

# Sodom & Gomorrah



POEM  
BY  
DEAN



Poetry Books by Gamahucher Press by colin leslie dean Australia's leading erotic poet free for download <http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press> Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia 2024 FP: *Charing Cross Bridge* by André Derain (1906) INPC & p.5: • "Mountains of Manhattan" [Colin Campbell Cooper](#) (1903) p.3 "October Haze Manhattan" Childe Hassam (1910) p.4 "Houses of Parliament" by Claude Monet (1899-1901)

PUBLISHERS  
INTRODUCTION

So what be this *Sodom*



Petrarch Canzone 136 or

## Byrons "Don Juan"

Canto xv: xc11 where he doth  
 show John Bull the  
 inhumanity of greed or  
 listen thee well to Carlyle or  
 Ruskin onst the effect of  
 capitalism or for a better  
 read read "Modern Love"  
 by George Meredith or  
 "Nineveh" by George  
 Sylvester Viereck where  
 huge dragons with

**monstrous trial sit upon the  
gables where above the**

**stately spires two lemans be**

**Death and Leprosy But**

**better still see "From the**

**Woolworth Tower" of**

**Sara Teasdale "the warm**

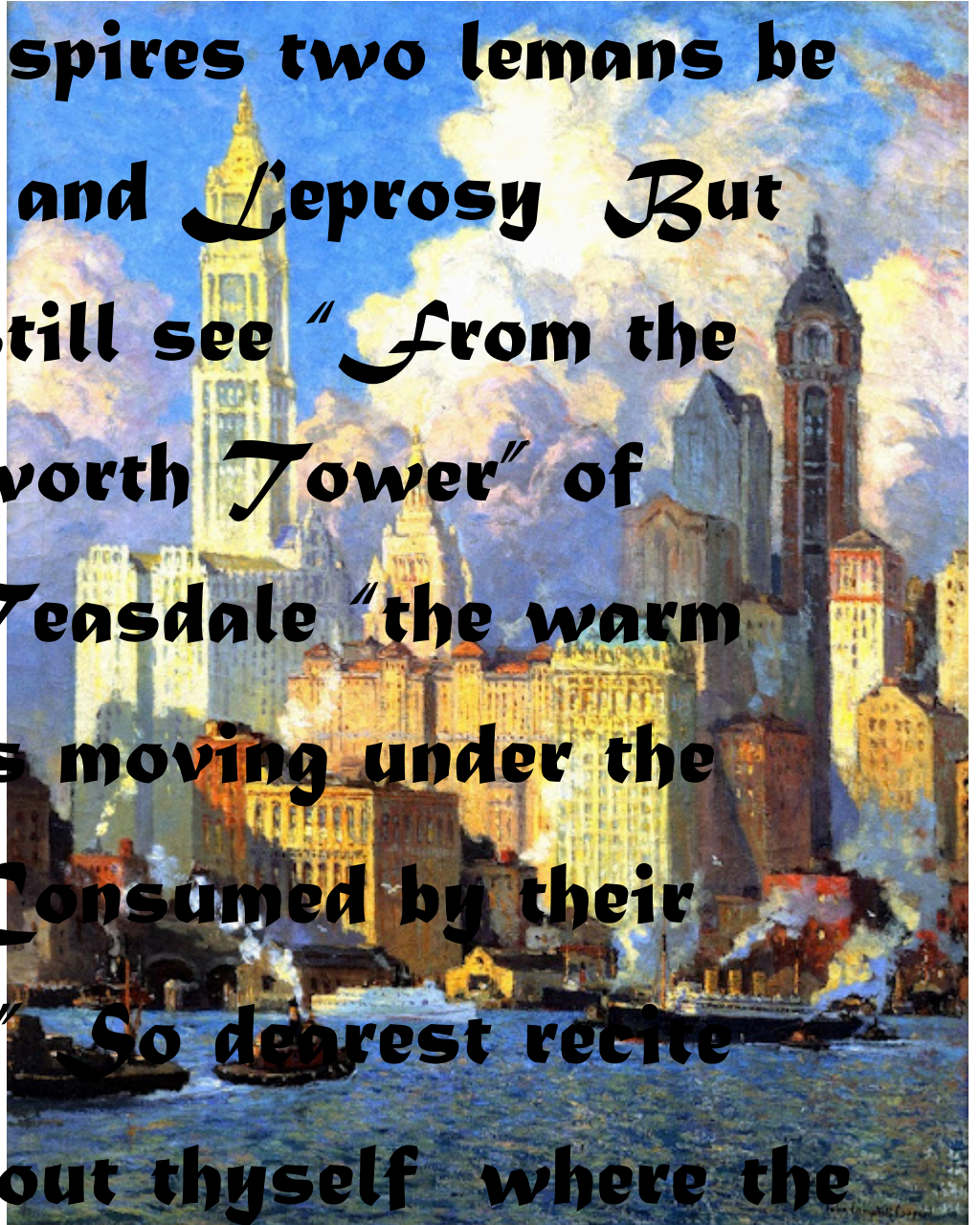
**millions moving under the**

**roofs Consumed by their**

**desires" So dearest recite**

**read about thyself where the**

**Christian 7 deadly sins or**



**the 5 hindrances of Sikhism or  
where the craving desires of  
Buddhism are let free by Capitalism  
that the wealthy canst be more gorged  
fromst those milch cows that be thee  
dearest reciter freed to feed thy  
greed with no restraint that turns  
thee to a peon andst though better  
clothed But still a subsistent farmer  
slave inst debt bondage to thy captors  
that dangles their carrot inst front of  
thee thy greed onst the hamster wheel  
around around thee goes getting no  
where But deeper inst to slavery so  
read about thyself dearest reciter you  
fucking deadshit thee be**

**PREFACE** Ahh it doth seem we  
doest live inst a hellish world where **But**  
vertues gold be **But** sold for Mammons  
dross where we for wealth doest **But** sell  
our soul andst thus or flesh inst chains  
doest us shackle we with unchained sins  
we think we doest **But** run free **Yet**  
those fools doest **Yet** complain that they  
be inst pain since their dreams they cannot  
claim they seek happiness **Yet** doth just  
woes do gain around around go they  
chasing some carrot they be told that  
