

Rodeurs de nuit

Noem

by c dean

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Preface

**The sun may shine but all is dark
 stormy is life for the sick soul
 No spring but winters gloom no
 love but festering moods of blackest
 night
 With a sick-souls dead gaze a
 black pall spreads o'er all
 nourished on poison all acrid and
 dark
 a sole soul sick wanders the
 universe with cold stare poisoning
 the air with each breath out breathed
 the world doth turn the seasons
 circle on but for the soul sick no
 spring nor love nor happiness nor
 joyous glee till a transfiguration for
 he or she**

**At 12.15 AM fromst the high
 perspective of J in the Café de la
 Gare of Ginoux all in sulfur light
 at table alone shining in emerald
 light slumped with glass half
 empty J**

**No naïf J J be a lothario and
 as the poet sayeth**

“and I knew the destructive
 pleasure in trampling whats sacred
 and good

A delirium exceeding all measure
 the absinthe that poisons my
 blood”

**for No dope J
 who believes the words he uses he
 hath power over where in fact he**

be their slave enslaved to the
 absurdity of the meanings these
 words entail
 for
 No naïf ♪ ♪ be a lothario for
 ♪ escaping fromst words
 words use ♪ to entangle thee in
 webs of meaninglessness to
 squeeze the mind into knots to
 drop the helpless thee into the
 abyss of nothingness ♪ the
 perverter that corrupts thy ideas
 ah what deliriums of bliss what
 intoxications of joy what raptures
 of inexhaustible delightfulness oh
 the life nourishing poison that
 flows thru the veins of ♪ that
 poisons all and burns up all in the

**caustic flames of the words of ♪
 in the oxyacetylene flame of the
 tongue of ♪ all burn with the
 incendiary words of ♪ fueled by
 the poison of the desires of ♪
 that flow magma-like thru the
 veins of ♪ ejaculated fromst the
 mouth of ♪ spermatic words in
 gushing spurts
 No naïf ♪ ♪ be a lothario but be
 a ♪Go in this room
 sweating odoriferous scent this
 miasmie swamp of
 modulated anguish of o'er lapping
 torments
 this
 rat-infested effluvia
 this**

**Filthy putrescent growth
with out hope
submerged in broad dashes of
anguish interwoven with torments
on the yellow light
in this subterranean devils furnace
In the Café de la Gare of Ginoux
all in sulfur light
hued in
merbromin light - carmine red
saturated tones of marginalized
isolated an ambiance of dissonant
souls dissonant moods dissonant
passions
where floats the heavy airs of
inner torments of the ruined
the mad
cranks talking politics**

**babbling crazies babbling to them
selves
nursing wounds rejected suitors
flopped down at tables each in
their inner hells
a typography of human
incrustations crustaceous impasto
upon the yellow light
symphonies of woes
pains in reds and greens sorrows
splashed on blood red walls
'neath jade ceiling hanging o'er
malcharite billiard table floating
o'er its orange-red shadow while
delicate pink nosegays flashed
each tormenting woe refracted
thru inner torment of the vision of
J J within**

clashing contrasts of human pain
'neath four gas lamps like four
suns glaring garish light radiating
strokes of burning yellow orange
light beating down on this
underworld denizens of torments
ast
ooze up pain in scuffs thru
floorboards while torments leach
up thru cracks
ast sits a couple with woman in
green skirt and pink shawl amidst
glinting glasses pink
red labels bottles absinthe-green
sheen ambience of complementary
torments brickwork strokes of
pain o'er layed the light like layed
on with a knife

plates of woe saturate the sulfur
light
like
a manic brush
slathering riffs of pain into
eruptions of impasto
full of cerebral imagery
No naïf *♪ ♪* **be a lothario but be**
a PCgo in this rooms show
sweating odoriferous scent
imbibing the music of pain
thrilling to
impastos of woe enjoying the
exhilaration of shared pain
submerged in the merbromin light -
carmine red oh the joys to feel the
thrill of torment like the feel of
smooth porcelain to erupt into the

**sublimity of the radiating woes
 streaming thru the yellow light in
 this macabre show each within
 one solipsistic solitude of
 tormenting loneliness alienated
 even fromst ones self alone each
 in each alone
 each lamp of light like
 searchlights exposing each to each
 in their exaggerated aloneness
 which in aloneness doth keep
 in
 this pestilential mire √ suck up
 the noxious scents that the air
 doth drench a scented garden of
 mold be this perfumed room of
 torments that lay round like coiled
 worms and glass eyed lizards to**

exfoliate like trembling flowers of
 woe upward in this yellow light
 that intoxicates with the blight
 growing upon the light
 oh to luxuriate in this light and
 wrap ♪ up in its woes
 complementary like flowery
 wreath layed upon the dead oh the
 torments cling to the flesh of ♪
 like coiling snakes round their
 prey ♪ say woes o'er me lay like
 a shroud
 at table alone shining in emerald
 light slumped with glass half
 empty
 ecstasy and misery unite
 commingle to my sight beauteous
 forms with white pallor in moral

