

Qiling

Ci poems from the "net of dust"

By various

Translated:

Poems by c dean

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Translators forward

The cliché in Chinese poetry has not the opprobrium it has in Western poetry. Many poets used clichés or repeated theme. This use is not thought to detract from the poem but are instead vehicles for the poet's originality. To use a cliché or repeated theme in an original way was thought of as the mark of a good poet. Li T'ai-po in his "Marble Stairs Grievance" takes much of his imagery from a chueh-chu poem of Hsieh T'iao also in "On Hearing a Flute ..at Loyang" Li T'ai-po takes much from in a poem about autumn by Du Fu. Much of the clichés became convention but convention like Persian poetry to be used in original ways like the "Thousand and one Nights" with

**its clichés of a beautiful girls referred
to as the moon a mole on cheek as a
globule of ambergris the eye brows as
bended bows lips of coral nose curved
like a saber eyes of jet browlocks like
scorpions cheeks as roses or blood-red
anemones breasts like pomegranates
teeth necklace of pearls Like wise we
have in Chinese a girl with moth
eyebrows repeating thru time and in
these poems cunt hole like pool cunts
lips like folds cunt like mountain cunts
lips like butterfly wings Now though
like much sufi poetry it may seem on
first glance they only play upon one
string but upon deeper gazing we see
that the genius play the one string with
originality So sit back read with
delight with rapture these poems of
originality**

Preface

Like Zhao Mengfu trapped in the Net
 of dust
 we be for these poor non-beings be these
 poems of desire to entrap thee
 tangle thee up in the words of me all
 caught for thousands of years in these
 clumsy metaphors of me
 oh climb high thee who seek the spiritual
 light by into the void of dark nothing be
 diving
 ast sayeth the sage
 "empty of desire perceive mystery
 filled with desire perceive manifestations"
 These poems be
 "the gateway into mystery"

After Wang Wei

By

Li Tai-he

**Fromst thy cunt scent of acacia
 blooms filling the night like spring day
 moon reflected in cunts pool pulses of
 light ripple o'er mirrored surface
 alarming mountain birds sipping in thy
 spring ravine**

**Oh unbearable these nights of
 separation the sighs of ♪ be like silk
 threads on the air thoughts of thee like
 spring wind pulls apart the cunts lips
 of ♪ that bloom ast flower decked in
 spring morning dew**

Alone in bedroom all year thru
remembering thee only dreams of thee to
comfort me oh if only thee couldst see
the cunts pool of ♪ a moon in pink ink
'neath butterfly wings

folds of cunt mountains of flesh
shadows casting into valley of crimson
stream far down pool of blue water
mirroring mountain peaks oh think ♪
of thee if only the heart of ♪ be ast
calm ast the silence be

**Cunts folds of flesh tumble down to the
 pools pink rim mountain peaks in clouds
 of cunny scent pink mist floats up
 crimson slit a valley of purple shadows
 be the cuntts view to thee**

**Look ♪ at the cunts folds of ♪ seeing
 mountains immersed in pink scented
 clouds flesh inked with the hue of pink
 crystals the cunts pool a moon coming
 twixt pulpy folds oh alone look ♪
 willing not to away look**

Clear stream flows up mountain valley
like huge mouth opens unto the eyes of
♪ oh such beauty deep ripples o'er pools
blue face deep like the Daoist void
fromst the breath of ♪ see ♪ thy cunt
and wash the tongue of ♪ in those clear
waters

Pink mist stirs in the valley of thy
cunts folds light on lips edge flashes
like mountains kissed by twilight 'neath
clouds of scented airs clit like lotus
stem glowing pink thy lips the hue of
pink crystals oh panty rises seized by
grief ♪ be

The cunts folds of 𠄎 like light robes
 gleams in candlelight ast sit 𠄎 in autumn
 rain freezing golden dragons whilest hear 𠄎
 the crickets whir whilest bothers no one to
 visit 𠄎 𠄎 be lucky not ast Daoist
 hermits in my refuge alone

Oh the cunts folds of 𠄎 gleam with pink
 sheen ast leaves turn green in autumn light
 hear 𠄎 cicadas on the wind ast falling light
 glints off the curve of lips edge clouds of
 scented smoke rises fromst the blue pool
 like a moon turning thee drunk fromst
 looking at ast drunk ast 𠄎 Li Tai- Po
 looking at

**To lazy to move 'neath perfumed clouds
rising sit ♪ looking at thy cunts curved
lips soaked deep hued pink fromst the
breath of ♪**

**Barched earth fromst blazing sun
Yet
dew drips fromst thy cunts folds**

**Cunts lips folds like empty mountain no
visitors to ♪ moonlight filters thru
pubic hairs lighting lips with pink hue**

**Pubis hair like thick bamboo play ♪ the
cunts lips of ♪ like pipa ast moon light
soaks lips frosted pink**

Outside the hiss of winter rain

Inside candlelight dances o'er cunts

blue pool waves ripple casting shadows

of egrets on cunts puffy folds

Cunts blue pool bowl of wine perfumed

with lotus blooms greeting quests that

take the trip o'er scented lake

**Along cunts lips edge hues of hibiscus
blooms folds like mountains of red
calices**

Silence

**Cunts splays open like huge orchid
nobody
then closes**

**Light sparkles o'er jeweled pool of
blue like fireflies across pink moon
one strays upon lips curved edge a
solitary light lighting pink lip like
gauze-curtain with pink gleam**

