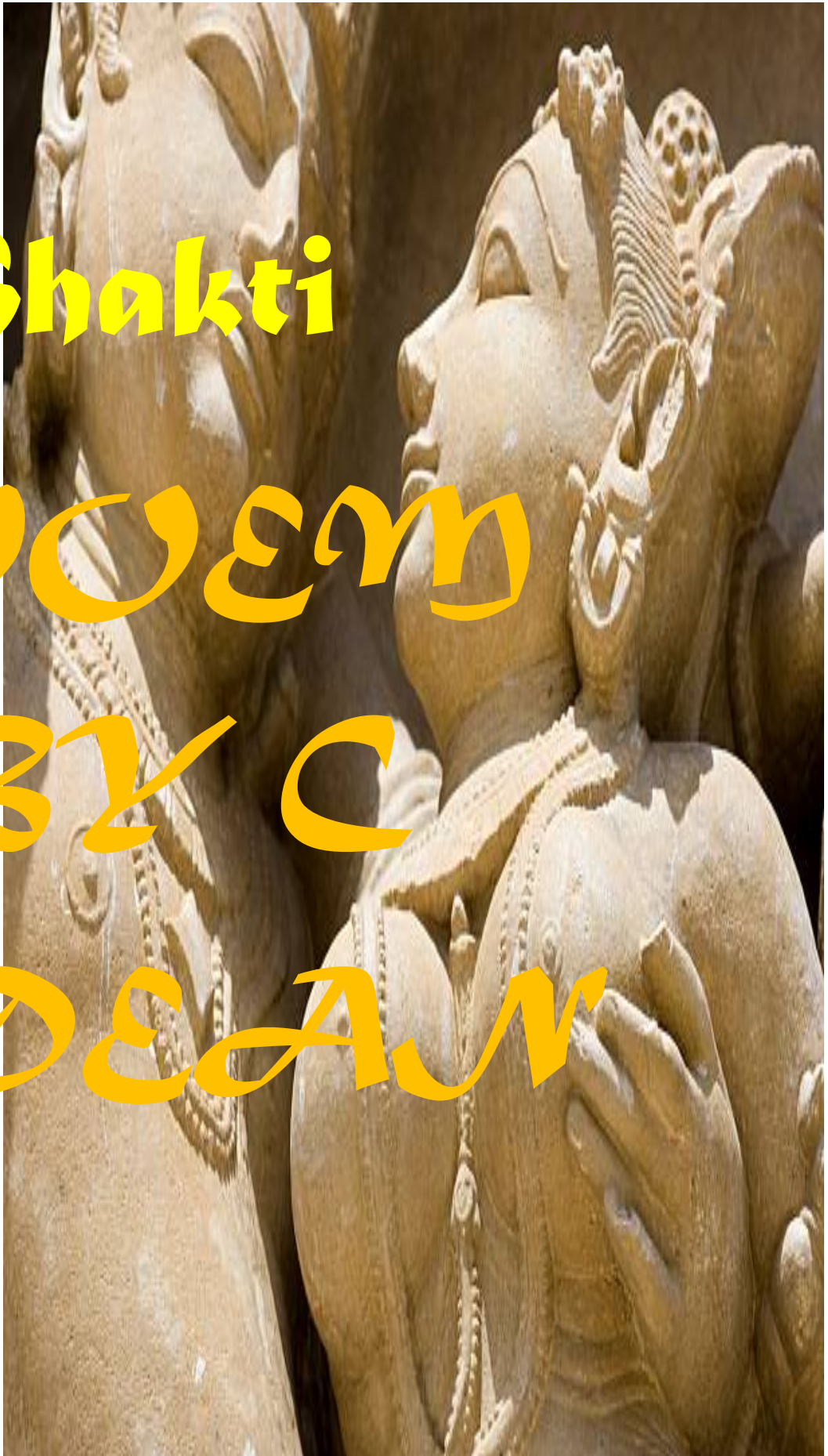


*Shakti
POEM
BY C
DEAN*





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2024 FP: Sculptures from Khajuraho Group of Monuments

