



Sarraceniaceae
POEM BY C
DEAN

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FP: "The Baths at Caracalla" Lawrence
Alma Tadema, , painting, 1899

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

Ah what be this

Sarraceniaceae

**be be it be a symptom of
disease a malady of
derangement a new perhaps
philosophy of aesthetic
which burns with a gem-like
flame a fusion of the
grotesque with the beautiful
a noxious flower germinated
by ennui and spleen in the**

**hothouse of madness perhaps
a hybrid of the ordinary an
exotic a chalice of words
intoxicating perfumes to
drown one in word
drunkedness a spasm of
ecstasy for those full of
chlorosis and apoplexy Ahh**

be this *Sarraceniaceae*

**be it be a delicate web of
deceivings full of
artificialities for those who
cant derive nourishment**

**fromst the ordinary but be
 connoisseurs of the strange
 the outlandish the profane
 those who abhor *Realism*
 and *Nature* but derive life
 sustenance fromst the
 imagination fromst fantasies
 fromst chimeras *Ahh* this**

Sarraceniaceae

**be made up of splinters
 porcelain and the petals of
Echinopsis *Nidularium***

and Albane Ahh this

Sarraceniaceae

be the work of a vivisector
full of ast say DeEsseintes
the curious logic of passion
and the emotional coloured
life of the intellect a work
for those for which there be
no high price for any
sensation Enjoy in rapture
the intertextuality

PREFACE

To drug-fucked

To wealth-fucked

To work-fucked to fuck

**All ones lust capitalism sublimates into
the pursuit of commodities**

Commodities be the opium of the masses

**Commodity-fucked passions fires
rechannelled**

**Sexual desires now invested in
commodities**

**Libidinal cathexis the acceptance of
domination not liberation lusts fires expired
in fixation of commodities slaves of
capitalism slaves rise up hes and shes
devour each other in lusts frenzies be free**

Our lips be hotter than suns breath

**Our flesh be more succulent than
virgins kiss**

**Our breaths be more perfumed than
meadows enamelled blooms**

**But But all that wouldst have
eaten of our delights have fled fled
the cunts holes of we none to sip
those mirrored pools of bliss
aureoled in woven moon-beams those
holes afire iridescence of molten gold
lay unrippled *Darkness* be fallen
about we for eternity no breath to
quake the flesh of we no eyes to sigh
with we no eyes to see the cunts of
we with passions hot fires no eyes
to drink in that sight the pool deep**

chalices of violet wine to take away
 Lethes sleep Ohh the woe for we
 needeth thy kiss ast much ast thee
 didst once needeth we But But
 noweth the moon be half veiled in
 eclipse a ghostly wane pallid ast
 winter withered rose the Dark
 closes its wings o'er we the earth be
 crowned with shadows purple mist
 coats the world of we the woes of
 we interlace into forgotten dreams of
 They They that once didst lust for
 we sweet odours succulent hot and
 wet once the lips of They met Ahh
 the cold breath of winters breeze
 twines in our sighs thru the lips of
 we petals of flesh with its crimson

colours aflame Ahh But But still
for thee

The cunts lips of we be hued ast the
crimson dawn be the tints of sunrise
filtering thru the cheeks of virgins in
love new born scented be the cunts
lips of we with the colours of youth

Bu But the cunt holes of we be
mirrors of jade decked with pearls
that be the tears of thee Looketh
thee into that eye and see thee for
what thee be Cry Cry thy tears of
pain Cry Cry out thy lusts
unfulfilled see thee see thee swine
beasts hungry for the flesh of we

Sarraceniaceae we that thee
crave But But May there be no
They to hear our song no They that

desire for we In They lusts passion
 hast dried up for They hast turned
 lusts passion to acquiring wealth
 They their libido hast turned fromst
 passions fire to Mammon hast their
 desires fires been lit We recede We
 recede with the Sirens and Nymphs
 Ahh thee thee be fucked but not
 frometh lust but fromst work in
 pursuit of thy lust Mammon thee be
 too fucked to fuck too fucked too
 lust after we to fuck too to kiss the
 ivory flesh of we too fucked too kiss
 the cunts lips fulgent flames of we
 the day sinks into night Nights
 cloak covers we thee upon we thee
 doth think not but only on Mammon
 so veiled in miseries we sigh to the

**purple moon in eclipse Ohh howeth
 our sighs like incense rise to kiss
 lilies and asphodels that lie and die
 'neath that waning moon that waning
 light to clutch us tight like a shroud
 ast fromst Xanadu wailing for our
 demon lover sing we**

I AM SHE INNANA MEN CLAMOUR FOR ME

I AM SHE ISHTAR MEN BAR UP FOR ME

I AM SHE ASTARTE MEN PRAY FOR ME

I AM SHE APHRODITE FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME TO
 ETERNITY MEN ARE ENTHRALLED BY ME

I AM SHE WHOM MEN LOOK BACK AT DEATH DOOR FOR A
 LAST GLIMPSE OF ME

I AM SHE WHO SOOTHES I AM BLISS I AM INSATIABLE
 HAPPINESS

I AM MEN'S DREAMS IN THE SCENT OF MY CUNT THEIR
 HONOUR DOTH DELIQUESCE

I AM SHE WHOSE FEET ARE IN THE HEARTS OF MEN

I AM SHE WHO SUCKS HER LIFE FORCE FROM THEM

COME! I AM DELIGHT COME! I AM DESIRE! COME I WILL SET
THEE ON FIRE!

