

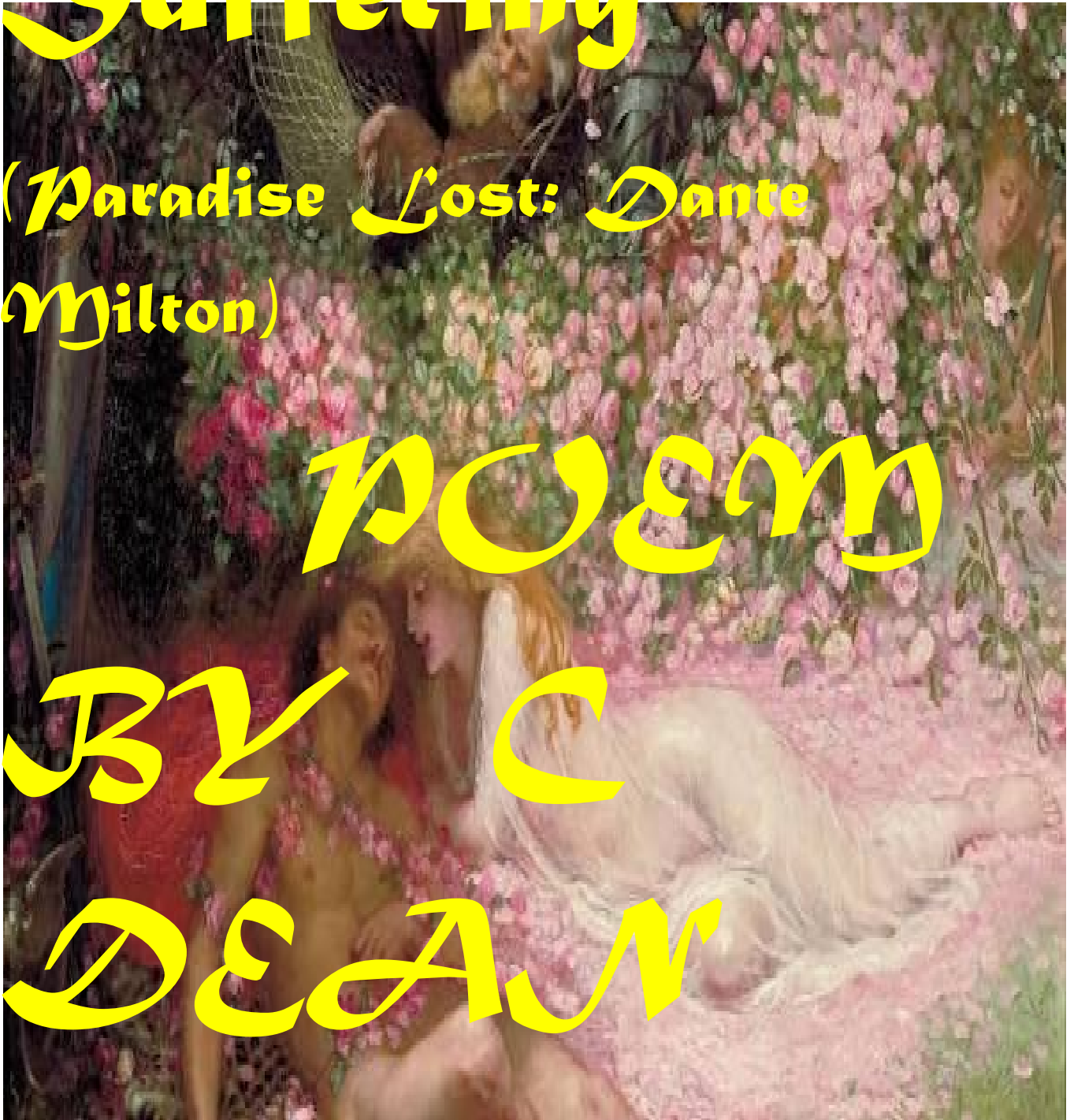
Suffering

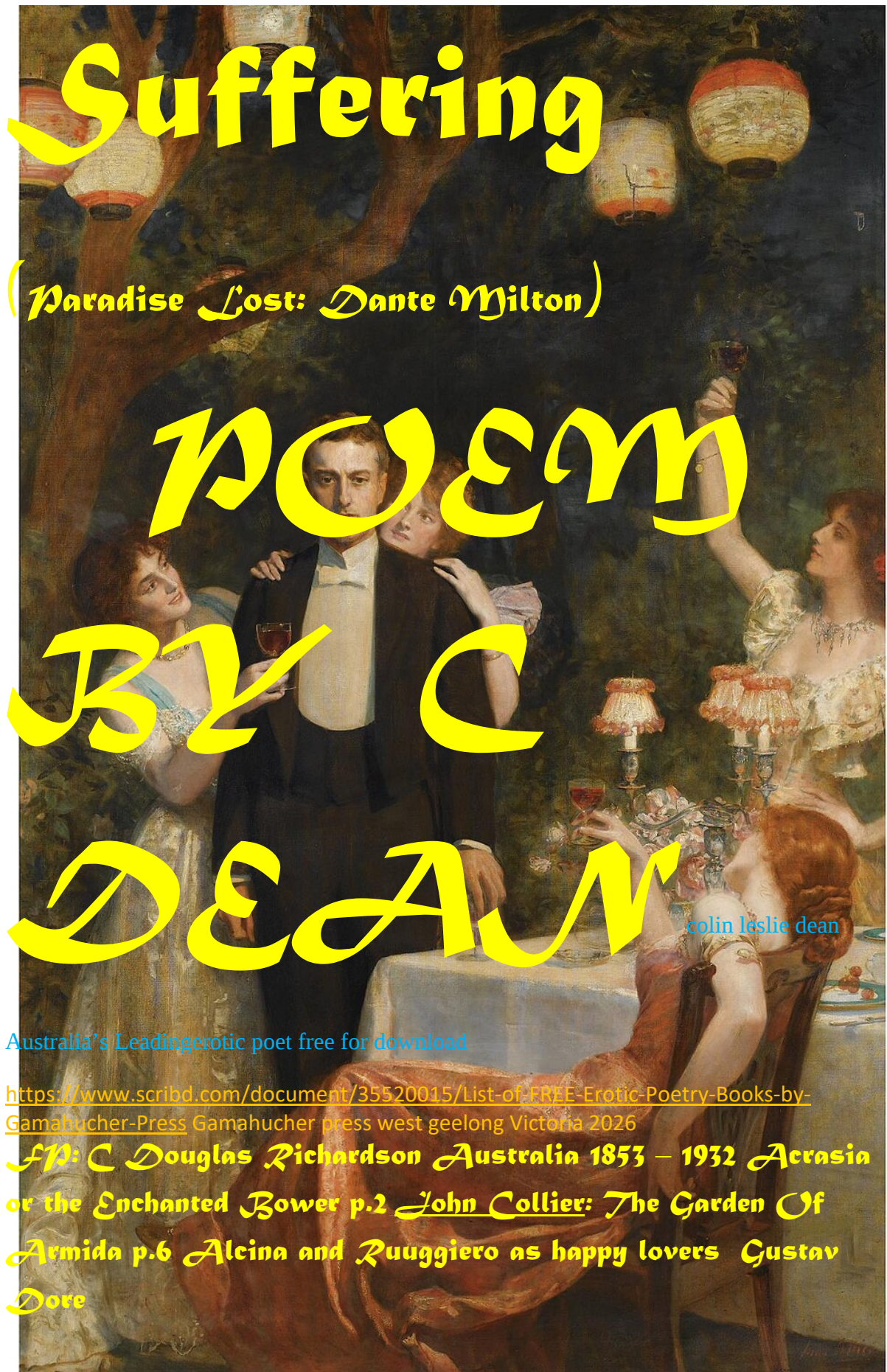
(Paradise Lost: Dante
Milton)

POEM

BY C

DEAN





Suffering

(Paradise Lost: Dante Milton)

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colin leslie dean

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FN: C Douglas Richardson Australia 1853 – 1932 Acrasia
or the Enchanted Bower p.2 John Collier: The Garden Of
Armida p.6 Alcina and Ruuggiero as happy lovers Gustav
Dore

Publishers

Introduction

So what be this **Suffering**
 be it ast some fine wit didst
 to say mere ambition vain
 indolent with idle ornaments
 be it a phantasmoria a
 diorama fantascop be it a
 transparency of fine words
 ast glossy ast an illuminated

slide has this poet borrowed
 more thanst Miltons sacred
 andst profane where he didst
 exhaust every source with
 each line stamped with his
 minde where his imagination
 melts all down to form
 originality scarcely inferior
 to...

where doth he to melt down
 but not to destroy
 borrowings inst to new

beauty Ah be this work a
patchwork of quotations a
bricolage that doth create
art be the lines sculpture
opera or fine art

Raphaelesques cupids putti
or some work for Donatello
or some fine painting for a
Tintoretto full of lightening
colours rosey pearly words
golden-brown lines showers
of yellow sunshine be this

work full of fragments
 fromst others prefabricated
 lines that the poet doth inst
 the furnace of his minde to
 create or be this work ast
 didst to say Elizabeth
 Bishop