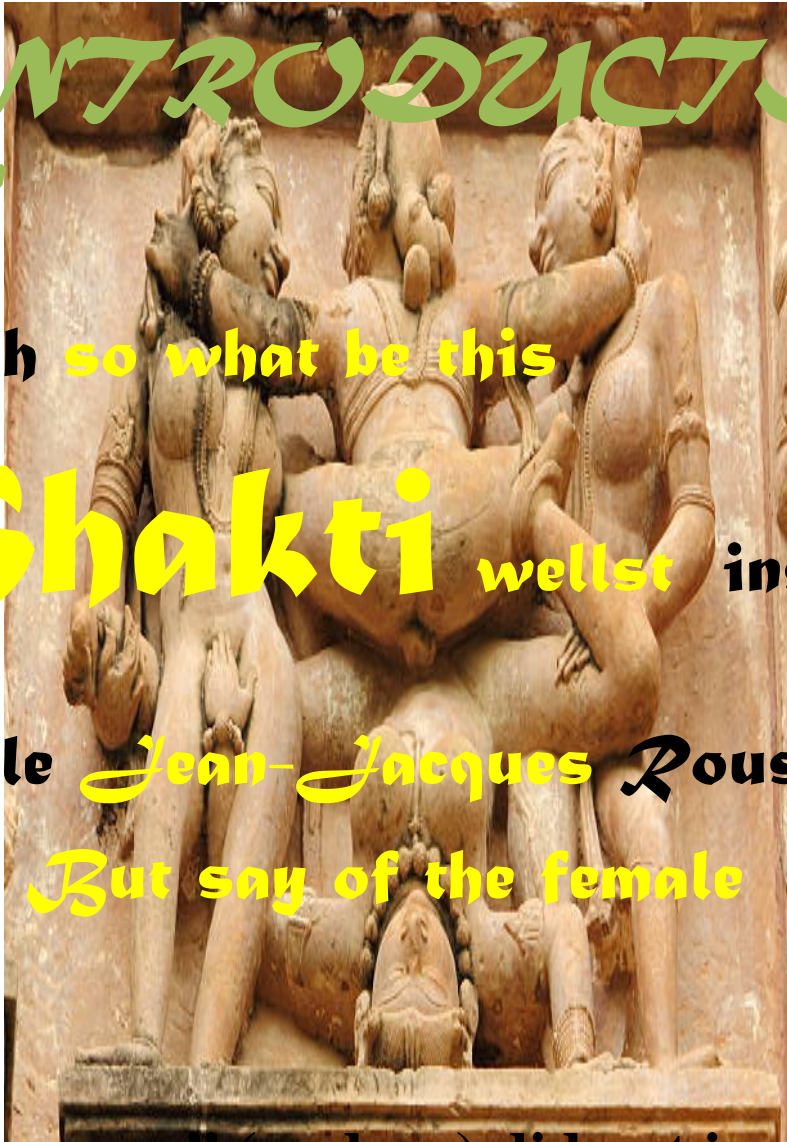
PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

