

The Gulistan

Of Kahl'in al-
Deen

Translated By
Ibn Nuwās

POEM BY C
dEAW



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Of Kohl'in al-
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BY COLIN LEAN

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 The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam by Edmund Dulac

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

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

WAh 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 *Y* 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 *Y* wander to wonder
 within these dreams didst to be whenst
 the dawns left wast inst the crimson
 sky didst hear *Y* 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 *Y* 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 ♀ didst to sip fromst
 a jug of wine with verses of Mardrus
 'neath a bough with Ohh singing to ♀
 inst the Wilderness of the garden Ohh
 wilderness were Paradise enow beside
 ♀ 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 *♪* here showered with perfumed
 flowers about mine feet for 1001
 night lazy hours fromst moonlight to
 sunlight of which willst *♪* tell the
 sight that before me fell ast the moon
 shines

Her lips of gold

As she doth dance

Her eyes shots of fire untold

Each eye of black onst √ doth glance

Waist of slimness

Each step doth advance

**With those thighs forms of
straightness**

**Ahh those tips of gold shot fires √
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 ♀ 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 √

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 ♪ 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 ♪ 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 ♪

or doth ♪ to still to dream within the
 moonlight wrapt rapt where feet bestrewn
 with poppies perfumed buds doth ♪ 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
 neuroled holes shudder inst bliss whilst the
 lips fires silvery that ignite mine minds
 desires Ahh mine lips along those lips be
 closed uponst doth ♪ 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 ♪ to sight