

The Bower

Of Bliss

POEM

BY C

DEAN



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FP: *"Iris in Monet's Garden At Giverny"* by
Claude Monet

PUBLISHERS
INTRODUCTION
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What be this *The*
Bower Of Bliss

be it a satire of the modern
banal age of free verse tripe
andst dullness be it a satire
of the modern age of greed
andst the thirst for money

**which doth create the age of
dullness Or be it more
subtle be it a Renaissance
the discovery of a rebirth of
a prior artistry posey which
hast been lost in the modern
age obsessed with "make it
new" is this work a
humanist revolution trying to
revise the posey of a past
time ast was said "a civil
war among the muses" be**

**this work bringing back to
our time posey that is
startlingly fresh in its
commentary upon
contemporary world a world
in fact just the same ast in
the past different clothes
same person thus this *The*
Bower Of Bliss
does create something new
by using something old in
new ways thus both a birth**

**andst rebirth both a
discovery andst a recovery
it fines new ways to express
old ideas andst ways of
doing it imitate the old but
into a new way of doing this
work is both a restoration
of the old a reformation of
the old into a revolution of
the new in other words this
work is a *New*
*Renaissance***

PREFACE Thee thinks thee lives in a bower of bliss thee thinks money can buy anything that thee doth wish happiness prosperity all for the price of money in the golden dish but the true price thee doth pay which thee doth not wish is obesity addiction andst deep mental affliction but thee feels this be a price worth paying e'en though stop the pain thee be praying one more dollar andst happiness thee be saying but all thee gets for thy gluttony andst greed be more despondency in thy bower of bliss with numbed down dullness thy mind thinks is blis

**Ahh sweet listener to this tale of ♪
 canst well thee reciter that doth hear
 these tunes upon thy ear with sweet
 kiss of melodies that with my
 eloquence wouldst please ♪**

**Calliope andst inventions neat that
 ♪ canst chain thy mind and maketh
 thy heart beat that with Euterpe with
 delight singeth ♪ with the
 blooming flowers of tropes hope that
 ♪ canst make thee dance arm in arm
 with Terpsichore, to the sweet
 rhythms that doth fromst the mind of
 ♪ entertain thee with my wit andst
 wether thee doth cry with
 Melpomene or laugh with Thalia of**

the words of me singing this tale ♪
 doth dare not gainsay thee andst
 hope ♪ thee willst not disdain me for
 want of skill in my inept display of
 my boyish art andst childish ways

So sayeth begin ♪ this tale of
 comedy or tragedies woes or perhaps
 a tract in Eratos art dusted with
 powdered alabaster bright kissed by
 golden sunlight perfumed with scents
 exotic andst rich whilst lulled by the
 nightingales song so heareth my song
 of that Bower of bliss poured forth
 fromst this mind of ♪ in sighs of
 that Bower of bliss where ast doth
 sayeth that Pope Dullness doth rain

Dulness o'er all possessed her ancient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
 Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
 Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
 She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind.
 Still her old empire to restore she tries

So

Mourn not, my SWIFT, at ought our realm
 acquires,
 Here pleased behold her mighty wings out-spread
 To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead

Where now

one cell there is, concealed from vulgar eye,
 The cave of poverty and poetry.
 Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
 Emblem of music caused by emptiness.

Where now

How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry.
 Maggots half-formed in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
 Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile dullness new meanders takes;
 There motley images her fancy strike,
 Figures ill paired, and similes unlike.
 She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
 Pleased with the madness of the mazy dance:

**So deareth reciter no more dalliance
 with contrived eloquence for ¶ now
 begin this tale full of music andst the
 sweet speech of those Muses that
 in their kindness doth fertilize this
 mind of ¶ with rich words andst
 craftiness to trace out in thy sighs
 sweet reciter silken threads that
 embroider rich scenes andst images
 on fire to which thy tongue doth
 relish thee the rippling of words
 upon its tip andst turn mere words
 into polished gold that paint of all
 those desires that rise in this
 Bower of bliss in this bankrupt age
 of posey in this Bower of bliss
 where be ast doth sayeth that singa
 to Stella**

Rich fools there be, whose base and filthy heart
 Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow:
 And damning their own selves to Tantal's smart,
 Wealth breeding want, more blest more wretched grow.
 Yet to those fools heav'n such wit doth impart
 As what their hands do hold, their heads do know,
 And knowing love, and loving, lay apart,
 As sacred things, far from all danger's show.
 But that rich fool who by blind Fortune's lot
 The richest gem of love and life enjoys,
 And can with foul abuse such beauties blot;
 Let him, depriv'd of sweet but unfelt joys,
 (Exil'd for aye from those high treasures, which
 He knows not) grow in only folly rich.

