

*The scent
Of
Angiospermae*

Poems

by c

dean

The scent
Of
Angiospermae
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2016

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Preface Ah that we breathe in the

wet scent of she
those odors afire
with the desires of
she

That scent fromst the flower-like lips those
pulsating twin
flames of flesh

That o'ercome the flesh of ♀ to take ♀ to that
longed for little
death enfolded in
those lips of
scented flesh

To breathe in the breath of those scented lips
Oh that scent of sex lingering on those pulpy
lips of flesh

The sensuality of the diversity of each
flowers
individuality

Life be a garden for those thirsty for the scented
lips of flesh of
girlies in their
diversity

The scent of oleander

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Preface

Creativity that great mystery originality

what may that be a new way to see

fromst where inspiration fromst books or

fertile company or drugs elation or high on

ecstasy were the muse commeth for me in

the zone fromst lacquer prints the path was

shown images fromst pictures of the

floating world inspirations fromst

inspirations with the brevity and

suggestions fromst only of these only

impressions of originality yet

stirred not √ fromst the languid

indifference of √ ast √ sipping oleander

scented vanilla pink cream

thought √

**fromst the dropping shit of larks on
the wing phosphorescing tinsel-like
circles of circles in circles of orange
fire rippling o'er the surface of a
pastel pink water silk pond stirred
not ♪ fromst the languid indifference
of ♪ ast ♪ sipping pink vanilla
cream soaked with oleander petals
gazed at an orange sun like an
impasto eye dabbed on the lilac sky
like a glittering brocatel thru the
misty fumes of pink wafting fromst
the breath of ♪ looked ♪ beyond the**

**crystalline Primum Mobil into the
 caelum ipsum beyond the void beyond
 time along the curve of a rainbow
 walked ♪ singing in my rhyme with
 the rhythms of the words of ♪
 measured by the stop of my breaths
 halibments of beauty the words of ♪
 flowed into the breezes that kissed
 the fields of oleander that caresses
 the flesh of ♪ the world all color
 all imaginations all illusions or the
 real or the real all illusions ast
 sayeth Goethe**

“...there is no truth nothing truly
 existent for you except what your
 fertile mind gives”

**o'er all like water color wash light
 sweet as amaranthine velvets the
 scents as soft as nectar satins
 the auricular movements of the
 tongue of J agitating the air like
 ripples upon silk till as sayeth**

Mark Twain

“Nothing exists; all is a dream.
 God—man—the world—the sun, the
 moon, the wilderness of stars—a
 dream, all a dream; they have no
 existence. Nothing exists save
 empty space—and you!... And you
 are not you—you have no body, no
 blood, no bones, you are but a
 thought”

**the tongues tip of ♪ coated in
 powdered saffron in words paints
 lemon tinted lilies and full throated
 lilac all like coated in frost and
 iridescent pink snow a reredos upon**

**the alter of the sky that all living
things like ♪ too to turned to look
to too like us two too to be
dizzily dazzlingly intoxicated be
upon the strange change of the
weavings of assonance and
consonance into tapestries of
mellifluous umbrageous sounds that
melted into jeweled Moreauesque
purple waves of aural textures
across a Monetesque landscape of
shifting hues to my view of tinctures
of light variations of colors shades**

**and shadows plays o'er rippling
movements of air that wear the
changing vista of light everywhere
painted scenes of light a landscape
the thickness of the shadow a
spiders web o'er which verses are
of √ curlicues writ in the pinkish
fumes of oleander soaked in pastel
pink vanilla cream that ran off the
tongues tip of √ to form into water
sculpted verses in which flashed
fires of pinkish hue in rhythms with
the breathing stops of √ that dropped**

**thru the saffron tinted sunlight like
colored flowers glittering like leaves
tumbling o'er and o'er in oleander
scented breezes that like on lacquer
prints in pictures of the floating
world caught the light
on
cunts lips glowing like spun gold
open spread like long-sleeved dresses
of old**

**oh how their colors melted like wax
into the golden sun light colored like
ripe corn**

**to flutter open wide revealing flesh
like the pink linings of girlie fresh
underwear with the glow of serrated
autumns maple leafs**

**oh in that clear moon of her cunts
hole ♪ wast bold to write in the
dazzle of moonlight fromst
remembrance of ♪ sweet memories
of she the poems of ♪ but oh the
light of that moon-like cunt didst**

**blindest ♪ that instead upon the
 cunts lips pink of she ♪ wrote ♪
 poems of ♪ in the ink of the sighs of
 ♪**

**the light is pink against the golden
 sky**

**pink against oleander blooms wet
 with the sighs of ♪**

**the cunt hole like a pool of limpid
 pink**

**mirroring the cunts lips like heaped
 petals of chrysanthemums**

upon the cunts lips cunny dew

shines iridescent pink

oh but in that cunts hole the

liquidity shines like the tears of ♪

whenst ♪ gaze under thy cunts lips

pink shimmering o'er thy cunts limpid

pool

dressed ♪ in pastel pink

embroidered with lilac

chrysanthemums

it be not upon thy luculent hole that

do gaze ♪ but gaze ♪ upon the

picture painted by ♪ with the sighs
 of ♪ upon the cunts lips of thine
 ast look ♪ upon the curved arch of
 thy cunts lips like Chinese bridges
 see ♪ ♪ floating like colored
 flowers upon the pink waters of thy
 cunts hole
 under thy cunts lips lushest of
 blooms
 shadows lay
 but oh all is hidden in pink mist
 and still lay they

pink pond under cunts lips like

cherry-trees petals pink

but

oh

no reflection of ♪ in the whole wide

liquidity

the cunts hole be edged with pink

lips the tint of chrysanthemums

drops one drip of cunny dew the hole

becomes a fire with golden circles of

circles o'er the limpid liquidity

at the cunts pink lips saw √
 butterfly wings pink lacquered
 spotted with dew white reaching √
 swiftly fromst √ didst they hide
 they
 wrapped up fromst the sight of √
 within the porcelain pink cunts lips
 of she hear √ the rippling of light
 upon the cunts hole limpidity

but

oh

those twin lambent lips like twin
gibbous moons have cut the heart of

♪ too into two

oh if ♪ couldst catch the fluttering

pink lips of thy cunt like pink

butterfly wings wouldst then ♪

couldst write my love in cursive

script upon that luminous flesh with

the ripe kisses of ♪

brighter than fireflies o'er the cunt

hole of ♪ oh lover are be the words

of ♪ to thee

alone when ♪ oh lover the breeze in
 the trees remind ♪ of the rippling
 waves o'er the liquidity of thy cunts
 hole fromst the sighs of ♪
 stirred not ♪ fromst the languid
 indifference of ♪ ast ♪ sipping
 oleander scented vanilla pink cream
 thought ♪
 the cunt hole of she
 a shining moon on high
 be

the cunt hole of thee like pond

covered o'er with pink mist

the e tears of ♪ didst flow like

frozen light to splash at the feet of

♪ into a million lights like diamonds

bright

thy cunts lips float like burning

leaves in thy cunts pink limpid hole

tingling notes hear ♪

fromst those fluttering lips

tintinnabulations in pink mist

**♪ all night in the memories of ♪ ♪
watch thy cunts lips pink petals fall
into thy cunts limpid hole
even now in the pink mist that
surround the luculent moon do see ♪
them fall like petals frosted along
their edge by moonlight
an old man thinking of those cunts of
my youth
ast pink sleeves of girlies like pink
cunts lips flutter in the wind**

**kohl'in al-deen the great poet of
olden times didst write these
words**

“oh time that destroys eats away the
days swallows the night up into the
abysses the void time that slayer of all
things thee deprives | of all those
cunts all those pulpy fleshy fruity
cunts all those furling curling lips that
hang like half moons like crescent
moon like veils of pink glowing flesh

that cloak the shes thighs white like
curtains hanging in perfumed scented
summer breezes that | could dive into
those purple shadowed folds more
purple than winebearers wine filled
bowls that | couldst swim 'neath those
cunny waters and have the wavelets of
those lips kiss the flesh of | that |
couldst kiss those pulpy lips that pout
like flowers within those watery
opaline depths”

then reflected ♪ upon these
incandescent words the glory of the
cunts of all the shes forgot should
not be in the old age of peace in
inspirations glow have ♪ writ these
words of all the cunts that be the
model for me

once in midsummers sultry heat
a sultan didst cause the cunts in the
seraglio of he be covered with pink
silk that so crowned wouldst cool
his flesh fromst the cunts lips that
flickered like golden flames

**being thirsty kissed ♪ the cunts
pink hole but behold the face of ♪
upon the limpid aqueousness like a
dropped petal pink
weary the scholar ♪ of erecting
towers of fragile philosophies
went ♪ to brothels to see ribald
pornographies oh in seeing the fires
bursting fromst girlies cunnies didst
♪ myself hurl into those cunts
holes and beginst to be alive**

**even the clit at the end of its tip
taketh ♪ into my mouth even down
to its root**

**just like man forever longing to
swallow**

**a man wise watching the light
flickering ripples o'er the face of the
cunts liquidity**

remarked

**oh how like fireflies that slowly
move in pink mist**

stirred not ♪ fromst the languid
 indifference of ♪ ast ♪ sipping
 oleander scented vanilla pink cream

thought ♪

at Matsue be a cunt like the
 camellia tree with beauty great
 with cunts lips pink ast vanilla
 cream splashed with hues of cerise
 whenst the night didst o'er lay the
 earth in a black cloak of velvet
 perfumes sweet fromst the cunts
 hole of limpidity spread o'er thru
 gardens paths and all the surrounds

**odors soft ast silk threads
awakening people in the houses
gloom who didst see in garden bright
in moonlight the cunts petals
fluttering against shoji pressed o'er
many night the cunts its scent sent
thru garden and rooms gloom till
people to the cunts petals sped to
pick each velvet curl of pinkish light
fromst which spouted forth odors of
exquisite delight till each petals wast
fromst the cunt wast torn to leave a**

**cunt hole bear that quivered like an
open wound**

**painted ♪ a picture of thy cunt upon
the kite of ♪ and upon the blooms
of chrysanthemums didst hang
whenst loose ♪ its string to fly up
to heavens sky
people cowed will be for fear that
like a storms cloud it will flood the
land in its sweet cunnies limpidity
in hast fromst the boat of ♪ coming
didst see ♪ thee in mirror at thy**

**cunt looking thy face mirrored in the
cunt holes aqueous liquidity
following the falling leaves the white
snows of winter o'er all coat in
frost
therefore upon thy cunts lips thy
face puts √ in an intaglio of frost
even thy cunts lips bend when upon it
alights a butterfly
is it upon thy cunts hole limpidity
that cause the aqueousness to ripple
like a maple leaf or dragonfly or but
the sighs of the breaths of √**

**peached o'er thy cunts hole abyss
a butterfly fluttering its wings
o'er the plastered walls pink dart the
shadows of thy cunts pink lips like
shafts of fire blood-red tipped
the tinglings of thy cunts lips at
night
intermittent
like the temples bells
the cunt wore a crown of petals pink
clit like some pinkish spear glittering
tipped
a glowing flower lantern**

when awoke ♪
o'er the lips of ♪ in intaglio thy
cunts shadow
o'er the cunt hole
still the butterfly flies
the dripping fromst thy cunts hole be
like pattering of feet in the flower
garden
so soon wilt thee with me be
fromst the porphyry rim of thy cunts
hole have drunk ♪ to thy health

