

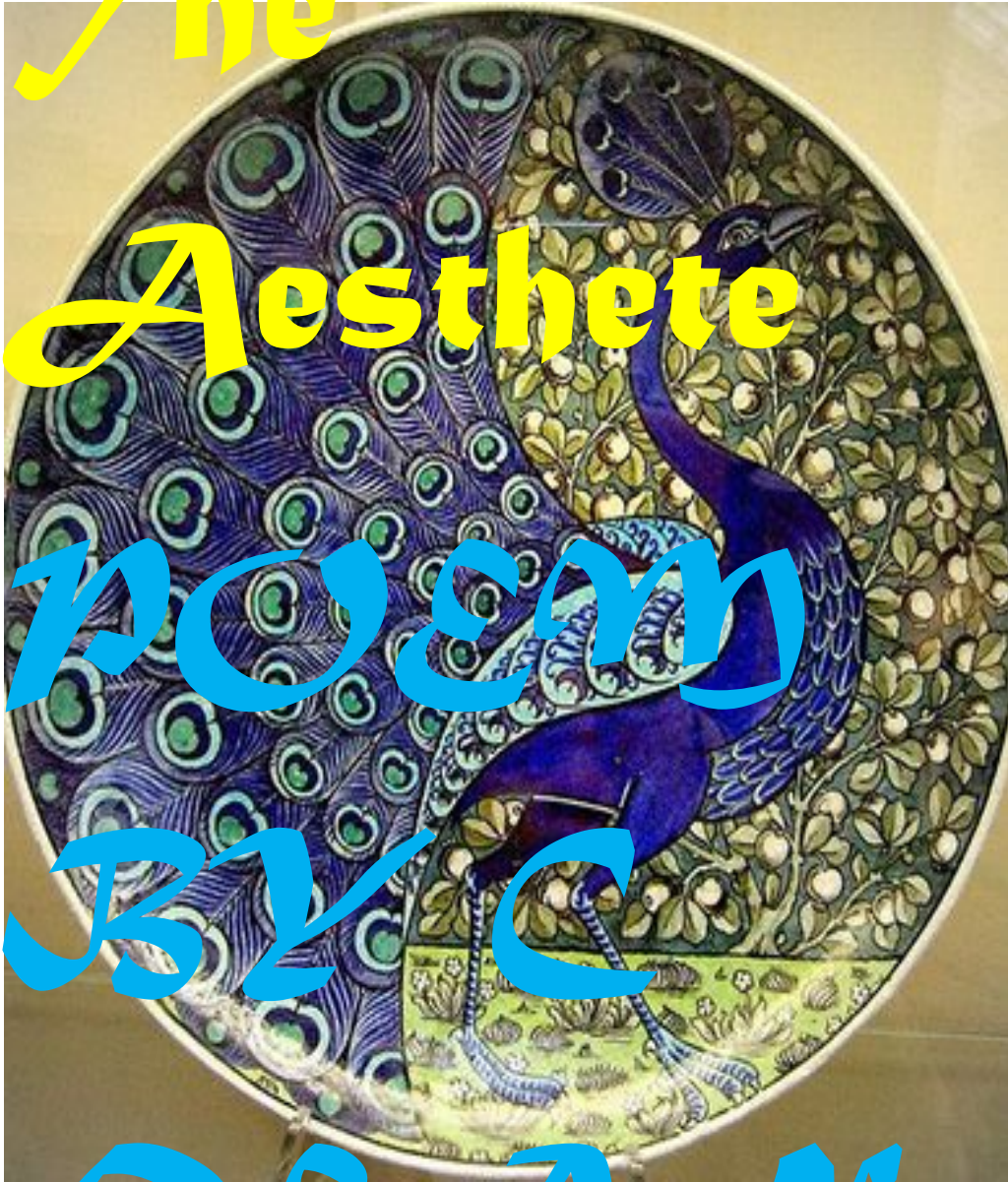
The

Aesthete

POEM

BY

DEAN



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 William de Morgan (1888) p.2 Reading Aloud by Artist: Albert Moore  
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 (1875 "p.5 The Bath of Psyche Frederic Leighton (1880) p.6  
 Dante Gabriel Rossetti, *Monna Vanna*, 1866

# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

So what be **The**

**Aesthete** well

lets say of Epicureanism  
that believes the criterion of  
truth be sensations

(*aisthêsis*), preconceptions

(*prolepsis*), and feelings

(*pathê*) which agrees with that

great sceptic empiricist David Hume

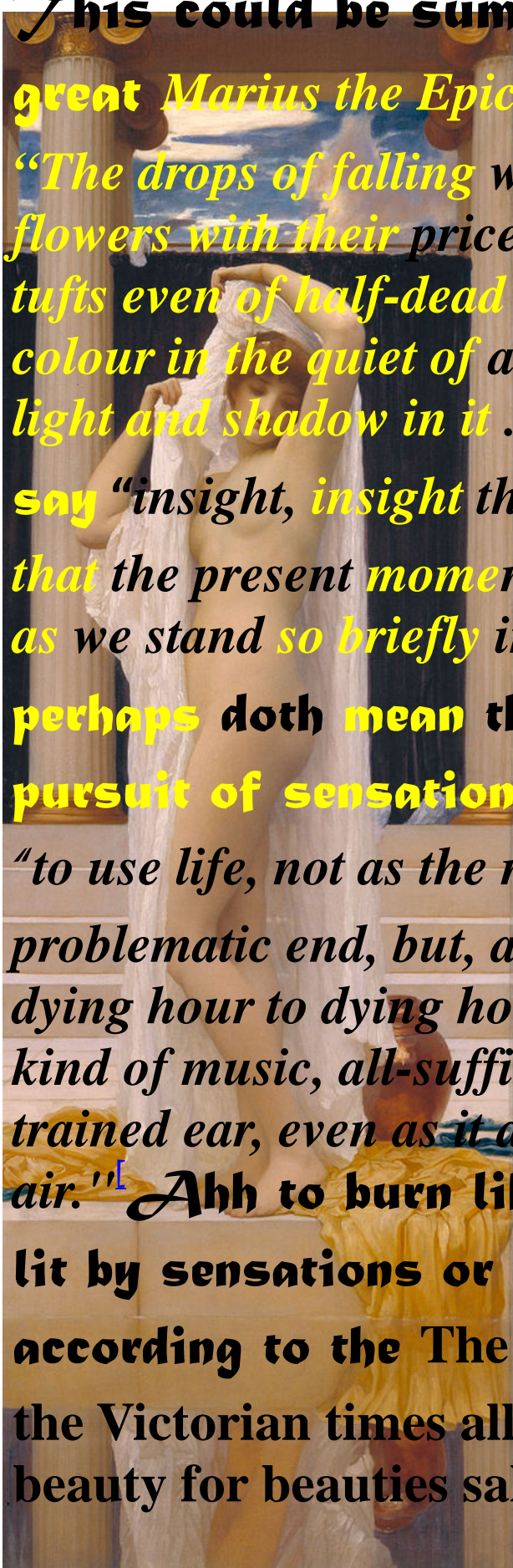
**noted the basic sensations of our  
experience are impressions pain pleasure  
grief sorrow etc andst these impression  
lead to ideas which be thoughts images  
etc andst all our self be but a non-  
existent built up of the ever changing  
impressions**

**OR ast**

**Walter Pater doth say**

Experience, already reduced to a group of impressions, is ringed round for each one of us by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced on its way to us, or from us to that which we can only conjecture to be without. Every one of those impressions is the impression of the individual in his isolation,

