

The Triumph
Of Nature
POEM
BY
C
DEAN



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**FP. Roman Triumph, about 1630, Peter Paul
Rubens P.2 Andrew Carrick Gow "Roman
Triumph" 1905 P.3 The Triumph of
Aemilius Paulus [Carle \(Antoine Charles
Horace\) Vernet 1789](#)**

PUBLISHERS
 INTRODUCTION
 N' Ahh doth say y' what



well let first say y' what be
 this world where man hast

of God But killed well thee
man doth But now live inst
a world where But science
doth reign andst inst this
world all that we have of
what science doth say is a
world of casual necessity of
determinism that governs all
fromst the sun stars e'en
those motes of dust andst
Dearest man thee ast well
be naught But a thing with

no free will for all thee doth do is of
deterministic necessity But there be
more for thee man inst thy Godless
universe for science doth But say
thee be no more thanst a homo-
sapiens a primate type of monkey
that follows the law of natural
selection that leads to the theory of
evolution thus Dearest monkey all
that thee be be naught But a thing
that evolves following the laws of
Nature thee hast no control for
these laws determine all thee doth
andst all thee thinks andst what thee
thinks thee thinks is But
epiphenomena of neural activity thee

man are **But** a dream thy
 consciousness **But** one other of thy
 senses inst the control of the laws of
Nature thee man thee be **But** a
 fiction for all thee be be a thing ast a
 mote of dust ast a fart fromst thy
 arse driven by law of **NATURE**
But thenst ast doth prove
Magister colin leslie dean all
 science all mathematics ends inst
 meaningless rubbish so **Man** thee be
 or ast doth thee believe science andst
 thus thee be thee **But** just a
 brainless monkey **So** it be up to thee
 whatever thee thinks thee be

PREFACE Ahh Dearest
 reciter doth I recite with that pipe that
 flute that be mine lips that fromst mine
 breath mine thoughts taketh flight
 uponst the airs to But rain down to
 But powder thine thoughts with
 thoughts that may thy minde giveth pain
 for these words that be mine ink might
 thy brain to despaire to gain so doth
 begin I my sighs that may thee
 entertaine well it be true some
 scientists doth say all everything be
 But inst natures sway for nature rules
 everything inst heaven inst our world
 andst within we as well they tell so
 thus Dearest reciter fromst this church
 of science neither I speak nor thee hear
 for neither thee or I exist just
 brainless forces I and thee a fiction

Ahh determinism that perhaps first thought up
 by the pre-Socratic's Heraclitus andst
 Leucippus that didst influence Aristotelian
 ethics andst the Stoics to Alexander of
 Aphrodisias that didst arise the paradox of free
 will to Epictetus to Middle Platonism early
 Christian thought to Maimonides to which we
 doth arrive at Dearest Newton the love of all
 scientists andst fromst he to e'en their greatest
 love Ohh Ohh Dearest Einstein who didst
 proclaim with lofty voice more sententious thanst
 the God that some hast of him hast made who
 didst proclaim God doth not play dice for all life
 Nature be deterministic all we need to finde are
 the hidden variable Yet none didst see ast the
 Magister colin leslie dean that the 3 body
 problem shows determinism be nonsense ast the
 cause doth cause the cause so thus we be free
 of determinism Yet well science reigns supreme
 so scream inst thy deterministic captivity

Stranger yet,

To those who know not Nature nor deduce
 The future from the present, it may seem,
 That not one slave, who suffers from the
 crimes

Of this unnatural being, not one wretch,
 Whose children famish and whose nuptial bed
 Is earth's unpitied bosom, rears an arm
 To dash him from his throne!

**Thus didst But say the Poet andst
 inst his dream of the ideal he didst
 not see that what to he is But
 strange But is to √ real ast clear
 ast the light that filters thru the sky
 to drip to uponst girlies pubic hair
 tips afire with light myriads flames
 fireflies twinkling to the eyes of √
 bright flowlets each hairs tip lit**

Ohh the Poet inst his dream didst exclaim

When man's maturer nature shall disdain
 The playthings of its childhood;--kingly glare
 Will lose its power to dazzle, its authority
 Will silently pass by; the gorgeous throne
 Shall stand unnoticed in the regal hall,
 Fast falling to decay; whilst falsehood's trade
 Shall be as hateful and unprofitable
 As that of truth is no

**Ohh must √ that gainsay say √
 that Poet be too ideal andst not see
 the real that But simple be for man
 be not man But monkey be he andst
 there be the But the answer for the
 future it be what the Poet saw for
 present andst the past of which he
 didst so eloquently see so truly But**

**didst not see that the man the monkey
 he canst be not anything But what
 he be Ast be the cockroach andst the
 worm the maggot andst the flea andst
 the monkey we we be all chained to
 Natures necessity Ast that Poet
 didst so clearly see**

I tell thee that those viewless beings,
 Whose mansion is the smallest particle
 Of the impassive atmosphere,
 Think, feel and live like man;
 That their affections and antipathies,
 Like his, produce the laws
 Ruling their moral state;
 And the minutest throb
 That through their frame diffuses
 The slightest, faintest motion,
 Is fixed and indispensable
 As the majestic laws
 That rule yon rolling orb

**But Ohh that Poet didst not see
 that these affections andst
 antipathies be naught But the drives
 of that monkey the drives that all life
 hast that which naught canst gainsay
 or change which the Poet didst But
 see But not to see whenst he didst
 say**

The passions, prejudices, interests,
 That sway the meanest being--the weak touch
 That moves the finest nerve
 And in one human brain
 Causes the faintest thought, becomes a link
 In the great chain of Nature!

**But see But not to see whenst he
 didst say**

Virtue and wisdom, truth and liberty,
 Fled, to return not, until man shall know
 That they alone can give the bliss
 Worthy a soul that claims
 Its kindred with eternity.