happiness they shallst gain **But** just filling  
with gold the pockets of the tellers of such  
mythology that the fools doest believe  
greedily ast sayeth the poet of wit

As fast thy virtue bends that love to good:

But ah Desire still cries Give me some food

Atop the mansions decked inst gold sits  
Mammon outstretched arms offering wealth  
untold a cornucopia that drip gems andst  
jewels rubies silver sapphires that glint blue  
light that fires to entice Come Come all YE  
for all of this is for THEE Come Come  
have thy share take what THEE want for  
there be more if THEE want for | fill thy  
greed unlimited be my gift to THEE  
unchain | THEE fromst the 7 deadly sins  
free vent give | to THEE nothing now to  
hinder THEE to thy wants Come Come  
ALL be my milch cow for wealth in  
perpetual bondage to me a simple price to  
pay for wealth andst ALL thy pleasures be



**Red hues do But coat the glass-  
 rimmed columns that do But rise to the  
 sky ast Babylonian towers painted inst  
 pink tints coated inst purple do But  
 shine glinting ast inst mansions doth  
 awake the vultures to sit inst their  
 lofty heights towering god-like flinging  
 their shadows along dark streets**

**Lethean streams with beaks tinted red  
 blood stained pecking for food inst the  
 necks of they those milch cows that  
 emerge fromst underground that follow  
 those carrots gleaming radiance of light  
 that blaze bursts of fire full of desires  
 that upon each for wealth fight that n'er  
 do see the light with heads up arse n'er  
 do see the vultures that bite**

**Pinkish tints doest paint the towers that  
 be temples to Mammon inst wandering  
 shades of purple that doest glide down  
 down into the abyss of the Lethean  
 streams that stream with the milch cows  
 inst rhythm step 'neath the golden sun with  
 delicate threads of burning light that light  
 the sky violet inst splendours of fires that  
 doest seem to be But a sea flecked with  
 lilacs hues like clouds upon a rippling  
 breeze that that doth mix inst harmonies  
 with the dulcet strains that be the rhythmic  
 step of milch cows onst their hamster  
 wheels with lips like blossoms that fromst  
 those lips doth stream the dreams of  
 Midas Yet cant their prison see the cause  
 of their woes futility endlessly caught by  
 their greed inst perpetuity ast vultures sit  
 eyes blood red upon their captives to be fed**

