

Pygmalion

By

Georgina Bernadette Shore

Poem by c dean

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PUBLISHERS COMMENT

Oh Georgina Bernadette Shore thy work is of Miltonic
heights thy Miltonic effects delight thy work its dignity
reserve and stateliness

Look upon me heavenly sprite and vouchsafe me thy delight
Thou hast brought desire into my flaccid flesh
Thou hast oh Houri sprite brought me back to life

Thy work its sonorous orotund voice delights

Oh release me from this pain

Come to me I exclaim

Let thy curl drip o'er me like rain

Oh come dark beauty I proclaim

Come to me and curl thy curls round my turgid shaft

Thy archaic words thy inversion of word order mesmerise

Eyes like lakes of coal or narcissus seductive glances from

Like the hur al-'ayn houris of paradise her eyes white the iris blackness
delights

Oh Georgina Bernadette Shore thy work is of Miltonic
heights thy Miltonic effects delight a work which John
Wilmot would not slight

PREFACE

That on which we think to life we
give
The focus of our thoughts give life to
which we think
On our thoughts its objects feed
Our thoughts its object need
For life our thoughts they need
Without our thoughts its objects die
and recede

Pygmalion: one act play

Characters

Colin L Dean

Doreen Grey

Stage setting

Sandalwood scented room

Audience seated in terraced seats around a futon
lit by Green light all the rest of the room is in
total darkness

**ACT I – room in darkness young girl speaks
from out of the darkness**

Colin L Dean alleged to be Australias leading
erotic poet but perhaps a mere figment of his
own sick mind is in effect a mere writer of
perverted doggerel but some claim it to be
nearly as good as the poetry of *Paula Nancy
Millstone Jennings* a writer who with his
voluminous out put has not even heard his poetry
recited by any one except himself and thus has
saved others from the painful experience in the
morning dawn fell through his bedroom door
after a majalis at Oscar Milds clutched under his
arm the picture of Doreen Grey purloined from
Milds walls in retaliation for the theft of three
books of his by Mild from Deans room while

Dean was on one of his tacky voyeuristic
excursions smelling of cinnamon and cloves
Dean entered his room in two corners peacocks
plumes cascaded from sapphire and topaz
incrusted Indian and Persian urns a Japanese silk
screen painted with a solitary flying crane dived
the red Shiraz carpeted floor on a low lying
cedar table a lone red lacquered bowl contain one
pink sukura on the floor outlaid a yellow silk
sheet covered futon with pink satin pillows from
a blue Ming vase sandalwood incense fumes
spiraled its way up through the green light filled
air o'er his pillow was writ from the pen of John
Payne that exquisite translator of Hafiz Khayyam
and Villon in cream silken stitch the prelude to
his *The Masque Of Shadows And Other Poems.*

*“To enter in this shadow-land of mine,
 If he must forget the utter Summer’s shine
 And all the daylight ways of hand and brain :
 Here is the white moon ever on the wane,
 And here the air is sad with many a sign
 Of haunting mysteries, — the golden wine
 Of June falls never, nor the silver rain*

*Of hawthorns pallid with the Joy of Spring;
 But many a mirage of pale memories
 Veils up the sunless aisles: upon the breeze*

*A music of waste sighs doth float and sing;
 And in the shadow of the sad-flower’d trees.
 The ghost of men’s desire walk wandering. “*

Looking at the picture of Doreen Grey Dean felt
 a twinge in his other wise lifeless knob from
 years of masturbation and dissoluteness Deans
 cock had turned into an other wise flaccid thing
 looking like for years a drooping J this rather
 new experience from his throb led Dean to his
 futon upon which he disrobed and lay naked
 perusing in the green light the picture of Doreen
 Grey as his flaccid cock lay worm-like twixt his
 outspread thighs Dean recites

GREEN LIGHT GOES ON

Oh the beauty of that striking face
 The lines contours of eloquent grace

The face set within a contrasting empty space
Like a moon in languid motion the beauty of
that face

Curved and forceful lines her form outlines
Against unpainted space

The graduations of hues on silk shines
Reds pinks saturated colors no blemish the eye
finds

Her skin tones graduations against empty space
oh how sublime

Oh what beauty of grace that striking face

Her form

Her face

All float within the washes of empty space

Exquisite beauty

Exquisite grace

Oh that face of Roum

The home of thy eyes of Babylonian witchery

Eyes like lakes of coal or narcissus seductive

glances from

Great round O Os seductive oases

Like the hur al-'ayn Houris of paradise her eyes

white the iris blackness delights

Tresses of Sham spread like strings of JJs

around thy face

Oh what grace

Thy ringlets chains of ambergris upholding the

lamp of thy face

Like the moon rising from the night her forehead

like

Like bended bows the eyebrows show

Curved saber the shape of her nose
 Cheeks blood-red-like anemones or the hue of
 the rose

Lips of coral red like Solomon's seal
 Outling teeth like glittering seeds of
 pomegranate set in its ruby pulp

Oh the grace

The face

Like a gazelle a willow-wand she the contours do
 trace

Oh but what rapturous delight
 Her cunt like a she camels blubbery lips the
 pictures highlight

