



The Garden  
of Adonis  
poem  
BY  
D.E.A.W

# The Garden

# of Adonis

# POEM BY C

# DEAN

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FP: "The Garden of Adonis—Amoretta  
and Time", by John Dickson Batten  
(1887)

# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

*W* What be this we be  
mystified as to what it be

*Ahh* we see this *The*  
*Garden of Adonis* be  
allegory in the way of the  
*Renaissance* where a thing  
is a sign of something else:  
like the *Le Roman de la*  
*Rose* which be destructive  
of logical thinking allegory

be a way of making reality visible by non logical means poor they who believe all truth is objectified in a syllogism *Discours de la méthode* for they cant get or understand allegories where truth is conveyed in signs andst images this be a Renaissance allegory of a spiritual nature where the true *reality* is outside

**rhetorical or logical thinking**

**In other words this *The Garden of Adonis* be about a spiritual world hidden beneath the surface story with a literal meaning and a symbolic meaning the allegory is true on the surface appearance of things but that surface is secondary to the reality beneath which we see to be spiritual which**

**cannot be grasped by  
consciousness but enters the  
mind thru the unconscious to  
merge with the individual  
content of the reciter to  
emerge back to  
consciousness which is  
altered in the process but  
perhaps all this be to  
ambitious for the poets  
talent**

# PREFACE

**What be the world reality but a surface  
 with meanings hidden beneath an allegory  
 the world be but the projection of our own  
 minds unconscious what meaning we give  
 reality be but only a window into our own  
 hidden meanings which project we the  
 world is full of signs symbols that if we  
 see the meaning we give be but statements  
 about we if we see the allegory we see  
 thenst reality be but signs for we to  
 understand ourselves for they tell us what  
 our own unconscious be for things be but a  
 sign of the true meaning hidden in we  
 reality is just a mirror reflecting back we  
 in signs reality is nothing but an allegory**

Didst I fromst languor andst ennui  
 once Ohh once whenst the day  
 seemed ast if afire with light once  
 Ohh once didst I leave the room of  
 I andst step out into the world  
 andst didst thus enter the vale of  
 tears andst what didst see I but  
 The Garden of Adonis andst what  
 didst hear I but the singing of  
 Philomela andst whats didst see I  
 Ohh that had I the skill of Sidney  
 to write my sights with rhetoric fine  
 andst so entertaine with the words  
 of I andst to paint with these  
 words of I these words that flow  
 fromst this sunne-burn'd braine of I  
 or e'en to tell my sights like Spenser  
 with ravisht fancies of wonderment



that with the quill of ♪ ♪ write this  
 wonderment that met these eyes  
 unlike that poet whos wit could not  
 endite the wonders that his sight  
 didst upon light Ahh that these  
 words find no halting or want of  
 invention that unlike that poet that  
 his pen didst bite like he my muse  
 doth sing look to thy heart andst  
 write that with the quill of ♪ may  
 thrill seeth ♪ that Garden be watered  
 by the tears that flow fromst that  
 vale to wash o'er all those flowery  
 blooms that be out of season andst  
 doth wither Ohh seeth their beauties  
 'neath sun ruddy andst bright seeth  
 their beauties enamelled with youths  
 delight that beeth with not joy but

sadnessess woe that like the rose be  
 kissed with light but where no joy  
 shows ast doth tell *Diogenianus*  
 they grow rootless out of season be  
 andst thenst doth die weeping tears  
 that doth flow fromst that vale of  
 woe where be these beauties virtues  
 that they do show but be out of  
 season andst thus which their  
 beauties no one knows

*The face of Venus where Venus be  
 distained*

*The lips of coral where coral  
 distained be*

*The eyes of pearls twinkling where  
 pearls be of value distained*

**Those blooming blossoms where by  
 their beauties be inverted ast for their  
 time be they out of season out of  
 time out of place ast sayeth that wit  
 if we calleth it wit of that maligned  
 Mopsa for no good reason of her  
 face andst of double disgrace for his  
 malign pleasure in poulters measure**

*And for a taste of all these giftes, she steales  
 god Momus grace.*

*Her forehead Jacinth like, her cheekes of  
 opale hue,*

*Her twinkling eyes bedeck'd with pearle, her  
 lips as Saphir bluw:*

*Her hair like Crapal-stone, her mouth O  
 heavenly wide;*

*Her skin like burnisht gold, her hands like  
 silver ore untryde.*

*As for her parts unknowne, which hidden  
 sure are best:*

*Happy be they which well believe, & never  
 seeke the rest*

**That maligned Mopsa wouldst she  
 be in another time or place that which  
 wouldst the heart afire set andst in  
 the morning of her youth be a sweet  
 bud that each bee its lips to each its  
 lips wouldst seek to meet andst  
 cupid his golden darts wouldst piece  
 each heart that she wouldst meet  
 andst the eyes of she to the eyes of  
 they conspire with that art on  
 beauties part to set in each andst  
 each desire sweet where meet eyes  
 to beauties bright delights that thru  
 that witchery doth enchant andst  
 conspire to set thru the world the  
 servitude of desires Ohh Ohh  
 where that beauty out of time andst  
 out of place andst out of season be**

