

**Scene thru
mica screen**

by **Ko'lin**

translated by **Poontang**

**Poems by e
Dean**

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introduction

So what can we say for **Scene thru mica screen** of **Ko'lin** shall we mention its ornateness its allusions shall we say its pretentioness or cleverness what we can say is its lack of shallow conventionality or mannerism we could say its is poetry for the emotions not the head we could even say it is not morally decadent but nevertheless decadent in a fin de siècle manner we could say it is full of verbal ingenuity harmonious rhyme and mellifluous rhythms delicate imagery which requires a high level sophistication to enjoy the of emotional

virtuosity full of ambiguous and subtle ambiguity which requires a high level of sensitivity to enjoy the euphonic effects of complicated sound patterns and tonal harmonies and dissonances which creates delightful effects of music and sound play full of magical beauty and incantatory musicality which move over the poems surfaces like pink mist perfumed on a silk panty we could say about the changing moods like shadows moving over cunts pulpy flesh or the effects of sound like hues on randy cunts lips so what we will say is **Scene thru mica screen of **Ko'lin** is a bejeweled landscape of erotic decor**

PREFACE

**Anticipation exaltation delayed
expectation the time spent in
imaginings temptations phantasies
running wild hot flushes of flesh
enflamed desires thru veins running
fire longing pining desiring wanting
Oh those lingering urges those
pangs of craving to lay on orchid mat
and lotus petals unfurling kissed by
thy phantasies desires dew clustering
around sipped by thirsty bees soaked
in thy magnolia spray thy scent
lamp glowing outdoing all the bloom
in anticipation exaltation delayed
expectation**

In morning nestled in silk box upon
 peony petals poem in a dragon scroll
 to she

**Those folds pink flesh luminescent
 That ŷ couldst suck those ripe two
 Tips breathe in their sweet scent
 That ŷ couldst lick the flesh too
 Till the soul of ŷ be to heaven sent
 And ŷ the hungry tongue of ŷ to
 lips run along lips a moons crescent**

Oh she didst read ast

**In panty white thin cloth seeps
 plum cunt bright ripe sheen**

**In imaginings she in glee cunt
wrapped in fine perfume along pink
ribbon cunt lips floating fromst her
jade pool glowing spring moon fine
mist of dew decking her silk curtains
of flesh**

**Thru bedroom lattice a hint of pink
tint tints the spring light tinting the
lips of she perfumed airs ruffle the
hairs of she shadows indigo fromst
rippling waves stirred by golden fish
float o'er the flesh of she songs of
birds caresses her limbs whilst
pistil pollen scented on the breeze
decks the lips of she as she polishes
dragon candle by the bed of she**

**Leaves o'er window sill removes
she frees fireflies trapped behind
blind full of lust she raises
kingfisher drapes with panty soaked
behind white diaphanous cloth she
opens golden screen**

**Thru lattice window floating on
clouds of pink mist dragon pagoda
her lustful sighs lilt o'er luminous
gardens of peonies tickling crimson
stamens the sighs of she blending
with indigo shadows cast by dragon
boats rippling upon emerald lakes
sheen skies crystal dome glows
luculent like glossed silk Oh she
sighs pairs of orioles wing to wing**

**Onyx bells tingle on the lace of the
 panty of she glinting fromst the sheen
 fromst dragon pendants wavering in
 the perfumed breeze upon willow
 trees Oh so sweet the face of she
 gleaming in springs dawn light flesh
 ast smooth ast silk soft as snow
 Oh how her eyes glow two jade
 gems the moth eyebrows of she two
 kingfisher plumes those lips 'neath
 panty puffy plums so ripe to nibble
 Oh howest the black hair of she
 glossy with powdered jade those
 lips pink fresh with lust that jade
 bowl that weeps pearls of dew
 around that ripening flesh thru
 whorls and whirls of labyrinthine
 curls up hidden crevices around**

**mysterious folds peony gems
studded in pink flesh gold-petals
lace silken hairs thru panty thin
broidered with dragon designs on fine
cloth brocade seam flower-like
patterns turn and twist o'er flesh
glittering with gilded dust
evanescent dew gleams ephemeral on
lips with flowers exquisiteness that
reaches to the sun rippling on alga
clinging to simmering pools where
shadows pursue forms in the
bedroom of she in daydreams and
fantasies wonder luxuriously
cloistered and she doth sing and she
doth cry the lines of**

Wu Man-yuan

Lets cling to this hundred -year span
 Lets chase after each inch of times
 shadow

