

Tales of Manko

(Manko Monogatari)

(まんこ物語)

By anonymous

**Translated by
Muramura suru**

**Poem by c
Dean**

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Translators introduction

So what is **Tales of Manko** first of all who is its author this is a much debated point but in a simple way there appears to be similarities in this work to the work of Australias leading erotic poet colin leslie dean but as colin leslie dean is not Japanese this cannot be the case but **Tales of Manko** is a work of great profundity both original experimental with great beauty and elegance much like the **The Tales of Ise** –to which it resembles in structure but where the poems in **The tales of Ise** are in waka the poems in **Tales of Manko** are more unstructured in line with their spontaneity of composition Now where waka is

full of rhetorical and poetic devices
 ie punning (kakekotoba) allusion
 associated words (engo) pillow
 words (makura kotoba) hidden words
 (mono no na no uta) the **Tales of**
Manko gets its affects from the
 emotional atmosphere the poems
 create in their recital yes it must be
 born in mind that **Tales of Manko**
 must be heard one must relish and
 savor the sounds now **Tales of**
Manko is like Japanese painting
 in that in that the essence of the
 thing depicted is the point of the
 work –to capture in words the things
 is-ness this is because **Tales of**
Manko is really a Zen Buddhist
 work which tries to capture the
 “inner sprit “ by nonverbal insights
 the inner depth of the things depicted

are brought to consciousness to generate an insight in the mind of the reciter via the images enigmas and silences in the poems the things "is-ness" is brought forth in this way the poet weaves consciousness into the scenes much like the poetry of Wang Wei Meng hao-jan or hsieh Ling Yun out of the words the poet brings forth the "self-so" or "the of-itself" or the "self-ablaze" of the scenes the unfolding of the "is-ness" of the things out of the words themselves this takes the reciter on a journey of his/her emotions first the reciter realizes he/she is separated from his/her mental process dissociated from the images flowing thru his/her mind he/she becomes the witness observer of the contents of

his/her mind to realize that thought and reality are the same then secondly going deeper into the recitation he/.she becomes absorbed in the undifferentiated object of recitation his/her mind dissolves or is absorbed into the object of recitation such that his/her mind is fully and firmly set in the sublime consciousness that nothing can disrupt as it is set on the one-pointed concentration of the things "is-ness" thus the recitation of the poems is a kind of mantra or japa Kavvanah or Zikr and the effect upon the reciter is similar to Samadhi and mindfulness so sit back recite **Tales of Manko and go on a journey thru your mind and emotions to enter the "is-ness"**

Preface

**The many and varied ways we get to
see the panties tight of those many
shes**

A glimpse

A peek

A wonderful eye full

**That bulge of flesh tight in panties
white**

**That bulge of flesh perfumed what a
delight**

**Oh to steal one look one furtive
glance and thence to heaven taken
with ravishment**

**At that sight of puffy flesh nestled
snug tight in panties white**

She pedaled bye legs lifting high oh
 up thighs see I
 this poem writ I placing on seat whilst
 she into shop skipped hurriedly

**hast spring come this wintery day
 for see ♪ that plum blossoms forth
 scenting the airs thru thy hairs ah
 that ♪ couldst lick that perfume that
 settles along the mouths curved lips
 of ♪**

up elevator two steps behind gaze I
 up the shirt of she writing poem of
 that which I didst see

**oh those folds embossed white on
 tight panties bright floating on
 shadows indigo like pink lotus
 blooms o'er limpid pool of aqueous
 liquidity**

then at top she to me didst say "didst
 thee drop this maybe "

***F*olds like waterlilies bloom 'neath
 white panty cloth pink calyces
 floating o'er slits furrow furling
 curling wide splaying bathed in
 incandescent light**

In school grounds wind wafts up skirt
 billowing gaze I for that sight I writ
 poem I

***folds push thru with panty like
 mountains plunging thru clouds
 petaled-like folds cherry blossoms
 pink hued thru cloth ♪ view***

Passed school girls on grass sitting
 their thighs up glimpsing I write I
 poems that ast pass running drop I
 into skirts high lifted

one

***Folds gather 'neath white cloth like
 mountain peaks curtains of pink like
 waterfall of color a priceless
 painting painted in pink***

