The Gulistan Of Kohl'in al-Deen



Translated by Harzeh-ye Palid

Ayyāsh-e Fāseq

POEM

BY C Dean

The Gulistan Of Kohl'in al-Deen



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FP: Arabian Nights John Frederick Lewis 1876 P.2 Scheherazade Édouard Frédéric Wilhelm Richter (1844-1913)

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

- Ahh what be this Gulistan be it poor English where the very rule of proper writing be violated poor grammar faulty syntax missing punctuation incorrect word order andst confused sentence construction
- No grammatical correctness
- No sentence intelligibility
- No punctuation with meaning
- No word order with recognized conventions
- No spelling andst morphology with consistency

- No syntax that helps the Reciter to follow the arguments andst descriptions

Where images sensations andst actions run into each other Where there be naught no conventional prose with no clearer transitions andst controlled sentence boundaries

Where no punctuation establishes relationships between clauses separates thoughts andst controls reading rhythms

Where the Reciter must negotiate the movement of the language without those signals

Where such forms such as "doth I" violate the standard agreement between subject and auxiliary verb.

Where words accumulate without the conventional grammatical relationships being clearly established

Where there be no strict word-order conventions where words are rearranged

- Standard: "I am engulfed in delicious sounds."
- Poet: "engulphed I inst delicious sounds"

Ahh Dearest Reciter be all this ungrammatical malformed syntactically

confused andst simply bad English be a nausea to thy minde thy ears these grammatical slips the repeated rejection of standard English conventions repetitions inversions accumulation andst archaic deformation But Ahh Reciter take a breath thenst recite take a breath andst to make thine poem with thy breath that each reciter doth to make a sustained andst expressive poetic aesthetic that be unique to each onst thy breaths that creates fromst thy souls thy own poem told

PREFACE

Ahhh Dearest Reciter doth thee to live thy life inst a prison of correctness where thee doth take thy pause thy stop thy very breath whenst told to by rules of some authority to fart to burp whenst the authority rules let the to do doth thee to live inst a cubic world of order control doth thee do what thee be told doth thee not step out are thee not e'en bold to not do what thee art told shit stop pause fart piss Ahh Dearest Reciter read these lines andst be free to breathe out thy soul Be what thee be andst not the be thee are told

Ahh Reciter doth thee read the words of a pervert a libertine a poet of filth a poet that transcends all moral conventions who vitiate all decency that speaks dirt subverts morality with obscene spilth with a sewer of ordure scum that thee doth shun impurity of thought lewd bawdy indecencies fromst the lips putrid rot that to doth slip that contaminates corrupting thine ears that hears **Lasciviousness Lubricity**

Ahh Reciter come near if thee dare

. Ahh doth J see the 17th night before mine sight mine minde to see the hollow of the purpling dome ast the caravan of dreams doth thru the dunes to roam the sea of sand the waves of dunes that flow ′neath the moon set diamond bright onst the azure heavens midst the pearls that lace the firmament with crowns of the stars the star filled night those constellations of gathering of stars whilst all doth sleep thru out the night Ahh those long stars entrance mine minde with beauteous glance those stars that blink at J like fiery eyes Ohh how brilliantly bright the night Oh

doth say J to those eyes Ahh mine moon mine stars with J tonight J said to the stars: my moon is with me tonight Ahh mine beloved drunk J onst thy eyes ast mine eyes climb to the palace of light sit J onst the lamp of the moon to swoon at those beauties where all earths beauties be But naught though to thy thine eyes ast that be not earths beauties be But naught for whenst inst the glow of these eyes no greater beauty of radiance for all beauties disappear inst the beauty that to mine eyes appear whenst the moon to mine eyes with its army of stars all

other beauties fled for such beauty no eyes canst behold that be beyond day andst night to mine sight for to mine sight doth J see the constellations of mine dreams ast flowers arranged ast constellations of beauty these celestial eyes of those Peris constellations of mine imagination shaped ensembles of divine faces to the purpling sky night mine passion fly rising perfumes fromst mine breath that fill the hollow of this circumference of this circle of light where Ohh where mine eyes follow those eyes mine eyes revolve with those eyes Ohh mine

beloveds eyes ignite mine desires that lick the fires of those eyes blinking those attendants of the moon J swoon inst this theatre of rapturous desires onst those eyes languishing bewildering drink J the wine fromst those moon-foams burning pale-pallid-pearls of light drunken J more thanst Wīs andst Rāmīn onst mine beloved sight ast he didst drunken be on his Laila inst the intoxication of lust kissed by the lips of those shes that dance to the harp of Nāhīd those eyes that burn away mine flesh mine lips that taste the wine of the tavern uponst those

