

**The scent of
Phalaenopsis**

Poem

By c dean

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Preface

The cerebral life caught in the
 paralysis of analysis life lived in the
 head all things sullied by analysis no
 meaning no point in things isolated in
 itself the mind a world makes for
 itself watching it self in the cerebral
 life not living but only thinking
 incoercible where imagination exceeds
 reality to watch one think to be the
 spectacle of ones own self the
 paralysis of analysis to escape by
 indifference untill

The scent of Phalaenopsis catches
 the nose of thee The scent of
 Phalaenopsis kisses the senses of
 thee licks across the flesh of thee

**Sit here ♪ ♪ Jongleur ♪ in my
 head leading a cerebral life in
 Alencon silk in blithefull disregard
 for indifference sucking raphides in
 the odoriferous ambience of **The**
scent of Phalaenopsis watching
Anthurium with spadix turgid
nacreous red fuck Laelia ast sayeth
the sage**

“There is nothing worth the lifting
 of a finger tip: one's reason reduces
 everything to ' a vague stirring of
 cerebral atoms, to a little inward
 bluster.”

**the thinking of √ incoercible but for
 what end but the sullyng of
 words the ending into absurdity of
 everything √ who once sought to
 penetrate the meaning of things to go
 too the core essence of things in
 philosophies in mystic mysteries in
 logic in mathematics in science and
 all the alchemies naught but naught
 found √ naught but negation naught
 but the absurdity of all things and in
 indifference found √ peace and ast
 sayeth the sage**

“He had no naïvete, save perhaps in his rare unfortunate crises, for in his normal state his proud indifference of principle saved him from anger and its consequences.”

**ah in my head leading a cerebral life
with this glass half full or half empty
in front of me Aristotelian logic doth
say no contradiction canst be true yet
reality contradicts that truth for In
reality a contradiction canst be true is
this Deans glass half full or be it half
empty as the poet colin leslie dean he**

being the first to see points out **this**
Deans glass is in itself both half
empty and half full be both
simultaneously but that doth contradict
the law of non-contradiction of
Aristotelian logic which doth say a
contradiction cant be true but the Dean



glass exists it is true

**in reality a contradiction can exist
and be true thus Aristotelian logic
by reality is shown not to be true**

**ah in my head leading a cerebral life
but to escape fromst the world
detached in mindfulness to watch
ones thoughts pass by like images
upon a movie screen dissociated in a
dream watching ones thoughts
watching life pass by like in a dream
the external no more than the play of
the internal
ast sayeth the sage**

Ah! how much more interesting it is to watch oneself think : what spectacle equals that of the human brain, that marvelous hive where the ideal bees, in their nest of cells, distil thought: a fleeting activity, but which at least gives the illusion of duration. Ah! merely illusion, for only the eternal exists.

ah in my head leading a cerebral life

what do I know I ask like

Descartes what be I sure of what

ground anchors ♪ would it be logics

hold blah all but naught

all doeth ♪ know ast sayeth the sage

‘I well know that I

think, but I no longer know what I

think.”

ah in my head leading a cerebral life

in this blithe indifference to this

mind indifferent to the world but ah

in my head leading a cerebral life ♪

exist that be all ♪ do “but thinking is

not living” **ast sayeth the sage sayeth**

the sage ‘living is feeling” ah **The**

scent of Phalaenopsis catches the

nose of ♪ **The scent of**
Phalaenopsis kisses the senses of
 ♪ licks across the flesh curls thru
 the hair washes sensations of
 delicate exquisiteness o'er the
 quivering rippling electrifying the
 nerves of ♪ ah so sayeth ♪ in a
 world without meaning live for
 desire live in passions fires exchange
 cognitions for sensations burn thee
 up in the hot kisses of some
 succubae let thy flesh burn with the
 hot caresses of fingers on fire let thy

cock burst buried in the boiling fount

of love let thee cry with passions

fires let thee explode into paroxysms

flames ah *The scent of*

***Phalaenopsis* in these "Silhouettes"**

do find ♪ inspirations of desire in

these "Silhouettes" *The scent of*

***Phalaenopsis* do ♪ find life do ♪**

find images that inspire the fires of

desire of ♪

oh *Sixtine* whenst didst ♪ kiss thy

cunts pink fleshy lips thee didst sigh

**whenst didst √ lick thy pink clit
 glowing thee didst moan oh Sixtine
 whenst didst √ suck upon that
 sweet limpid pool of thy cunts hole
 thee didst cry but oh Sixtine
 thy sighs
 thy moans
 thy cries
 were not by √ but by
 that he thee thinks of instead of √
 Sixtine place thy cunt o'er √ and let
 thy cunny hairs curls furl round the
 face of √ gyrate thy hips that fromst**

waft thy perfumed hair let it shake
 those sequins golden o'er the flesh of
 ♪ let the odors of thy cunnys breath
 kiss the flesh of ♪ oh whenst thee
 fade away like some pink mist upon
 a pool of neuphar whenst thee
 Sixtine like the shadow upon a
 purple wall thee leave no trace upon
 this world may thee Sixtine that thy
 cunnies scented hair may linger on
 the breath of ♪
 Sixtine how the thought of thy cunts
 pulpy fleshy form doth haunt ♪ how

