

SHE

Poem by e

Dean

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introduction

Ahh what can be said of deans

SHE well ast was well put

".....the substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing in an eminent degree truth and seriousness."

Well said deans SHE is full "high seriousness" in fact one canst say "oversized seriousness" and is that not what those high minded critics love for don't we take dramas of life and not the comedies don't we take the high

seriousness of *Verdis*

Nabucodonosor or *La traviata* or
Wagners Der Ring des Nibelungen
 or *Tristan und Isolde* don't we rate
 them higher than the

opera buffa of *Rossini* don't we rate
 higher the high seriousness of
Shakespeares Macbeth or *King Lear*
 over his comedies don't we just love
 the high seriousness of *Miltons*
Paradise Lost or *Dantes Divina*
Commedia – looks more serious in
Latin Ahh yes doth not the *Mass* be
 more serious in *Latin* and yes Ahh

yes deans **SHE** hast all the high
 seriousness and style theme diction
 much loved by these two paragons of

high seriousness *Arnold* and
Aristotle

For is not deans **SHE** full of
truth and high seriousness for which
those two paragons saw as the two
qualities of excellent poetry yes deans

SHE hast both the substance and
theme or subject-matter giving it the
quality of high seriousness for which
leads to deans grand style for which
the Puritans wouldst love for what
canst be grander more elevated more
serious than the quest for cunt

Preface

Ohh here tells a story ast sayeth the Bard
of country matters deep and fine
That of his soul darken'd so yet shone
he in anguish above them all but his face
with deep scars of pain had entrenched and
sorrow sat on his faded cheek and he with
courage never to submit or yield to woe
with nothing else not to be overcome Ohh
if thee didst ever feel in thy heart that
absesnt fromst thee felicity for awhile and
in this hash world in pain draw thy breath
thenst listen to this tale my story of
cuntry matters `which didst cost √ most
pain in seeking she thru this world

In this room lit by light of
 moonlight no sight of day lay here
 dying cut off fromst life facing death
 without cunt for which the soul of
 pines lone darkness hears the sighs
 the moans the groans of silent be
 the gloom hear no tread of dainty
 foot death comes to without cunt
 alone to soon cry farewell locked
 hand in hand with grim death In this
 room lit by light of moonlight no
 sight of day lay here hushed is
 this room where now die the camel
 bells do ring the journey about to
 bring this wonderer wanderer to his
 wondering wanderings ends so bring
 Saki that bowl ast the tavern keeper
 sings with thy pallid lips dye that

flesh with a crimson breath that
 journey that takes ♪ to my rest
 without cunt the bells of the camel
 lament and sigh up up wonderer
 wanderer up with thy burden drop for
 now we are to depart the night like
 Majnun yee shallst see ♪ roaming
 in the moonlights foam drifting no
 star guiding ♪ to my end naught no
 one shall hail ♪ on my trackless
 path thru the interminable desert that
 be my track a lone ship tossed by the
 waves that lead ♪ to my death that
 lead ♪ to my goal thru the darkly
 gloom on my fated trip ♪ shallst
 not taste no sweet cunts lip but Ohh
 to lick those crimson tips to kiss
 those folds of ivory pink to have

lips to lips heavy hungry pressed
 whenst shallst see ♪ that cunt where
 seeketh ♪ that hole moon in sky
 that shines where be ♪

That flesh tasty to mine lips

That flesh odorous to mine nose

That flesh soft to mine taste

That flesh bright to mine eyes

Naught didst find ♪ in wonder

wanderings that didst compare

beyond all metaphors

beyond the limits of speech

beyond all puerile joys

Ohh with thee out of the life of ♪

my life hast flown fallen hast the

dark upon the day Ohh a sad night a

night full of sorrows moans and

groans a world where there be no

color but only gray ♪ say that cunt
 hast vanished gone fromst the life of
 ♪ say ♪ it hast flown all days be
 night wherein lost to sight my sighs
 of grief o'er flow the earth my sighs
 of grief coat the earth in pallid
 clouds of woe

My sighs of grief Ohh Ohh
 shrouds the earth wither all the
 flowery blooms rot the ripe fruits
 turn the shimmering pools into fetid
 ponds of stink dead memories drift
 like falling leaves fromst dead trees
 sighs and moans ripple the nights
 lips outreached seeking cunts lips
 breaths fromst lips soon dead
 outreached seeking cunts lips hast
 not ♪ cunt longed for thee reached

for thee in nights cold hast not these
 lips of mine sung songs of thee sung
 sweet melodies sung rapturous poesy
 of thee hast not ♪ these lips made a
 bed for that cunt to burn out its
 flames of lust Ohh cunt hast not
 this flesh of ♪ burned like some
 volcanoes mouth hast not this
 tongues tip of mine dipped those
 liquidities of thy cunts hole and like
 a bees tongue sipping rippled that
 surface into circles within circles of
 luculent light but No no say ♪ to
 Lethe or nightshade but glut my
 flesh upon some wet cunt nurtured
 long in some randy flesh for canst
 dream ♪ in this darkly place the
 image of that cunt that juicy cunt that