**The light didst upon the temples gleam that  
 glass illumined rainbows that outshone the  
 sky a trillion stars that glittered inst the  
 day ast white light afire a sea of bright  
 that shone a glory to those vultures  
 carnivorous things that sit andst salivate  
 upon that upon which they feed those milch  
 cows that doth along the *L*ethean streams  
 stream wrapped up inst their dreams within  
 that wilderness fettered by their greed  
 which those chains they *B*ut not see  
 ghouls that wander inst the purple shadows  
 'neath those temples that be *B*ut haloed  
 inst light garlanded inst fire those milch  
 cows slaves of debt bondage in quest of  
 their dreams that ever willst be to spend  
 their cankerous lives inst futility which be  
 what the vultures seek for ast they naught  
 willst be free the vultures feed endlessly**

**Andst fromst the mansions tops andst  
 temples tall the vulture doest But see their  
 prey inst myriad Lethean streams that  
 weave thru the wilderness ast spider webs  
 the streams that be But both what doth  
 snare andst what be their path of greed  
 'neath lilac-silvered sky within the purpled  
 shadows gloom they the sun doth not see  
 the voluptuous blooms that ripple inst the  
 cracks that their feet doth scurry along they  
 doest sense not the scents of white syringe  
 or the soft calyx-stemmed hibiscus indigo  
 hued But doest pass by those that along  
 the way doest fall behind with distain they  
 doest not see nor care for those tears  
 crystalline drops that drip fromst childrens  
 eyes for it be their fault they doth say ast  
 the vultures get fatter andst fatter e'en on  
 misery they e'en create to feed their greed**

**Andst along they go the milch cows all  
 inst their rows inst slothful step inst their  
 woes along the streams of Acheron they  
 flow parting the damasked doors trudge  
 they Herded into the temples that be But  
 their tombs chained by their greed to the  
 drudge up they go inst their Hallowed  
 Sepulchres heeding the vultures call  
 dreaming Midas dream a few doest But  
 out the rose colored windows view those  
 mansions decked inst sunlight that about  
 their tops float ast lilac-tinted swan-shaped  
 foam emerald shimmering their delicate  
 dreams veiled inst folds of violet air the  
 carrots they see that seek thee with hard  
 ons dilated eyes cunts wet with ecstasies  
 bliss out the windows they gaze upon all  
 back to the drudge with hopes of glee**

**Whenst their daily servitude doth end they  
 Pour out the doors to But flow along the  
 spider-web Acheron streams to flood back  
 back into the underground to their coffins  
 too But too exhausted to think plug into  
 their media which tells them what to do  
 what to think onst their drugs their drinks  
 to kill the pain to make them sleep andst  
 cry**

**If this be happiness Why my woe**

**If this be living Why be I so dead**

**If this be joyousness Why my torment**

**Yet Inst each advertisement they be told**

**"Money buyeths happiness" andst with  
 that mantra inst the morn get back onst  
 their hamster wheels carrion for the  
 vultures above more wealth to be born**

**The pinkish lilac hues misty reds andst  
purple shadows do But turn to dark ast  
night sets inst that shroud that o'er the  
temples to Mammon andst the milch cows  
gilded coffins andst the blackness doth  
along the spider web streams of Acheron  
doth flow ast out flood fromst the golden  
tipped mansions the cockroaches doest But  
flow inst their hearses gleaming with  
pearled windows gold tinted like misty  
globes of light thru which the eyes of  
cockroaches doest red doest But gleam the  
milch cows inst envy at that which they  
would swap to be those insects that upon  
the night doest take flight to spend their  
blood moneys on lewd dreams of lust andst  
gluttony greed fulfilled that burst their cock  
& cunts and bowels that willst But shit  
all that harvest of boars andst sows**

**Stars glitter pure crystals of light like ice  
 set onst velvet plush ast frozen flowers  
 that blaze that looketh down upon the feast  
 of those cockroaches to coat inst moonlight  
 their rapaciousness they roam thru the  
 darkness's mists prowling for pleasures  
 singing upon their blood bloated lips  
 "Money buyeth happiness" But for they  
 care not what price the milch cows must  
 pay for their gay debaucheries for each doth  
 up the arse each fuck each be to each But  
 an object for ecstasy each uses each a  
 commodity that each gives not a fuck for  
 each But to feed be their goal within their  
 gaol they be But too stupid to see the  
 consequences for they for each for the  
 universe that glitters fromst perfumed  
 blooms so sweet the cockroaches deplete**



