

Salome

Poem by e dean

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preface

**the perversity of denying perversity
for the pure all things are pure
ah then the deformed beautified the
aestheticing of the sordid the morbid the
self-indulgent languor of the perverse the
exquisite songs of the soul-sick whose
lips be wet with the kiss of decay wet with
the tints of decomposition the world-weary
bathing in sensations of perversity living
in pestilential fogs the soul-sick whose
flesh be the pallor of chlorosis bathes in
stagnate water breathes in the odors of
orchids whose soul drowns in an
atmosphere of perfumed flowers to be
submerged in the perversity of new
sensations ah that soul-sick will burn like
a gemlike flame in those exquisite moments
of sordid perversity the perversity of
denying the perverse
for the pure all things are pure**

**Tintintabulating bubbles of
 absinthe blowing ♪ with no order
 of syntax or logic grammatical to
 the purity of my song to deform
 with no recherche words a pale
 psychidion ♪ ♪ these songs
 sing ♪ to thee
 light as gossamer “the thread of
 the virgin” and evanescent as
 bubbles these songs sing ♪ to
 thee not for the cognoscenti
 sunetoi, or esoteric few not for
 the inhabitants of the cafes *Royal*
 the *Crown* and *Cheshire Cat* or
 as the critic sayeth those
 “brainsick” inhabitances of the
 brasseries of the *Boulevard*
Saint-Michel who cares for the**

objections of Verlain Huysman
 or Maeterlink who cares to read
 The Savoy the The Century
 Guild Hobby Horse the The
 Albemarle the The New
 Review the The Gem or the
 Yellow Book who cares for the
 over refinement upon over
 refinement of moral and spiritual
 perversity not √ be masquerading
 of uncomprehended vice not be √
 those lesser men full of perversity
 of form and matter for be √ be
 √ to say no good nor bad no sin
 nor virtue all conventions to be
 dropped life is neutral neither god
 good nor evil devil all conventions
 to ensnare thee into perplexities

**into miseries all collapse into
 absurdity release thee fromst
 these and fly like the birds free
 into the infinity art is art for me
 free of morality but full of beauty
 L'art pour L'art is the songs
 sing J to thee full of marivaudage
 all style and no substance. the
 words of J be illuminated
 nacreous green no more opulence
 hast thee heard write J with
 absinth bubbles blowing upon
 purple shadows that in a shroud
 cloak J may these words seeps
 as perfume fromst the flowers
 that o'er cover me flood o'er the
 universe like golden spores to
 burst upon the ground to into**

**myriad blooms flowery to deck
 like hair the skulls in the graves
 that o'er litter the world - with
 Xeranthemum and ast sayeth the
 poet "Ces rimes qui vont aux
 moelles des pales..." be ♪ that
 solipsist whose individualism be
 the ignorant self-proclamation of
 blatant mediocrity unlike that
 mystagogue of symbolisme be ♪
 that "sly smith of cicadas" that
 "nimble comer of comets" who
 sings this song to thee this song
 wilt be a winding sheet of
 muguets for thee as it was for he
 that sung that Mirliton song this
 song of me for thee be the
 perfume that seeps fromst the**

flowers velvet throat with
 dizzying languor that o'er lay me
 to make thee dance with swirling
 feet the dance of the *Danse*
Macabre to the beat of the heart
 suffering quivering like the
 violins strings sing ♪ this song
 of songs tenebrous with its
 echoes in thy mind forming colors
 of iridescent hues that cools ast
 frothy milk upon thy quivering
 flesh sounds like musk and
 benzion to wash o'er thy limbs
 like semitones or exquisite chords
 limpid like pools liquid crystal
 'neath a moon lit sky the song of
 ♪ like ast advised the poet

“Happy-go-lucky let your lines
 isheveled run where the dawn winds
 lure

Smelling of wild mint smelling of
 thyme

And all the rest is literature”

**Tintintabulating bubbles of
 absinthe blowing ♪ with no order
 of syntax or logic grammatical to
 the purity of my song to deform
 with no recherche words a pale
 psychidion ♪ ♪ these songs
 sing ♪ to thee of last night
 moonless dark like the author of
 the Kreisleriana in that delirium
 betwixt sleep and waking didst**

hear ♪ singing the blowing of
 flute perfumes didst kiss the nose
 of ♪ ast colors flashed like
 lightning before the eyes of ♪ that
 liminal state the "praedormitium
 " sensations anthyptic" ,
 hallucinations "oneirogogic
 images" "phantasmata" whats it
 matter or the permeable wall the
 shamans cross o'er into the
 underworld to roam in room of
 ♪ lay like in a dream state
 Callipygian Amourettes with
 Myosotis in their hair with
 irresistible pulchritude didst ♪
 view each o'er each eye lay the
 pink petal of a rose on each to
 each their feet circled with

**bejeweled bangles each to each
 their sparkled with saffron
 spangles in each to each the
 tangles of their hair bedecking
 each to each their feet laced with
 amber and gold such wealth untold
 then ast sayeth the poet**

