

Tiryaq

By

kohl'in al-deen

translated by

'Kis al-Mahabba al-'bahi bint

Quth

Poem by e

Dean

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Translators introduction

The *Tiryaq*

is a work of alchemy each poem be a pill where each word be a herb each line be an essential oil each stanza a exotic root all mixed together by the poems rhythms and rhymes to metabolize in the *Ḳar'a* of the mind of the reciter

where Omar *Khayyam* and *Li Po* advocate the imbibing of wine for ones woes sorrows melancholies *kohl'in al-deen* advocates the cunt be the universal anodyne for the miseries of this world unlike the *carpe diem* of *Horace* or the hedonism of the *Epicurean*

the question arises as with Hafiz is
 kohl'in al-deen a sufi or reprobate
 poet that mystery cannot answer ✓
 for like beauty is in the eye of the
 beholder the reciter will have to
 answer that question for them selves
 kohl'in al-deen advocates a way out
 from suffering or in a mystical sense
 bondage to ones woes and sorrows
 of an insufferable world ones
 existence ones whole being is
 poisoned by the trappings of the
 world in a richness of words and
 imagery and rhythms kohl'in al-deen
 pills are full of sensuousness and a
 multiplicity of textures and
 sounds-scapes creating an emotional
 landscape of voluptuousness thru
 erotic word-play Where in other

mystical poems sex lust cunts and women entice one away from the spiritual and imprisons one in the world of cravings and hence misery but contrary to this kohl'in al-deen advocates the complete opposite rather than cunts being bondage cunts become in effect the way out of woes sufferings and the insufferable world of misery by this magic cunts are transformed from the obscene from the thing that destroys ones mind and flesh to the savoir to the one to in effect release one from the bonds of the veil of tears that be this world we live in thus rather than renounce the flesh to escape from the worlds wails one infact embraces the flesh to gain release thus if kohl'in al-deen advocates pills are mystical

**then each pill can be seen as form of
meditation focused thought upon the
cunt and by doing so overcoming
time and the world thru
concentration and absorption in the
cunt**

but

**then again kohl'in al-deen pills may
be no more than the workings of a
sick pervert to get you horny –the
verdict is up to the reciter**

Preface

**kohl'in al-deen doth say in each of
 the pills ♪ offer thee be release
 fromst thy woes thy miseries by
 their magic transformed thee be
 fromst anguish sorrow or what ever
 be thy misery fromst bondage to thy
 woes fromst bondage to the
 insufferable worlds sorrows each of
 the pills of ♪ be
 the glow of the moons face
 the honey of the bee
 the perfume of the flowery blooms
 the taste of ripe fruit
 what be each pill of me
 but
 the face of the cunt of some girly**

**Blah one number plus one number be
 only a number one kohl'in al-deen
 philosophy taught rack not thy mind
 all be naught like the ripple upon the
 ponds face or the breath fromst the
 philosophers lips rake be thee oh dolt
 sniff the perfume thru cunts lips
 gaze upon the sight of moon-dancing
 o'er cunts holes liquid face**

**Blah ponder not on thy dying or thy
 time waste in agonies of grasping
 thy money comes and with thy dying
 goes to heaven or hell or the abyss be
 thy fate ne'er mind to rack thy mind
 spend thy moment of time pondering
 the pink lips 'neath pearl pink
 panties succulent sweet**

**Oh thee taketh heed thee and the
universe be subject to laws untold
taketh heed thee sup thy eyes and
lips upon the dew speckled ast
emeralds bright upon the cunts lips
for it will be a moment then in the
grave thee lay cold**

**Spring cometh then cometh again oh
dolt thinketh not on the eternal return
but drain the cunts juices upon thy
lips to sparkle ast stars along the
crest of the milky way**

**Every bloom that be born is born to
 wilt those glossy petals to fall but
 oh dolt care thee not whenst thee
 canst but sniff the clouds pink round
 gurlies cunt poke thy tongue thru pink
 curtains of mist to lick those petals
 of pulpy flesh hanging ast silk flags
 fluttering to thy breaths**

