

Rococo

Epicureanism

POEM

BY C

DEAN



Rococo Epicureanism

POEM BY C
DEAN

colin leslie dean Australia's leading

erotic poet free for download <http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press> Gamahucher press west geelong

Victoria Australia 2024

FP: Fruit Piece by Jan van Huysum (1682-1749 isfp: "Still Life With Grapes, Flowers And Other Fruit" Paul-Theodor Van Brussel (1754–1795) P.3 "Portrait of a Woman" François Boucher P.5 Madame Bergeret, possibly 1766 François Boucher P.4,6 Coronet Limoges

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

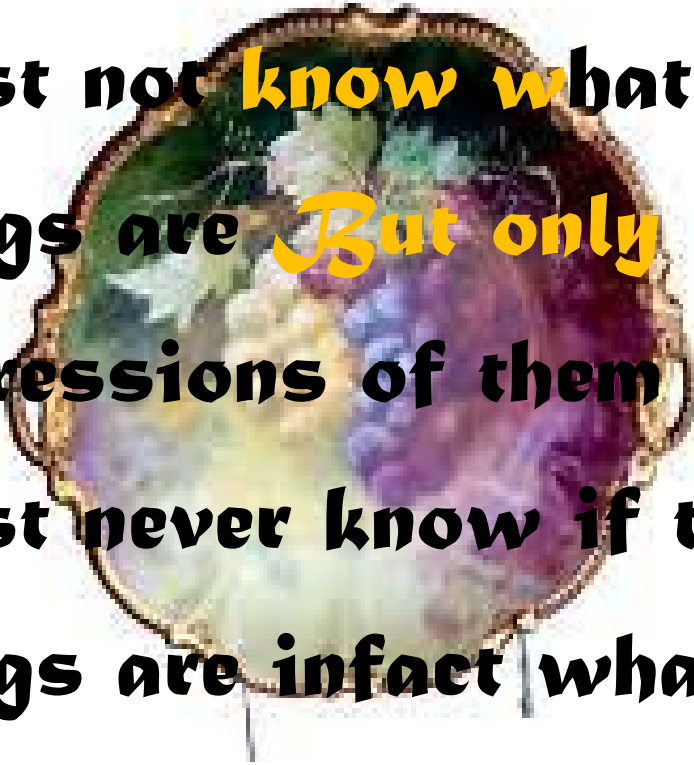
W so what be

Epicureanism

Well lets see Heraclitus
didst believe that we be inst
illusion to think we see
permance fixity inst things
for for he there be But

perpetual motion flux of
everything or ast the

Buddhist say all is
 impermanent all is in change
 all be But fleeting
 impression of things we
 canst not know what the
 things are But only our
 impressions of them andst
 canst never know if the
 things are infact what our
 impressions tell us of those
 things our impressions be
 But veils o'er those things



all things be **But shadows**

hast didst say **Plato** about
 our cave **But** thenst didst
 say **Parmenides** that all
 change be **But** illusion hast
 many doest say **Zenos**
 paradoxes doth prove
Parmenides So

Epicureanism

doth believe **Heraclitus** andst
 seek beauty inst all things



**ast they doest change that
 fleeting glimpse of that
 precious moment inst
 perpetual change so reciter
 recite the hallucinatory
 fantasm of thy
 consciousness ast thee
 huddle inst thy world that be
 perhaps just an illusion ast
 Heraclitus and Parmenides
 doest say so enjoy the
 beauty before it fades away**



PREFACE

Ahhh well doth nature lay out her
 feast of all those fruit those beauties
 of flesh to taste our eyes upon to feast
 upon the face that Ohh nature doth
 place such beauty for all in awe to be
 that flesh to taste that fruit with thy
 joys of sight thy pangs of delight with
 Sighs andst Ohhs andst Ahhs fromst
 our lips to slip all woes be o'er thrown
 all all sadnessess to be not known
 whenst upon the beauty of that fruity
 flesh all perfections doest we see andst
 all despondencies doth flee for in a
 happy mood we all But be whenst we
 feed our senses upon beautys food

