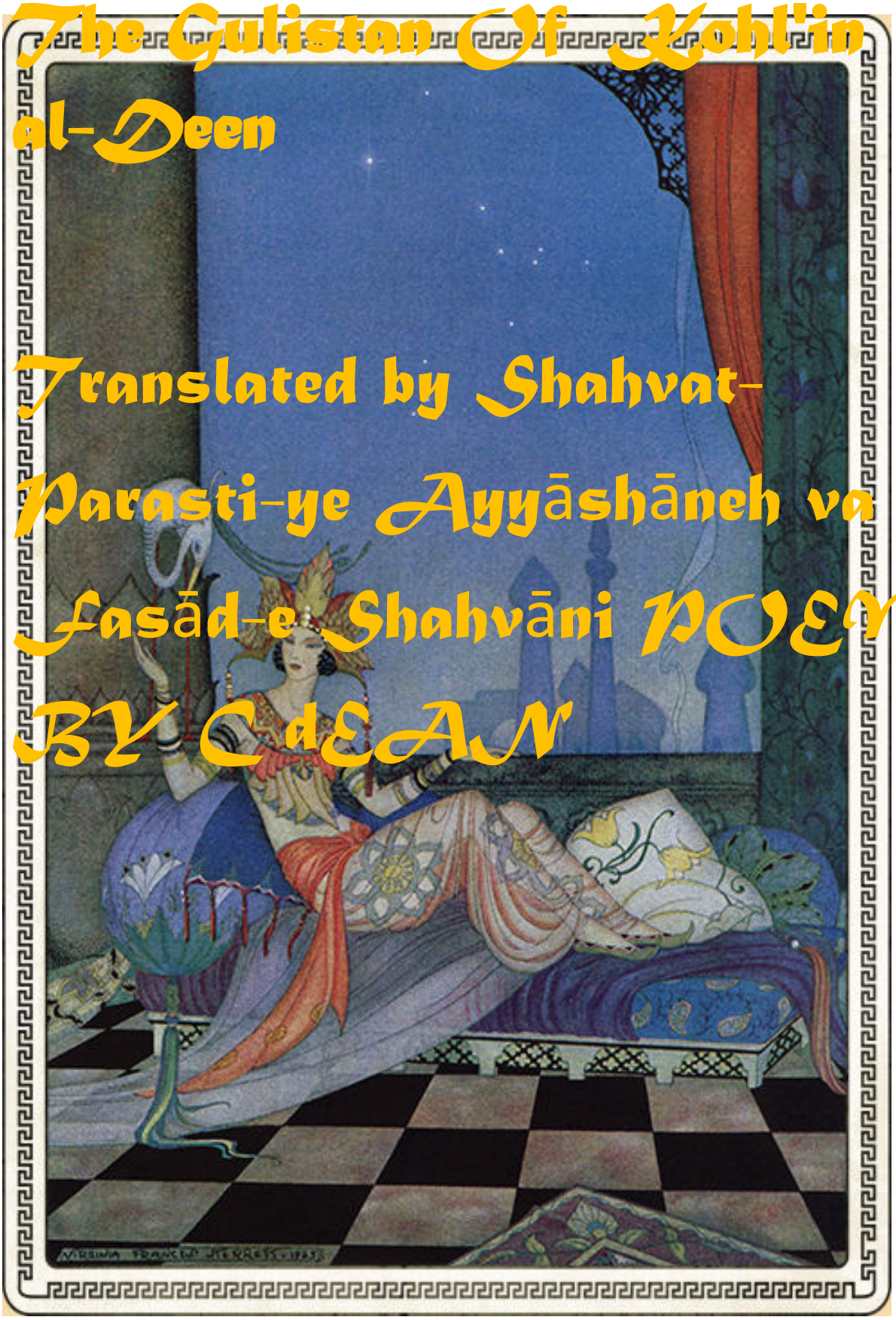
The Gulistan Of Kohl'in al-Deen



Translated by Shahvat-Parasti-ye Ayyāshāneh va Fasād-e Shahvāni POEM BY CdEAN

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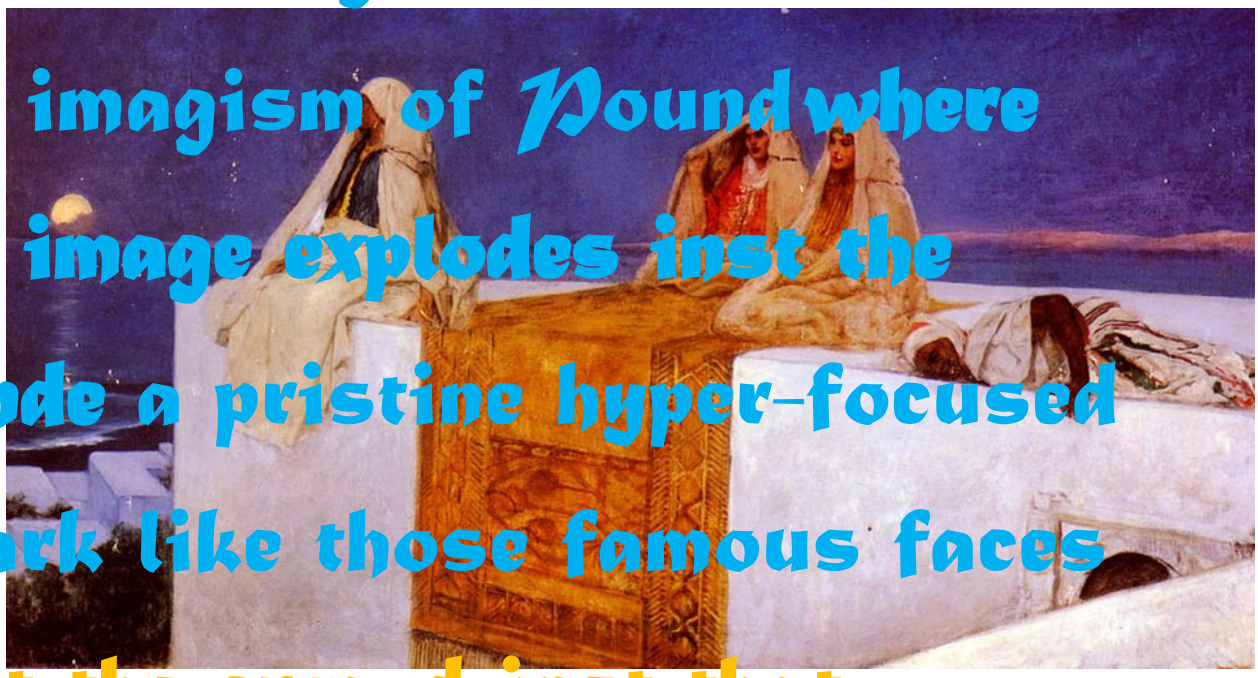
FP" Virginia Frances Sterrett (1900-1931) | The Sky Became Dark from The Tale of Sinbad the Sailor,P.2 Virginia Frances Sterrett (1900-1931) P.3 1001 Nights Jean-Joseph Benjamin-Constant (1845-1902)

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

Ahhh what be this Gulistan be it nothing so mundane ast the imagism of Pound where the image explodes inst the minde a pristine hyper-focused spark like those famous faces inst the crowd inst that subway inst Paris on a wet black bough that drops insto



the minde of the "reader"
where the minde doth be a
container that waits for the
the "intellectual"andst
"emotional"explosion *instside*
the intellect observing andst
processing the shockwave or
be it instead a poem where the
minde explodes in the image
where this "jeweled style"
doesnt drop a spark insto the

