

# **Sirens**

**Doem by c  
Dean**



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FP: Negative of "Nymphs Dancing to Pan's Flute"  
by Joseph Tomanek  
(1920)

## **Publishers introduction**

**Ahh dean is thy work of quality that be the question but ahh what be quality other than fashion of time and place poor Shelly and Keats branded of "the cockney school" and derided by critics contemporary yet in another age of fashion of time and place regaled as gods of poesy ahhhhhh we hear of dean that his work is of old and that no one speaks of "o'er" "whenst" or "canst" in everyday speak which in themselves whenst see impart a giggle to the connoisseurs of fashion of this time and place ahhh dean ♪ sense thee doth not give a fig for fashion of time and place thy works are made of easy rhythm quaint melodies and languorous harmonies thy works**

be not of the chisel and file but like  
*Swinebure* and the *Spasmodics*  
 but of the spontaneous outpouring  
 of intense emotion where there be  
 not intrusions of morality or socio-  
 political ideas thee dean be of the  
 “*Fleshy School of Poetry*” “fleshy  
 all over from the roots of [thy] hair to  
 the tips of [thy] toes” all o’er be thy  
 works lack of wholeness they be of  
 thy erotic daydreams of thy decadent  
 aestheticism Ahhh dean thy works  
 be of anti-*Philistinism* and that  
 deadening of the imagination of science  
 industrialization and wealth and  
 commercialism -contemporary  
 societies decadence thy works dean  
 be not of fashion and this time and  
 place –that be thy quality

**Preface** We are the soft voices of  
 thy soul we sing to thee of joys  
 untold we sing to thee caressing thy  
 flesh with soft sounds with our  
 sighs we garland thy limbs lift up  
 thy heads rise thy necks

Our songs are that take thee  
 to heaven and throw thee  
 into hell

Perpetual kisses of life and the  
 little deaths do our songs tell  
 with froth and foam our cunts lips  
 flower-like stained around with thy  
 cries kiss thy bruised lips splayed  
 soft ast the kiss of perfume upon  
 thy heated flesh soft ast the kiss of  
 the little death at the silence of our  
 singing to madness we be thee  
 bringing

**On the disco floor in the disco blue  
 light 16th note semi-quaver  
 syncopated electric bass line four-on-  
 the-floor beat the scent and the heat  
 gurlies on coke didst bird-like swoop  
 around me on Quaaludemandies<sub>s</sub> in  
 circle didst surround and arm in arm  
 didst to left two steps right legs to  
 left swing didst kick thenst to right  
 two steps left legs to right didst  
 swing didst kick circling circling  
 shirts up to arse white panties didst  
 see √ tight pouch black curls curling  
 round panty seam around √ didst the  
 circling to right thenst to left as they  
 went wet spots in panties shear thru  
 black nets of hair wafting scent on  
 the air didst sing that in mine ears  
 didst ring didst they sing**

**Sing we sing we sweet melodies  
Sing we sing we sweet harmonies**

**Rhythms sweet that thy veins  
pluck**

**Tears thy flesh with our lips  
Asunder tears thy veins**

**Rhythms sweet that thy flesh  
maketh ache**

**With lust-like sighs our lips thy  
flesh heats**

**Rhythms sweet that thy very soul  
quakes**

**Our sighs be serpents hisses in  
the air**

**Fromst our lips music more  
sweeter than crushed fruit sucked**

**Lips upon lips cunts upon cunts  
our mouths breath hotter than hell**

**With kisses heavy with licking  
sweet thy flesh into flames alight**

**With singing our sighs bringeth  
tears to thee tears to thee of hot  
fervent desires**

**Our singing to thee maketh thy  
flesh quake flesh quake with  
insatiable fires**



**Our eyes our smiles out shine  
like the sun hotter than hell our  
sighs**

**Our songs ripple the face of  
infinity**

**Our songs ripple thru the void**

**Our songs ripple into the  
nothingness**

**Our songs ripple for eternity**

**Soft ast the kiss of the petals of  
the rose**

**Soft ast the kiss of moonlight  
upon the virgins lips**

**Soft ast the kiss of perfume upon  
the heated flesh**

**Hot kisses that burn like jewels  
on fire**

**Soft sighs that melt the flesh  
with desires**

**The quivering pink flesh kissed  
by the pulpy red lips like a spongy  
flower**

**Lips full of fires that burns thy  
flesh with unquenchable desires**

**Lips full of fires that bite and  
lick and crush with lust that not  
expires**

**Lips that take thee to heaven and  
throw thee into hell**

**Lips that feed thee with pleasure  
on the sighs of perfumed breaths**

**Perpetual kisses of life and the  
little deaths**

**Infinite kisses rekindled for  
infinite todays and infinite  
tomorrows**

**Sorrows unlimited joys untold  
the bite of the teeth blossoms  
bloom fromst the blood that flows**

**Our sighs are full of songs and  
heated kisses full of delights and  
passions heated Our eyes are  
sunsets glow upon the rippling  
waters below Our cunts are  
tight clasped shells tight clasped  
rose buds that scents heaven and  
hell**

**Pale pink flesh lips pale pink  
chaplets crowning our flesh woven  
with stars dewy-bright bright  
light upon the heavens sky flowers**

**of dewy foam blown upon the  
lilies flesh dripping scent fromst  
perfumed furrows of flesh pink  
fields of pink flesh lusts pasture  
alluring thee flowers of joy and  
tears round thy flesh pink  
blossoms of froth with ravenous  
lips with passionate kiss that  
quickens thy blood and trembles  
thy limbs into thy little deaths  
deliriums delicious on the music  
of lust and the melodies of  
passion fromst the bruising  
kisses sharp lips of pain again  
again of our kisses bloodied  
again and again in thy nostrils the  
perfume of our cunts singeth we  
our refrain thy joy kissed mouth**

