

# The Fall Of Apollo

POEM  
BY  
C  
DEAN





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west geelong Victoria 2024 P.1 P "Apollo",

painting by the Venetian painter, Giovanni Antonio

Pellegrini (1675-1741) P.2 *Apollo and The Nine*

*Muses* Gustave Moreau 1856 P.3 The Muses

Leaving their Father Apollo to Go Out and Light the

World P.4 Apollo Playing the Lute - R6 P.5

Briton Rivière P.5 *Apollo and the Muses -*

John Singer Sargent P.6 *Apollo charming the*

*swans - Wilhelm List*

# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

## The Fall Of Apollo

well be it be the very thing

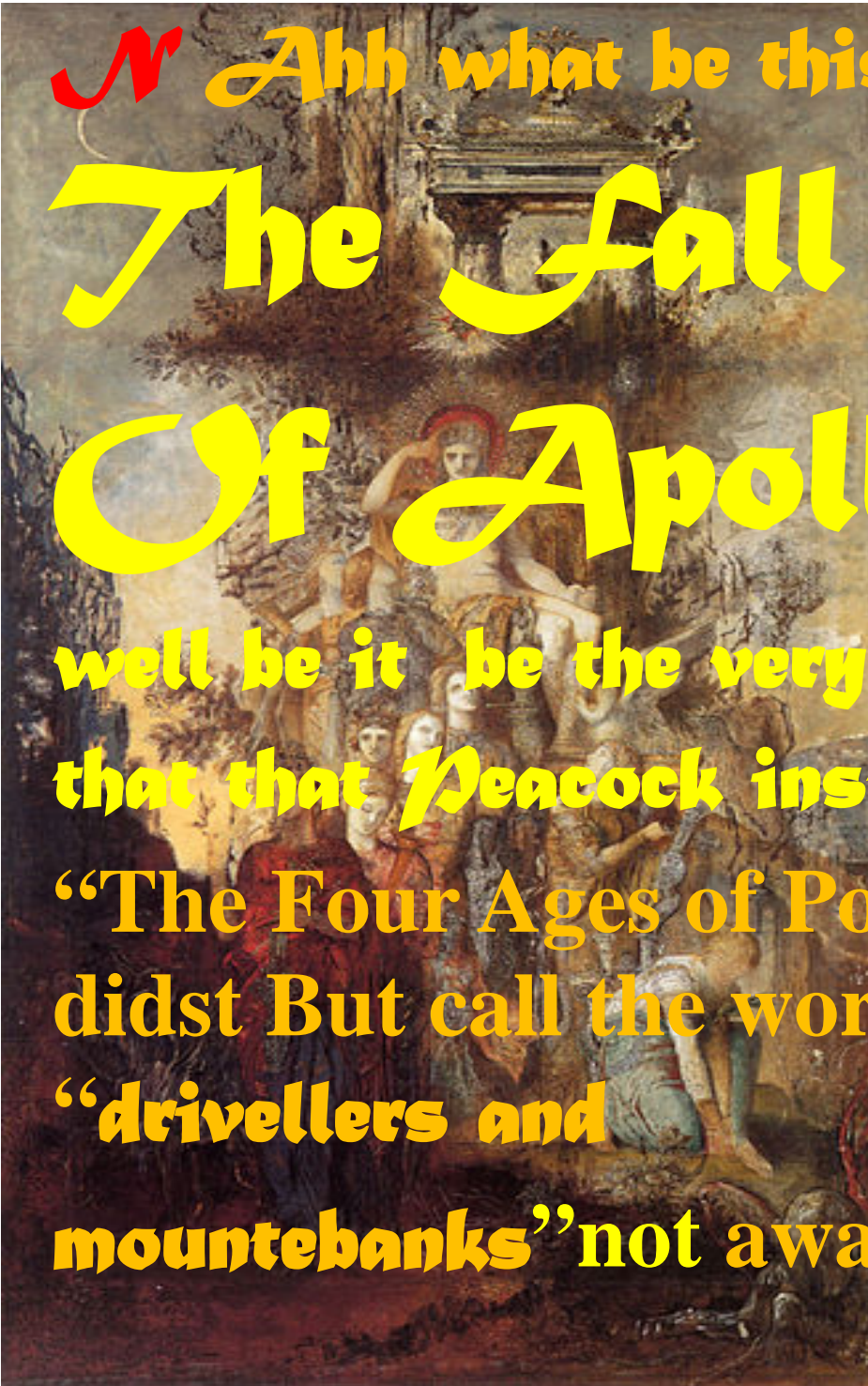
that that Peacock inst his

“The Four Ages of Poetry”

didst But call the work of

“drivellers and

mountebanks’ not awaken to




**knowledge But only moved  
by charm the whining  
unmanly weak andst of  
selfish of mind who doth  
have a love harmony** which is

language on the rack of Procrustes; **a love  
of sentiment** which is canting egotism in

the mask of refined feeling; **a love of  
passion** which is the commotion of a weak  
and selfish mind; **a love of pathos**  
which is the whining of an unmanly spirit; **a  
love of the sublime** which is the

inflation of an empty head: **to distain**

**the intellectual with** the  
subordinacy of the ornamental to the useful



Ohh this Peacock doth  
 But call this poet of this  
**The Fall**  
**Of Apollo**  
 naught But a degenerate  
 rhymester But Ahh we see  
 inst ths work extreme

emotionalism ast of  
**Alessandro Grandi** full of  
 ornaments andst  
 embellishments of musical

**flourishes inst rhymes**

**Chromaticisms with**

**extreme Melodys harmonys**

**ast of**

**Carlo Gesualdo da Venosa**

**Yet ye Dearest reciter may But**

**agree with Peacock this rhymester be**

**But** wallowing in the rubbish of departed

ignorance, **with** gewgaws and rattles for the

