

The Poets
Compliant To
Thee
POEM
BY
DEAN



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fp: "Silent Sorrow "by Walter Langley (1852-1922)

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION W

Ah what be this

Compliant we see it be a

work of "strong lines" ast

sayeth Burton like

"affectation of big words

jingling terms strong lines

that like Acastes arrows

caught fire as they flew"

hyperboles allegories it be

we see a mix of at the close
 of the Elizabethan with
 elliptical syntax and staccato
 rhythms andst difficulty of
 thought andst the 17 century
 where difficulty be a merit
 close packed dense with
 meaning for those who like
 puzzles obscure to most but
 ast sayeth Jasper Mayne
 "wee are thought wits when
 'tis understood" thus be

this **Compliant** be not for
 all andst sundry but for just
 the few perhaps a coterie -
 The Florentine Camerata
 or perhaps The Areopagus
 -where poems are to be
 "chewed and digested" where
 difficulty is a merit not a
 flaw Ahh yes but like the
 Metaphysical poets the gem
 of this work be the conceits
 Ahh yes not just ast

metaphors or similes to point to resemblance but to extend to fresh points of likeness to take us to new realms So reciter enter into a world for those who like Sir Philip Sidney andst those who like John Donne this work be a hybrid a blend of the style of the Elizabethan andst the Metaphysical poets very conceited

PREFACE

**Whenst to the point we doth not get
 due to the love of our own voice we
 love to prattle on love the feel of our
 tongue that flutters on andst the
 point not heed where love of speech
 be that hinders we fromst getting to
 the point orators we more interested
 in the expressions flowery fancies
 be we love to hear andst so we
 miss the point andst time runs out
 andst thus never we state the point
 say √ listen to the Muse shut up
 “looke in thy heart and write” – but
 pray √ doth talk too much**

But though write I my soul in
 blackest ink andst lay these words
 which but be but shreds of this heart
 broken of I upon this page that
 fromst thy sighs ast thee doth speaks
 my woes thee willst paint in colours
 of the rainbow with thy voice andst
 thee canst hear in thy ear this pain of
 I this pain of I that each word I
 doth write be a thorn that doth rip the
 heart of I But Oh the joy whenst
 hear I my woes upon thy voice ast
 if thee doth kiss I with those lips of
 thee that thenst this pain of I this
 torment be the pain of bliss for me
 looketh thee in all the books of love

fromst Petrarch to Dante andst thee
 will see no sorrows of they
 outshines these woes of ♪ no crys
 of they for the wounds deep gash in
 their heart of pain shallst come near
 the anguish that fromst thee ♪ gain
 or the tears they shed shallst n'er
 come near those tears that the oceans
 fromst the eyes of ♪ obtain so thy
 voice shallst giveth joy to the ears of
 ♪ in my woe andst in thy sweet
 cadences rejoice to enjoy thy voice
 reciting my pleasing sighs thus so
 shallst thy cries of ♪ blow o'er this
 wounded heart of ♪ andst inst my
 woes giveth ♪ in my pain joy to

sustain this life of *J* whilst the
 sweet cries of my heart that be on
 thy voice doth in the ears of *J*
 remain to Echo-like that be on each
 letter thee doth read the despair of *J*
 andst upwells in thundering accents
 that doth prove my love for my beauty
 fair whilst thy tongue fluttering taps
 out the syllables pitch which into
 phrases knit the woes of *J*
 pronouncing thee the torpes andst
 conceits that flow fromst my wit
 ast thee doth speak to hear my
 plaints on the voice of thee the pains
 of *J* rejoice to listen *J* But Oh

**around y ast y doth write ast says
the Earl of Leicester**

5

Forsaken woods, trees with sharpe storms opprest
whose leaves once hidd, the sun, now strew the
grownd

once bred delight, now scorn, late usde to sownd
of sweetest birds, now of hoars crows the nest

Gardens which once in thows and coulers drest
shewed natures pryde: now in dead sticks abownd
in whome prowde summers treasure late was fownd
now but the rags, of winters torn coate rest

Medows whose sydes, late fayre brookes kist now
slyme

embraced holds: feelds whose youth green and brave
promist long lyfe, now frosts lay in the grave

Say all and I with them: what doth not tyme!

But they who knew tyme, tyme will finde again

I that fayre tymes lost, on tyme call in vaine.

