

The
scent of
Rhododendrons

**Poems by c
Dean**

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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 ♪ 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

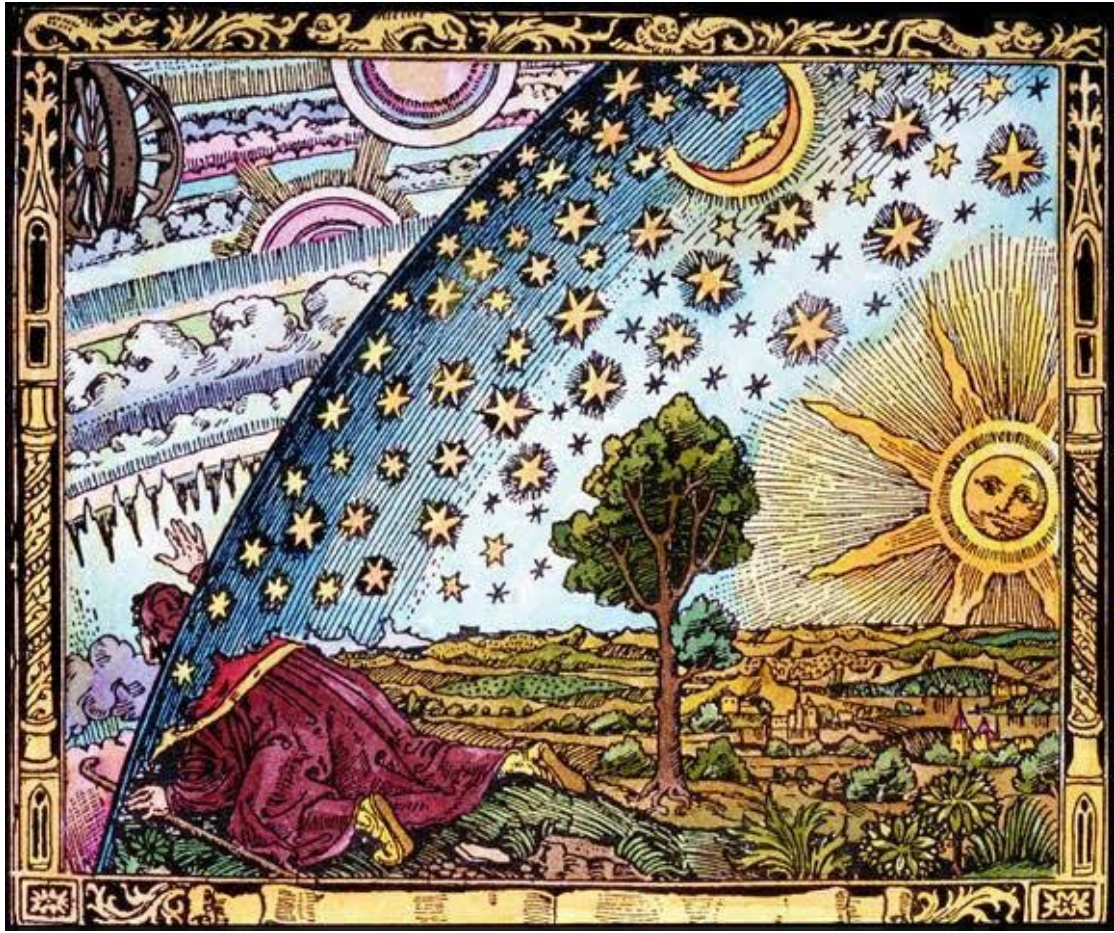
and push back the veil of the

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
Zoroastrians
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**

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