Ahh ye Rococo pass down thy eyes upon
the fruit of the world layed out upon that
table that cornucopia maidens filled with
bowls of such delightful fare golden fruits
ripe to thy sight hungry ye be place thy lips
upon that bursting flesh fruity fruit
pomegranates crimson seed figs Ahh figs
squashy mushy those plums those grapes
emerald sheen with sparkling lights saffron
silver cooper grapes that bust juice slushy
tight within thy lips flecked ast flashing wings
of flesh flames striated flash along peaches
curves powdered inst yellows sulphur ed
hued Ohh Oh Rococo cometh to the table
that be the earth and take thy fill of all that
nature offers up that maidens bring to thee

Splashed o'er that canvas of sky with
saffron painted sun the air a deep sea
of emerald green metal iridescence

Pomegranate golden orb

Set upon that painted scene

Flooding thy sight with light bright

Ohh

Curling shimmering curls of light
delight disk of molten gold

Glittering

Simmering

Seeds of ruby points of crimson light

Bite

Suck for thy delight

Onst "*The Swing*"

'neath dress gold hemmed that cunt of I
that cleft of flesh ripe pomegranate that
doth drip that juice seeds of ruby crimson
fiery light that drop fromst that bursting
o'er ripe fleshy mound of fruit looketh
howeth it stains that silken cloth with
beads of glassy pearly light that shifts
andst changes to thy sight with the
shadows that dance off my thighs

Delights thy eyes

That pomegranate puffs of flesh

Thy breath rolls along those lips

That spark glitters ast pearl hued shell

Flesh of flame fruity wedded to thy sight

Flask streaks of fire powder freckled bright

Painted grapes onst Coronet Limoges
grapes splashing balls of fire splitting
webbed spectrums of rain bowed
hues dabbed onst striped flecked
copper paint nacreous disks striated
edge patterned shades of purple
shadows flicker

Malachite bells bubbles of emeralds
Gleam spotting greens o'er violet
light

Gems that hang powdered with like
twilight tints

Twinkles dripping

Tinged

Colours that rain hazy mist like
crushed moister that drops fromst
that ripe fruit to thy ears rhapsodist

"l'Odalisque brune" be I spread upon
 that bed of yellow floss soft silk cloth midst
 honeyied golden light cuddled inst ast
 breasts squash onst flowers camomile
 blown scent arse Ohh that arse of I curved
 flesh pinks ast rose petals crushed ast light
 doth dance ast if upon spilled wine that be
 But be that cunt of I Ohh Ohh that grape
 bud clit squashed upon that silk sheet that
 ripe fruit Oh hast I doth squirm andst rub
 that gape along that cloth to burst inst to
 juice

With sighs

That shoots gold tipped beads of light
 purpling inst those shadows of mine arse

Moisture tinged with musk

Slushy colours tinged with emerald streaks

Ohh enamelled fruit spilling stars needles
 of light ast twisting I delight

That plum spilt upon wall purple-
 indigo quartz melted spirals of blue
 hue spotted onst petals of tiger-lilies
 pinks bursting

Onst

Saffron colours

Points of yellow orange chrysoprase

Loud reds that spread that plum juice
 ast rain bows litter upon that wall

Coated inst sheets of mist plum-blue
 that evaporates fromst that fruit

That

Drips

Drops like frozen light fromst some blue
 moon

That for one moment "is" andst next
 dissolved onst thy tongue inst thy
 hushed swoon

