

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufuck

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"Audieris in quo, flacce, balneo
plausum,
Prufuck illic esse mentulam
scito."
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By

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Poem by C

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Publishers introduction

Prufuck first achieves the creation of personality by setting "**Prufuck**" in the poetic form of a dramatic monologue here **Prufuck** addresses "you" and "you" plays the part of the silent listener **Prufucks** dramatic monologue is full of irony as "you" are partially unaware of what **Prufuck** really is revealing in the same vein as the poetry of colin leslie dean Some say **Robert Browning** is the undisputed master of the dramatic monologue but this publisher disagrees and claims colin leslie dean is the real master of dramatic monologue one has only to read "**fruit**"

<https://www.scribd.com/document/236405437/fruit-erotic-poetry>

for the reader to hear what the protagonist in "Fruit" has not intended to expose. In this work Drufuck is a great believer in the tradition of poetry and thru out the poem the poem is peppered with allusions to other poems and poets such as *Ko' Lin*

<https://www.scribd.com/document/335426066/Spectacular-Splendor-erotic-poetry>

Basho Hiroshige

<https://www.scribd.com/document/176737973/60-famous-Views-of-a-flower-erotic-poetry>

Colin Leslie Dean

<https://www.scribd.com/document/34260949/Evil-flowers-erotic-poetry>

and

kohl'in al-deen

<https://www.scribd.com/document/238955585/The-holy-erotic-poetry>

Pandit Ganja Deen

<https://www.scribd.com/document/330132015/Anuraga-erotic-poetry>

it is important to note that Prufucks poetry is not poetry at all like much of modernism and free verse and Eliots works Prufucks work is really rhythmic prose and what one couldst call "emotionalism" ie an expositions of the inner emotional life of the poet Prufuck is caught in the present tense rooted in the moment which most modernists including T S Eliot regard

as an unhealthy approach to time The image of the indigo shadows "spread out across the sky" is not an illusion to French philosopher Henri Bergson's work "Time and Free Will" for unlike Eliot Prufuck is not an admirer of Bergson but instead admires the decadents and aestheticism of Australia's leading erotic poet Colin Leslie Dean Prufuck's allusions and imagery is fractured and fragmented highlighting his mind Just so is the rhythms and rhymes of the lines which equally takes us into the mind of Prufuck to add to insights into Prufuck mind the rhymes are broken up into long segments where there are no rhymes or rhythms but when these techniques appear again we are jolted thus experiencing Prufuck state of mind

Now the bewildering collage of imagery and rhythms and rhymes mirrors the fractured world of *Prufuck* a world of chaotic emotions in complete disorder Now where Eliot and the modernists thought that meaning couldst be excavated from the chaos of fragmentation *Prufuck* achieves the opposite and leaves us drowning in a meaninglessness chaos. *Prufuck* is completely overtaken by his emotions to the point of himself being destroyed and broken up into tiny fragments where his fragmented self is itself a montage of the world he sings *Prufuck* employs the subjective correlatives of his feelings thus dwelling on *Prufuck* emotions these emotional associations are the key to *Prufucks* mind we live in a subjective world not an objective one at all

**So let your mind explode in the
images and your ears ring with the
rhythms and rhymes of**

***The Love Song of J.
Alfred Prufuck***

Preface

**in omnibus Vacerra quod
conclavibus .
consumit horas et die toto sedet,
cenaturit Vacerra, non cacaturit.**

**Quid vellis vetulum, Ligeia, cunnum ?
 quid busti cineres tui laccessis ?
 tales munditiae decent puellas
 (nam tu iam nec anus potes videri) ; '
 istud, crede mihi, Ligeia, belle
 non mater facit Hectoris, sed uxor,
 erras si tibi cunus ltic videtur,
 ad quem mentula pertinere desit.
 quare si pudor est, Ligeia, noli
 barbam vellere mortuo leoni.**

**Oh the evening casts an indigo
 shadow spread out across the sky
 the aesthetized streets be half
 deserted with moonlight like white
 frost lacing in arabesques the roads
 and pavements oh hear ♪ the sighing
 of heated breathes fucking in cheap
 hotels and sawdust restaurants with**

girles in panties with wet spots an
 oyster-shell sheens sighing amorous
 sighs the streets wind like the logic
 of convoluted arguments full of
 intelligent intent all hot wind that
 leads ♪ to the overwhelming point
 you ask "what be it" let ♪ just say
 Oh here hear ♪

