

The Picture Of Doreen Grey
By
Oscar Mild

Poem by
C dean

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PUBLISHERS FORWARD

The great plagiarizer pilferer bricolage pillager the great
 cribber thief stealer robber copier the panderer of the
 cliché the old wine into new jars the hackneyed
 commonplace trite mundane overused the banal platitude
 stereotyped all these the author can be accused of

but wait

genius can use all this

but genius

through imagination inventiveness inspiration fertility
 conceiving fashioning seminal ingeniousness creativeness
 invention novelty artistry individuality freshness brilliance
 nonconformity independence ingenuity
 turns it all to the new the original the never before the
 starkly twist the cleaver use the adept turn
 the old done in new ways
 only genius can do all this

PREFACE

That dab of paint

The curvaceous line

The tones sublime

The delicacy

The grace

The outline of the face

Art that magic the essence to define

On paper to place the objects soul

The exquisite

The refine

With eloquent grace

The unpainted space

Contrasts of graduations

Eloquent executions

Art that magic the essence to define

On paper to place the objects soul

The air was saturated in Oscar Milds studio with sweet scents heavy with the odors of fecundity green aloes ambergris hyacinth and gold censures filled with Khalug and Ramik Sukk and Naddah purple prose lay open in thick leather covered books cinnamon and cloves incense wafted in the candle lit room wafting to the staccato ceiling in twirling streams of pale blue smoke peacock feathers with their golden eyes shimmering in the yellow light lay around as multi coloured deep scented blooms lay scattered o'er leather divans gold and silver embroidered silk yellow and pink cushions and rich hued blues reds and vermilion Persian Indian and Chinese rugs blue china green Ming and blue Sung porcelain vases ivory horns of Tragelaphos and myriad copper and brass works cast shadows dancing around ebony stools and mahogany statues o'er tapestry walls hung with a plethora of watercolors of young girls many complexioned ringlets and curls with Moreau sphinxes and sirens painted with brushes dipped in liquid gems topaz emeralds and sapphires glinted in the odorous air as pink lotus red peonies and honey-colored nenuphar floated in

rose-water scented urns under statures of fiery eyed Shiva
 rampant Priapus seductive Ashtaroth

Inanna and the many breasted Cybele countless mother
 goddesses stood in crannies and a vivid Shelia-Na-Gig with
 opals for her eyes looked down on all ferns vines around up
 and down all did surround in luxuriant growth as on her bed
 of yellow silken cloth odorous with aloes sandal-wood and
 smeared with musk

Doreen Grey 16 years old did lay
 blissful in her orgasmic after-glow

her cunt glowing red like some giant orchid from forceful
 pounding

lips spread wide open a huge hothouse bloom
 out glowing all the blooms in the room

her love juices oozing out of her pink hole wetting the bed in
 a pool of liquid pearl-like cream as the scent of fucking
 mingled with the plethora of odors perspiration sex soaked
 scents saturating the room in a cacophony a cornucopia of
 delicious smells a rhapsodic symphony of scented delights
 encased the naked libertine aesthete Oscar Mild profligate
 dissipated from 60 years of debauchery dissoluteness and

lewdness an irredeemable reprobate and voluptuary who sat
 at his easel with his dangling cock shimmering from the
 cunny cream of Doreen Grey like a wet jade stem from a
 Chinese erotic poem contemplated Doreen Grey the young
 flesh to entice bewitch seduce
 through the ages of man
 the sphinx
 the enchantress
 all fall at her feet
 to lust she does all reduce

Rishi Viswamitra and saint Vibhandaka
 fell for thee

The girls young flesh did dry up their austerities heat
 Dumuzi the Shepard-king of Uruk fell for thee

The god Ammon and Osiris fell for thee
 Thy curved smile languorous eyelids made Enkidu run to
 thee

In thee all passions all lust all men do see
 All the riches of the earth and below the sea all all men
 would give up for an hour with thee

