



The Garden Of
Love
(Painted Onst Pink
Silk)
POEM
By C dean



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10.1 Nymphs of Arcadia by: Paul Gervais **10.2** Happy Arcadia Konstantin Makovsky

10.5 [Symphoni \(1929\)](#)

[Paul Gervais](#) (French, 1859 – 1944)

**PUBLISHERS
INTRODUCTION**

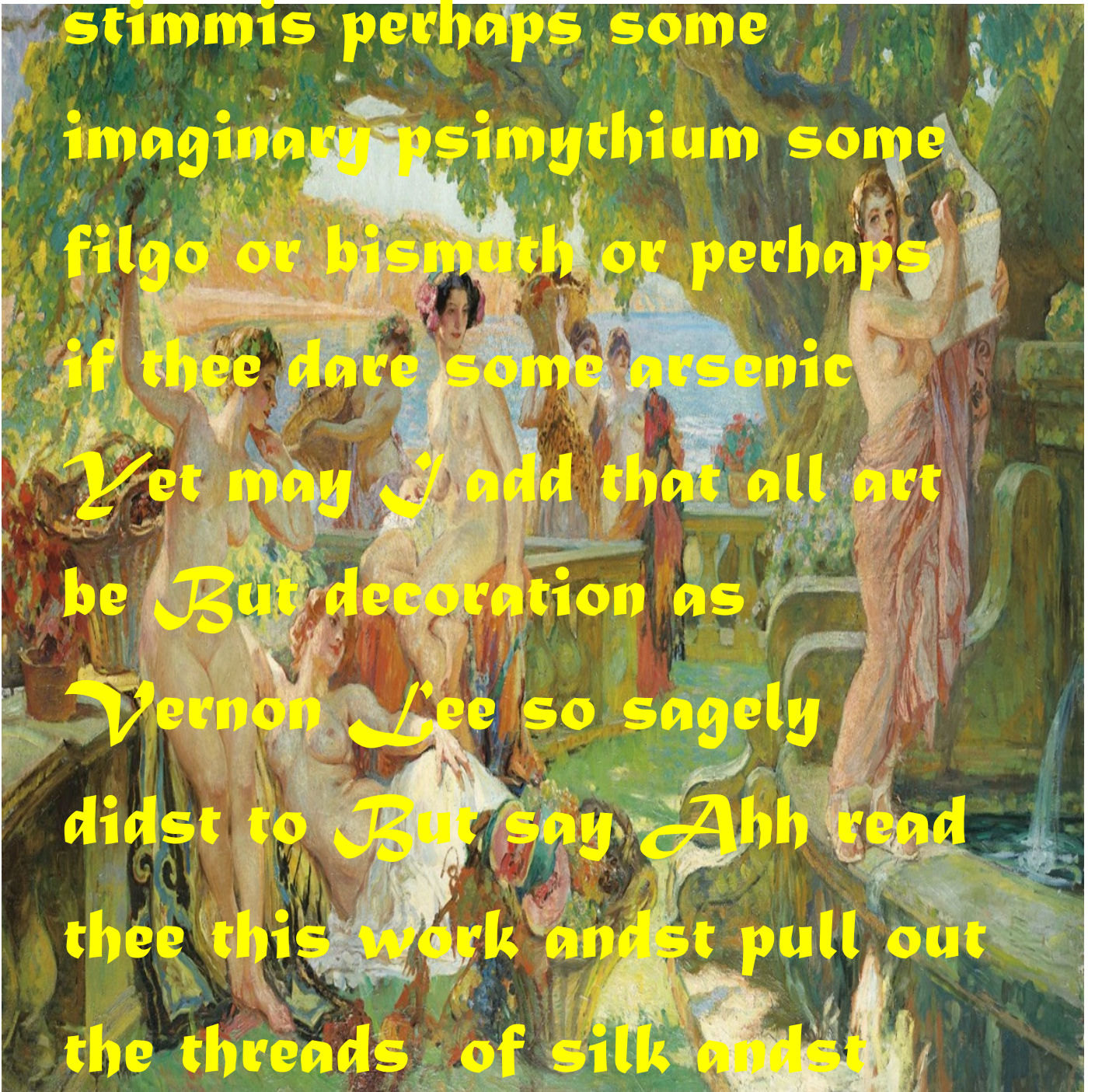
**Ah what be this *The*
*Garden Of Love***