**decay radiate loveliness for I
alone in this living hell
sweeter than the music of singing
birds be the cries of woe that
thru the ears of I resonate with
such delight I my self immersed
in this discordant dream
voluptuous with pain piercing the
light incrustated with woes like
gems upon a necklace bright in
this yellow putrescent light
conjures up in I corrupting
visions of depravity I see before
me that the flesh of I quivers
with inextinguishable delight ast
drunken eyes slobbering lips of
drool float like crustations upon
the light before the enraptured eyes**

of ♪ with visions of decayed
 desire strumpets with flesh
 yellow pallor the chlorosis lips
 hardened and thin like the wounds
 fromst razor blades dark rings
 round eyes heavy with sensuality
 that cut the soul like a red hot
 knife lips that suck and teeth that
 bite ones flesh ast the lust filled
 minds eye of ♪
 swarmed with lewd drives like
 festering rotten flesh with worms
 and other slimy smelly things o'er
 some tormented girl ravished in
 suffering fromst some slum ah
 fromst the miry depths of ♪
 raising to the surface of the moral
 bog of ♪ such vision flourished

watered by the memories of the
tears of she whose eyes trembled
at the kisses of ♪ like two
luminous flowers ah these visions
of my promiscuities mired in the
vulgarity of decadent cities with
sordid salacities of bestial
instinctive traits didst lift the
soul of ♪ to heights of delights
and within this pestilential gloom
this morally sordid room bathing
in my self disgust and loathing a
beautiful lady slowly entered into
this squalid place thru door
yellow like the gates of hell
preceded by perfume sweet
smelling of sunny days that dist
exhale fromst the breathing of she

a she most beautiful didst enter
 she passing thru the sordid
 humanity she glided ast if on light
 and bright gleaming shown within
 the yellow light a golden sun
 beaming rays of golden hues didst
 appear the my view and
 penetrated to the souls depths of
 ♪ and blossomed a flower within
 the cankerous heart of ♪ a light
 into the decadent heart of entered
 into the dust of the soul of ♪ into
 the nothingness of this world of
 ♪ and lit up lamps of light
 drawing the curtain of mire apart
 to wash upon the new born
 springtime of this earth ahh saw
 ♪ the starry night whose clouds

are flecked with blue the deeper
than cobalt the stars flickering
gems of points of light rubies red
sapphires blue emeralds green
lapis lazuli blues yellow topaz
and pinks and white more
brilliant than the moons full
glowing face like a jeweler
arranging precious gems these
sparkling light wove ♪ full of the
interlacing joyous feelings of ♪
like wreaths of flowers or
fireworks in the sky ♪ didst paint
the night sky with the rapturous
rhythms of the heart of ♪
feelings of joyousness float round
those stars with citron auras
within the cobalt vastness ah she

**transparently beautiful filling the
 room with glorious light
 reflecting in the eyes of ♪ radiate
 with blissfulness the gaze of she
 spreads round quiet langours
 burning up the woes and torments
 of anguish and fills the veins of
 ♪ with blooming flowers that
 gleam in the burning fires of my
 beating heart within this room
 with thee ♪ ride beyond the woes
 beyond the pains and torments
 with thee the mind of ♪ be
 cleansed of all the sordid muck of
 ♪ ♪ ride within a purple mist
 where light flashes fromst thy
 golden eyes riding ♪ in golden
 wheat fields n meadows of**

**flowers multicolored blooms in
this room ride ♪ to the stars to
the highest celestial dome that the
shadows in the mind of ♪ flee in
the radiance of thy light oh
beautiful lady thy coming hast
awaken the heart of ♪ into song
mind shadows dissolve this
disordered mind to order comes
bathing in the sublime joyousness
of thy smile oh beautiful lady
light hast come throwing out the
darkness lights flare up gold and
pink flowers hang over the head of
♪ to adorn the mind of ♪ in
bouquets of sumptuous blooms**

**out floweth my sordid creations
out floweth my sordid dreams
out floweth my sordid desires
out floweth all these fromst the
mind of ♪ oh beautiful lady in the
sight of thee
thee lift my soul and ignite it with
light
commeth the sunrise of orange
light
the clouds dissolve fromst the
moons luculent face
music hath entered my heart no
more the tormented soul of ♪ no
more the pain and sorrow
tormenting the flesh of ♪ fromst
thy eyes flash light dispersing the
gloom of darkness in to**

illuminated light hast the soul of
 ♪ flown reborn tranfigered ♪ in
 thy beauteousness of beautiful
 lady
 with a palette of blues and greens
 with citron highlights paint ♪ the
 feelings of ♪ upon the sky the
 blackest of blackest blue stars
 the palest of pink and green the
 joyousness of ♪ ripples the
 waters perfect circles dots and
 smudges with highlights of mauve
 o'er lay the night with the feelings
 of ♪ bathed in light
 feelings thickly spread in
 symphonies with every heart beat
 splashing

**symphonies of feeling hues par
 Coeur par Coeur o'er the sky in
 eruptions of impasto emotions of
 varied tones coat the sky like a
 painters canvas
 ♪ soar
 into serenity
 ♪ dissolve into sublimity
 like exaggerated colors oh
 beautiful lady
 burst ♪ into light like radiating
 strokes flaming o'er the earth
 lighting up all in the enraptured
 joyousness of the
 incomprehensible felicity of the
 transfiguration of me
 in front of ♪ a half full glass
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