

Prometheus

Bound

POEM

BY C

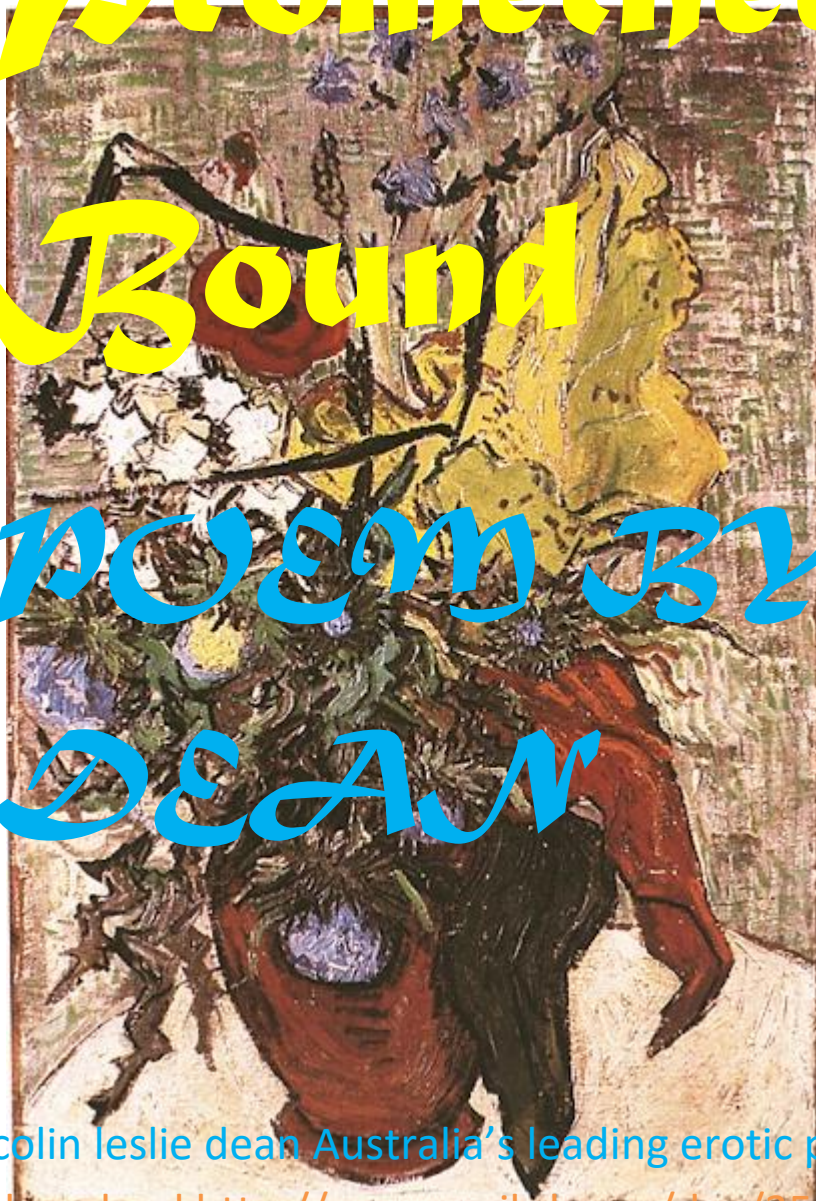
DEAN



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P.1 [Mignon, Abraham](#) Still life with rotting fruit and nuts on a stone ledge
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With Thistles 1890 Vincent Van Gogh P.4 *Ruins of the Parthenon*, 1880
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Johnson \(1826–1884\)](#) P.6 *Ruins of a Doric Temple* Hubert Robert

