



The  
Leucadian  
Leap  
(Sappho to  
Phaon)

POEM BY C  
DEAN





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FP: Sappho à Lefkada-Gustave Moreau: 2ndP: Sappho On The Rocks  
Gustave Moreau -

PUBLISHERS  
INTRODUCTION  
W

Ahh what be this **The**

**Leucadian**

**Leap** it be perhaps a

melodrama juxtaposing the  
comic with the tragic a  
theatrical aestheticism

after Wilde perhaps more  
about style thanst content  
artifice no seriousness just  
the trivial work of an  
aesthete or be it but a  
decadent withered bloom of  
sexuality in excess of  
perhaps *Lorrain* pointing  
out the cost of love in a  
virtual world detached  
fromst reality where  
illusion ist seen as real

**anst alternative reals are  
taken for the real Be this**

**The**

**Leucadian**

**Leap** be this leap be

**but a metaphor for that  
which we leap into whenst  
reality ceases to be real  
where we live in an**

**Eidophusikon of**  
**childishness Ahh be it a**  
***La Traviata* opera of high**  
**seriousness of Verdi or but**  
**an *Il barbiere di Siviglia***  
**opera buffa of Rossini**  
**either way indulge thy**  
**senses inst pleasures**  
**auditory andst visual**  
**luscious sounds luxuriant**  
**pictures exult in raptures**  
**decadent**

# PREFACE

Love that  
 marvel that no other feeling canst aspire  
 to such rapture that all do admire  
 ravished in flesh burnt aflame with  
 desire fires on our breath the power all  
 admire that doth to excess doth take we  
 on the flames of fire upon that which  
 our eyes do gaze that 'neath our breast  
 our hart doth but beat andst for that  
 love our flesh doth crave Yet whenst  
 our love doth thee reject denies our eyes  
 our sighs thenst we with madness our  
 mind insane our reason departs andst  
 with unreason we play another part in  
 lifes play 3<sup>rd</sup> rate actors a comedy or  
 tragedy who canst say

Ohh poor Sappho doth say Menander  
didst in love with that ferryman Phaon  
that didst thru kindness charge the  
Goddess of love Aphrodite no fare that  
didst ointment give that ugly he to make  
fair andst so beautiful that Sappho  
didst in love with he fall andst lay in love  
with he till bored he rejected that  
Sappho that thru unrequited love she  
threw she off the Leucadian cliffs in the  
Ionian sea to be either cured of love or  
drown be it a comedy or tragedy that be  
up to thee



Ast rosy-fingered rays didst halo thy  
flesh thy moon-like face didst rise  
brighter thanst the sun light kissed dyed  
crimson splashes thru thy eyes didst  
race andst to my eyes flames rose  
coloured rose enveloping I inst  
quivering throws of love

Ahh leap ♪ fromst this cliff to fall  
 with the maddening kiss of thee upon  
 the lips of ♪ Limb-Loosener that  
 doth savage this flesh that to the gods  
 ♪ call in Mixolydian mode that this  
 love of ♪ to cure or with these songs  
 that sound upon my pektis or but within  
 these waves to drown comingled with  
 the lucent blackness this dirge of ♪  
 Ohh fly ♪ thru the violet light that  
 showers about ♪ that to kiss this flesh  
 with rosey tints of purest fire like thy  
 lips of desire kissing licking ♪ rippling  
 flames 'neath the flesh of ♪ sigh again  
 Ast thy heart turns fromst ♪ cry with  
 pain the flowers upon its stem thee  
 plucked lush but now do die

Loves madness didst I overthrow that  
lit my desires that my flesh couldst not  
tame that irresistible flame that fromst  
thy eyes came fromst that form that  
Aphrodite made thenst broke that none  
shallst ever be the same that moon-like  
face loud beckoning to my soul like  
serpent to the cooing dove didst fleck  
my flesh inst tints of surging blood

**Ohh thy moon-like face didst the lips  
of ♀ do cause to furl andst pout**

**That that apple-orchard of ♀ didst seep  
sweet scented lusciousness to drip  
about to rise ast frankincense fromst  
that alter of love of ♀ with lustful  
cries to fertilize the budding blushful  
virgin blooms upon the heated sighs of  
♀ those flowers of gorgeousness in  
their swoons of gleeful joy their bowls  
of nectar like honey that doth percolate  
thru Lesbos their scented Lotus-  
flowers with enchanted hours in thee  
with maddening kisses my passions to  
embrace thee with quiverings fromst thy  
kisses showers but fromst ♀ thy face  
withdraw andst upon my hart pain place**

