

**the scent**

**Of**

**Patchouli**

**Poems by c**

**Dean**

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**Of**

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## **Preface**

**That thee wouldst with these poems  
 ast sayeth some critic thee wouldst  
 '...gloat over them and roll them on  
 the tongue...' may those with the  
 higher morality offended be for that  
 wouldst be enough to say that ✓  
 have succeeded in bringing thee  
 certain renderings of moods of  
 emotions and refined sensibilities in  
 the form of exquisite artificialities  
 divorced fromst morality that thee  
 will luxuriate that thee will bathe thy  
 flesh thy soul in these portraits of  
 artificial sensibility that thee will  
 inhale these poems perfumes of  
 patchouli and dissolve into  
 paroxysms of ravish delight**

***Ast sayeth the poet***

“The mind |s |ts own place and |n  
Itself Can make a heaven of hell, a hell  
of heaven.”

***In my hell Sit hear I sit here with  
thoughts thru the brain of I  
chattering ideas racing creativity  
originality incessantly unrelentingly  
thru this brain of I the mind of I  
hear the thoughts unremittingly here  
sit I cloaked in the odors of Beau  
d'Espagne exquisitely be I a  
Christian Trevalga immersed in a  
dehumanizing aestheticism lost be I***

**in the fathomless abstractions of  
 words be ♪ in an alienated  
 isolation be ♪ a *Lucy Newcome*  
 oh be ♪ a *Henry Luxulyan* cursed  
 with the sensibility that searches for  
 in those symbols of inner beauty an  
 epiphany oh this prison this cage of  
 anguished woe ast sayeth the poet**

\*<sup>1</sup> Where but to think |s to be full of  
 sorrow."<sup>11</sup>

**the thoughts of ♪ relent not they race  
 and their tail chase monkeys  
 chattering in and out shout they hear  
 here in the mind of ♪ to madness**

**send in creativities wild paroxysms  
 bacchanals of ideas whirling  
 dithyrambic out pouring of fervid  
 thoughts oh sayeth true the poet**

\*' Make not thy thoughts thy prison."

**♪ In this prison cell of feverish  
 thoughts think ♪ sit hear ♪ the  
 thoughts of ♪ here go round and  
 round ♪ in maelstroms of  
 cogitations of whorls and whirls of  
 ruminations ast sayeth the poetess**

I AM alone, yet nevermore alone!  
 For In the aching abyss of the air  
 Tremble a thousand phantasms of  
 the brain,”

**these phantoms of the brain of ♪**  
**these phantasmagorias of thoughts**  
**that flash thru the mind of ♪ that**  
**burn and sear the very flesh of ♪**  
**like fires of Dantes hell that**  
**torment and give ♪ no release that**  
**dance upon the neurons of ♪ that**  
**fray the synapses of ♪ ♪ cry for**

**release for peace fromst this  
perpetual this infinity of misery  
ast sayeth the poetess**

I am encompassed by a wilderness,  
A desert of illimitable dream,  
And my enfettered spirit sadly strays  
Within the rampart of tormenting  
thought. . . .”

**Oh that some opium tincture  
wouldst to oblivion takedth ♪ that  
some witches broth full noxious  
herbs and mandragora roots wouldst  
that drink ♪ and to a dreamless  
sleep send ♪ send ♪ to the**

**Buddhists realm of no-thought to  
that blankness of nirvana to that  
emptiness of extinction in some  
yogis Samadhi**

**Oh ast sit here ♪ and do hear the  
thoughts of ♪ gurgling and frothing  
and surging ast look ♪ at  
"Silhouettes"**

**oh o'er floods the sensibility of ♪  
the sweet scent of patchouli evoking  
the emotions light and sensations  
fleeting oh o'er floods the sensibility  
of ♪ emotions frivolous images  
flash o'er the mind of ♪ of artifice  
sensuous artificiality oh thru the**

**mind of ♪ the scent of patchouli  
 wafts kisses and caresses the rush  
 of multitudinous thoughts of ♪ ah  
 such trivialities such frivolities of  
 sensualities no profundities of  
 "new-mown" hay ast sayeth the sage**

"Patchouli ! Well, why not Patchouli ?  
 Is there any  
 " reason in nature " why we should  
 write exclusively  
 about the natural blush, if the  
 delicately acquired blush  
 of rouge has any attraction for us.?"