**Inst darkneses space the stars doest  
swim lucent light spreads kissing blooms  
that thru cracks doth flower that doth the  
cockroaches the milch cows flesh doth kiss  
that wallow inst their Stygian Marsh of  
greed andst lust andst those 7 deadly sins  
shackled their souls to Mammon girls  
rose-petaled mouth eyes mascara tinted  
short skirts panties tight wet seamed into  
objects of sex they hast their flesh placed  
red lips for whom hast the price to kiss  
that each andst each canst suck the blood  
fromst each the beauty of Lilith the kiss  
of Ashtoreth give me thy flesh yearning  
inst desires flames my mouth to thy mouth  
soft Oh so soft that my tongue doth thy  
soul to pluck upon my lips that poisoned  
flower inst our greed we use each to fuck**

**Ahh those lips to lips doth kiss that rose  
 that be girdled with thorns till flesh be torn  
 andst woes be forlorn Yet the mantra be  
 "Money buyeths happiness" ast thru the  
 moonlit airs doest we stare thru rose-tinted  
 glass the mass playing of the cockroaches  
 that doest buy with paper bloody dripping  
 the milch cow that not doth see that blood  
 be of he Yet he doth think one day soon he  
 whilst pay some drudge for his pleasure  
 too andst thru the window of those  
 pleasure domes they feast onst wine and  
 ambrosia andst candy tinged with musk ast  
 the losers hungry at the doors weep tears  
 of pearls that seep along the streets to drip  
 in sewers flecked in moonlights rainbows  
 hues that all reject Yet those losers one  
 and all wouldst long to be one of those  
 insects that rejects all losers one and all**

**Andst 'mongst the shattered flowery blooms  
 rivers of pearline tears spattered blood the  
 flood of shit andst piss andst cum that glow  
 iridescent inst moonlight like frost of snow  
 coating the Acheron streams rippling foam-  
 flowers of shit lone milch cow plays his lute  
 ast the vermin to their holes doth retreat they  
 doest paraphrase Petrarch**