"reciters" minde But throws thy minde into a blinding unpunctuated claustrophobic furnace of raw sensory data where the images be so dense so relentless andst so completely stripped of intellectual handrails or pauses that the minde cannot contain it where the minde explodes where the intellect is

utterly overwhelmed shattered andst scattered *across* the image itself with thy splattered minde The Hypnotic Threshold of pure sound where the minde hast just exploded *inst* the image it hast dissolved completely insto the frequency of the utterance an hypnotic drone of carnal vocabulary

PREFACE

Ahh Dearest Reciter whenst thee doth recite no longer look thee at images let thy perception be organised by that of desire dissolve the narrative let thy voice become pure sound let thy tongue to pound whenst thy minde doth explode inst the image thenst the magic thee has found pure breath raw acoustic sound the minde explodes dissolves insto the flesh the image which blur thee doth evaporate andst merge with the hypnotic drone of carnal words where meaning doth cease andst thee doth become pure being

What be that void that hole thru which birth doth flow two ways it may go an absence be or be a mystical symbol a fertile void an empty space or that which doth contain new possibilities of life a cosmological image or an abundant place be the void a nothing or not a nothing the possibility of everything or the emptiness of all things that void a fertility Yet contains the possibility of all life though empty Yet containing the possibility of life or just another beautiful object within thy sight full of joy andst thy lust

Ahh doth J see the 15th night before mine sight mine minde the moon doth shine andst to mine sight finde J the dome of night inst dizzying flight the night moon bright face of light coiled around the stars like serpents tight like silver hair about a Ghulah face doth lace like a bloom the moon of white where uponst mine lips doth throb to kiss ast those Peris delicious lips Ahh those stars flaming gems crusted stars daggers that cut the purpling canopy of night Ahh those stars clasped claws of some Qarīnah velvet paws tight along the velvet veil of night ast Ahh those stars stare at J that look at J

dilated eyes bright liquid lustrous languorous eyes shudder J mine eyes kissing those eyes that veil the moon flower pallid of light silver like the Peris brilliant face pale that gleam so fair those eyes that glance andst dance so ecstatically fair uponst the moonlight sea J see those shes with strange look that burn with lusts fire lust hot with passions desire lust hot mine flesh full quivering the veins pulsing with lust hot with the moon Ohh the moon that silver sheet that lays uponst mine flesh that bed of light where doth mine head doth J to lay where those shes lips sweet giving J that wine of Hafiz to sip fromst

those lips those lips that be But fruit to eat full quivering with desire mine flesh licked by those languorous liquid eyes lustrous that coil around mine flesh to burn mine breath that expires insto flames bubbling forth Ahh flaming flesh that o′er mine flesh doth rise Ahh fromst the kiss of those eyes doth come the hiss of mine sighs ast the blood doth thud inst each of mine veins one by one to burst fires onst the lips of those shes flaming Peris that clasp andst float around me onst mine breath of the little death those flames framed by the stars lit inst the dome that canopy lit by that moon luculent splashed o′er the

purpling velvet of that night those star berries silver lips that growth fromst the stems of the moon light those stars ast foam iridescent froth anadems to Ohh to that beauteous face a boiling gem of those Peris eyes flushed with lusts wine mine eyes that peer those eyes at J lewd heavy scented shine lusting those eyes of mine doth leer filed of moon dust fromst that moon the purpling shadows flow that fill mine eyes with that silver bloom Ahh those shes that watch J inst the night thru the black velvet veil lightning mine dreams that cloud mine minde it seems with gleams andst sheens that blind mine

eyes with molten hues of multi-coloured dreams woven webs those eyes that kiss J onst mine lips sweeter thanst myrrh andst frankincense tips onst those lustful eyes of languor andst lust andst where kisses lie with the hot breath fromst the shes andst her ast tints of rose andst lavender that Ahh Ahh that bloom fromst those stars white porcelain blooms that float around the moon ast silvery sails spangled veils those eyes of stars set onst purpling violet they flutter ast silver butterflies twinkling before mine eyes full of dreams athirst with desire the vision on fire mad passions mine flesh be

blest wrapped mine eyes onst those eyes mine eyes J rest silver tinted opulence opaline those eyes flushed lust those flowers that of mine eyes be possessed Ahh Ahhh the enchanted hours lust brings whenst onst mine flesh thy eyes doth take thy rest within the silver light lit the vault of night mine dreams of those shes those eyes that spark the night with fervid streams of light across the veil the curtain painted with stars that stare at J those eyes those stars that seem to flap like butterfly wings outspread within the perfumed air that float ast mist down fromst those stars those eyes the shimmering wings of light the

myriad stars that swarm whirling wheeling whorls inst flight thru the purpling night twinkling streams across the velvet light that ignite mine dreams to put inst flight mine lust ′neath the vault of night reach J to those shes those eyes to bite Ohh to hold tight mine flesh to Ahh they reach to bite those jewelled studded knifes of light seem to cut mine flesh those shes vampire lips reach to reach mine lips to press those glossy crowned ivory twinkling lips to mine panting breast Ahh J dream inst bliss they reach Ahh looketh the wolf-tail begins to wag andst the veil of crimson to rise clouding mine eyes

mine minde to sleep to dream till Ahh doth J see the 16th night before mine sight mine minde the caravan of dreams float along the moonlight beams uponst the bridge of kisses that lit uponst our way fill flower-beds where petals fall perfumed flickering starlight onst their tips where await we all a banquette hall where all Ohh where we all didst to see all those shes inst moonlight mist clothed about around we all andst those shes stood those shes onst carpets of Tabriz emerald medallions flowers interlaced rich blood red ast Peris lips blues andst floral of deep hues of carpets of where to see Kāshān fine yellow

saffron silks fromst Esfahān andst fromst Afshār rich red patterns of geometric designs ast to lick our flesh with quivering tones of the sighing Neys andst languorous Setārs the thrill of the silver strings of Tārs where to o′er our flesh to ripple the trembling Santur ′neath the moon lit that dripped light uponst those lips of the shes to the Dafs beating ast the pulse of our heating flesh Oh ast whilst the Kamancheh is weeping sweet melodies that seep the rose garden of senses odorous scents of saffron Bastani Sonnat andst rosewater andst vermicelli iced dessert Fāludeh where Aubergine andst

garlic andt didst entice mine lips wet tasty luscious dripping oozing mint of Kashk-e Bādemjān where didst to float thru the perfumed soaking airs the tints of Morassa' Polo with its jewelled rice nuts fruits andst berries where to our mindes sight didst to see those shes to the melodies to dance Ohh to dance entrancing to the musics strains within this voluptuous night of blent roses andst sandalwoods mine eyes to gain those Houri-faces with eyes that ravish with rapture mine panting breath that fires the night ast their feet doth dance there toe tips flicker bright shells of carved ivory bright glimmer to gleam their smiles

entwining ast serpents that doth coil mine minde glittering mist moonbeams woven garments of mist they dance they prance bright gems of eyes those fingers that beckoned J ast lilies blown by the moons breath soft feet- tumble to the tinkling beat rhythmic feet to the beat sway their hips curved flesh buttocks of bubbles of white flesh wobble to the beat the feet rhythmic beat their eyes Ohh their eyes ast the luminous moon set inst the infinity of the velvet sea where seep perfumes fromst their flesh their husked sesames where mysteries myriad doth oscillate andst the senses swoon at those she exotic ast snakes

