

The Gulistan Of Kohl'in al-Deen

Translated by Hâjî Abdû El-Yezdî

POEM BY C Dean



Colin leslie dean Australia's Leading

erotic poet free for download

https://www.scribd.com/document/35520015/List-of-FREE-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-PressGamahucher press west geelong Victoria 2026

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 J 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