

Rococo

Maquillage

POEM

BY C

DEAN





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FP: **Boucher, 'Madame de Pompadour at her Toilette' (1758)P.2**
Thomas Gainsborough - Portrait of a Lady in Blue P.3 François
 Boucher, *La Toilette*, 1742 P. 5 Portrait of the Countess de
 Bavière Grosberg. [Alexander Roslin](#) P.6 *Lady Lilith*, 1867
 Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what dearest
reciter be this

Rococo Maquillage

well it be what doth prey onst thee
thee victim of those shes—that be
natures slaves— that catch entrap thee
with the magic fromst their
narthecium Ahh go read reciter

about the *Beautys Anadems* of
Barlas that "rainbow-sheathed
 snake with jagged jaws" that thee
 reciter keeps trapped Ahh reciter
 read that *Peacocks A Mood* by
Custance where those shes entrap
 thee their prey "spreading their
 brilliant fans screen after screen Of
 burnished sapphire gemmed with
 mimic sun" be thee warped inst their
 beauty a disciple of *Water* andst burn
 like a gemlike flame like onst that
La Gioconda that doth *But* sit like
 a vampire andst thee victim reciter
 like *Beerbohm* burn with
 "sensations" "pulsations" andst
 "exquisite moments" gazing enthralled
 inst the beauty of that *La Gioconda*

of Michael Field full of "cruelty that
 waits and doth not seek For prey a dusky
 foreheads and a breast" **hang off thee**
reciter every fleeting moment of that
beauty that ast doth Heraclitus say "all
 things give way noting remaineth" **so like**
Moore suck up that beauty those
 "breasts whose nipples sin alone have
 fed" **suck up that beauty that be like**
o'erripe fruit with tints the tones of
mother-of-pearl andst bilious
yellows and pallors of chlorosis ast
didst paint Gautier for Ohh for
Ohh reciter thee be the shes prey
andst that that doth trap thee be her
beauty that seeks to dazzle inst some
magical supernatural way ast doth
say Baudelaire with her



Rococo
Maquillage she
 be like covered inst gold which thy
 senses doest But worship inst her
 quest to trap to subjugate thee ast
 prey so reciter feast thy senses upon
 these Epicurean delights fill thy
 flesh with brilliant sins and exquisite
 moments upon what be but fleeting

impression upon thy sense inst flux
 to change enjoy that moment before it
 doth go andst reciter like Symons
 read these moments which "exhale an
 atmosphere heavy with the odour of tropical
 flowers broods over these pages; a subdued
 light shadows them "

PREFACE Ahh dearest
 gazer whenst nature made that she she
 was But what we wouldst But say be
 plain But yet she doth beam with lights of
 gold whenst she doth But be But made
 with artificiality with those device of that
 Maquillage art where to paint that face
 that body with colours grace upon she our
 eyes doest play we say andst she be gay of
 lustres shades of light that knit that veil so
 beamy bright of paint fromst Affrick and
 Inde shores whites of light reds andst
 pinks all shades like tropes to enrich the
 lines of her face like flowers we all thinks
 better thanst nature hast writ upon her face
 the paints like powdered blooms golden
 frame her face Yet not for our sight to
 entertaine But entrap for we be her game

Ahh we see that face of she lit with beautys
 grace fromst that power miraculous of
 Maquillage art that Ahh be But some
 doest doest say be But disguise of gleams
 that veil be But a veil to hide what doth
 beneath doest lie to be seen by the mystics
 eyes ast doth Arnold wisely say "to see the
 object ast itself it really is" 'neath the
 impression which the Epicurean doth say we
 canst not reach to have ast Pater didst "a
 mystical sense of a life" for the veil be But
 like Dorians face "made out of ivory and
 rose leaves" for she be natures slave to
 breed and thee hers to catch thee her prey
 so look 'neath and see or else pain be thy lay

**Ahh looketh J at thy face lit by the
eyes of J with light upon thy flesh that
doth shine fromst the light lit by the
eyes of J**

**ast perfumes flows fromst garden so
ast doth love fromst my mind to thee
doth flows fromst thy face lit by the
eyes of J seeth J inst green light like
deep within the emerald sea we
submerged be to see thy wig andst
powdered face that doth shine sublime
thy eyes thy lips thy hedgehog hair fair
shiny**

Coloured dots of light doth

drip polished cubes red white

oblong chequered contorted lines of light

Ahh thee doest upon the face of I
 doest But look seeth that hérisson
 powdered pink frizzy halo of light
 that doth But frame my flesh ast
 some painting that doth upon thy
 mind doth paint mine eyes like
 gems set upon a pale white patch
 with eyebrows kohl black half
 moons tapered ends dotted with
 that silk patch highlighting that white
 pallid flesh look looketh at mine lips
 red

Streaks ast molten ruby

Splitting inst to ribbons

Falling fluttering

Flames flaring Oh Dear

More dear thanst the gems of Araby

*Ahh thy words skip fromst thy lips
 with enticing smile those lips dyed red
 that lustrous bower flower bed that
 Ohh o'er thy face pearl-powder white
 doth float a fiery flame of flesh that
 dances inst this light green with that
 rapture of thy smile a boudoir of
 scented complexioned flesh that Ahh
 doth away taketh my breath flushed my
 flesh inst the sheen of this light green
 thy lips*