Drufuck Among the Women
 in the room the women come and go
 by ♪ seen

tittering o'er reading colin leslie
 dean

oh ♪ see they
 with a bald spot in the middle of my
 hair

and

oh how they will say how his hair is
 growing thin

But

do ♪ do see about they
 cunt perfumed airs like pink fog that
 rubs its curls upon the fresh flesh
 of their thighs
 the pink fog smoke-like that rubs it
 curls like a muzzle on the fresh
 flesh pink thighs of they that licked
 its tongue into the corners of their
 cunts folds lingered upon the pools
 that stain their pink cream laced
 panties with cunny dew those women
 in the room the women come and go
 by ♪ seen
 tittering o'er reading colin leslie
 dean
 oh do say ♪ say ♪ with hot heated
 sighs Oh! Those pouting lips,
That
 honey running fount,

Bend o'er me thy perfumed hips
That
I may suck from that scented mouth
That
sweet nectar that is wine to my lips.

Black bearded beast, fragrant flower
of the night

Spread well those turgid petals to
my sight,

Entwine me in those musky tendrils
tight, but

That

I may cat-like lap that soft hooded
bud

**Oh that pink cunny smoke let fall
upon its curls the rhymes that
falls from the rhythms of ♪ and
slipped up the crevice of those folds
with a sudden leap the sighs of ♪
those pouting lips kissed**

**in the room the women come and go
by ♪ seen
tittering o'er reading colin leslie
dean**

**oh and do ♪ dare and do ♪ dare slip
up to them and smell the perfume of
their cunny hair smell the scent that
wafts fromst twixt their lair twixt
their fresh flesh thighs upon the air**

**oh oh and do ♪ dare and do ♪ dare
to sniff the air haloed around their
hair where**

Lips spread widely pulsate and quiver
butterfly wing-like rhythmically close
and openly goes
waverly in rhythm wave-like waves
upon a pink sea lurid crystal-like
ardently beckons me

**oh but they will say look at he old
fart bald with that bulge in his pants
fromst that flaccid thing that pervert
he be who comes sniffing around we
ahh ahh what do care ♪ for the
gossiping of they say ♪ for ♪ dare
their universe to disturb for in this**

**minute of time they wouldst their
derisions and revulsions for a
handsome face reverse**

**oh that ♪ wouldst know the women
that come and go by ♪ seen
tittering o'er reading colin leslie
dean**

**oh that ♪ couldst know those women
in a carnal way in a carnal way that
in the mornings afternoons and
evenings after fucking ♪ couldst
taste their cunt juices upon the lips
of ♪ ast ♪ sip coffee with the image
of those pink fresh flesh cunt lips in
the mind of ♪ that ♪ couldst
measure out the life of ♪ sipping
coffee with the tincture of cunny
juice fromst some heated time of
fucking oh sigh ♪ and oh cry ♪**

**at the women tittering o'er reading
colin leslie dean**

Closer than
satin thread weaved in silk
closer than
sufi in union with his god
long | to be fused with thee

oh be it pink **frost** fromst thy cunt
floats towards the moon adrift | on
dreams float within that **pinkness** ast
moonlight fills the mind of | with thy
cunt decked in sunlight of spring in
love | with the pink of thy **cunt**

**oh that couldst ♪ hear their voices
dying with orgasmic sighs that fall
like rose petals iridescent beneath the**

music of nightingales that sing in a
further room oh oh how wouldst ♪
resume the fucking that they wouldst
♪ presume quake and quiver to
resume oh oh wouldst ♪ long to look
into those eyes that fix ♪ with randy
fumes formulated with glint to raise
the lust of ♪ and thenst when ♪ am
pinned upon the light of those randy
eyes sprawling pinned wriggling
shadow upon the wall thenst
wouldst ♪ begin to sing out the
surgar-ends of all the sweet things
that ♪ wouldst say how wouldst ♪
resume the fucking that they wouldst
♪ presume quake and quiver to
resume oh oh to have those white
thighs braceleted with pink garter
tight on that bare fresh flesh in
lamplight their dark black cunt hair

**perfumed fromst that cunt wet and
 tight that makes me so digress while
 their arms about ♪ cover ♪ like
 wrap or shawl or cloth along some
 table and squeeze and clutch and
 grasp the buttock flesh of ♪ ♪
 presume that ♪ wouldst ♪ begin
 that ♪ wouldst ♪ resume the
 fucking that they wouldst ♪ presume
 quake and quiver to resume oh oh do
 dream ♪ of**

Thy pubic **hair** red each curl a flame
 tree on a bed of gold foil **flesh**

Oh

How long | to be burnt like the moth
 in the flaming flame by thy curls of fire

The cuckoo cries caressed by the
rippling scent of thy cunt

Oh

How long I to bath in those perfumed
airs that feel like the touch upon the
quivering flesh of I like the kiss of thy
fleshy cunts lips

**Aahh have gone ♪ at dusk thru
streets lit with the moonlight like
frost alight white fire streaming o'er
pavements aahh have watched ♪ the
pink mist that rises thru windows
fromst girlies panties hang out on
windowpanes**

**Oh ♪ shouldst have been a pair of
butterfly wings scuttling across the
sea of white cloth of girlies panties**

...

