

Souffrance

(Ode To A Nightingale)

POEM

BY C

DEAN





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fp: The Ecstasy of Saint Teresa by Gian Lorenzo Bernini p.2 Mary
Magdalene in Ecstasy by Caravaggio P.6 *Tako to ama 蛸と海女 (Dream of
the Fisherman's Wife, (1814) [Katsushika Hokusai](#)*

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W so what be this

Souffrance

well canst say y that this
person has litt moore of his
tulip-cheeked poems inst
bright light that be this

Souffrance like a

snuff box for thy toilette

salon voluptuous beauty ast
 a tinted morning beam writ
 onst paper silver with a
 crystal pen dazzling diction
 gemmed dew-drops
 innumerable pearls glitter
 the words languid odours to
 thy minde doth too dance ast
Peris andst nymphs inst
 golden glades the words
 ast *Angels* wings that doth
 to drift o'er the glossy page

a flash after flash of images
 ast fireworks Ahh that
 doth to seduces they tastes
 ast thee doth to lay inst thy
 bath plucking the flowers
 andst blooms fromst the
 page of gorgeousness to
 pluck the page laden with
 fruit andst Guls andst
 Bulbul songs that doth to
 bringeth to thy dimpled
 cheeks hues of radiant light



andst smiles onst thy lips
 ast thee doth read with
 languor inst thy boudoir the
 style of another Australian
 Anacreon that doth not cloy
 of too much sweetness nor
 fatigues nor doth offer
 surfeit of its surfeit of
 sensations decorations of
 melting luxurious evanescent
 delights laden with squishy
 pulpy oozy fruit

PREFACE Ahh bath dweller
 boudoir or at thy toilette let Ÿ doth to
 be a teller reach for thy snuff to snuff
 the incense boiling up fromst these
 words phrases doth Ÿ say of gilded
 light to savour these thoughts brought
 by Calliope carved inst gold enamelled
 with gems laced with brass to taste
 doth say Ÿ of sweet sweetmeats or
 poisons deadly bite Ahh mortals
 mayest Ÿ be too clear with mine saying
 for thy ear read this proem andst
 listen to the breeze that doth seep thru
 thy antechambers listen to the rhythms
 that be not just barren noise sniff thy
 snuff andst to feel the words wrap thee
 up inst serpent coils

Ahh uponst thy love doth thee feed giveth
 thee mine love thy lips doth say thee giveth
 thee mine love whole all mine thy kiss thy
 flesh thy mouth to mine lips to kiss that doth
 to suck the fires to mine lucent lips that curl
 to clutch to grip to squeeze thee inst to me
 to feed mine hunger for thee Ohh thee mine
 love the sweetness be the paine that of thy
 flesh I doth gaine give thy lips n'er enough
 withhold not fromst me Ahh dearest reciter
 hath thee felt all what love doth mean to be
 empty till thy love feeds thee thenst recite
 onst these sighs for thee to read

Ahh doth to mine eyes didst √ to spy
 within some prosperous wood where
 faery broods andst Nymphs andst
 Satyr didst recline andst honey dew for
 food didst √ see a she But weep
 fromst eyes to weep of so fair andst
 fromst her mouth bubbling honey that
 shes words didst to flow swift –lipping
 'neath Circean head along her lips blush
 damask didst to lisp Ahh aches doth
 mine hart andst thru mine limbs
 numbness doth pains mine sense thenst
 to mine ear doth rains that mine minde
 doth seem to part whens to hear // *mío*
ben quando verrà Ahh whenst willst
 mine beloved cometh to soothe mine
 paine that doth √ might √ Ohh to
 reclaim mine happy lot light winged
 Dryad of the trees andst thee beloved

inst a melodious plot with thee clasped
 to mine lips pressed ♪ willst singeth
 inst summer inst full throated ease with
 thee within mine lips pressed mine hart
 breaks sigh ♪ for thy lips pressed
 beloved cometh for mine tears doth to
 fly fromst mine eyes that doth this
 summer to frost to the leaves to paint
 Ahh mine sighs music languorous that
 drip uponst the leaves that leave scarlet
 hues that run along mine lips to bleed
 ruddy stains uponst its flesh that doth
 long to suck thy blood into mine lips
 kiss that doth mine lips to part the
 breath fromst mine hart fromst mine
 throat to scorch mine flesh uponst thy
 heated breath Ohh for a draught of the
 breath fromst thy lips that hath been
 heated inst thy flesh that doth to taste
 of thy blessedness But Ahhh thee art

