its creativity doth it use J like some thing that it purpose serves to express it to have its say be *J* just its tool for it to write thru ast Sit here J in twilight twixt day and night sipping purple wine sweetened with honey of the heptakometes smelling of

Phododendrons

Cooking 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 *<i>Phododendrons* Looking at for inspiration "Dictures 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 J in twilight twixt day and night the limbo land of half light no Zoethius J enamored of his mistress philosophy to the fire send J 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 J just react with these words of mine or didst reason J but then the reasoned arguments of these materialists would then refute their idea that we just react for

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 ast 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 J couldst be free of these bars and sit here J in twilight twixt day and night sipping purple wine sweetened with honey of the

heptakometes smelling of

Rhododendrons

ooking at for inspiration "Pictures of the floating world" That J couldst be free of these bars and push back the veil of the universe and seeth ast didst Glammarions 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 flybottle." 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 J in twilight twixt day and night sipping purple wine sweetened with honey of the heptakometes smelling of *Phododendrons*

Looking at for inspiration

"Pictures of the floating world"

pushing the mind of *J* beyond the bottle and seeth J visual poetry or reality idealized and seeth J The *Phododendrons* scent thru the room bathing fromst thy cunt clothed in pink mist fluttering the candles flame makes the nerves of J quiver like some viols strings anticipating thy loves ardent kiss wenst look J at thy cunts folds see 🗸 a luscious garden cloaked in pale

pink scented *<i>Phododendrons* 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 Rotticelli 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 incandesce 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 *<i>Phododendrons* 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 \mathcal{J} 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 \mathcal{J} purple-plum shadows in thy cunts lips hast seen *J* slivers of shivering amethyst hast seen J the curling petals of irises the pink bursting hues of roses blooms along the cunts lips edge hast seen J the dewy light like

sapphires blues the yellow of shimmering topazes the yellowishgreen of chroysolites 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 **2**oroastrians 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 *J* inner lips the pink petals of some flower that quivers to the

sweet touch of the licking tongue of J inner lips faintly crimson streaked flecked with cunt dew gem-like burnished by the tongue softlylicking of J 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 *<i>Phododendrons* fromst thy fleshy folds that lulls the mind

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of *J* into languid *Phododendron* 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 J 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 J in its sweetness softer that reams of silk while thru the pink mist see *I* thy cunts hole floating like a second moon wrapped in skeins of gold dust thy cunts lips 'gainst the tongue tips of J pout fruit fleshy pink flames of light o'er which thy cunny dew glitter

like cantharides in the purple wine of J coated in moonlight like frost gaze J upon thy cunts fleshy form and run the eyes of J up that slit that ribbon of iridescent light gaze J upon thy cunts lips that flutter like fritillaries o'er that cabochon hole of aqueous silk gaze J upon that cunt of thee that blooms like pink hydrangea roll J the tongue of J 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 J races with desire for thee the eyes of J peer and peek at those lips pink ast fromst some Japanese 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 *J* 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 J of clusters of pink hydrangea that deck the hair of temple virgins oh that cunt of thee reminds J 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

Phododendrons 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 *J* 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 \mathcal{J} shafts of flaming fire pink burst out fromst the cunt hole of thee warming the face of *J* 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 *J* in moonlight their shadows float o'er the face of \checkmark

whenst see *I* thy cunt it fizzes and sparkles flashes and spits colored asterisk stars * * * that spiral and twirl along the tongues tip of \mathcal{J} 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 J raining down o'er J multitudinous lights like falling

stars * *

* * *oh sigh 🗸 ast along

the tongues tip of J 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 J

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 J my tongue along thy cunts lips crimson edge the mind of J 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 *<i>Chododendron* scent patterning the light the tongue of J 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 lquidity sit here *J* in twilight twixt day and night sipping purple wine sweetened with honey of the heptakometes smelling of *Phododendrons* Looking at for inspiration "Pictures of the floating world" pushing the mind of *J* beyond the bottle and seeth J all these cunts beauteous

visual poetry or reality idealized

and seeth J 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

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the scent Of Cypripedium



the scent Of Cypripedium



BV c dean

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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 made with cravings desires on fire with lust with insatiable fires driving one mad unremittingly incessantly no respite fromst the cravings fire which do ask J thee which madness doth thee aspire for thee

Sit here J in thought caught naught but in incoercible churnings thinking of chloasma women of dubious muliebrity while round the head of J float parthenoides of many blent colors oh to drink the nepenthes of homer and rid J of these twirling thoughts that couldst J look upon the candles flames flickering flowers of gold to see in their light some respite fromst the mind of \mathcal{J} oh the churning of the incoercible thinkings of J that blister the mind of J 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 J who sit here turn this glass in front of J 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 Js 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 J the soul of J 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 []] sacrifice all...but to what end

with this result ast sayeth the sage

"what nonsense | 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 J be but a withered soul a soul pained with loneliness no splendor of the sky do seeth J no beauty in a butterfly seeth J no visible thing doth give joy to J nothing serves for pleasure beyond the solipsism of the mind of 🧳 an inner world built only on the imaginings of J what canst bringeth J peace joy some happiness outside the mire of the mind locked in on itself of \mathcal{J}

ast criest the tormented soul

"To make our sorrow less |s 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 7

