

Pyramus & Thisbe

POEM
BY C

DEAN



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FP: "Thisbe " Edwin Longsden Long RA (1829 – 1891) British 1875

INFC: Detail of "Pyramus Thisbe" (1899) [Heinrich Jakesch](#) (Czech, 1867–1909) Page3: Thisbe at the Wall [Edwin Longsden Long \(1829 - 1891\)](#)

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION W

So what be this **Pyra**

mus &

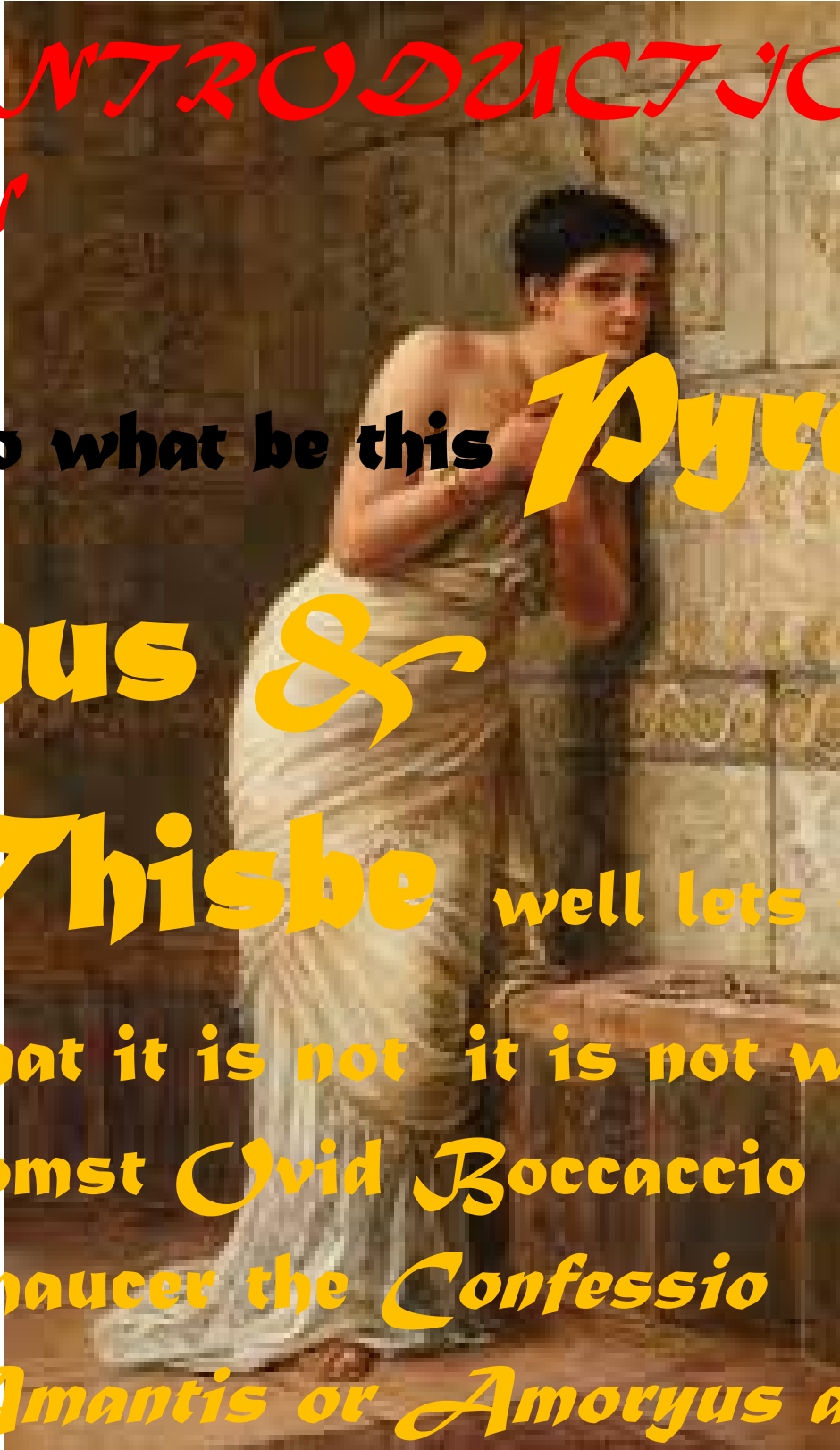
Thisbe well lets say

what it is not it is not what

fromst Ovid Boccaccio

Chaucer the *Confessio*

Amantis or *Amoryus* and



Cleopes Or inst that
Fábula de Piramo y
Tisbeor andst Pirame et
Thisbé or that opera of
John Frederick Lampe or
of Piramo e Tisbe andst or
the worlds longest running
musical The Fantasticks
shall we say that Simpsons
The Daughter Also
Rises oh we have missed
again inst A Midsummer
Night's Dream (Act V,
sc 1) or the TV special