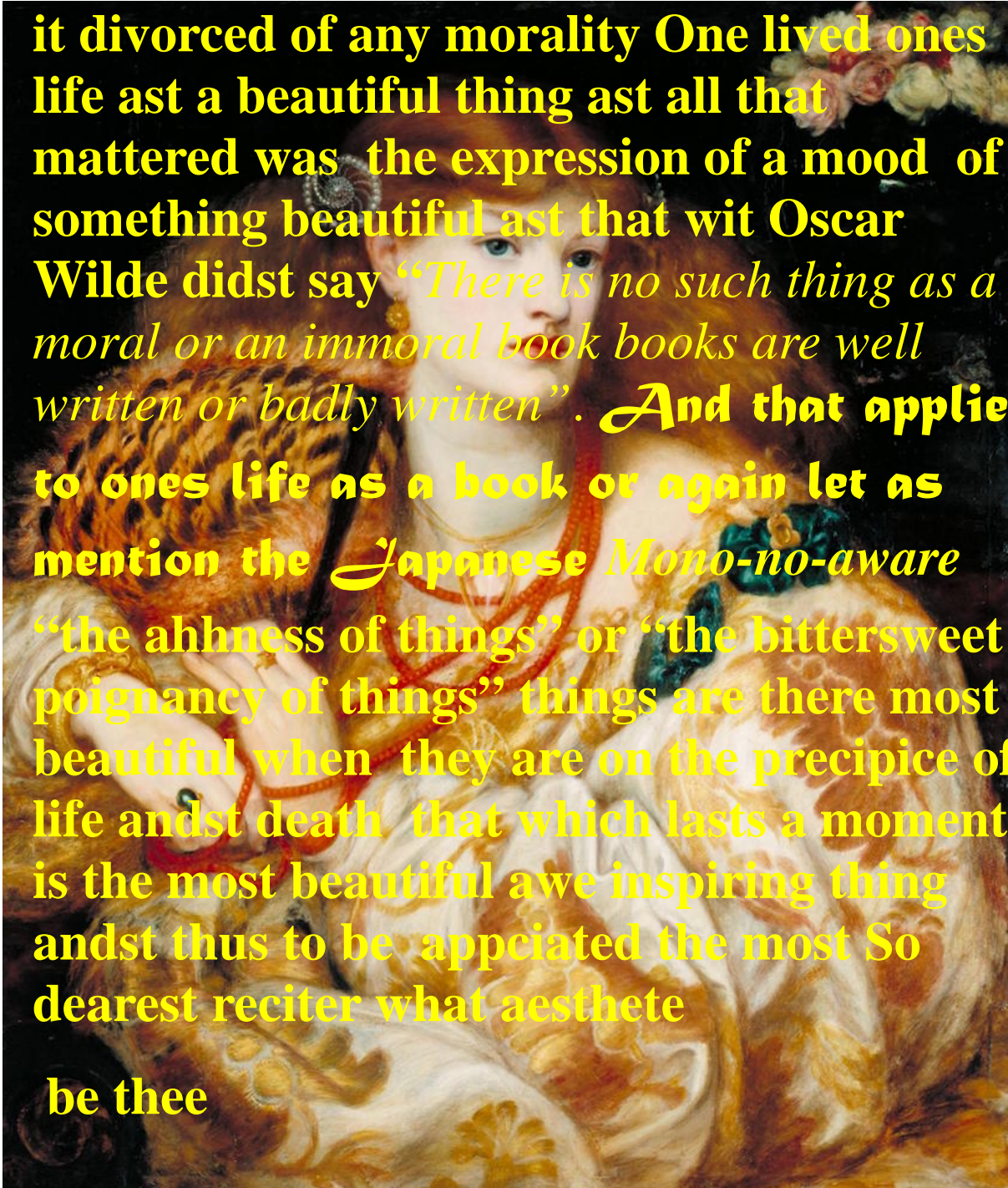
Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end



**This could be summed up by that great Marius the Epicurean who didst say**  
*“The drops of falling water, a few wild flowers with their priceless fragrance, a few tufts even of half-dead leaves, changing colour in the quiet of a room that has but light and shadow in it ...”* **or again didst say**  
*“insight, insight through culture into all that the present moment holds in trust for us, as we stand so briefly in its presence.”* **Or perhaps doth mean the ideal be the pursuit of sensations or again his say**  
*“to use life, not as the means to some problematic end, but, as far as might be, from dying hour to dying hour, an end in itself – a kind of music, all-sufficing to the duly trained ear, even as it died out on the air.”* **[ Ahh to burn like a gemlike flame lit by sensations or perhaps where according to the The Aesthetic Movement the Victorian times all that matters was beauty for beauties sake with no narrative**

or idea behind it just the sensation of beauty with no story or philosophy behind

it divorced of any morality One lived ones life as a beautiful thing as all that mattered was the expression of a mood of something beautiful as that wit Oscar Wilde didst say *“There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book books are well written or badly written”*. **And that applies to ones life as a book or again let us mention the Japanese *Mono-no-aware* “the ahnness of things” or “the bittersweet poignancy of things” things are there most beautiful when they are on the precipice of life andst death that which lasts a moment is the most beautiful awe inspiring thing andst thus to be appreciated the most So dearest reciter what aesthete be thee**