**Oh dolt be thee not ast Khayyam
 the toper wine in sorrows to sup but
 thy eyes drink but drink drunken to
 be upon the cunts lips of a she that
 billow and dance ast pink curtains in
 the breeze garlanded in dew glinting
 ast pearly pins within the cunts
 perfumed mist**

**Oh dolt to still thy mind of its
 woes don't thee climb the peaks to
 view the moon thru pink clouds
 Turn thy eyes downward and drown
 in the revelations that surround the
 cunts hole cloaked in its canopy of
 pink flesh**

**Oh dolt if thy life be beset by
 misery and stress and lifes path hast
 swept thee clean of happiness not to
 the toppers wine but thee shouldst
 taketh thy rest midst the sweet
 murmuring of fluttering cunts lips
 rest thy self upon the sight of cunts
 hole vista of gold pool rippling
 waves glinting ast fire-flies o'er the
 many hues of pink dappling pulpy
 flesh**

**Every rose bloom Oh dolt doth
 wither and die ast the gardens
 blossoms ast thee will do in one
 moment of time if the demise of thee
 and all things that doth existent
 cause thee woe then dolt brace thy
 sight upon the cunts lips like roses
 petals thru pink mist upon those
 lips that dewy trembling o'er liquid
 pool of perfumed airs and on that
 sight send thy mind into ecstasies
 way**

**Whenst thee find thee in tavern oh
 dolt to drunken be a toper to drown
 thy woes up up and up the skirt of
 that skinker do thee look to see
 paradise embossed on panty pink oh
 dolt on the water musky in that
 liquid hole drink and drunken be for
 eternity with no woes**

**Oh toper giveth up thy cup and thy
 woes no more drinketh thee of wine
 ¶ beseech thee out of the tavern and
 to the streets taketh thee to sniff the
 perfume fromst girlies cunts
 strolling by and on those cunts
 watch the moonlight glint off pink
 lips in those gardens of flesh
 dappled in gorgeous hues**

**For thy woes Oh toper taketh not
 thee to the river bank the cask of
 wine but instead put down thy book
 of poems and up the girlies skirt
 stare at that moon of pink liquidity
 'neath two robes of lips pink and and
 drink drink upon each drop that drips
 to effervesce tingling along thy
 tongues tip**

**Oh toper thee drinks away thy lifes
 chagrin and thee misfortunes of thee oh
 dolt thy life trickles away ast doth the
 rivers of spring ast thy life to its end doth
 come take up not the cup of wine look ye
 about to see all those cunts ast blossoms
 bulbs of frozen light on river bank oh dolt
 taketh thee ast the bee and sup sup away
 thy moments left within the corollas of
 those watery blooms perfumed**

**Oh toper thee drinks to quench thy
 sorrows of parting drunken thee be to forget
 the moon doth wane and the flowers doth
 wilt all under heaven but a moments second
 be oh dolt drunken thee be quenching thy
 thirst deep in the indigo shadows of a
 girlies cunt thy tongue tangled in her dark
 fleecy pubes whilst pink mist tumbles
 clouds of perfume about the lips tips of
 those flesh folds**

**With thy cup in hand thee ponders
 thy death oh toper with the wines red
 stain upon thy lips thee sighs but oh
 dolt look thee upon some girlies cunt
 garlanded with the tresses of dark
 tangling hairs and feast thy lips
 upon those sweet fleshy folds oh
 imbibe with thy eyes that rose
 flower and be its nightingale singing
 in bliss**

**At night whenst ponders thee being
 non-being emptiness meaninglessness
 cries thee up skinker the cup do
 bringeth oh dolt drunkenness thy ills
 will not cured be but for those woes
 be the pink silky flesh of a girlies
 cunt a flower in bloom the dawns
 hue a flame of pink light whose
 perfumes doth in thy flesh doth soak**

**Oh dolt thy woes for being thee
 another mans slave groveling for wealth
 seeking thee health with the cup of wine
 at thy lips drunkening thy self but wave
 the skinker away and on the cunt of a
 girlie place thy gaze**

***F*lesh of voluptuousness**

***P*erfume of rose**

***T*aste of heavens manna**

***A*ll joys of these are made**

***D*ust to dust thee sees thee fromst
 being to non-being oh dolt in the mirror
 doth thee see thy decay oh be not the
 toper the skinker do call not but feast
 thy eyes upon the flesh of some girlies
 cunt voluptuous of curve lips red ast a
 bruised plum caressing thy cheek
 languorous decked in beads of pearls
 perfumed sweet**

