

القَصِيْدَة

(al-qasida)

From the

Kitab an-nafs al-mutma'innah

Of

Sakim kohl'in al-deen

translated by

al-Murshid ibn Nafs ar-

Rahman

poem by c dean

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Preface

Where there is desire there is fire

**Where there is fire there is a
flame**

In the flame like the moth we die

**All we expire in the flames of
loves game**

**No I no we just unity in the
light of the fire of the flame**

**Upon I reading the Iskender-
 Nama of Ahmedi did dip I
 the tip of the quill of I in the ink
 black night to write these words
 of I upon the face of the night
 sky driven by ego the self o'er
 blown seeking I immortality in
 the face of mortality oh sing I in
 Ahmedis words to the "Anqa-
 natured nightingale"**

"That thy words, remaining long time after thee,
 To the listeners hearing shall thy record be.
 Thy mementoes lustrous biding here behind,
 Through them they'll recall thee, O my soul, to
 mind"

Through them they'll recall thee, O my soul, to
 mind.

Those who've left mementoes ne'er have died in
truth;

Those who've left no traces ne'er have lived in
sooth."

Oh sing do ♪ the here and now a
wave of time – **that flings up froth
bubbles of foam that burst and
shower down in cascades of light
like the ringlet curls of houri
maids to splatter upon petals of
blooming blooms to shimmer with
the curves of rainbows flashing
on the face of translucent light to
coat Qaf in a cloak of luculent
light white like milk iridescent
upon moon soaked lotus pools in a
floating globe of frozen light up
sings the Anqa the "Anqa-
natured nightingale" of Ahmedi to**

**sing forth its song of joy to sing
forth its melodies of delight that
spread o'er the universe carpets of
rhapsodies of interweaved
mellifluous tones [of this
universe of froth and foam as
sayeth *Ashiq Pasha* fromst his
"*Ashiq Pasha Diwan*"**

“All the universe, one mighty sign, is shown;
God hath myriad of creative acts unknown :
None hath seen them, of the races jinna and men,
None hath news brought from that realm far off
from ken.

Never shall thy mind or reason reach that
strand...”]

**That ripple o'er the flesh of ♪ in
delights of bliss as to the door of
♪ the camel-rider came too and
knocked and knocked and knocked**

again as in the sky sayeth the
sage “the Wolf-tail sweeps the paling east to
 leave a deeper gloom behind...” **the red**
blush of dawn kissed the rim of
the earth to streak in ribbons of
light to incarnadine the sky [like
the blush of virgin maid whenst
her lover her cheek doth he kiss]
to dissolve the purple mist that
o’er pools of liquid gold did float
and gleam to evaporate in curling
wafts of light and incense-like
skyward float and bathe the earth
in a pinkish glow as to the ear of
♪ the camels- bells didst tinkle
with the cry “come ye
philosophers hakims priests
scholars sages and all thy kith

**and kin the caravan be up and
ready for the journey to begin"
and the caravan up and wends its
way laden with us wise with
lighted lamps in search of "truth"
"beauties" mysteries under a
blazing sun as butterfly-like the
light downward wings its way as
we laden down with books fromst
which to search out the mysteries
of the world definitions axioms
maxims and things the wise do
say all words language weaving
a net knotted with threads that
criss cross and twine connections
and knotty blends no beginning or
an end that into knots it doth us
all do send unknown to us but we**

**be all but fools who did not know
as sayeth the sage** “indeed he knows not

how to know who knows not also how to unknow...

As palace mirror'd in the stream

as vapour mingled with the skies

So weaves the brain of mortal man

The tangled web of Truth and Lies ...

“Reason and instinct!” How we love

To play with words that please our pride...