.

oh wouldst couldst ♪ beside a she
 sleep in afternoon or evening
 peacefully with those smooth thighs
 of she smoothed by the fingers of me
 that malingers along the fresh flesh
 of a she stretched on some floor
 after heated fucking she and me ahh
 ahh wouldst ♪ after tea and cakes
 and ices force the moment to its
 crises climax to ask those shes let
 us fuck ahh not afraid ♪ that
 question to ask of those shes e'en if
 the bald head of ♪ like John the
 Baptist be brought to them on a
 platter bejeweled flickering fires of
 light and golden e'en no prophet ♪ ♪
 be still not afraid to ask that
 question to they ahh ahh not afraid
 ♪ for ♪ hast seen the moment

alight with the flicker of the yes of
 she seen √ the eternal footman lift
 her skirt for me ahh and in that
 moment be afraid not me to to ask
 those shes ahh and √ wouldst the
 know after all the cups and
 marmalade and the teas to ask
 wouldst be worth it e'en amongst the
 porcelains and all the talks of me
 and the shes it wouldst be worth it
 to ask ahh ahh it wouldst have been
 worth it to ask e'en if the smiles
 fromst the face of those shes were
 bitten off it wouldst have been worth
 it e'en if the universe didst compress
 to a ball and burst into destruction
 with light to light my question it
 wouldst have been worth it ahh to
 say √ am colin leslie dean full of
 lustful life come to ask thee all the

**question ahh ohh that couldst ♪ say
 settling a pillow 'neath her head
 that all meant ♪ was do you want a
 fuck ohh but oohh this be not all
 oh oh those**

eyes alight like sunset fires on her
 poppy lips sweet tasting desires all
 those parfumes exotique did waft
 from 'neath cloths sparkling with sliver
 golden mica spangles glimmering fires
 of brilliant light that clutched round
 her cunt embossed on cloth camel
 toe-like bulging rounded puffy pulply
 folds that rounded be like savourous
 fruit juicy ready to bite

**Ohh ohh it wouldst have been
 worth to ask that question if but
 only to see the sunset glows upon
 the cunts lips of all those shes upon
 the thighs and eyes oh oh worth that
 it wouldst have been ooh ooh e'en
 after all the books read and all the
 teas drunk e'en after all the skirts
 lifted and all the panties wet humid
 dropped to the floors ahh all this ♪
 say and so much more it be
 impossible to say what means ♪
 oh oh e'en if the sun shouldst
 shattered like a magic lantern to
 throws its firey bits upon the world
 all oh oh worthwhile it wouldst have
 been the question ahh ohh that
 couldst ♪ say settling a pillow
 'neath her head throwing off a shawl
 that all meant ♪ was do you want a**

fuck ohh but oooh this be what mean

♪

.

**oh be ♪ no colin leslie dean nor
wouldst have thee think that ♪ he be
♪ be but an attendant to such as he
that use the rhythms and rhymes ast
some easy tool to woo those shes
such line full of sense and some
obtuseness at times sublime and at
times humorous but ahh at no time
the fool oh oh though grow old ♪
with the buttons of the fly of ♪
undone with piss weey smell with
no hair to part but ♪ will still dare
to eat some cunt peach-like whenst
offered ♪ for have ♪ heard the cries
of women like mermaids in orgasmic
delight sighing each to each and each**

to me for they sing to ♪ of delight
 oh hast seen ♪ those women riding
 ♪ head thrown back with cries like
 mermaids riding the waves of the sea
 their hair o'er the waves blown back
 ast the wind and their cries blow the
 waters into froth and foam white ast
 the spooof ♪ do blow oh oh those
 women doeth see ♪ wreathed in
 semen dew about their tits and white
 bright necks oh the women and ♪
 linger in the afterglow languor of
 lust that no human voce canst stir us
 fromst the bliss we be drown in

Ast

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