

The Voluptuary

By Gladys Gruntwell

*Poem by
c dean*

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**Gamahucher press geelong west Victoria
Australia
2013**

Publishers forward

Gladys Gruntwell thou art a philosopher
 couched within thy poesy reside ideas both broad
 and wide Buddhistic or those Hume
 epistemological or those of ontology within thy
 poesy these ideas hide

The self in constant flow the flux of sensations
 come and go is the self a bundle of sensations
 that forms uniforms as sensations evolve and
 decay the self reduced to a mere collection of
 sense contents is that all

But wait

Perhaps no self at all

Just sensations in perpetual flux
 Only a self generated and constituted by the flux
 of sensations that is all

No sensations then no self at all

The self an illusion as the Buddhists or Hume
 may call

The concept of the self mis-derived from the
 sensations which on us fall

No sensations then no self at all

The self an illusion as the Buddhists or Hume
 may call

Preface

*In search of sensations us all
 Like some blood sucking leach us all
 In search of sensations we suck from all
 We devour we feed on the sensations of all
 We each drain each other
 We each feed on each other
 We each exist by the gorging on each other
 Without sensations we cease to exist
 Without the others sensations upon to subsist
 Our senses are mouths that eat sensations from all
 We absorb into ourselves the sensations of all
 Our life comes from devouring all
 In search of sensations us all*

All about the room was decay
 Wilted withered flowers lay dead in cracked Ming vases
 whose colours had faded
 The floor was strewn with dried up butterflies whose wings
 were wrinkled and creased every color on Persian carpets
 and renaissance tapestries was drained away the mahogany
 and ebony tables and chairs were desiccated all was lifeless
 in the exsiccating atmosphere which was parched and
 dehydrated all was juiceless all life gone everything sapless
 No colors hue no life full thing to view
 Open books on Decadent and Pre-Raphaelite poetry Paters
 conclusion to his "The Poems of William Morris" and
 "Studies in the History of the Renaissance" and the
 poems of Colin Leslie Dean could be seen whose covers
 and pages were dry and brittle
 Even the green light filtering in through cracked and
 broken stain glass windows looked decayed and lacked any
 warmth the room drained of sensations nothing for the
 senses to feel
 In this lifeless room in one corner the voluptuary laid
 pallid skin upon a rotten bed with covers frayed from his
 parched shriveled lips these words did slip

'Tis just a forlorn dream no longer to for hope
Oh sweet passion what I would not give for thy return

For my cock to throb and burn

For my inners to boil and churn

Return sweet passion on thy memories I yearn

Palpitations of the flesh

Quiverings to take away the breath

Radiant serenity

Razor-blade-sharpness of expectancy

Skin to skin

Lips to lips

The touch of flesh to again to touch

Sensations beloved return to awaken again me

Oh that balmy kiss

Which to two souls gives such bliss

Oh that sweet smile

Those eyes that beguile

Sensations beloved sensations thrilling potency

The sublimity of prolonged ecstasy

Sensations beloved sensations thrilling poignancy

The sensations in me desires hast ignited

Exquisite art thou sensations titillations from head to cock

to toes

Semitones of pleasure in rapturous throws

Through my flesh goes every nerve lighted

In such raptures the senses delighted

Senses in delirium reeling

Delicious delectable the ecstatic feeling

The vampire sucks blood for life I on sensations my senses

gorged

Each pulsing sensation along my senses electric pulsations

Impressions perceptions flickering feelings myself a

whirlpool reeling

Dissolving vanishing evolving my self ringed around

forming unforming in the flux of sensations that abound

Oh sensations come to me and give life to me

Without thee I cease to be

Come to me cure me of this atrophy

Where be the dark beauty

Where be her with her new moon face upheld by her
glistening ringlets

To see her moon-like face glow bright at my sight

Her skin hue like the soft tones of the Oud

Where be her pulpy red lips that ring her teeth like seeds
of pomegranate

To taste her pulpy lips of lust and youth time

Her taste like the feel of velvet fair

Where be her with her cunt pouch-like nestled in nest-like
profuse black hair

To smell her cunt perfume musky sweet through out the
room

Her cunt scent like the taste of the orange bloom

Where be her with her skin like porcelain glowing
translucent bright

To feel her flesh with tingling touch

Her touch like the glow of a babys smile

the voluptuary in his ragged bed did stare into his room
 the green light lifeless like the things inert there
 cloaked all in a desiccated gloom no movement all cloaked
 in shadows a pallid pale view all forms all things drained of
 any hue

the voluptuary his eyes glazed like opaque glass no glimmer
 of life yet his chest did heave with his slow breaths
 his hueless lips did quiver like a dead leaf upon a dying tree
 like the parody from Punch

