

The Gulistan Of Kohl'in al-Deen

Translated by Mirzā-ye Lāf-o-Gozāf POEM BY CdEAV



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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