***f*or to listen deareth reader andst
 reciter hear these words of rhetorics**

wit that blows the Muses breath
 perfumed of some Elizabethan bard
 with oriental nard upon his singing
 sighs of dainty words that feed thy
 gentle ears with soft delicacies of the
 most pleasing speech of rhymes
 enchanting andst phrases bewitching
 that hopefully thee will sing the poets
 praises but deareth reader giveth √
 no flattery for these cunning tropes
 and devious similes for flattery be
 for those writers of free verse
 unworthy of the true poets gifts who
 be not read andst only hear the
 praises of their logrolling mates ast

**that *Pope* doth bemoan of our
literary age in this age of *Dullness***

Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain tied down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town.

Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post :

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,

Hence *Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, Magazines:*

Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,

And new Year odes, and all the Grub Street race.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone

***Ahh that these sighs of ♪ that set
forth ♪ to thee be ornaments of
delight where the words of ♪ be the
ink upon thy ear be writ in tinctures
of letters metamorphosed into sighs
upon thy breaths into raptures at
the skill that this inept poet mayeth***

delight with at least if nothing more
 with how he doth write *Ahh* but *∫*
 doth digress fromst this tale that
 doth flow forth fromst this mind of
∫ kissed by my *Muses* sweet lips
 well let us proceed into this *Bower*
 of bliss for to continue the tale of
 rich fools of *Astrophel* *∫* strive
 for his height but to polish his
 shoes lack *∫* the skill but let us add
 some perspicacious thoughts that the
 satirist expresseth of *Don Juan*
 who singeths of those greedy for
 who *Dante* professeth in his circle 4
 with such skill this love of money
 this greed of wealth

This makes your actors, artists, and romancers,
Heroes sometimes, though seldom—sages never;
But speakers, bards, diplomatists, and dancers,
Little that 's great, but much of what is clever;
Most orators, but very few financiers,
Though all Exchequer chancellors endeavour,
Of late years, to dispense with Cocker's rigours,
And grow quite figurative with their figures.
The poets of arithmetic are they
Who, though they prove not two and two to be
Five, as they might do in a modest way,
Have plainly made it out that four are three,
Judging by what they take, and what they pay.
The Sinking Fund's unfathomable sea,
That most unliquidating liquid, leaves
The debt unsunk, yet sinks all it receives.

Ahh that couldst *ŷ* singeth with a
 breath so sweet ast those words that
 doth kiss the ears of *ŷ* Ohh that
 the elegance of *ŷ* couldst match that
 skill andst leave some words of *ŷ*
 writ upon histories pages that the
 words of *ŷ* couldst fill the souls of
 thee with the sweet wine of my
 thoughts andst that thee couldst
 drink up those lines thru the ears of
 thee andst find them refined with fine
 inventions chime that the sighs of *ŷ*
 couldst passeth thru thy soul andst
 send thee into bliss bliss that doth
 surpasseths e'en paradise Ahh my
 listener andst reciter that thee

wouldst be content with these words
 of me that hopefully fluently doth
 flow fromst the tongue of ♪ andst
 doth thee find entertainment fine
 andst that thy mind shouldst find
 this speech of ♪ sweet discourse
 that doth prove the eloquence of that
 which ♪ doth express fromst this
 heaving breast of ♪ But ♪ doth
 digress with fine metaphors andst
 cunning rhymes thru which the gold
 of the thoughts of ♪ doth shine So
 let us both enter this Bower of bliss
 but first let us partake of its repast
 full of gluttony where money finely
 flows into the stomachs' of the rich

Fowls 'a la Conde,' slices eke of salmon,
 With 'sauces Genevoises,' and haunch of venison;
 Wines too, which might again have slain young Ammon—
 A man like whom I hope we shan't see many soon;
 They also set a glazed Westphalian ham on,
 Whereon Apicius would bestow his benison;
 And then there was champagne with foaming whirls,
 As white as Cleopatra's melted pearls.
 Then there was God knows what 'a l'Allemande,'
 'A l'Espagnole,' 'timballe,' and 'salpicon'-
 With things I can't withstand or understand,
 Though swallow'd with much zest upon the whole;
 And 'entremets' to piddle with at hand,
 Gently to lull down the subsiding soul;
 While great Lucullus' Robe triumphal muffles (
 There 's fame) young partridge fillets, deck'd with truffles.

Ahh singeths well doth the satirist
 expresseth of *Don Juan* andst
 hopefully singeth well the verse of *♪*
 o'er flowings of my mind out
 pourings of its fruit for thy
 delectation for thee *♪* hope thee fine
 the gilded flowers andst pictures
 polished that willst display *♪* for
 thy eyes for thy ears that *♪* willst
 now paint for thee the *Bower* of
 bliss in words andst sighs to blow
 thy mind *Ahh But But* the time
 runs out andst no time is left to tell
 of the *Bower* of bliss so bow *♪* to
 thee and throw a kiss whenst next
 we meet to continue this