**Ahh But whenst commeth the time
 whenst the letters of my words Into
 tear drops turn thenst rivers be to
 streams into lakes thenst to oceans
 depths that out of thy lips flow to
 shower upon the ground to flower
 into blooms that life might of my
 pain some joy may obtain But Ohh
 the words of I falter andst doth not
 flow fromst my lips my thoughts
 doth halter for lacking conceits my
 heart doth yearns to speak but the
 brain of I doth seem to knot those
 words that my heart doth find that
 wouldst upon thy lips place Ohh
 that this heart of I wouldst take
 this pen of I andst write out its
 woes to employ the wit of I my**

pain to show upon this paper pink
 the verse of *J* that pours out fromst
 this my mangled heart that breathes
 out this black ink that upon this
 paper to paint my woes that this
 pen doth write for thy dancing
 tongue to recite *B*ut my wit doth
 falter andst my pen not write the
 plaintive fancies that be but in my
 heart those rhymes that beat within
 but the mind of *J* canst not endite
 like a broken string in the lyre of
*O*rpheus or that shepherds pipe
 fromst which no sound doth spring
 fromst my doleful voice that my
 mind hear not what the heart of *J*
 doth sing *O*hh that my *M*use
 wouldst unwrap the woes fromst

**this mind of I andst let reason sleep
with Morpheus till of all I have
writ be o'er these pages spilled that
couldst sing I like that Earl of
Dorset with plaintive ring**

Alas, I wretch, whom thus thou seest distraint

With wasting woes, that never shall aslake,
Sorrow I am, in endless torments pained

Among the Furies in the infernal lake,

Where Pluto, god of hell, so grisly black

Doth hold his throne, and Lethe's deadly taste

Doth reave remembrance of each thing for past

**Ohh that I couldst write with
inventions mighty of wit that thy
voice wouldst turn to colours this
black ink turn to deep hues of**

colours pastel that be the tones of
 this heart of *J* that this pen of *J* be
 but the painters brush where each
 letter be the tint of ultramarine or
 gold that doth spread o'er the page in
 words bold in harmony to blend into
 sentences that paint out the pictures
 of the plaint of *J* as Titian didst
 paint in combinations of richness
 and intensities of hue the colours of
 this wounded heart in Titian reds
 that bleed the blood of *J* that flows
 fromst thy lips whenst thee speaks
 the art of my wit whenst reason
 sleeps as to thy lips my woes *J*
 doth impart *B*ut the words wont

flow Ohh Muse that thee wouldst
 with kindness infuse J with the
 skill to write those conceits that
 willst the reciter entice with the
 fruits of my heart which willst upon
 the lips impart that which seeps
 fromst this wound of J which drips
 the ink that in prison keeps my woe
 Ohh that thee wouldst release this
 pain upon the ear of J andst with
 the alchemy of thy voice be like the
 "Thrice-Great" to my soul release
 fromst the prison of this ink to let
 my heart sing in those words with
 the style Oh Muse to emulate that
 Constable in style andst wit

I AM no model figure, or sign of CARE;
 But his eternal heart's-consuming essence:
 In whom grief's commentaries written are,
 Drawing gross passion into pure quintessence.
 Not thine eye's fire; but fire of thine eye's
 disdain,
 Fed by neglect of my continual grieving,
 Attracts the true life's spirit of my pain;
 And gives it thee; which gives me no relieving.
 Within thine arms, sad elegies I sing.
 Unto thine eyes, a true heart love-torn lay I.
 Thou smell'st from me, the savours sorrows
 bring.
 My tears to taste my truth, to touch display I.
 Lo thus, each sense, dear Fair One! I importune:
 But being CARE, thou flyest me as ILL FORTUNE!

5

10

**But alas the Muse doth not kiss
 my lips andst reason reigns supreme
 andst to reach the heights of wit my
 talent is amiss mediocrity be the
 level of me with no poets esteem
 that no skill that the letters that
 write *Y* inst black ink that they
 couldst to notes to form to fly upon
 the lips of thee in measures of
 brilliancy in minor chords that doth
 with the heart of *Y* accord that the
 rhythms into melodies that thee
 wouldst sing back to me my miseries
 "flow my tears" a falling tear
 starting on an *A* and descending ast
Y say syllable by syllable to an *E***

how heavenly to endure the blight of
 my woes for all days hath turned to
 night languish there with my sorrows
 tedious irksome where be no light no
 rays of the sun to warm this heart
 Ohh dark dark silent night where
 this tedious scourge be but penned in
 ink where each scribbled line each
 withered word each inept sentence
 doth clothe some middling trope or
 conceit or idea of inferiority that
 poorly expresses my grief Ahh what
 faults canst thee see perhaps too
 discursive too heavy perhaps too
 bogged down in conceits that into
 doggerel this doth collapse or be it

thee see it too symbolic or just padding
 each word to serve a useless end or
 perhaps all do *I* is woe to deify *Yes*
 but say *I* to deify in beaten gold be the
 words of *I* writ upon this page which
 doth contain my wit for which the final
 form shall be sung upon the voice of
 thee *So* *So* let me now begin to outline
 my compliant to thee that my tears on
 thy lips be butterflies that take wing on
 thy breath andst about thy brow willst
 frame thee with my loves bright flame
 whilst thy wet lips shallst turn to fire
 burning on my woes desires *But* it
 seems *I* hast talked too much for out
 of time *I* be