**where be that face that raises with  
 woe to hear the dotting lover sing his  
 clichéd praises to his love that be in  
 season with her beauty for no other  
 reason**

Tell me ye merchants daughters did ye see  
 So fayre a creature in your towne before?  
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,  
 Adorn'd with beautyes grace and vertues store,  
 Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,  
 Her forehead yvory white,  
 Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath  
 rudded,  
 Her lips lyke cherryes charming men to byte,  
 Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncrudded,  
 Her paps lyke lyllies budded,  
 Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,  
 And all her body like a pallace fayre,  
 Ascending uppe with many a stately stayre,  
 To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.  
 Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,  
 Upon her so to gaze,  
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,  
 To which the woods did answer and your eccho ring

**They those wilting blooms kissed by  
the tears of that vale sigh Ohh doth  
they sigh for they with blushing  
cheeks andst eyes that weep that no  
eyes do o'er them sweep or sweet  
lips doth them praise they say their  
heart doth burn andst their lips doth  
long for some kiss that loves their  
soul andst that beauty that be out of  
time andst out of place andst out of  
season be Ohh howeth they sigh  
with mouth quivering for that kiss  
that caress that brings their soul  
peace that kiss fromst their lips  
breathing out their bliss bleeding out  
their bliss fromst a heart that joy  
doth impart to their flesh that  
trembles ast inst paradise for that**

desire that they doth entice that  
 desire betwixt lust and longing love  
 that none canst descric but that  
 blows flames of fires o'er their  
 beating heart whilst they sigh in  
 dreams with lovers clasped each to  
 each fused one to one n'er to depart  
 but *Ahh* my wit seems to falter my  
 rhetoric to dim the verse ♪ sing of  
 those wilting flowery bloom that out  
 of season be that to the heart of ♪  
 sorrow bring sad feel myself in this  
 Garden of woe that singeth ♪ more  
 to but bring music to this place to  
 stop ears of ♪ of these cries else  
 this mind of ♪ to madness go in  
 this dreary place where be the thorns  
 of woe that pierce these beauties

doth in the flesh *∴* place andst  
 invadeth with sadness whilst the  
 lips of *∴* sad tunes expresseth so  
 ast o'er *∴* their woes depresseth  
 andst the joy fadeths fromst the soul  
 of *∴* to see these living flowers as  
 the living dead like spectres raised  
 fromst the grave that wail andst cry  
 their woes their anguish at wanting  
 to live accursed they lament laying  
 in shadows they with no joy they  
 with no hopes with no end of woes  
 their sorrows doth burn their souls  
 their sorrows doth fan the flames of  
 their miseries an hellish state  
 where languishes their hearts andst  
 depression doth not depart where  
 there be only dark despair andst the



wailing andst pulling of their hair  
 with the canker of their minds their  
 hapless cries gush out upon their  
 breaths their tears flow down to  
 lay around to drown those flowers  
 withering upon the ground this  
 Garden this Garden of sadness  
 andst broken hearts But But look  
 howeth the light o'er the Garden falls  
 it dances twinkling o'er all such  
 beauty in despondency Ahh rise the  
 eyes andst see the Garden a bed of  
 gold lit by yellows like flames Look  
 andst see the light kissing those  
 blooms Rose

Daisy

andst Lilies bright

**with light look at those red crescent  
 tips of those petals kissed of that  
 light See See the Garden alite with  
 fire with lights delight see howeth  
 that light doth kiss those tears into  
 rainbow glistering light rippling  
 along those petals lips cascading  
 showers fluttering o'er all in that  
 Garden bedewed with light those  
 tears to pearls do show drops of  
 gold coloured robes of light that run  
 down petals Ohh hear my verse of  
 coloured words**

**Painted in gold**

**Rippling music**

**Chanted scented that send ♪ to thee  
 out of place andst out of time andst**

out of season be in thee see ♪ thy  
 uniqueness in thyself lets the  
 words of ♪ my sighs tell thee of my  
 heart andst feel along thy lips the  
 tremblings of the kiss of ♪ feel the  
 bliss feel the heat of my kiss let thy  
 buds do swell feel the warmth of  
 my caress around thee flow andst  
 take root in the delight of ♪ for thee  
 thy sweet beauty that be unique that  
 ♪ doth see that be hid fromst all the  
 sheeples that are told what to see  
 Ahh burst thee beauteous blooms  
 into flowering buds open up thy faces  
 to the sunlight kiss of the lips of ♪  
 smile with rapturous lips whilst  
 thee dances andst laugh at all those  
 sheeples that be told what to see

**Smile at the words of ♪ of gold that  
sweep o'er thee andst wash away  
those tears fromst the vale take hold  
of the words of ♪ that water thy  
roots andst wash o'er thee with  
scented showers open up thy blooms  
to become drunk on the wine of my  
words feel the passion of the fire of  
♪ for thee andst burst forth into life  
alive with pulsating life be joyous in  
thy beauty of uniqueness Hear thee  
my words that echo thru this Garden  
andst drown out the tunes of  
Philomela**