

**SHE**

**Poem by e**

**Dean**

SHE

Poem by c

Dean

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# **Publishers**

## **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 of 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***