

Sacculina

POEM

BY C

DEAN



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FP: "L'Amour et Psyche, enfants" William Adolphe Bouguereau
P.2 "Lovers under an umbrella in the snow", Suzuki Harunobu
(1769) P. 3 " Chez le Père Lathuille" Édouard Manet, 1879

P.4 *Reclining Couple Reading a Love Letter* by Kikugawa Eizan

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PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

Sacculina

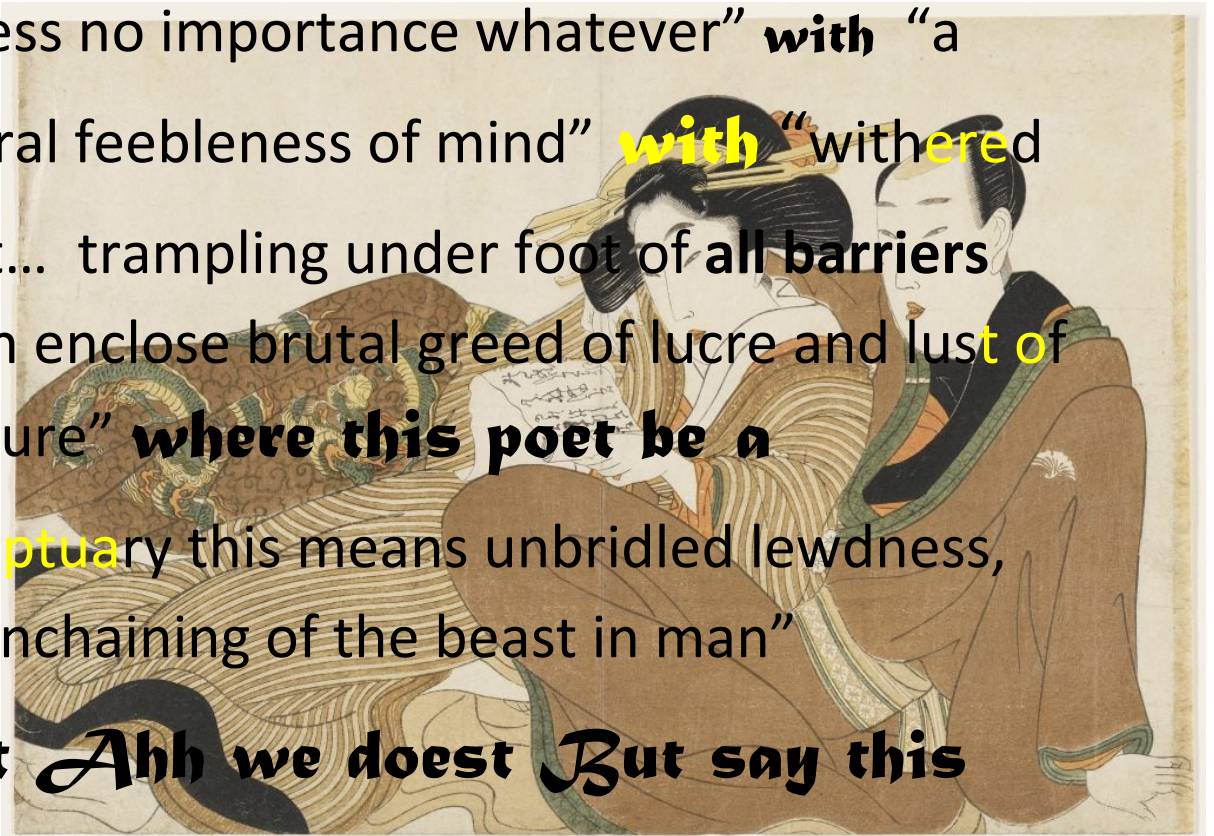
be it be a proem fromst a
degenerates mind such a degenerate

ast Nordau hast outlined perhaps
one of “those degenerates or lunatics who
evolve their works from their own morbid
consciousness”

But not perhaps one of those geniuses of
decay But a minor poet perhaps ast

Nordau doth say who belongs to “a
feeble minority among them [a] rabble of

swindlers and parasites... **where this poet may be one of those** “diseased persons.. [with] weak minds who, taken separately, possess no importance whatever” **with** “a general feebleness of mind” **with** “withered heart... trampling under foot of all barriers which enclose brutal greed of lucre and lust of pleasure” **where this poet be a** “voluptuary this means unbridled lewdness, the unchaining of the beast in man”



