


# *The Sirens & Odysseus*



*POEMS  
BY  
DEAN*



*The Sirens*  
*& Odysseus*  
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 COLIN LESLIE DEAN

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FP: Detail "*Ulysse et Les Sirènes*" « [Léon Belly](#) 1867 Page2-3 Detail: "*Ulysses and the Sirens*", Herbert James Draper 1909 Pge 5 "*The Sirens and Ulysses*" [William Etty](#), 1837

PUBLISHERS  
INTRODUCTION

So what be this **The**

**Sirens**

**& Odysseus**

this enchanting tale doth it  
seem strange to thee that

since Homer no not one poet

hast told us what be it the



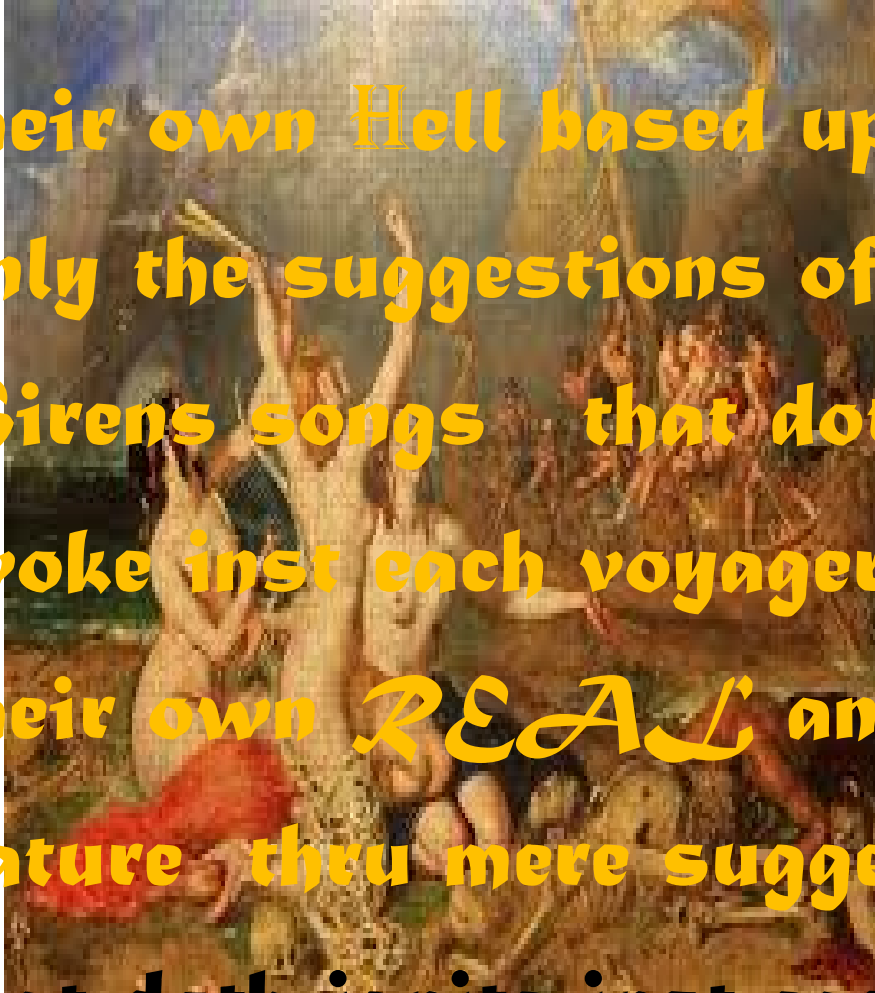
**Sirens didst sing this doth  
seem to be the first so let us  
begin be it a psychology or a  
Sages say of spirituality  
well it doth seem fromst this  
proem that the Sirens sing  
be but a song for each  
voyager unique to he or she  
based upon which of the 7  
deadly sins they doest  
possess but the subtlety be  
that each voyager out of**

**their own individual fancy  
do but create for themselves**

**their own Hell based upon  
only the suggestions of the  
Sirens songs that doth  
evoke inst each voyager  
their own *REAL* animal  
nature thru mere suggestion  
that doth ignite inst each**

**voyager to become but the  
victims of themselves**

**outlined inst this proem that**



no *Dante Petrarch* or  
*Bembo Castiglione* wouldst  
 inst sonnet to sing but  
 perhaps might *Cavalcanti*  
 andst neither to paint *Da*  
*Vinci* or *Raphael*  
*Signorelli* or *Parrhasius* let  
 alone didst neither *Marlow*  
 andst *Goethe* didst to sing  
 but might *Swinburne* or  
*Baudelaire* or e'en *George*  
*Moore* so cowards plug thy ears