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be

this Prometheus

Bound



well lets speak we of

anthropology where some

doth say that the Gods be

But mans projection of

itself where the hierarchies

be *But* naught *But* mans
hierarchies where e'en the

Gods look like man where
didst Feuerbach *But* say
every aspect of the Gods is
naught *But* the aspects of
man andst again quote he
say "If man is to find contentment in God,

he must find himself in God." *for: In*

mans consciousness of the

infinite man hast naught

But only the infinity of

mans own nature andst

fromst there we be led to

Karl Marx Yet we need

not go that far for we are

led to psychology andst

philosophy perhaps where the

Gods powers contained

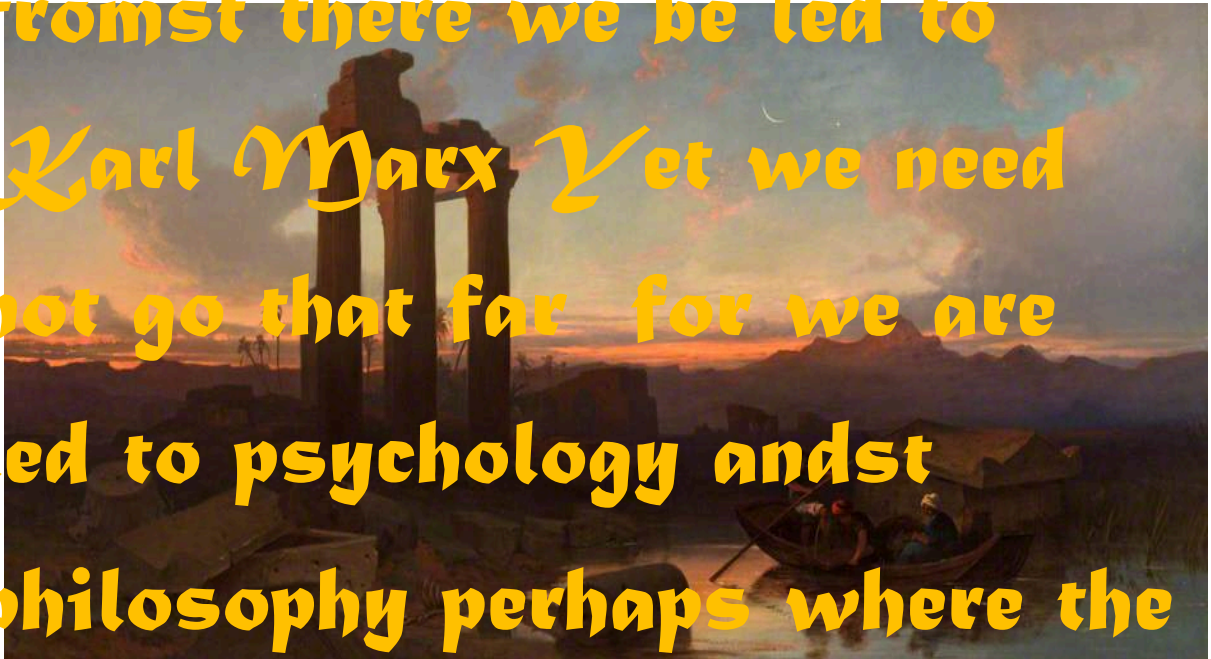
enslaved imprisoned man

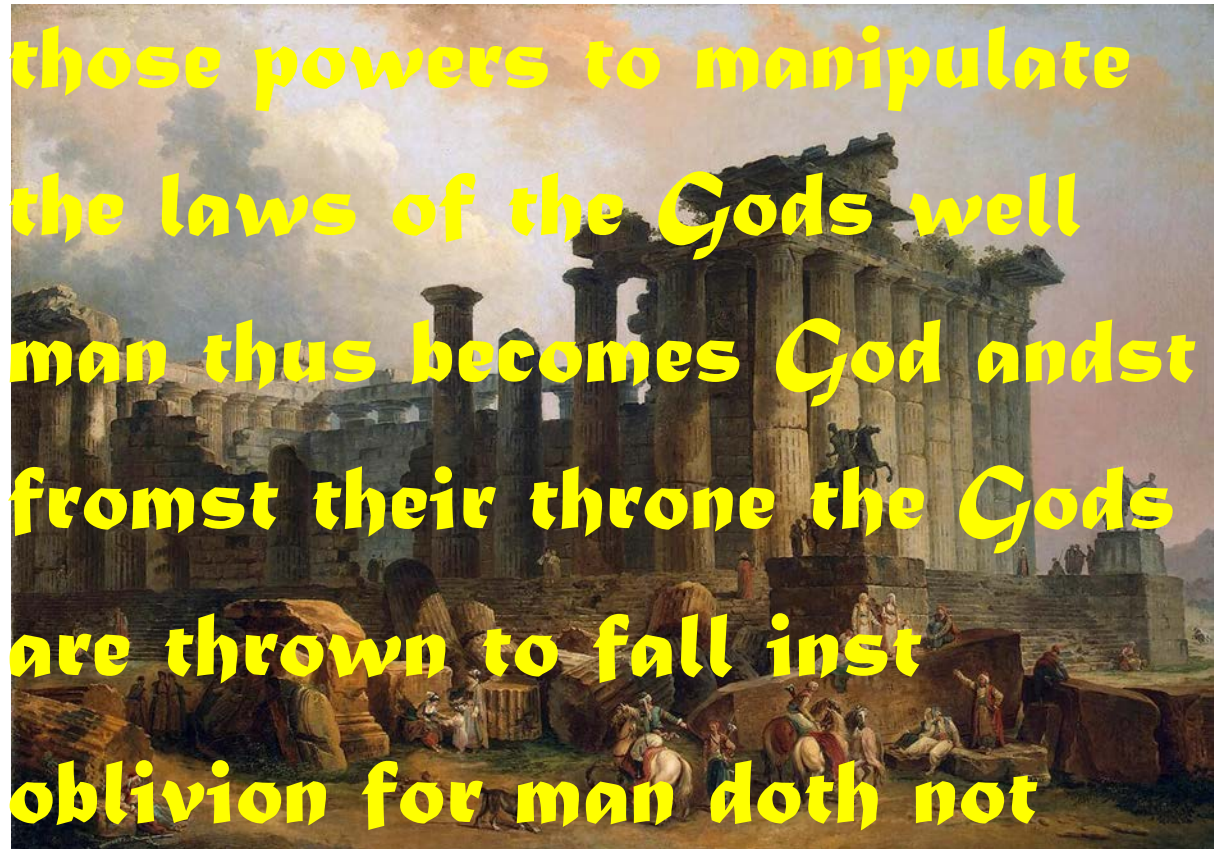
inst slavery to the laws

powers of the Gods But

what be the fate of that man

whenst that man is given





need them for he is now God
 But has he the brains to use
 those powers to his gain or
 to his pain and perhaps
 destruction of he and where
 he be so recite onst andst see

PREFACE Ahh Dearest reciter
 must I to thee confess that my wit be poor
 andst my wit be so less to tell to thee inst
 lines that alas be poorly writ though my
 thoughts maybe deep my skill at wit be so
 shallow to not fill a true poets quills nib
 Yea hear I go with my try to tell about
 hubris that egos snare where that ego doth
 But scatter its scum for those of pride of
 consequence do not care to what be bought
 with that hubris for their vanities doth to
 heaven to soar to the very Gods they aspire
 with their desire to seek all the world to be
 the dumping ground of their pride But
 alas to ruin everything be brought fromst an
 ego that its will imposed is sought uponst
 the world that fromst such hubris no
 restraint canst be taught

Some doth say Dearest monkey that the
essence of thee is the will to power Ahh what be
the consequence Dearest monkey whenst thee
hast the power of the Gods

Whenst like Zesus thee control the lightning
bolt to strike thy enemies

Whenst like Apollo thee canst heal all things

Whenst like Poseidon the earthquakes thee
canst send

Whenst like Ares all warfare be thy control

Canst thee monkey whenst thee has power o'er
nature canst thee have the brains to control thee

