

Sphynge

Doem by e

Dean



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FP "Oedipus and the Sphinx" by Gustave Moreau

Publishers introduction

Ahhh dean thy

Sphynge be symbolisms

culmination symbolisms apogee thy

Sphynge goes beneath the

world of appearance it lifts the veil of
the objective to go beneath the appearance

thy *Sphynge* enters

into the *Noumena* the thing-in-itself

**enters into the numinous enters into
the *mysterium tremendum et fascinans***

Ahhh dean thy

Sphynge be goes beneath

appearance to capture that *je ne sais*

***quoi* which be**

**entirely different from anything we
experience in ordinary life to capture**

the thing-in-itself in symbolism the

ineffable the thing beyond reason

rationality the thing-in-itself that be

the real heart of reality the into and

beyond the *Coincidentia oppositorum*

beyond into the land beyond logic

Ahhh dean thy

Sphynge be the

**deformation of language such that the
thing-in-itself is revealed thru**

**such tropes and figures as metaphor, hyperbole,
paradox, anaphora, hyperbaton, hypotaxis and
parataxis, paronomasia, and oxymoron. Ahhh**

dean thy **Sphynge**

**produces copia and variety and cultivates
concordia discors and antithesis –producing
allegory and conceit**

Ahhh dean thy

Sphynge says blah to

Jean Moréas symbolisim

“...an archetypal and complex style; of unpolluted terms, periods which brace themselves alternating with periods of undulating lapses, significant pleonasm, mysterious ellipses, outstanding anacoluthia, any audacious and multiform surplus; finally the good language – instituted and updated–, good and luxuriant and energetic french language”

**Dear child play still at the appearance
the surface of the thing-in-itself so come
reader go on a journey into the numinous
break free of your everyday world pull back
the veil and experience-like pulling back the
panty from a cunt for the first time**

Preface

**Ahh what is reality a mystery be
 there a *Noumena* or are all things
 just accidents with no essence
 emptiness with form or form with
 emptiness *Ahh* reality be our
 representation a mystery all be
 hermeneutics a world of appearance
 where the appearance be a symbol the
 world be be a forest of symbols for
 those mystagoges of science
 philosophy *Ahh* but perhaps be in be
 only the poet canst unlock the
 mystery**

Sphynge Lay along the

bed of she snake-like half coiled ast the
 maenad in "The Women of Amphissa"
 by Lawrence Alma-Tadema a
 mimalone with pink furled nympheas clit
 a thyrsus tipped grape-bud

Sphynge Lay along the

bed of she snake-like half coiled a
 mimalone lay around be withered roses
 on the chest of she twixt breasts soft
 ast cream moonlight white lay slowly
 beating a rose white with pale pastel
 pallor that be the heart of she where be
 in the heart of that rose lay a shadow a

shadow in that abyss of she

Sphynge Lay along the

bed of she snake-like half coiled a
mimalone watched o'er above the bed by

the Sphinx of "Oedipus and the
Sphinx" by Moreau she *je ne sais
quoi* her eyes *je ne sais quoi* black

fixed like *Jrmine* of Gourmont and
indifferent full of cruel light an
insatiable bacchide like the Comtesse
Diane de Gorde

Sphynge Lay along the

bed of she snake-like half coiled a
mimalone gazing at "Fallen Angels

**in Hell" of Martin the "Death of
Orpheus" of Filiger and the "Ride of
the Valkyries" of de Croux with
refined callistic singing deans hymn
from Xanadu**

I AM SHE INNANA MEN CLAMOUR FOR ME

I AM SHE ISHTAR MEN BAR UP FOR ME

I AM SHE ASTARTE MEN PRAY FOR ME

I AM SHE APHRODITE FROM THE BEGINNING OF
TIME TO ETERNITY MEN ARE ENTHRALLED BY
ME

I AM SHE WHOM MEN LOOK BACK AT DEATH
DOOR FOR A LAST GLIMPSE OF ME

I AM SHE WHO SOOTHES I AM BLISS I AM
INSATIABLE HAPPINESS

I AM MEN'S DREAMS IN THE SCENT OF MY CUNT
THEIR HONOUR DOTH DELIQUESCE

I AM SHE WHOSE FEET ARE IN THE HEARTS OF
MEN

I AM SHE WHO SUCKS HER LIFE FORCE FROM
THEM

COME! I AM DELIGHT COME! I AM DESIRE!
COME I WILL SET THEE ON FIRE!