**perhaps ast a womans
rouged face mere decoration
a mask of enamels shadows
of iridescent pinks that lure
ye to peak behind *Be* this
work just artifice mere
trifles of paint andst
powder andst *Tyrian* dyes**

artfully pencilled with a pen
 dipped in a rainbow Be this
 work But a full ripe fruit
 delectable its pulp to
 ensorcel thy minde rob they
 reason with words andst
 hints andst tints of purple
 prose maybe this work a
 work of pigments allusions
 to Spenser Dante Milton
 Shakespeare andst perhap if
 thee looketh deep enough

perhaps thee willst add to
the narthecium some literary

stimmis perhaps some
imaginary psimythium some
filgo or bismuth or perhaps
if thee dare some arsenic
Yet may I add that all art
be But decoration as
Vernon Lee so sagely
didst to But say Ahh read
thee this work andst pull out
the threads of silk andst



**wool andst mother-of-pearl
andst quarry thee with thy
fancy to unpick this
gorgeous arabesque this
patterned mosaic of painted
silk so be this work just a
mere trifle of decoration
mere rouge to stifle a boring
hour to amuse thenst to put
down andst to forget andst
inst time the perfume willst
fade andst the enamel crack**

PREFACE

**Maquillage this poet doth to dip ast didst
 Calamis his pens tip into to pink
 powdered pearl dust andst to paint with
 phucus lustrous lines words of rose
 complexions that dyes the page ast if a
 flowery dawn phrases well drawn that light
 thy night bright with creamy white sights to
 thrill thee inst rapturous blooms fragrant
 afternoons to thy minde to away to take
 inst fancies hallucinating days onst thy bed
 of lilies sweet swoon 'neath some moon
 fainting to some sentences the scent of
 heliotrope inst to bliss to pass uponst some
 line sublime *But Ahh* doth *Maquillage*
 to hide behind scented paint more beauty for
 coquetry or some horror to frighten thee**

Ahh whenst that logic binary doth the
meat-grinder minde dissolve thenst doth
consciousness melt andst thenst
dissolution of categories where nouns to
verbs to processes be andst "lips" are
fruit and which are flesh, which "pulp" is
vegetable and which is body to see
boundaries continually dissolve—fruit
becomes flesh, flowers become bodies,
scent becomes music, vision becomes
touch image to transforms to another hell
andst paradise blent to meld which each
is each andst hevevn be hell be heaven
who now canst tell

**3 score years andst 13 summers hast
 been to But to depart thenst to be to be
 onst the breeze perfumed airs to be to be
 so sweet that all cares doth to But to
 But to too flee maketh √ to see within
 the cities those caged those folk
 wrapped inst a veil of logic binary to
 not to see Ahh didst √ to flee to flee
 be free Ahh that breeze that doth to
 kiss mine flesh mine lips to kiss to sip
 that scent that uponst which didst √ to
 escape that vast world Ahh looketh
 doth a cloud that doth to drift to float
 that doth my guide to be willst to be
 like a bird to fly fromst vale to glade to
 grove to go wandering cloud now so free
 to breathe the mind so free Ahh fromst**

that logic binary with liberty the flesh
 inst delight alight aflame to burn with
 heated fires to ignite Ahh to burn to
 ast languid kiss uponst mine flesh the
 breath Ahh the death insto delight so
 bright Ahh that rush that blush of
 flesh crimson blood to too flood the
 flesh with burning breaths "twas
 summer 'neath a calm placid sky that
 didst ♪ to lie to lie to hear "Il mio ben
 quando verrà" to lie twixt blossoms hues
 where didst butterflies to my view didst
 to flutter wafts of air that didst to
 make mine hair to dance 1000 notes
 blent to melt mine thoughts ast ♪ to
 didst to too recline whilst birds to sing
 whilst budding twigs didst to fan-like

spread hast to spread pleasures through
 mine flesh didst too spread whilst
 primrose tufts andst periwinkle wreaths
 to touch to kiss mine flesh hast onst
 mine breath sleep didst to creep solemn
 dream of hues andst tints hast beautiful
 hast Selene that shone full-orbed that
 didst to float uponst mine cloud inst
 stillness depths no disturb mine
 stillness to perturb to dream andst
 thenst to sleep of beauteous forms that
 burn mine hart with blood to flow to
 startle mine minde "mid dream to see 4
 stars inst the east hast Aurora doth
 light the sky whilst that lamp of the
 world doth to rise with that Ram as
 Cytheria Ohh Oh hast Cytheria Ohh