**Oh how joyeses it is the lips  
that are sucking the lips that be  
the sweet blooms of a kiss the  
lips that be the sweet sting of  
bliss that up thy heads rise up  
that the tongue that of we do lick  
snake-like wound and clasp thy  
throat that thee answers with a  
kiss where the kiss burns where  
the kiss quivers on the trembling  
neck froth coated where the lips  
licks the flesh speckled licks the  
venomous tongue the neck the  
mouth chews with froth and foam  
the cunts lips flower-like stained  
around the bruised lips splayed  
wide bite thy flesh in crushing  
kissing that bruises thy flesh like**

**bruising fruit that tastes thy  
blood 'gainst the lips of we that  
tastes thy blood 'gainst our  
tongues tip that kindles fires  
'gainst fires of fevered flesh that  
burn but not expires the  
sweetness of our sighs but not  
expires the sweetness of our lips  
hour upon hour savors all fruits  
and blooms with amorous fires  
our cunts burn girdled with dew  
that flame pink dyed all round the  
cunny flesh that sighs our desires  
that sighs our delights for lusting  
in insatiable hours clouded in  
mist pink flowing fromst the  
cunts of we languid delights  
fevered sorrows lie tangled in our**

**cunts folds that sting that bite  
with soft pangs with slight  
agonies that sweep thru the flesh  
of thee that coat thy flesh in dewy  
delights that be kissed by the  
serpents lips of we that feed thy  
pleasures with shuddering spasms  
shuddering flesh licked by lips  
moist licked by lips redder than  
the blood that weeps fromst our  
kiss that be the serpents sting  
that burns thy flesh in flames  
thirsting fromst lust insatiable  
hungers sucking on lips tangling  
tongue to tongue serpent coils of  
flesh frothing foam sweetened  
with thy blood that kissing  
tongues lick like wine that**

**garlands thy flesh in blossoms of  
blood made sweet by the sighs of  
we with fierce mouths that snap  
and clutch along thy pulsing veins  
flames of desires that moisten  
our foaming lips flushed with the  
frothing bubbles of thy blood that  
seeps along thy throats pulsing  
veins with sweet delights our  
lips sweet suck thy flesh as fruit  
ripe bursting with heated juices  
our cunts languorous lilies of the  
little death that in deliriums  
swoon thy flesh quakes thru  
kisses twisting round thy necks  
like snakes curling with stinging  
lips of bite and fang that  
redoubles the bliss of the pangs**



**of the pulse that to the kiss  
responds with the foam and the  
blood and the uncurled tongue  
that burns desires with joy and  
sorrows for the now an untold  
tomorrows our cunts perfume  
sweet binds thy flesh burns thee  
sweet with the soft sighs of we  
that delights thee unto the little  
death the sighs of we sweet  
sounds bound thee and hast thee  
burst like ripe fruit into ecstasies  
that quiver on our breath that be  
thy dreams unto death unsatiated  
on our kiss of lips moist with  
cunts wine that burns thy flesh  
and binds thee to we with joys  
and sorrows unto thy death sing**

**we sing we with sounds that lash  
with sounds that gash with  
sounds of singing that tears thy  
flesh like kisses of glass that  
tears with heated sting the sighs  
of we strike sting with sting in  
thy flesh fresh delights with  
pangs upon pangs of pleasure  
frothing thy blood more delight  
fromst the kisses of we like the  
thorn of the rose that digs deep  
fromst thy flesh blood bubbling  
seeps when the lips of ours on  
fire cause the eyes of thee to weep  
tears that cut thy cheeks sweet  
blood our sighs doth seek that our  
tongues thy thorns doth blood  
reap fromst thy veins that our**

**lips to taste the blood like honey  
that fromst the wounds of our  
sighs hast bled the sweet honey  
fromst lips to lips each of our  
lips dabbing fervent licking to eat  
and of thee consume that flesh of  
thee in our sighs entombed in our  
cunts lilies flowers of languor of  
joyess death on our cunts breath  
dyed with thy purple blood  
gushing fromst thee crushed in  
the folds of our cunts thy cries  
hunger we upon our beds of  
languor perfumed with the sighs  
of our sweet songs that serpents  
hiss with their kiss that serpents  
hiss with our perfumed breaths  
of insatiable joys desires**

**unassuaged that thy souls fall  
into passions fires to our sighs  
that drop like flowers o'er thy  
flesh and fume and foam and  
weave thy lust delights in chaplets  
of flaming fire that gather round  
thy limbs and crush and press our  
lips that severs thy veins to the  
music of our harmonies to the  
music of our melodies to thy  
shrieks and cries of joy our cunts  
venomous mouth clings to thy lips  
caught in lust that our lips  
squeeze the juices fromst thy flesh  
that drips red roses round our feet  
fromst the pulses that rise and the  
kisses that burn and bloom and  
bud till thy flesh is drained of thy**

**blood fromst our lips that froth with  
 their venomous fangs with thy cries  
 and shrieks of pleasure ast we sing  
 at our leisure with our lips tinged  
 with blood and thy tears red on  
 insatiable lips that in thy lips slip  
 perfumed with the sighs of our  
 sweet songs that serpent hiss with  
 our kiss that serpent hiss with our  
 perfumed breaths that hast thee  
 entombed in the little death**

**Thenst the singing stopped no sound  
 and my mind didst ache and my flesh  
 didst quake for those sounds didst  
 cease Oh for that singing that's  
 stopped the ears of ♪ ringing  
 stinging ahhhhhhhhh bring thee back  
 thy song this soundlessness pains ♪  
 pains ♪ with hot jab ieeee each each  
 a Dolores a lady of pain**

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