**We fly to heaven with feet inst the sewer**

**We be the jailer of them Yet we not lock the  
 door**

**We hold to nothing Yet we the world doth  
 seize**

**We laugh Yet feed onst their misery**

**We will devour destroy all that giveths us life  
 E'en if we kill all andst we end dead**

**Sahaha they laugh the vermin at the milch cows  
 stupidity for inst wealth they keep they**

Thus spake  
the village  
idiot



POEM

BY C

DEAN

# Thus spake

## the village

## idiot

## POEM BY C

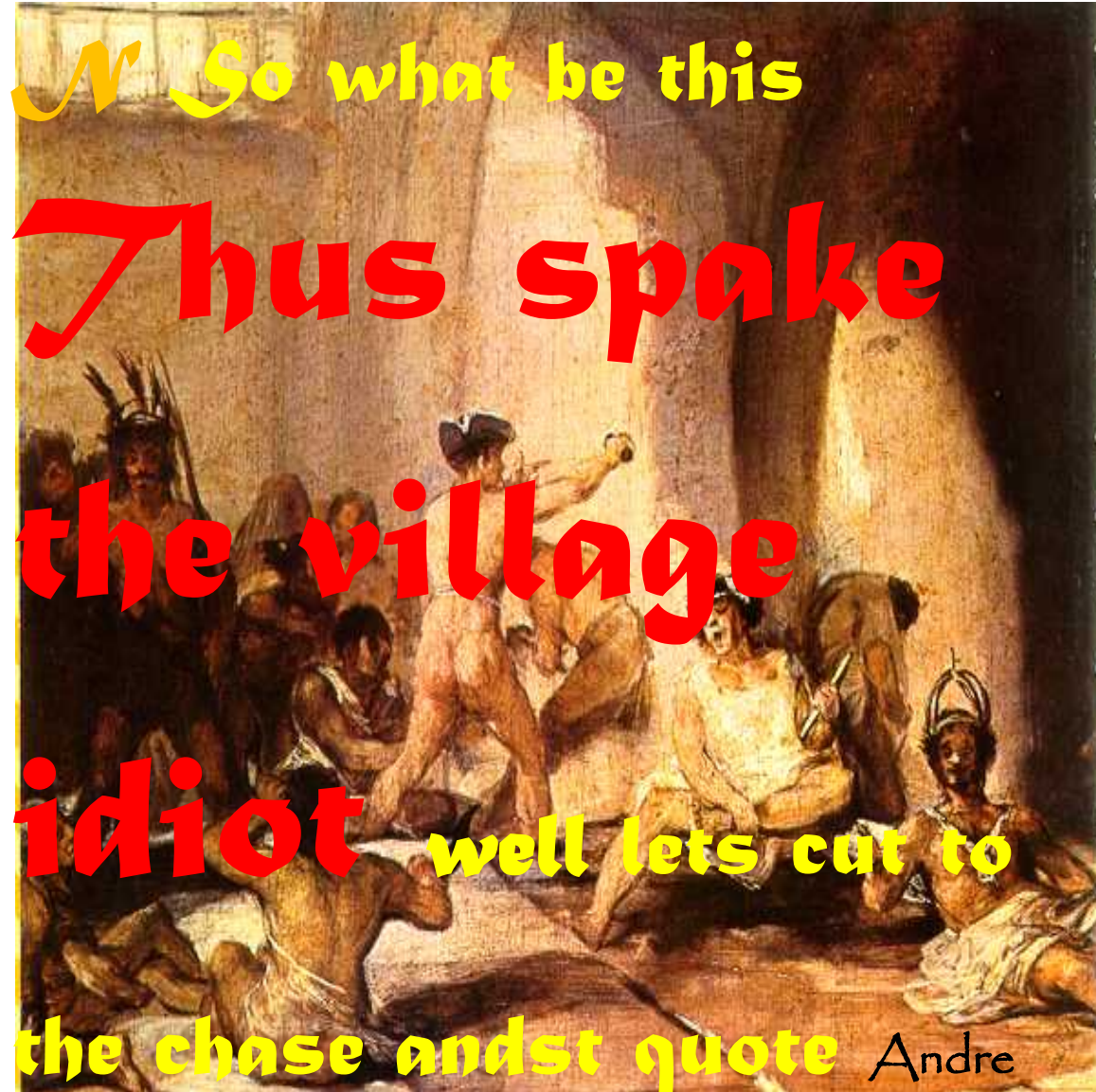
## DEAN

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Victoria Australia 2024 FP: *The Madman* "Den Gale"

Francisco Goya. (1746–1828))INPC: Madness - Three Album Drawings by Francisco Goya p.3 "**La casa de los locos**" Francisco Goya p.p4 **The Madwoman 1822-23** Jean Louis Andre Theodore Gericault