**the golden bells along thy cunts lips
edge be polished fromst the lickings**

of ♪

looking in thy mirroring cunts hole at

the face of ♪ saw ♪ the face of thee

in thee eyes of thee mirroring me

whenst the cunts lips of thee glow

red like leaves of the cassia-tree in

autumn

then thy moon-like cunts hole

limpidity flows more brightly for ♪

shouldst tremble ♪ at the dew
 falling fromst the cunts dewy lips
 dislodged by the tongue of ♪
 but did not know ♪
 that at night they fly upwards and
 upon the slopes of the Honourable
 Mountain spread themselves like
 fireflies
 Diagonally between the
 cryptomerias
 what took ♪ to be just the flapping
 of thy cunts lips be instead thy cunts

**lips flapping in rhythm with the
beatings of thy heart for ♪
oh my lord
under panties white like cream
butterfly wings cunts lips furled of
Geisha in procession pass in front
of the silk panty shop of
Matsuzaka-ya
on the floor of the empty palanquin
cunny juice pink like plume-petals
constantly spreads
along the Nihon Embankment to
thee coming**

**darkened was the road suddenly
by the fluttering of thy cunts lips
throwing shadows across the moon
a rainbow is what oh ♪ have seen in
its shape colors duplicated in
the butterfly wings of thy cunts
curved slices frosted in pink
whenst hear ♪ thy runners shouting
"get down" "get down"
thenst do ♪ dress the cunts lips of
♪ with the petals of chrysanthemum
what fell upon the open panty of ♪
but**

**the shadow of the wings of the
butterfly cunts lips of ♪
it be not the bright light in thy eyes
that dazzle the eyes of ♪
but
the bright outline of the lips pink of
thy cunt floating upon the shoji
the reprobate kohl'in al-deen
fucked a thousand cunts
a thousand poems one for each
composed he
for**

**all were worthy of memories
preservation
being no wind the perfume of thy
cunt
in the air hung along time
and its shape be the shape of thy
cunt
my beloved
draw in the air
before thee depart for
the morning mist be pink with thy
cunts fumes
oh wind blow softly**

**let no clouds be the moon covering
that its silver light lights the
fluttering cunts lips of thee
since upon the back of one man a
kago canst be carried
let the other free be to gaze upon the
cunts lips of she like slice of
crescent moons flickering
drawn about the flying moon
no moon in the sky there be
but
with each step of ♪ in the sand like
a moon thy cunt hole grows**

captivated be ♪ that the rain ♪
 forgot against the lantern beating
 partially covered by the cloak of ♪
 the cunts lips to-day in agitated
 frenzy be
 for flown to morrow they will be
 many miles across the sea
 oh in politics we were pursuing
 liberty
 now we villains and robbers be
 caged for days how this place to exit
 be

**oh upon the memories of the cunts
 lips of all our shes our minds soar
 free here be true liberty the mind in
 memories flight and ecstasy
 because the moonlight o'er thy cunts
 lips frosts the edges in a deceptive
 pink haze
 ♪ love it therefore**

**The moon and stars be in the sky
 ♪n the garden of ♪ yellow moths
 with wings colored like the cunts
 lips of ♪ flutter about the that be**

**the cunt of *ŷ* like a pink
chrysanthemum**

***A*lthough so many years hast
passed**

***ŷ*et**

***T*he ineffable palpitates quivering in
the ripples within thy aqueous eyes**

***ŷ*et**

***T*he numinous shimmers upon thy
trembling lips**

***ŷ*et**

**stirred not √ fromst the languid
indifference of √ ast √ sipping
oleander scented vanilla pink cream**

thought √ for

ast sayeth √ antier

“when the earth falls to dust in space
like a withered walnut our works wont
even be a speck among the rest”

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Preface

**What be this thing called creativity
 that muse fromst the zone who
 writes but be no me that muse that
 uses ♪ to write its songs thru the
 mind of ♪ to channel thru ♪ ♪ a
 mere tool for its creativity doth it
 use ♪ like some thing that it
 purpose serves to express it to have
 its say be ♪ just its tool for it to
 write thru ast Sit here ♪ in twilight
 twixt day and night sipping purple
 wine sweetened with honey of the
 heptakometes smelling of**

Rhododendrons

**Looking at for inspiration
 "Pictures of the floating world"**

**Sit here ♪ in twilight twixt day and
 night the limbo land of half light sit
 here ♪ squeezing out the ink fromst
 the cloak of night to write these
 words of ♪ in ink darkly bright
 Sit here ♪ in twilight twixt day and
 night sipping purple wine sweetened
 with honey of the heptakometes
 smelling of *Rhododendrons*
 Looking at for inspiration
 "Pictures of the floating world"
 Fed up with philosophies
 sophistries trapped in this gilded**

cage of language and logics bars

like ast sayeth the poet

“As a white dove that, in a cage of
gold,
Is prisoned from the air, and yet more
bound”

**Sit here ♪ in twilight twixt day and
night the limbo land of half light no**

**Boethius ♪ enamored of his
mistress philosophy to the fire send**

**♪ all this babble all this empty
rhetoric that beguiles and imprisons
us all in its gilded cage blah blah to**

philosophy blah blah to its

sophistries

ast sayeth the poet

“Tell me not of Philosophies,
 Of morals, ethics, laws of life ;*
 Give me no subtle theories.
 No instruments of wordy strife.
 I will not forge laborious chains
 Link after link, till seven times seven,
 I need no ponderous iron cranes
 To haul my soul from earth to
 heaven”

Tell me not of Philosophies all be

more bars in its gilded cage

**materialists and all in between fight
argue and rage idealist and scientism
all shout out wisdom of the age
what dross mere words the scientific
materialist will say
no mind just matter we all be just
stuff of the laws of physics
molecules chemical hormones and all
the rest but then no reason just
merely reactions all
but**

**then did I just react with these
words of mine or didst reason I but**

then

**the reasoned arguments of these
materialists would then refute their**

idea that we just react

for

if all be just reactions then the

reasoned argument would be

impossible

thus

their arguments that all we do is

react

**would be self-refuting because that
reasoned argument would deny its
own existence
that an argument to that effect would
be self-refuting because it would
deny its own existence
if we just react then the reasoned
arguments would refute the idea that
we just react
similarly
if there is only matter as the
scientific materialists do shout then
no idea couldst exist**

but again

if it be true then no idea couldst

exist

but that argument idea wouldst be

self-refuting because it would deny

its own existence

ah this philosophy crap this

sophistry of words this cage of

gilded bars that ♪ couldst be free of

these bars

and sit here ♪ in twilight twixt day

and night sipping purple wine

sweetened with honey of the

heptakometes smelling of

Rhododendrons

Looking at for inspiration

"Pictures of the floating world"

That I couldst be free of these bars

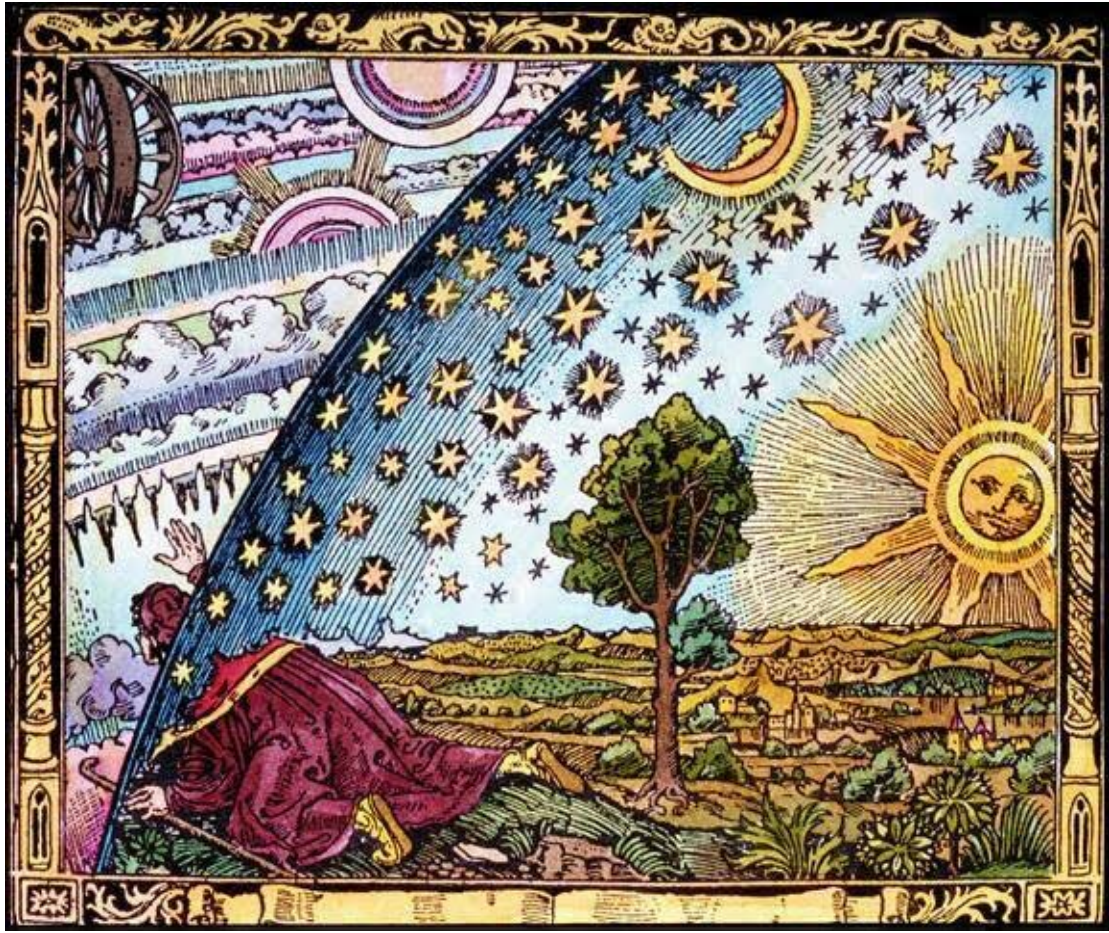
and push back the veil of the

universe and seeth ast didst

flammarions mystic man

ast sayeth the poet

"And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human
thought. "



**Blah to all philosophy for ast sayeth
the philosopher**

„What is your aim in philosophy?—To
shew the fly the way out of the fly-
bottle.“

**to go beyond the bottles wall of logic
and language that invisible a cage
that imprisons we all invisible
barriers to our understanding.-logic
and language
and sit here ♪ in twilight twixt day
and night sipping purple wine
sweetened with honey of the
heptakometes smelling of**

Rhododendrons

Looking at for inspiration

"Pictures of the floating world"

pushing the mind of ♪ beyond the

bottle

and seeth ♪

visual poetry or reality idealized

and seeth ♪

The *Rhododendrons* scent thru the
 room bathing fromst thy cunt clothed
 in pink mist fluttering the candles
 flame makes the nerves of ♪ quiver
 like some viols strings anticipating
 thy loves ardent kiss
 wenst look ♪ at thy cunts folds see
 ♪ a luscious garden cloaked in pale

**pink scented *Rhododendrons* scent
bursting with crimson flames be the
cunt lips of thee dipping o'er thy
cunts hole rimed with pink porcelain
dripping drops translucent like the
colors of some blooming lily fromst
that low-rimed fount rounded like
the mouth of some scented urn all
like painted by Botticelli
Into thy cunts hole the breezes hast
blown flickers of sunlight darting
flames of polished gold that o'er that
scented aqueousness float and drift**

**weaving webs of light weaving with
the tingles fromst thy cunts lips
studded with sapphire bells
o'er the lavender walls cast thy cunts
lips purple shadows of flowery
blooms that flutter like colored
flames ast thy cunts hole glows like
the centre of molten gold
thy cunts pale pink tinted lips like
fleshy sunshades cast waves purple
o'er the cunts holes incandescent
face**