Oh like an **I** my cock does upwood swell

AS COLIN L DEAN CONTEMPLATE THE PICTURE OF
DOREEN GREY AS HE ON HIS COCK SLOWLY PULLS

A young girl speaks from out of the darkness

The sandal-wood fumes screwed its way through
the scented green light which bounced of the
cedar table into the red lacquered bowl

splintering into thousands of shimmering beams
of light which enveloped Colin L Dean in a

sphere of pulsating light the light dripped of the
red lacquered bowl running in pools of red o'er
the table blending with the cedar colors to merge
into myriad tinted hues of color and light

His cock turgid twixt his outspread thighs Colin
L Dean masturbating recites

Lay thy tresses o'er me that I may smell its sweet
scent

Rap me up in that black fleece that I may be
heaven sent

Envelope me in thy curls that I may be content

Let thy ringlets in me lust desires ferment

My torment in me thy locks do not relent

Oh release me from this pain

Come to me I exclaim

Let thy curls drip o'er me like rain

Oh come dark beauty I proclaim

Come to me and curl thy curls round my turgid
shaft

Let me feel their silky softness on my heated
flesh

Curl them around like snakes around their prey

Oh come

Oh come

Give me delight

Give me pleasure I do pray

Oh Houri take me to a bliss untold

Look upon me heavenly sprite and vouchsafe me
thy delight

Thou hast brought desire into my flaccid flesh

Thou hast oh Houri sprite brought me back to
life

Thy sorceresses eyes thy sheeny tresses black

My cock for desire of thy cunt

Like a leaf on the breeze my cock restless for thee

Oh like an **I** my cock does upwood swell

**AS COLIN L DEAN CONTEMPLATE THE PICTURE OF
DOREEN GREY AS HE ON HIS COCK QUICKLY PULLS**

A young girl speaks from out of the darkness
Sandalwood fumes saturate the light filled air
spiral up and into the darkness dissolve flecks fall
from the darkened space float down and upon
which the green light scintillates and showers
down o'er Colin L Dean fall off and float o'er
the red lacquered bowl cascading like
shimmering water falling washing o'er the cedar
table to float in pools of light splashing o'er the
cedar surface each pool mirroring Colin L Dean
refracting distorting reflecting his image around
up and down all o'er the light perfumed scented
air

Place o'er my cocks knob thy coral red lips
 Squeeze those ruby red pulpy lips around the
 knobs plum-like tip

Oh thy lips warmth burns the veiny flesh
 Run thy tongue along the knobs pink lined edge

Lick the precum out of the weeping eye
 Suck up my soul make my balls empty and dry

Oh that thee will nibble and chew the turgid
 shaft

Slow languid suck

Slow languid lick

O'er and around thy tongue butterfly flick

The knob make it throb

In thy pulpy red lips

Squashy mushy shloppy

Red pulpy red lips

Oh the luster of thy face hast my desires lighted
 Beauteous art thou from head to cunt the
 contours of grace

Ne'er before beholden hast my eye ever sighted
 Such raptures the senses delighted
 Oh sweet beauty I long for thy kiss
 Thy lips to my lips
 My desires ignited

Like aloes on the heated coals in the glow of thy
 face

My soul in tempest thou hast made when mine
 eyes upon thee laid

Oh beauteous form come and place o'er me thy
 swollen cunt

Straddle me ride me like the Tartar be
 Remove thy cunt not from me

Oh like an **I** my cock does upwood swell

AS COLIN L DEAN CONTEMPLATE THE PICTURE OF
DOREEN GREY AS HE ON HIS COCK FRANTICALLY
PULLS

A young girl speaks from out of the darkness

Encased in a globe of green scented air Colin L
Dean at the picture did stare the light caught the
colors hues the tints of red pink did glowingly
gleam casting splashes of color on the air like
colors on some Japanese silk screen the precum
in his knobs eye glowed like a pearl glob which
soaked up the perfumed light to sparkly gem-like
sending flashes of silver light out into the
darkness that did surround the globe of green
scented light like a thousand lighthouse beams
into the darkness did gleam

In thy ruby lips thou in me breedest desire
 Beauty scent and vivid hues in me thee kindle
 fires anew

Sweet is the scent of thee I smell
 Thy cunt thy mouth I do tell
 I smell thee true as on thee I view
 My knob burns with passions fire
 It throbs
 It aches

I smell thee true as on thee I view
 The sap rises up my jade-like shaft
 My balls jiggle
 The knob fiery burns
 Oh Oh

For thy cunt like a large round ○
 My cock hungrily yearns
 I smell thee true as on thee I view
 I spurt o'er thy pearly necklace o'er thy face
 She moves the picture shivers and quakes
 She comes to me for fuck sake

Doreen Grey off the silk steps and into the
green light with Colin L Dean she leapt "for
ages awake viewing all I never slept "

Turning facing the audience Doreen Grey and
Colin L Dean in unison into the fourth wall

Shout

YOU PERVERT

Colin L Dean then a brown eye to fourth wall

did give

The green light goes out

The audience in Total darkness

A fart is heard

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