“[His] love has sicklied unto Loath
 And foul seems all that fair [he] fancied
 The lily’s sheen a leprous growth
 The very buttercups are rancid”¹

In his bed with no sensations left he begins to absorb his
 own bodily sensations and to waste away
 But from his parched shriveled lips these words did slip

¹ Disenchantment first published in Punch 14 July 1894 reproduced in Decanent poetry from Wilde to Naidu Penguin, 2006, p.228

Where be that damsel of delight

Come thee to me

Lay thy throat full length that I may sense its throbbing
veins

Feel the sensations of those throbs upon my lips as thy life
beats its refrains

Lay thy bosom full length that I from thy paps sensations
suck up and drain

Feel the sensations of those velvety breasts upon my lips as
exquisite sensations I do gain

Oh that I could lick and suck upon thy flesh for eternities
hour

O'er thee thy sensations devour as o'er thee my kisses
shower

Oh that I would burn thee up with passions sweet
To hear thy moan thy sighs as with my kisses thou do meet
My kisses from head to feet to cunt to turgid teat
From thou all thy sensations I would drain
And sup upon thee thy sensations for to eat

Alas no sensations upon me fall
 No girl spread legs with those butterfly wing flaps cunt
 clit pink and small
 In this gloom I waste away wither dry up no sensations at
 all

As the poet calls

“With matted head a-dabble in the dust
 And eyes tear-sealed in a saline crust
 I lie all loathly in my rags and rust
 Yet learn that strange delight may lurk in self-disgust”²

My skin to parchment dries
 My hair shriveled o’er pillow lies
 My eyes enervated do deathly stare
 Yet myself I absorb the sensations of my being
 Like some cancerous growth I eat myself away
 With strange delight in my self devouring
 Seeking out each sensation of my being

² Abasment first published in Punch 14 July 1894 reproduced in Decanent poetry from Wilde to Naidu Penguin,2006, p.228

Oh the murmurings of my heart outflow from my lips
But my doleful soliloquy falls dead within this lifeless
gloom

My near ending death

My last sad breath

No more the sensations of this phantasmagoria world

No more of sensations bright“

As the poet calls

“O death! O Change! O Time!

Without [thee sensations] O the insufferable [hours]

Of [my] Might-Have-Beens

[Now only] fatuous ineffectual Yesterdays”³

Come sensations come

Without thee I cease to be

Come to me cure me of this atrophy

³ From William Ernest Henly “Under a stagnant sky” reproduced in Decanent poetry from Wilde to Naidu Penguin,2006, p.185-186

The voluptuary in the bed did lay debilitated and wasting
 away naught moved but his slow languid breaths under the
 ragged covers casting deep dark shadows along the floor
 and o'er the walls the green light filled the room with a
 stagnate glow which seemed to flow down o'er all like a
 pestilential mist cracks appeared in every thing as the last
 drops of life were drained from them as the voluptuary
 sucked the last bits of sensation from all about a pattering
 fluttering was heard at the stain glass window the
 voluptuary did stir the eyes glaze did slightly lift

Patter patter

A butterfly did through a glass crack flitter into the room
 Instantly to the floor did fall as the colors on its wings did
 fade the skin on the voluptuaries face did take a pinkish
 hue

As the butterfly lay withering and shriveled

Color returned to the voluptuary intern

A knock at the door then "tis thy niece" was heard
 from his pink tinted lips these words did slip

Come sensations come
Without thee I cease to be
Come to me cure me of this atrophy

ISBN 9781876347570