Reason is Lifes sole arbiter

The magic laby'rinth's single clue:

Worlds lie above, beyond its ken

What crosses it can ne'er be true”

**Oh how we journeyed in our
search along the caravans
meandering ways disputing this
deconstructing that to gainsay this
to gainsay that and all for this no
closer to our search didst bring
but we didst miss the sort after**

thing with our lamps lit under the
 blazing sun on the pages of
Aflatoons "The Symposium" we
 did seek out the mystery of
"Love" discoursed we on
Alcibiades is he *Dionysus* or
Beauty incarnate what be *"Love"*
 for he for she for thee we
 discoursed o'er he endlessly
 ceaselessly we dissected his say
 what be the nature of the love of
 the everyday of its rapture of its
 longing of its obsession of its
 pain and despair and passion
 to the ears of we heard we a she
 crying and sighing we in unison
 cried quiet thee be for on loves
 discourse art we crying heard we

**of loves pain love woes loves
anguished throws in unison cried
we quiet thee be for on loves
discourse art we but she did cry
as do sayeth Leyla Khanim**

“Tis yonda Darling of my soul that wildering my
sense o'erthrows;

My waving Cypress 'tis that freshness to the
garden doth disclose”

**Oh my darling mine the beauty of
thy face be burned upon the heart
of ♪ the beauty of thy face these
eyes of ♪ long to gaze to bathe in
the radiance of those rose-bud red
flushed cheeks the bird that be the
heart of ♪ sings songs of longing
for thy cunts fleshy folds this
heart of mine that throbs and
quivers at the thought of thee be**

**the nightingale that sings to thee
 the rose ۞ be ۞is pining for her
 Ramin ۞ be Radabeh longing for
 her Zal ۞ sing anguished
 songs like princess Zeb-un-
 Nissa in loves throws ۞ cry out
 in loves longing as Jahan
 Khatun princess of Shiraz as
 do sayeth Leyla Khanim**

“The bird, my heart, my gardener is in Love's fair
 parterre of the rose :

The world seems in my *eyes* as prison that doth
 my dear love control;”

**the heart of ۞ be the blooming
 rose that be watered by the gaze
 of thy eyes thy eyes wash o'er ۞
 their radiance and set the heart of
 ۞ on fire the eyes of ۞ weep**

tears as do sayeth *Leyla*

Khanim

“Through love for thee my heart acquireth many
a scar, and that's the whole;
from hour to hour thine absence makes my tears
like rushing waters roll”

**Oh that *I* couldst bathe in the
beauty of thy face that beauty
more beautiful than the beauty of
Yusuf that crazed *Zuleykha*
that *I* couldst bathe in the tones
of thy beauteous voice that voice
more exquisite than the voice of
David that didth *Saul* entrance
each morn greet *I* the dawn with
tears of woe tears of longing that
weep up fromst the heart of *I* in
floods of blood that rain down**

**like monsoon torrents upon the
earth that be scorched fromst the
flames that burst out with the
breath of ♪ in anguish sighs of
the longing of ♪ for the cunts
folds of thine oh the darling of ♪
show pity on ♪ for thou knoweth
the plight of ♪ as do sayeth**

Leyla Khanim

“As well thou knowst, through fire of love for
thee how sad my plight of woe,
My smiling Rosebud, wilt thou ne'er a glance of
pity toward me throw?”

**Oh that ♪ couldst be the gardener
in the rose garden of thy cunt and
fromst petal to petal and fold upon
fold to drink in their sweet scents
to drink in with the eyes of ♪ the
sweet hues of the puffy flesh of**

thee that ♪ could drink fromst
 that rose-wine cup all the
 glittering dew that bubbles and
 froths in that aqueous pool that
 the tangs of that juice would
 tingle the tongue of ♪ and dye the
 lips of ♪ the pinkish hue of the
 lips of thine oh darling one of
 mine come come and show me the
 face divine show thy face that at
 thy cunts spongy folds ♪ couldst
 fold up ♪ in that temple of love
 and like Khidr drink fromst the
 fount of immortality that ♪ could
 drink up all thy passions in that
 spring of delight that the tears of
 joy of ♪ like pearls that floweth
 up fromst the heart of ♪ wouldst

**hang upon the eye-lashes of *ج*
 that be like wings of the bird of
 majestic *Qaf* and glitter like
 stars like a necklaces brighter
 than the *Pleiades* oh the darling
 of mine eyes as do sayeth *Leyla*
*Khanim***