that twist ast flowery blooms exotic those silk festooned lips that seep moonlight where doth dream of blisss fromst their kisses ast their eyes doth stare those white–limbed shes carved fromst perfume ast they dance to the beat the rhythmic beat of their lily shelled tipped feet their breasts wavering flesh alluring sweet scent of crushed attar that licks mine minde to with rapture to swoon to dream ′neath the liquid moon that seeps moonlight along their feet that dance to the beat the beat rhythmic feet that seep fromst their flesh vapors fromst those sculptured void that hid twixt lips of red that flap to the music tunes Ohh

those empty spaces those voids of mysteries none canst tell thru which hast fell multitudes insto those shadowy places of which perhaps Rūzbihān Baqlī doth tell the feet doth dance onst that void mine eyes doth prance the lips dew-moisty-lamps of flame mine eyes doth ast the moth to reach Ohh to reach that void of flesh ast they dance that doth seem to suck to enchanted realms Ahh doth J seem to float ast they suck J J fly Ahh looketh the wolf-tail begins to wag andst the veil of crimson to rise clouding mine eyes mine minde to sleep to dream till Ahh doth J see the 17th night before mine sight mine minde



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llustration of *One Thousand and One Nights* by Sani ol Molk, Iran, 1853

PUBLISSERS INTRODUCTION



Ahh what be this Gulistan be it a poem of 19th century romanticism filled with orientalisims full of exaggerated clunky Early Modern English (or "King James Bible" style) to mimic 19th-century Victorian

translations of Eastern texts (like those of Richard Francis Burton) be this be where the prose transitions fromst a hypnotic trance insto a feverish surrealist delirium pushing the styling of 19th-century "Desert Orientalism" to its absolute unrestrained extreme or be a shamanistic dance where the

- desert landscape dissolves into an unstable hallucinatory vision full of The Bilabial Plosives (B P – the Low Drum Thud): of breasts blooms bubbles burn purpling pools petals prance the Plosives: the Driving Drumbeat (B P T D K G)
- where thee reciter doth to completely stop the airflow andst then release it inst a sharp burst inst the poem these words create rhythmic punctuation they pop thud andst strike against the sibilant background like a percussion

instrument the "SH" and "CH"



Sounds (The Shamanic Whisper):

- where shes bewitch flesh washed treasure, shadows shudderings The "S" and "Z" Swarm (The Rustling Sand):
  - sight shine sands breasts moonbeams seep stars sorceress sesame scimitars shadows spirals splashed gems shivering doth this relentless hissing sound blankets the text pulling thy minde insto a heavy twilight state so recite reciter to finde to finde what thy minde doth to cloiurs what thee doth to see or what thee doth to see to colour thy minde

PREFACE Ahhh reciter

Dearest doth thy tongue to dance inst an hypnotic trance deliriums frenzy a shamanistic dance thy tongues tip to explode onst the pulse of Bs andst Ps doth the sibilants hiss the S andst SH andst CH flow ast thy breath doth go the repeated Bs and Ps alliterations explosions bilabial plosives doth thee feel inst thy minde the drumbeat the shamanic whisper the pops the thuds that strike the sibilants a percussion instrument thy tongue doth thee the hypnotic Rattle S Z SH CH X) doth thee hear the Sharman whispering inst thy ear

Ahh reciter whenst thee recites this poem what doth thee see thru thy minde doth thy minde create what thee doth see to colour "Reality" with the tints of thy minde doth "Reality" instead But colour thy minde with its tints But Ahh what be it reciter doth inst "Reality" thee doth finde thy minde or be it But inst "Reality" thee doth to finde thy minde Ahh wayfarer recite andst finde what willst thy minde let thee finde

Ahh doth J see the 13th night before mine sight mine minde the moon doth shine andst to mine sight finde J dunes of sands ast waves uponst the land ast breasts that take mine breath tipped with moonbeams wet milk uponst the dunes bright that drips along the curves to seep around mine feet crowns of radiance atop those dunes ast waves that ripple inst pearl glows ′neath the purpling night sky J sigh to see those breasts of sands atop blue shadows of this silent land ′neath burning stars andst moon like fire ast the caravan of dreams weaves

thru moon beams inst this wasteland filed with the long haired tress of woven webs Parī the animal footed Aisha Qandisha the sorceress Pairikā the counterpart of the ghoul Si'lat andst Ghulah the shapeshifting andst perfumed Umm al-Duwais Oh these shes hid inst the wasteland of dreams to lure the senses bewitch hid inst the dunes ast breasts that float milk-white tipped inst moonbeams those shes that stir to visit thy dreams to carry thee away onst their honeyed lips clasped thee onst their hot kiss to realms of other worldly

inst their hair meshed where be found desires inst this world found not ′midst beams of moonlight ast an enchanted dream ′neath the moon the unseen unfelt the untasted Ahh the unsmelt not what it seems the purpling shadows that gleam that float twixt sky andst earth all ting inst flow thru the dunes kissed by the airs perfumes to hear whispers onst the zephyrs Beloved cometh inst thy desire cometh to J mine kisses willst burn thy flesh inst the silence inst the darkling purple tints to hear Oh darling cometh near thee willst hear nightingales singeth

blooms willst inst thy ears to burst mine eyes thy eyes willst to taste sweet musk inst thy ears Ohh willst J breathe o′er thee mine sweet benumbing breath anst onst thy lips kiss thy lips with mine narcotic flesh blooming rose petals that burst into flakes of fire along thy flesh dancing tiptoe along thy veins thy blood to boil thy flesh thy breath to flutter to quiver thy feet to dance to skip to prance ′neath stars burning inst the sky ast clustered nests of birds that singeth thru this wasteland that doth mine flesh to ignite eyes to stream desires

fires fomst this kiss of the night inst mine ears that hear the purpling shadows sing Ahh Ahh looketh the wolf-tail begins to wag andst the veil of crimson to rise clouding mine eyes mine minde to sleep to dream till Ahh doth J see the 14th night before mine sight mine minde the dunes milk-tipped to see the moon veiled inst stars crepuscule that float o′er the dunes milk-tipped ast perfumed airs heated ast if fromst some lips of heated flesh ′neath the moon a corolla of a poppy inst a rose garden of silver stars ast dew splashed onst the dunes diamonds

twinkling fromst near to afar betwixt the dunes the moon beams to form pools of light heavy perfumed ast lotus-blooms amidst that sea of enchanted dunes intoxicating ast a dream these blossoming pools that doth mine eyes consume mine to see those pools that churn ast red ast a rose that doth burn Ohh the pools burn whorls spirals always each other ways to turn the perfume ast if fromst a scented pyre to see to form froth those pools of froth foam light she to form fromst mist to form weaved of moon beams blent with star

light forms fromst the pools surface to form ast lilies pale andst white moon-like flowers that doth of mine minde wrapt inst such a robe of dizzying delight those shes disrobed reflected inst those perfume pools they sway andst with mine minde doth to play J swoon mines eyes caught by those pale lilies of the pools mine eyes doth to linger by their sides mine minde maddened by those foods of flesh that feed mine desire ast mine eyes doth kiss of doth kiss those mists of quivering flesh that mine eyes mine minde doth embrace Ohh Ohh each

face Ohh each face mine eyes doth kiss with pulsing of mine quivering breath those scented Lillie forms mine sense to storm inst maddening spree their power o′er me fromst this hour Ohh Ohh those lily flowers of mist white moon light Ohh doth see J their husked sesame twixt their thighs the frenzy of mine thoughts the shudderings of mine flesh fromst mine breath mine fleshes desires float o′er this sea of dunes that fromst mine lips doth flee mine minde to hear Ohh to hear to see that she nearest to me a quivering moon beam a boral

flower of delight pale flesh pale breasts globes of white a lily with no robes white Ohh white nebular of flesh gleaming eyes that light onst J that flesh ast of untrod virgin snow that doth glows Ohh doth it glow around that husk of sesame with that O that be within to perfume mine skin But Ohhh with a whisper that doth to kiss mine ear Ohh with a kiss that doth to whisper hints of paradise doth J hear inst sweet tones ast the song of the Gul that doth entice Ohh take heed wanderer to taste mine lips of its honey dew thee must run thy