And might not our proud hopeless

sorrow pass

|f we became as humble at the grass ?
| will get down from my sick throne
where |

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 J these "London Nights" Ah what sensuality oh what heated joys these nights give to the flesh of J fertilizing the mind of J with desires imaginings the mind of J awash with the scent

Cypripedium

The senses of J reel sparks of color flesh fromst the flesh of \mathcal{J} that once didst shine like ice on fire be J 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 \mathcal{J} like the petals of

flowers like flowers do the flaming sparks form and heaven sent upon the heated breathings of J the heated goo fromst the cock of J 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 J see she eyes meet me skipping along the eyelashes of J gazing into the pupils of J 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

Cypripedium

whose fumes permeate the room rapturously deliciously do the eyes

C)f

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 J for a she pallid like some withered

petaled bloom white like light upon ice or chlorosis skin melancholy sorrowful with woes exuding the scent

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 J 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 J ast J ever desiring she ast wait J here see Ja 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 check 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 Retting 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 J for that she that be a hothouse flower delicate with

Of

Cypripedium

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

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 \mathcal{J} with heated desires fires oh beauteous she will give *y* 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 J 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

Cypripedium

oh beauteous she will give J thee all of thy dreams to beautify thy wanton ways all thee hast to give \mathcal{J} be only thy desire for J oh sweet girly at this hour thee be legally for me thee wanton thing thee tantalizer of the senses of J long hast J looked at thee ast thee didst pass the gate of \mathcal{J} and desire thy

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

Cypripedium

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

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

Cypripedium

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 \mathcal{J} couldst with desire play along their dew lips edge those lips that at J do smile with flushed flesh oh if thee will will J desire thee into delirium will *I* 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 J couldst press the lips of \checkmark to thy

cunts pulpy folds and taste for eternity that sublime sweetness oozing fromst thy hole fromst desire for J oh whenst thee comes J 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 J with fires of desire the knob of J throbs whenst thee comes near the cock of J 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 J 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 J walk the cities streets

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

Of

Cypripedium andst fromst afare J 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 J view you with a slip in thy step with a wiggle in thy callipygian
arse know J that thee remembers me that there be in thy panty a wet spot fromst thee with memories of me oh ast wait J for thee with the scent

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

Of

Cypripedium black ast panther shadows or shadows of crows wings in the night oh remember J thy sudden orgasmic cries thy moans and cries with each jab fromst the cock thrusts of \mathcal{J} the blent sighs in the candles golden light that washed o'er the pink flesh of thee tints of fire remember J 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 J ast upon thy mothers

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

Cypripedium

that we didst both sniff and lick oh remember still doth J the slurping and swishing of thy cunt ast the fingers of J 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

Cypripedium

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 J 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 **____**

Cypripedium

wafts fromst the moisty panty of she in randy heat for me but for he Ah look J down into the maelstrom of desires drowning in sensuality burning in samsara like a common dog grovel crave J for humanities crumbs with desires insatiable race the desires of J by the desires of J 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 J ast sayeth the sage

"This deep abyss is seething with wild things

Srtrange birds and reptiles and enhungered beasts

That claw each other with the will to live

Who knows but that they suffer even as]"

ah lost am J in desires clutch ast 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 J 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





ANEKANTA VADA

(अनेकान्तवाद)

Poem by c dean

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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. Seraclitus:

The road up and the road down are the same thing. (<u>Sippolytus</u>, <u>Refutations</u> 9.10.3)

Oh for those insights of <u>Tantric Sinduism</u>, <u>Buddhism</u>, <u>German mysticism</u>, <u>Taoism</u>, <u>Sen and Sufism</u>, 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

In Like Napoleon open I the gates of the abysses and tangle chaos Some claim the most certain of things be 1+1=2Rlah 1 number + 1 number = 1 number1 number 2 + 1 number 3 = 1 number 51 heap of salt +1 heap of salt = 1heap of salt Saha open J the gates of the abysses and tangle chaos

<u>Aristotle</u>'s <u>Metaphysics</u> claims about the law of noncontradiction some claim to be the most certain of laws

- 1. <u>ontological</u>: "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." $(1005b23-24)^{[21]}$
- Jogical: "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 Loucualt 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 Haha