**Thy youth is spent and thy wealth
 be no more than dust Oh thee toper
 for these woes taketh not the
 skinkers cup in that wine be naught
 but drunkennesses oblivion oh dolt
 thy release cometh fromst the ample
 flesh of a girlies cunt dripping
 perfumed ambrosia fromst that cunts
 hole of she pink rimmed rimmed**

**In thy servile grovel to money in
 thy debt bondage to the rich Oh
 toper thy souls wails thee drowns in
 the wines drunkenness but dolt gaze
 the eyes and drink the wine of girlies
 succulent cunt fleshy that out glows
 the rose out beautifies the moon oh
 that enchanting flesh eclipsing the
 luster of gold in it thy tongue enfold**

**Thy hair turns grey thy flesh's hue
 doth fade all about is in decay oh toper
 kohl'in al-deen doth say whenst thee
 calls the skinker for cup for thy pains
 to taketh away taketh the advice of ♪
 to a bower blooming with sweet
 perfumed blooms taketh thee a girly
 sweet and fasten thy lips upon the cunts
 folds of she and squeeze thy lips and
 with thy tongue creeper like curling
 rounds those fleshy folds and drink in
 that face exquisite this be the cure for
 thee**

**Oh toper whenst thee doth realize the
 universe doth turn measuring out one
 more moment of thy decay for solace
 kohl'in al-deen doth say lick a girlies
 cunt languorous of curve twirl thy
 tongue in a whirl of sensations
 perfumed submerged**

**Whenst thee pains at groveling for
 dust of gold oh Oh dolt not to the
 skinker taketh thy way no pains
 relief in cup of wine kohl'in al-deen
 doth say to the girlies
 voluptuous flesh taketh thee
 taketh thee to those lips tremulous
 for thee to those lips with dark hairy
 tresses twinning around those folds
 'neath slender bellies**

**Oh toper in the skinkers cup be no
 solace for thy woes in the skinkers
 cup thy woes will not go like the
 moth to the flame**

The fish to the baited hook

**Fix thy mind upon some girlies cunt
 and in that image whilst burn away
 thy woes and into ecstasy to heaven
 thy soul goes**

**Fromst non-being to being cometh
 we blah to philosophy sayeth kohl'in
 al-deen there be naught but miseries
 in these philosophies taketh up the
 skinkers cup again naught but
 miseries oh toper taketh thee the
 cunts pink screen-lintels and doeth
 part and place thy lips upon the
 cunts holes rim and with one great
 breath draw in those flowery waters
 wet thy lips on that heavenly froth
 let the perfume into thy lips soak and
 coat thy tongue in beads that jewels-
 like glow**

**Oh toper cast down the skinkers
 cup for thy worries to stop in girlies
 cunts blow bubbles of froth to swirl
 and whirl upon thy tongues tip
 breath-blown dew languorous sip**

**Oh toper at the worlds vicissitudes
 anxious thee be thee say skinker up
 with thy cup nay sayeth kohl'in al-
 deen miseries with wine be not
 allayed for that fortune sayeth ♪
 kohl'in al-deen on a carpet of flowers
 taketh thy lay a sweet girly and
 count the petals of her cunt thee
 willest see more colored and
 perfumed thanst all the blooms this
 path be the end of miseries**

**Come toper with me and the earth
 miseries flee not in wines rosy froth
 but sayeth kohl'in al-deen in the
 wine that bubbles fromst some
 girlies cunt hot for thee bubbles
 afloat on a sea of mystery**

**Oh toper sayeth kohl'in al-deen to
 thee all miseries be naught but the
 minds creations symphonies of
 words be but the world weft and
 warp a mirage of the minds own
 creation be reality come come with
 me kohl'in al-deen and drink at the
 cup of the gurlies cuntty for words
 entrap thee and we in miseries of the
 minds creations by thee and we if we
 are trapped in a world illusory
 thenst come with me and dissolve all
 miseries in the pink mist that
 surrounds the cunts illusory**

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