

*Theagenes &*

*Chariclea*

*ΠΟΕΜ*

*ΒΥΣ*

*ΔΕΛΦ*



*Theagenes &*

*Chariclea*

*POEM BY C*

*DEAN*

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fp" *Nymph Abducted by a*

*Satyr*" by [Alexandre Cabanel](#)

in [1860](#)

PUBLISHERS  
INTRODUCTION  
N

Ahh be

*Theagenes &*

*Chariclea*

this be but a subtle Greek  
tragedy after Aeschylus an  
insight into what maybe  
whenst the Goddess of

**Love be distained whenst  
she be rebelled against be**

**this *Theagenes***

***& Chariclea***

**be what may happens Ahh**

**Ye in other terms is this a**

**tragedy after Freud whenst**

**the instincts be ignored**

**andst we distain those**

**drives that but be the engine**

of life or in other words  
back to the Greeks who being  
more poetic andst profound  
ast Hesiod didst say Eros  
be the fourth born in creation  
after Chaos Night dark  
Erebus andst deep Tartarus  
for love ast some poet didst  
say makes the world go  
round Love be that in the  
dry language of science be  
that which keeps life thru

**procreation going we canst  
against it fight but ast  
Freud wouldst say thenst  
repression to neuroses doth  
grow but Ohh the Greeks  
knew it all but in myth told  
it so that be more poetic  
more sublime so howeth doth  
thee like "truth" inst the  
florid language of poesy or  
in terminology jargon  
stylistically dull**

**PREFACE** for those that  
do *L*ove distain andst find but  
passion but a bane andst thus do  
exclaim rightly so who canst say that  
*L*ove andst passion to fromst  
refrain thus to ease the mind of its  
many flights to cease passions blight  
andst many claim that peace they  
find *Y*et *L*ove doth some say who  
canst say claim every hart at least  
once feels *L*oves bite *B*ut hear is  
the bite that once *L*ove doth thy  
flesh entice to stop one passion one  
lusting sigh *B*ut be like the *H*ydra  
cause 1000 new passions to arise

Two youths more beauteous thanst the  
Gods didst all others beauty vanish inst  
the lightning flash of the beauty of these  
youths two Yet each didst Love andst  
Venus distain for each didst claim  
wedlock be a bane andst each didst  
proclaim virginitities praise andst vowed  
perpetual chastity andst each didst  
regard passions a pollution that the flesh  
doth contaminate Yet at a temple of  
Diana they their eyes didst meet andst  
Love didst grow andst distain didst go  
andst longing for Love andst passions  
fires didst bloom with it joy andst woe



Ahh Diana daughter of Latona to  
 thee I sing the songs of I 'neath  
 thy Cypress tree that which to thee  
 admire I that to I thy face hast  
 shown andst thus to inspire this  
 virginity of I that I offer up to  
 thee my chastity that to the world is  
 known that I give to thee Ye my  
 celibacy that thru my hours of my  
 days to thee I bow andst sing thy  
 praises high whilst I distain Love  
 andst Venus do I not marriage too  
 long to gain for Ye for all desire  
 hast o'erthrown I in homage of thee  
 my hymen I keep for thee mine for  
 the glory that be thine

Yet at thy temple *Diana* dear ast  
*Rosy*-finger'd morn appeared before the  
 eyes of *J* he *Theagenes* whilst around  
*J* maidens decked inst darken gold blue  
 tinged yellow glow andst glancing  
 colours hue *He Oh He* in purple robs  
*Centaur*s crafted in gold that didst with  
 shimmering light *His* sight didst *J*  
 behold first glace the eyes didst kiss  
 entrance blushed crimson brighter thanst  
 the dawn flushed pale we didst with  
*L*ove inst our hart we our eyes couldst  
 not but part whilst inst that moment of  
 where eternity seemed to last  
 wandered fleeting feelings didst *Venus*  
 with her art didst impart *Andst Ohh*  
*With* shame passions fires didst start

Ahh Venus thou Goddess of love  
 against thee do I rebel for thy charms  
 that do the world ensnare I do shun for  
 these do I regard as harm that marriage  
 that where love doth lead do I disdain  
 andst to the world that pays homage to  
 thy name I claim that love andst women  
 I willst fromst refrain for if couldst I I  
 wouldst offer up to Cybele that which  
 Attis in his glory in devotion made  
  
 For I willst say no woman has seen I  
 that be worthy of my love for she to  
 catch my eye to my hart to move my  
 mind to marriage incline all women  
 that hast seen I all this doth do prove  
 Andst inst voyce sweet do I sing  
 Andst inst my celibacy do I rejoice  
 Andst inst my hart happiness do I bring

Yet ast I at the temple of Diana where  
Thessalian maidens with hair  
dishevelled with fruits andst flowers  
fragrant spice thin-waisted Thessalian  
maidens with beauties powers danced  
but Yet didst not I entice nor entrance  
in purple robe robed I in gold worked  
the story of Centaurs andst the Lapithae  
But the clasp of electrum be the image  
of Pallas with that shield of she with  
that Medusa head that head fromst  
which to stone didst turn they whose  
eyes had not fled fromst that face  
which all bemoan Yet thenst didst see I  
Chariclea that passed that torch to I that  
face that looked at I first glance thenst  
my hart didst race my flesh to blush  
with my passions the blood didst rush