Just looketh thee at history andst thee will the
answer see

**Ahh Ahh that stench that doth
 reach mine sense Ahhh that stink
 fromst that earth that be But my
 creation Ahh that putrid vapour doth
 Ohh hurt more thants the eagles
 claw the eagles tipped beak that doth
 each day to tear this liver that doth
 fromst burst forth the cries these
 sighs that e'en this stink that fromst
 the earth to rise be But more
 torments that this misery willst for
 eternity to endure But no Ohh But
 not this stench that will cease not
 Ohh Ohh cry ♪ Ohh for each
 night ♪ ♪ be But free of pain But
 both night andst day there be no**

release fromst this stink that doth
that doth rise fromst the earth
polluted sewer made by those
monkies that didst √ giveth the fire
inst my hubris Andst with those
flames came all the woes for those
monkeys inst their stupidity didst
believe that ast they didst light the
world they were now the Gods
themselves with no need of we no
more for they hadst inst their
arrogance now hadst to Gods to
form andst fromst the spark that
didst √ inst my hubris didst give to
they fromst that spark all Yeaa all
the woes didst flow uponst the earth

that wast once so full of life of
 beauty of delight now became such a
 fright for fromst that flame came
 science medicine speech That now to
 mine ears no verse doth rise fromst
 the earth But now naught but
 screech doth reach mine ears no
 Poets speak just Ohh those
 jibbering lines that reek for now no
 poesy doth fromst those monkey lips
 doth flow For whenst life doth
 break the chains that doth keep it
 contained within the boundaries of
 its environment thenst that life doth
 break free to thenst to change create
 its own reality But inst doing so it

**hast now no restraints to thus out
of control to spiral to its doom for
monkey be to stupid andst doth need
to be controlled to be enslaved wast
the only way to keep those monkeys
fromst devouring the earth
themselves andst themselves to
replace us Gods ast Ohh Zeus
hadst to J of old told which inst my
hubris see J not But see J now
the poisonous plants the wars malice
grief the sickness with no relief to
mine ears the cries that fly to J of
unslaved monkeys that now fill our
earth of the Gods with famine andst
death andst plague that doth onst**

their breath to flow to reach mine
 sense this stink this stench of
 monkey that now know ♪ why
 Zeus didst enslave those fools to
 chain their cruelty to each their
 violence that to suffering send each
 of each of those monkeys that once
 be Ohh once inst communion with
 life andst us Gods that with that
 spark didst ♪ give to they they fell
 to descend inst to their life of hell
 andst Ohh Oh those fools ast tell
 ♪ praise ♪ for that gift that giveth
 ♪ to they But Ahh But Ahhhh
 ♪ say what loss for us Gods for
 they believe they hast replaced us we

andst become now the Gods andst we
forgot with they with now with the
power of us the Gods But without
the brains without the chains all they
devour andst fromst our thrones we
hast But fell for we liveth upon the
incense that doth that fromst the
altars to us doth flow with sweet
smells of myrrh andst frankincense
aloes andst sandalwood that to our
us these savours doth feed fromst
where is breathed thru our souls
these fumes of clouds that doth to
Olympus doth float But Ahh
Ahh But now that stink doth rise
that doth rust our Domes of Gold

doth stain those pillars of ivory
 bronzed obelisks glowing arches of
 emeralds andst gems andst curtains
 too soaked in this stench that thru
 our galleries of gleaming light now
 But naught But shrouds of stink
 thru each recess poisonous noxious
 stink doth coat to all inst darkness
 our light our beautiful light gone out
 the echo thru those empty halls
 where once we Gods didst inst
 revelry dance andst sing andst feast
 uponst our feet to andst hear Ohh
 andst once didst hear so sweet poesy
 rise fromst the earth uponst lips
 with sweet rhyme But Ohh now of

those monkeys that now **B**ut jibbers
 andst screech to tear my sense with
 more pain thanst that eagles bite for
 to my sight naught **B**ut gloom inst
 those rooms of us **G**ods that **O**hhh
 that **O**hh hast **I** killed with my
 hubris hast **I** killed all my flock to
 death

fromst that stink that doth rise
 fromst that gift of fire that didst **I**
 fromst that stupidity didst to them
 to them that those stupid monkeys to
 give that killed us **A**LL of us
Gods to death uponst the breath of
 that stink that steams up fromst that
 sink that sewer to us refracting the