**oh these visions of exquisite  
sensation oh these evocations of the  
most magical impressions o'er flow  
bubble up fromst the mind of ♪ like  
effervescing lemonade and o'er flow  
fromsts the tongues tip of ♪ and  
coat the air in a rhapsodic cacophony  
of mellifluous visualizations o'er thy  
cunts lips lays the sheen of pink that  
tints the cumulous clouds in sunsets  
glow that glints in thy cunts hole  
like the flush the blush upon a  
virgins virgin cheeks thy cunts lips**

**curved like a sickle shaped moon  
float like sails across the pearly  
moon 'neath those billowing curls  
hear ♪ the bubblings of thy cunts  
hole limpid liquidity in the minds ear  
of ♪ the cunts lips of thee curling  
into infinity murmurs soft languid  
tunes of lost memories that recedes  
ast doth thy lips into the pink mist  
mistly a veil of mist pinkly rains  
down o'er thy pouting turgid lips ast  
golden sunbeams flow o'er the lotus  
ponds in morning light in thy hair**

along thy Venus mount glitters dew  
like congealed moonlight that lightly  
coats thy cunts lips in muted hues of  
pastel light as thru the pinkish mist  
see √ thy cunts lips unfurl at the  
sight of √ the scent of thy cunt  
wafts softly o'er thy pink rimed cunt  
hole rippling wavelets of gleaming  
light that dance shadows across the  
cunts lips of thee that seem to sing  
sweet tunes to √ of thy longing for  
√ pink flashes of light wavering  
across the pink ridges of thy lips

that seem to sigh to sigh for ♪ that  
falls fromst the pink crests to drip  
as scented tunes in the limpidity of  
thy cunts hole that lullaby ♪ to a  
waking sleepfulness o'er thy cunts  
hole pink rimed violet shadows float  
like clouds across across a storm  
soaked sky across the vastness of  
thy patchouli scented pool o'er which  
thy cunts lips unfurled flutter like  
flags in the stormy wind gaze ♪ o'er  
this pink mist storm soaked view  
and thru the mind of ♪ past

**memories well hid float in view of  
 you fromst out of thy cunts holes  
 limpid depths murmurs fromst that  
 fathomless deep sighs of death of  
 life that waketh √ fromst my death-  
 like sleep be these sighs be these  
 cries death or hymns of lifes  
 blessedness be these sighs be the  
 joyousness of life be they the bliss  
 √ find in thy cunts folds be they the  
 purpose of life for √ be they be the  
 sighs of life that thee bringeth to √  
 or be they the cries of death the death**

**that awaits ♪ in thy pestilential  
breath be they be the sighs of ♪  
devoured lost dissolved in the  
voracious jaws of thee be they the  
sighs of ♪ devoured by the desires  
of ♪ be they the sighs of the little  
death submerged in thy fathomless  
depths what be these sighs of life  
and death that echo fromst out of the  
soul of thee that awaken memories  
of thee that fills the hollow of my  
soul that be empty of thee**

**a flash of light fromst our eyes lit  
thy cunts lips in pinkish hues in our  
patchouli scented room that mixed  
with the odors of thy cunt that sent  
us into an ecstatic swoon in the  
gloom the flash of eyes to ♪ thy  
cunt burst blooming rose a ruddy  
rose oozing lyric grace oh within the  
shade of thy pink cunts lips lie here  
♪ with the eye of ♪ upon the cunts  
holes eye o'er which it doth seem  
that flames dance within that limpid  
liquidity casting shadows that lull**