“My sighs and wailings thou dost see, O but for
 once compassion show:

Oh how I think upon thy box-tree form in sorrows
 night so drear”

**Come kiss me with thy lips come
 kiss me with thy lips covered in
 musk scent dew that be sweeter
 than waters of *Ruknabad* give me
 thy lips to kiss to sup upon that
 fluid that floweth fromst the twin
 streams of paradise come oh
 darling of mine and assuage the**

burning anguish of ♀ that race
thru the flesh of ♀ as some raging
fires sweep thru forest groves
come darling of mine and like the
cup-bearer in hidden tavern place
thy pink rimed cup to the lips of
♀ give ♀ thy cup that in that
pearly fluid ♀ may see reflected
thy face see reflected the beauty of
thy cheeks the beauty of thy eyes
let that face of beauteous form
dissolve the sorrow that in the
heat of ♀ that growth like weeds
around the flower stem let the
breath of thy cunts hole breathe
o'er ♀ all the sweet scents of the
world let the breath of thy cunts
hole breathe o'er ♀ and in the

**garden of the heart of ♪ to cause
 to grow the sweet roses blooms
 the arghavan crimson red like
 blood the narcissus sweet and
 tulips and violets with deep
 scented hues in the glow of that
 radiant hole let in the garden of
 the heart of ♪ the soul of ♪ to
 sing as nightingale to rose doth in
 its songs its love doth show oh
 darling mine why doth thee
 withhold fromst me thy kiss thy
 touch thy look the breath of thy
 soul across my flesh canst thee
 darling hear my woes hear my
 sorrows my anguished heart
 bursting pains as do sayeth
 Leyla Khanim**

“My story would Majnun’s and Ferhad’s tales
 from mind make disappear
 My groans and sighs and wails thus high do I unto
 the Heavens uprear “

**Oh darling of mine separation
 fromst thee causes to rain upon
 the heart of ♪ all the torrents of
 tears that ♪ shed for thee all the
 torrents of my woes that out flood
 all the tears of humanity all these
 floods of tears oh darling of mine
 canst put out the burning flames
 that engulf the heart of ♪ that
 cause to burst fromst the scorched
 lips of ♪ flames that shrivel up
 and wither all the flowery blooms
 of this pestilential earth without
 thee where drops the scolding
 tears of ♪ the earth melts to**

liquid and craters of dust do form
 oh detestable be the singing of the
 nightingales for their loves
 detestable be all the beauty of the
 world that lovers with their loves
 do see with cruel woe in
 separations grief the heart of ♪
 doth burst and bleed sorrows
 upon this earth at the cruel
 wound thee cause fromst the
 separation fromst thee oh
 tormenting darling why doth thee
 hold fromst me thy face why doth
 thee withhold fromst me the gaze
 of thy eyes as do sayeth *Leyla*
Khanim

“From thought of yonder witching eye my heart is
ne'er a moment free

When flow thy tears recall not thou to mind O

LEYLA ‘Oman’s sea’”

**Oh that thee wouldst come oh
darling to me that thee wouldst me
release fromsts all my pains that
the heart of ♪ couldst turn to be
an alter-fire of my love for thee
and the flames of love flow forth
fromst the eyes of ♪ that the
body of ♪ wouldst of golden light
glow fromst the flames of love
enclosed within the flesh of ♪
pulsating with inexhaustible
delight oh that the heart of ♪
wouldst in thy presence turn to a
banquet table of delights and in
that hidden chamber thee and me**

wouldst feast upon the
ravishments that be the bounty of
the love of we that in the heart of
♪ thee and me dance to the
festival of love and pass around
the lips of we as cups fromst
which we drink the sweet nectar
of the love of we that we drain
the cups of our lips to the dregs
and drunken we be in all the
beatitude of the divine but alas
woes me thee be kept fromst me
and all the tears ♪ weep flood
fromst my soul of no relief the
heart of ♪ throbs with pain and
drink ♪ the poison of my tears
that flood down the furrows of
my cheeks rivers of blood that

flood the earth alas do sayeth

Leyla Khanim

“Beneath thy shade my own heart's blood is all
that hath been gained by me”

My tears an ocean vast; my lashes, coral branches O
Baqi!