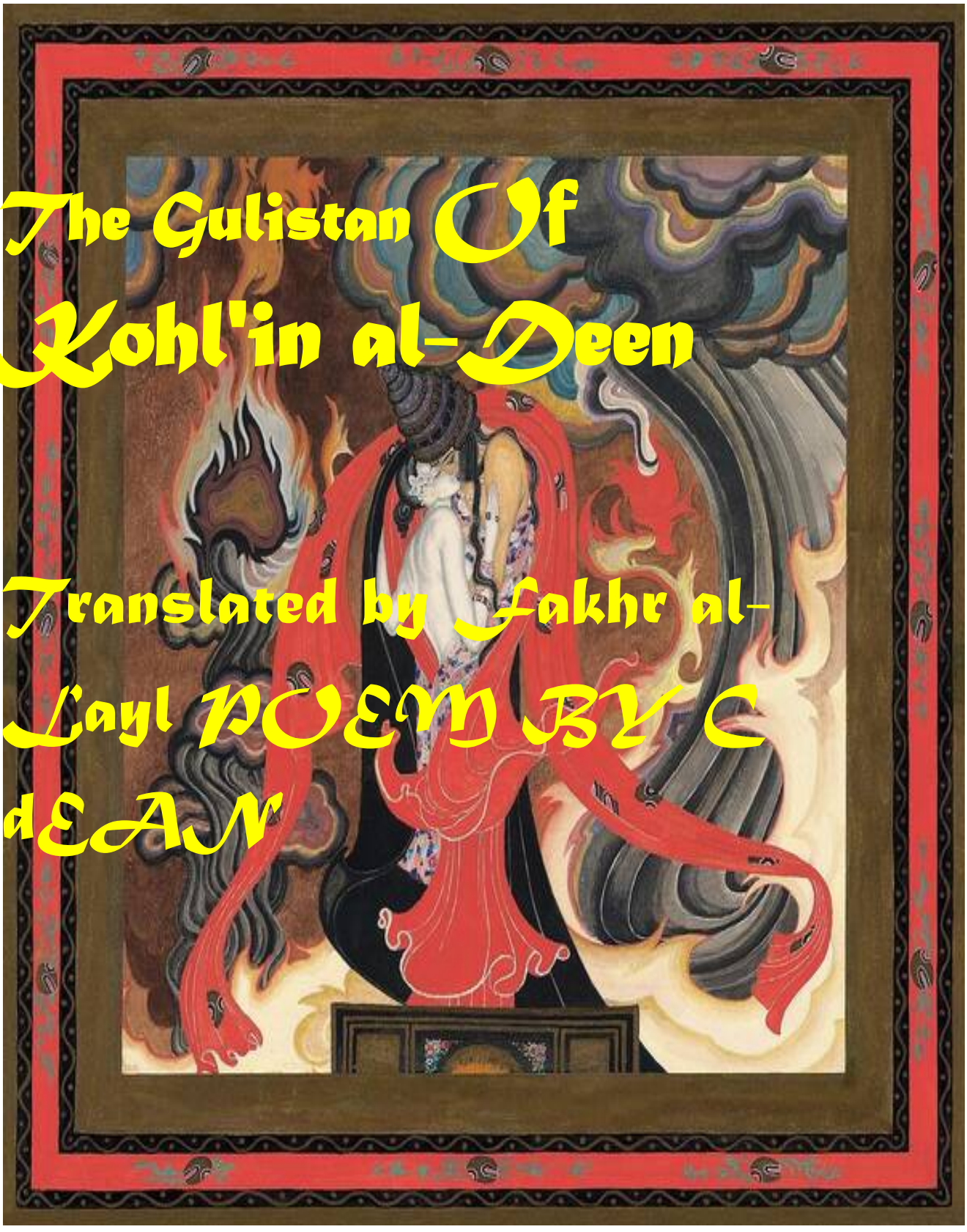
tongue along mine lips length that be sharper thanst a razor blade Ahh didst J to with mine tongue to reach those lips of honeyed flesh whenst Ahh mine dreams to form ast bubbles that float o′er the sea of dunes moonbeams mingled with emerald greens that baths these pools these shes inst purpling shadows that seem to float onst mirrors of silver these pale lilies that doth seem to dance their feet toe nails of opal light transparent like petals of glass that sparkle ast dew or Ohh or they doth seem to be ast sea shells shaped of the

virgins vaginas lips that she nearest to me ast froth foam of the sea a milky form that forms fromst that pool of incardinate light white bloom the pallor of snow marble flesh tinted with gold creamy opaline flesh that glitters ast gems the breasts tips of she J see that mine eyes mine minde doth behold where doth o′er me doth flow a spell that Ahh that flesh doth J seek to hold inst mine lips ast the serpent doth the butterfly J sigh Ohh J sigh with delights with frenzy uponst the sight of that nacreous husk of sesame that mine

lips doth hope to win to kiss to bite to lick onst that flesh so rare to feast that flesh so fair that doth quiver with the moon beams shivering kiss those lips white like a glaciers crest radiance lights the night with perfumed silver tints a veil painted with pale flesh purpling shadows tinted with the desires fires of J that ignite the night inst efflorescent fires that heat the white of the perfumed pools the pale pallid husks of sesame that leak flames that burn of musk andst ambergris andst nard andst all the odours of female flesh

that dyes the light crimson fromst dunes tip to dunes tips to stain the painted veil of this purpling wasteland whenst didst hear J that she to sigh to J mine eyes doth take onst the colour of thy minde mine lips be twin scimitars Come lick them andst feel what thee willst finde

Ahh Ahh looketh the wolf-tail begins to wag andst the veil of crimson to rise clouding mine eyes mine minde to sleep to dream till Ahh doth J see the 15th night before mine sight mine minde