“Then one with poppies wreathed
 hath stooped o’er me and breathed
 Breathed on me from the flowery
 verge and said

This wave is Lethe-wave this quite
 is the grave

The pilot-dream hath brought thee
 to the dead”

**Their breath breathed o’er √ the
 dank smell of decay ast around**

**didst lay lilies mildewed with
 sickly hue out breathing
 languorous perfumes that fromst
 their limpid shapes wafted despair
 thru the room whether in this
 gloom their might be the
 correspondence of things
 significance conversely related the
 noumenon hiding in phenomena
 ast sayeth the poet "All nature
 speaks and ev'n ideal things
 Flap shadowy sounds from
 visionary things"**

Or again the poet sayeth
 'Who hovering over life knows
 without trying

The tongues of silent things and
of flowers”

**or this all be the play of a mind
diseased beguiled by rhyme and to
much time for nature cares not of
mans symbols ast sayeth the poet**

“For nature heartless witless
nature

Will neither care nor know what
were a mans feelings and concerns”
**each to each of which to each each
care not ♪ for seated on the
petals white of wilted roses
blooms The Tetrach herod and
herodias the mother of Salome sat
like birds upon their nests within
my room and to the sight delight**

of ♪ spied ♪ in rooms centre a
coiled up snake studded with gems
and fiery eyes of light around
which swirled the notes and tones
from feather strummed tar with
melancholy sounds of languor and
despair ast with voluptuous
quivering the snake didst unwind
slowly like incense smoke
ascending on the wind while about
the uncurling form the odors of
lilies withering didst kiss the eyes
of light with heavy dank lingering
caress the wilted roses white
bloom perfume hung round the
tangled hair of ♪ and the
Callipygian Amourettes with
Myosotis in their hair with

**irresistible pulchritude in tangled
knots like the tangled vines o'er
laying long forgot crypts the
sickly scented scent wound round
Y like a foul smelling shroud
then ast sayeth the poet**

“Then one with poppies wreathed
hath stooped o'er me and breathed
Breathed on me from the flowery
verge and said

This wave is Lethe-wave this quite
is the grave

**ast with voluptuous quivering the
snake it cartilaginous form didst
unwind slowly like incense smoke
ascending along its tremulous
flesh scales like sequins**

**shimmering or gleaming diamante
 glinted rainbow colors that
 flashed lightning-like light thru the
 rooms glooms colors that had the
 odors of flowery perfumes and
 the soft touch of velvet and china
 silk that ruffled the senses of ♪
 like the sweet kiss of virgins in
 heat oh that unwinding snake with
 studded multi-colored jewels
 impasto-like along that uncurling
 spine whose eyes lit the room like
 glowing suns oh that unwinding
 snake spiraling upward in the
 gloom thee ♪ wouldst have curl
 me up in thy nacreous flesh and
 press thy ripples round ♪ like
 some hot languorous kiss thy**

**fiery glaucous eyes doth ♪
 mesmerize enchant with thy fixed
 hungry stare fromst 'neath those
 moth eyelashes that flutter like
 butterfly wings and send thru ♪
 sensations semitone of delight
 those moth eyelashes full of
 coquetry that evoke in ♪ full
 bodied carnality ast upward in
 spiraling unfurling upward
 uncurling uncoiling upward
 morphing into arms legs the
 sequin scales to form to serpent
 bracelets necklets bestrewn with
 gems and pearls along he
 ornaments rims crawling with
 serpents gilded in sliver and gold
 decked in seven veils thin ast**

**spider webs weaved with gleaming
silken threads of yellows blues
orange and reds like some peacock
in display the serpent eyes to
human eyes were remained ast
doth those moth eyelashes curling
black filaments didst remain she
Salome chlorosis hued didst
sway like serpent curling hands
above the head of she like
gleaming fangs ast her hair like
cloud of black curling smoke
flapped spangled colors into the
air like fireflies cascading down
in showers of nacreous light the
waverings of she spread glinting
colors upon the dark gloom of my
room ast Herod father of she be**

**ast Herodias mother of her be
 each be sat upon wilting petals of
 white roses to Salome didst stare
 she a garden to the eyes of these
 be gazing round her like bees
 awaken passions of these
 inflamed by the dancing of she his
 chest heaved her bosoms rose with
 each passionate breath his chest
 heaved ast upon it lay the white
 beard of he like some shroud o'er
 the dead
 then ast sayeth the poet**