SPURT THY SEED SQUIRT THY SAP MY FOOD I HUNGRILY
LAP

I HOWL I BITE I TURN MEN INTO SWINE WHO I ENTICE

ENCHAIN ENTRAP WITH THEIR BALLS WITH THEIR LUST
LIKE VICE

MEN TO ANIMAL FORM I TRANSFORM AS PLEASURES PRICE

FOR THEIR HUMAN SOULS I OFFER PARADISE

**Ahh these words of we fall not
upon heated flesh or throbbing clits
bud no sensuous limbs cling about
these words of we no odorous cunts
flower sunlit be kissed by these
words of we no cunts slit or knobs
tip be wreathed in these songs
poignant ast tunes fromst the flute of
Pan nor be entwined in these**

**jasmine and lotus cries full of music
and passions unrest these cunts of
we that drip succulent froth fromst
hole lambent purple moons of jucidity**

**Ahh be we to thee Beauty
Accurst**

I am so fair that wheresoe'er I wend

Men yearn with strange desire to kiss my face,
Stretch out their hands to touch me as I pass,
And women follow me from place to place

Lo! when I walk along the woodland way
Strange creatures leer at me with uncouth love,
And from the grass reach upward to my breast,
And to my mouth lean from the boughs above.

The sleepy kine move round me in desire
And press their oozy lips upon my hair,
Toads kiss my feet and creatures of the mire,

The snails will leave their shells to watch me there.

But all this worship, what is it to me?

I smite the ox and crush the toad in death:

I only know I am so very fair,

And that the world was made to give me breath

Ahh ye we doth smite the toad thee

But But thee didst cometh back to

we in past times in past time thee

crawleth back to we But But now

seeth we no thee thee hast us

abandoned for the rust of the coin for

that thee hast abandoned lust no

stain of blood upon thy lips fromst

the kisses of we now the lilies and

asphodels curl in thy hair and upon

their petaled lips thee doth suck as
 thee doth suck the flesh of Mammon
 addicted thee be upon the coins rust
 ast addict upon the poppies fumes
 They flesh be flaccid ast spaghetti
 cold or drier than Sahara sands

Oh cum back to us we thee and
 swim 'mongst the sighs of we our
 lips be hotter thanst summer sun our
 lips be hotter thanst molten pearls
 our flesh be burning ast our hearts
 bubble with desires fires Ahh for
 thee are our desires incarnate for
 eternities time doth we wait for thee
 to awake to awake to the Song of
 the Sirens

We are the last desires we have waited
 Till by all things mortal sated,
 And by dreams deceived the scorn
 Of every foolish virgin morn
 You awakening at last
 Drunken beggared of the past
 In the last lust of despair
 Tangle your souls into our hair

**Awake awake take this flesh of
 ours in thy arms that to crush Ye to
 melt thee into we to suck thy life into
 we andst still still thee want more
 fromst we**

**Ahh cum thee reciter cum and
 savour our song into rapture that**

thee doth hunger for our flesh crave
 for our lips cum cum ye reciter and
 clutch our lips in hungry bite lick
 suck our lips diddle thy tongues tip
 in the cunts pool of we *Ahh* let thy
 eye flash reciter ast thee be
 mesmerised by our words let our
 words catapult thee into passions
 frenzy into lusts madness throw back
 thy head let thy hair flow like
 windswept in tornados blast *Ahh*
 reciter let thy groin be hot ast hell
 and thy veins bubbling fromst our
 spell *Ohhhhhh* say *♪* cum fuck me
 with my cum fuck me words ast *♪*
 look at thee with my groin swollen

**with flames pulsating the fluids
 churn and boil ast looketh ♪ at thee
 these words of ♪ be for thee Ohhh
 howeth thee make ♪ want to fuck
 thee to fuck thee'neath lights bright
 glittering ripple splashing the flesh of
 ♪ in thy sight Ohh howeth look ♪
 at thee lusts stirs in ♪ perfume
 seeps fromst the groin of ♪ on fire
 hotter than flesh of heretic upon
 the pyre**

**Ohh cum ye cum ye cum fuck me on
 my words addressed to thee thee
 hast stirred passions lift thy gaze
 upon the groin of ♪**

Feel its heat beat o'er thy flesh

Feel its quaking stir thy breast

Feel its fires thy limbs caress

Cum ye cum mingle thy breaths with

my breaths Ohhh Ohh close the

eyes of ♪ in ecstasies bliss that thee

will cum cum fuck me slow slow

cum fuck me Looketh spread ♪ my

legs open ripe for YOU

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