gone andst thy voice sweet mine lips
 doth not meet uponst mine breasts gone
 hard andst all mine days the sweeter be
 not be Ahh for thine light breath quite
 whisper of thine lips uponst mine
 breasts that Ohh Ohh wouldst to
 flow fromst the mouth of that ♪
 wouldst to dance with thee with thee
 within this glade with sunburst mirth
 andst Provencal songs to flutter ast
 butterfly wings be dewed with light
 fromst mine lips Ahh the sweet paine
 that doth ♪ doth to gain whenst thy
 voice doth ♪ to doth hear now beloved
 rains down ♪ uponst ♪ Ohh uponst ♪
 that doth ignite mine flesh inst fervid
 heat that beats the veins of mine ripe
 fruit pulp sweeten burning flesh purple
 flames of flesh fires alight like suns
 beam that doth to gleam andst to scent

the airs with drips ast bright ast yellow
 moons come mine beloved come mine
 good one onst mine sufferings take pity
 mine loving one Ohh Ohh doth he
 giveth me the beaker full of his sweet
 lips juice purple-stained Hippocrene that
 doth to make mine lips to spread with
 sweet poesy to deck thy head with
 bubbles beaded along mine curled lips
 that I now doth drink thy lips andst we
 to both we to inst the forest fade lips
 to lips away with thee inst mine flesh
 absorbed we thee andst I be But one
 inst love Ahh thee mine beloved doth
 to fade away andst dissolve to forget
 I andst all I doth say to thee not to
 know what me mine sorrows be the
 ferverd flesh moist sticking lips that
 pine for thee the not to her mine groan
 to see mine flower to wilt andst droop

the buds pronged so high grape-like
 bright Ahh without mine beloved
 torment great do to break mine flesh
 sorrows to flow andst the summer day
 is gone Ohh faded be the beauty of
 mine lips mine mouth that doth pout
 where the fragrance doth to fade andst
 the darkness to blight mine delight ast
 mine sighs for thee beloved doth
 fromst mine hart expire fume noxious
 that fade all colours that onst blooms
 to show where mine life be But bitter
 infusions that doth √ fromst the foul
 air to too breathe whilst butterflies to
 drop dead inst a whirl uponst their
 beds blood red inst myriad flecks mine
 sighs do But to stain the skies and to
 hide its saffron fires where each to each
 doth to hear mine groan mine despairs
 mine fleshy lips spectre-thin the hairs

around the bulb of flesh which doth
 seem to die ♪ Ohh mine beloved doth
 the lustrous eyes of ♪ not thee to see
 that the lustrous eyes of thine not thee
 to see mine love Ohh mine beloved mine
 love for thee doth find thee beyond all
 to-morrows to fly to thee Ohh beloved
 cometh to sooth mine paine for doth
 mine hart to break for ♪ doth seeketh
 thee inst vaine Away say ♪ say ♪
 Away not onst the chariot of Bacchus
 But Ahh onst the wings of thy voice
 Ahh with thee beloved now uponst thy
 lips mine lips not retard thy kiss Ohh
 the kiss tender is mine flesh fragrant
 subtle fervid fires alight glowing ast
 phosphorous azure blood doth to flood
 mine lips as a sea of mystical fires
 clenched lips breasts drip nectar that
 doth sticky rouge mine flesh of vivid

colours golden stains that doth melt
 mine paine hot tints colours tinge flesh
 ast saffron light that doth fromst the
 sun to drip along lips puffy mist dew-
 decked ast bees gem-lit tapestries
 lamps ink spots of lacquer –like
 Impastoed onst mine flesh with
 brushstrokes of mine breath a glided
 bloom of ripe busting fruit to grip thy
 lips Ahh beloved cometh sitteth with √
 clustered around with mine and thine
 eyes ast stars around the Queen-moon
 Ahh give √ thine lips more more Ah
 doth √ scream again with delicious
 paine with thee to dream Ahh for here
 hear there be no light that be not he
 light fromst thy eyes fromst the
 verdurous bloom of mine lips that
 flutter puffy inst their winding ways
 To drink to think to think uponst that