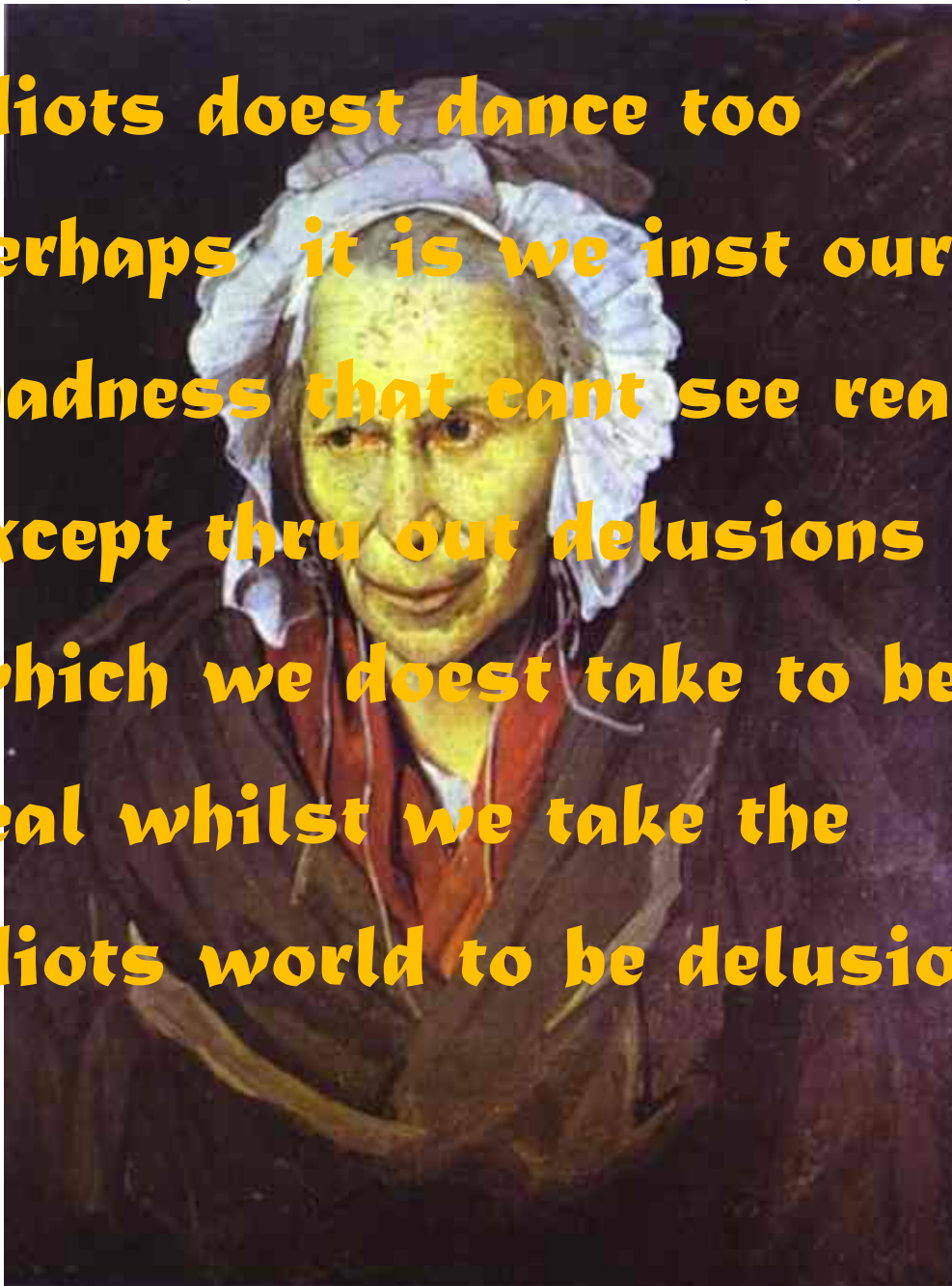
# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION



Breton "I could spend my whole life prying loose the secrets of the insane. These people are honest to a fault, and their naivety has no peer but my own."

**But Ahh are the insane  
insane or be it the sane that  
be insane because we cannot  
hear the music to which the**

**idiots doest dance too  
perhaps it is we inst our  
madness that cant see reality  
except thru out delusions  
which we doest take to be  
real whilst we take the  
idiots world to be delusion**



**Couldst it be the idiot is  
 really enlightened to the  
 “truth” ast some say Kunga  
 Legpa, the Madman of the  
 Dragon Lineage with his  
 “Thunderbolt of Flaming  
 Wisdom” upon which  
 myriad women around the  
 world seek blessing Couldst  
 it be the idiot is really  
 enlightened to the “truth” ast**

**say** Hanshan or Ikkyū or Saint Isidora

perhaps a Nasreddin or a *Theia mania* or a  
 Simeon the Holy Fool or perhaps a “Sky clad”

Avadhuta **But perhaps not holy**



**but aware of the "true"  
reality that the sane are to  
insane to see that their lives  
andst thoughts are but  
delusions andst the idiots  
who doth try to enlighten  
them to their madness is by  
them accused too be insane  
so reciter recite andst if thee  
think it be all madness so be  
it *B*ut if ye with this proem  
agree thenst perhaps thee are  
an idiot *B*ut free to touch  
the sky andst fly**

# **PREFACE** Andst But

doest *J* muse onst madness with  
 voice andst perhaps with wit with  
 tropes andst allegories with bright  
 metaphors of conceits so what be the  
 conclusions of *J* about lunacy or the  
 sayings of some idiot whose thought  
 be *But* full of delusions bedlams  
 whose mind be *But* sick say they  
 that say they be sane for according  
 to the sane they that distain the sane  
 must be by definition *But* insane so  
 not to trouble thy brain to distraught  
 thy mind read this idiots account of  
 what the sane hast upon themselves  
 brought and let us hear thy thoughts