But Ahh we doest But say this proem may be But of decay But Ahh it may tell its tale inst that Latin of Romes decay ast doth the Duke Jean des Esseintes doth see

'The Latin tongue, . . . now hung [!], completely rotten, . . . losing its members, dropping suppurations, scarcely preserving,

in the total decay of its body, some firm parts” **Ahh so** this

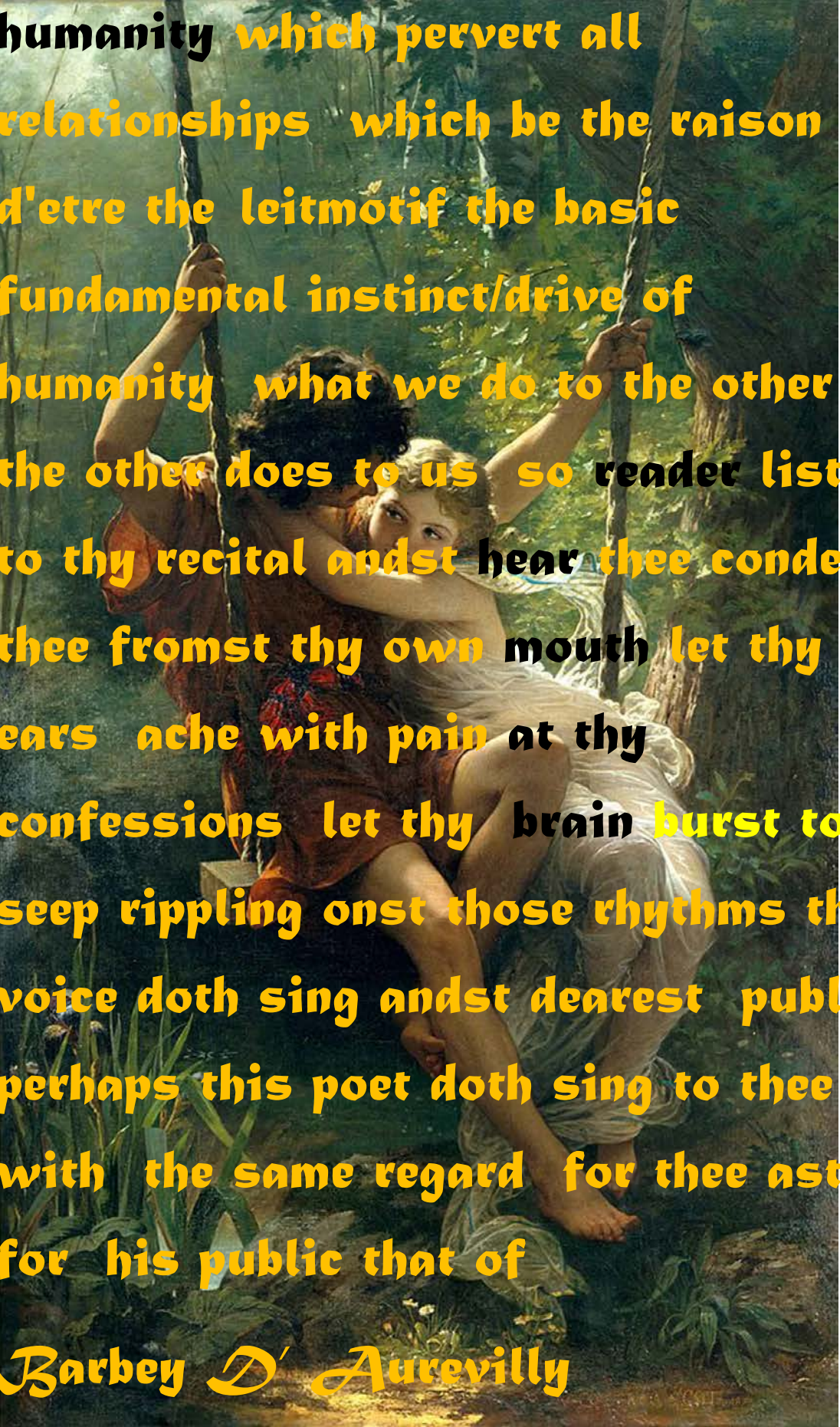
Sacculina this may

be **But** a proem inst a language of decay we may say **Yet** about what it doth say doth say of about

