

*Doesy*

*Philosophica*

**Poems by**

**C dean**

**Poesy**

**Philosophica**

**Poems by  
C dean**

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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  $x = 0.999\dots$**

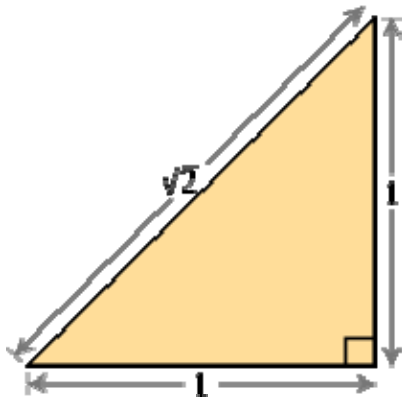
$$10x = 9.999\dots$$

$$10x - x = 9$$

$$x = 1$$

**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*

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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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**by c dean**

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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**

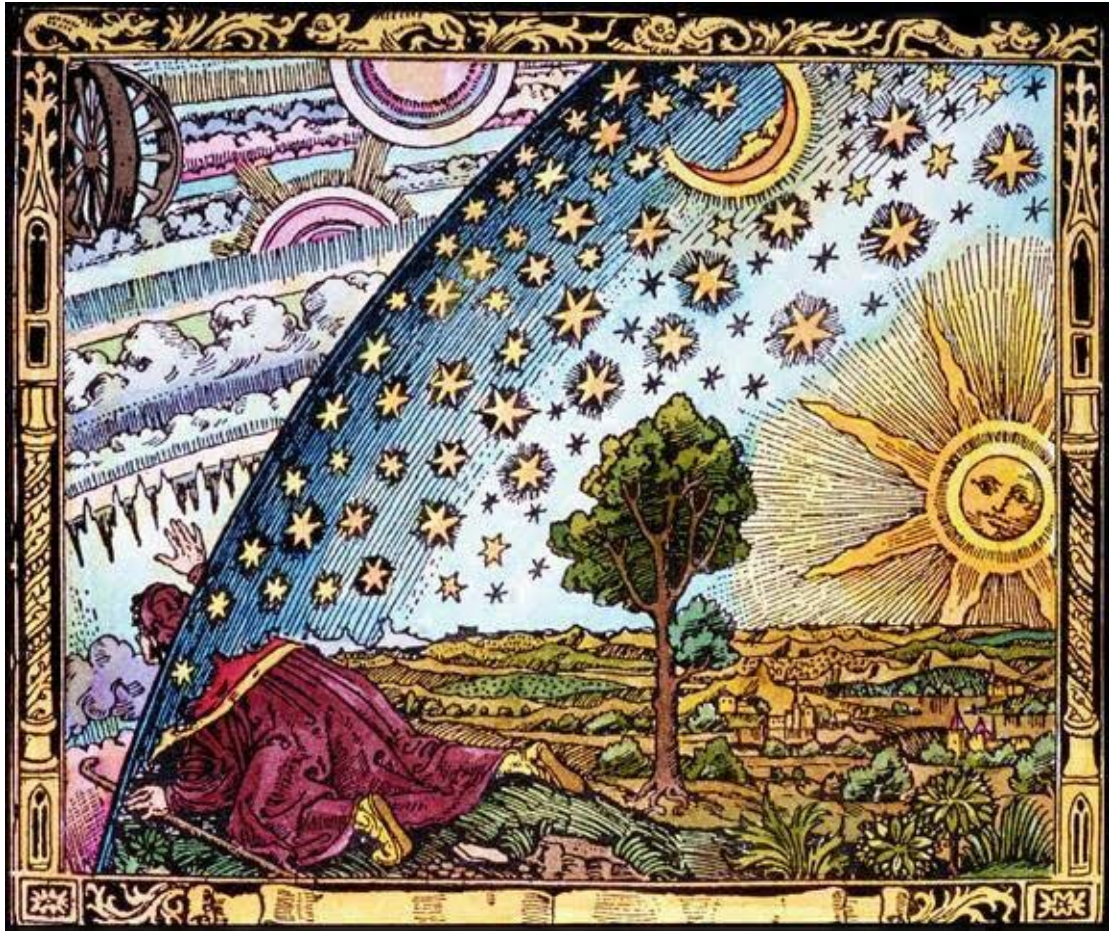
**and push back the veil of the**

**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**

**Poem**

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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 √  
 observing itself in tormenting  
 analysis of each thought that passes  
 before the gaze of √**

“... 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 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**

**Cypridium**

**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**

**Cypridium**

**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**

**Cypridium**

**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

$$1+1=2$$

*Blah*

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

*Saha*

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)<sup>[21]</sup>
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 brooch 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.