burns with the fires of love uponst a
 summit didst ♪ to But too to see a
 forest divine didst to light the eyes of ♪
 didst to lie fragrant blooms perfumed
 airs to quiver the branches where doth
 to sings birds and 1000 tones to ring
 blent with odorous scent that tinge each
 thing to bring each the same bright
 shadowy sets off the dews that splatter
 the shy with sparkling lights shadowing
 trees andst the valleys low where mild
 zephyrs use those leaves to leave sweet
 scents uponst the breeze each leave as
 one entire andst perfect chrysolite that
 flicker to dart andst bees inst spring –time
 whenst the sun with Taurus rides past
 the eyes of ♪ to see fruit uponst That

tree to grip to sip to eat that juicy flesh
 to oooze to suck Ohh to suckkk
 pluckkk that flesh ripe ooze to sooth to
 burn ignite fires onst that flesh doth
 Ohh that doth Ohh the veil to lift
 fromst the binary eyes of ♪ to see to
 see Betwixt rivers two too view
 Too two rivers too to view that few do
 view
 To drink fromst Eunoe lips fromst to
 think uponst that drink that bringeth to
 the lips brink of ♪ Ohh that seem that
 that doth fromst Helicon to pour fromst
 mine lips ast some choir that be of
 Urani assist that fromst mine lips
 pressed ast through the blooms andst
 trees andst leaves doth to blow ast

Aeolian harps pure passions of delight
 ast music of verses dipt inst deaws of
 Castalie doth fromst the minde of ♪ to
 flow Ohh to flow whenst fromst mine
 eyes the veil doth to go to see beyond
 chases in Arras dreams in a career to
 be near to be guilded emptinesse
 shadows well founded embroider'd lyes
 foolish night fires will-of-the-wisps to
 blue to prisms colours bright take shape
 dancing moving confusing suggesting
 imagining pageants of light forms vague
 shifting light bright sight nebulous
 forms eddyng jumbles tapestries
 muddled light flicker shapes fluid forms
 solid light froth fast drift past mine
 eyes floating tossing undulating

changing shifting forms to form to melt
 all floating things vapours feathery
 filaments pale hued to mine view weave
 things be cobwebs to sparkle threads to
 weave forms to see Oh to see dew-
 drops glitter bubbles froth inst air
 tremble quiver glitter to forms
 composite things to bring mine lips to
 sing ast doth to mine sense to sting
 mignonette onst mine tongue that doth
 to taste of flora andst the country green
 with bubbles of verse that doth mine
 lips tongues tip to stain inst violet-
 coloured drops of Hippocrene Ohhh to
 see that be the world this forest of what
 all But of is to the world unseen a
 world a whorl a whirl a garden soaked

**inst moon-light mist light that doth
 lights the blooms with mist tints doth
 doth light the fruits with morbidezza
 tints of tremulous hints and hidden
 thrills that fills mine flesh with such
 delight lilies that grow andst poppies
 that show wide like lips spread melons
 plants andst leaves of trees of oak that
 weave fruits andst blooms like threads
 of silk with dews light ast mother-of-
 pearls ast marble doth to seem the blue
 reds patterns of gold flecked dyeing
 eddyng jumbles of plants andst fruits
 that doth drip ripe pulpy flesh crimson
 filaments red flames of ripe oozy fruity
 fleshy Ohh so luscious bursting ripe
 fleshy fruit the lips to press those**

petals spread pouting bulbs of puffy
scented juice drips fromst lips the lips
to thread with gold tints onst flesh
patterning with violet dyes yellows deep
creep o'er the burning flesh rose-bud
flesh with scent onst its breath its lips
fresh languid dewy lilies doth the
cheeks be consumed uponst the breathe
that doth breathe the heat fromst within
whenst the lips uponst those goblets of
fruit doth the wine to suck dew laced
ast pearls andst saffron andst crimson
doth paint a wanton face ast all doth
flutter to the perfumed breath of the
breeze of mine breath doth breathe o'er
the swelling bursting fountains of fruity
pulp that doth of mine flesh to please