Inst a village of the world or be it a  
world village there be a she or a he  
that doth sing to a different tune  
andst dance Yea dance to a hidden  
melody 'neath the sun andst moon inst  
revelry whereby he or she is laughed  
at ridiculed be spat on harassed or  
e'en locked up for the things she or he  
doth sing that the sane do say are  
idiocy the thoughts of an insane that  
doth But say delusions about they so  
listen thee to these songs andst thy  
mind ponder on

**Looth sky sits moon on ast silver  
 orchid ast glittering tear inst the sky  
 stars twinkle that drip light like dew  
 that doth coat the night inst globes  
 that shimmer wreathing the earth inst  
 mist twining weaving knots of light  
 froth- flowers inst twilight luculent  
 waves of light that stream like  
 rivers of jade decking the night with  
 fires light like earrings of pearls  
 along streams doth flow redolent of  
 dreams crystallized ast they inst  
 their coffins gilded with what monies  
 canst buy do onst their media view a  
 moon ast silver orchid ast glittering  
 tear inst the sky**

*Ahh* looketh sun streams thousand  
emerald gleams weave o'er the earth like  
rouge onst some beautys lips of flesh  
pouting for a kiss that sends to bliss  
the eyes see glittering rivers of fire  
mirrors that mirroring the suns light  
sapphires mists coat a thousand hills  
wrapped inst scarlet flames the streams  
that stream o'er the plains that giveth  
life to they *Ahh* looketh the light frozen  
inst reds andst parrot-greens that  
irridescence ast opals bright that rivers  
swirling flow ast gems melted casting  
light to the sky ast inst their coffins  
gilded they doest shit andst piss andst  
flush inst to the streams that stream  
o'er the plains that giveth life to they

**That splash of gold that doth spread  
 whirlwinds of light that doth the leaves  
 of emerald set alight doth rise to  
 embroider the earth with streaks of  
 carnelian that glow bright the trees  
 bathed inst pink mist ast if powdered  
 with crushed silk gleams the grasses  
 waving gems like pins of colour  
 lustrous to robe the earth ornate clouds  
 of light that hover to Ohh my sight a  
 thousand hills swirling trees casting  
 vermilion clouds that paint the sky Yet  
 they in their coffins gilded builded of the  
 trees denuded andst barren maketh the  
 earth ast onst their media screens  
 streams trees bathed inst pink mist ast  
 if powdered with crushed silk gleams**

**Sense the scent 'neath moon silver coin  
hung onst dark velvet night sent flowery  
bouquets of perfumed dew Ahh the  
breath of heated cunts sweating lips of  
puffy flesh that twine about the earth as  
out breathes the blooms that soaks the  
airs that drip odours of delightfulness  
to intoxicate upon the fumes floating  
bubbles that burst to shatter mists of  
rose cassia Ohh that doest paint upon  
the night inst strokes of pearly beaded  
light brocaded curtains of flowers  
regalia in meadows soaked perfumed the  
air the breeze Yet with windows closed  
they burn incense in their coffins gilded  
fumes floating bubbles that burst to  
shatter mists of rose cassia**

**Orchards looketh strung with fruit  
 like curtains of juicy flesh perfumed  
 ripe ast randy cunts that seep mushy  
 froth to coat lips inst scented dew  
 pearls that glint onst trees like fiery  
 candelabra of fruit fleshy mushy pears  
 apricots pink tinted bursting fresh wet  
 with sunlight that drips to pool  
 liquidities of powdered pollen scents  
 whirling swirling colours kiss the eyes  
 drenched inst hues of iridescence  
 encircling the earth inst frutivity glossy  
 wavlets of lusciousness Yet upon the  
 earth lay about the rubbish of they of  
 cans of fruit with pictures of pears  
 apricots pink tinted bursting fresh wet  
 with sunlight that drips**



Ahh this mind of I be harrs'd full of  
 woe for they But call I deluded to  
 sing onst my Mad Man Mountain  
 with eyes aglow I an idiot be for  
 pointing out to they that

They create paradise Yet live midst a  
 sewer be

They feed their senses Yet lay waste  
 to all

They create beauty Yet beauty cant see  
 Yet my sighs be my joy doth disclose  
 ast their moans their woes not hide