Youth the snare to keep men in captivity

The kiss of thy lips

The scent of thy breath

Bring old men back from death

Taking up his 1 inch ebony handled wash brush Oscar Mild
 placed its kolinsky sable tuft into the jade gate red peony
 cinnabar cave of Doreen Grey and from her love hole draw
 up her cunny cream to place an exquisite wash o'er his lilac
 scented pink silk

Touching her hair with his #6 squirrel mop Oscar Milde
 applied a great swath of black

A great canopy of darkness

A great foliage of black curls

Ringlets twinning down like coiled serpents

Deeper blackness than the Ouds open G string

The hair played sensual melodies on the air

Making the shadows quiver and sing

The hair oozed the odor of cloves and cinnamon

Wafting through the room making the candle light ring

Great flowing fleece languid

Great flowing fleece in thy curls all the fragrance of the earth

All the lusts perverse to which the mane gives birth

Glittering purple sparkles shimmer in a glittering net

A maze of curls garlanded and coiled

All mankind trapped in the shining snare

Ereshkigal kingdom all men beware

Taking up a #000 pointed round Oscar Mild touched the
 eyes of Doreen Grey and then did paint
 Cats eyes the eyes of Egyptian maids painted on
 sarcophagus walls
 Eyes glittering like frozen dew
 Eyes shimmering like moons reflected in frozen lakes
 Eyes that glimmered like sandal-wood scent
 Eyes that smiled at thee like silks touch
 Languorous lolling eyes that stare at thee from some abysmal
 depth
 Whispering lusts allures stealthily into thy ears crept
 Eyes that mesmerize
 The giant lizards do seduce
 Captivate the Chimera
 Beguile the Gryphon's in their lair
 Enchant Medusa with her serpent-tressed hair
 Oh those eyes thy look all the world does crave
 Within thy fervent eyes all the world sighs
 The Cyclops Hydra thy eyes do mesmerize
 All mankind trapped in thy shining stare
 Ereshkigal kingdom all men beware

Oscar Mild lay backed and lit up an opium tinged hashish laced cigarette he watched the pale-blue smoke slowly rise ceiling ward in slow sinuous spirals mingling with the perfumes from incense smoldering urns the circling smoke looked like the lithe movements of young girls and cast shadows o'er floor and wall on his damask covered mahogany desk lay open books "The Tragical life of Faust" reminded him of the Greek hedonists "Amoral philosophy" reminded him of de Sade "Evil Flowers" reminded him of Baudelaire books he found boring but amusing in their unoriginal ideas he pondered that the author of those books would paint this scene like the author of "The Sphinx" the shadows danced and the smoke curled the candle lit room with its soft gold glow reminded him of the Pompeii Lupanar as flickering lights flew around o'er down above within the room Oscar Mild inhaled deeply filling his lungs with the chocolate warm smoke held his breath then slowly exhaled the sweet scented smoke his mind intoxicated and softly mellow the bliss moved through his mind like sugar through honey dissolving evaporating his synapse into a sweet porridge of delight the smoke took on the form of foam floating in the air congealing solidifying into a multi-scented froth twisting shapes girly forms breasts thighs waists floated passed his eyes a phantasmagoria of delight shifting phantasms on the hashish scented light

Taking up a #12 rigger Oscar Mild touched the lips of
 Doreen Grey and then did paint
 Full red lips the color of blood
 All the tears of the earth are in those lips
 Full red lips that clutch ones neck and sucks
 The blood pulsating in thy veins
 Full red lips the taste of sadness despair full of pains
 The blood pulsating she drains
 Full red lips like the sound of scratching chalk on a black-
 board
 Full red lips like screeching violin strings
 Red from dabbing in the hearts of men
 Bemoaning their plight their sighs through the ages rings
 Lips that have kiss the dragons lips
 Supped on the Behemoth lips to kiss
 Sucked the breath of the white Apis
 Through those lips tasted the griffins lips
 Lips that have touched all foul festering things
 Those that crawl
 Those flying on the wing
 Those that bite and those that sting
 All mankind trapped by those twin pair
 Ereshkigal kingdom all men beware