♪ to peacefull doze within the curled  
 cunts lips of thee that sway like  
 some leafy boughs or waver like  
 clouds that float across the face of  
 heaven oh heaven it be within the  
 cunts lips of thee where loiter ♪ like  
 some faun or satyr priapic  
 untroubled by the wild ways of the  
 world the eyes of ♪ firefly dart o'er  
 the purple ripples of thy cunts pink  
 rimed hole wandering eyes that rest  
 in the seclusion 'neath the cunts lips  
 of thee ♪ see thy cunts hole a moon

**pink 'neath a crystal sea oh thy  
cunts lips be pink light frozen fromst  
some gleaming gem that's sends ♪  
into some ecstatic swoon feeling the  
soft touch of those lips pink like  
some roses petaled bloom oh what  
rapture what ravishment warming in  
the glow of that pink revealment of  
wavering lips like waves crinkles on  
pink cellophane with no concealment  
of that clit like some grape bud  
basking in the scent of that virginal  
allurement lips so still as frozen**

**across a molten moon that like pink  
 petals of a rose in a "jealous-  
 guarded row" those lips virginal do  
 guard that cunts limpid hole  
 fromst unchaste dreams do guard  
 that flesh fruity spongy flesh fromst  
 the desires of ♪ it seems**

**oh what charm be those cunts lips of  
 thee lipstick pink like some virgins  
 cheek powdered with saffron dust  
 like frozen light all scented for love  
 cloaked in the odors of some bordello  
 with golden lights bright with those**

**lips furred like curtained round that  
cunts hole of thee those lips  
complexioned like an iridescent rose  
that glows fromst the fragrant  
breath of ♪ like the blooms that do  
not fade kissed by the suns rays  
upon the pastel colored dawn in the  
lamplight of the eyes of ♪ oh this  
miraculous show of this cunt  
virginal like some hothouse rose  
aglow tinted with pinks o'er the  
cunts lips flesh laced with dew like  
glinting diamonds along the cunts**

**silk soft edge like a whores  
powdered wig dusted with fire in  
the lamplight of the eyes of ♪ unfurl  
thy lips wing-like and seem to  
show the shadow of a smile in this  
miraculous show of this cunt  
virginal like some hothouse rose oh  
have not ♪ seen ♪ thy cunts lips  
spread before like Perugino's angels  
sentinels round thy cunts pink  
phosphorescing hole that flap softly  
in the wafts of thy cunts patchouli  
scent those lips ast pale ast pastel**

**pink upon the crescent curves curled  
oh the glittering gleam of thy cunts  
hole doth send peacefulness thru the  
mind of J gazing upon those quiet  
waters aglow with the light fromst  
the flames flickering fromst left to  
right fromst the pink halo that thy  
cunt surrounds like the nimbus of  
some Islamic or Tibetan saint  
around  
in one moment ecstatic one moment  
delirious of frozen time the cunt of  
she she turned to me and it didst**

**light the face of ♪ fromst its  
flashing glow its glow didst light  
the twilight twixt day and night its  
light didst light the sky in washes of  
pink didst paint upon hills crests the  
soft glow of pastel light its light  
dilst coat the verdant earth in  
carpets of muted hues in one moment  
ecstatic one moment delirious of  
frozen time the cunt of she turned to  
me and the beauty of its cunts lips  
yellow flames didst cloak the world  
in its flashing glow fromst thy cunts**

hole liquidity rose incense pink like  
mist o'er laying pools of nenuphar  
like some Babylonian priest  
worshiping Baal at that tabernacle  
of wafting scent the eyes of ♀ gazed  
upon the god of ♀ that cunts hole  
some sphinxes eye that lures ♀ to  
my doom or giveth ♀ blessedness oh  
that daisy bud about to bloom that no  
breath but ♀ hast o'er it blown that  
new budding bloom that no one hast  
kissed or the tongue caressed nor  
languidly licked oh the budding bud

**virgin white 'mongst the meadows  
 blooms thy sight gladdens √ desire  
 in √ afire at thee chaste like virgin  
 snow longing for whenst thee wilt  
 in the hands of √ lay thy virgin  
 budding bud  
 glimps √ 'neath thy skirt white up  
 thy thigh panty cloth tight white and  
 wonder √ what that cloth doth hide  
 some Botticellis Venus face or the  
 face of Medusa's curled round  
 with black curling hair serpent-like  
 doth those cunny lips smile with**