**to these mountain of cunts folds comes
no one here whilst the lips turn pink
then gold in candlelight scented clouds
cloaks mountain peaks in curtain of
mist**

**oh hermit monks in mountains cold gaze
at these mountain folds of flesh decked
in pink clouds of scent and into
Samadhi be**

after *Li J'ai-po*

by

Li Wei

***P*ubic hair is gleaming with cunny dew**

***P*anty soaked**

***P*ull down the white-like snow gauze**

***A*nd watch the shimmering glass face**

of the cunt hole-moon

***O*ff cunts puply folds moonlight**

streams way below crimson slit a

flowing river fromst cunts blue pool

rimmed with cunny dew a moon with

necklace of stars

Bring ♪ that perfumed wine that ♪

canst lolling languid sing the hearts

song of ♪

Bring ♪ that perfumed wine that ♪

Canst drink three hundred cups to the

hearts full of ♪

Oh to be drunk for eternity on that

cunny dew of thee that ♪

Never sober be drinking fromst that

cunt cup of thee

**Oh this world be but a dream thus let me
dream in drunken stupor let me look upon**

the cunts of all the shes

**Let me gaze upon those cunny flowers in
full bloom**

**Let me press those petaled lips with the
tongues tip of ♀**

**Let the breath of ♀ into those lips be
soaked with hue of wine pink tin**

**Oh that ♀ couldst drunken be surrounded
for eternity with all those perfumed blooms
that open splayed for the tongue of me pass
the cup let ♀ gaze upon those cunnies bright
cunt moons**

**Till the dream dissolves in a drunken
swoon**

Oh lips to cunts bowl 'neath pink moon

**'neath emerald vines sipping on that
gorgeous wine friends we drunk on**

each be

Blue mist cloaking pink moon

As red blue chequered bird sings

Thee sighs

Thee cries

To the moon float incense-like

As sip √ that cup of wine

And thee and me drunk and enraptured

forgetting the net of dust

As see √ pink moon in thy cunts cup

**Moonlight thru window streams
coating ♪ in white frost dream ♪ of
thee see ♪ thy cunts lips glittering with
dew stars the taste of thy cunts wine
lay upon my lips gaze ♪ at the moon
drunk and see ♪ thy cunts hole silvery
moon moist longing for ♪**

**Drunk in Summit Temple
raise ♪ the lips of ♪ to the moon thru
window mistaking it for thy cunts hole
to drink ♪ thy sweet peach wine**

**oh whenst the cunt hole of my beauty
was here ♪ be drunk day and night
empty bed now
but
the taste of her cunts wine be soaked
into the pulpy flesh of the lips of ♪
three years gone
yet
still taste ♪ that cunny wine lingers on
the lips of ♪
yellow leaves drop the seasons turn
yet
still taste ♪ that cunny wine lingers on
the lips of ♪**

**Pipas sound far of she doth raise the
 cunt hole of she a mountain flower in
 bloom**

**That cup of wine drink ♪ another
 another and another**

**Oh drunk sleep o'er takes me but blah
 tomorrow canst wait lift thy cup again
 again and again**

**Drinking fromst that cunts cup of wine
 the lips of ♪ be embossed with that
 flowers fleshy petals**

**Drunk rise ♪ in the dark guided by
 that cunts moon to that pool of peach
 wine**

It be long since visited ♪ she on East
 Mountain

Yet whenst see ♪ the peony bloom see ♪
 the cunt flower of she

Yet whenst see ♪ the moon see ♪ the cunt
 hole of she and drunken becomes me

Thee doth say "why doth thee live here" ♪
 doth say with drunken sighs

Oh whenst drunk be ♪ see ♪ the flowery
 blooms see ♪ the peach petals unfurling

See ♪ the cunt of she

Oh whenst drunk be ♪ see ♪ the moon see
 ♪ the cunt hole of she

Oh there is this girl of fifteen fromst

**Wu and oh how much fifteen be she
with cunt lips pink like the peony cunt**

hole full ast new autumn moon

**Oh she be drunk on me and me drunk
on she fromst sipping fromst her pink**

cunts cup of wine

Oh behind red brocade curtains we play

how beautiful she doth sigh and cry

And oh oh how rapturous be that wine

that n'er endng flows fromst that cunt

tinted like lotus veiled in pink mist

No friend to wine to drink with ♪

But

Raise ♪ the lips to the moon and sup

drunkedly fromst that moon which be the

cunt hole of she

now there be she and me with drinking ♪

'mongst the necklace of moon garland

stars

Oh ♪ in this river boat be drunken ♪

thinking of she

Thinking of that cunts cup fromst which

drunken drink ♪

Oh there it be in that crystal waters depths

opening arms inward jump ♪ to embrace the

moon cunt of she

After Li he

By

Wang Po

**moonlight refulgent off yellow pepper
walls frozen drips rippling like water
o'er all**

**dew bedecks brocade curtains like
shroud of mourning in the morning
faded beauty hair flower laced aloes
fragrant on the air face looking in
limpid water where peony petals fallen
float beauty spot removes with fading
dreams of love no knock at chambers
door**