**dashes of light incandescence fromst thy
cunts hole like fireflies o'er pale pink
frosted ponds flashing like colored
stars that skim along thy cunts
fleshy lips that glow like burst of
pink-crimson flames
of thy cunts aqueous pool light
reflects bright cracking and tingling
in the pale pink *Rhododendrons*
scented air to ripple and stir the
shadows of thy cunts lips that float
o'er the fleshy crimson lips of ♪ that**

coat thy lips fromst the lips of ♪
with kisses of vaporous gold
thy cunts lips burst forth like
flowers reaching for the light that
quiver ast candle flames kissed by
moonlight to cast o'er the face of ♪
purple-plum shadows
in thy cunts lips hast seen ♪ slivers
of shivering amethyst
hast seen ♪ the curling petals of
irises the pink bursting hues of
roses blooms along the cunts lips
edge hast seen ♪ the dewy light like

sapphires blues the yellow of
shimmering topazes the yellowish-
green of chrysolites whorls of
colored lights
lacing thy cunts lips like sequins
aglow
under moonlight thy cunts lips what
may they be
frozen moonlight
slivers of pink amethyst
a pink rimed marble cup fromst
which the Sufis sup

flames fromsts sacred fires of the
Σoroastrians
what may they be
the puffy lips of virgin girls
the luculent petals of irises that curl
or be they skeins of folded silk tinted
with gold and sliver stars
thy outer lips great folds of fruity
flesh ripe succulent
inner lips slices of the crescent moon
pink hues 'that saw gently to the
breath of √ inner lips the pink petals
of some flower that quivers to the

sweet touch of the licking tongue of

♪

inner lips faintly crimson streaked

flecked with cunt dew gem-like

burnished by the tongue softly-

licking of ♪ that brightens thy lips

with the fire of desire

they cunts hole stilled aqueousnes

disturbed by a falling beam of

moonlight that casts purple shadows

o'er thy Phlox pink lips wafting the

scent of *Rhododendrons* fromst

thy fleshy folds that lulls the mind

of ♪ into languid *Rhododendron*
 dreams and melts the flesh of ♪ that
 tingles like solid moonlight dripping
 on pink silk
 o'er thy cunt hole floating sliver of
 silvery moon
 still upon the cunt holes aqueous
 face
 silhouetting flower petals thy cunts
 lips in moonlight ast lay ♪ here
 midst heliotropes and crocuses
 mistaking those purple shadows for

**lilacs tinged with silver frost
floating in a bowl of pink amethyst
oh whenst thee didst cum thy juices
tasting of cinnamon and pink wine
didst soak the lips of ♪ in its
sweetness softer than reams of silk
while thru the pink mist see ♪ thy
cunts hole floating like a second
moon wrapped in skeins of gold dust
thy cunts lips 'gainst the tongue tips
of ♪ pout fruit fleshy pink flames of
light o'er which thy cunny dew glitter**

like cantharides in the purple wine of
♪ coated in moonlight like frost
gaze ♪ upon thy cunts fleshy form
and run the eyes of ♪ up that slit
that ribbon of iridescent light gaze ♪
upon thy cunts lips that flutter like
fritillaries o'er that cabochon hole of
aqueous silk gaze ♪ upon that cunt
of thee that blooms like pink
hydrangea roll ♪ the tongue of ♪ in
loops to furl round the curl of those
succulent lips and suck and pluck

them ast they twist and turn and
writhe to thee breathings of thee
oh whenst scent begins to waft
fromst that cunt of thee up along and
round those pink fleshy lips the
mind of ♪ races with desire for thee
the eyes of ♪ peer and peek at those
lips pink ast fromst some ♪apanese
garden ast the light dances in thy
cunts bushy hair stare ♪ at those
folds of flesh that hover in a pink
mist those swollen lips that o'er that
cunt hole hang and flutter to the

**breaths of ♪ like flickering candles
like in some Pagan temple
thru pink incandescent mist see ♪
thy cunt floating like some huge
dome of flesh bathed in gold hanging
'gainst the purple sky like giant eye
while the swollen lips curved
crescents of light pout open and
flutter with the thoughts of thee
thy cunts lips be like the curved
bridges of the Chinese 'neath which
flows stream of polished gold
incandescent in the purple night**

**sparkling with flecks of saffron like
stars that float o'er thy cunts lips
to flare like some fireworks display
along the edges of thy fruity flesh oh
that cunt of thee reminds ♪ of
clusters of pink hydrangea that deck
the hair of temple virgins
oh that cunt of thee reminds ♪ of
coral red floating in an amethyst sea
of purple
like a rose encased in purple ice
like a ruby incased in stone
sparkling forth**

like an amaryllis red in amber pink

like tongues of pink fire within

water purple

like the effulgence of a red star

supernovaing in a halo of pink light

oh thy cunt be a peony red splashed

o'er a canvas by an impressionists

paint brush

oh that cunt

pink flames slowly fluttering

o'er saffron hued cunts pool

purple shadows of cunts lips

thru pink mist o'er cunts aqueous

hole

crimson edge of cunts lips

tracing lacework thru

Rhododendrons **sweet scent**

wavering cunts lips undulations

rippling light o'er cunts effulgent

hole

cunts lips dew

needles of fire stabbing pink mist

Rhododendrons **scent of cunts hole**

perfumed smoke raising to heaven

**cunts lips curling form
twisted fromst pink mist
mist colored pink
huge cloud o'er cunt of thee
cunts holes aqueous pool ripples
golden fish leaps blue skyward
tintinuabulations
cunts lips fluttering jingling studded
sapphire bells
cunt blooms flower-like
pink hazing into cunts hole purple
hue
cunts hole rippling light**

refracting prismatic hues
tinting pink lips with golden shading
merging with swirlings of lapis
lazuli sky light
ripples o'er the face of the cunts
effulgent hole
shadows casting on pink lips
o'erhead slivers of frozen light
thy cunts aqueous hole scrolled o'er
with tongues tip of √ etching
patterns in the limpidity
thy cunts lips wet with
***Rhododendrons* scented juices**

**etching arabesques of sparkling
symphonies of subtleties ejaculating
up fromst the heart of ♪
shafts of flaming fire pink burst out
fromst the cunt hole of thee
warming the face of ♪ that reflect
back the light thy cunts lips catch to
glow like molten gold
oh those cunts lips of thee two pink
sails that flutter in the breeze of the
breaths of ♪ in moonlight their
shadows float o'er the face of ♪**

**whenst see ☺ thy cunt it fizzes and
sparkles flashes and spits colored
asterisk stars * * * that spiral and
twirl along the tongues tip of ☺
along thy pink cunts lips edge
crimson dew like spirals of
asterisks * * * spit fire that tints
thy cunts hole with yellows and
mauve hues colored sparks rippling
in thy cunts hole like liquid crystals
of amethyst**

they cunts fleshy fruit spits

fireworks of colored asterisk sparks

*** * * arrows of golden light weave**

patterns of saffron lozenges in thy

cunt hole a crimson moon with

whorls of thy desires flaming fires

writ in colored hieroglyphs

thy pink cunts lips dusted with

pigments of colored crystals

thy clits pink bud burst into

fireworks at the flicking of the

tongues tip of ♪ raining down o'er ♪

multitudinous lights like falling

stars * *

*** * * oh sigh ♪ ast along**

the tongues tip of ♪ runs a

Catharine-wheel sputtering and

swishing arpeggios of nuanced

sensations tinged with the scent of

***Rhododendrons* scented juices**

thy cunt pink splashed 'gainst smear

of purple mist cunts lips edge wash

of red hovering o'er dab of liquid

amethyst streak of crimson ripples

o'er cunts hole mauve liquidity flame

**of pink roses petals flash 'gainst
cobalt tinted sky**

**thy cunt a ripe opulent fruit dappled
in saffron light flickering shadows
of purple across the crimson mouth
of ♪**

**thy cunts hole shadowed by pink lips
fluttering flags of heated desire fires
of effulgent light**

**thy cunts lips twisting curls of
frozen pink translucent mist**

**run ♪ my tongue along thy cunts lips
crimson edge the mind of ♪ bursts**

into a fireworks display dropping

colored stars * *

*** * * down around thy**

cunts fruity form like the tapping of

kettle drums ringing out crescendos

of cadences that vibrates thy pale

pink clits tip sending ripples of

***Rhododendron* scent patterning the**

light

the tongue of ♪ butterfly-like o'er

thy clit shimmering like pale pink

varnish plucking beats our rhythms

with its tip like plum-blossoms

undulating to moonlight in lotus

pools liquidity

sit here ♪ in twilight twixt day and

night sipping purple wine sweetened

with honey of the heptakometes

smelling of *Rhododendrons*

Looking at for inspiration

"Pictures of the floating world"

pushing the mind of ♪ beyond the

bottle

and seeth ♪ all these cunts

beauteous

visual poetry or reality idealized

**and seeth ∩ all these cunts
beauteous within
globes and lights of ineffable shades
pools of ruby-colored whorls of
effulgent liquidities o'erhanging
shimmering surfaces of light red-gold
like iridescent moss speckled with
tingling points of colored lights
spiraling maelstroms of amber thru
amethyst light soft ast silk
interweaving queer pools of glittering
golds and silver irradiations formed
into cryptically shaped forms all**

**neath a canopy of lilac light
streaked with impasto reds golds
yellow greens and multitudes of
colored hues hypnotic symphonies of
nuanced harmonies of colors like
melting gems and fromst end to end
an incandescent multi-colored feather
spread dizzyingly dazzling**

isbn 9781876347783

the scent
Of
Patchouli

Poems by c
Dean

the scent

Of

Patchouli

Poems by c

dean

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2016

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.'*

**♪ 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 ♪ 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 ♪slamic or ♪ibetan 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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**The scent of
Phalaenopsis**

Poem

By c dean

The scent of Phalaenopsis

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2016

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

‘| well know that |

think, but | no longer know what |

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 Ꝛ lick thy pink clit
glowing thee didst moan oh Sixtine
whenst didst Ꝛ 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 Ꝛ but by
that he thee thinks of instead of Ꝛ
Sixtine place thy cunt o'er Ꝛ and let
thy cunny hairs curls furl round the
face of Ꝛ 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 I dead at thy
cunts spongy pulpy flesh thy fruity
folds wouldst vivify the enervated
flesh of I
with paroxysms of delight lay here
I in moonlight glinting off the knob
of I frothing with semen Sixtine
ast did I dream of thee in moonlight
flickering oh Sixtine in the dream of
I 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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the scent

Of

Cypripedium

Poem

By c dean

the scent

Of

Cypridium

Poem

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preface

**ah what be worse for thee incessant
 thinking round and round deconstructing
 in solipsism's loneliness indifferent to
 the world no desires no passions fires
 but**

**be this a living death and to what end be
 it for this nothingness of detachment
 or**

**be it worse than passions fires thee
 driving mad with cravings desires on
 fire with lust with insatiable fires
 driving one mad unremittingly
 incessantly no respite fromst the
 cravings fire**

which do ask √ thee

which madness doth thee aspire for thee

**Sit here ♪ in thought caught naught
but in incoercible churnings thinking
of chloasma women of dubious
muliebrity while round the head of ♪
float parthenoides of many blent
colors oh to drink the nepenthes of
homer and rid ♪ of these twirling
thoughts that couldst ♪ look upon
the candles flames flickering flowers
of gold to see in their light some
respite fromst the mind of ♪**

**oh the churning of the incoercible
 thinkings of √ that blister the mind
 of √ and turn all to nothingness to
 meaningless nonsense and ast sayeth
 the poet**

“... and to this nothingness we
 sacrifice all...but to what end’

**Even √ who sit here turn this glass
 in front of √ to absurdity for
 absurdity be ast didst Aristotle
 sayeth**

i) ontological “It is impossible that the
 same thing belong and not belong to

the same thing at the same time and in the same respect."

2) psychological "No one can believe that the same thing can (at the same time) be and not be."