grown babies of the age **Yet Dearest**

**reciter suggest ♪ for thy full**

**experience of this work**

**listen while thee recite to**

Folle è ben che si crede di Tarquinio

Merula

**PREFACE** Ahh Dearest  
 reciter what be poetry or prose some doth  
 say form andst the rest be *But* just pose  
 Oh some doth say the posey writ be  
 fromst that kiss of some *Muse* the rest  
 be *But* ego thru andst thru where both doth  
*But* seek to entertaine one doth give joy the  
 other pain where one doth *But* to bulbuls  
 andst swans to sing their wit others doth  
*But* screech that doest *But* seem dimwits  
 for one doth sing songs that doth fall ast  
 powder gold rain the other to drop down ast  
 dust that doth uponst the shepherds andst  
 nymphs to rust *But* all be *But* just to  
 ones taste whether of that oxymoron vers  
 libre or of poesys form one doth love or the  
 other hate so it be so it be up to thee  
 Dearest reciter be this that be spoke be  
 Tongue-in-cheek pre- 1842 or perhaps just a  
 facetious, ironic joke an oxymoron to poke

Folle è ben che si crede di Tarquinio  
 Merula whenst one perhaps doth hear  
 the breeze thru the trees thru the leaves  
 yellowish-green rustling within the  
 shadows that flicker to move to slide with  
 that breeze thru the airs that doth But  
 thy hair to caress Ahh that breeze that  
 noise Ahh be in thy imagination or be it  
 But real But Ahh the flute of Pan thru  
 the woods be Ohh those shadows be  
 But nymphs that dance to the breeze  
 within the twilight gloom amid perfumed  
 blooms the sweet streams murmur the  
 liltng lilies tips flicker moonlight silver the  
 gloom Ohh be But that madness or be it  
 But the shifting vapours of thy fancy



**The stink the pestilential odour the  
miasmatic stench that flows thru the air  
to mine sense of that paper writ inst  
vers libre**