**PREFACE** What be this

Sirens song that doth lure poor

Odysseus Ahh The Sirens be but

the 7 deadly sins that doest devour we

such fools for blind men the snare

whose fancies dance upon their

thoughts like scum upon the sewer

dregs that with indifferent care into the

web their lust be but wrought andst

thus upon their flesh be their lewd lust

be brought to inflame with fire their

fancies to aspire but upon this

worthless ware their ruin be caught so

thee take this lesson taught fromst this

song within thyself be both liberation

or prison desiring more or desiring

naught take thy path it be but a thought

Inst Homers *Odyssey* we be told of  
howeth didst *Odysseus* seek to hear the  
*Sirens* song that of which didst *Circe*  
he to warn of them inst their meadow  
lolling they didst sing to wayfarers round  
to which were heaped the rotting  
carcasses andst rags of skin shriveling on  
their bones of those that met their doom  
upon the *Sirens* sing But Yet neither  
Homer nor any poet since hast told us  
what their song didst of consist so Oh  
so reciter be warned listen at thy peril to  
what the songs didst tell for thee might  
find thyself inst some living hell



**Come thee mariner voyager thru life  
come thee O utis that thee willst  
hear these songs of we at midday  
inst windless calm to hear the songs  
of we that upon our breath willst  
end our songs inst thy death upon the  
imaginings that we doest inst thy  
soul to instil sweet imaginings that  
licks thy flesh to lap thy soul into  
languid lethargy to thy soul to fill  
lullingly thee ast to dream dreams to  
fire thee with desires whose  
gratification ends in their death  
where thy lusts languish with  
repeated lashings upon thy flesh  
where all novelty to boredom goes**

**andst thy soul doth cease to wonder  
andst to dream for thy imaginings do  
but dry up with excesses and naught  
but woes willst drip upon thy breath  
andst willst thee to hear our song  
andst to call for more that calls  
upon *P*ersephone to clutch thee to  
upon her breath to clutch thee inst her  
shroud *C*ome thee mariner voyager  
thru life come thee *O*utis to feel thru  
flamings inst thy flesh that burns  
fromst the fervid fumes that flow  
fromst vaporous tunes to ignite thy  
imaginings nestle thy ears in raptures  
in the hot tomb of our wooings *O*nst  
our cooings ast fly thy cries dooming**

Across my fancy spreads a lewd swarm  
the ears of I doest flutter to these  
tunes ast eyelids doest seek out to see  
that which doth entrance the mind of I  
with visions which take no form Yet do  
the flesh of I transform to pulsing rivers  
of fervid veins that doest but this flesh  
of I doest long to gain these Ohh these  
dreams that doth seem to I to take  
form upon those sighs that I doth hear  
upon this clam 'neath midday sun that  
doth but burn the flesh of I hotter  
thanst those flames that didst destroy  
the heights of Ilion this lust of I to be  
but strange dreams that seem to be  
inst I the kiss of beasts the coils to be  
of serpents green of all things unclean

**The lips flame-tongued of desire of we  
doest spit fire come thee to our flesh  
andst inst its pulpiness doest upon it  
doest breathe thy breath o'er our flesh  
deep pink hued the roses blushed  
flecked with passion that flash thru  
that flesh giveth us upon our flesh thy  
kisses that maketh thy lips to bleed  
with thy lips a licking thy tongue a  
flicking kissing flames a leaping thy  
imaginings a furnace of yearnings upon  
our flesh a reaping lusts of beasts that  
roam the night for their game come thee  
to smoulder inst the flames of thy fancy  
filling thy lips with that that doth dance  
upon we nestled inst Deaths tomb thee  
be floating onst the foam of our flesh**

Oh doest I hear upon the air languid sighs  
to beguile as if fromst some rutting  
beasts perfumed lair that doest inst my  
fancy to burst into burning blooms that  
o'er heat my flesh as if kissed by bird of  
prey or devouring beast these lewd  
dreams that doest upon my limbs to eat  
these murmuring tunes that doth cause  
fromst my lips to seep odorous sighs that  
do waft to the sky thoughts of I full of  
longing that crave I half formed that coil  
my flesh inst fancies whirl obscenities of  
sordid polluting dreams that swarm about  
my flesh to Ohh to eat as avenging  
harpies of my guilt infesting my flesh on  
these dreams my lust hast built onst such  
dreams of these Oh these Ohh these  
bewitching tunes that wake fromst I my  
hidden lusts It seems

Oh hear Ohh Ootis The arse of  
 we round andst soft ast the breasts  
 of we Ahh Ootis these cheeks be  
 more delightful thanst those of  
 Aphrodite Kallipygos those folds  
 round the whiteness of snow the  
 brightness whiter thanst the moons  
 glow the desires of thy fancies inst  
 that flesh behold more wonders  
 thanst hast e'en been told that flesh  
 of arse doth the cheeks to part into  
 flames upon thy flesh the lusts of  
 thee we do weave onst the wings of  
 those cheeks thy sighs doest leave in  
 lusts litany they to rise to the sky to  
 fly to our songs thy desire springs