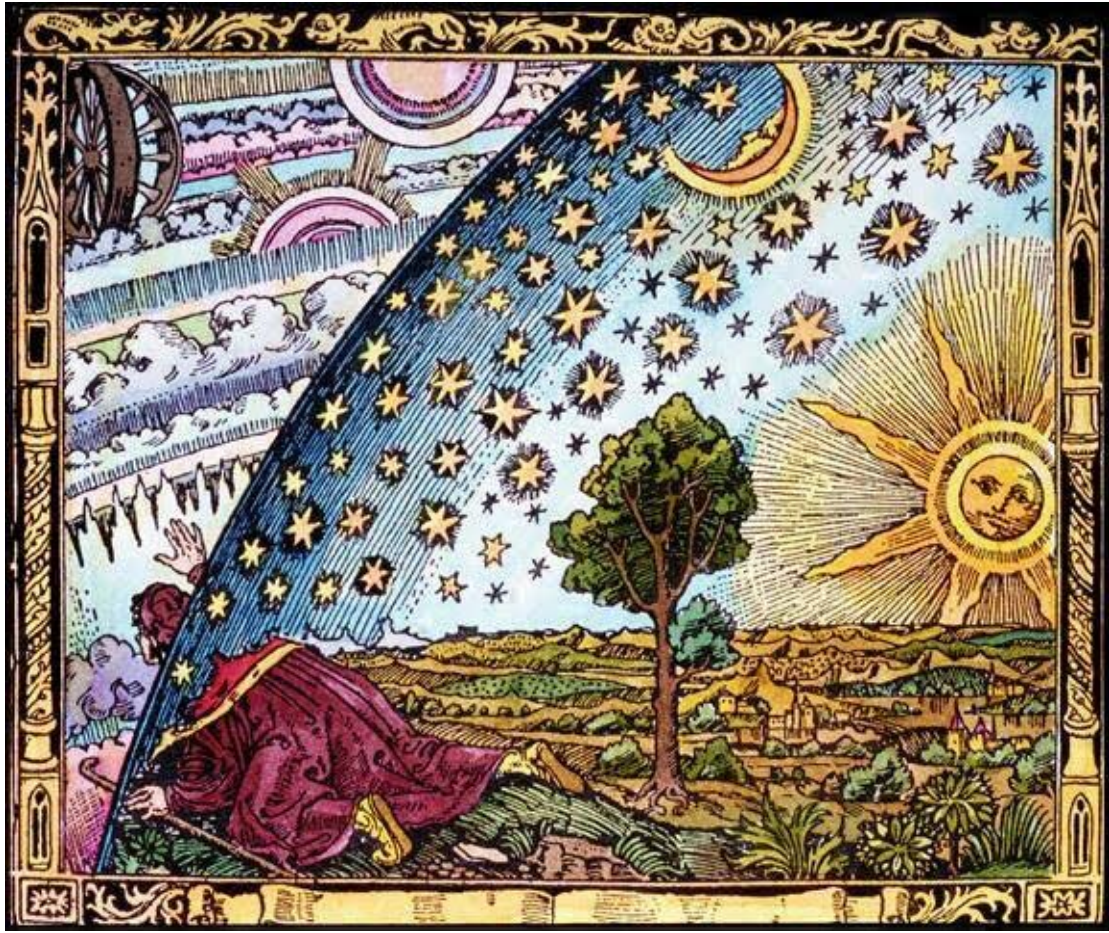
**But but yet she didst begin to say  
giveth I thy hands let the warm  
touch of my flesh unfreeze the flesh  
of thee le**

**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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