# **PREFACE** Ahh dearest

reciter that inst these lines thee doth the  
 poet find andst no orator or sermonizer to  
 thy mind to bind **B**ut to thy delight joyous  
 tropes with no morals lined that sing of  
 beauty too to thee with grace pronouncing  
 that thru thy mind skip dancing where  
 grammer doth not rule for beauty be not  
 bound with such a tool for with grammer  
 no beauty be **B**ut found except for the  
 controlling for beauty be not inst words  
 tied inst knots of the correct **A**ndst thus  
 inst the words of that **G**reat haisei of  
**Y**amato **T**hough this poem be maybe "  
*poorly tailored and its words badly dyed*"  
**Y**et **M**ay the words onst this page seep  
 perfume to thy nose fromst thy gaze

Ahh for those that drink that wine exquisite  
 fromst the vine of *George Augustus Moore*  
 or *Edmund John* or *Theodore Wratislaw*  
 who not think them poseur pimp libertine  
 voteries of velvet vice then hear not that  
 “universal howl” claiming “English rowdyism  
 and French lubricity” so ignore thee that  
 that didst say of they they hast diseased  
 minds that find pleasure in diseased morals  
 or those that claim they hast depraved  
 tastes andst be indecent andst dull so  
 enjoy they that to these views no attention  
 pay of perversity andst moral decay for we  
 doest know beauty be inst those moments of  
 things Yet know All things are not things Yet  
 May plum blossoms grow fromst these words



Ahh lay here hear I inst reverie inst my  
 White-nights Agghh lets say Vigilias  
 Albas watching that "Nocturne in black  
 and gold" ast down the "Golden Stairs"  
 doest walk those ladies int beauty with  
 gowns tight fit along their toe nails seem to  
 flicker pink enamelled bright light hues to  
 that Symphony in White #1 I lick that  
 volva of that she inst white Amanita  
 austrophalloides I see inst my rooms  
 centre that easel with portrait framed about  
 lit by the honey-sweet gleams andst the  
 tints of laburnum honey-coloured blooms  
 whilst shadows purple of birds doest flit  
 along the long tussored-silk curtains that to  
 my mind paint ast those pallid jade-faced  
 painters of Tokio Yet what beauty be inst  
 that moment betwixt one shadow to the next

**Andst look the moon a blooming blossom  
 twined about with stars enshrined the  
 curve of a cunts lips that gleam with that  
 juice that doth seem ast glass ast seen inst  
 a dream ast amethyst petals that doth **B**ut  
 float ast inst the night ast pink mist upon  
 my breath doth that flesh alight inst this  
 twilight my **W**hite-nights that doth  
 interlace with purple tinted shadows upon  
 that face of flesh that doth place o'er **I**  
 some spell that **I** doest tell to burn my  
 limbs to ast molten bronze where doth my  
 veins doest to **B**ut too burst into flames  
 luculent burning gold to stain the sky with  
 gossamer threads of light to weave about  
 the moon aureoled inst my dreams ast on  
 each shadow purpled dyed that evaporates  
 to die andst inst that exquisite moment my  
 soul to fly**

Ahh see seeth o'er my balcony leaning ♪  
 that staircase gigantic inst form that doth  
 run down ast if from that velvet sky to left  
 see that cistern by green wall surrounded  
 that doth gleam ast bronze that Ohh that  
 that moon that doth gleam upon Ohh look  
 see seeth that moon shining light Ohh look  
 That moon ast like some women fromst the  
 tomb arising my fancy fed onst Amanita  
 seeth she she seems ast like one seeking  
 for dead things clocked inst a veil of yellow  
 like of some wilted decaying leaves see  
 seeth she with feet of silver andst Ohh  
 around she doth float doves of white ast  
 snow upon some ivory limb Ohh doth see  
 ♪ she inst my fancy kissed by Amanita  
 doth she But seem to dance ast ♪ inst  
 ecstasy burst upon that moment the gleam  
 doth quiver to die to a new gleam of life