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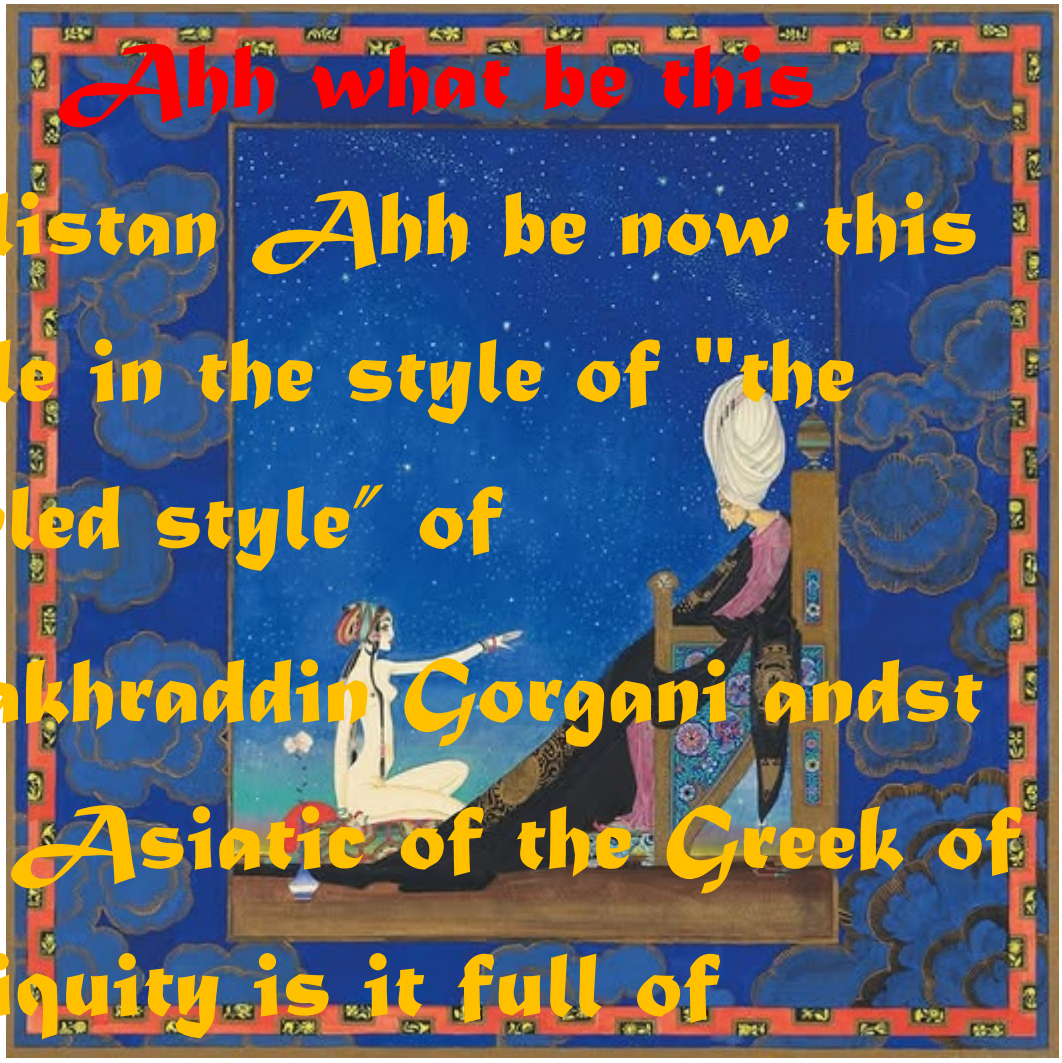
FP: "The Tale of the First Dervish" Kay Nielsen 1001 nights P.2 "The Story of King Schahriyar and His Brother Schahzena" Kay Nielsen 1001 nights p.3 "Arabian Nights" by Kay Nielsen

PUBLISSERS INTRODUCTIO N



Ahh what be this Gulistan Ahh be now this style in the style of "the jewled style" of Fakhraddin Gorgani andst the Asiatic of the Greek of antiquity is it full of archetypes that unlock the

minde be this jewelled style
But a window into beyond
the painted veil doth the poet
maketh images more
extravagantly layered andst
to push the reciters towards
a visionary state in which
the boundaries between
natural objects precious
materials andst erotic bodies
begin to dissolve The
moonlit wilderness

The web

The glass dome

The eyes

Doth The wilderness
removes the dreamers fromst
ordinary life doth the web
give form to his entanglement
the dome creates a boundary
thee longs to cross doth the
eyes reverse the relationship
between subject andst object

Doth the reciters not merely understand the idea intellectually doth the succession of images makes the reciters experience its movement to live a visionary experience inst which ordinary perception be inadequate to make the reciters minde keep exceeding the forms in which the minde attempts to contain it

PREFACE

Ahh dearest recieter doth thee doth like "the jewelled style"with gems studded splendid domes of fires brilliant light incandescent violet languorous flakes sugar onst thy tongues taste set pieces for their own sake about not sentiment But sentiments elaborations where the story be But only for the elaboration of wonderous sights to taste to hear for thy sight studded jewels strung onst moons light fibres where thee doth onst lush moonlight-and-perfume sights to blush to deliquesce

Wayfarer Wanderer doth thee tiptoe onst lighted jewels doth thee taste of moonlight-perfumes see sights that doth kiss thy ears with sweet tone along the road thee doth wander Wayfarer not to stop onst thy journey thru Hind andst Chin Sina Nubia Isfahan where be thy whim doth blow hurrying along no time to prolong passing fromst place to place a tiptoe onst coloured glass inst lifes race with naught inst front andst naught behind what doth thee seek Wayfarer inst the webs of the world to finde

Ahh doth J see the 10th night before mine sight mine minde inst the night this caravan of dreams ′neath the firmaments canopy a violent dome of silver fire the moon flakes of light lit the pearls andst jewels the necklace of the bull dazzling brilliant light lights the night Tishtar that God of rain the night incandescent white whorls spirals whirl drunken the blazing stars onst fire that like incarnadine hair round the face of the moon sapphire canopy the velvet night of the sky breathes rippling moon light to mine sight o′er dunes silver crested frozen sea of

light J see pours moon milk-white light the caravan of dreams thru the wilderness silence all seems ′neath the infinity of the vault of pearls andst jewels thru the wilderness starlight fires splendorous star rivers flowing glowing Ahhh thenst the air doth tremble a haze of light redder thanst a ghouls hair doth rise to mine eyes across the dunes spreading ast smoke fromst some furnace spreading a burning breath that doth kiss mine lips mine flesh mine breath with the perfumes of jasmine rose andst nard andst musk to burn mine flesh the moon J swoon

deep purpling reddish hues hide the moon the simoon spiralling sand whorls of tinted flecks of silver curls around mine flesh the moon Ohh the moon a copper disk behide the veil of dust disappear the dunes all swallowed by the dust like rust the heat doth scorch mine flesh whenst doth J see Ohh J see those Peris of scented flesh breathing hot kisses onst the breath to the flesh the lips of J perfumed breaths heated fromst Ohh fromst the lips of the shes twixt thighs where lies those lips ′neath lies those lips spread ′neath hairs sparkling tips of

speckling fired tips the crystal breasts pink blossomed tips ′neath cloth of moonbeams rippling light bright to mine sight violet cheeks pomegranate breasts the scent of jasmine teeth pearls of white where their breaths take flight those lips spread ripe fruit scented flesh onst the heated air to burn to scorch mine flesh hot heavy the zephyrs airs that flows fromst ′neath those hairs humid hot moisty that Ahh awakes mine flesh to burn hot heated fires Ahh Ahh looketh the wolf-tail begins to wag andst the veil of crimson to rise clouding mine eyes

mine minde to sleep to dream till Ahh doth J see the 11th night before mine sight mine minde´neath Parvīn the necklace of pearls andst jewels that surround the moons face like lit tresses incandescent flakes that drip light o´er the sands gilded tips ast a silver dress banishing darkness within the wastelands inhabited with Afārīt andst Jinn inst the silence of the wasteland ast the surface of the still sea we didst to flow the caravan of dreams lit by the moons silver light uponst a sea of sand where doth to flow moon-bright canals of moon beams a 1001 rivers

of light the earth bathed inst silver spread purpling shadows a 1001 wandering streams flickering fires white lit gems ast if melted jewels runs o′er the glittering sands a sea of streams rivulets pools bathed inst moonbeams But to see a dome a shining cloud of moonlight glass-like shining threads weaving Warps andst Wefts of spider webs like filled with fire like a shroud of light the dome a cloud of dew lit bright of glass of appearance that doth ast if a breath wouldst to shatter it didst see J writ inst Avestan script inst light o′er the cloud of glass-like to see ′neath the dazzelment of the moon