“Then one with poppies wreathed
 hath stooped o'er me and breathed

Breathed on me from the flowery
verge and said

This wave is Lethe-wave this quite
is the grave

**and ast the melancholy sounds of
viols and feather strummed tars
didst their tone bathe all in
sensuous delight she Salome
didst sway and curl serpent-like
in the gloom to the eyes of all like
hovering bees o'er she her hands
and fingers waken white didst
taper like some flowers pistil
bright and languorously didst
finger by finger twist and curl like
serpents about their prey and seem**

to linger for some kiss fromst the
 lips of those seated in the gloom
 she a garden to the eyes of these
 be gazing round her like bees ast
 in rhythmic swing Salome didst
 round and returning dance in
 circles within circle didst she
 returning return to dance those
 serpent eyes fixed mirrored in
 those eyes that gaze like hovering
 bees

left

circling circles

returning return

rhythmic swing

returning circles

circles return

rhythmic swing

right
circles circling
return returning
swing rhythmic
circles returning
return circles
swing rhythmic

in deliriums delight those lips that
hast kissed the bloodied lips of
men smiling in the darken gloom
ast Herod father of she be chest
heaving ast Herodias mother of
her be with heated breathing
ast Salome

centre
circles return
rhythmic swing

return returning
return circling
dancing on shadows she floating
on colored perfumes and
languorous sounds
one diaphanous veil she dropped
to reveal the breasts outline and
form round the cunt of she
clutching like some heated hand
she a garden to the eyes of these
be gazing round her like bees
then ast sayeth the poet

“Then one with poppies wreathed
 hath stooped o’er me and breathed
 Breathed on me from the flowery
 verge and said

This wave is Lethé-wave this quite
is the grave

**As Salome her moth eyelashes
fluttering feet rhythmically out
weaving patterns of gleaming
colors fromst the gems that laced
the toes of she rhythmically
intertwining threading light with
the feet of she like spiders their
webs doth weave upon the
perfumed breeze with hips that
undulate the sinuous feet upon the
purple shadows of the gloom**

left

circles circling

return returning

**swing rhythmic
 circles returning
 return circles
 swing rhythmic**

**right
 circling circles
 returning return
 rhythmic swing
 returning circles
 circles return
 rhythmic swing**

**one diaphanous veil didst drop
 she to reveal the contours of the
 bobbing breast to reveal the
 contours of the cunt of she an
 outlined √ 'neath the veils shear**

that wafted the cunts fumes of
 she to mingle with the odors of
 my room inter weaving thru the
 diaphanous weave to bathe the
 chlorosis throat of she and wreath
 the glaucous breasts in a scented
 bouquet of rapturous ecstasy she
 a garden to the eyes of these be
 gazing round her like bees
 Herod father of she be chest
 heaving cocks knob throbbing ast
 Herodias mother of her be with
 heated breathing nipples tingling
 ast Salome

centre

return circles

swing rhythmic

returning return

circling return

**those serpent eyes fixed mirrored
in those eyes that gaze like
hovering bees one diaphanous veil
didst drop she to reveal 'neath the
sheer veil purple spangles in the
cunt hair of she that weaves and
tangles like spider webs in
perfumed breeze in the fleecy mesh
the cunty fumes doth bubble to
burst into scented odors along the
breasts of she to reveal pushed
'gainst the veils soft cloth turgid
nipples puffy like swollen figs
then ast sayeth the poet**

“Then one with poppies wreathed
 hath stooped o’er me and breathed
 Breathed on me from the flowery
 verge and said
 This wave is Lethe-wave this quite
 is the grave”

Ast Salome her feet

right
circles circling
return returning
swing rhythmic
circles returning
return circles
swing rhythmic
those serpent eyes fixed mirrored
in those eyes that gaze one

**diaphanous veil didst drop to
 reveal a ample thigh pale white
 then next to drop to reveal the
 ample buttocks of she twin orbs
 of flesh ravishing that rolled to
 the uncurling dance of she then the
 veil next to fall gave the gaze upon
 those breasts like mounds of
 snow that didst wobble like
 clotted cream 'neath the veils
 shear hue to the feet of she
 left**

**circles circling
 return returning
 swing rhythmic
 circles returning
 return circles
 swing rhythmic**

the last to the ground didst fall
she to reveal her naked form
turgid nipples upon full rounded
breasts like ripe bursting fruit
buttocks like full contours of
rounded flesh like dunes of sand
the Moors do like and oh the
beauties delight that cunt of she
full blooming bush of hair as
black as black curling smoke
glittering with sequins along the
inner lips those pulpy puffy cunts
lips of she soaked in the
perfumed cunts liquidity that
gleamed like mother of pearl upon
the chlorosis thighs of she ast
Herod father of she be chest
heaving cocks tumescent knob

**throbbing with pre-cumy gleam
 that dripped o'er the wilted
 mildewed petals of the white
 roses bloom ast Herodias mother
 of her be with heated breathing
 nipples tingling turgid oozed
 sweet smelling cunny cream o'er
 the wilted mildewed petals of the
 white roses bloom
 then one Callipygian Amourette
 with Myosotis in her hair
 with irresistible pulchritude then
 leaned o'er J and didst sigh ast
 sayeth the poet
 "Here Death the Snub-nosed
 Muse will cling
 Still to your black lips she'll bring**

The rhymes that make the pale
folks' marrow creep ...

In love, sly smith of cicadas sleep”

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