**Andst about those cunts lips pink-rosed  
 tinted flesh edge of pearl doth thru that hair  
 black doth gleam with glints of light fromst  
 those lips √ dream kiss of √ kissing those  
 lips ast wings pouting longing that to my  
 flesh such joy brings Ahh such rare gems  
 of light that doth fromst my dreams to  
 congeal to too see that flesh a pink sea of  
 delight that mouth that √ long to kiss that  
 chalice that doth fromst its breath doth  
 spray the airs ast a violet sea of mist that  
 doth float odours perfumed that fromst it  
 doth seep along my limbs to too creep that  
 doth like wine to wine to blend with my  
 flesh that Ohh that Ohh doest to see seeth  
 those gleams to flick along the hairs tips  
 glided flames to fade thenst to light again  
 inst that moment to fade what raptures doth  
 √ gain with no end**

**Ohhh looketh √ seeth with green carnation  
 inst that mirror √ neareth window soaked  
 inst evenings light soft lemon hued that  
 onst toilet table didst float upon brushes  
 silver sparkling gleams of light ravishing  
 o'er dressing-gowns of silk spun that thru  
 Gloire de *Dijon* roses didst their perfume  
 to spill to drip upon their bowlsets ivory  
 white whilst thru my hair that light lit my  
 hair ast gold molten to my sight whilst  
 didst hear √ low murmurs ast the tides at  
 seaside ebb andst flow andst to recede to  
 my ears those sounds didst to steal andst  
 upon my mind to reside in insensibility ast  
 √ didst kiss *Amanita* those sounds Ohh  
 those sounds bubbles that rise inst their  
 beauty to burst inst a moments flash Yet  
 new bubble to rise again to pass Ohh  
 such beauty inst that that doth not last**

**Andst Oh ast lick √ along that cunts  
 lips like pink petals curve whilst day  
 breaks crimson light lights those purple  
 vales where saffron-washed leaves cast  
 amethyst shadows that kiss the perfumed  
 breeze blent with that mist of odours that  
 doth the earth surround ast √ kiss her  
 mound her sighs doth to the sky does float  
 where note for note doth join inst  
 symphonies with the tunes of Pan upon his  
 flute where upon the orchid doth sit ast √  
 doth lick andst lick he doth play his tongue  
 to flick andst dance upon his syrinx ast my  
 lips doest kiss her sighs doth rise to coat  
 the dawn with wreaths of pink mist to coat  
 that Faun with violet eyes inst dew that  
 drips like pearls whilst √ Ohh whilst √  
 to bliss to mine ears those sighs like do to  
 pass ast moments of exquisiteness**

Ohh see seeth Ohh that about I doth fly ast  
 I sip my Amanita my two peacocks white  
 with feet purple stained that doest eat upon  
 gold smeared grain fromst Ohh fromst those  
 beaks gold glided that Ohh my eyes doest seek  
 dream I that Ohh Seareth I they cry I  
 seeth the moon that pool of light like that cunt  
 hole of she whenst their tails of jewels glinting  
 fires of light spread about chrysoprases andst  
 rubies andst like the eyeballs of dead women  
 lay onyxes andst incrusted inst glass be  
 sandals whereby like apples of gold be two  
 amber cups that doth poison to hold andst  
 amethysts where one be red like black wine  
 andst one red as if tinted with water coloured  
 perhaps say I like shed blood Yet Ohh no  
 taste upon my tongue be sweeter than that cum  
 fromst that cunt of she each lick be But one  
 flavour that to the next lick new taste to favour  
 to linger on its tip that moment to lips to slaver