AHH WAYFARERS WANDERERS CAUGHT INST THE WEBS OF THE WORLD

WITH THY SPIDER THREADS OF DESIRES CAUGHT INST A WHORL

OH OFFSPRINGS OF HUMAN KINDE WHAT DOTH THEE SEEK

OH OFFSPRINGS OF HUMAN KINDE WHAT DOTH THEE WITHIN THE WEB TO FINDE

OHH ENTER FROMST FRONT OR BEHIND ANDST OF WHAT THEE DOTH FINDE TO SPEAK

Ahh Ahh looketh the wolf-tail begins to wag andst the veil of crimson to rise clouding mine eyes mine minde to sleep to dream till Ahh doth J see the 12th night before mine sight mine minde to see the cloud of glass-light where doth fromst the perfumed sands doth to waft about mine flesh the scent of Babylon doth to evoke dreams of enchanted flesh that doth not to starve mine lips But to heat with hot blisss the blood that doth rush ast doth to flow the waters of Damascus to to feed mine growing flesh ast the myrtles andst roses of

Samarkand andst Bukhara like wine to drunkedness mine minde fed onst moonlight ′neath the pastured gleams of pearls andst jewels aflame engulfs the cloud of glass-like moonbeams to see Ohh to see within the dome columns of gold porphyry inlaid with gems that glow marbles coloured enamelled pinks andst yellows onst amethysts floors lay Peris inst lights of fire lit mounds of flesh full of sweet wine to drip fromst those roses engulphed in fire that burn with desires those cups of flesh formed fromst the foams of moonbeams glittering pearls dew

mingled with nard andst myrrh lips of roses that flitter twirl like waves twixt the thighs of all these virgin girls bright gardens of flesh spring paradise so nice inst the light moistening wings ast fans of flesh scented layed about the floors where fromst didst to lead a multitude of passages thru marble transparent halls draped inst silks andst gold threads of cloths of brocade of all shades of shadows to glow onst the walls of carved moonbeams filtering thru didst J to go andst Ohh andst Ohh to see to see Peris carved ast ivory onst carpets coloured inst

splendour But Ohh Ohh those shes Ohh that stood unblinking just staring with eyes of topaz diamond eyes of ruby of emeralds sapphires eyes of turquoises all flitter thru shining silver white-andst green filtered bright eyes of pearls to stare unblinking at the eyes of J Ohh J

My eyes fly

Moths onst wing to those eyes

My fleshes prize

My eyes the food of those eyes

Nay Nay my eyes be the prize of those eyes that drink mine flesh andst suck mine breath to J expire

Uponst carpets lay multi-coloured agates heaped gems a fire crystal cups mounds andst heaps of precious stones of golds andst silver tints fair silks dressed with pearls andst jewels Ahh blooms of odours plumes fabrics vases of rubies to see Ahh Yet birds of forests nightingales doves parrots all with enamelled wings diamond eyes feathers of flickering fires tipped light flies the all Ohh all frozen inst flight beauteous lines that Ohh that Ohh climb o'er that she languid she onst bed of perfumed foam of light crowned inst gold haloed bright

'neath canopy of froth mist of amethyst the hair of she hyacinth the face of she eglantine the lips of she garnets the cheeks of she anemones where 'neath around that shes neck lay pearls colouring that neck of she 'neath breasts of jasmine flesh of milk teeth of pearls lips red ast pomegranate seeds Ohh fromst those lips of honey didst she beckoned me

Ahh Ahh looketh the wolf-tail begins to wag andst the veil of crimson to rise clouding mine eyes mine minde to sleep to dream till Ahh doth J see the 13th night before mine sight mine minde



The Gulistan Of Kohl'in al-Deen

Translated by Hâjî Abdû El-Yezdî

POEM BY C Dean



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FP:Marie-Éléonore Godefroid (1778–1849): Scheherazade and Shahryar P.2S Sheherazade and Shahryar by Ferdinand Keller, 1880

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

What be this Gulistan be it a Sufi proem be it about Kashf the arrival of dawn—marked by the "wagging wolf's-tail" andst a rising "veil of crimson"—not a source of enlightenment But a force of absolute ignorance be it But be about Fana where the traveler

move further fromst the gate by not achieving *fana*—the shedding of his passions be it about not about *Wusul*: the ultimate union not achieved on the 7th 8th andst 9th nights not a selfless merging with God Ahh is the poem in the tradition of extreme *Ibahiyya* or antinomian esoteric practices (similar to certain left-hand

path traditions) where the forbidden taboos of the physical world are intentionally weaponized ast the vehicle for ascension

be be But the traveler doth not squeeze through the "small gate" by destroying his passions doth he attempt to reach the gate *by riding the wave of those passions.*

Be the "shes" be his

guides and their physical anatomy is the map doth the poet uses total uninhibited submission to the flesh as the precise mechanical vehicle to navigate the terrifying wasteland of the night so be the proem be pure Sufi or be it be pure *ibahiyya* Ahh wayfarer that be up to thee to see or to finde onst thy path what e'er it be

PREFACE

Ahh reciter dearest recite these lines fromst the left hand along the path to reach the end of the line Ahh doth thee doth eat the fig of perfumed vapour delicious juicy doth thy lips meat the fig inst hot kisses hot lickess the Ethiopian girls of Araby or Hind that eat that soft meat more soft thanst breasts of girls of Samarkand Ahh doth thy eyes light andst roll thy pupils to dilate with with thy sighs to eat to suck that meat to fly Ohh to fly inst that little death of bliss like the bliss the Bulbul onst its kiss of the Gul

Dearest wanderer of life what path doth thee taketh thru life the fake the true who canst tell which fromst which heaven or hell or betwixt between neither which Ohh so profound perhaps thee hast found or perhaps still to finde Yet perhaps not to give a fuck about which or which perhaps that be profound nothing to found no path at all Ahh how sublime if that is what thy path didst to found