**chaste girly light or treachery clothed  
in delight doth those pink curling  
cunny lips glow with a sirens smile  
or smile with angels glow doth the  
shadowed cunny folds hold the  
fluctuating glint of malice bold doth  
in those pulpy fruit fleshy folds  
lurk the denizens of hell doth thy  
cunts hole be the Sufis cup or some  
witches bowl doth between those  
spongy heated folds glint the smile  
of some whore whose secret thee  
wishes to withhold oh either which**

**way ♪ do say adorable be thee in thy  
treachery or nobility whether thy  
fruit pulpy lips 'clutched tight in the  
panty white cloth sing a sirens  
lulluaby or the celestial melodies of  
heavens hosts either which way ♪  
say oh with how ♪ long to play  
those eyes of she be haunted with  
regret for the memories of ♪ and  
she now that ♪ upon the cunt of she  
do kiss and lick and flick those folds  
of she the eyes of she be haunted  
with regret ast those lips ♪ do**

**nibble kiss be the lips of a married  
she but ast ♪ do languidly feast  
upon those lips of flaming fire the  
desire of she full of memories of ♪  
and she before she married he  
draw back thy panty cloth draw back  
the curtains let the light shine upon  
that puffy cunt of thee oh how the  
light bright ast that flesh aglow oh  
how the light dances along thy cunts  
lips edge and glints like fire with thy  
desire that reflected gleaming thru  
the bottles of wine thru the cunny**

**scented airs thru the cigarette fumes  
that cloak thy cunny hair draw back  
the curtains that ♪ canst see those  
ruddy lips themselves curtains of  
puffy flesh draw back the curtains  
and let in the light that ♪ canst drink  
this moment of ecstatic joy the  
remnants of that love without love  
hide fromst the cities hubbub din that  
♪ canst look and think of our  
pleasures brief of some phantasy  
dream of love without love draw  
back the curtain let in the light that**

**in its bright glow dissolves the  
 dream that each of us didst keep hold  
 Emmy walked ♪ into that brothel  
 saw ♪ thee not saw ♪ thee since 40  
 years past had been whenst in thy  
 virginal youth exquisite in its  
 loveliness thy flesh thy hair thy eyes  
 of water limpid that ruddy flesh  
 upon thy cheeks Emmy walked ♪  
 into that brothel saw ♪ thee  
 memories past returned to remind ♪  
 of that blushing new born bud that ♪  
 took and crushed under the foot of ♪**

thy love thee gave ♪ ♪ gave thee  
 naught but my flesh took ♪ that  
 virginal bud and thy love though  
 naught under that spring sun ast  
 nightingales sang and the flowers  
 their perfumes blended with thy scent  
 of love thy still Emmy ast walked ♪  
 into that room didst hear ♪ the  
 loving sighs thy loving moans ast ♪  
 but took thy flesh took thy flesh thy  
 love for ♪ naught to ♪ but dust  
 'neath my feet thy bud took ♪ and  
 thy love was naught memories

returned of thee crying midst the  
 flowery blooms crying drops of rose  
 red blood lay upon thy white skirt  
 ast thee cried ast walked ♪ away to  
 forget thee till this very day in our  
 room ♪ took thee again took thee had  
 my way thy flesh wrinkled pallid  
 lips lipstick painted garish red thy  
 hair garlanded with hyacinth scent  
 but thy flesh Emmy withered like  
 those flowers now upon which in thy  
 youth took ♪ thy virginal bud but  
 Emmy thy eyes didst shine and glow

