



**Subhāshitāvali
variations**

**By
Ganjadeen**

Translated by jivanmukta

**Poems by e
dean**

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Publishers introduction

Ahh what be this Ganjadeen

**be it a cornucopia of delights that
excites a smorgasbord full of
delicious delicacies words full of
paronomasia and alliteration
proparalepsis and aphaeresis what**

**be this Ganjadeen this be a
subhashita of eloquent songs a
muktaka of anastrophe and
parenthesis and apposition**

thy **Subhāshitāvali**

variations be

Ganjadeen mood pictures in

words be scent carried on thy

rhythms thy inflections syntax

rhetoric and constructions mesmerise

hypnotize intoxicated inebriated we be

on thy kinesthetics effects the

nuances of thy emotions bhāva served

up to us in a goblet of decoctions

spiced by the rasa

we sing with thee

we feel with thee

we rejoice with thee thy

Subhāshitāvali

variations be

Ganjadeen a tapestry of

suggestions skilfully woven in

words figures of speech and

sentences or dare we say thy whole

Subhāshitāvali

variations be

Ganjadeen be a grand

suggestion foretold in thy preface

be this work be erotica intensified
 for the sensualist or mystic
 admonitions for the wise ohhh or be
 thee- like Shelley in *Alastor* or
Prometheus Unbound- a pillager a
 plagiarist of *kāshmīraka*
 Vallabhadeva or art thee a magician
 an alchemist with words where thee
 polishes gold as sayeth T S Elliot
 "...good poets make it into something
 better, or at least something
 different" be thy variations canst we
 say like Shelleys *Homeric Hymns* be
 better than the originals

preface

**Oh pilgrim heed these poems of wise
wisdom sent like perfumed scent
upon moon beams objects of senses
enchain thy flesh with desires never
filled with longings into the great
abysses sent senses filled with
honey but poison be to enslave thy
mind a bee crazy drunk on the blooms
that destroy he with each new sense
thy flesh burns till with craving to
ashes thee returns to desires
unfulfilled each sense renounced
bring greater pain to give one up one
just longs for it the more**

**Ahh a champaka bloom ripe to be
kissed floescence that flower open
betwixt thighs flesh**

**Ohh that cunt mango fruit full ripe
hangs down full of juice what
delight heady scent drips thru indigo
shadows betwixt thighs flesh**

**Tongues tip flicks off chakors
fromst that cunt moon-like
drives away parrots sipping that
mango fruit shoos off bees those
bandit honey-lickers fromst that taut
mimosa bud**

**Ahh look that clit crane on one leg
standing hood retracts Ohhh lily in
bloom**

**Ohh go breeze to he cunts scent sent
kiss the lips of he caress he remind
he of me**

**Look that cunt hair forest hiding
sweet stream shadowed in indigo
shadows wandering o'er thighs flesh**

**That cunt fawn-eyed woven in
tresses of night black hair languid
smiling full of lust spontaneousities**

**Thy cunt a beauty spot glittering like
the summer moon full lipped twixt
those thighs of flesh**

**Look howeth blue lilies bloom in
that cunt hole nectar dripping seeping
loves juice freshly squeezed flesh**

**Oh thee she thy slit crimson coral
glow a trail in the desert to that hole
of thine oasis for a thirsty me**

Yst thy cunt juice honey for the bee

**Or a mango flavoured sweet to tint
the tastes on the tongues tip of me**

**Ohh drunk fromst honey inebriety
 bees swarm to thy cunt drawn fromst
 the hum of ♪ humming like Kamas
 bow those lips sweet notes**

**Shoo thee bee begone fromst this
 cunt of she that kisses me the lips
 of ♪ embracing with those sweet-
 meat folds**

**Troubled by the heat of thy cunt hide
 ♪ twixt those meaty lips Ahh see
 ♪ with ♪ those bees in search of
 shade fromst that furnace of lust**

**Ahhh look thy cunts lips flames of
phosphorescence ignite the forests
blazing fires spread shimmers the
sky with luculent light fromst the
tongues kiss of ♪**

**Thy cunt a blazing asoka bloom
decked in red a bride in full attire
alight with lips on fire**

**Thy cunt decked in cunt dew necklace
of lighting spread o'er thy lips
flashes sparks ignite in that cunt
hole of moon light froth**

Look chakors thy cunt hole mistake

**Look the moon shamed by thy cunts
hole glow hides in its liquidity so of
the birds kiss to betake**

**Ahh thy cunt hole a pleasure garden
be scented like thee jasmine bloom
unplucked**

Look the chakors forsake the moon

Look the bees forsake the blooms

Look for thy cunt they all swoon

Look the chakors the moon forsake

Look the bees the blooms forsake

Look for thy cunt they all swoon

Mistaking for a pearl thy cunt hole

see the daivika apsara hands

outstretched to hold

Ohh howeth canst that half full

goblet glitter so Ohh it be the cunt

hole of thee that doth glow

**Fromst the heat of lust thy cunts
lips drip perspiration trickling down
cooling the lips of ♀**

**Cunts lips burn with crimson hue
Kohl smears those folds of flesh
Cunts hair tangled tresses
Ahh what a night of lust full of
caresses**

**Ah what be this taste of thy cunt
The flavour of mango or
The flavour of candy sugar or
All be it luscious to a
discriminating tongue**

What beauty sublime

Thy cunt

Juice of crushed grape

Lips of melted candy sugar

Scent of flowers sweetly smelt

**May no beauty more superlative
than thy cunt**

What be this this lily blue

**What be this this crimson phoenix
flower**

**What be this this hue of lotus
bloom**

Ah it be the cunt of she

**Ahh howeth sweet that cunt hole
 pearl unpierced pierced by the tongues
 tip of ♪**

The bees flurry

Butterflies hurry Chakors

To that cunt of thee

but Ahh

With the tongues tip of ♪ all scurry

The air breathe ♪ be scented

The tastes taste ♪ be sweet

Thy cunt cornucopia of delights

The lamps be out

The moon be set

**The night be dark no stars bright
twinkling**

But

**Ohh thy cunt on fire lights the room
bright**

**Ohh having quaffed thy cunts juice
lay √ twixt thy thighs flesh the bees
and √ satiated with honey on our
lips √ sigh the bees hum midst that
flower unfurled gorged**

**The lips of ♀ dewed with mango
juice**

**The lips of ♀ smeared with saffron
paste**

**The lips of ♀ scented with musk
pods**

**Fromst eating thy cunt mushy flesh
lips clasped to lips**

**Look that cunts lips flirtatious
smiling**

**Those cunts lips arched eyebrow
flirtatious glancing**

Ahh all ornaments to a randy girl

Licking cunts lips she sighs

Sucking clit she sighs

Diddling hole she sighs

Caressing ...

She cries stop this poesy chatter

fuck me

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