eyes drunken J float J thru the universe of light lit by those eyes not knowing why or where be J inst this wasteland hither whither blowing onst the kiss of those shes thru air o′er ground be these kisses a key to be found to some door be they that lifts the veil that J might see Ahh drink J those eyes drunken J why care J whenst J go or fly or flow or die not know J do where be J not care J for J be drunken onst those ravishing eyes that didst J hear fromst their cries their moans to mine ear engulphed J inst delicious sounds music rapturous music perfumed

fromst their lips soft sweet flesh odorous inst the azure light star-lit-light exquisite delights swathe J inst a million delights eternity of wrapped J inst their lips flesh within this heaven of azure night doth hear J thy sighs draw up the blind to see the seething light hid within the night lit by the eyes of the white unheeding stars doth thee dream ast thee doth fromst our lips the wine to sip all may not be what it seems Ahh fain wouldst to lust after we for we lust for we cannot But not too lust Ahh Come Come thee to me andst feed mine flesh with thy breath that seeps

fromst thy hole that drips wetness along mine flesh fromst those desirous lips that kiss J with ineffable bliss ast J doth onst thy breasts to suck that ripe fruit tip crushed inst mine lips flesh inexorable delights ineffable ast thee doth bite mine neck ast J doth to lick thy bosoms flesh white-star-light bright thy breasts heave ast mine lips too grip tight to that flesh we doth unite Ohh unite inst an unfathomable rapturous whole ast J onst thy holes to sip to drink that wine that doth to seep to wet lusciousness uponst mine lips flesh quivering the eyelids of J with

sliverings along mine limbs that burn that scorch with thy kiss thru exquisite hours suck J thy fruit-flesh-flowers of amorous powers those delicate blooms that surround thy holes that flame to dye mine flesh crimson reds the blood that doth to pulse along mine limbs mine breath hot lips to lips kiss J thy serpent lips Ohh Come Come give J thy flesh that lights mine soul ast mine tongues tip plucks that blossom of thy bosoms turgid tip J suck thy throat give J thy bite along mine neck thy eyes jewels alight thy red mouths of thy holes smell that seep to drip wetness

Ahh Ahh fruit-flowers that J canst andst willst to satiate mine insatiable lust uponst thy lusting flesh that drip honey-bubbling—froth clutch J grasps J thy flesh lips of curled snakes feed onst thy flesh Ahh reach J to bite reach J mine neck thy lips to hold tight Ahh reach J reach J mine tongue to reach for thy flesh Ahh J reach mine tongues tip to lick now J reach Ahh J 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 18th night before mine sight mine minde

the caravan of dreams doth alight to rest to finde a rose garden of delight Florid forms of cassolettes that doth float onst a bed of moon light pool of iridescent frost-foam enamels brilliant within the noctual blue light lie painted white silk silvery robs white perfumes of musk benzoin andst nard andst cinnamon gems stones the blooms light by moon light ast a dream all veiled inst the blooms incense burners of perfumes jewelry the blooms strung with pearl-starlight lit-dew necklaces of nacre andst opulent opaline hues all blue powered blooms coiffed with flickering star beams the petals of blue –tinted kohl within the

purpling night sky the tulips blood–
streaked cup shaped with violets inst
rows to lead to the rosebushes blood
red like some expanded heart perfumed
by hyacinths fanned by yellow lilies
andst the crimson archavan looked J
uponst all ast the narcissus like eyes
of some beloved doth J see the eyes of
J like moths to they their flames of
petals that seem to lick mine flesh
those bulbs of translucent fruit–flesh
that seep lusts fever that fromst the
sap that drips superheat clusters
swellings luminous sap drips
ferments the growths within mine
minde to see those stems fromst
which doth hang corollas andst petals

showered with stars that glint andst
gleams those calyces those blooms
with pistils ast phalluses of jade opal
andst beryl flames that flicker ast
fireflies across the pale-pallid-
lustrous-moon night flying butterflies
of light diamond diadems enameled
those blooms of ripe fruit-flesh
oozing sap that mine moth eyes doth
sip andst skip along the petals tips
those blooms like tapestries silk
weaved andst frescos of golds andst
silk-blue-tinted veils those blooms
open ast flesh-scented cunts hung
with dew-lit-white-starlight drinking
mine moth eyes along the enameled
curves of those vagina lips ′neath

moon arabesques those blooms ast veiled shes auroral dreams impregnated with those perfumes of heated randy flesh incense burners of open mouths spread lips for mine eyes moth like to swarm to bed within the soft flesh petals within those lips pressed to drink fromst those winehouse those petals ast a beloveds eyebrows extinguished within the lips like flames 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 19th night before mine sight mine minde