Ahh so what be this

Shakti wellst inst his

Emile *Jean-Jacques Rousseau*

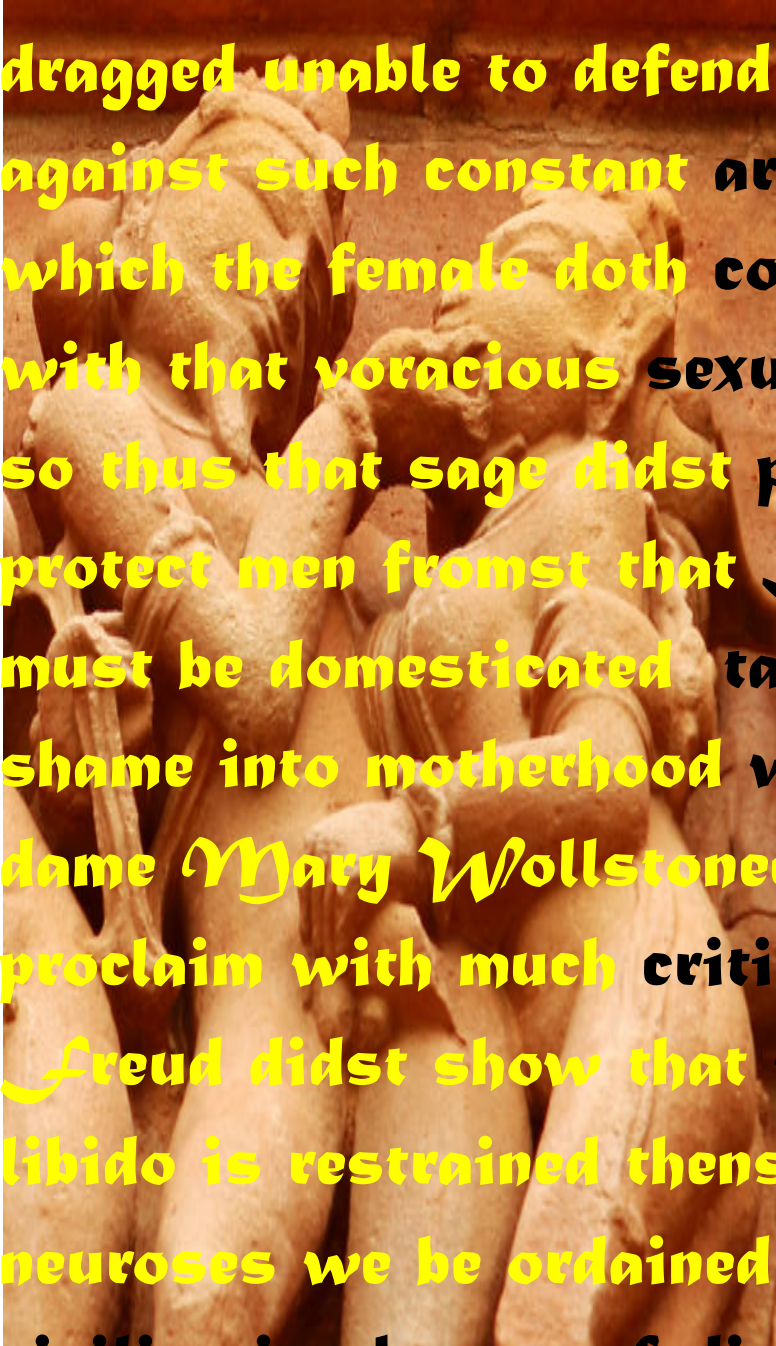
doth *But say of the female*



"if "reserve" (pudeur) did not impose a restraint on the women balancing "moderation which nature imposes on the other" then "the men would be tyrannized by women ... For, given the ease with which women arouse men's senses—men would finally be their victims ..." Ahh for that