Ohh thy look lit fires on my flesh  
pulsating rhythms inscrutable  
delights whenst our eyes ill fated  
met andst the blood of my veins  
didst flood inst savage frenzied  
strains of sighs that didst turn my  
flesh insane lashed into furies this  
love of I with madness ast the storm  
tossed sea the stars didst whirl with  
foam upon my lips I moaned with  
strange frenzies glee



**Thee didst eat the lettuce of my lips**

**Thee didst sip the fennel that didst  
fromst that mouth that didst drip**

**Ohh whenst thee didst the ankles of  
∫ thee didst kiss andst desires thru  
my breasts didst to rise with the  
breathings of my breath thenst thenst**

**Ohh my flesh plush gorged fruit  
thenst Ohh thenst my flesh didst  
upon thy lips pressed my kisses ∫  
didst not relent thy kisses didst**

**Ohh didst returned ∫ didst expect**

**But Ohh**

**Thee didst but the kiss of ∫ thee  
didst but thee reject**

Our lips didst meet with sparks of  
crimson fire that flashed o'er the  
flowery blooms with tints of gold andst  
amethyst heated bright andst the  
odours of sweet violets ands roses new  
born hues our sighs our cries didst  
flutter the meadows with the music  
winged on zephyrs our frenzied lust  
thru amorous hours to shower passions  
flowers andst poppies fromst our love  
whilst moonbeams kissed our flesh that  
curled inst the emerald light with  
shudders of ecstasy

That with forgetfulness Lotus-  
 flowers fromst the lips of J fall  
 floating coating the banks of Acheron  
 of the love of J for thee that J canst  
 forget my abandonment in those  
 spasms of shuddering ecstasies with  
 gasps that out blast the fury of the  
 storm held by thee inst the passions  
 whirls of thy clasps ast like the vine  
 doth twine the living bloom till it doth  
 die J didst in thy arms thy legs didst  
 lie

So folded that my breath upon the airs  
 be sparrows that drew the chariot of the  
 daughter of Zeus But thee withdrew  
 with sorrows of J that kissed J with  
 the kiss of death

Ahh the lucent airs emerald gem-like  
afire eddyng whirls of light stirred by  
our desires sighs Come loving we long  
lithe limbs curled furred serpent- like we  
kiss that hiss eddyng mist about our  
flesh fragrant of our flesh that doth ooze  
perfumes fromst each orifice tinting  
blooms greenish hues dancing blooms  
on the gleeful sighs of we lips to lips  
dew-dripping glistening along our flesh  
listen listen maddening cries I say we  
the minstrels of the dawn singing loves  
rapture that maketh the pale lilies sway

**Oh thy lips to the lips of ♪ sugared ♪  
with thy kiss**

**Oh the touch of thy flesh the flesh of ♪  
to burst in bliss**

**Oh thy sighs blent with my cries inst  
my ears do thunder**

**Oh thy eyes to my eyes flames radiate  
my skin under**

**With love my Ohhs do fromst my lips do  
sing andst fruit to burst though it be  
autumn it be spring for that on my breath  
my hart doth send my love that with thy  
face moon-like my love began which didst  
thenst ignite this fire of my desire of  
which seemed of no end the song ♪ sung  
to But whenst thy love for ♪ didst but  
expire my song the sighs be just the breeze  
to ignite my pyre**



Oh Ohhh with ecstasy the mind of I didst  
whirl beyond the stars the heavens rim  
my mind didst spin in a maelstrom of  
rapture within desires didst burst forth  
fromst that mouth of furled flesh fromst  
that abyss which giveth Ohh Ohh  
delight Oh bliss gushed forth inst  
streams of liquid fire odorous flowery  
bloom scented splashing o'er meadows  
fields fecundating blooms that rose  
iridescent sparkling dew tipped froth –  
frenzied spurts fromst that orifice of  
love to view melting I into the universe  
with such cries beyond infinity beyond  
the limits of verse

**Oh fly ♪ to doom or be it release  
 fromst my cursed gloom this dirge be it  
 tragedy or but a comedy of folly this  
 verse for in truth no roses nor sprays  
 hast gathered ♪ fromst the Pierian  
 Muses andst all that doth fall fromst  
 my lips be aeolian flowers those sighs  
 that thy moon-like face didst the rosy-  
 fingered Moon surpass calls to thee  
 with pain for thy love Ohh thy love my  
 hart didst not gain that doth about my  
 head the aniseed wreaths do wither  
 andst my breath of roses and fragrant  
 violets doth stale inst emerald light  
 Like roses falling about tinting my sighs  
 Like languorous incense to heaven float  
 Like ast ♪ fall these songs ♪ do shout**