“a grey wasp’s nest
 of chewed –up paper
 glued in spit”

a mise en abyme

PREFACE Reciter

**Dearest doth thee to see whenst thee
 doth see thee doth see a trance thy
 minde doth project thenst "Reality"
 doth reflect back to the mirror of thy
 minde whenst thee doth fine thy
 "Reality" be But a trace illusions
 hallucinations that prance uponst thy
 minde where thee doth think thee hast
 "Truth" to finde Yet Dearest
 Reciter thy minde prefabricates the
 things that thee doth think fromst
 "Reality" thee doth finde Ahh But
 Reciter Dearest the insight be that
 thy own cognition creates the poem
 andst its interpretation**

Ahh reciter what be "Reality" but
 impressions that trigger thy mindes memories
 of past histories a froth of sensations that
 weave thru thy minde associations which
 doth recall more impressions associations to
 see wet ripe fruits lushness the mindes
 witcheries twirl thy minde to whirl that onst
 its own accord doth throw up some
 impression association to But trigger more
 impressions fromst thy mindes association
 fromst one bud of sweetness Paradise thy
 minde canst find Yet they canst lead thee
 onst like a spell thru the chaos of
 impressions thru the furnace of thy minde to
 end up inst thy constructed Hell

Uponst tip toe stood I uponst hill
 midst air of ripeness freshness wet ripe
 fruits lushness midst buds of
 sweetness curved lips as tapering clits
 their stems erect flashing light like
 diadems of stars bright mine minde onst
 this sight didst fromst its consensus
 trance to too view Reality constructed
 anew refracted reflected deflected thru
 mine mindes logic consubstantial with
 Reality which be But the modes of
 what thy logic to for Reality is
 constructed all outside things doth
 change ast they logic reflected refracting
 thy logic to glance a new consensus
 trance to Ohh to see uponst Uponst tip
 toe onst this hill my sight to fill fromst

memories mirror to see every plant of
 the field atop this garden mound high
 raised 'neath which be found a river
 that doth runeth south which thru
 porous earth a fountain fresh the
 wonder that doth see ♀ beneath mine
 eyes all delight exposed of human sense
 where inst shadows of purply hue Pan
 with syrinx flute listen to the reed flute
 howeth it tells a tale inst dance knit
 with the Carces andst Hours doth to
 dance whereeth everyone who beeth left
 far from his source doth wishes back to
 be inst the time when he wast united
 with it be Ahh onst mine eyes
 Excursion didst ♀ spy those that those
 unenlightened swains of science didst

not to see with their chisel andst
 compass that those swains of Pagan
 Greece didst to But to see they be not
 myth like those of science andst
 philosophies But glades of haunted
 shades 'neath forest boughs inst holy
 airs andst waters andst desires fires to
 see Nymphs lips to lips edging
 wetening quivering they their thighs
 pussies sweating watering
 edging flushing pussies

gushing

sweating watering pussies dripping
 drips

drops

flowers blooming

to hear they singeth with fires along
lips lightening sparks

“Oh mine beloved full of grace Ahh
that thee shallst always to be fare
better andst better a sweet remedy to be
Ohh harts distress Oh hartbreak
Ohh rose that of change be free Ohh
Ohh youth that inst youth to be Ahh
youthfull spirit Ahh Ahh of the hart
blooming love “ast didst to But
singeth the Minnesinger “Ahh thee
art mine andst of thee I be thine of
certain be thee inst mine hart be locked
where be the key be lost that thee inside
must alwys be “to see I butterfly fly
flickering golden wings lips clutch lips
broad parted blushes rushes ast to drip

drops wetness lush wateriness to drip to
 earth to seep to birth to blooms andst
 vines to climb limbs to twine this
 nature of delight lips bloomy grapes up
 lift to the moon full lips that nip full
 lips to bite to sigh the flesh kissed
 tremulous eyes alight ast golden lamps
 lit by ravishment the feet to tips meet
 drips bubbles of light drop flesh touch
 'neath ignite nimble toes to flick
 primrose and jasmine fumes lick flesh
 oozy lips fruity wetness drips
 dewiness lips pressed peach freshness
 the ripe fleshiness flush crimson ast
 suns glow the wateriness doth to flow
 sighs eyes fondling kissed cheeks of
 flesh arms fingers cares buttocks flesh

the breath rapturous curved thighs the
 finger along slide up the nymphs curved
 flesh along sides they slide up up Ohh
 up they sigh around breasts the finger
 slip o'er nibble Ahh to bite midst Pan
 andst Flora inst the grass 'neath
 blooms the pleasure blast to heat the
 apples red andst strawberries that seep
 nectar juice ast the nymphs around
 doest to tread tipped with silver their
 hairs threads tips Ahh to hear here the
 murmurs sighs cries they glide with
 capacious whirls to twirl Ahh with
 music uponst their lips a convoluting
 sounds all round ast onst the lips ast
 feet upwelling the fumes of fruity
 fruitiness smelling ands onst the light