Taking up a #8 squirrel mop Oscar Mild touched the
 breasts of Doreen Grey and then did paint
 In bold strokes the ink applied
 Round full young tits curvaceous swollen full
 Soft like the smell of jelly
 Ivory pedestals supporting ruby paps
 Soft like a babies cry
 Those full young tits have fed eons of men
 Supped hairy troglodytes
 Nursed Horus Aegyptus
 Serpents do twine around like in their nests and o'er the
 paps do fight
 The hordes of hell swarm around them more numberless to
 tell
 The Titans draw back their lids to on them gaze
 The mommy men looking for mommy on them graze
 Oh those rounded lumps of flesh art the quarry of lustful
 men
 The constant image of their fleeting dreams
 The embodiment of their tawdry paradise
 All mankind trapped by those twin pair
 Ereshkigal kingdom all men beware

Oscar Mild lay backed and lit up an opium tinged hashish laced cigarette and contemplated the room the colors shifted and changed a psychedelic kaleidoscope of multiple hues whirled before his eyes the lights played tricks with his sight the scented blooms into mandragora and henbane turned the statues morphed to androgynies and hermaphrodites weird shapes eerie forms the girls in the watercolors Moreau sphinxes and sirens smiled their eyelids fluttered sighed and threw kisses whorls of light formed twirling maelstroms swirled through the room like mini tornados catching the circling incense smoke the pale blue hues looked like Javanese dancers from an Arthur Symons poem with their cat-like undulations fingers twinning into mazes of color twisting turning 1 step 3 step imperceptibly delicate the light shivers and streams around and down each object casting shadows all around looking like voodoo dancers or the rites of some Obi magical ritual Oscar Mild inhaled gently filling his lungs with the sweet tasting smoke and lay back watching the Technicolor scenes before his eyes feeling the euphoria slowly creep around his mind his whole being a syrupy soup of sensual sensations

Taking up a #14 squirrel mop Oscar Mild touched the cunt
 of Doreen Grey and then did paint
 That hairy cunt black-bearded beast
 Upon which the lust driven do feast
 Pubic curls soft like some satin sheet
 Curling lips soft like the low note of a flute
 Pink and swollen a harp melody
 Perfumed flowers in darkness
 That hairy cunt black-bearded beast
 More humid than some equatorial jungle
 More moist than some Congo swamp with its mephitic
 odors
 That hairy cunt black-bearded beast
 Delicately moulded lips tinged with pink
 Those lips that hang and kiss the air
 The little pouch nestled in curling black hair
 Beneath below the raven hair spreads
 The priests of Shiva do bow to thee
 Gargoyles waken in the sight of thee
 Men kiss that mouth with flames of lust
 They clasp like death and like razor blades cut
 All mankind trapped by those twin pair
 Ereshkigal kingdom all men beware

Oscar Mild lay backed and lit up an opium tinged hashish laced cigarette and contemplated his painting of Doreen Grey the lines he made are curved and forceful he used unpainted space to outline the forms used large and small brushes to contrast the varying elements the graduations of colors in the skin hues the contours of the shapes support each other the skin tone depicted in meticulous colors with no hint of blemish the forceful and strong lines the strong saturated colors of reds and pinks the effect is strident and pleasing the differing hues and tones of pink brings to life the skin and heightens the interaction between the other elements over all the effect of an intensely rigorous composition structured in minute detail shows the hand of a true master the character is in languid motion across a contrasting empty space of wash a simple simplicity of execution endows the painting with a striking beauty and eloquent grace but one thing was missing Oscar Mild dipped his #9 liner brush into the pool of semen on the empty bed for he had Doreen Grey to the silk transferred and around Doreen Greys neck placed a pearl necklace which shone a silvery light o'er the skin tones content with his masterpiece Oscar Mild placed the picture of Doreen Grey amongst the other watercolors of young luscious girls upon his walls to masturbate o'er when the urge calls

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