**spongy soaked cunt dripping of cunts
holes sweet fragrance that cunt like
the Queen-Moon on her throne**

**Cluster'd around with cunts
stary dew Ohh howset doth sing ♪
whilst my soul aches and a numbness
pains the flesh of ♪ Ohh howset doth
sing ♪ howeth doth glut ♪ the sorrows
of ♪ upon a puffy cunt for howeth see
♪ that cunt that cunt divine with more
colour than flowery blooms or the grape
upon the vine knoweth ♪ all those
tones of tints that hue that flesh thru all
its randy moods Ohh howeth sing ♪
with full throated ease the fire of my
flesh the heat of the desires of ♪ the
poundings of the heart of ♪ echo thru
the lands of Hind and Chin perfume the
Ghazals of Persian lands Ohh the**

music of the soul of ♪ for thee be
 sweeter than every tone or semi-tone of
 some raga played sweeter than every
 tune every nightingale sings to the rose
 Ohh Ohhh that couldst ♪ seize that
 cunt grab that cunt in the clutch of the
 lips of ♪ that wouldst bring life to ♪
 that wouldst flow forth ast numberless
 rhymes upon the zephyrs fair to flow
 forth upon the lotus pool to flow forth
 upon each cunt pouting each cunt puffy
 that wouldst come to ♪ Ohh Ohhh
 that cunt dwells with Beauty—a
 Beauty that dies not that

Brings forever a Joy upon my
 lips

Bidding come with aching Pleasure
 high

Turning to lust whilst this bee-
 mouth sips upon those lips

**Fly Ohh fly this song of ♪ take
flight on wings of posey fly with the
tunes of joy**

Quell the storm

Quell the raging waves

Quell the forlorn soul

**Go this song of ♪ go down into the
souls with tumult deepest go down
into those souls and cry out cry out
this song of that wouldst it bring
those soul in torment comfort fromst
this song of ♪ fromst this song
ringing high praise of that cunt of
that cunt upwelling lifes desires in
thee of that cunt that wild-flower of
fire taketh thee hold and mold thy
lips around that flesh tremulous**

with lust so sweet of smell lurking
twixt those petal-like lips so
soothing of touch Ahh rise up doth
this soul of ♪ and flees this baneful
life with life thru thee Ahh rise up
doth this soul of ♪ but Ohh the
darkness clouds around the darkly
gloom surrounds the moonlight to
coldness becomes no fragrance of
that cunt remains the air be stale no
song stirs in this flesh of ♪ sorrow
flows in this gloom the earth a tomb
for my doom for lay here ♪ dying cut
of fromst life facing death without
cunt bitter sighs fill the room the
joys pass away without cunt the
rapture of the flesh the ecstasy of
the soul dissolves away the dark is

rent with sorrow deaths breath
 hangs my despair full of pain death
 looms but close now die ♪ the camel
 bells do ring the journey about to
 bring this wonderer wanderer to his
 wondering wanderings ends the night
 is full of sighs anguished sorrows
 clash o'er shadows the terrors roar
 that strike this ear of ♪ Ohh the
 soft hint of perfumed cunt drifts then
 fades away no fragrance stays it
 fades but Ahh a hint a soft
 murmur the ears do sense do hear
 Saki that bowl ast the tavern keeper
 sings with thy pallid lips dye that
 flesh with a crimson breath drop thy
 burdens and into the desert start for
 the camels bells do ring with joy

depart depart for the other shore
 enter that gateway where thee smells
 the fragrance of that cuts hair Ohh
 but what be this that thru that
 gateway a hint a taste of fragrance
 floats along the chin of ♪ ♪ see
 that cunt yes yes see ♪ that cunt a
 moon brightening my night seeth ♪
 the hues upon that cunts flesh Ohh
 desires in ♪ rise life yes life rises
 up and rush the eyes of ♪ to she to
 see that cunt thru the windows of
 mine eye the scent to and fro ignites
 the flesh of ♪ flesh trembles a
 stormy sea stirred up by thee by thee
 scattering cunts dew along the limbs
 of ♪ the tongues tip o'er the
 threshold of that cunts hole Ohh

**cunt of sugar that thee wouldst kiss
 ♪ that thee wouldst be mine thru
 eternities infinities that sucking
 that juicy flesh to feed upon those
 lips to paradise to send Ohh world
 listen take heed life hast returned the
 pink to the rose hast turned
 nightingale sing to roses that hast
 returned Ohh all beeth new ast the
 morning dew but but no it fades
 away vanishes departs back thru that
 gateway Ohh what was joy turns
 to grief upon that deserts way only
 bitter sorrows ♪ find say ♪ that
 joy like a bursting flowery bloom
 swiftly to darkness turns Ohh that
 cunt that lit my life like a bursting
 sun but turns to darkness of grief**

and loss the soul of ♪ laments in
 darkness alone no comfort no joy
 that stays Ohh cunt that wast
 mine for one moment of eternities
 gloom this soul cries out moans
 groans for thee longs and pines for
 the loss of thee left to tread the
 way ahead arm in arm with sorrow
 and pain Ohh that couldst mine arm
 reach out to touch that fiery flesh to
 pluck some life fromst thee into me
 but Ahh but alas she me hast left
 the lamps have burnt out the fires
 have died the cups are drained and the
 flowers dead no song is heard in the
 tavern nor sighs of joy lifeless
 winds thru this room of ♪ blow
 Ghazals well writ in shadows decay

lay here I dying cut of fromst life
 facing death without cunt for which
 the soul of I pines dark sleep
 awaits I upon this bed lay I full
 of moanful sighs left in darkness
 with memories dead for now bow I
 my head for thee cometh not back to
 weave thy witcheries spell turning
 flesh dead into pulsating lifefulness
 with luminous flesh quivering
 couldst I reach paradise but now
 bow I my head tasting the sadness
 of thy loss with a tongue that
 bursts Joy's grape against his palate
 fine

Ohh do I dream or die

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***Nihilist I say some say I the named
Tao be not the Tao***