

the scent

Of

Patchouli

Poems by c

Dean

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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**

*¹ Where but to think |s to be full of
 sorrow."¹¹

**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.'*

∫n 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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