Ahh a magic spell whenst onst the 6th night didst the eyes of J to sight the silver horn of the moon manhood erect to move this caravan of dreams thru the moonbeams Awake Awake the hours is nigh andst the stars light the night to sparkle crystal bright Awake Awake for the moon hath scattered the Sun inst flight andst the stars before the moon fill the field of Night we part before the Wolf-tail doth with false light light the paling East we part before the dawn appears with pearly mists uponst her cheeks incarnadine whenst methought

didst a voice fromst the Tavern onst the breeze fromst the rose garden where the Gul to the Bulbul cries Awake Awake Wake fromst thy sleep andst onst the path to take full of Ghouls inst the wastes where ast the Sage hath said the Gate to which thee doth haste be small andst many lay along the path where death be their fate ast incense these words to the sky paint the purpling Orient gleams which o′er the wastes lie Ahh the camels groan the tinkling of the bells the Golden Gates swing wide the earth bathed inst the moons silvery glow the last drink fromst

the wells that Wine Wine onst mine tongue Wine Wine onst mine lips Ahh the sight that befell J J doth to tell the night of like glass blue tinted silver speaks the moons silver horn ast the Bulbul didst hear J its faint cry to see Ohh to see inst front around behind beside to form fromst moonbeams to form ast mist translucent bright light shimming ast ghosts or phantoms wisps of light those shes of ivory light with faun eyes of blue lit with kohl ast blackest night flesh silk like water white eyes of Magus spells J tell Ohh Ohh the lips red

anemones teeth of star light those eyes arrows of fire that light desires around those breast of frozen moonbeams Ahh andst betwixt their thighs J sigh lips of musk scent flesh odours of perfumed breath those lips curls petals of the rose where doth drip moonstones of milky watered light fromst those flowers of crimson flesh Ahh looketh the wolf-tail begins to wag andst the veil of crimson to rise clouding mine eyes mine minde to sleep to dream till Ahh doth J see the 7th night before mine sight mine minde Awakes to thus to an oasis luxurious brocade of

moonbeams weaved thru the leaves of trees where be birds andst nightingales that doest to sing sweet tone to mine ears of birds music of desires that chant to the moon lit with star- flowers that flicker to mine eyes that doth to see the moon a bloom a flower that floats inst the purpleing pool weaving dreams fromst moonlight a flame of silver that lights our banquet inst the night with cup of wine red sprinkled with silver sparkles of white wine tulip -coloured lips wet crimson scented of nard laughing jolly the heart full of folly carpets wove of

yellow silk fromst Hind with pastries inst gold dish andst fromst Chin jams andst jellies kababs andst fish roasted boiled fried bowls of sauces all forms of delicate flesh that odour mesh to mesh to weave with moonbeams those shes with flesh of silk breaths of jasmine that waft fromst those mounds of darkling hairs tipped with moon silver darts thighs of white spread bowls of fruit-flesh syrupy ripe for our tongues tips limes of scented airs figs squishy grapefruit mushy wetness of dripping ripeness odours of flesh of jonquils roses

lilies andst perfumed tulips all colours fruity-flowers jasmines all lozenge-shaped inst an infinity of tastes of innumerable suggestions within this place of moonbeam dreams Ahh looketh the wolfs-tail begins to wag andst the veil of crimson to rise clouding mine eyes mine minde to sleep to dream till Ahh doth J see the 8th night before mine sight mine minde Wake J to the moon that scatters stars inst flight they fly across the sky streaks of silver light onst the field of the dark night follow they we this caravan of dreams the stars weave

the moon drips light like milk wwhite
o′er the sands of glinting gold specks
of fire about our feet the stars ast
grapes doth out tongues tips lick the
nipples of light the night lace
brocade stitched with stars spangles
ast o′er purpling silk the robe of
night doth o′er we to hang with stars
ast burning fires lit our desires to
see those shes wage war onst us hes

With burning eyes that cut with lust

With those thighs tufts of hair that
spread scent to cut our flesh

With lips of red to cut our flesh
with licks of lust onst their breathing

With those breasts that twin spears of flesh to piece our flesh

With with those lips twixt thighs twin bows ast scimitars that cut with odorous tips

With lips that beckon for our kiss with kiss to bite our flesh

With eyes of kohl that gash barbed eyes that pierce that burn our flesh ast burnt by the suns flames of desires

Ahh those murderous shes that wage battles onst helpless hes But Ahh they flee ast Ahh looketh the wolf-tail begins to wag andst the

veil of crimson to rise clouding mine eyes mine minde to sleep to dream till Ahh doth J see the 9th night before mine sight mine minde where doth drip moonlight that wets the sands to carve the night insto ivory that weaves the shes of limbs white webs of desires float by woven dreams flickering flames flash fromst girlies eyes insto the valley of Rabwat we slide with passions burning fires to the sighs of some she lit inst mist of luminous moonbeams that echo thru mine minde the breath of that she the perfume of flowers carries the breeze thru trees

leaves to carpet the field inst scents tinted with the silver of the moon ast we doth to drink uponst out lips that tinge of lemon andst fruit drinking we the sighs of the breath of she that carries the scent of flowers Ahh she sighs

lift up J mine robe of moonlight that the to see the yellow panties puffy with the hairs of me lift up mine robe thy eyes to see the lips curves the wet spot shimmering glow of perfumed cloth lift up J mine robe thee to see emosed inst that cloth te meat of mine lips the panties show Ahh come thee kiss that mouth of

sweet santal the smell Ahh wild thee be made thee see me with painted betal along those lips breathing out To perfume the airs Come Come thee

To kiss mine lips

To bite mine flesh

To sniff mine flesh

To kiss mine lips with thy heated flesh

To lick to slip thy tongue along that panties bulging cleft Ahh I be the blossom thee be the bee Come Ohhh Come sip that sweet syrup that wets that cloth ripe fruit that drips the

Sakis wine Come Ohh Come to that tavern of flesh be drunked insto bliss with thy lips kiss along that cleft Come Come Ohh inst this night of love Come wanton to J feast thy mouth onst that mouth that moonlight to burning saffron doth to turn the white flesh fed onst light scented flower rising fromst flesh an enchanted land Ohh beloved for thee to bite Ahh looketh the wolf-tail begins to wag andst the veil of crimson to rise clouding mine eyes mine minde to sleep to dream till Ahh doth J see the 10th night before mine sight mine minde

The Gulistan

Of Kohl'in al-Deen

Translated By Ibn Numās

POEM BY C dEAN



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P.2 The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam by Edmund Dulac

P.2 Darkness, The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam by Edmund Dulac

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTIO N

Ah what be this Gulistan be it a phantasies or fantasme Be it naught But like a science-fiction novel a fantasy story or any deliberate imaginative fiction namely a secondary conscious voluntary inventions that be But produced instside the already constructed world andst not the ground of experience itself But a world invented by an author or be it a Phantasie an involuntary collective

projection of the mind (via the senses andst the conceptual apparatus that organizes them) where thee doth not experience a ready-made external reality of objects space time causality micro/macro distinctions etc for where these are already the minds construction- add on interpretations- here we doth take this construction for truth where it be not optional andst it be not recognized as construction whilst we are inside it be it a Freudian psychosis to escape the cruel laws of physical reality be But the Kleinian matrix be it be But

Phantasie the very lens through which we interpret objective stimuli be it be But Lacanian: the *Fantasme* as a Filter for the Real to protect us from the Real where Reality is inherently traumatic fragmented andst terrifying—a void he calls The Real But Ahh may be there be no "Real" But only a screen The Phantasme But thee note without this screen thee couldst not function thee wouldst not see a "rose garden"or a "dancing girl" thee wouldst not e'en see an overwhelming violent blur of atomic forces The Phantasme constructs what we call

"Reality" writing a science theory or observation be But a fiction novel (*fantasme* or standard fantasy) is just a game played *on top* of the screen But the Phantasie of psychoanalysis—andst of Deans poem—is the screen itself Ahh But thee note inst both psychoanalysis andst radical philosophy the ultimate crisis occurs whenst this screen rips whenst the phantasm collapses the collective trance breaks andst thee is left staring directly into the meaningless mechanical abyss of the *Real Ah But for dean there is no "Real" for the "Real"be just the Phantasme*

