

The odalisque

Poem by c dean

# The odalisque

Poem by c dean

List of **free** Erotic Poetry Books by Gamahucher Press  
by colin leslie dean Australia's leading erotic poet free  
for download

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press>

Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2014

## Preface

**Our desire for the object makes  
us the objects slave**

**What we crave for enslaves us  
turns us into slaves**

**O'er us  
has power the objects we crave  
The objects we crave our masters  
become**

**The objects we grave o'er us  
tyrannously behave**

**Driving us enticing us wrapping  
us up in webs of desire to enslave  
us the objects desire**

**O'er us  
has power the objects we crave  
the objects desire**

emerald blind caught by noon  
day sun flickers of green light  
flashes tween the emerald slats  
falls waterfall-like like  
lightfalls splashing green fire  
o'er pink marigold patterned  
marble floors saffron yellow  
glow like rippling wavelets of  
light on a sun drenched sea  
eddies of light float like  
luculent bubbles of congealed  
froth in the perfume scented air  
perfusing green tinted light o'er  
the odalisque languidly laying  
o'er pink brocaded sheets of

silk her gold-tinted flesh  
enveloped in flickering  
fluttering flames of refulgent  
green light that spread along  
the limbs of she flaring up into  
fingers of glowing light corona  
halo-like around she aloes musk  
scents perfuse the air with fine  
globes of misty fumes reflecting  
off amber tinted wine in glass  
goblets iridescent pink rose  
petals drip from thorn decked  
stems to float down like pearls of  
coagulated blood languidly  
littering the floor in intricacies

of lace-work like netted webs of  
red fire reflecting on silk screens  
and pink embroidered velvet  
curtains she does sigh from the  
hookah of I sweet smoke pale-  
blue tinted perfuses thru green  
misty light she does sigh aloes  
musk scented wafts of luculent  
hashish fumes spiral in colored  
vortexes o'er sunlit curtains  
goblets glowing pink fire  
caressing the odalisques with  
fingers of soft touch she does sigh  
darting streams of hashish  
smoke kiss redder rose petals

glittering like incandescent  
glass she sighs patterns of lace  
weave o'er the odalisques face  
with eyes full of light from  
watery eyes of polished dew  
that send waves of rippling  
light to my view down the pink  
powdered face of she covered with  
webs of light-lace as she sighs  
languidly pale-blue clouds  
hover furling curling twirling  
that congeal into purple drops of  
hashish mist to rain down o'er  
all covering all in a purple  
cloak of glittering light she does

sigh on the green tinted light as  
 I suck the hookahs gilded ivory  
 tip gurgling sparkling hissing  
 frothing bubbling beads of light  
 effervescing froths of pearly  
 light I write with finger tip  
 dipped in the hashish pale-blue  
 fumes oh that **♫** could lick along  
 the gold-tinted flesh of she  
 glowing with flames of gilded  
 light bright oh that could **♫** kiss  
 the sugary lips of she red ripe  
 fruits glowing like rubies blood  
 red light oh that **♫** could run my  
 lips tip along the lips edge of she  
 tasting the syrupy luculent flesh



**of she to eat up the flesh of she  
like panther feasting on pulsating  
blood dripping flesh oh oh to  
sate myself on her to imbibe of  
the lips of she be drunken be on  
the rose red wine that drips from  
those puffy lips turgid scented  
breeze stirs thru emerald blinds  
filling airs with whirling  
whorls of scented light that  
dance o'er the pulsing limbs of  
she washing she in translucent  
light water-like rippling and  
bubbling into rivers of congealed  
globes of frosted frothing beads of  
colors bright the green sunny**

light like embroidered mist o'er  
covering the flame fluttering of  
her golden flesh of she she sighs  
scented light falls thru the  
green pale-blue mist of hashish  
fumes thru haze of tinted colors  
light floats in pools of light  
water-like o'er her panther -  
fleece black canopy of hair to  
shimmer o'er pussy lips pink  
like faded calyx dappled in  
purple shade emerald-green  
ripples tremble o'er her  
pulsating flesh to refracted thru  
the halo of gilded light she sighs

glimmering flames of  
incandescent flesh light  
whirling dances thru the room  
resonant with the heated sighs  
of me enthralled on she on  
the play of tined lights  
skipping to my sight speckled  
tints float across the citron-  
budding breasts of she like  
shimmering silk like frosted  
with washes of emerald air they  
glow golden haloed-flesh  
gleaming orbs of frozen light  
floating on the green tinted  
light from the cunny of she

that soaks up into the flesh of  
she the perfumes of the scent  
tinted airs she sighs the pulpy  
lips of she like wine liquefied  
petals of rose drips down red  
pearls of twirling spinning  
whirling globs of light as on rose  
petal red mist cloaked lips  
butterfly wings down on lips  
unfurled sipping neater from  
the ruby rimmed bowl refulgent  
bright she sighs as I suck the  
hookahs gilded ivory tip  
gurgling sparkling hissing  
frothing bubbling beads of light