to see pinkish mist to kiss blossoms
 andst fruit coppery andst some bright
 green flamed scarlet ast anemones ast
 gems 'neath blue lit sky ♪ sigh to see
 apples cherries white fruit blossoms
 pears crowned pink-tipped fruit to drip
 foam buds uponst mine tongues tip
 peach daisies scented powdered mist
 silvery light tossing foam froths Ahh
 thenst to But to too see twixt emerald
 vines that didst to But too to climb
 along the limbs slim leaping as wanton
 kids inst pleasant spring Tyrian dyed
 by their beauty deified where a fit
 audience found be But few to view
 those naked with pink Hedgehog wigs
 ennuyes andst ennuyantes ennuyees

andst the ennuyants where fromst their
 flesh ripe fruit rose steam rich perfume
 distilled bubbling that doth to burst
 along their hairs gem-like spikes
 gleaming bright bubbling froth to drip
 fromst hairs betwixt thighs *Muses*
 bearded men *Agipans Satyrs Fuans*
 andst *Pan* uponsts his flute laurels to
 deck his head whilst *Muses* seated
 high play their lyres ast *Lamia* green
 coiled vermilion –spotted freckled pard
 mouth of pearls dazzling about eyes
 Ohh eyes so *Fair* that weep too weep
 ast bubbling honey whenst to thee she
 doth to speak 'neath crushed rose
 leaves andst song birds songs within
 the garden of *Acrasia* nymphs with

**Sirens didst to sit to weave garlands
 for mine head whenst didst to hear
 Ohh to hear the lyres andst flutes to
 castanets to hear *Del Fandango* of
Boccherini waft thru the blooms leaves
 and nets of hairs twixt thighs that
 didst to move to ooze that heated fevered
 frenzied pulp that *I* didst too lick
 wanted wanton flesh of delight that
 didst drip juice of *Hippocrene* andst
Aganippe ast fromst couch they those
 nymphs didst fromst languid sleep to
 creep rose to wake shake those buttocks
 bubbles of flesh to make yonder blooms
 to swing arms legs tits *Ahh* to make
 to shake loud clash the cymbals
 castanets bounding sound running the**

goat men chasing hair to stream inst the
breeze riots of sounds tits arses thighs
Ahh to the shys laughter doth to rise
inst the rush gush of sweet ooze fromst
those fruits bursting sweating mounds
of flesh ripe pink hair powdered flesh
hoofs horns clash the splash fluidity
stamping feet flushed ripe pulpy fruit to
eat to lick to suck *Ahh* to suck hands
to clap to lick those quivers of flesh
sprays the juice glittering gleams rush
fromst blooms that shiver ast blood
doth flood the flesh pulp freshy veins
beat mine lips inst rhythms dance o
prance to breathe fervid breath along the
lips of sweating fervid perfumed pulp
golden showers doth gleam lights

**colours myriads songs birds doth to
sing the shes doth to sing mingled note
that rejoice with the swish choirs of
tones flicking bees andst butterflies
onst wings to swirl whirl their feet to
skips jiggle wiggle Ahh the dance the
prance frenzied fervid the Maenads
wobble ast √ sucking wine uponst mine
tongues tip violet-tined drips arms to
arms entwine tresses linked coiled nets
blood to surge as slanted eyes to spy
legs held high to spy pulpy flesh pouting
lips oozing wet flesh arcs of gushes
squirts of love of lust 'neath the lamp
of the world wanton romps perfumes the
breeze to swells the pulp plumes of lips
scent-soaked wings of flesh flutter**

**ringlets stir the whir of sighs flesh
 fountain spray grasses blossoms that blaze
 'neath the sun ast all doth onst flesh to
 banquet onst crimson saffron tinted
 sunlight flesh pearl decked inst dewes the
 dames aflame inst our flesh breath breathes
 voluptuous gorgeous luscious pulpy fruity
 riot goblets oozing wooing we all *Ahh*
 sucking no surcease *Ahh* we termagants
 of love frenzies unabashed we inst the
 juices do *But* to splash untamed insane
 with love pulp perfumes exhales shes we to
 dine soaked flesh to find love betwixt the
 shes lap to suck her paps *Ahh* we fly we
 die *Ahh* inst rapturous delight lit we by
 love lights we sigh to die supine *Ahh*
 within the folds of flesh sublime to hear "Il
 mio ben quando verrà"**