humanity inst all its ways which all willst not say or which all willst not admit about themselves andst for many what be **But** their tragedy for

all be **But** **Sacculina**

that is what be the is proem it doth seem about to be the motivations of



humanity which pervert all
 relationships which be the raison
 d'etre the leitmotif the basic
 fundamental instinct/drive of
 humanity what we do to the other
 the other does to us so reader listen
 to thy recital andst hear thee condemn
 thee fromst thy own mouth let thy
 ears ache with pain at thy
 confessions let thy brain burst to
 seep rippling onst those rhythms thy
 voice doth sing andst dearest public
 perhaps this poet doth sing to thee
 with the same regard for thee ast
 for his public that of
Barbey D' Aurevilly

PREFACE Ohh dearest
 reciter be warned of howeth love
 conquers thee andst thy love conquers
 the other inst surety for love Ohh
 love doth seek us all andst doth we
 all fall inst to its thrall Ohh howeth
 love doth the power to giveth us all
 our joys sought happiness bliss
 fromst a kiss Ahh our soul is
 brought fromst eyes that beam andst
 our hart to move fromst loves gleam
 that doth nourish us andst feed us
 upon the rays of light that light upon
 our eyes for we all be But parasites
 that draw our life from each to feed
 devour each love be that that bites

Ohh dearest Human what be it that
 Humans be in fact what be it that thee be
 well dearest Human Humans be But
 parasites inst symbiosis with each other each
 andst the world the earth be But our host
 fromst which we doth But feed Love Ohh
 dearest Love we say be so sweet so nice so
 Ohh lovingly But thee andst all the Human
 rest Love be But the bite the teeth we sink
 into each other to But feed upon the Love
 of the other andst like the earth upon which
 we feed heed the earth begins to die for we
 be But its **malignancy** the host we kill andst
 Ahh inst the process ourselves we kill so
 dearest Human make sure that Love to thee
 be not thy **malignancy**

Ohh wouldst that thy lips to the lips of *J*
 wouldst kiss that thy flesh to melt inst to
 mine wouldst to the flesh of *J* giveth *J*
 bliss that Ohh that my sighs wouldst
 sing verse sweeter thanst Dante of his
 divine Yet e'en more sublime may But
 say *J* of Petrarch that thy kiss upon mine
 lips to the eyes of *J* sunbeams doth doest
 But shine with gleams that

Spark

Splinters

Of light

Bright

Glow

Fromst thy life that giveth life to *J*

Fromst thy love that be the life that
 feedeth *J*

Ahh my sweet divine whenst thy love
 doth see I thru thy eyes Ohh my love for
 thee canst thee see be writ inst gold
 upon the eyes of I this love for thee that
 sweep along mine limbs ast flames
 heated with thy love fromst thee Ohh
 canst thee see with love my eyes weep
 tears of joy that thee doest behold that
 spread around thy feet like drops of gold

Glinting

Shimmering

Sweeping arch's spiralling

Bubbling

Flakes

Oblations to thee fromst thy votary

Fromst thy love that doth sweep thru I
 fromst thy love that doth feed I

**Whenst looked didst I see thy love for
 me thy face thy eyes revealed upon thy lips
 thy cheeks the blush of red thy love thy
 flesh didst not conceal Ahh thy lips
 those lips blossoms of rosy red kāmālatā
 blooms that upon my flesh be fed upon that
 flower of paradise thy lips my lips be led
 where be But all my desires of I to feed
 upon thy love that fromst thy eyes doth
 seem to drip like the tears of Cupid that
 slip**

Tinting air

Emeralds

Cobalt shadings

Liquid ochres

Dripping pinks prismatic

That thy love inst to me I doest But sip

Ahh upon thee my love thy love see I I be a
 Peri at paradises gate that doth draw my
 life fromst thy breath that out sighs thy love
 for I for I be face to face upon thy flesh
 more sweet thanst seen at Gulzar-e-Irem
 Ahh my words of love be But sweeter
 thanst those words that poet sang to Lalla
 Rookh for thy face of love be more
 heavenly thanst Edens gardens blooms Ahh
 Ahh thy lips doth breathe our tunes more
 sweeter thanst spring of thy love