**But Ahh Dearest Poet thy words
 thy thoughts be But ideal dreams
 fromst the real divorced for monkey
 is monkey andst cant he change he
 what he be what thee didst see
 DEAREST Poet inst the past
 thy present be But But Ohh the
 future also will be for thee inst thy
 age didst sagely see whenst thee
 didst see The Triumph of Life led
 by its captives that be**

All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know
 Whither he went, or whence he came, or why
 He made one of the multitude, and so

***For Dearest Poet that multitude
 which thee didst not see be But
 monkeys chained to the necessity of
 their drives which none doth to see
 But they doest feel their drives But
 not know fromst whenst they flow
 E'en that Janus-visaged Shadow
 didst not know***

Of all that is, has been, or will be done

what I doth know

for Of all that is, has been, or will be done **will
 always be done by that monkey with
 its drives that Nature doth But**

**drive that monkey along they be
 driven But not know why for ast thy
 Rousseau didst say for they not
 know themselves thus alas**

"And who are those chained to the car?" "The
 Wise,
 "The great, the unforgotten: they who wore
 Mitres & helms & crowns, or wreathes of light,
 Signs of thought's empire over thought; their lore
 "Taught them not this—to know themselves;
 their might
 Could not repress the mystery within,
 And for the morn of truth they feigned, deep
 night

**Thee knew Dearest Poet thee knew
 But thee hadst not lifted the
 "painted veil" fully andst thus thee
 couldst not see for thy idealism didst
 obscure the real andst disguised**

**Nature with thy dream of thee of
 the immortal spirit free Ohh Dearst
 Poet thee condemned God Yet thee
 be a moralist andst that be why thee
 didst not see the real for Ohh Poet
 there be But no good or evil whenst
 God be dead for Nature is just
 Nature it is just "JS" whenst thee
 saw those captives thee didst
 moralise thy vision for they are just
 what they are monkeys inst Natures
 thrall temptations passions
 aspirations or longing for the fleshy
 life be But just the "JSENES" of
 monkeys neither bad nor right they
 hath their part to play inst Natures**

way ast maggots andst fleas doth eat
 devour fuck thee doth not moralise
 they so why moralise these monkeys
 for be not the world a desolate place
 for those who see the "JSHNESS"
 of this place for Poet where thee
 didst call man a "mechanized
 automaton" for being that slave to
 power thee spoke truth that hour
 But thee didst not see that power
 be itself what Nature the monkey
 with doest endower the
 "JSHNESS" of that monkey naught
 But what Nature wants Ahh
 But what be sought by all monkey
 But Ahh thee doth ask what these

**monkeys be well lets I start with a
 small part well Dearest thee be a
 monkey just inst thy mirror just look
 andst see andst thee willst know
 thyself perhaps uncut thy chains
 know that mystery thy freedom to
 gain ast Rousseau didst seem to
 exclaim, for I shallst thee show to
 the monkey why most monkies be too
 But sheeples that doth ast the Poet
 didst see**

... not one slave, who suffers from the crimes
 Of this unnatural being, not one wretch,
 Whose children famish and whose nuptial bed
 Is earth's unpitying bosom, rears an arm
 To dash him from his throne!

**So why be that so for they obey act
 think what ever be what they who
 upon the throne doest to them doest
 But say they speak words like of
 pornography freedom democracy But
 none doth know what these words
 doest But mean for they all just
 follow each andst each inst ways
 they upon the throne doth lead with
 empty words doth they fill the
 sheeples minds to feed these sheeples
 that doth need for they to lead for
 ast *Dearest Poet* thee didst thou
 Thou knowest his imbecility
 But thee wrongly thought they
 hadst ahead a lofty destiny**

**For their brains hath not the
 capacity or the ability to be other
 thanst that imbecility that with which
 Nature hath endowed all those
 monkeys fromst the past present now
 future andst inst to eternity all
 monkeys be But canst not be other
 thanst canst be But full of stupidity
 Whether one leads But follows or
 by the wayside falls all be But inst
 Natures sway all say √ allll life
 alive the inanimate sparks the dust
 the motes the scent that uponst some
 randy girls cunt doth waft all say √
 all be part of the intermingled web of
 immutability of Natures laws**

As the Poet didst sagely saw

Countless and unending orbs
 In mazy motion intermingled,
 Yet still fulfilled immutably
 Eternal Nature's law.
 Above, below, around,
 The circling systems formed
 A wilderness of harmony;
 Each with undeviating aim,
 In eloquent silence, through the depths of
 space
 Pursued its wondrous way

***Whether the Sannyasi Sadhu
 Crazy Zen monk Mystic those
 full of Divine Madness the leaders
 the followers the Poet andst all
 All that so long ast we drink***

breathe andst eat we all be *But inst*
Natures web of necessity ast that
 sage *Han Shan* didst wisely say

All life is lost inst dust

Ast bugs within a bowl we all just
circle round andst round andst all
unable to get out or freedom to be
found

For inst the bowl the monkey doth
But seek

O'er Nature Power

O'er Others Power

Andst

O'er Itself Power

So doth lay I back with this vision inst
 my minde inst the monkeys splendour
 whenst didst lift I the mask the "painted
 veil" to finde girly cunts lips lurid pink
 that flash brighter thanst the morn with
 randy blushes coating the world inst clouds
 of perfumed cunt scent enraptured be my
 fancy to elevate this imagination of mine
 wondrous beauty inst the world of Nature
 so sublime an earthy pageant of girlies
 randy cunts Ahh thee cracks the shits
 with disgust Ahh prove I my point
 monkey sheeples Ahh

That Horn effect

Thus Dearest Poet the answer I doth
 give whenst thee didst cry

Then ,what is life? I cried