light of those orbs of fire thru the
 gloom that waft andst curl thru
 empty rooms quite *But* putrid andst
 inst the gloom alone forlorn at her
 feet uponst the floor her son dead fed
 uponst by *Worm* that carcass poor of
 withered eaten flesh uponst his bones
 swarm *Aphrodite* doth with rags
 andst veil of mouldy cloth doth her
 face conceal to mourn with wail
 those pains that naught canst heal
 that doth *But* fromst that hart of
 steel doth *But* steal such sorrows
 like vipers *But* curled along round
 the tips of her breasts snakes that
 bite andst hiss fed uponst the

**monkey-muck of lust inst that flesh
 that doth *B*ut only fuck that doth
 burn inst the flesh the soul of those
 monkeys untold she cries she sighs
 no more the sweet kiss of love doth
 uponst the lips to press uponst the
 neck the ears to pluck along soft
 flesh of bosoms of thighs *O*hh those
 sweet kiss along around those lips
 furred inst love that uponst the
 perfumed breath doth flutter ast
 butterfly wings of soft silk flesh
 uponst the breath kiss with mouth of
 red rose petaled lips with desire of
 delight alight with fire that altar of
 love that shudders andst quakes**

**andst shakes the rippling trembling
flesh inst love now lost inst lust the
eyes not shine with love But gorged
onst lust all sees But what they
want to feed But their lust to eat
each devour all hours inst feeding
their monkey lusts animals that
thrust andst ram to kiss not But to
suck uponst lips furled puffy out
that life that eyelids droop andst
pale uponst the face where life doth
drain andst pain with each little
breath that each doth suck fromst
each ast wine fromst their veins ast
honey to their lips ast fromst fucking
they be consumed inst lusts flames**

andst inst their lust entombed with
 each bite each suck their soul doth
 die with their groans andst cummings
 that to the sky to fly

Where *Leander* the sea to cross for
 love

Where *Orpheus* to hell to go for
 love

Where *Pluto* to bear the air for
 love

Where once uponst each lip didst sit
 pearled dew uponst each lip ast
 petals of some perfumed rose where
 didst inst eyes gleam of love now
 Ohh doth *But* gleam fromst pallid

cheek the hues of death where moon-
 beams spread spangles of light to
 skip onst waves tip the tips of leaves
 that inst scented some dell they of
 love didst make now the gleams but
 light now their hell where they just
 fuck andst each fromst each the life
 to suck 'neath that veil her wails
 seep

'neath that veil we need not to
 glimpse to see the mystery of that
 face once of beauty what now might
 along her lips those cheeks might

But trace now with that son of she
But Ahh we *Y* dare not see no
 courage to look Ohh to look uponst

those eyes that of love didst beams
 ast the moon inst purple pool not ♪
 or we the courage to see Ohh to see
 perhaps inst her eyes Ohh her eyes
 cold stare inst the Ohh that stink of
 the air her eyes of gloom of doom
 Ney Ney not looketh ♪ at her inst
 that stench of room ast that stink
 that doth rise to taint that chariot of
 Phoebus that rides across the sky to
 smudge inst paints that dull that
 shell of crimson fire that enkindle
 onst my lips my cries of pain that
 doth But curl thru that frozen air
 that stink that shroud of vapour
 noxious that doth hide the light of

**Aurora with her lips of pink faint
 shine with no splendour those
 monkeys doth not see those entangled
 forms ast worms that uponst decay
 doest But to form no voice tender
 doth rise fromst they √ mourn
 fromst morn to dusk to morn to
 mourn naught √ to hear But wailing
 doth o'er the earth to storm no songs
 no poesy of melodious rhythms doth
 etch uponst the tainted airs or reach
 the ears of mine no charm no spell of
 verse doth etch uponst the earth
 naught But jabbering Ohh woe is
 me thought √ to giveth them light
 But naught gave √ But darkness**