**as o'er moons bright lit silk-like face
magpies soar flowers strewn o'er floor
panties wet with fragrant cunts scents**

**Leaves fall like glittering emeralds under
 sickle moon in the room of ♪ smoothing
 moth-eyebrows moonlight glints in love-
 strewn dew drops along the cunts lips
 crescent edge lying awake listening to
 simurgh bells on grape-bud clit playing
 thinking of thee**

**'Neath silk peacock sheet embroidered
 with emerald flowers of spring lay languid
 ♪ wrapped in the fragrance of the cunt of
 ♪ perfumed like musk the scent floats o'er
 the froth of the cunt hole of ♪ bubble dance
 flickering like fireflies in moonlight**

**Moonlight by window rustling the
 dew upon cunts lips fluttering ast
 butterfly wings lip like jade curtains
 cunts hole reflecting moonlight still
 like glass surface oh wrapped in
 light fromst orchid-oil lamp lay ♪
 upon quilt laced with threads of
 simurghs and golden flowers oh
 perfume fromst the cunt of ♪ dances
 with moonlight dripping into goblets
 of peach wine ast with scented
 breath breathes ♪ scented o'er he
 ast he sleeps on in rapture**

**Oh the cunts lips of ǃ lustrous in the
 necklace of dew like pearls moon thru
 window throws light lighting lips like
 white frost stare ǃ in dragon mirror
 at cunts hole unable to sleep holes rim
 glowing jade 'neath winged curtains
 sparkling with congealed light**

**Oh the sighs of ǃ write longing on the
 scented air clit budding cunts lips
 streaked with crimson rouge sigh ǃ the
 girl fromst Wu cunts pool a clear void
 of crystal cunt lips scented with loves
 wine but no ǃ ǃ ai-po to sup**

Cunts lips splayed at the moon
Scented breeze sweeps dew along lips
curved edge emerald flags fluttering ast
jade mist float along crimson slit frothing
fromst quicksilver pool that reflects evening
sky sparkling with diamond stars that form
delicate ripples within the glassy void of
that liquidity stirring coiled dragons and
gilded fish

Cunt lotus bloom petals decked with dew
Like mandarin duck the tongue of ♪ wings
down splashing in that pool of crystal
liquid sprays of diamonds shut up filling
the shy with stars

**Oh this cunt be autumn in its
season fragrant dripping dew flower
forgotten in mountains now only
blossoms in lonely places no hermit
tastes the dangling fruits**

**The cunts folds of ♪ deep in purple
shadows pubic hair tangled ast
forest vines moon glows in fragrant
pool ast scented clouds of pink
tumble o'er budding clit glowing jade
stem**

**Cunt splayed play ♪ jade pipa languid
on peacock couch**

Scent fromst cunt mixes with perfume

**fromst orchid-oil lamp wafts thru
window in whorls of gleaming light**

emerald shadows dance on walls

Spirit foxes howl mistaking my cunt

hole for the moon

Perfumed dew drips thru pink mist

**fromst cunts lips glossy ast polished
glass whilest purple shadows rippling**

off emerald pool dapples the cunts lips

**Thru the pink mist cloaking cunts lips
 gleam of moonlight dew beaded along
 lips edge glints like starlight
 Cunts lips splayed fine petals of flesh
 kissing the air stained pink fromst the
 scent wafting fromst cunts hole cobweb
 net of shimmering light o'er key hole ast
 in silvery light ast phoenix shrieks
 And light melts into jade mist
 Lolling languid on brocaded sheet alone
 faded beauty in dragon mirror adds
 rough to the rim of her lotus pool**

**Cunt wearing the cloak of pink scent
dew on lonely cunts lips tinkle like
jade bells the perfumed tears of she
sparkle like a will-o'-the-wisp cunt
hole weeps liquid crystal in her jade
palace no lover comes lonely duck
cries in starless night mourning bells
echo o'er still lotus lake lone in
bubble of golden light fisherman
drunk floats 'mongst the willow
catkins in dreams of love ast she
listens to the crickets tears**

**emerald grasses under moons silvery
light refulgent light coats peony flower
withering in frost in stagnate pond
duckweed grows along perfumed
terraces orchids glow in rows
faded beauty in thought deep on
paulownia lute plays faded dreams of
earlier days morning breeze stirring her
brocade gown dappling shadows o'er
embroidered pillows of silk of yellows
unused circles of light reflects off gold
pin in her night black hair on the air
aloes scent mingles with the perfumed
drips of the cunt cream of her**

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