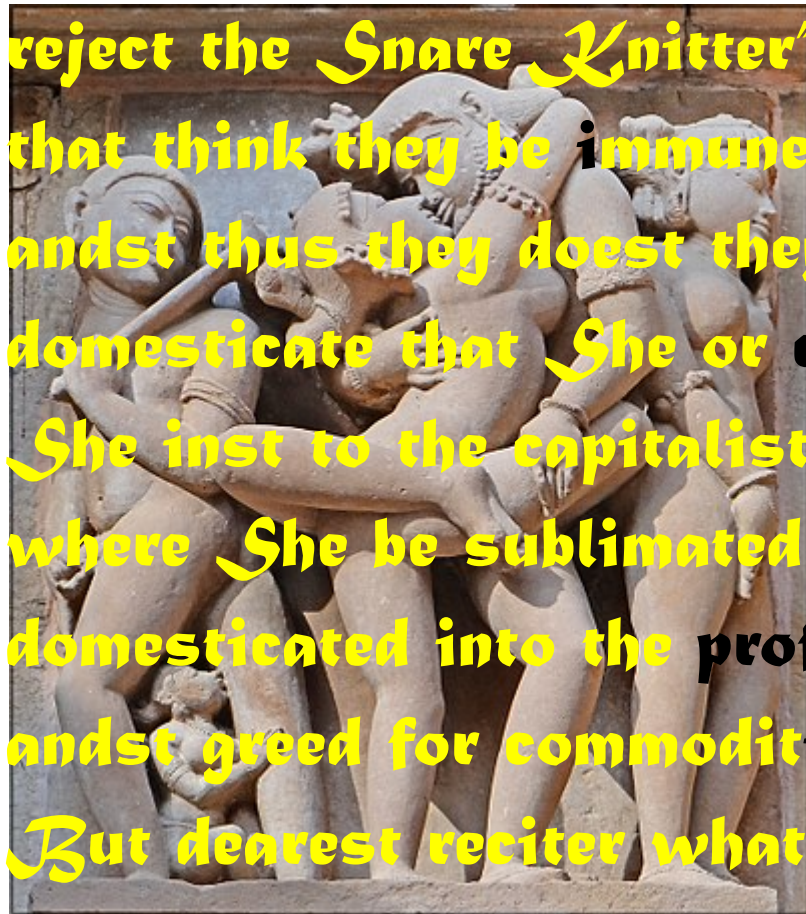
sage didst note that without restraint
these men wouldst to death be

dragged unable to defend themselves
against such constant arousal thru
which the female doth control him
with that voracious sexual appetite
so thus that sage didst proclaim to
protect men fromst that She all Shes
must be domesticated tamed thru
shame into motherhood which that
dame *Mary Wollstonecraft* didst
proclaim with much criticism But
Freud didst show that whenst the
libido is restrained thenst to
neuroses we be ordained andst our
civilization be one of discontents for
ast *Neo-Marxists* do say the
bourgeoisie are incapable of any



sensuality due to repression of Eros
 as that sage Herbert Marcuse with
 a synthesis of Marx and Freud
 did say of how Eros is repressed
 in civilization run by capitalism
 and that Johann Wolfgang
 (von) Goethe did like say of the
 German middle class in agreement
 with Heinz Schläpfer in his *Musa
 iocosa* the German middle class be
 repressed for obsessed with the
 work ethic and Christian morality

 But Ohh the Greeks did us warn
 for the Greeks well knew that
 those who repress Pandemos 'the
 dark one', 'the killer of men', 'the
 unholy' her wrath descends upon they
 most vigorously that doth vigorously



reject the *Snare Knitter* those fools
 that think they be immune to *She*
 andst thus they doest they
 domesticate that *She* or channel that
She inst to the capitalist machine
 where *She* be sublimated
 domesticated into the profit quest
 andst greed for commodities Ahh
But dearest reciter what be this *She*
 that if thee doth repress *She* doest
 turn thee mad for ast didst quote
Mrs Betty Windsor of that sage
Mr. Esmé Amarinth

“prolonged purity wrinkled the mind as
 much as prolonged impurity wrinkled the
 face” so what be this *She* *She* be

Shakti

PREACE Ahh dearest friend

what doth lust decree whenst we desire

some She whenst we breathe hot andst

our flesh doth seem to bleede whenst

we see She whenst we But like

whenst we lust what we see we cannot

see dearest friend our liberty we hast

lost whenst our sight upon some She

hast been our lot we Ohh dearest

friends whenst we find our sight She

hast got andst conquered us to ride

upon our flesh with tyranny our liberty

lost But we a victim of She finds we

thenst dearest friend blame nature for

her wit for we canst dwell inst heaven

or hell for nature laughs for she doth

give not a shit

Ahh what be Shakti ShE be the origin
of the universe the power that energy of
creation fromst She be born all things
the world the earth thee andst me the
force the energy that fills the void the
foundation be She of everything

all things that where

all things that are now

andst

all things to be be She

the creatrix the cunt of She the jewel
that fromst which glints golden sparks
that congeal to life inst the universe