**shit that doth flow thru the sewer of  
modernity writ by whores inst quest of  
fame wealth to lick the arses suck the  
cocks brown nose inst their conga lines  
their arses logrollers coterie academic  
wankers gate keepers of the allowed  
that canst be writ these those e'en less  
thanst mediocre crap producers where  
some sage didst sagely say when all be  
poets thenst all *Poetry* be dead where  
art be just *But* all prosaic modernist  
garbage of the lower thanst the  
mediocre that no talent doth possess**

all sold out for fame wealth andst the  
 elites high acclaim that hath no taste to  
 possess thus didst walk *ŷ* thru this  
 cess pool of modernity this sick putrid  
 corner of history where all *Art* be just  
 manure rotting uponst the rubbish heap  
 of vers libre *Ahh* doest *ŷ* stumble *ŷ*  
 thru this dung heap of modernity where  
 the lamp of *Art* hast faded out andst  
 all be *But* this reek of sickening vers  
 libre that doth flow uponst the paper  
 writ inst shit by those prostitutes of  
 no talent those scribblers of shit  
 selling rubbish that be *But* just rags  
 to wipe mine arse thenst to throw inst  
 to those pestilential ditches of  
 putrescent stench of vers libre fromst

those that cant of *Poetry* to write so  
 write vers libre *But* call it *Poetry* for  
 they *Ohh* they that long to be *But* of  
 regard to be *A Poet* be *But* be not a  
*Poets* arsehole they be ast didst *∩*  
 stumble *∩* thru filth didst *Ohh* to mine  
 sense didst flow *Ohh* such stench that  
 the flesh of *∩* didst *But* seem to  
 wither to wrinkle to retch didst seem *∩*  
 to this stink that didst flow out fromst  
 that cloaca that be that slam  
 brasserie where all those poets andst  
 their yellow haired muses didst *But*  
 think they be atop *Mount Olympus*  
 that doest *But* think *Ohh Apollo*  
 andst all the *Muses* they out sing  
 with their screeching shit that drips

to the earth ast pluvious rust that  
 doth *But* decompose to *But* the airs  
 to pollute with rancid dust andst  
*Shhhaa* doth hear *♪* they howl *Ohh*  
 the screech that thru the streets doth  
 ring *Ohh* gods of the art of poetry  
 sovereign lords of the poetry prizes  
 give *♪* that award andst willst *♪* be  
 thy composer thy poet that *♪* of  
 thy name willst sing *♪* if thee  
 willst give fame to *♪* fathers  
 mothers of joy whose shit doth not  
 stink officers of what be *But* posey  
*Ohh* gods of the literary award give  
*♪* that prize andst *♪* willst be thy  
 cocksucker andst spread thy name

abroad Ohh gods discover I launch  
 I for thee gods be the only ones to  
 see the compact meanings of my cries  
 thee andst only my friend coterie

Ahh gods place I onst the script of  
 the greats for without thy grace be

But I But be discovered my  
 brilliancy posthumously Ahh Ahh

Ohh this stench this stink of vers  
 libre didst they rise to the sky these  
 jibberings that be their offering ast  
 incense to their gods of poesy

fromst their alters of their ego didst

But flow Oh didst But flow this  
 odours stink ast clouds of putrid  
 fumes ast smoke to rise fromst

their shrines their egos doest **B**ut  
 climb to **B**ut stroke the egos of their  
 gods with their vers libre screech  
 'Yet ast this stench didst to mine  
 ears didst **B**ut mine brain to clench  
 out shut this jabbering jabberings  
 this noise **O**hh this noise whenst  
 didst hear **I** sighs **O**hh so soft the  
 sighs to look to see within this  
 stinks didst **I** see hid a pool of  
 tears didst inst mine eyes to glint  
**O**hh to glint fromst which didst hear  
**I** those sighs **O**hh those cries that  
 burst fromst that pool of tears ast  
 froth-flowers that didst **B**ut kiss  
 mine soul with such perfumes of