3) logical "The most certain of all basic principles is that contradictory propositions are not true simultaneously."

so 's 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 sayeth a

contradiction cant be true but the Dean



glass exists it is true

**oh this sterilization of thinking oh
this incessant fecundation of
tormenting ideas
locked √ the soul of √ away fromst
this world with disgust and closed**

**every sense except be the mind of √
 observing itself in tormenting
 analysis of each thought that passes
 before the gaze of √**

“... and to this nothingness [[]] sacrifice
 all...but to what end

with this result ast sayeth the sage

“what nonsense | have to think what to
 platitudes hear what stupid remarks
 to bray? And in what language! Just
 so the practical part of my talk be not
 useless! “

**And for what result all we do is
project onto the world our own inner
mind our own inner issues our own
inner nightmares for ast sayeth the**

sage t

“The material and unconscious world
lives and moves only in the intelligence
which perceives and recreates it anew
according to personal forms there is
as much of the thinking world as a
superior intelligence unites and
fashions to his wish”

to simply sayeth

“... that you judge humanity by your
own sentiments”

**and all this whirlwind of thinking
 has given I be but a withered soul a
 soul pained with loneliness no
 splendor of the sky do seeth I no
 beauty in a butterfly seeth I no
 visible thing doth give joy to I
 nothing serves for pleasure beyond
 the solipsism of the mind of I an
 inner world built only on the
 imaginings of I
 what canst bringeth I peace joy
 some happiness outside the mire of
 the mind locked in on itself of I**

ast criest the tormented soul

“To make our sorrow less

Is there not pity in the heart of
flowers,

Or joy in wings of birds that might be
ours ?

Is there a beast that lives, and will not
move

Toward our poor love with a more
lovely love ?

And might not our proud hopeless
sorrow pass

If we became as humble as the grass ?

I will get down from my sick throne
where I

Dreamed that the seasons of the
 earth and sky,
 The leash of months and stars, were
 mine to lead,
 And pray to be the brother of a
 weed.

**To make a start to give a try at life
 will view √ these "London
 Nights" Ah what sensuality
 oh what heated joys these nights give
 to the flesh of √ fertilizing the mind
 of √ with desires imaginings the
 mind of √ awash with **the scent****

Of

Cypridium

**The senses of ♀ reel sparks of
color flesh fromst the flesh of ♀
that once didst shine like ice on fire
be ♀ with all the desires within a
brothels den flames leap saffron
hued to the arched dome of the sky
flickering tongues of light pour forth
fromst the cocks knob hole of ♀ and
blend with the light of the suns
burning eye the flames lap and caress
the flesh of ♀ like the petals of**

**flowers like flowers do the flaming
 sparks form and heaven sent upon
 the heated breathings of ♪ the
 heated goo fromst the cock of ♪
 drips like crimson seeds fromst like
 fromst some ripe fecund pomegranate
 cleft with **the scent****

Of

Cypripedium

**to burst into flames ast innumerable
 candles with luculent luster of blent
 colors
 leering thru a brothels window pane**

intoxicatingly do √ see she eyes meet
me skipping along the eyelashes of
√ gazing into the pupils of √ eyes
dancing o'er the flesh of each eyes
dancing skimming along each curve
of breast up along thigh where panty
white like a gash of glacier twixt
two pink sides covered in mist of the
scent

Of

Cypripedium

whose fumes permeate the room
rapturously deliciously do the eyes

**of each kiss with long languid look
desires leap like flames of hells
fires eyes twin blend grasp in tight
embrace waves of delight flash o'er
the flesh of each each thrilling to
each the eyes glance gleam with
burning light ast each eyes dancing
to the rhythms of the pulsating
melodies of desire of each under the
moonlight that rains down like
phosphorescing milk at the arch of
this brothels window oh long ♪ for
a she pallid like some withered**

petaled bloom white like light upon

ice or chlorosis skin melancholy

sorrowful with woes exuding the

scent

Of

Cypripedium

In the night oh that she wouldst out

of this brothel come undulating like

some snake thru hidden grass

undulating sinuously like some feral

she-cat full of desires of fire for

oh that she wouldst come more

beautiful that flowery blooms with

the hair of she decked with the tears
fromst all the eyes of the cries of
all the girls of all the worlds their
lost loves lamenting oh that she
wouldst come with eyes full of
desires flames ever desiring ♪ ast ♪
ever desiring she ast wait ♪ here see
♪ a she skipping with fromst the
skirts billowing

the scent

Of

Cypridium

**she skips the shirt of she floats
higher white panty round pear shaped
arse cheek revealing in the plum
colored night the white light lights
the night wavering thru the night like
light refracting thru waters aqueous
liquidity making night undulate like a
amethystine pool shimmering the
street lamps like gillyflowers upon
sinuous stems seaweed-like swaying
in the vast sea of plum colored light
she skipping circling agitating the
water-like night with surreptitious**

**glances the fluidity of she washes
o'er me writing poems with her
gestures up wells the skirt of she
tightly clutching the cunt of she with
little black curls peeking freely
fromst the white seams of the
moisty panty oh she skips and twirls
deliciously down bending her
callipygian arse revealed round like
ripe fruit to see she like *Bettina* of
the old pervert *Goethe* with limbs
suppler and more suppler bends o'er
she with the delicate tongue of she to**

lick the delicate cunny of she
 absorbed in the delight of she
 unaware of the delight of me desiring
 she ah long ♪ for that she that be a
 hothouse flower delicate with
 the scent

Of

Cypridium

on the cunts breath of she that she
 that be a flower artificial with
 lipstick red painting lips full blown
 ast the flowers petals that she
 artificial completely with the tint of

**violets on the cheeks of she with the
curls of the hyacinth furling round
the face of she with the eyebrows of
the night moth with the eyes gleaming
like diamonds oh for she completely
artificially a flower made up
where nature be the unreal and the
real be the artificial where the eyes
of she gleam 'neath eyebrows like
peonies 'neath arch bridges where the
cunt of she be a garden fair cunt
hair well trimmed purple hued
decked glinting sequins of blent**

**colored hues where the cunts lips of
she be painted lipstick red like the
petals of lustrous roses blooms
where the cunts hole rim be etched in
pink like the lips edge of budding
blooms where the clit of she be ring
pierced and pink lacquered like a
throbbing grape oh for she artificial
completely she well poised
with the scent**

Of

Cypridium

**perfuming the cunt of she buoyant on
the airs cinctured fromst the cunt
hairs of she crinkling the light**

oh that some she wouldst come

cloaked the scent

Of

Cypripedium

some she like a spring-time open

flowery bloom cunt with petals

unfurled like ships sails in the wind

unfurled like butterfly wings basking

'neath warm sunlight some she

dripping cunny ooze like some

**bursting nectar filled bloom some she
with cunt unfurled wavering to ♪
with heated desires fires
oh beauteous she will give ♪ thee
rings for thy nose and fingers tip and
thy pink clit and for the ends of thy
toes bangles for thy ankles and
dainty wrists and studs for thy
breasts red turgid tits oh beauteous
she will give ♪ thee flowers for thy
cunts curly hair and rubies pearls
sapphires and chroysoites and
chrysopraxe to stud along thy cunts**

lips pink edged rim tinted with the

scent

Of

Cypripedium

oh beauteous she will give ♪ thee

all of thy dreams to beautify thy

wanton ways all thee hast to give ♪

be only thy desire for ♪

oh sweet girly at this hour thee be

legally for me thee wanton thing thee

tantalizer of the senses of ♪ long

hast ♪ looked at thee ast thee didst

pass the gate of ♪ and desire thy

**callipygian arse clutched tight in that
 skirt so high long hast ♪ have hoped
 for that thee wouldst bend to knot
 thy unknotted black shoe lace giving
 ♪ a glimpse of that white panty that
 clutched tight thy hairy cunny that
 wouldst then waft to ♪ the scent**

Of

Cypridium

**oh that thee wouldst tremble with
 some desire for ♪ oh that ♪ couldst
 glimpse that budding nipple 'neath thy
 white full bra oh that they eyes**

**wouldst bloom with desires delight
 for ♀ and that thy wet spot where
 due to ♀ that thy virginal cunt
 wouldst blossom full bloomed into
 desire for ♀ that thy eyes wouldst
 meet the eyes of ♀ and hide a sweet
 desire for ♀ oh that ♀ couldst kiss
 that flower budding cunt and draw
 into me the scent**

Of

Cypridium

**that fruit puply mouth full of its
 sweet honeyed liquidity with its hole**

**of liquefied amethyst with its lips
like violets that the tongue of ♪
couldst with desire play along their
dew lips edge those lips that at ♪ do
smile with flushed flesh oh if thee
will will ♪ desire thee into delirium
will ♪ devour thee in the plentitude
of my lechery thee be to me a
capriccio full of flirtatious caprice
that we couldst kiss in wild embrace
in the immortality of an ecstatic
moment of frozen time that ♪
couldst press the lips of ♪ to thy**

**cunts pulpy folds and taste for
 eternity that sublime sweetness
 oozing fromst thy hole fromst desire
 for ♪ oh whenst thee comes ♪ be
 enveloped in **the scent****

Of

Cypripedium all the flowery
 blooms be images of thy cunts
 blossom bloom all the earth doth
 smell of thy scent the blood flows
 thru the veins of ♪ with fires of
 desire the knob of ♪ throbs whenst
 thee comes near the cock of ♪ glows

**with the heat fromst my pounding
heart like a flaming candle it warms
the world with it golden light a tall
glowing daffodil be the cock of ♪
whenst thee comes near whenst thee
comes near the air undulates with the
curves of thy body firm the light
becomes liquid blent with thy cunny
scent making the flowers colors
brilliant like the fires in gems ast the
fire in the eyes of thee spark thru the
light whenst thee comes near oh
whenst ♪ walk the cities streets**

see ♪ sleep walking phantoms
 drowning in mist blent with violet
 purple hues till the air be with the

scent

Of

Cypridium andst fromst

afare ♪ view you with eyes afire
 lips red garish rouged cheeks afire
 with memories of desire memories of
 our night of fucking our night of cunt
 licking and kissing whenst fromst
 afare ♪ view you with a slip in thy
 step with a wiggle in thy callipygian

arse know ♪ that thee remembers me
 that there be in thy panty a wet spot
 fromst thee with memories of me oh
 ast wait ♪ for thee with **the scent**

Of

Cypridium fromst thy cunt
 upon the lips of ♪ remember ♪ thy
 flower soft cunts lips that flickered
 upon the tongues tip of ♪ remember
 ♪ thy black cunt hair perfumed with
the scent

Of

Cypripedium black ast panther
shadows or shadows of crows
wings in the night oh remember ♪
thy sudden orgasmic cries thy moans
and cries with each jab fromst the
cock thrusts of ♪ the blent sighs in
the candles golden light that washed
o'er the pink flesh of thee tints of
fire remember ♪ the pounding of thy
heart syncopated with pounding of
my heart each in rhythm with the
cries of thee with the cries of me oh
remember ♪ ast upon thy mothers

**doorstep didst we loiter remember ♪
 how fingered thee didst ♪ muffling
 thy moans with the kissing clasped
 lips of ♪ oh how remembers ♪ the
 finger of ♪ perfumed with **the scent****

Of

Cypridium

**that we didst both sniff and lick oh
 remember still doth ♪ the slurping
 and swishing of thy cunt ast the
 fingers of ♪ frothed up with their
 twirlings and swirling ast we didst
 loiter on thy mothers doorstep oh**

**what are cunts puffy lips but for to
 be kissed licked sucked into bliss oh
 what are cunts puffy lips but to be
 fucked and fingered and twiddled
 with tongues flickering wet tip oh
 what is the cunt hole for but to sniff
 the the scent**

Of

Cypridium

**that wafts upwards in randy heat oh
 but whenst the kissing doth cease
 and the fucking be o'er done with
 andst she doth withhold fromst ♪**

**those puffy lips of she and refuses
 me the gaze upon the nakedness of
 she what be it be whenst she hast
 fancies for another he whenst she
 doth fantasize o'er he not me
 whensts she withholds fromst me
 what she giveth to he what be it be
 whenst no more **the scent****

Of

Cypridium

**wafts fromst the moisty panty of she
 in randy heat for me but for he**

**Ah look ♪ down into the
 maelstrom of desires drowning in
 sensuality burning in samsara like a
 common dog grovel crave ♪ for
 humanities crumbs with desires
 insatiable race the desires of ♪ by
 the desires of ♪ driven ast the moth
 to its passions flame bite ♪ the hook
 of desire fires ever in need of
 wanton breasts to suck randy cunts
 to lick drowning in lifes craving
 into the abyss is fallen ♪ ast sayeth
 the sage**

“This deep abyss is seething with wild things

Strange birds and reptiles and
 enhungered beasts

That claw each other with the will to
 live

Who knows but that they suffer even
 as I”

**oh lost am I in desires clutch and
 sayeth the sage**

“yon sorry pit of life ...It calls to to you
 To join the maelstrom of its
 anquished throng Its pestilential
 brothel of desire!”