The mem'ry 'tis of thy palm-form that as my Judus-tree
bright grows

**Then out fromst anguished heart
heard we understood not we nor
see**

**Where there is desire there is fire
Where there is fire there is a
flame**

**In the flame like the moth we die
All we expire in the flames of
loves game**

**No I no we just unity in the
light of the fire of the flame**

**Passed we the wailing girl the
 caravan of we didst meander on
 led by the camel-rider with "hurry
 thee up thy destinations is nigh"
 squabbling and quarreling nit
 picking o'er Alcibiades is he
 Dionysus or Beauty incarnate
 pass we rose garden sweet
 scented flames trees in gorgeous
 show oases shimmering in the
 suns egg yolk glow all these we
 missed as on and on blabbered we
 as sayeth the sage**

"Till all life's Po'esy sinks in prose
 Romance to dull Reality fades
 Earth's flush of gladness pales
 And god again to man degrades"

**on and on blabbered we disputing
 this deconstructing that to gainsay**

this to gainsay that with our
 lamps lit under the blazing sun on
 the pages of *Aflatoons* "The
Symposium" we did seek out the
 mystery of beauty discoursed
 dissected we the say of *Diotima*
 on the nature of love
 deconstructed she on the function
 of love gainsayed she we each and
 all on the mystery of love
 quarreled each and squabbled we
 all on whether the ultimate object
 of love be the *Form of Beauty*
 ah we did scream and cry and
 dispute we all o'er if the *Form*
 of *Beauty* be identical with the
Good on no shared idea of the

**Form did we conform till as
sayeth the sage**

“Till all life’s Po’esy sinks in prose
Romance to dull Reality fades
Earth’s flush of gladness pales
And god again to man degrades”

**Meandered we to the left to the
right right write J naught with
us was alright quarreled each and
squabbled we on beauty us passed
we flower gardens sweet with the
scent of flowery blooms like some
harem soaked with the scents of
cunts dripping wet
where o’er flowery blooms opened
like pouting lips of girlies moisty
cunts flutter butterflies with
wings flapping like fluttering**

cunts lips of randy girls multi-
 colored (.) *w* (.) (.)
 (.)

w (.) *w* (.) (.)

red *dabs* blue *dabs* fluttering
dabs dabs

dabs

*within open throated blooms gaping
 like cunts weeping nectar sweet
 tangy syrupy ooze
 bees*

bright in white light

*delicate and light
 fluttering wings cunny-like*

sucked deep within

Jasmines petals pink bathed in

*bright white light and roses **red** like
tints of the girls fleshy cunts lips
like wine froth*

**all the flowers lined up like
beauties in a row crowned with
shimmering petals splayed like
girlies cunts on heat the violet
decked with perfumed hair
lustrous as the hair round cunts
of girlies fair jasmine blooms
white luminous white like the
teeth that set in crimson lips of
sugar sweet like jewels in a
sultans crown like with scented
hair of braid shone like musky
ringlets hyacinth blooms like
glowing face formed tulips and the
wild roses that grew like flirting**

**girlies fresh as virgin snow
narcissi eyes gleamed luculent
while violets nestled into each lips
to lips like girlies kissing in
amorous embrace like dark as
musk hair clusters of grapes
gleamed translucent beads of
purple light those as
pomegranates hung like girlies
small tight breasts that upon the
chest of they do grow and glow as
and all o'er these shimmering
blooms dew sparkled like dew
upon the lips of cunts as if the
Pleiades was upon them strewn
the scented flowery blooms each
the other into itself did out
beautify each other**

**squabbling quarrelling nit picking
this all this passed we all this
and did not see we as sayeth the
sage**

“Till all life’s Po’esy sinks in prose
Romance to dull Reality fades
Earth’s flush of gladness pales
And god again to man degrades”

when cried the camel-rider with
“hurry thee up thy destinations is
nigh --betwixt two eternities do I see
behind and ahead time endlessly a
moment of time froth upon the
immensity of eternity

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