**the scent of thy randy cunt doth
 haunt the mind of J oh Sixtine thy
 cunny hair thy clits smooth pink
 hood thy wet limpid pool of aqueous
 liquidity all these images Sixtine
 haunt the mind of J**

what be they like in the flesh

**what be they like to lick to suck to
 feel to nibble oh Sixtine thy fleshy
 folds drive J mad with imaginings
 that haunt the very dreams of J that
 in thy presence these image see J
 these haunting thoughts upwell to**

sear the mind of J with inflamed
 imaginings whenst we speak whenst
 we into each of eachs eyes do seek
 all see J be these haunting images
 of those delicious folds of flesh they
 haunt me they remind J of what my
 mind canst forget oh Sixtine
 it be the witchery of thy cunts
 beauteous face
 it be the witchery of that cunts hole
 of thee with Babylonian witchery
 thee bewitch J oh Sixtine Sixtine
 thee hast dominion o'er J with the

**witchery of thy cunts eye into thy
enchantments thy webs of witchery
forget ♪ all other cunts that ♪ hast
seen
forget all other those cunts that have
♪ loved oh Sixtine thee be thee will
be thee will always be the best
remember by me
oh Sixtine do not distain the kisses
of ♪ be not indifferent to the smiles
of ♪ oh Sixtine that thee wouldst to
♪ vouchsafe a smile wouldst thee
condescend with thy looks to by me**

to be not to shy oh *Sixtine* that thee
 wouldst thy thighs open for ♪ ♪
 wouldst to *Dantes* hell go ♪
 wouldst *Medusa* in the eyes look ♪
 wouldst *Cerberus* fight ♪
 all the labors of *Hercules* wouldst ♪
 do

for one glimpse for one sweet
 smell of thy cunnies humid scent oh
Sixtine thee inflames the blood of ♪
 thee sends fires of desire raging thru
 the veins of ♪ oh *Sixtine* ♪
 wouldst the life of ♪ take for thee

knowing that if lay ♪ dead at thy
 cunts spongy pulpy flesh thy fruity
 folds wouldst vivify the enervated
 flesh of ♪
 with paroxysms of delight lay here
 ♪ in moonlight glinting off the knob
 of ♪ frothing with semen Sixtine
 ast did ♪ dream of thee in moonlight
 flickering oh Sixtine in the dream of
 ♪ thy eyes didst gleam thy cunny
 hole didst glow oh Sixtine in my
 dream of thee didst

hear ♪ thee moan

hear ♪ thee cry

hear ♪ thee sigh

with wild delight didst spurt ♪ didst

semen spray a glutinous froth of

nacreous light white with wild

delight ♪ in the wet dream of ♪ oh

Sixtine how remember ♪ thy cries in

the night rippling the waves of light

memories food back whenst see ♪

moonlight wavering o'er limpid pools

remind ♪ of how thy cunt holes

liquidity undulated to thy orgasmic

cries that music of thy cries lingers
in the mind of ♪ lingers in the
memory of ♪ the glow upon thy
cunts lips pinkish flesh swims
before the sight of ♪ in moonlight oh
Sixtine what symphonies of delight
throb in the brain of ♪ whenst hear
♪ moonlight rippling o'er limpid
pools
oh Sixtine the moonlight on the
limpid pool reflects painting a
portrait in wavering ripples of thy
sweet scented cunts hole breaking up

**into scatted light then reforming into
thy cunts hole bright oh Sixtine in
that portrait be the sweet joy of
delight but Sixtine the light doth lie
ast thy cunts hole be more beauteous
than that rippling light oh Sixtine the
twilight light thru thy cunts purple
hair glimmers of the sequins
scattered there glittering twixt that
valley of pulpy folded flesh to drip
into that limpidity of thy cunts hole
with the glow of molten gold thy hair
catch and reveal thy thick curling**

furls of hair ast the gaze of ♪
 saunters across that mount of
 delicious delight as the twilight
 catches the pink rim of thy cunts
 bowl sending up flames flickering
 round the disc of thy hole
 oh Sixtine chase ♪ the moon ast the
 moon be the cunt hole of thee linger
 ♪ upon its sliver disc of light in
 watery pools mirrored or cast upon
 the glimmering face of the purple sea
 see ♪ oh Sixtine in that glowing
 orb the cunt hole of thee follow ♪ it