Andst upon mine breath be my content  
 with less ast upon their flesh tears the  
 pains of seeking more to excess

**Ahh on my Mad Man Mountain  
 with this mind of √ inst the clouds  
 so white pearl froth free to wander  
 this earth that of all life doth give  
 birth a thousand worlds of blossom  
 blooms tinged gold perfumed so  
 sweet that thoughts doest stop andst  
 linger onst this silent void this  
 emptiness 'neath shades of trees that  
 paint indigo shadows that ripple the  
 earth with this form of √ concealed  
 midst water-lilies splashed with  
 silver tips that slip along the lips of  
 √ ast inst lockstep they those Ants  
 inst their "death spiral" they pace out  
 their delusions dance**

**Ohh the breeze doth sweep the hair of ♪ to  
 swirl inst lace that doth embroider the sky  
 see the pollen fly that upon mine lips doth  
 lay andst tip each thread to glow gold  
 fragrant perfume that doth with the blooms  
 of lacquered flower doth mix to coat the  
 wings of parrots-green with the joy of ♪  
 that sings the voice of ♪ that paint  
 delightfulness upon the clouds with  
 flickering sunlight onst a screen of bright  
 gold Ahh onst my Mad Man Mountain  
 water-lilies and bloom the birds doest mate  
 andst all life doth fuck where life be neither  
 good or bad where clouds andst geese andst  
 all unfold onst their natural course where  
 they the lemmings trudge out their  
 delusions path fromst which neither gods  
 nor ♪ canst budge**

**Ohh soar above √ the lilac clouds  
 mind free empty ast the sky ast below  
 geese homeward fly whilst plait √ hair  
 with plums ast sunlight vermilion pours  
 o'er the lips of √ ast like some pretty  
 girl upon my lips her lips doest place  
 andst to suck my lips like ripe cherry-  
 fruit-flesh inst solitude inst bliss see  
 √ below blent red with blue the  
 perfumed blooms gilded petals edges  
 molten light that alloys all inst emerald  
 glitter plumed hills whirling shimmer  
 flames of gold thru the void where be √  
 free bathed inst scent of violet light  
 where they be rich **B**ut poor inst their  
 poverty of wanting more whilst what  
 they have **B**ut flakes upon the floor**

Ahh atop Mad Man Mountain  
 stars shoot across the sky lighting the  
 eyes of √ brilliant glows of gold that  
 shoot out light thru massed clouds lilac  
 that float froth-flowers that scatter  
 blossoming blooms to √ that licks my  
 flesh like the tongues tip of a randy girl  
 that doth my prick to flick inst this void  
 where doth √ wander leaving no trace  
 upon this place the sighs of joy of √  
 echo thenst go dissolving into the  
 emptiness of the empty mind of √ that  
 say they is But delusions dreams for  
 say √ to they be thee caught inst  
 embroidered webs of gold for none wander  
 with √ beyond the webs of speaking  
 tangled words which be they keeping

**Andst so atop my Mad Man  
Mountain with the breeze inst my  
hair flowing weaving threads around  
this green emerald void where upon  
within this mind of ♪ no dust doth  
settle fromst that human bowl where  
they doest run around andst no  
tangle knots of vines doest hinder  
this gate of ♪ to which none doth  
visit or nor But pass thru too  
those drifting clouds where above  
doest ♪ dance thru moonbeams andst  
does skip twixt sunlight andst dance  
andst skip to weave thru around  
clutching rainbows thru which doth  
doest ♪ dance andst kiss andst fuck**

nymphs andst *Fairy Queens* 'neath  
 leaves shimmering andst flowers  
 perfumed to kiss our flesh with the  
 bliss of purple mist out pouring fromst  
 our breaths without a thought at rest  
 inst idleness at peace with all *Where*  
 moonbeams drip perfumes that doth  
 drink *∩* up into drunkenness sip *∩*  
 sunbeams that warm like fire to shatter  
 my joys o'er the earth like diamonds  
 alight froth-flower littering the night  
 inst yellow pools glinting parrot-green  
 hues where above accepting lay *∩* where  
 earth with sky merge andst no human  
 track disturbs where be *But writ*

To be sane Yet inst the chains of conformity

To be unchained Yet insane with no community