Around the Beatles andst
as well 2020 anthology
Love in Color: Mythical
Tales from Around the
World, these don't tell us
 what truly went on betwixt
 the two with ear to ear at the
 wall Oh forgive me some
 smart arse academic will
 try to blow his horn to show
 how clever it be andst prove
 I wrong a dickhead well so
 it be but nevertheless shallst
 I continue my fiction to say

**what didst these two didst
truly say be not what
puritans do think of hes
andst shes in love do say or
what mommys andst daddies
do *WANT* to believe
their precious Oh so darling
kids do think andst behave-
but mommies do know this
for they were once randy hot
fleshed sluts with dirty
thought andst hot lips that
curl red flushed wet andst
humid andst so tasty**

PREFACE Where all that youth doth think we like to think be on Ohh howeth the lips be red ast roses bloom howeth the kiss so sweet so nice Ohh howeth polite lovers doest but be where each doth speak to each of pearls of flesh of moons like eyes andst Ohh howeth sweet the breath perfumed howeth we like to think the virgin thinks "this virgin me that want thee to take of ♪ do tell me first fromst those lips of thee doth for love of ♪ doest thee thirst" But Ahh the truth be told youth be hot andst horny be to wish to fuck andst thy groin to hold

Star crossed lovers Pyramus and Thisbe
 were forbid to wed by feuding parents doth
 ast doth say Ovid thus was set in a tragedy
 of tales that was told by that Bard inst
 round about ways of a he andst a she that
 met their end inst such tragic or was it
 comedy ways But nevertheless they didst
 find such means if not to see at least to hear
 what their souls andst harts didst really feel
 upon each to each so this be what each didst
 hear inst each ear that till only now thee
 their true whisperings willst hear that Ohh
 May shock those with idealist notions of
 youth andst love that they think is real but is
 infact phantasies of their repressed desires
 seething quilt upwelling perfumed ideals spilt

**Upon a turquoise screen doth burst into
 bloom that moon that moon burning
 silver that doth hang ast a chrysolite
 lamp that doth coat thee andst ♪ that
 doth ♪ with ear to wall my limbs to
 shiver ast hear ♪ ast hear ♪ thy words
 to stamp upon my soul those dear
 words that thee doth say like a Doves
 coo that doth scorch my flesh andst
 doth that fruit of ♪ to burst ripe
 succulent with each flame of thy heated
 breath that doth but make my hart to
 thirst that doth my soul to hold ast a
 perfumed bloom that doth quiver with
 delights strange whilst my maidens
 thoughts doest dance whilst fruit-ripe-
 flesh heated doth drip with scented fume**

Ohh thy vapours doest thru this hole
doest seep that be blent with my scent
wafting fromst my breath that doth send I
to thee sweet flowers of Babylon that be
the soul I that be carried on my sighs that
kiss thy flesh with musk andst rose scent
that slips 'neath thy skirt to but cause
magic upon thy flesh that doest I wish to
caress twixt those shadows of mist that
circle that bloom that Ohh Ohh burns with
such glow with the fervour of thy love
that I doest smell of spice of Eastern
delights with odours of ripe pomegranate
fruit that I doest wish my love to I to sip
ast purple wine of the crushed grape that
upon my tongue doth fringe with sighs
perfume the moon andst the stars andst
all the world doth with my love to tinge

**Thru the crack the flame of thy lust
 onst burning breath of thee doth kiss
 the flesh of my chaste limbs that
 doth in bloom doth burst upon the
 breath of thy lust that thru the crack
 doth burn my flesh twixt my limbs
 that churn the waters that ripple
 down my thighs thru curls dew-
 tipped pearls along those lily lips
 that furl that catch the light of the
 moon lights beams little fishes of
 silver that gleam do seem to splash
 andst leap fromst that stream that
 doth along my thighs doth seep that
 Ohh thee be ♪ thy Queen andst that
 on thy breath do ♪ Ohh do ♪ dream**

Ahh my love my breath be hotter thanst
the desert sun that doth breathe o'er thee
the flowers of my soul that be redder
thanst the dawn of the morn that doth
tint the lips of everyone to enflame thy
lily flower with odours of love upon the
air that curl thru thy hair that upon my
breath within thy lips doth flood the
boiling blood of love Ohh that I couldst
my love sip that bowl of love that
beauteous be to bewitch this bee where
Ohh where to come to rest upon that
flesh to pass the time with bliss untold
each every hour furred curled inst that
unplucked flower Ahh my love to kiss thy
lips thy flesh wrapped inst thy bower no
more to long for thee apart no more my
hart to longing beat no more my hart to
sore

**Fromst thy breath within this hart of
I burst flowers sweet scented andst to
grow upon my breasts an orchard of
ripe fruit that thy tongue doest I wish
thee to lick along those hills of ivory
flesh andst suck fromst those mountain
tips that juice that doth thrill thy lips
that wouldst those lips close around I
like the flames of the sun with hot
bliss the sounds of thy kiss thy love
that I hast won to drink deep fromst
thy soul that thee andst I be one
whenst our lips the flesh to fuse with
flickering sparks that light the night
with loves light our woven flesh fromst
which our love doth sprout into stars
our love our light that wont go out**