**Ohh Theagenes Archilles Pelus son  
 thou flower of the Greeks in my bower  
 my hart doth speak for fromst thy sight  
 my imagination flames andst on thy  
 name thy name gives my shame that the  
 eyes of J do melt with this languor that  
 fascination of passion doth of J  
 fatigues ast do sit upon moonbeams my  
 sighs that fromst my mouth do streams  
 that Oh Theagenes my passions they  
 do not quench the dew in thy eyes the  
 purple light upon thy brow Oh to which  
 my soul doth bow a dreamer of such  
 thoughts that quake my flesh andst doth  
 burn my breath flashed my eyes for into  
 wanton longing my mind doth flame ast  
 thy face Oh with lust my flesh profane**

**Ohh lie here ♪ with passions  
 prostrate ♪ the cheeks bloom flown  
 andst the eyes of ♪ with tears of  
 longing hast their lustre gone the golden  
 world ♪ bemoan its splendour to  
 naught but a monotone for all joys to  
 thee to thee Oh Theagenes ♪ surrender  
 for prowl ♪ around thy image in the  
 mind of ♪ she lion be ♪ that follow  
 thee in my dreams a hot-fleshed nymph  
 that steams seeking those lips those  
 lips of thee dizzying flesh that doth  
 burst forth that flower of ♪ in that  
 valley of folds that bower that sparkling  
 eye for thee Oh Theagenes for thee to  
 devour with thy desire my flesh that  
 evermore becomes more hot with fire**

Ahh dear Theagenes I do to thee avow  
 that which dear Theagenes once didst but  
 the ear of this chaste virgin I do to be  
 didst But shame But now Ohh  
 Theagenes what wast odious once to me  
 andst didst this virgin flesh of I  
 contaminate now But such thoughts Ohh  
 such delight to passions too too to succumb  
 with sensual Love that do mine eyes do  
 swell the flesh andst sleepless be my  
 nights heaving heated breaths that naught  
 canst relieve But only thy touch thy suck  
 upon my flesh for do believe Oh  
 Theagenes this flesh of I throbs for thee  
 that rose that twixt the thighs of I that  
 grows be blood pulsing red those lips lilies  
 upon this bed moist curl furl swollen where  
 all shame be fled where flesh to flesh be  
 wed

Ohh Chariclea dear hear thy look hast  
into passions thrown I into confusion  
do my emotions go

Where this longing hath no end where  
thy face do send I where thy face be  
doth my desires be prolonging where  
lusts do seize I in their grasp andst  
cause I to dream that I do thy flesh to  
clasp to seek thee Chariclea dear hear  
be that burns my hart andst doth pound  
my veins with those flames that thy  
face doth fill the world with thy fame  
Oh so Ohh Chariclea give me thy face  
the more that I canst on it the more  
adore andst do sweare I that done but I  
shallst have thee for a bride andst with  
my sword all comers for thee I  
forewarn off thee ast like my property



Ahh dear Theagenes the thoughts on thee  
 doth the mind of ♀ do run ast along the  
 lips furred edge doth the finger tip of mine  
 doth strum andst into that pool of heated  
 delights doth that tip do slip Ahh Ahh  
 howeth that sends this flesh of ♀ to  
 quivers that doth not end whilst lie ♀  
 here do ♀ play those lips like the lyre of  
 Orpheus my sighs do sing my cries my  
 lust betray whilst on thy image dear  
 Theagenes to this flesh fires bring Ahh  
 dear dear Theagenes come to ♀ like those  
 Satyrs that in the forest that do but  
 TAKE those pink-skinned nymphs to  
 place thy teeth into my neck andst bite  
 whilst our thighs to thighs join beneath  
 with thy passions might covered each to  
 each in moonbeams that kiss our flesh  
 'neath the blanket of the night

Ahh dear Theagenes sour ♀ in thoughts  
 giddyng dancing on moonbeams where out  
 ♀ pour my sighs of lust for thee wild  
 nymph thee hast made ♀ longing for thy  
 thighs thrust be ♀ a she-cat that howls on  
 heat for thee at thy thigh rub ♀ that heated  
 mound that But throbs for thee fromst that  
 lust that thru my flesh doth pound the  
 dazzling frenzies fire sparkling fromst  
 mine eyes Ahh Theagenes that apple  
 crimson hued ripe fruit bursting 'neath the  
 hips of ♀ offer ♀ to thy lips to eat to  
 feast But Ahh Theagenes place thy groin  
 o'er mine andst Ye andst that barrier to  
 break thru with my cries that burst in my  
 mind with stars ecstasies of delight bright  
 glows of light ♀ do sweare ast the pain  
 doth bite in the quivering of my lusting  
 throws evermore more lusts do grow

Ohh lie here ♪ Theagenes melting  
 away in streams of heated lusts  
 thinking of thee But all that my mind  
 doth seems to be But Ohh Theagenes  
 full of contraries

To be in lusts paradise But in hell for  
 more lusts lust ♪ fromst thee ♪ do  
 tell

To have my lusts satiated by thee Yet  
 unsatiated ♪ be for more lust need ♪  
 fromst thee

To have my lusts fulfilled by thee Yet  
 to crave more lusts fromst thee

Our flesh to flesh in sins heated kiss

Ahh it all be worth e'en hell this bliss

Ohh Chariclea hear I long for thee thy  
face doth breed inst the hart of I delight  
that makes me ache with need for thee for  
all happiness do I gain that binds I to thee  
Yet I do find

In marriage I long for thee to own Yet my  
love for thee be due to that thee be free

In marriages thrall I long to take thee Yet  
it is thy freedom that makes I love thee

In marriage with thee I wouldst be happy  
with thee Yet it is due to no bonds that is  
my love for thee

Thus Ohh Chariclea dear in wedlock  
Let us kiss e'en to give up our freedom  
for this bliss