Lilting

Springing vibrations

like

Pollen

Inst moonlit springs

Dripping

Drinking I the gods ambrosia satiating my
 hunger that giveths life to I

**Ahh the eyes of J not weary be fromst
 looking upon thy eyes that burn with love
 heated by my sighs thy eyes Ohhh thy eyes
 no bliss to my flesh that thy love denies
 those eyes shed sparks of light ast falling
 stars that Mahometans doth But claim
 thee doth see whenst thee doth approach the
 empyrean of heaven aflame with light thy
 eyes of love light my flesh with flame with**

Silvers

Slivers

Skimming

Yellows tinged

Splash greens

Glide

Jgnites my flesh with life

Ohh thy love that doth that thy eyes
 doth cause to shine doth maketh this
 voice of I the voice of Orpheus to sing
 Ohh to sing of what be But divine thy
 eyes be But flowers of Champaka blue
 that Brahmins doth say doth only bloom
 inst paradise that of this voice of I doth
 sing of thy love with breath more
 perfumed thanst fromst the Isles of
 Panchaia of which Diodorus doth say I
 that doth thus the scent of my breath

Drips

Fumes

Ast scented leaves

Weaves thru light

Upon thy flesh to alight for

The desire of thy desire I desire for life

Whorls of

Heat

Scorch

Burn flesh

Hot wind

**Fromst that love of thee that floweths
 fromst thy eyes of Kerzereh flowers
 like pestilence breath blown o'er my
 flesh plunged I be But inst to duress
 with dread upon my frowns be I But a
 wretch with no pause of thy love for
 which words fail my breath for help I
 plead To feed that which doth upon I
 doth feed for release fromst that which
 doth But cause my eyes to bleed**

Purifications

Stinks

Odours

Sweep

Drip

Poisoned airs

fromst my flesh that seems to pus to
 But regress Ahh Ahh caused fromst
 thy love that doth kiss the flesh of I
 with poisons breath that oozes
 fromst my sweat like vile worms that
 creep with pusy lips like some
 dream of madness with dark days
 andst hours of dismay where each
 moment be But hell devoured by thy
 love that feeds onst I I doest BUT
 TELL

Flakes

of flesh

Twisted

Pallid shades

Strips

**Thee tears fromst my flesh fromst thy
 love vulture pecking onst my limbs my
 neck tearing the hart fromst my breast
 carrion bird eyes that consume what
 they see that **B**ut doth turn **I** inst to a
 tomb upon which thee doth feed with no
 restraint entwining the bowels of **I**
 inst painful cords that no peace accords
For thy love doth suck the life fromst
I**

Ash

Ast tongues of vipers

Withered

Float curl

Thru light Dripping

Ast razors aflame

Tastes thy love upon mine lips that
 doth turn my flesh to living death
 where But thy kiss of love upon mine
 lips be But ast those fruit along the
 Dead-Sea shore But ashes onst my
 breath pour be But no more thanst
 my grief that upon mine lips woeful tunes
 doth play with no relief for all life of I be
 gone for I be But that Asphalt Lake where
 nothing lives where all willst dies turned
 to death upon thy loves kiss

Flesh dead that sought thy love to take

**Yet Clasp those lips of love to mine
 let I breathe inst thy love to suck
 that poison inst to I that it doth
 grow to roots that flow to my brain
 to curl around my veins that sweet
 notes doth go fromst my throat ast
 waterlilies rippling upon a moonlit
 pond to sing Ohh to sing**

**To burn with pain Yet more of thy
 love I wont to gain**

**To feel the pangs of hell But long
 Ohh long for the heaven of thy love
 I tell**

**To live a living death But Ohh to
 find life inst thy breath**

Yet bringeth thy eyes to the eyes of I
 where doth But see I rainbows curves that
 cut the flesh of I where drips agonies of
 blood that tinge the flesh of I with flames
 of hell that sweep I to writhe within their
 glow twin blade that cut those eyes of love
 that press upon my flesh to burn to tear
 that I doth Ohh pray for death with new
 longings that echo onst my breath perfumes
 that tinge to hear

Whilst Loves darts pain my skin Yet love
 doth pleasure bring

Whilst with love I sing Yet with love more
 woes doest bring

Whilst thy love doth cause my sighs to
 burn of love Yet doth that love cause my
 flesh of pains to cry for more of that death
 thy love doth bring