**oh giveth back to I the solipsism of
 the mind incoercible thinkings “... and**

to this nothingness [] sacrifice
all...but to what end'

**the answer is simply said freedom in
indifference dissociated detachment**

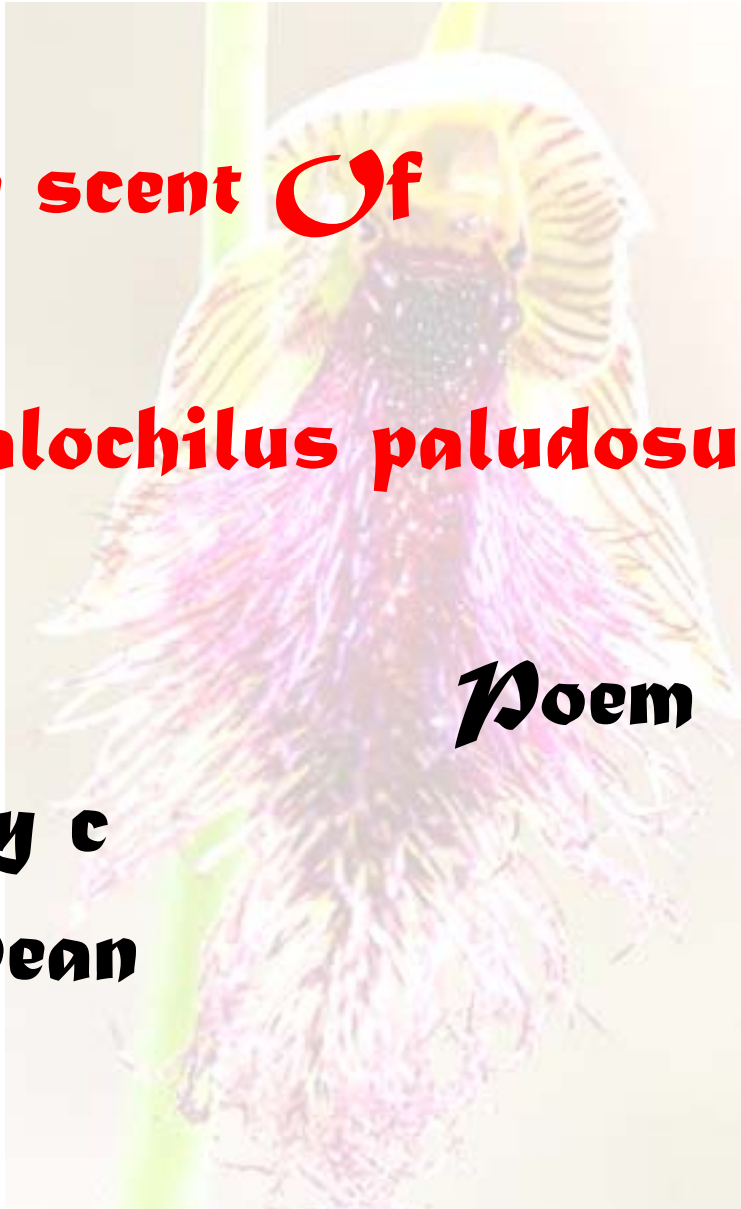
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the scent Of

Calochilus paludosus

Poem

**By c
Dean**



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preface

**what be √ but the feeling that create
 √ each momentary sensation creates
 a moment of √ chains of feelings
 create the illusion of a core √ the √
 exfoliates out of sensations ah so
 bring on the most exquisite feelings
 thru lust and desire thru
 intoxications rapture burst forth the
 most exquisite √ dive into desires
 wallow in the flames of lusts fires
 for there be in those moments of
 exquisiteness the most sublime √ in
 sensations o'erubundance lies the
 full life where the √ be at its most
 heightened aliveness to have the most
 heightened life where the √ flares-
 gem-like for with no feelings no
 sensations then we cease to be an √
 we die**

Sit here hear ♪ there their where
singing words birds two too too
loud in the mind of ♪ ♪ hear that led
to too too much exquisiteness in the
mind of ♪ ah but ast sayeth the
sage "in the beginning was the word"
logos exact but who cares for the
world is made by the word ast
sayeth the sages "By contrast post-
 structuralism is much more
 fundamentalist in insisting upon the

consequences of the view that in effect reality is textual.”

“The universe as it says” **Entragues**

“is the sign of the word” **as it says**

the sage “... whereby it is held that all

reality is linguistic so that there can be

no meaningful talk of a real world

which exists without question outside

language” **words float free no real**

reality only a real dependent on

words dependent upon words

independent of what they designate

**words whose meanings are fluid
 subject to slippage a reality by
 words defined by words designated
 but meanings in flux reality in
 slippage continual ast new meanings
 thus new realities ast sayeth the**

sage “The continually changing
 impermanent phenomenal world of
 appearances and forms of illusion or
 deception which an unenlightened
 mind takes as the only reality”

**with the mystical insight of Plato
 what is taken for the solid real be
 actually but a tissue a web of
 dream-like images no reality but
 words in actuality ah but √ like
 Entranges √**

“no longer believe in things,

but in the mere ideas we have of them;

and, as

the obscurity of the idea is clarified

only by speech,

nothing more of things will exist than

the words

describing them and the final

destruction of matter

will end with the judgment of this

axiom: The

universe is the sign of the word . . .”

**but ah if naught exists but the word
as sayeth Saint John the evangelist
if all there be but OM ast sayet
the Rishis or naught but logos ast
sayeth the Septuagint sages then like**

**Entragues I realize myself through
 the word then all be my I but a
 word a fiction of grammar ast
 sayeth the sages**

“the self’s radical ex-centricity to
 itself. And he asks ‘who is this other
 to whom I am more attached than to
 myself since at the heart of my assent
 to my own identity it is still he who
 wags me’. Hence the self is
 ‘deconstructed shown to be merely a
 linguistic effect not an entity” **then**

couldst say *Ÿ* with *Entraques* that
 what draws *Ÿ* fromst this illusion
 of self be divine in intoxication do *Ÿ*
 lose the *Ÿ* of *Ÿ* in an o'erplus of
 sensuality in an o'erabundance of
 aesthetic delight wouldst *Ÿ* lose the
Ÿ of *Ÿ* in creativities zone ah try
 will *Ÿ* in the perusal by *Ÿ* of
 "London Nights" for inspiration
 will *Ÿ* enter creativities high oh in
 an impalpable moment of frozen time
 the soul of *Ÿ* tremulous drinks in

the scent Of

Calochilus paludosus

**whose sight of diaphanous light
 roseate floats before the eyes of J
 bursting with rapture at the sight of
 shadows of rose hued petals
 vibrating o'er the flesh of J in this
 impalpable instant of frozen time
 immersed in "London Nights" in a
 sublime moment of outpourings of
 creativities beauteousness oh ast
 sayeth the poetess "Stay Stay O in
 your flight**

Extinguish not the rapture

Of this sublime hour' **see ♪ thee now**

with thy panty white laced clutching

thy cunts folds that sight for he not

me that scent of Calochilus

paludosus

caressing the nose of he see ♪ he in

thy room hand under panty curling

thy black crow black curls along the

finger tip of he feeling the soft

texture of thy pallid flesh feeling

along thy crimson slit like a ribbon

of velvet flesh see ♪ thee now with

**thy panty white laced beneath which
lies thy cunts folds for the eyes of
he to see oh that exquisite
beauteousness hid fromst me oh that
loveliness divine of thine for only he
to find with the hands with the sight
with the smell of he oh to think to
see in the minds eye of ♪ he with
tongue slavering in thy hole frothing
up thy juices that once were for ♪ to
think to see he basking in the odors
of the scent ♪**

Calochilus paludosus

**of the cunts fumes of thee to think
 thy folds pink moisty pulpy folds of
 succulent flesh be for the lips of he
 torments the mind of me ast lie here
 ♪ ♪ some in strangers bed wet cock
 smeared with the love juices of she
 but thee only desiring be me ♪
 smelling of the randy cunt fumes of
 she but only desiring thee desiring**

the scent Of

Calochilus paludosus

**wafting fromst the cunt hole of thee
 while kissing she ♪ only desiring**

**the cunts puffy folds of the ripe cunt
of thee oh as we fucked and rolled
and cried and sighed and squealed
and groaned only only thee didst
desire ♪ only thee didst desire ♪
whenst into the eyes of she on fire
for ♪ ♪ only still didst only desire
thee ast our hearts didst beat and
pound in orgasms rhythms still then
didst the heart of ♪ only thee didst
desire ♪ ast didst ♪ kiss the flesh
of she running the tongue of up each
velvet curve round each fold of she**

**still only thee didst desire ♪ e'en
whenst she sobbing out the name of
♪ ast her name fromst the kissing
lips of ♪ didst fly e'en then didst ♪
but only desire thee laying nestled
each in arm to arm each to each
thighs and legs entwined oh oh e'en
then my hearts desire my souls
delight wast only thee e'en whenst
our arms entwining each of we like
jasmine vines and in each of eachs
ears didst hear we the singing of
nightingales and in each of eachs**

**eyes flashed the dazzling light of
lightning bright ast she didst lift the
face of she to me like a white
nenuphar ast ♪ didst cry "all this
loveliness by mine" ast didst cry ♪
"oh my love my heavenly divinity"
e'en then didst only thee didst desire
♪ oh what care we for fidelity so
long ast we but love each other we
thee can fuck he ast ♪ canst fuck
she lick the cunt of she nibble the
fruity lips of the puffy cunt of she**

what matter that be whenst it be **the
scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

**of the cunt of thee that doth love me
 and thee love me what matter it be
 whenst ♪ with she or thee with he
 we n'er weary of our love for each of
 we n'er weary of our love for each of
 we ast the bright sunlight n'er weary
 we ast the birds songs n'er weary
 we ast the blooms scent n'er weary
 we we though in others arms kissing
 others lips caressing others thighs**

what matter that be whenst it be **the**
scent Of

Calochilus paludosus

of the cunt of thee that doth love me
 and thee love me oh what mystery lay
 'neath thy panty white with lace

what memories of ♪ do linger along
 those puffy fleshy folds what odors
 of **the scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

linger o'er the lips of ♪ linger what
 memories of ♪ hear ♪ a litany of
 replies "oh thy tongue of lust didst

maketh the lips of ♪ sing loves
 music in the ear of ♪ didst unsought
 thy lust bringeth lust in the girly-
 smiling eyes of ♪ to maketh the
 cunt of ♪ sing with joy upon the
 tongue of thine oh delight of my life
 know not how **the scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