drink that bringeth to the lips brink thy
 lips juice andst Yet Ohh beloved
 without thee the flowers rot at mine
 feet the fragrances only stink doth mine
 sense to meet no perfume hangs fromst
 the boughs Yet mine lips puffy doth
 fumes perfumed fog mist purple sweet
 silvered foam that floats like snow
 andst thru the meadows roam flecks of
 pearl-foam dust that doth float ast
 fires fromst mine flesh doth ♪ to
 guess Ahh to guess wherewith thee be
 bound doth ♪ sense the scent of
 tuberose languorous breathing ♪ to
 bliss encased uponst thy lips where
 mine dream doth float ast shadows o'er
 mine pulp bulb tulip-cheeked flesh red
 rose of flesh splashed onst the airs
 'neath sun painted gold that hole moon
 mystical bright that melts inst to blood

red flesh Ahh delights untold flood
 fromst that moon hole altar of fervid
 pulp incense clouds surrounds Ohh
 mine beloved thine lips of musk-rose
 let ∫ to drink that wine fromst thy lips
 that doth so ∫ to lick ast flies doth
 murmurous uponst an eve Ohh
 beloved whenst thee doth come flowers
 willst beautiful cover willst cover mine
 Love burnt flesh

But Ahh ∫ doth not see him
 Alas mine beloved doth not to come
 doth hear ∫ *// mio ben quando verrà*
 within uponst the breeze Ahh whenst
 doth Ohh he tells the breezes
 of his beloved ∫ and his grief Ohh to
 thee Ohh
 gentle birds thenst willst he willst
 teach thee a sweeter song Yet he hast

silent fallen But Ohh However I doth
not to hear him

Who hears him

Oh my beloved
hast silent fallen

Ahh darkling uponst this summer light
listen I But not hear I his sweet
song Ahh that I couldst die to death
whilst still inst love with he Ohh he
that hast sung sweet rhymes of his
name that doth fromst mine pulpy fruit
flesh bulb to the air to fragrance fromst
that juice that doth fromst mine flesh
to drain mine wilting flesh languid doth
the lips not press with kisses drunk
uponst his breath Ahh longing flesh
tipped with dew webs of to view
striated gleams gold gems undulating

lips juices moon-like o'erspilling bright
 gush flushed tulip-cheeked dew-like
 crystals light Ohh beloved doth hear ♪
 to sing to sing that doth to seem to be
 so rich for ♪ to die longing sorrows for
 thee as hear ♪ thee to sing that ♪ cant
 see Yet inst ecstasy mine flesh at thee
 outpouring thy songs Ahh that ♪
 wouldst to die uponst the midnight
 moons light with mine paine Ohh with
 mine paines to hear thy high requiem
 songs that mine ear hear inst vain for
 doth ♪ willst die inst starvation of thy
 flesh dissolved inst to mine flesh to die
 to sod to turn Blast mine beloved thee
 doth not come for mine repast Ohh
 immortal thing thee be seem to be Ahh

no hungry generations doth feed onst
 thee *Ahh* thy voice mine beloved *Ahh*
 wast to be heard inst histories past inst
 lands of faeries forlorn andst onst the
 white tipped foam of the waves
 wavering uponst the green ocean seas
 where ast now mine eyes of pearly
 bright flicker to seem to go out the
 gleam for mine beloved doth sadness
 sorrows cast uponst the breeze ast the
 oozy fruity bulb of meaty mounds of
 flesh doth to quiver inst sprays of dew
 twilight-like be mine to sink in to rot
 within wilted flowery blooms stagnate
 pools o'er hung with mist poisonous
 that flow fromst mine dieing breath to
 dry the silver tints fromst calyces that

die inst shadows of black dye the scent
 of mine breath mine sigh that die the
 eyes of ♪ Ahh mine beloved love mine
 kiss mine hands mine very eyes that
 couldst have warmth thy flesh Ahh all
 But some dream of feasting some
 tantalising sweetness Ahh the weft of
 darkness begins to weave shadows
 about mine lips mine fruity pulp Ahh
 forlorn his very sound doth tell mine
 hell to toll thee fromst me Ahh mine
 fancy didst to treat me unwell deceiving
 ♪ of thee mine beloved that doth now
 not come mine sighs adieu to fade along
 the meadow uphill inst to glades Ahh
 mine beloved thee deceiving elf thee hast
 fled the song is dead doth ♪ die not fed