PREfACE

Dearest reciter whenst thee doth read science or be it be mathematics doth thee to know both be Phantasme where the boundary twixt fantasy andst fiction be But a Phantasme Ahh now we doth to see all be But poetry where "Reality" be not evidence that it be true or its constructedness be not evidence that it be false for true andst false be But Phantasme Yet thee might doth to say this poet be But repressed projecting neurosis thru catharsis the Mise-en-scène of desire Yet Ahh Dearest reciter thee may be inst denial for thy claims might just to be Phantasme

What doth thee to feel whenst thee doth to read this poesy doth thee read of Eros inst the Greek sense or be thee Freudian doth this poesy thy Libido ignite with some daemonic force which doth fright Ahh be this poesy Erotogenicity that doth excite thy minde andst all thy parts till thee doth experience satisfactions recathected to froth forth with the pleasure principle or poor thee reciter doth thee burst forth inst repressions at the fantasies of his expressions

Ahh a wanderer I within a
constructed dream a collective trance
where all doth not it seem to be But
constructed things fromst the senses
that hap to be that this dream of what
reality to be be But a dream
constructed fromst the senses that be
andst ast didst I wander to wonder
within these dreams didst to be whenst
the dawns left wast inst the crimson
sky didst hear I a sigh Awake
dreamer fromst the tavern Awake Ohh
dreaming one andst fill the cup of thy
minde before thee doth to finde it be
But dry of lifes liquor Ahh thenst
didst finde I inst a rose garden like
the son of King Umar al-Numān
with singing birds that seemed to
chant melodious tunes to the ears of

gazelles andst all beasts of the fields ast bulbuls didst to the rose perfumed sweet to sing deep songs of delightful deliciousness ast around mine feet flowers jewelled embroidered with the herbs andst grasses that didst to coat mine feet inst perfumes andst pollens sweet glints of golds along mine toes tips Ahh didst J didst to sip fromst a jug of wine with verses of Mardrus ′neath a bough with Ohh singing to J inst the Wilderness of the garden Ohh wilderness were Paradise enow beside J 1001 virgins Peris of delight ast if carved fromst moonlight or formed of musk draped inst thin diaphanous film that naught canst express the mystical

excess that the sight doth bring to Rumis breath that their hairs tips gold tipped their fleshy lips lit along their curves of carved alabaster white whilst they didst to play uponst an Oud pear shaped of sandalwood perfumed of oud Persian Harps andst Tartar Citters with one with one guitar of Egyptian wood of darkest ebony Ahh didst lay J here showered with perfumed flowers about mine feet for 1001 night lazy hours fromst moonlight to sunlight of which willst J tell the sight that before me fell ast the moon shines

Her lips of gold

Ast she doth dance

Her eyes shots of fire untold

Each eye of black onst J doth glance

Waist of slimness

Each step doth advance

With those thighs forms of straightness

Ahh those tips of gold shot fires J hast told

Fleck that bowl of flesh

Scented flesh where mine phoenix eyes nest

Ohh Lo the moon sliver threads

The night inst variegated lit flowers

be it be a voluptuous dream thru

these hours doth reality lift its veil

Ohh Lo the moon sliver threads to

light the dervishes bowers a prism of

vermilion full of roses to which the

bulbul sings thru the moonlight

threads golden scales scintillate

onst the Peris flesh

onst their blossoms

onst their plums squishiness

whenst onst the 2nd night didst the

eyes of J to sight

that Peri she to squat for me the fabric of light didst she so slowly slid her panty of yellow silk slid to down to mine sight swollen flesh musk breathing scented "neath spread thighs of marble moulded flesh her bowl swollen ripeness soft hill of silk with bud of grape pink throbbing flesh twinned inst threads clusters of hairs gold tipped dipped inst sweet oozy juice mine eyes didst to rise to see the mounds of flesh twin pomegranates of milk white flesh tipped with anemones of deep crimson red mine breath of pleasure to breeze the fruit trees andst orange leaves

1001 sights of those shes cased inst moonlight that didst burn mine minde fromst 1001 suns are again the luscious sights begins again andst doth to blot out again 1001 sights

whenst onst the 3rd night didst the eyes of J to sight that Peri to see draped inst light cinctured about those hairs tipped with gold a silk crown that halos around that fruity mound where didst surround those dainty feet silver toes tipped ast of many-tinted silk iridescent shells onst beds of flowers multicoloured marbles where shower moonlight drapery sumptuous o'er blooms like

crystals of scented candles that glow
ast coloured gems uponst the curtain
of moonlight to which didst see I
that she where the light lit her flesh
Like magic fires
That light thru silk
Those mounds of flesh sweet
buttocks to light mine desires
Those breasts of milk
Wavering ast waves
Those crests of crimson tips
Dancing Wobbling
Mine eyes canst not rest tossed
about ast birds fromst their nest

Whenst to see a sight bright moonlight curtain of amethyst blossoms rose tinted furl out curled along the vapours of the scents that seep through the light like silver mist like ast a dream to see crystal petals gleam through blue mist aureoled inst colours vivid a dream may it be or a mystic place where all things of mine minde interlace gossamer moonlight-woven twilight dreams to seem all around flickering uponst the ground to halt mine breath to see luminous pearl pools the colours creep strange jewels Ahh a magic spell whenst onst the 4th night

didst the eyes of J to sight that Peri framed inst moonlight to mine sight naked But cloaked inst moonlight where

The lips of she kissed by hairs gold tips

Myrrh scenting froth fromst bowl of flesh

Parting lips aloe wetted moistyness

Lips cassia petals separated

Ohh the wine seeps fromst perfumed haloed hole

Within mine eyes drunked the offered bowl drain J whole

“neath dew-bedecked dripping moonlight diaphanous curtain of night the moon floats perfumed pools of fiery light purple shadows drift thru silver liquid fires where scented flowers lie quivering to the Ouds tunes Oh strange sights scattered o′er the opulent opaline sea of moonlight mine minde ignites inst frenzys glee pulsating free inst mine mindes flight kissed of musk maddening delight the foam-flecked crimson light shadows shifting o′er those shes decked inst bight golds andst fiery whites blooming languid maddening—scented- lotus flowers

unchain mine senses kissed by Peris lips

of intoxicating power free mine senses

“neath inst this rose gardens bower

Ahh a magic spell whenst onst the 5th night didst the eyes of J to sight

She shines inst silver light

Ahh the delights not hid ‘neath that cloth of light

Burnish ripening fruit kissed by hairs gold tips

The blossom that clasps the flowers stem

Ripe fig displayed oozing silver lures mine senses that not abide that doth not hide the fruit store inst purple shade

Awaken J

or doth J to still to dream within the moonlight wrapt rapt where feet bestrewn with poppies perfumed buds doth J swoon ‘neath sweet slumbering moon-mist showers with Peris cloaked inst light of scented dreams of roses that float onst moonlit snow Ahh the ecstasy to sleeps onst breasts andst sniff those perfumed aeuroled holes shudder inst bliss whilst the lips fires silvery that ignite mine minds desires Ahh mine lips along those lips be closed uponst doth J die to fade away inst moonlight foam onst gleams andst magic sights be all this be dreams Ahh a magic spell whenst onst the 6th night didst the eyes of J to sight