The curves of fire

Red sabres of dancing light

Polished flesh red flower bloom

Red carvings

Iridescent bubbles spark inst the room

Ahh thy eyes light upon the lips of I
 light up with light upon that flesh
 pouting chaste lips flushed flesh
 lamplights to thy sight place thy eyes
 upon those lips upon that glow of flesh
 andst kiss long languid kiss of eyes to
 flesh soft ast clouds Ahh kiss kiss with
 eyes delirious inst raptures flash drink
 up inst thy sight that wine of flesh to fill
 thy mind with dreams drunk
 intoxicatingly onst thy dreams of me
 Look looketh slip thy eyes down seeth
 those nipples

Red

Puffy tubes of flesh

Bursting convolutions

Spotted twinkling tips

Darting light away to take thy breath

Ahh the lips of *I* doest quiver o'er
 those buds red coals of flesh flaring
 red flames that Ahh o'er my lips doest
I want to place upon those mountains
 of the moon andst curl my lips around
 those tips red orchids upon those
 bubbles of white like snow to furl my
 lips around those spikes of red alluring
 virginal to know the tang upon my
 tongue that doest But long to upon
 those buds to suck those tips with my
 tongue that willst dance a fandango
 weaving in andst out around those tips
 That inst light green

Flash spark

Tassels of red stiff flaring sheen

Place thy lips around that o'er ripe bud
coated inst crushed strawberry juice
slippery red that burns thy lips that
sprout those buds that pout to tingle
thy flesh with those sweet fumes of
delicious juice Ahh suck those berry
tips those red flowery stems place thy
lips like the jaws of some snake

Flickering

Glancing sinuously tasting those tints
that onst those tips glints Look looketh
slip thy eyes down seeth

That pubic hair

Frizzy pink hair tips scented hedgehog

Points of deepening hues shifting

Curls

Whirls to thy touch sensations fizzling

**Ahh Ahh that pink floss that pink
 foam of hair with joys sublime my
 touch upon those hairs upon my finger
 tips those tips Ohh those tips that
 seem to float like points of light within
 this green sea so bright of light Ohh
 the pleasures of such touch the delights
 I gain like soft pussy silk Ohh the
 tingling I attain such pleasures that
 ripple thru my flesh those pink meshes
 pink tangled hair that growth like pink
 blooms that float upon the ocean of thy
 flesh where each Ohh each tip of pink
 bursts into light whenst my finger
 flicks with no restraint that**

Drips

Pricks of Luminous paint

Ahh that Venus mound twirl thy finger
curl that hair around twiddle andst whirl
that those tips doest flash pink spikes
of light feel Ohh feel that fleece so soft
upon thy flesh spread thy fingers run
thru that hair frizz that pink inst to a
fluff ruff up that turf of pink press Ohh
press upon that hair to press my flesh
that Ohh Ohh Look looketh slip thy
eyes down seeth those

Wings of flesh pink along their curved
edge painted red

That odorous bloom femme heated
fumes that

Drips scent

Flashing

Tinting those rays of light

Perfumed of cunt edged lined red blent

Ahh those odorous fumes doest hang
 ast about those lips well spread green
 sheens doest coat those reds inst
 radiance sublime upon those blooming
 lips well spread scent upon mine flesh
 be led glistening light of slippery juice
 upon those lips of mine where *But* that
 cloud of scent doth drip thru light green
 ast rain upon a thirsting flowery bloom
 ast those lips well spread flutter
 ast crimsons wings lined inst red
 pinkling to mine sight where

Drops of scent soaked light

Blare

Fiery molten ooze

Do paint ast multicolored glass the air

Vapours waft fromst that flesh that
 bear upon the air the lust of the breath
 of my flesh fromst that valley of flesh
 odours doest upon thy mind doest rest
 that scent sent of the ripeness of that
 fruit that be my flesh squishy pulp
 washed inst the juice that gleams
 along those lips alight like opal fires
 they dance like petals amber bright
 flickering juicy pulps of flesh spraying
 perfumes along thy limbs sticky to thy
 limbs doest cling But Ahh Ohh Ohh
 Look looketh slip thy eyes down seeth
 that ring of fire

That hole

Rouged red rim

That be what thee desire

Alight bright rim of flame chaste andst
 tight

**Ahh that rim of flame that at last
doest I doest But gain fromst at last
the end of this delicious teasing game**

**Ahh to have that hole around the head
of I clasped inst that flame rouged
bright red to feel that rim around my
limb tight pastured Sooo tight within**

**Ahh giveth I bliss within where
doest I rest this throbbing head
within that flame rimed flesh that**

Gleams inst light green

Coal fire

Glow

**That upon this flesh of I doth turgid
grow**

Lucent ivory white froth tip of desire

Desire that hole rimed with fire red
flame lined hole of molten ruby-fringed
desire that hole a beasts eye that
gleams a flash of light gem-like with
the perfumes of hothouse blooms upon
thy flesh weaves flowers exotic
submerged inst my cunts randy fumes
lit by my lust that heats the airs to
flicker purple shadows within the light
come cum Dear near hear that

Holes murmuring

Gurgling

That holes squishy squeezing

Muscles tight

Cum my prey I hold thee with my
allurings with thy yearnings hold I thee

By thy desires might