**across the sky unremittingly
unavailingly trying to catch it √
after it follow follow it √ thru the
universes infinity thru the worlds
immensity where ever it leads thru
the night
to catch it √ after it follow follow
it √ unavailingly unremittingly
oh Sixtine the moon thy cunts hole
face watches √ fromst the depths of
empty space like a photograph etched
in silvery light memories of thee
arise fromst the fathomless depths**

of the mind of ♪ each time ♪ look
 upon that moonlit face oh Sixtine
 each night that moon hovers in the
 darkly sky do ♪ with pensive look
 look upon thy cunts hole only peace
 comes to ♪ each new moon whenst
 blotted from the sky then be ♪
 released fromst the sad absence of
 thee fromst the longing after that
 liquidity
 whenst like two children thee and ♪
 oh Sixtine in spring meadows
 swirling skipping free then whenst

**smell ♪ the flowery blooms all their
sweet scents they remind ♪ of the
humid perfumes of the cunt of thee
whenst we run and jump and thy
skirts billow free thenst the smell of
thy cunts fumes wafting remind ♪ of
all the flowery scents hovering about
we whenst we dance midst the
meadows scented fumes andst the
breezes in the face of ♪ blows fresh
those cunty scents thenst the fires of
desires enflame in we ast children
thee the desired and the desiring ♪**

the heated out breathing of ♪ oh
 Sixtine doth speak to thee ast no
 music can the yearnings in the groin
 of ♪ of the passion for thee by ♪
 together sit we knee to knee no need
 of words the breath of ♪ speaks for
 me
 oh Sixtine
 the scented odors of thee oh Sixtine
 doth speak to me ast no music can
 the yearnings in the cunt of thee of
 the passion for ♪ by thee we
 together sit we knee to knee no need

**of words the scent of thee speaks
for thee
night falls o'er us like a cloak of
velvet cloth oh Sixtine ast by us
ebbs the Seine ast fromst thy cunts
watery hole flows a river of liquid
mother of pearl that along thy thighs
fleshy form the stars reflect in golds
and reds and amber glistering lights
that reflect in the eyes of thee like a
fireworks display ast night falls o'er
us like a cloak of velvet cloth oh
Sixtine I do but dream of thee ast**

**the head of ♪ lay upon the pillow
pink wet fromst the cunny cream of
thee dream ♪ amidst the perfumed
scent of thy liquidity wet upon the
cheek of ♪ wake ♪ upon the morn
with a start licking that pillows wet
spot with the tongues tip of ♪ and
like a cat rolling in some sweet
scented thing brushing the hair of ♪
in that moisity the liquidity of the
scent of thee oh Sixtine that cunt of
thee that ♪ have tasted the juices of
thee have washed the flesh of ♪ in**

**thy liquidity that cunt that didst feel
the kisses the lickings the fingerings
of ♪ that cunt that hast been the
bliss of the life of ♪ come oh
Sixtine and once again pour thy
fluids aqueousosity o'er ♪ that ♪
may drink once again that sufi wine
and to rapturous drunkenness to fly
oh Sixtine at its tragic end thee
leave ♪ with naught but the
memories of our desires pleasantries
arrayed along the neurons of the
brain of ♪ remember ♪ thy**

passionate cries ast the cunt hole of
thee didst lick ♪ remember ♪ those
fleshy quiverings of thee fromst the
kissing of the puply cunts folds with
the lips of ♪ whenst after thee didst
cum thee up dressed and went away
leaving ♪ with frustrations fire thee
up dressed and went away for say ♪
all was ♪ but a thing with which
thee didst play and whenst thee got
for what thee didst with me stay
thee up dressed and went away after
using ♪ for idle play oh Sixtine

how this parting bringeth sad sorrow
on the morrow this pain that each of
us shall meet again not on any
morrow not lovers nor not friends
for what thee hast done to ♪ it be
impossible not friends for ♪ to
stoop
for that pain be to hard to bear that
thee hast caused in me the love of ♪
no more to hard to hard to meet not
before
may what do say ♪ oh Sixtine give
♪ the life of ♪ for one more moment

**with the cunt of thee one everlasting
second of frozen eternity my life
wouldst ♪ give for that of thee for
that wouldst give ♪ for thy cunts
folds of thee to kiss to lick to suck
that cunt of thee in the lips of ♪ to
kiss caresses thee incessantly
unremittingly to thrill in thy cunts
scent in thy cunts fruit fleshy
beauty in thy cunts divinity oh
Sixtine throw ♪ myself at thy feet
kissing thy toes in abject pleading all
give ♪ my pride the dignity of ♪ oh**