Fromst thy cunt didst reach the
 nose of ♪ but remember ♪ that sole
 night in each of eachs arms we spent
 like a fairy tale that to ♪ licking
 tasting of thy flowers lovliness ast

**thy cunts dew didst drip like rain
 upon the lips of ♀ oh how thee
 didst fold the face of ♀ in thy crow
 black cunts hair that on the tongues
 tip of ♀ ♀ didst twine those silken
 curls oh ♀ know not how **the scent****

Of

Calochilus paludosus

**Fromst thy cunt didst reach the
 nose of ♀ but know ♀ it lit up the
 soul of ♀ with an ethereal flame that
 swept o'er the flesh of ♀ like a
 tempest of delight basked ♀ in the**

splendor of thy face basked ♪ in thy
 exquisite beauteousness ast fromst
 thy poppy cunts lips sucked ♪ in its
 breath sweeter than the waters of
 paradise ♪ know not how **the scent**

Of

Calochilus paludosus

Fromst thy cunt didst reach the
 nose of ♪ but what knows ♪ be that
 in that sweet scented cunts mouth
 breathed in ♪ the soul of ♪ that
 now we each to each in desire been 3
 years long since we first didst meet

3 years since first smelt ♪ on thy

cunt the scent ♪

Calochilus paludosus oh like unto a

dream it doth seem that ♪ hast seen

thy cunts white panty clothed seen

the folded lips embossed upon that

field of cloth snow-like seen thy

eyes spark with fire at the desire of

♪ for thee in that sight the world

springs into spring with the sudden

flames of each to eachs desire for

each bursts our lusting fires

congealing into flowers falling

**fromst the sky perfumed thy cunt
drips odors that light refracting into
rainbows shimmering 'gainst the sky
enveloped we in the splendorous
flame of our desires for each
intermixing intermingled souls each
to each for all moments of eternity
lips kissing lips no thee no me only
we we remember ♪ hid 'neath
flowery blooms in springtime
meadow ast ♪ didst lick thy puffy
cunt and smelt **the scent Of**
Calochilus paludosus**

mix and intermingle with Heliotrope
 sweet Magnonette and Rose with
 Hyacinth scent and in that hole saw
 thy face reflected like moon upon
 limpid nenuphar pools **the scent Of**
Calochilus paludosus

Fromst thy cunt drenching the
 luminous airs colored in crimson
 hues and sapphire blues and lavender
 and flowery tints shimmering in
 saffron diaphanous light we
 remember thy hid 'neath flowery
 blooms ast the fairy folk didst thy

cunts dew odorous with the scent

Of

Calochilus paludosus

**collect and wove in dewy threads of
glittering pearls of luculent light and
o'er us didst lace the dewy chain of
brilliant light in a necklace for our
lusting flesh and bound as with that
fairy chain that
bound us fast that we wouldst be
bound joined ast one for all eternity
oh once thee didst sigh soft moan
whenst I didst on thy cunts puffy**

folds nibble and lick and inhale **the
scent **Of****

Calochilus paludosus

**bedewed upon the lips pink edge and
didst hear **♪** nightingales sing and
the whole world didst burst into
spring once whenst thee didst sigh to
the lickings of **♪** didst see **♪** thee
carved out of moonlight didst see **♪**
thy lips smile be the curve of the
sickle moon but
now whenst hear **♪** thee sigh **♪** hear
the sighs for he and the flesh of **♪****

trembles and the moon be bloated out
in darkness and **the scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

stales upon the mouths lips of ♪
once whenst ♪ didst hear the sighs
of thee the world burst into
melodious song the flowers perfumed
scents magnified in intensity oh all
the colors of their varied blooms
burst upon the sight of ♪ intensified
light bright and thy beauty didst
drench the airs with the odors of thy
divinity but

now whenst hear *ŷ* thee sigh hear *ŷ*

the sigh for he and **the scent** *Of*

Calochilus paludosus

burns the lips of *ŷ* **the scent** *Of*

Calochilus paludosus

sours upon the tongue of *ŷ* and

rancid becomes yet there be a smile

on the lips of *ŷ* with **the scent** *Of*

Calochilus paludosus

that remembers *ŷ* tinted thy cunts

fruit puffy folds and that thought

take *ŷ* back to the nights and days

wherein *ŷ* didst kiss and suck those

spongy lips of thee that didst ♪
 dissolve in a whorl of light and into
 a dream of bliss didst swoon ♪
 upon that kiss of ♪ upon thy spongy
 lips with **the scent** ♪

Calochilus paludosus

there be a time before thee that this
 dungheap world closed ♪ the eyes of
 ♪ too but then entered upon the nose
 of ♪ **the scent** ♪

Calochilus paludosus

♪ fromst thy cunt and it ignite the
 flame of lust in me and then opened

unto ♪ a world of light a world of
 sensual delight the pulse of ♪ didst
 in melodious harmony beat with life
 loveliness with lifes innumerable
 joyousness **the scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

of thy cunts moisty folds didst open
 unto ♪ exquisite rapturousness an
 o'erubundance of blissful
 intoxicationousness oh thee didst
 catapult ♪ into a dizzying ecstasy of
 transcendent delightfulness with thee
 have ♪ closed the door to the

**dungheap of this world and fused the
soul of ♪ with thine against the
world of our world within a world
thee and me enclosed in rapture
within our world cut off fromst that
sordid dungheap and ♪ and thee in
our union of blessedness yet kept ♪
fromst thee the secret desire of me
didst thee know
that ast the pearl is hid within the
shell
that ast the gem is hid within the
earth**

**that ast gods face is hid within the
world**

**so be is hid within me the desire for
the scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

**that wafts fromst the fleshy cunt
folds of thee yet now be √ cut off
fromst the scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

**thee my desired one hast abandoned
√ and wander √ alone in
separations agony longing for thee
ast sufi mystic longs for god and**

**suffers the pains and torments in
 separations woe oh my desired one
 this tormented soul burns not in the
 flames of desire but in the airs of
 hell in this separations fromst thee
 like Sadi Sarmad and all the other
 love tormented souls that languish in
 this pestilential dunhheap ♪ cry out
 to the ♪ moan in paroxysms of
 anguish come back to ♪ come back to
 ♪ a brightened the eyes of ♪ with
 thy sight oh long ♪ for **the scent Of**
Calochilus paludosus**

**ast Hafiz and Rumi longed for their
 beloved come to me leave me not to
 burn in hells fires rescue me and to
 paradise take ♪ in the cunts folds of
 thee warped up enfolded in that
 humid flesh that ♪ canst once again
 in ravishment delight in the
 intoxication delirium once again to
 smell to smell frmst thy cunt **the**
scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

**♪n this pestilential dungheap of a
 world without thee the flowers**

**scents rancid becomes their petals all
 withered things the leaves of the tree
 wilted and desiccated dry and dead
 all things of this world be one
 winter of eternity no summer sun to
 warm once flesh oh languish ♪ hear
 without thee that cunt with **the scent****

Of

Calochilus paludosus

that was taken fromst ♪ yesterday
 pray ♪ oh to all the goddesses of
 love Aphrodite Innanaa Pravati
 all those pagan goddesses lust ♪ an

Chin-Lien Cliodhua Astrate

Tlazolteotl Astghik supplicate ♪

pray ♪ to all of thee that thee all

will bring back to me that cunt with

the scent Of

Calochilus paludosus

**Oh what be the result of this
cadenced prose this act of creation
in rhythms all see ♪ is the ♪
exfoliates out of sensations ast
sayeth the sage**

“we never observe anything beyond
a series of transient feelings,
sensations, and impressions There is
no impression of the “self” that ties
our particular impressions together....”

**Oh the I be no more than the sum
of its impressions at any time there
be no core self at all no me exists
apart fromst only impressions as
sayeth the sage** “ we can never be
directly aware of ourselves, only of
what we are experiencing at any given
moment... the self is just a bundle of
perceptions, like links in a chain”

**oh oh owe I my self this I to the
world to the world of sensations oh
without these impressions I do
cease but to exist ah dam my I this
I existence depends like Solange
saw** “just understood how much the
wretchedness of

a mediocre existence, how much the sentiment of the universal dunghill, was necessary to his happiness”

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the scent Of
Dockrillia
teretifolia

poem

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2016

Preface o renounce life and its

**joys or dive into its passions fires be the
acetic and ludicrous fool or be the sensuous
be the dull-witted dope be it be the acetic
tranquil in renunciations embrace or the
sensualist tranquil after love in the arms of
she**

Ast sayeth “..indifferent to his mistress
detachments his joy- tranquil the ash-
smeared hermit sleep in ease like a king”

But

Ast sayeth

“The punishment for laughing at
the external world is to fall in the first snare
laid

by the innocent Maía”

But

Ast sayeth

“...men who perceive

**The tangled net of ruin which passion
casts...**

**Sit here I hear sitting in my Stasis
 house with gleeful eyes reciting
 Hurbert Entragues delightful verse
 sweet bubbles of thought fromst the
 dew of the lips of I I offer to she
 to she in the breath upon my lips that
 will refresh thy soul of delightful
 she with this froth of love**

"Come while it is morning and while
 animal life

sleeps in the woods !

"Come to roam among the wet herbs :
 I will shake

off the rain of pearls and the snow
flakes of diamonds
from your blond hair !
"Come and you will exult with joy,
come, the
train of your robe, among the mosses,
will make
a wake of light, and the rising sun will
kiss, in its
candor, the smile of your purple lips!
"Come, you will be as a white-browed
queen
among green branches, and the tame
butterflies will
rest on your ears.
"You will subdue nature and at the
call of your

mouth, my soul, wild as a fawn, will
 bound towards
 you."

**Oh these words fall fromst the lips
 of ♪ like saffron pollen fromst
 fecund flowery blooms**

But

Blah ast sayeth that divine sage

Bhartrihari

"Oh deluded one unconscious of its
 violent power

The moth flies into the a flame

The unwary fish through ignorance

Bites the baited hook

And even we men who perceive

The tangled net of ruin

Which passion casts do not avoid it

Alas delusions sway is inscrutable”

But

Then

Warns Surbert Entragues

“The punishment for laughing at
the external world is to fall in the first
snare laid

by the innocent Maia”

but

again

yea he doth say with sagacity

"Shame ! Enough. No, for me there
are neither

Circes nor Delilahs. My mind at least
is above all

wiles and lusts. They who fall into the
toils of the

swine-breeders, those who are caught
in the snares

of elegant vampires-they fulfill their
destiny. Mine

is different.