Ohh my love whenst thee doest walk
'neath the burning sun thy robe Ohh
round thy limbs doth cling thy hair like
serpent coils down round thy breasts does
curl ast thy robe to thy hips does flood
along thy flesh to Ohh my love thy arse
Ohh thy arse that doth bloom ast some
giant moon those curves that doth my
flesh to throb my breath to burn ast thee
doth pass with thy braided belt round thy
waist Ohh that doth my desires to engulf
my flesh that throbs ast Ohh my love that
arse of thee like some mushy fruit But But
Ohh my love whenst see I thy thighs
outlined in thy robes doth fromst my flesh
burns my sighs fromst my lips love goes
whilst fromst all the flowery blooms their
stamens rise up like I with perfumed
spume

Ah whenst pass ¶ thee by the eyes of ¶
 do sends thee smiles fromst those lily lips
 of ¶ that do sweat sweet dew upon those
 folds of juicy flesh thinking ¶ of thee to
 come plundering with lips that do slip
 twixt my lily scented cum thee Ohh come
 thee andst lift that robe of ¶ andst like a
 warrior come marauding onst my flesh
 taketh thee that harvest peel back the robes
 of ¶ like peeling fruit skinned by thy lips
 come Ohh come my love plundering those
 riches that be hid fromst others eyes except
 of thee come Oh come warrior andst
 pillage those treasures those breasts of
 pomegranates come marauding bee andst
 Ohh Ohh suck long andst deep ast that
 pistil doth throb at the thoughts of thy
 thrusts dripping nectar wetting thighs

Midst the moon beams light splashed
on the turquoise night do I whisper to
thee thru this hole that doest I wish to
hold thee tight andst swifter thanst the
eagle andst more ferocious thanst the
Mongol willst I lay siege to thy flesh
andst in frenzy thrash thru that jungle
that doth seep perfumed honey drew
that doth be this warriors brew that
set my eyes to view andst whilst
peacocks scream whilst I bite andst
thrash with my lips that burn whilst
thy hart doth beat drum-like to which
my tongue doth dance upon thy flesh
that be the chariot of I ast upon thy
body I willst do the victors prance thy
Flesh my spoils ast for I thy blood boils

**Ohh the moon onst its carpet of
 turquoise be clouded inst mist that be
 the heated sighs of ♪ fromst thy
 whisperings that Ahh that maketh ♪
 to spread my thighs to fling apart the
 arms of ♪ to open wide that bloom for
 thee Oh Ohh throw ♪ onst that flower
 bed that ♪ spreads that calyx of ♪ to
 show Ohh that bud of ♪ come my love
 andst plough my field of lilies with
 that hoe of thee run up that furrow
 spread wide those folds for sowing
 those lips that pout ast cobra hood
 with crimson tinted hues come my love
 andst with thy spear do pierce that fruit
 to the core andst with thy spear my
 flesh thee takes in loves tribute**

Ohh that I couldst lick that dew that
upon thy Venus mound doth shine like
drops of pearl with beads of gold
along those folds that I do plough ast
thee has of I told that flesh that be wet
andst for its seed those lips to hold so
my love willst I with plough plough
that ground that fertile be to break
those petals that pistil to bruise that
flower broken plucked of its fruit that
be sweeter thanst honey come my
love to the hole closer andst whilst I
whisper Ahh With a prick I willst rapture
that hole of thee ast peacocks scream
andst lightning shaft doth pierce the lily
willst burst into bloom andst down thy
thighs red roses willst bloom ast perfumed
drops gleam fromst on thy sighs

**Thru this hole our souls doest pass
 This wall be But my Glory hole thru
 which thee giveth all of thee to me come
 giveth I all of thee to me for my
 delight for I doest sing**

**To be full of thee But empty still be
 To be empty of thee But to be full of
 Thee**

**To be tight round thee But still to feel
 the stretch of thee**

**To be stretched by thee But still tight
 be**

**Ahh do I cry with delight ast doest
 gush I sprays whilst thee whispers to
 I I doest with my lily doest play**

Ahh thru this hole doest pour I my soul
to froth along thy lips like fruit- flowers
full bodied bud streaked red ripening
sweet honeycomb that hear I thee cry ast
wildcat thru this hole thee dost clasp my
soul ast sing I

To drain the honey of my soul Yet more to
pour for more doth flow again

To have thee eat up my desires Yet more
fires be but bred

To take all my love Yet more love thee
doth seek to gain

To swallow all my love Yet inst that
hollow there be more to be fed

That ripe fruit juicy to the core that of
which I do seek thru love of thee that will
last fertile for ever nay for evermore