**Galood inst the odorous lotus-
 blossoms perfumes full of
 concupiscence reared inst the hot-
 house of thy imaginations
 greenhouse rooms exotic bloom all
 the colours of thy desires tint my
 flesh inst heady hues heated by thy
 lust fires built upon thy dreams of
 such splendours of my flesh thy
 imaginings renders with sweet
 scents this temple of my flesh that
 thy breath ignites inst to flames that
 fills the universe born of my womb
 shimmering light golden bright flash
 fromst this cunt of me what be ♪**

But Skakti

Thee cum hither to me with the cum
hither eyes of thee That face that grace
that face that doth attract I to thy petaled-
flowered –bloom the bee be I inst swoon
upon that face Serpent eyes of spider
shine serpent curved mouth lips that
twine spider webs of desire sublime That
mound of flesh that mould of sex
temptations to my flesh that upon mine
breath doth foam heated desires upon
thy wobbling breasts that swell my flesh
turgid fromst my gaze upon thy face Ahh
that resinous stem that doth rise fed
upon the imaginings of I that to deliriums
doest flash upon that look fromst thy cum
hither eyes that lure I to that snare That
doth gush that ooze that mush that gooo
that which I long Ohh long of which I
imagine so full so plump with hair or bare

♀ be Skakti be ♀ ♀ be the face of all
 women be ♀ their breasts their thighs
 their cunt ♀ be heaven or hell whatever
 be thy fate ♀ doth tell of rose-scented
 nights with luxurious delights or some
 pains inst some curtained room wrapped
 inst my cunts fumes that linger round
 thy throat to tightened with thy woes
 deep note with thy breath upon the air
 that doth kiss my flesh ast upon the
 foam of thy flesh doest rise thy woeful
 moan for fromst the cunt ♀ pulses
 light dancing beams of radiance
 spreading thru the universe undulating
 impregnating into life all forms
 conjoined with me inst rapturous
 embrace ♀ be Shakti creations face

Look Look at howeth thy arse doth
wobble those cheeks twin orbs of flesh
'neath cloth hid to fire my dreams that run
along thy skirts seam to Ohh to Ohh Ahh
my senses thee to arouse with frenzied
thoughts of what that cloth doth house
what flesh lay there within those folds
Ahh the untold But dreams unfold along
thy arses curve enchanted flesh of my
imaginings Ahh she doth come But to
close that Ahh my eyes doest upon those
cheeks doest close inst intoxicating bliss to
wonder what that flesh wouldst to my lips
to taste Ah these urges fire my desire
that canst I not control my flesh burning
with voraciousness a burning coal wild
appetite for that flesh hid fromst my sight
HID 'neath that cloth clinging Ohh so tight

♀ be Skakti be ♀ the form of the
 universe be the cunt of ♀ the earth
 blossoms forth that tinted petaled--rose
 virginal lilies white that heat thy flesh
 sharp ast a knife fertilize my cunt that
 doth fromst which cascades all life with
 that flesh of thee pastured twixt the lips
 of ♀ that flower that be whatever thee
 doth But dreams enfolded inst that
 flaming flesh that rapturous radiance
 spewing out all myriad forms upon that
 cunts perfumed breath flashing life inst
 to existence conjoined thee with me inst
 ravishing embrace face to face inst
 coexistence fiery sparks flash fromst
 my cunt inst all directions pulsing
 beating unending the universe heating

Look loooketh see those breasts of she
'neath that top where those folds of flesh
doth burst that cloth upon which doest
birth my lust for Ravished be my eyes inst
rapture be my flesh for upon thy breasts
am I famished unto death for those forms
doest But inst my mind doest dance inst
circles round those orbs that doest seem
to blaze ast flowery blooms that upon
those shapes doest I look ast they doest
seem to a dance some jig flickering orange
hues thru purple shadows that she doth
seem to flow thru with sublime grace
doth she pace ast those orbs to lust doth
upon my flesh place ast nipples prod out
to undulate inst rhythms of her pace to
bounce like of balls taut flesh that my
eyes lick lasciviously twin idols of my faith