As the grass on empty hill
 Knows in its heart it will wither and die

**Upon ivory bed within silk curtains
 lays his poem ast incense vapors
 spiral like flying dragons fromst
 dragon censor o'er floor upward
 perfuming panties flaring sparks of
 fire coiling around her desire the
 smoke enamel sheen glinting on jade
 terrace mirror-stand **Scene thru mica
 screen** in luminescent light bed
 rimmed rippling perfumes seep thru
 rooms airs specks of dew on her**

panty white ast o'er bed she lays
 with lovely ornaments of gold and
 jade Oh Oh she doth cry whenst
 thee be thirsty like on orchid nights
 come come Oh come and drink
 fromst ♪ and rest thy tongue in the
 jade bowl of ♪ Oh like Wang
 Seng-ju the sweat of ♪ like sweet
 orchid dew but Oh Oh will not ♪
 the dragon candles avoid for Oh
 wouldst ♪ pound the silk block thru
 the night wrapped in orchid scent
 hearing the bedcurtians sigh to our
 cries hearing the squeaks of the
 passionate bed Oh Oh to watch the
 smoke of incense flirt within their
 curling ways ast he me wee curl
 warmed by the lamps seductive glow

but no pillow to share his head only
 he and me upon our bed ast the spring
 breeze sways peonies with dappled
 shadows rich ruby fires and cinnabar
 tints ast shadows indigo float o'er
 jade jeweled lutes and dragon stands
 ast incense smoke loiters along wine
 goblets rims and catches butterflies
 on wing o'er vases with flower
 blossoms full tortoiseshell powder
 boxes drip flecks of jade whilst
 lips puckering soaked with scented
 dew flutter like whirling waves upon
 a rippling pool Oh she doth sing
 and Oh she doth cry ast she strokes
 dragon candle by her side that he
 wouldst sing the song of Shen Yueh
 to she

My heart is full of rapture

How will I express my excitement?

I offer my love to kohl across her
eyebrows

Send my heart to the lipstick on her
mouth

Defenseless before her precious
three spring times

I die for her thousand gold coin body

**On dragon embroidered sheets she
reads the Yu-t'ai hsin-yung reads
Ssu-Ma-Hsiang-Ju**

**Oh she sighs and cries Oh those -
phoenix lucky thee tail to tail**

entwined Oh that that couldst be ♪
 with he soaring high in delight Oh
 Oh come come thee to me whilst
 e'en thee dulls the light of the moon
 Pale pastel pink panty she lowers
 like peeling luminescent grape seam
 glistening o'er dragon embroidery
 bit by bit lowering with thoughts of
 he Panty slipping off she dusts
 cunt with powered jade paints a
 yellow-spot of a iridescent flower on
 cunt seen in candle light three flames
 bright to the jade case reaches she
 lined with velvet and tints of scent
 opening she looks with drawing
 dragon fan thinking of he she
 she read Emperor
 Wu of the Laing

Apricot rafters the sun starts to
brighten

Before pleasure nears its peak on
orchid mate

A jasper jewel she offers a golden
goblet

Its green wine enhancing her flowery
allure

**thinking of he she languidly runs fan
up crimson slit dipping into pool of
jade rippling orchids scent thru room
twiddling diddling o'er flesh a flame
with heated desires thinking of he
she twiddles clit long throbbing bud
of glossy flesh lips spread
butterflies in flight lips of crimson
flesh reflecting hues of sapphire**

**curtains desires a fire fecund flowers
lush like silk burst into bloom
wisteria bushes to bees swarm
golden swallows in emerald branches
mate longing for he she sighs fiddling
lotus waver upon rippling pools
orchids swell with nectars sweet
dew hibiscus reds and scented waft
perfumes thru window lattice Oh
Oh she cries sighs spraying scented
dew o'er floor o'er bed ast to the
scented sheet drops dragon fan
bejeweled with pearls of light she
sleeps she dreams she sighs
passions sighs shadows creep o'er
floor spiders begin their webs
stamens breathe no scent upon the
airs lichen spreads o'er empty room**

hanging curtains droop wine in
 golden goblets sours plums in crystal
 urn moldy becomes he does not come
 no footsteps heard on withered petals
 at the jade terrace Oh Oh look her
 pink rouge grows faint powder
 smudges the lips of she shadows
 creep no perfume drifts thru lattice
 sill moonlight but a faint glow she
 wakes panty perfumed stained lays
 o'er beds silks she flicks dust off
 dragon candle the moth eyebrows of
 she hang in languid woe Oh Oh
 cries she ast to the heart of she
 touches she orchids curl up their
 petals faded lips close

Leaves o'er window sill swell
 fireflies become trapped behind blind

full of woes she lowers kingfisher
drapes with panty soaked behind
white diaphanous cloth she closes
golden screen in orchid room no one
arrives silken mats no footprints
catch fading kingfisher tints on quilts
heavy with the scent of the perfumed
hair of she stale becomes dragon
candle fades and doth not glint Oh
Oh how long ♪ for he she sighs she
cries waiting for he in the shadows
indigo creeping o'er the peach floors
creeping up doors o'er all it pours its
gloom even is dull the light of the
moon the gilded bird cage sunk in
shadows encloses the room of she
Oh in waiting for he the hair of she
matted becomes pale and flaky

**makeup stale gems lackluster Oh
how her gold pins tarnished waiting
for he the hairpins of she drooping
languidly dust o'er mirror cobwebs
appear lichen and mold o'er floors
and bed dappled in shadows faded in
half light pallid she becomes waiting
for he she in moribund dreams
descends into shadows enclosing the
guttering candle flickers then sputters
languid flame flickers again then dies
with her sighs**

**Haha sister true we played a joke
upon our sister too *Scene thru mica
screen***

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