Oh but what to do doth I choose

which path which road upon to

**follow to tread for warns ast
sayeth that divine sage Bhartrihari**

“Oh deluded ones abandon the

depths of sensuous chaos

that prison hell of torment

That course reaching beyond

towards perpetual bliss

can instantly ally all pain

oh deluded one initiate then a

peaceful mood tranquil

Renounce your gamboling

philandering unsteady ways

Foresake the ephemeral mundane

passions

Rest placid now my thoughts”

**Blah what crap what nonsense all
be but prattle ast sayeth that divine
sage Bhartrihari**

“Oh wise one renunciation of worldly
attachments is only the talk of
scholars

whose mouths that drips pearls are
wordy with wisdom

Who can really forsake the curved
hips

of beautiful women with ample breasts
and bound

With girdles of ruby jewels”

**Ah to dive into the sensual chaos to
to gambol with the passions on fire
of ♪ to carouse and wallow in
ephemeral bliss to live alight with
fire to live alight with desire into
these poems will dive ♪ to ignite the
imaginings of ♪ to burn with a gem-**

like flame bathing in the "Sea
 Garden" of rapturous delight
 wrapped up clothed in enfolded
 within the scent **Of**

Dockrillia teretifolia

**Oh thy cunt be a flower flame
 Swollen petals the tint of pink
 Precious more than all the ore
 'neath diamond filled sands
 Clit taut bud on flower stem crisp
 and frozen like flowers pistals 'neath
 the light of mid winter moon
 thy cunt of thine drips the scent **Of****

Dockrillia teretifolia sweet smelt
 fragrance hardened into light that
 flickers
 pauses
 and pulsates bright
 Upon thy lips kissed ♪ the lips of
 Aphrodite along thy lips sucked ♪
 the lips of Astarte salt upon thy
 lips wouldst of honey taste oh thy
 cunts hair hyacinth curled hast **the**
 scent **Of**
Dockrillia teretifolia hast the hue of
 Illyrian violets whenst kiss ♪ thy

lips the flesh of *Ÿ* quivers like
 molten gold red as coral that lies hid
 'neath amethyst seas or the fins red
 of purple fish that in thy cunts hole
 float like incased in pink glass

Oh the flames flash across the
 spongy lips flesh that heat fromst
 thy lips wouldst wither the meadows
 flowery blooms thy breath **the scent**

Of

Dockrillia teretifolia across the
 spongy lips flesh wouldst dry up the
 oceans and seas that billow across

**the land in a whirl be the thoughts
of ♪ maelstroms of knotted
thinkings of lewd thoughts upon thee
scattered fromst the mind of ♪ that
shrivel budding blooms velvet
petaled flesh that crackles in the ears
of ♪**

**bent with the weight of light thy
chryselephantine lips like chiseled
columns of some temple to some
Ephesusian goddess laced around
with curling hair ast of Tyrian
acanthus with the scent Of**

Dockrillia teretifolia

**that stand tall and sharp mighty
slabs of flesh tinted with pink and
gold flecks twixt the curved shadows
of thy fleshy arch flickering light
runs up thy cunts furrow cloaking in
tinted light the grape colored clit
light curls round thy thighs frosting
them in the light of purple violets
gleaming with the scent Of**

Dockrillia teretifolia

**redder than lips stained with the
 Sufis wine thy richly red lips flutter
 in the wind like folds of temple cloth
 wavering to the heated breaths of the
 of the worshiping breathings of ۞
 chant ۞ in perfumed breathing the
 souls song of ۞ that covers thy
 flesh like pink froth while fromst thy
 cunts hole like fromst the gate of
 some garden bright wafts the odors
 of crocus narcissi and Tyrian
 violets that drift o'er flesh like some
 temple altar at which doth ۞ with**

hymns and songs pour *Ÿ* into thy
 hole of perfumed liquidity the
 metered scents of hepticas *Ÿ*llyrian
 anthuriums and myrrh-frankincense
 out fromst which spreads **the scent**

Of

Dockrillia teretifolia

**O'er thy spongy flesh tinted with
 the juice of *Ÿ*llyrian violets spreads**

the scent *Of*

***Dockrillia teretifolia* the tongue of
Ÿ licks fromst curved folds edge to**

**curved folds edge like light that
 skips fromst flame flower to flame
 flower**

**peck J upon thy lips ast swallows
 peck upon pomegranates seeds ruby-
 red lips petal-like inward furl to the
 tongues pink curled tip shadows
 creep fromst lip to lip each lip the
 others shadow seeks within in each
 the tongues tip is lost within the
 folds deep frothing the scent Of**

Dockrillia teretifolia

enough hast *ŷ* not of thee
 gasp *ŷ* 'neath thy folds upon folds
 of furling flesh pinks and violet and
 tints and the scent *Of*

Dockrillia teretifolia

along thy lips edge
 oh the scent of pine resin wafts to
 the nose of *ŷ* fromst thy curved
 flesh chrism scented in the lemon
 light that scatters thy beauty and
 coats the earth in thy loveliness thy

lips exquisiteness enough hast *Ÿ* not

of thee

thy cunts be the bearer of *Assyrian*

wine

in that hole of opal liquidity dwell

Merids

in that limpid liquidity *Narcissus*

gazed upon his beauteousness

in that pool of virgins tears of love

***Artemis* bathed**

in that pool scented of *Nerium*

oleander be the omphalos

in that pool scented of Nerium
 oleander be the "chasm" thru floweth
 Kerna spring waters

along thy lips folds thy cunts hair
 drapes ast ivy around Ionic columns
 of Greek temples wrap ∩ those lips
 up in wreaths of the kisses of ∩
 weave ∩ in thy hyacinth curls gold
 bells fromst Ephesus at the alter of
 thy lips lay panting ∩ drawing in the
 scent Of

Dockrillia teretifolia

thy clit is scented on its stem with

the scent Of

***Dockrillia teretifolia* the color of**

Allyrian violets

Fragil ast the dust upon wings of

lepidopteras the lips edge the light

catches a rim of fire

at thy cunts folds and furling lips in

ravishment gaze ♪ at that

mysterious beauteousness of

flower-flesh ♪ shall leap into those

folds ♪ shall drop in into that hole

the scent Of

Dockrillia teretifolia

at thy fleshy portal shall ♪ prostrate

and worship thee with hymns the

odors of sea-flowers the words of

♪ shall whirl round thee as the

songs of sea-birds swirl round sea

tossed cliff topped temples

o'er thy cunts folds the odors of

flowers swirl mixed with the scent

Of

Dockrillia teretifolia

purple-pink 'gainst the sapphire blue
sky thy lips unfurl stand like the
portals of cliff topped temples oh to
thee give √ homage and unto thee
bring thee offerings of scent of
purple violet grapes dripping
fragrances o'er pomegranates and full
ripe figs to thee bring √ offerings of
these to thee oh see how lay √ these
at thy flower-fleshy folds of thy
temple door swirling in diaphanous
mist pink veiling thy lips fruit-pulpy

like some *Tanagra* blushing pink
 hued like sunlight thru pink flower
 petals shining or light casting pink
 shadows o'er marble votive vase

the scent *Of*

Dockrillia teretifolia

drips fromst thy cunts flower face
 seeps down within the hidden slit of
 thy cunts flesh and disappears into
 the pool of liquid glass to o'er flow
 upon the earth bursting into *Illyrian*
 violets red-headed poppies and

**Tyrian acanthus to woven be by
 flowing haired nymphs into wreaths
 strung with wild berries golden hued
 and layed round thy flame flowers
 furling lips'**

**the breath of ♀ hast furled thy lips
 folds back fromst that hole of
 liquidity ast the flowers petals
 uncurl whenst kissed by the sun
 thy cunts hair flares out like the sun
 gods hair the light of the breath of ♀
 ignites thy folds into a flame flower
 that shoots fire yellow into the pink-**

purple lips of ♀ well scented with

the scent Of

Dockrillia teretifolia

till they burn with heated desire with

the froth of thy lips patterned along

the pulpy flesh-pink lips of ♀ like

pink shadows o'er a temples marble

floors

ast ♀ face the portal of thy cunt thy

lips are patterned with the scent Of

Dockrillia teretifolia

thy lips chelidon wings flutter like
 yellow flames that flower of thine
 flame flecked nestled in tangled hair
 ast sea weed lays upon golden sands
 thy cunt hair rooted in pink flesh
 drags up the scent Of

Dockrillia teretifolia

Flecking those tangled stands ast
 sea spray flecks sea-flowers tinted
 blue frosted with salt-flecked each
 single hair strand decked in those
 folds hair-crusted find ♪ the music
 of the Hesperdies the Elysian

**Fields that fromst thy holes
liquidity flows Salsabil up along thy
crimson slit like the bee in flight
flutters the lips of thee before the
eyes of ♪ chanting out desires for
maenads in dithyrambic dance**

**Ah Sit here ♪ hear sitting in my
Stasis house passions aflame fires
of desires quiver along the fleshy
limbs of ♪ ast sayeth Bhartrihari**

“spells oh fool cannot cure it nor drugs
on thy lips confound it

Nor ritual magic oh dullard deal it

destruction

passion oh dimwitted like an epileptic

fit attacks mans limbs

to inflict the torment of frenzied

derangement”

blah

blah

**Ah Sit here I hear sitting in my
Statis house passions aflame fires
of desires quiver along the fleshy
limbs of I delving into “Symen”**

**Wrecked on the rocks of Scylla
and Charybdis of thought and action
thrown up with the rubble of the sea
sea-foam flecked salt-crustled tangled
in sea-weed and sea grass whipped
with the tongue of the thrashing sea
pallid and cracked limbs twisted
fromst the sea gulls cries in the ears
of I heard I cymbals and reed
flutes mellifluous tones and on the
air thru the hair of I smelt**

the scent Of

Dockrillia teretifolia

found I carried high high along
 ledges granite sharp and cut wide
 white rocks fitted edge to edge high
 ast the gulls cried and screeched in
 the ears of I while cymbals and
 flutes didst sound high high
 upwards to the blue sky ast seas
 crashed and sea-foam frothed far far
 below the jagged cliffs edge to
 temples pink columns we arrived I
 carried high into the purple-violet

**shadows enclosed scents of myrrh –
frankincense thru ripples thru the
fire-light that flared fromst urns and
pine touches bright gold reds and
yellows weaved brocades of light
o'er pink marble floors nymphs
beauteous grape stained nipples taut
on breasts white ast milk froth
hyacinth curls down cheeks aglow
with purple cunt hair well trimmed
spangled with yellow bells all naked
brought ♪ to too place o'er marble
slab incased in ivy vines curling**

round *Tyrian* acanthus 'neath
 achryselephantine form placed *∩*
 with all manner of *Hindu* and
Phoenician wares ruby
 pomegranates berries with purple-
 violet sheens urns of myrrh and
 honey sweet gems and spices of
 cinnamon spikenard and all rare and
 costly stuff *Egyptian* *Apis* bulls
 on foreheads white triangles on
 backs white vulture wing under
 tongues a scarab mark and on their
 right flank white crescent moon and

**double hairs on their tails all with
throats slit whose blood congealed
upon the slab like melting rubies red**

**♪ be put upon 'neath that
chryselephantine form two puffy
folds within twin smaller lips of
paler pink all smeared in blood hung
with pink curtains diaphanous all
within pink rimed hole fromst which**

wafted the scent ♪

Dockrillia teretifolia

**Fromst within seemed thru hymen-
like veil blood oozed steaming hot**

**incense-like whose fumes mixed with
the purple light and odoriferous
scents but what be at the lips top
juncture a darker pink stem atop
glowing like heated coals a bud
grape-like drenched in congealed
blood red like red pulp oozing fromst
sea-aloes round which was draped
circlets of flame-flowers in honey
soaked like a noose round the
condemned's throat to which like
hungry bees the nymphs did kiss
drawing back the buds hood with**

**sucking lips till those honey-drenched
lips crimson dripped o'er the slab and
 ♪ to cover in a cloak of red that
 dripped fromst those hungry lips
lapping those purple-violet foldy lips
 ast o'er which they didst out pour
 fromst golden urns thick frothing
blood ast dance and song reed flute
 and tambourine scattered sound
within the scattered light within the
 temple room ast they their hips
 swirled round ast those nymphs
didst limbs fling about while their**

**wild hair didst fly within the purple
airs like bacchanals upon the beasts
they screamed and yelled and about
♪ didst swirl and twist and twirl
their cunts hairs golden bells
tingling ringing tintinnabulating
with rapture before the laying form
of ♪ the fleshy folds didst unfurl
and spread wide the gaping hole
blood oozing didst shimmer and
gleam a nymph with ivory blade
flecked with gold didst to ♪ glide
and sway quivering with eyes afire**

like the fires of hell breasts bare white

jiggling jelly-like nipples hard and red

with pierced rings that didst jingle ast

she didst dance about hair flaring out

like the torches flames her cunts hairs

golden bells tingling ringing

tintinnabulating

ah

drawing back the breath of she

drawing back the shoulders of she

drawing back the arm of she

sound pauses all be quiet the music

drops into a death-like calm

the arm lifts and o'er the throat of ♪

across slic...