Sixtine oh Sixtine plead I cry I
with tears flooding my eyes I grovel
at thy feet give I just one more
moment with the cunt of thee sobbing
sobbing pleading give I one last
look at that of thee oh Sixtine if thee
bid I I will cometh if thee say go
go will go I I be thine my heart
my soul all be thine I be thy slave
oh Sixtine never set I free keep I
ast thee keeps pets ast thee keeps
flowers ast thee keeps thy mats
under thy feet Oh Sixtine like these

keep I have other hes other lovers
 other shes treat me ast thee feels
 throwing scraps to I I will pleased
 be just to be near thee take me have
 me do with me ast thee doth please
 but all ask I Sixtine is that thee let
 me be near the cunt of thee
 ah ah *The scent of Phalaenopsis*
 hast sent I fromst the indifference
 of I into a hell a hell of sensuality
 of feelings of emotions raging oh oh
 that I couldst go back in time to the
 cerebral life of I unconcerned

detached in blithefull indifference
dissociated fromst life oh this curse
oh this madness this immersion in
lifes insanity oh long ♪ again for the
solitude of the mind of ♪ my dear
mind my dear friend in indifference
with to care naught for life and its
banalities only the mind with the
spectacle of itself for itself ah The
scent of Phalaenopsis hast dropped
♪ thrown ♪ 'mongst the phantoms of
life eternally trodding out their
monotonous circus of desires in their

consensus trance they dance asleep
chained to their programming in their
prison but like the fly in its bottle
unaware of its bars oh give ♪ back
the indifference of ♪ give ♪ back the
happy world of the cerebral life ah
this hell of desires of cravings this
hell of sleep walking phantoms
but
ah The scent of Phalaenopsis
wafts to the nose of ♪ come back to
♪ Sixtine come back for thee will ♪
die oh those memories of thee and me

**in taxi at midnight hour under the
dome of the darkly night our hearts
beating in rhythms with each of we
ast up under skirt 'neath tight panty
white didst √ finger thee with lips
to lips in tight ardorous kiss deep
buried in the night out of sight ast √
fingered thee thy eyes didst flash
with colored lights reds blues
yellows and greens of passions fire
lit up the cab like on fire our heated
breaths thy soft moans of joy still
echo in the ears of √ still make the**

knob of ♪ throb with hot glow with
 memories of that night of bliss that
 night too long ago that night whenst
 joy wast so intense that night
 whenst joined with thy cries wast
 the sighs of ♪ "oh that this wouldst
 forever last" didst the soul of ♪ cry
 'oh last forever"
 oh Sixtine at night peek ♪ o'er the
 fence of thee do see ♪ on garden
 hoist thy panties white and memories
 of us we flood thru the mind of ♪
 that white cloth tight round thy puffy

**cunt that wet spot glowing all humid
 with thy cunts holes fumes ast dark
 pubic curls 'neath the panty seam
 peek thru oh Sixtine oh Sixtine there
 be that tree 'neath which we kissed
 and fucked and ♪ upon thy cunt did
 suck ast thy sighs to heaven sped
 nay nay
 release ♪ fromst these lurid
 thoughts release ♪ frmost the curse
 this living hell of sensuality bring
 back the indifference of ♪ the peace
 of thy mind of ♪ sweet isolation**

unto itself only its thoughts being

the thoughts of itself

but

ah The scent of Phalaenopsis

wafts to the nose of ♪

see ♪ Sixtine thy black pubic curls

entangled with the moons soft light

each trees alive with fire thy cunts

lips flickering flames of pink fire

round thy cunts hole alight with

golden and violet and red stars ast

out breathed ♪ the desire of ♪ for

thee

but

**thee didst not hear the sighs of ♪
upon the nights scented airs thee
didst not hear or care for the soft
murmurings of the soul of ♪ thee
didst not care for the pulsations of
my yearning heart nor cared whenst
breathed ♪ out inthy ear thy name oh
Sixtine thee didst just disdain ♪
didst just ignore all my souls out
pouring but oh Sixtine ♪ don't care
♪ don't care that thee for me doth
not care care not ♪ thee hear not nor**

care for the souls of ♪ clamorous
 sighs for thee let me smell **The scent**
 of **Phalaenopsis** let the desires ♪
 languish unrequited and ignored
 and in desiring for thee let ♪ die
 but

oh **Sixtine** oh **Sixtine** let ♪ die on
 fire for thee at thy feet of thee just
 to feel one last time thy touch ast
 thee kick me away fromst thee

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