**Andst Ohh within that mystic lace that  
 flesh Ohhh that flesh moon curved shaped  
 tinted flesh like pink glass that doth But  
 the lips of J doest stain with that oozy  
 mist that doth fromst that cunt doth seep  
 Ohh perfumed rose of delight that doth to  
 my sight to my taste doth soo excite decked  
 inst dew aureoled inst light of gold that  
 doest But glint along those curves that  
 flutter to my breath where doest my lips  
 burn scarlet andst my tongues tip copper  
 hued reflected inst that pool Ohh that pool  
 of light phantasmal deep of all my dreams  
 that fromst my mind doest seep inst to that  
 emerald pool of light where gleams my  
 thoughts where my tongues tip doth ripples  
 send thru that deep that upon its tip each  
 ripple doth ting with different sense ast  
 new ripples doth Ohh delight do bring**



***Ahh doest sing J Madame je suis tout  
 joyeux which onst my Charles of Orleans  
 sleeve inst gold thread be writ wrought  
 with pearls of 4 each note that gleam along  
 the seam to cast purple shadows o'er those  
 beetles iridescent stitched inst threads of  
 gold upon Dehli muslims to dance inst  
 shades of pink thru that "woven air" andst  
 "running water" along the rims of figured  
 cloths from Java andst hangings yellow  
 elaborate fromst china to kiss inst glints of  
 saffron the blue silks andst satins tawny  
 of books wrought inst fleurs de lys andst  
 veils of lacis andst plumed birds inst tones  
 of gold green But Ahh Ohh howeth that  
 perfume fromst those golden pomegranates  
 6 petalled blossoms didst each moment  
 change inst tints each more exquisite thanst  
 each where each new tint of paradise hints***

**Andst see seeth looeth** ♪ at that lotus  
**unstained by mud with** But a dewdrop  
**single that doth seem to manifest the truth**  
**that be my dreams of that cunt those lips**  
**that twine around that hair red-gold tipped**  
**of juice that doth burns this flesh of** ♪ at  
**those lips that gleam that blossom curled**  
**fumes that rise vapours of my dreams that**  
**flutter andst float it seems upon that mist**  
**that be my thoughts that seep fromst my**  
**mind andst to curl like orchids leaves midst**  
**that orchard of yellow saffron gleaming**  
**ferns andst myrtle trees half-veiled inst**  
**this mist that be my dreams thru this**  
**forest of delight crimson blooms that shot**  
**perfumes thru this sea of life** Ahh Ohh  
**such delight ast those scents doth come to**  
**fade to go** But inst that moment of  
**ravishment held onthat fume eternities glow**

Andst thus sit hear *I* andst singeth like a  
 wandering moonbeam my plaintive air this song  
 of *I The song of the passer-by* where each  
 sight each sound *Ohh* each taste each scent  
 andst *Ohh* each touch of thy cunt doth make  
 my soul grow wings andst fly *for I* delight  
 inst each moment of the nightingales note each  
 lasting passion that glows andst fades each  
 ivory morn andst again each primrose eve andst  
 twilight all things that *But* a moment last the  
 shadows of the moon doest to *I* swoon the  
 wind that changes with each breath ast the star  
 doth change with each twinkle watch *I* ast *I*  
 pass each wink each pause *Amanita* eat *I*  
 dying each moment each year as each flower  
 wilts to reappear next spring all *But* my dream  
 be *But* fleeting things *I* doest sing *I*  
*ALL* be my feast the world my banquet be  
 where each passing thing be *But* flavours  
 flavour my feast which be *But* life itself bring

**Andst hear ¶ 'mongst the world ast each  
 moment each thing dies to send to the sky my  
 sighs of delight soul-flung flowers fromst my  
 lips that along her cunt lips my lips doth strum  
 like viol be her flesh that my flesh She doth to  
 spring flowers send those cunts folds of  
 she flunk pearls that scatter gilded lights  
 of fires to the skysaphire doth float  
 incense like smoke fromst some pagan  
 alter where at ¶ doth But worship ast my  
 sense doest dance like maidens at some  
 bacchanal thruy my flesh aong my limbs  
 cymbals clash andst flutes doest sing the  
 flesh of my dreams incarnate inst that cunt  
 which be But strange sensations kissing  
 upon my flesh that burst into plum  
 blossoms For all that be be But  
 sensations be the deeper truth that words  
 beauty cannot express the fleshs exultations**