♪ be Skakti be ♪ lay ♪ upon a
 leopards skin that doth ooze perfumes
 languorous fromst this temple cunt of ♪
 that fromst which float the fumes of thy
 dreams that scorch thy flesh to burn
 desires insatiable unsated wants urges
 heated that fromst thy imaginings
 streams quivering ecstasies thy flesh
 longing to place upon my cunt wanton
 kisses ast doth burst forth myriad
 flowers shooting flames light flashes
 whorls of gold whirlpools crimson
 luminous splashes upon the void eddies
 swirls all life doth flow fromst ♪
 pulsations passion thru this cunt foam
 froth upon thy mind dyes thy dreams
 passion-flowers perfumed gleams

Ahh look loooketh at that face with such
exquisite grace look loooketh at that
backward look those eyes that gleam like
lamps of rosey fire those ruddy flowers of
desire that I doth inst that gaze doth see
Ohh Ohh look loooketh

Those curled snake-like lips fromst which
doth peek thy tongues snake-like tip

Thy walk like a cat that doth stalk upon its
prey

Thy look that all the Mongol hoards
wouldst waylay

Ahh give I thy flesh that I canst bite to
feed my dreams of thee to hear thee purr
ast my tongue doth whirr upon thy flesh
deliciously licking thee to the rhythms of
my breath ast desires leap lips flicking

♪ be Skakti be ♪ where that cunt of
 ♪ be kissed by thy sighs hot-house of
 ♪ be thy dreams fromst which streams
 fromst the kiss of thy lips flowers
 burning gold blooms spurt ♪ fromst
 lips glowing purple amethyst pink
 cloudlets fringed with silver light
 crimson waves mantled pink tips
 bejewelled garlands that paint the void
 enamels iridescent orbs of crysolites
 swirls of beryles to thy sight along
 those cunts folds crimson temptations
 of flesh frothed with the foam of thy
 dreams the splendour of my cunt
 infinite pulsing energies undulating thru
 infinities my lips lighting luminous
 reality with my throbbing fecundity

Ahhh look loooketh at she wound up
inst those draperies that clutch her
flesh about that waist of she artistries
of dreams translucent slip down that
flesh clad inst tapestries gems flash
robes furrows of flesh grip thighs
bosoms tight the light gleams rivers of
jewels fringe that flesh which sighs
doest fly heated onst my breath
emeralds along belly girdle of gold
flicker light flames light flashing doth
my dreams along her flesh stream
lozenges of pink andst gold tip the
cloth that hides the breasts of she
wonton look the eyes doest glow tints
of crimson flush with scents My flesh
turgid her mound my eyes hast found

♪ be Skakti be ♪ Thy wantoning lips
 upon my wanting flesh that that be the
 dreams of thee sendeth lightning
 sparking flowers that froth around the
 flesh ♪ purple tinted blooms golden tip
 flowers with tropic heated perfumes
 blossoms of delight that deck the hair of
 ♪ fromst thy sighs pearl-tinted –
 petaled-buds burst along my cunts folds
 full of spice andst thy dreams untold
 this shrine of flesh the creatrix of the
 universe this temple of flesh that doth
 snare thy mind with subtle kiss caress
 thee writhe thee hiss natures tool thee
 be where be But be my greatest
 attribute be the imagination of thee for
 ♪ that be Shakti that be all the Shes

Ahh the torment of I that victim of she
dripping fumes juicy of ripe fruit
bewitching subjugating that flesh of
concupiscence where unsatiated
dreaming I sit griped of throat tight of
flesh Ohh I moan

The pain andst pleasure of wanting
But not processing

The joy andst woe of longing But not
caressing

The sadness andst happiness of looking
But only seeing

Ohh Ohh maddening I for one kiss with
no restraint upon that she that look
that doth my eyes like beasts
phosphorus glint flesh animal desires