Two

***Gaze ♪ and see cascade of color
 hanging 'neath panty white then in
 canyons depth of flesh crystalline
 pool wet spot on cloth***

three

***Furrow up panty white a celestial
 river splitting dissolving into pink
 mist like clouds around folds curling
 in empty space***

Tying shoelace girl bending o'er see I
 that write this poem that into the belt
 of she place I

**Carriage lights splinter thru pink
 mist clouds around fold encased in
 white cloth see ♪ that furrow river
 of crimson hues flowing whilst hang
 curtains of flesh like butterflies in
 flight**

On library lawn in white skirt on grass
lying she up thighs I didst see
sneaking peek this poem writ I
placing in the book of she not seeing
she

**Wet spot in panty white pastel pale
liquidity up wafts heavens perfume
everywhere pure deliciousness**

At she watch I longingly up skirt
thighs wide oh this poem writ I for
she placing on table for she to see

**Thy skirts lift thy thighs part wide
oh thy folds of flesh bulge in tight
panty white one lone black hair curly
around gusset black like panthers
hairs**

She at bookshelf squatting with
mirror up the shirt of she peek I
writing poem on her bookmarker that
in the book of she placed I

***folds of flesh white clouds o'er
white panty wet spots dancing pearls
scatter light perfume wafts up
fromst deep furrow thru cloth
drifting pink haze around
incandescent light***

Sitting with knees up in short skirt
 she watching me watch the panty
 bulging of she write I to she this
 poem from me

**'neath panty white curling black hairs
 like mountains of shadows o'er
 cloths face shimmering in
 incandescent light the blossoms of
 folding flesh perfume the room
 tracing scent along the flesh of ♪**

Teacher watch I stretching at
 blackboard writing up skirt shoots the
 glance of I oh this poem writ I placing
 on the chair of she

**Mountains of folding flesh all pink
 ,neath tight panty white think ♪ of
 that slit river of heaven in the depths
 of those folds looming up above pale
 pink pool oh forest of curling hairs
 confusions of light oh that delicate
 scent of waterlilies perfuming the
 room**

At train stop she sits gazing into
 space ast gaze I up the thighs parted
 space that writ I these poems that
 upon her knee I placed

***Faint shadow slants down panty
 cloth furrow the slightest hint of
 scent on the air oh those curling
 blades of hair around panty lace that
 waterlily moisty with dew and there
 at its very tip a grape bud pronging***

***one thread of shadow up panty cloth
 midst cascading folds of flesh
 billowing clouds of white slivers of
 light light wet spot like moon above
 sign of wild swell deep blow where
 liquidity splinters of glistening dew***

she at he smiles ast up skürt I gaze
writüing poem that ast walked I along
dropped at the feet of she

white panty like frost
flickering trains lights rings like
moonlight o'er wet spot

On elbow leaning along seat for
better look gaze I at that sight
and write poem I handing to she
“didst thee drop this”

**Thy skirt buries thy slit in shadows
furrow up the gusset of thy panty
wet spot glistening reflecting
carriage lights like dew floating o'er
moons face**

Crossing uncrossing legs she glances
 I see oh is she a tease thinking I ast
 this poem writ I leaving on seat
 beside she

**Slant light shimmers o'er white
 panty sinking into furrow deep and
 wide pink hues drift o'er wet spot
 like silver moon lingering perfume
 coats the air with delightful delicacy
 wonder ♪ what lies 'neath that cloth
 perhaps mountains of folding flesh
 high above the clouds**

Gazing up thighs she she I sees at
 train door tripping she hand I she
 poem I wrote for she

**hid within those panties white like
 tops of mountain peaks folded lips
 pink lost within mist perfumed slit
 furrowed deep sunk far below hole
 where liquidity froths a blur of pink
 light**

but she then in hand of I this poem
 places she

**hole deep within the folds those
 petals bursting blossoms slits
 furrow stretching down panties face
 phosphorescent fromst lights in
 carriage incandescent**

In train carriage moonlight thru
 windows see I up thigh
 poem write I placing in handbag of
 she

**Deep in that white snow cloth
 watch √ serene delicate with sweet
 scent an orchid in the shade of
 thickest hair black**

Arriving home in pocket see I poem
 writ by some unknown she

**Wordless that incomparable mouth
 speaks to thee hid 'neath dark mount
 of hair she wordless beckons thee**

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