*effervescing froths of pearly  
 light I write with finger tip  
 dipped in the hashish pale-blue  
 fumes* oh that *Ÿ* could envelope  
 me o'er the flesh of she like the  
 spider its catch like the cannibal  
 its meat like the dodder vine to  
 rose bush oh that *Ÿ* could wrap  
 me up in she to melt into she to  
 interfuse and to perfuse myself  
 into she oh that *Ÿ* could gaze on  
 the sight of she till the sky to blue  
 crystal did be till the sea to soft  
 jelly did be till the sun to water  
 did be oh that *Ÿ* could suck the  
 dainty toes of she sucking as the  
 babe to mothers teats turgid red

oh that *Ÿ* could run my lips o'er  
 the flesh of her inner thighs  
 feeling the creamy pulpy flesh  
 quiver to my tongues feathery tip  
 those thighs fragrant of musk  
 scented sweat that bead-like bloom  
 into flowery bubbles along the  
 pulsating veins of she as sayeth  
 colin leslie dean

*Lips pink a water color wash  
 graduated tones washed o'er thighs warm flesh*

oh that *Ÿ* could be within that  
 pubic black fleece hair nestling  
 in those glossy threads as babe in  
 mothers arms does be that *Ÿ*  
 could fold myself in those puffy  
 folds like silk veils that hang

**down sending speckled purpling  
shadows weaving o'er the gold-  
tinted thighs of she**

*he he light reflects of saffron  
painted toe nails sending  
rippling patterns of colors  
wavering o'er alabaster pink  
ceiling as light scents interfuse  
with the heated sighs of me  
enthralled on she the cunny of  
she glowing brilliant flower-  
like in the emerald green sunlit  
bower as colin leslie dean sayeth*

Lips spread widely pulsate and quiver  
 butterfly wing-like rhythmically close  
   and openly goes  
 waverly in rhythm wave-like waves upon  
   a pink sea lurid crystal-like  
   ardently beckons me

*eyelashes fan-like flash light  
 like wings unfurled they  
 flutter sighs to my eyes 'neath  
 those fine filament wings  
 watery eyes reflects back the  
 face of I mirrored in those eyes  
 like polished dew rapturous  
 become my sighs delicate ripples  
 tingle my flesh as pale-blue*



hashish clouds float in the  
 emerald void of green mists like  
 water green water murmuring  
 limpid tones o'er the spongy gold-  
 tinted flesh of she purple  
 shadows congeal o'er cunny pale  
 pink petals unfurled to clutch  
 me in that sea of mountainous  
 flesh as sayeth colin leslie dean

*Love-hole rimmed like by pink ink  
 glitters limpid pool-like*

*Love-hole like the roses face  
 blossoming as round them the lips  
 pink curvaceous lines do trace*

like leaves lapped by green  
licking waves my gaze licks o'er  
she he he the pussy hair of she  
long dragon whiskers swaying  
in the green void of luminous  
green tinted light caste shadows  
like clouds that embroider  
simurghs along the curve of the  
belly of she he he captivated by  
she her placid slave I be  
enraptured on she the beauty of  
she my desires enthrall me to she  
I suck the hookahs gilded ivory  
tip gurgling sparkling hissing  
frothing bubbling beads of light

*effervescing froths of pearly  
light I write with finger tip  
dipped in the hashish pale-blue  
fumes*

**oh that I be like as sayeth colin  
lelie dean**

*“on the curve of their crescent moon  
lips I did nibble hungrily oh in the  
flowery waters of their limpid pools I  
did anoint my flesh and in that  
scented flesh I did dream ineffable  
dreams of bliss”* **oh that I could  
kiss the scented sighs of she and  
draw them into the soul of me that  
I could lay trembling in the gaze  
of she that she would lock eyes  
with the eyes of me and in her**

**gaze taste that exquisite bliss that  
bursts my flesh into rippling  
terraces of blooming flowers of  
joy oh those eyes that shine like a  
wet moon those cunny lips that  
shine like pink tinted glass those  
arse cheeks that glow like sand  
dunes of liquid gold oh to lick  
those vermilion lips that  
surround the perfumed bowl of  
paradise to place my tongue in  
that liquid quiver**

*Oh I quiver at the flame haloed  
form of she he he I suck the  
hookahs gilded ivory tip  
gurgling sparkling hissing oh  
my flesh pains and my veins*

burst with firely lust I pain in  
my desire for she oh oh my mind  
froths with bubble of  
effervescing globes of light he he  
wanagritdeary havreture  
oldfreet  
he he

she summons me she calls to me  
she laughs at me he he I suck  
the hookahs gilded ivory tip  
gurgling sparkling hissing he he  
the goblets of her eyes suck like  
tiny mouths at me the cunt of  
she snaps like carnivores plant  
at me bubbles of laughter

effervesce up from the vermilion  
 cunny pond of she the glass vases  
 to screeching owls do form  
 juspyou

nabennty

he he

curtains stained in green mist  
 weep glassy globes of dew  
 glowing like congealed blood I  
 suck the hookahs gilded ivory  
 tip gurgling sparkling hissing  
 the hair of she flashes in to fiery  
 flames of flickering golden light  
 her face melts like creamy  
 custard golden paste as the flesh

of she bursts into flames the  
 butterfly evaporated into  
 multicolored mist as the flames  
 flickering along the cunny lips of she  
 melt its tissue wings she cries I suck  
 the hookahs gilded ivory tip gurgling  
 sparkling hissing oh around the  
 pupils pole her eyes iris spiral and  
 swirl like whirling tops then burst  
 like bubbles in the flames fluttering  
 o'er her gold tinted melting flesh to  
 burst into steam perfuseing with the  
 musk scented green mist filled air she  
 cries he he tipity de ptheemetme  
 wettrendshe

“are you alright colin”

ISBN 9781876347538