SPURT THY SEED SQUIRT THY SAP MY FOOD I
HUNGRILY LAP

I HOWL I BITE I TURN MEN INTO SWINE WHO I
ENTICE

ENCHAIN ENTRAP WITH THEIR BALLS WITH
THEIR LUST LIKE VICE

MEN TO ANIMAL FORM I TRANSFORM AS
PLEASURES PRICE

FOR THEIR HUMAN SOULS I OFFER PARADISE

ast

**Slowly beat ever slower the rose white
 with deaths pallor twixt those dunes of
 white light ever slower ast rose petals
 withered blow around the bed of she
 blown on the dolorous sighs of she
 whilst stitched in pink silk within the
 quilt white like milk shimmered the**

"Bower of Bliss" of Spenser

**And o'er the pillow white like moonlit
 frost in crimson threads a dove in a
 manchineel tree**

The room

***All symbols for whom that
 who can see***

***All symbols to warn for whom that
 who can see***

By the bed of she a jade cup ocellated
Silphium filled for the lover of she
Oh didst she sing sing didst she
Oh Oh come come Tout le monde
Come give I thy heart throbbing flesh of
burning fire give I Oh thy heart to give
life back to I give I that heart of thee that
it beats beats with life thru the limbs of I
thru my flesh thru the veins pulsating
gushing with the life of thee into me
Oh Oh come come Tout le monde
The flesh of I bursts into flames
To lick thy limbs
To kiss thy flesh
To burn thy veins
with each flame

inside thy being to burn to thy fluids
to churn fromst the kissing lapping
licking of the lips of ♪
deep inside thee to burn that thy heart
boils thy blood kissed fromst the furling
lips of ♪

Oh Oh come come Tout le monde
Longing fills the cunt of ♪
yearning sore with desires for thy
throbbing heart yearning fills the
cunts lips of ♪ bloated with lust
for thee bloated with blood
bubbling for the flesh of thee

Oh Oh come come Tout le monde

**Give J thy heart fill J with life press
 thy chest to my breasts crush thy flesh
 into the flesh of J fill my needs
 assuage my aches fill me with life
 fromst thy beating heart Ahh the cunt
 of J drips liquids searing that wouldst
 scorch thy limbs the twin lips of J wet
 with the thoughts of thee moist the twin
 lips of J puffy swollen turgid flesh
 that longs to hold thee tight in those
 folds moist perfumed with perfumed
 breaths both succulent fruits ripe with
 lusting ooziings that would J paint
 o'er the flesh of thee that J wouldst
 lick fromst thy flesh with slavering
 tongue that J couldst wipe thy lustful
 sweat o'er the heated flesh of J Oh**

**Oh come come Tout le monde between the
 thighs of ♀ lay thyself lay thyself Ohh
 Tout le monde and squeeze ♀ into thee
 crush thy chest to the breasts of ♀ that ♀
 canst rip that heart of thee that ♀ canst
 tear that heart of thee that canst ♀ plunge
 thru the flesh of thee that boiling throbbing
 heart that blood filled flesh such that ♀
 canst fill the paling flesh of ♀ with life**

**Ohhh Tout le monde give ♀ life thru
 the taking of thy heart give ♀ life give ♀
 bliss give ♀ that red beating flesh give ♀
 that red hued rose flower the sweet vapour
 of that flesh that will be my life Ohhh
 Tout le monde Do give me that rose-
 budded flower glistening red boiling
 fromst the kiss of my flesh Ohhh Tout
 le monde give ♀ life Ohhh Tout le monde
 give ♀ bliss**

Then

**A knock at the gate—"who is there"
is heard "it is thee"**

**It slides ajar across the threshold
didst enter Guyon Enters he with
thyrsus purple plum headed in hand into
this luminal land enters he she uncoiling
springs with prrrr her heart beats faster
the shadow grew darker he sings**

Sphynge thy cunt be
sweet bliss to the lips of ♪ that wine
fromst thy hole be Sufis elixir nectar
sweet to the flesh of ♪ that cunt of
thee be a flower perfumed be a flower
scented with thy desires for ♪ look at
♪ with those eyes *je ne sais quoi* give
♪ ast sings dean

That sweet nectar
that is wine to my lips.

Black bearded beast
fragrant flower of the
night

Spread well those
turgid petals to my
sight

Entwine me in those
musky tendrils tight
but

That I may cat-like lap
that soft hooded bud

Sphynge sprung

prrring clutching Guyon in the arms of
 she he she dragged to the bed with
 sweet sighs fromst he dragged he to the
 bed licking the neck of he ast rolling he
 o'er upon the bed didst she lick he along
 limbs kissing the eyes of he upturning
 he she prrring she run the tongues tip
 along the thyrsus of he sucking its
 purple plum head sighing he ast
 o'erturning she he nibbling an ear of he
 twirling finger thru the tresses of he
 prrrring prring she he moaning sighing
 in delight moist moan and burning sigh
 licked she the flesh of he o'er rolling he
 twixt the thighs of she he she clutched
 and twined limb to limb coiling limbs in
 tight clutching grip mouth to mouth lips

pressed to lips breaths to breath hair
 meshed in tangled net clutching pressing
 chest to breasts into buttocks nails dig
 along back nails tear biting lips sighing
 he in delights orgasms rapturousness
 whilst with the eyes of he gazing into
 the eyes *je ne sais quoi* of she she
 pressed chest to breasts a soft cry
 fromst he he quivered then lay still she
 had her fill a new rose red with a
 shadow in the heart of that rose which
 beat in pulsating beats betwixt her
 breasts ast a new withered rose lay on
 the bed he lay still 'neath the eyes *je ne
 sais quoi* she prring

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***Nihilist √ say some say √ the named
Tao be not the Tao***