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 J the gates of the abysses and tangle chaos open J 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 <u>Sewis</u> Carroll Saha open 🧳 the gates of the abysses and tangle chaos Jlike <u>Sherwood Anderson</u> "am a lover and have not found my thing to love" where in the room of J 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 J more full of 'douceur de vivre' than Mme Deffand or Mme Geoffrin or Mme de Stael more *bon ton* than Rritish beau monde like Sume didst state the salon of *J* 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 soupcon de vert' lined with a 'soupir étoffe et brodée de l'espérance fans and ribbons gloves and muffs fashioned out of silk wigs perfumed by 'houppe 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 Enyclopédistes or Rousseau but the revolutionary views of dean that destroys the Enlightenment project in his "Mathematics ends in Meaninglessness" 7 he Absurdity of Peality " "Contentless Thought Case study in the Meaninglessness of all views " \mp "Godels Incompletness Theorem ends in Absurdity or Meaninglessness" and then "The

Absurdity or Meaninglessness of "Mathematics and Science" but then Gaha open J the gates of the abysses and tangle chaos

into the room of J walked "Jove" 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 J 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 J didst look and sigh "oh rubies round the neck of J be the crushed hearts of lovers that thee wants to be "

in a persiflage of velvety sound she didst languidly sigh

am she Innana men clamour for me

am she shtar men bar up for me

am she Astarte men pray for me

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am she Aphrodite from the beginning of time to eternity men are enthralled by me am she whom men look back at death door for a last glimpse of me am she who soothes am bliss am insatiable happiness 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

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

Ast 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 J

l 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,

luríd 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 ast porcelain she didts sigh oh lover that I couldst bind thy lips to I and curl thy hair into the mesh of I I wouldst clasp the mouth of I o'er thine and suck thy soul into mine ast baby sucks the milk fromst mother pap J would bite thy flesh till the veins didst froth blood and suck up that foam that the flesh of J wouldst fromst pallid death white might to pink flush of new born rose glow Oh those words of she didst bringeth desires fires in J that J didst sing to she with glee

Oh! Those pouting lips, That honey running fount, Bend o'er me thy perfumed hips That | 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 | may catlike 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 | 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 J didst glare 'neath what seemed to be serpents-like hair she didst stare thenst didst sigh

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

stinging lips of J 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 J wouldst J suck thy fluids fromst thee and thy eye-lids to withered flesh be ast flower petals lie lifeless withered oh that J couldst feel thy blood pulsing in thy veins and thy flesh wax pallid ast thy blood J do drain that to the ears of *J* do hear J thy cries ast with bite with bite with the teeth of *J* with each dab dab of the lips of *J* thy cries be sweet music to the soul of \mathcal{J}

oh with these desiring words of she didst J 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 J didst stare didst sigh J

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 | 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 | 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 | - 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 blooted 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 J 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 J didst look and sigh "oh petals round the neck of J be the hearts of lovers that thee wants to be"

in a persiflage of velvety sound she didst languidly sigh

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

 \mathcal{J} am love in the arms of \mathcal{J} is peace for the weary heart in the arms of *y* is comfort *y* am love the breath of J fecunds the earth , am the flame amidst thy darkest nights the withered leaf to life dost bursts fromst the hearts warmth of \mathcal{J} am the comfort to thy unrelenting wailings in the night *J* 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 *J* taketh away death J am love kiss the lips of 🗸 and burst into a plentitude of delight J am love in the lips of *J* 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 \mathcal{J} and in the loving touch of J burst into joy light up in delight burn up thy sorrows and kiss the lips of J 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 J

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 \checkmark didst throw back the head of \checkmark a cry With shining eyes thee did say "In faith and innocence | open unto you a pink and purple posie" | 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* Jove didst at J look didst look into the eyes of J with those fathomless bottomless pools of love and didst she sigh

Oh taketh the heart of J and crush it if thee willst

water thy heart with the blood of \mathcal{J} if thee willst

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

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

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

Thee canst tear out the heart of \mathcal{J}

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

Yet

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

J am aflame with unfathomable inexhaustible love

for thee taketh the hand of $\mathcal{J}\mathcal{J}$ reach out for thee

Blah blah to the words of thee that J willst say

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

Clasp over my rotting mouth thy blood red lips

that | may devour thy hapless soul.

Give me thy heart that | may suck out it's fire and pour through it the dark blackness of my viens.

But she 'Love' didst in reply say
Let J press the rose flower of my to thy indifferent lips and lips breathe in the love of J fromst the heart of J to melt thy frozen heart that doth beat no more let J breathe in the love of *J* 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 \checkmark take we to our bower of bliss and place thy head in the lap of J that J wouldst kiss thy eye-lids till they fromst their withered state burst into the soft-like petals of a pink roses bloom let J smooth thy hairs curls run the loving fingers of J o'er thy tormented brow breathe the love of J upon thy cheeks and sooth thy cracked heart let J into thy eyes with the loving eyes of J warm thy soul with the hearts warmth of J le

Stop stop this bleating of thy bleeding heart ast J didst say

With shining eyes thee did say "In faith and innocence | open unto you a pink and purple posie" | 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 J thy hands let the warm touch of my flesh unfreeze the flesh of thee le

Stop stop naught doth J 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

All we are against thee, against thee, O God most high.

But 'Sove' coincidentia oppositorum a parallax of emotion one then the other didst shimmer at each blink of S

open \checkmark 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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