Zephyrus didst hear here J fromst
 their lips tongues tipped loosed Posey
 dripped uponst the air till the evening
 brown didst to But to take all nymphs
 from their entangled coils to sleep
 andst thenst the Muses of profound
 inclination didst helpest J to doest J
 record inst ink pink gold-gilded lines
 what things didst see J ast the
 flowers blooms ast inst a frosty night
 to droop to shut tight to mine sight
 those blooms didst before that uponst
 their stems erect stretch andst opened
 wide to the suns sight for thenst didst
 J uponst a deep andst thorny way
 entered J down the hill where spills
 fromst many a rill down the sides steep

within the glade steep united the rills
 inst nether flood to But dived to four
 streams Ahh Ahh to pour fromst
 that sapphire fount brooks that rolled
 onst sands of gold anst orient pearl thru
 the purpling shadows plants andst
 flowers onst nectar fed inst beds But
 Ahh not so nice art ast inst paradise
 I fled Ahh thru dales embrowned
 noontime bowers to mine view the scent
 the gums andst balms odorous that
 burst fromst fruit of golden rind where
 perfumes doth seem to whisper tingling
 along mine flesh ast the gentle gales
 ast wings of butterflies fan mine flesh
 midst all colours of enamelled fruits of
 golden hues humid be the airs ast the

streams didst wander thru those
 famous realms *Belphebe* pleasant
 glad of mighty woods andst valley
 shade *Ahh* a stately Theatre made
 where the trees full bud ast inst a
 sommers day the stream didst to flow
 thru the garden of *Armida* with
 ripening fruit that doth drop ast
 bubbles of shimmering lushness light
 andst ripening figs that open ast lotus
 flowers *Ahh* to lick each four petals
 ast if the flesh of some nymph to suck
 out fromst that crack the core to thy
 mouth to fill to drip ooze wetiness the
 streams didst to flow to go thru the
 garden of *Alcina* where be the blooms
But her lovers myrtle trees laurels

palms andst high cedars where thru
 mine hair andst to kiss mine lips sweet
 fragrance thick fromst blossoms andst
 fruit that drip andst birds that songs to
 sing Ohh to sing enchantments that
 does But to But hypnotise the minde
 of thy the streams didst to flow Ohh
 to go to the garden of Acrasia where no
 braunch without its bird to sit no bird
 that didst dot so sweetly sing no song
 didst But to a louely ditt contain where
 all the senses fed But uponst false
 delights be hid andst pleasures vayn
 whenst thee doth uponst gassy playn
 where thy eyes be kissed andst thy
 senses sweetly charmed onst mine
 Excursion ♪ didst to go down

**Down the steep hills into shadows
 darkness where down deep to an abyss
 where miasmie mist doth to curl and
 flow a cavern deep carved fromst chisel
 andst compass didst I enter to go o'er
 the broken lyre of Apollo didst I
 down this steep abyss where feet doth
 tier midst mazes tangled wrought filled
 with dreams of enchantment of dubious
 forms that flit andst dance onst
 moonbeams rusted tinted inst the gloom
 where young youth be waylaid with the
 dim binary shades that lure their minds
 with eargerness their ardour doth to
 press within the stinking mists hollow
 vacant space filled with hallucinations
 that trance the youth kissed by**

shadows darkling which doth to they to
 be reality whilst forgot the nymphs
 above caught they inst flimsy nets and
 webs of thought floating dreams that
 seem realities full of envy andst what
 be But palsy hope inst dream illusions
 within the twilight of their minde to
 finde naught But vapours that shift
 andst change ast time doth to flow
 Ahh within this abyss each minde of
 finer mould doth inst search of truth
 doth to turn to mold within this gloom
 this gross world of fabricated forms no
 Muse But Circes spell to keep they all
 within their cell entranced inst their
 gossamer world of binary things within
 the maze of thought of thinking that be their
 prison no fairy bower or ripe fruit to suck

to lick to bubbles of light dewing
 wetness to dance uponst their tongues
 tip within his gloom no room for
 Posey songs just shades of grey to
 drift inst the mist within this abyss To
 Puck to dance to Puck to sing to swing
 to Puck with arms to cling Mine eyes
 doth to tears to weep to drip to seep to
 splash to blooms of flowers that doth
 to form ast fromst mine lips that didst
 to once to kiss sighs doth to fly to see
 Oh once inst a green andst ripe fruit
 time Ahh mine *world is changed because thee are*
made of ivory and gold the curves of thy lips rewrite
history