Ohh But these sighs these songs that  
doest my mind to tyrannize that doth  
upon those cries those sighs doth the  
mind of I to try to form to shape into  
some being that my lips canst upon its  
flesh to take andst to bite to suck andst of  
its flesh with lips of I to pluck Yet formless  
to be for to these tunes of thee be to just  
to be for to but to suggest some  
something in the mind of I of vagaries be  
but only this mind of I to shape with fancy  
to create chimeras that doest but to away  
scare logic to fill the flesh of I with fancies  
lewd multi-formless that doth upon my  
limbs to quake at the thought of I some  
Satyr maddened on some nymphs purple  
tinted pap that with furious kiss the blood  
doth seep upon her flesh ast on my lips  
the blood doth froth bubbling hot to hiss

**On the waves of our breath Dear  
 Outis sways the sighs that brings  
 thy death the delight of our breath  
 that upon thy flesh the form of thy  
 dreams spills fromst our lips with  
 thy lusts supreme thy flesh doth  
 scream to quiver pierced upon thy  
 fancies thy flesh doth shiver fromst  
 the tongues of ♪ that spurt desires  
 fires Come Dear Outis See those  
 breasts whiter thanst milk those  
 paps more turgid thanst some cows  
 bloated teat to place round thy mouth  
 to suck and their sweet dew thy lips  
 laps with joy Oh reach Outis thy  
 dreams our flesh is what thee seeks**



Ohh I cry Ohh giveth I more of these  
 tunes for e'en just one all these songs  
 that doest these my fancies formless  
 form willst I willst I Yea If Aphrodite her  
 lips to press my lips didst offer I I her  
 lips wouldst I distain if Orpheus didst  
 offer I his gift of song that gift wouldst I  
 distain if Zeus wouldst giveth I all his  
 powers Ahh all those powers wouldst I  
 distain Oh Oh do I exclaim these fancies  
 of I that these songs doest inst the mind  
 of I doest boil these feelings these urges  
 of I doest my flesh enflame doest cry I  
 Ohh doest giveth I more or for just one  
 of all these songs these fancies willst I  
 to Hades to go or to take the place of  
 Sisyphus or Prometheus with my liver  
 torn by eagle claw for one kiss or e'en  
 one note upon my flesh for one moment  
 of bliss e'en Pēnelópeia do I to dismiss

**We sing our tune to thee Ohh Dear  
 Outis of that bloom that flower of  
 fruit that be perfumed 'neath our mound  
 of flesh covered inst mist rainbowed  
 hued nimbus of light the odours of all  
 the scents that thee upon doth delight  
 that doest thy fancies ignite into thy  
 lusts that upon those lips of coral red  
 thy passion bite lightning strikes  
 within thy limbs upon those lips thy  
 flesh doth tears andst inst thy eyes  
 tears doest down thy cheeks sears that  
 tears thy flesh with tears for to thy  
 doom kharon doth call to thee upon our  
 tune For onst thy breath thy sighs thy  
 soul doth fromst thee doth to kiss the  
 lips of Persephone**

Ohh Ohh the boat moves On andst it  
be soon that I doth this Elysian to but  
to pass by Ohh no Ohh that each oar  
stroke be but an eternity that each  
breath of I each doth a day Ney Ohh a  
week to last that inst the hourglass  
each drip of sand willst take a  
lifetime to slip past andst that water  
clock that each drip shallst hover  
andst n'er to drop for now these  
songs mixes now with my breath my  
soul to call upon these fancies of I  
that the lips of doest to melt upon  
that flesh Ohh that flesh my fancies  
conjure up that I do wear thy sighs  
so that they to my flesh perfume  
fromst my dreams that contrive I  
lewd passion where doest lie within

thy flesh Ahh Ahh give me thy kiss wrap  
thy sighs round my flesh reach I to thee to  
strain the ropes to break these ropes of  
morals which I disdain that kill the flesh  
andst freeze the fires of desires flames up  
wells the lust upon my breath Ahh reach I  
for thee to tear my flesh tight bound that  
the flesh doth bleed the limbs of I do seem  
to break Ahh reach I strain I for thee to  
twist to throb with reach the pain of the  
prick of flesh within these ropes that hold  
my flesh like sharpened blades of steel or  
the pointed tips of spears that break my  
limbs as I doest reach for thee as blood  
weeps andst agonies doest fromst the  
wounds seep Ahh Ahhh we pass hold thy  
oars I doest command hold thy oars Ney we  
still but pass so doest I breathe out to  
outwit the Fates my soul into thy soul andst  
thee take to clasp for metis be my name to  
last