**with thy youth ast I fucked thee and  
ast came I faintly didst hear I the  
name of I upon thy withered lips  
with loves faint voice thy soul didst  
speak and this soul of I that  
wronged thee didst quake for knew  
I Emmy for that wrong I will  
answer for in hell  
oh Emmy meet we again with thy  
husband at thy feet but with no  
desires in thy eyes fromst too long  
at domesticity at he the gleam hast  
faded fromst thy smile that I at**

once didst gleam with fire Emmy  
 thy eyes look tied thy flesh pallid  
 like some faded bloom Emmy thee  
 hast found a mate to which to babies  
 make but Emmy thy look of eyes  
 fromst sidelong glance says too ♪  
 my soul be still the soul for thee the  
 flush of wine the red coals glow the  
 flaring of the candle flame coats  
 their cheeks in muted half tones ast  
 he sits thinking of his shares his  
 investment properties she thinking of  
 their debts that they do share their

**eyes do meet he thinks why be he**  
**here she but thinks no love their only**  
**boredoms security a lifestyle too**  
**good to loose both o'er love do**  
**choose**

**our lips bite in heated kiss thru the**  
**hair of √ thy fingers with desires**  
**curl and twist ast remember √ that**  
**once thee felt thee too good for me**  
**whenst thee drank champagne and**  
**dressed in silk the hand of √ up**  
**o'er breast kneads that soft flesh and**  
**the nipples to twist as thy hands up**

**o'er the thigh of J to reach the zip  
ast remember J whenst thee felt  
thee wast too good for me whenst  
thee kept thy eyes fromst J whenst  
with rich lover be ast J place hand  
'neath skirt and the finger of J run  
o'er that cloth with no moisty spot  
on that panty white ast thee plays  
and pulls and sighs and moan ast thy  
fingers up down the flesh of J do  
roam ast J do remember whenst thee  
felt thee wast to good for me ast thy  
lips thee unclench fromst me and to**

**the eyes of ♪ with the yes of thee  
quietly says 'would thee be able to  
give a little for my rent and bills"  
drunk upon this iridescent fluid green  
see ♪ the green fairy dance before  
the eyes of ♪ the world float away  
on a cloud of forgetfulness ast this  
time of ♪ be eaten away by the  
clocks tick away fade ♪ in aging  
time only memories of ♪ be left of  
the youths spring time ast dances the  
green fairy before the eyes of ♪ the  
visible world fades away in this**

**drunken gaze of ♪ in this liquid  
green forgetfulness of lost time in  
the mind of ♪ sways ast dances this  
green fairy before the eyes of ♪ in  
this club with odors of cunny scent  
and green lights that flash and burn  
across the eyes of ♪ ast in this  
green haze of my mind see ♪ the  
girlies dance with this green fairy  
before the eyes of ♪ painted lips of  
garish red wiggling arses bounce and  
wobble ast their tities jiggle and  
bounce like balloons upon the scented**

**airs like phantom dances in a dream  
before the eyes of ♪ lips that smile  
eyes that speak of desires ast in the  
beat beat the feet do twist and twine  
circle round ast tities and arsres  
wobble to the beat beat watching ♪  
for some peak at the panties white  
that clutch those cunts hairy full  
scented with cunny fumes moisty and  
tight ast dances the green fairy too  
the beat beat in this green haze of the  
mind of like shadows they dance  
maenads in dithyrambic bacchanal**

**feet threading in rhythms with the  
beat beat tities undulating like waves  
upon a sea too and fro arses beat out  
the beat left right right left to the  
rhythmic beat beat beat boiling the  
mind of ♪ with lurid images  
inflaming the thoughts of ♪ the mind  
racing the minds thoughts the brain  
bursting these dancing images these  
phantoms of the brain of ♪ these  
phantasmagorias of thoughts that  
flash thru the mind of ♪ that burn  
and sear the very flesh of ♪ like**

**fires of Dantes hell oh oh the mind  
boils o'er the brain cracks out floods  
all the thoughts of ♪ to spill upon  
the floor 'neath the dancing feet the  
soul of ♪ breaks free fromst these  
tormenting thoughts ah ah free be ♪  
the mind gives way ha hah up well ♪  
and swirl and twirl round round  
crying ha ha 'mongst the green fairy  
and the dancing feet**

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