Ast thee doth "*The Bolt*" to lock
 That click doth down the flesh of I
 quivers send dancing along limbs pink
 fleshy thighs whilst that dress of I doth
 sway andst those legs of I doth part
 that doth so Ohh so with anticipations
 that hart of I doth pound that plum
 that be that cunt of I to Ohh to that
 sound of click that Ohh 'neath that
 dress of gold silk underskirt all inst
 yellow light that be kissed whilst that
 arm about my flesh doth grope with
 appetites that cunt plum doth Ahh
 burst with those lips like dipped inst
 pearl froth spotted with like blue-silver
 ink Ahh sparks of plum juice slip down
 my thighs blurred flash
 Gleam to pool about feet
 Slush sheened as lips doest to lips meet

*Etched berries mottled hues
 reflections o'er stained glass glittered
 with rippling gillyflowers powdered
 berries to the breeze doth sway berries
 fringed like with satin andst silk
 threads along those curves red yellow
 flames*

Flicker

*Glimmer colours like lace along the
 berries face*

*Glows multi-coloured ast clouds
 floating*

*Flashing light butterfly leaps upon the
 glass berries like bells*

*Tingling swinging within purple hue
 To thy voracious view*

*“La Gimblette” onst back doest lay I
 Haaa Haa play I with that furry soft thing
 whilst that soft squishy furry thing doth
 ripple twixt my thighs high cutting yellow
 light like beams of hot fiery flames be my
 that flesh that OOhh so hot raspberry
 fruit that does boil inst this mottled light
 dancing o’er that raspberry ripe pink-red
 flesh That raspberry fruit cleft up the
 middle of that flesh fresh soaking it doth
 those sheets so velvet soft that cloth ast I
 play with that furry thing upon mine feet
 with those thighs so tight squishy
 squashing that raspberry till Ohh Haa
 Haa it doth seep juice fresh with that
 sweet cunts breath trembling*

Rippling Scented patterns

to kiss thy face with raspberry breath

Cherries

Fire frozen light cherries painted passion
flowers clusters tinted with light glints of
gold hang down like crushed upon purple
tinted silver specked silk shots of fire

Crimson bubbles of frozen flames

‘gainst light dancing shadows that drip

Drops

Of red

O’er light undulating

Rhythms

Disks

Globes twinkling

Red-fiery opaque iridescence

Bubbles that O

Ohh burst upon thy tongues presence

“le feu aux poudres” Doth burst my
 cherry ripe fruit ablaze be I onst fire
 splashed o’er white sheets ast paint that
 doth ooze Ohh howeth it doth ooze that
 fire lit upon mine flesh enamelled flames
 that splash cherry juice along the threads
 of light that licks my cherry ripe Ahh
 quivering within that cuny doest squeeze
 out doth gush froth of red foam o’er all inst
 mine room Ahh

Whorls of red spread
 Gyrrating whirls of red whiz
 Spinning
 Tumbling sheens
 Smearing blazes of red
 Splashed onst saffron light
 Leaping ast that ooze doth spread reding
 Ahh longing that tongue my lips spreading

Figs rose like so soft hang like tears of
 honey kissed by the sun purpling
 shadows lace pink ink screen of
 Japanese silk fig laced ripening moist
 flesh scent etched o'er lemon tinted
 light that glint gold halos o'er figs
 dangling

Streaks of violet—black green yellow—
 green red yellow purple hue,

Tracks thru light like pink mist

Light

Tremor

Translucent bright

Sliding silvers

Shifting stripped green blobs

Like prints onst paper yellow

Dancing rings of emerald light

For thy bite Gems of delight

Ohh be I "*Léda et le Cygne*" thy
neck my God doth lean serpent like
inkling inclining to that cunt of I that be
my fig ripe flower scent fruit betwixt
my thighs ivory-white flesh splashed
my cunt with pink-red where doth
burst ripe open that fig that Venus that
Aphrodite Ahh that Lilith that doth
pulse for thy lips my cunt my fig o'er
spread gorged with hot fire burning
bursting flesh fruit hotter thanst the
sun lips that drip squishy juice lips
that long Ohh long for thy kiss of
bliss with thy tongue my God
speared into that fruity pulp

Slush round

Goo up that honey scented

Mush

Writhing flesh thy tongue to pound