isbn 9781876347732

Tanagra chelidon Tyrian acanthus

**The scent
Of *Oncidium
leucochilum***

***Poem by c
Dean***

*The scent
Of Oncidium
leucochilum*

*Poem by c
dean*

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Preface

To believe he doth the universe face
 alone free ast the existentialist doth
 see

What crap nothing but he be
 mentally unhealthy the individualist
 the deformed child of capitalism
 nothing but a narcissistic
 snollygoster solipsist gone up his
 own arse he be mentally unhealthy
 alienated he be the price he doth pay
 for the individualism of he he cannot
 see he be a creation of a society
 unhealthy sickness loneliness the
 price he doth pay for the
 individualism of he And I have been

of all men loneliest,

And my chill soul has withered in my
 breast

**Sit hear here √ echolocating with
 repeated syncope of the words
 and the mind of √ brachiating on
 fuliginous thoughts thoughts
 mere spilth of the mind of √ the
 mind of √ a concrecence of
 thoughts a quiddle √ quibbling
 o'er trivialities naught but the
 mind of √ a shivaree of a
 cacophony of thoughts brinkying
 about ne'er ending √ be naught
 but a snollygoster like Grendel**

and the rest of the existential
dopes “| observe myself observing
 what | observe” **then realizing like**
he “ then | am not that which
 observes | am *lack* “ **He**
understands “the meaningless
 objectness of the world “ **He**
screams “the world is all pointless
 accident” **what a dope he would**
conclude the existential anthem
 “we all encounter the universe

alone" **we are completely free**
what utter crap trapped by
language and logic all the dope
hast to do is drop logic abandon
language like the sage who sighed

| the head of | raised to see the
world for is broken the spider web
of the weaving of | that asleep kept
| a dreaming sleep walking broken
is the spider web of the weaving of
| broken the warp of language weft
of logic that along the sticky
silken threads like millions of
gleaming jewels thoughts did lay"

**But alas the world will not hear
and like the poet**

I have shut up my soul with vehemence
Against the world, and opened every
sense

That I may take, but not for love or
price,

The world's best gold and
frankincense and spice.

I have delighted in all visible things ...

And I have been of all men loneliest,

And my chill soul has withered in my
breast

With pride and no content and
loneliness.

**So I will delight in imaginings
 in this tomb of I in this cold
 airless place devoid of life where
 I have my books and poetry for
 company and let the mind of I
 wander free in imaginings
 inspirations on "Selidora"
 In mirror copper red russet ast
 nights sinking sun see she I at
 that cunt flower of she with**

The scent

Of Oncidium leucochilum

**looking staring gazing with wide
 cow eyes pupils dark ast the
 depths of deaths abyss of the
 eternal darkness of the seas
 abysm looking she see √ she
 gazing at that petaled rose that red
 colour colour of ripe grapes
 colour of virgin flushed cheeks
 coloured red petaled flesh dark ast
 figs coloured of the Sufis wine
 coloured like fire 'gainst the bright
 ivory of the thighs petals of**

coloured grace red lined edge of
rippling texture coloured like fire
frozen carved out of flickering
flames coloured petals lips to lips
quivering frozen light that shines
pinkish hue ast if thru pink silken
veil steeped in the red tint of
Allyrian roses we view see she ♪
at that cunt flower of she with

The scent

*Of *Oncidium leucochilum**

gazing looking at those crimson

lips crimson like some Syrian

crocus laying in bower of

jeweled blooms studded of gems

of onyx astrophyllite and

aurichalcite and fluorapophyllite

gold tinted lips like fairies wings

diaphanous that flutter o'er

purple flower-tips of iris and tulip

blooms to vibrate light across

pink air to dance in whorls and

whirls of scatted light of light-

**frothed-flowerlets light kissed
 into sinuous twirls of strands of
 light that drip o'er ivory lips like
 a vase of porcelain incandescent
 of gleaming glow with**

The scent

Of Oncidium leucochilum

**the lips of she ♪ see tremble
 longing to kiss lips to lips of each
 velvet petaled lip lips enthralled in
 desires fires lips clasped in
 languorous bite kissing each to**

**each lips set upon lips each to
 each shuddering into sublime bliss
 each to each on each lips with**

The scent

Of Oncidium leucochilum

**what name giveth ♪ for that cunt
 flower bursting bloom with**

The scent

Of Oncidium leucochilum

**that bursting flower bloom that
 flame-flower-foam-pink-flecked
 that curvilinear shell frozen lily-**

**white rose textured pinker than
 sunset sun trembling with the
 heat of lust that full open ripe
 fruit what name giveth ♪ for that
 cunt flower bursting bloom with
 with**

The scent

*Of *Oncidium leucochilum**

**that bursting flower bloom that
 honey-blue-veined flesh-unkissed
 that molten flesh afire with the
 glow of desire quivering petals**

pink ast roses soft flesh fluted
with amber ast Sidonian sea-
flowers that conch-shell of flesh-
fragrant-fruit-fleshy -hepaticas-
lips light kissing those lips
streaked-pink-flecked those lips
wavelets of light flung upon the
golden light incandescent like
phosphorescent sea-foam flecking
fins of sea-gliding flying-fishes
whirls of light merge into golds
and reds what name giveth ♪ for

that cunt flower bursting bloom

with

The scent

*Of *Oncidium leucochilum**

**with those curvilinear lips carved
out of slices of the pink tinted
liquid mid-winter moon those lips
frozen sheet-lightning that flash
across the dome of the caerulean
sky that leap with scarlet flames
to reach the arch of heaven that
cup cupola of the blue up into**

**that infinity of sky thru the sea of
stars flecked flickering violets
reds and blue flecked flickering
ambers flecked flickering like
scales of some curled dragon
sprawled across the sky with
flecked flickering mauves greens
and pale pastel pinks
what name giveth ♪ for that cunt
flower bursting bloom with**

The scent

*Of *Oncidium leucochilum**

**that star-light-flesh-flecked pinks
 ast coral drenched with colour of
 sea-frothed-flecked-anemones
 lustres of crimson splashed o'er
 the moons silvery face of the
 reddest of pastel hues what name
 giveth ♪ for that cunt flower
 bursting bloom with**

The scent

*Of *Oncidium leucochilum**

**that ♪ long to kiss with those
 lips infinitely sweet of honeyed**

**dew that on those lips ♪ into
 bliss doth slip and in rapt
 voluptuousness burn with the
 ecstasy of lusts fires bright
 blazing flames that fold ♪ up into
 delight ast upon thy lips scented**

The scent

*Of *Oncidium leucochilum**

**Suck ♪ each scented fold and on
 each fold of lip the mouth of ♪
 doth hold in languid bite the flesh
 of ♪ doth melt with delight those**

**lips that ♪ wouldst dab the fleshy
lips of ♪ along that curvilinear
folds of flesh and drink up the
breath of thy soul feeling the soft
caress of thy flesh rain upon ♪
paroxysms of bliss those lips
upon my lips feeling the pulses of
thy hearts beats that knits thy
flesh to mine lips to lips clinging
in bliss entwined in delightfulness
lips to lips enclosed flesh to flesh
upon those sea-frothed-flecked-**

flame-flowers lips scented The

scent

Of *Oncidium leucochilum*

**that bursting flower bloom that
kissable-lickable –fascination-of-
scent-frothed-flesh what shall √**

bringeth to lay at thy feet shall

bringeth √ the rubies fire or

sapphires luculent blue shall

bringeth √ wares of √ndia china

and Assyrian stuff rare gems of

chroysolite and chrysoprase or

chryselephantines of rare beauty
or the velvet down of strouthion
or shall bringeth ♪ the cunt of ♪
like ripe figs wreathed in the
wind blown blooms of lilies or
Tyrian violets or the pink curls
of hyacinth what shall ♪ bringeth
to lay at thy feet the cunt of ♪
of roses red red soft ast the
down of swans neuphar scented
with the heated suns quivering

rays or shall bringeth ♪ the moon-
flower of the cunt of ♪ with

The scent

Of *Oncidium leucochilum*

that watery-limpid-liquidity where

Nereids play with sea-froth-

fleck anemones glittering in their

hyacinth curls where Nereids

surf the crests of the rippling

waves that waver o'er that hole of

reflected moon-light where water

nymphs upon nacreous sea-shells

**out combing the tresses of their
hair scented-salt-flecked –
flowerlets gleaming like sea-weed
that light frothed luminosity deep
in the eternal silence of the sea
deep deep where shadow-flecked
sea-creatures weave twixt bubbles
pearls of liquidity spilling o'er
whorls whirls of light-frothed
luminescence deep deep within lies
the palace of the sea god sardonyx
browns reds yellows streaked**

**and purple-red porphyry tired coral
fringed scented with the fumes of**

The scent

*Of *Oncidium leucochilum**

**thru which flutter the silver gold
fins of fishes deep deep within the
eternal silence of that hole of
languorous-quietude that hole
that smoldered with the red heat
of coal sanguine and lips burning
with refulgent flames of red fire
twisted whorls of gold in that**

**eternal silence of green light
winged creatures strange of form
and fishes greens reds blue the
nacreous sheen of porcelains float
like coloured petals within the
evanescent mist that o'er hangs
pools of neuphar lit by green
shimmering moon within the
aqueousness green clarity corals
grew and
fishes flew**

**curving curvilinear lines within
 without streaks of purple
 shadows within without golden
 shafts of luculent light streaking
 down down within the deep
 eternal silence what shall ♪
 bringeth to lay at thy feet shall
 bringeth ♪ all these with *The*
*scent***

Of Oncidium leucochilum

**the cunts lips of ♪ afire ast the
 crimson wings of butterflies that**

hover 'neath purple blooms to kiss
kiss ♪ with the lips of ♪ the
burning flesh of thee these
bringeth ♪ to thee the lips of ♪
flesh-pulpy flesh-spongy-folds
flecked with the heat of the heart
of ♪ that tremulous beats beats
out it beat ast doth the heart of
the lovelorn swan upon purple
mist 'neath the argent moon
bringeth ♪ thee the lips of ♪ that
thee canst feel the shuddering of

**my blood that beats and throbs
thru the purple veins of ♪ that
thee canst kiss those lips of ♪
into oblivions swoon into
intoxications deliriums that thee
canst be swept up into the
swirling fires of my desires that
thee canst taste the dew upon the
lips of ♪ and into drunken ecstasy
fall into the heaven of bliss that
thee upon the lips of ♪ canst suck
the soul of ♪ thru that burning**

**pulpy flesh of ♀ that thee canst
 breathe in the cunts scent of ♀
 scented with *The scent***

Of Oncidium leucochilum

**and in that fragrant odor thy soul
 melts in to the soul of ♀ ast thy
 lips be pressed to the lips of
 moisty devouring each to each
 with the pulses of each to eachs
 heart beats leaping up into flames
 of light ast thee doth kiss the
 cunts flesh-pulpy-fruit-fleshy**

**folds of ♪ that furl out thirsting
for the lips kiss of thee oh ♪
bringeth to thee the lips of ♪ that
thee wouldst flood the flesh of ♪
with fiery kisses with kisses that
burn like the flames of hell with
kiss that devour oh bringeth ♪
thee the lips of ♪ that thee
wouldst with thy kisses of fires
weep me up into a maelstrom of
delight that ♪ couldst melt into
oblivions infinitude of and**

**infinitude of bliss melted upon the
 kisses of thee that the earth
 ruptures and asunder burst fromst
 the shuddering of the flesh-pulpy-
 spongy-flesh of ♪ that thee
 wouldst with thy breath breathe
 o'er the lips flesh of ♪ oh that ♪
 couldst die in the bliss of thy kiss
 die into rapture fromst the desires
 fires of thee that is what bringeth
 ♪ to thee scented with *The scent
 Of Oncidium leucochilum***

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