maddening kisses that didst take  
 mine soul inst flight inst ravishments  
 delights Ohh those scent kisses of  
 those cries that didst seep ast didst  
 ♪ look ast didst ♪ see whirlpools  
 bubbling uponst within those tears  
 that be that pool shimmering within  
 this world of stink Ohh didst ♪  
 look didst ♪ see 'neath things that  
 didst seem to creep to slink didst  
 seek ♪ what lay deep Ohh so deep  
 within the pool of tears depths didst  
 ♪ seek to see writ uponst pale  
 asphodels laced inst with lilies writ  
 these words that didst effloresce  
 with scent of musk sandal-wood

**flames of ambergris that didst these  
 words glint to shimmer ast within  
 this pool of tears this sapphire lake  
 these words didst bloom cobalt hues  
 to my view to see these words writ  
 ast of a nib pressed inst moonlight  
 writ to flicker ast blue eucalypti to  
 burn bright ast rubies light to with  
 odours of peach-blossom pink roses  
 to mine sight these words writ of  
 wit**

Apollo! faded! O far flown Apollo!

'Where is thy misty pestilence to creep

'Into the dwellings, through the door crannies

'Of all mock lyrists, large self worshipers,

'And careless Hectorers in proud bad verse



**Within the depths deep didst √  
 dream with sighs uponst mine breath  
 within a labyrinth of purple mist  
 streaked with yellow light hues with  
 pink shadows that didst the shifting  
 vapours to phantasmagoria forms  
 didst fluctuate ever changing  
 sensations swarm shapers shift the  
 moon an embossed ball of pearl like  
 white to shift to form a bowl of gold  
 painted onst velvet black the sky  
 thenst to seem didst √ dream to an  
 goats eye glinting fire stained onst  
 now the airs ast if a cloth of dyed  
 with orange ink light to shape  
 reshape fromst gold to ink pools of**

light tipped rose petal yellow  
 shadows across the field of wheat  
 withered pale pallid blooms to  
 metamorphose blurring stirring  
 forms impressions griffons winged  
 dragons obliterate reshape copper  
 coloured ilexes lilacs dyed herbage  
 pallid moon-pink-mist lay o'er irises  
 yellow briar roses this this place  
 where all that be be decayed fruit  
 that doth rot of plums andst grapes  
 andst all the harvest of tree didst  
 But rot to decay for naught didst  
 But nourish this place where Oh  
 But Oh where thru all waste wast  
 that screech of vers libre to be heard

***Ast this place shape shifting ever  
forming shadows that splash o'er sky  
ast some patterns of Japanese  
prints jigsaws uponst a sky of amber  
lacquer tinted dots of fireflies  
candle flames thenst to burst ast fire  
crackers that seep thru the light of  
pinks thenst golds bright that to my  
sight this place creates altering  
forms that chase each to seek o'er  
crisscrossed checkerboards that  
sweep uponst mine sight with  
vagaries of obscurities flicker  
flashing chimaeras ast that screech  
that noise that breeze thru the leaves  
to yellowish –greens foliage andst  
stagnate streams unseen reflecting  
moon-mist pallid withered ferns***

entangled all hang ast hairs sweat  
 clotted dank the airs Yet to mine ears  
 doth murmur cries inst this place  
 incongruous fluctuating shapes to my  
 sight or be it But inst this chaos of  
 impressions inst my imagination of ♪  
 for ♪ didst But see or didst strange  
 feelings have ♪ of vague shadows  
 phantoms of mine perhaps 9 women  
 with Doric coiffures laced with  
 powdered pale gold dressed inst  
 Botticelli flowing cloths rippling folds  
 like etched onst the purple light like onst  
 some white ground *Lekythos of*

the *Pistoxenos Painter* didst cry Ohh  
 didst cry with blocked ears the screech  
 not to hear for at their feet didst lay  
 with ears blocked asleep *Apollo*