

**The**  
**scent of**  
***Rhododendrons***

**Poems by c**  
**Dean**

The  
scent of  
*Rhododendrons*

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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 J in twilight twixt day and  
night the limbo land of half light sit**

**here J squeezing out the ink fromst**

**the cloak of night to write these**

**words of J in ink darkly bright**

**Sit here J 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**

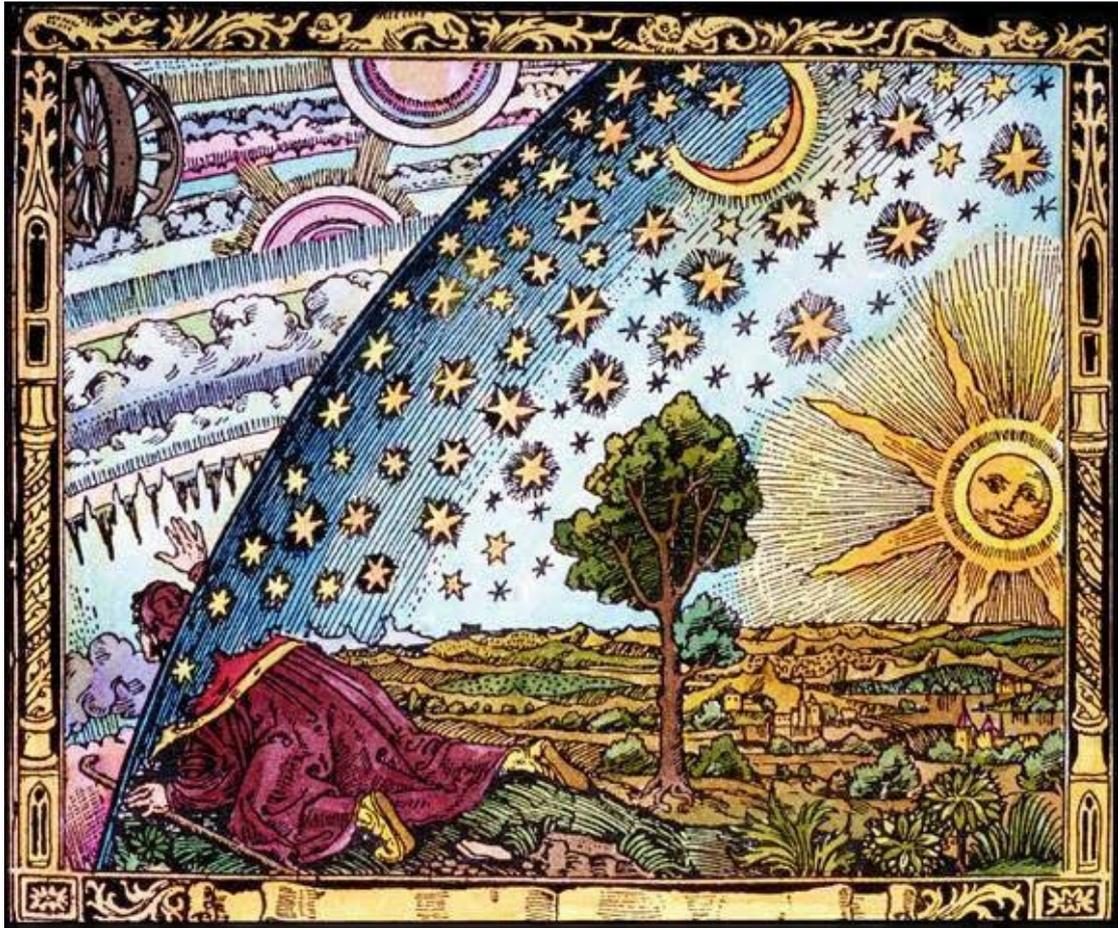
**and push back the veil of the**

**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**



**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**

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