

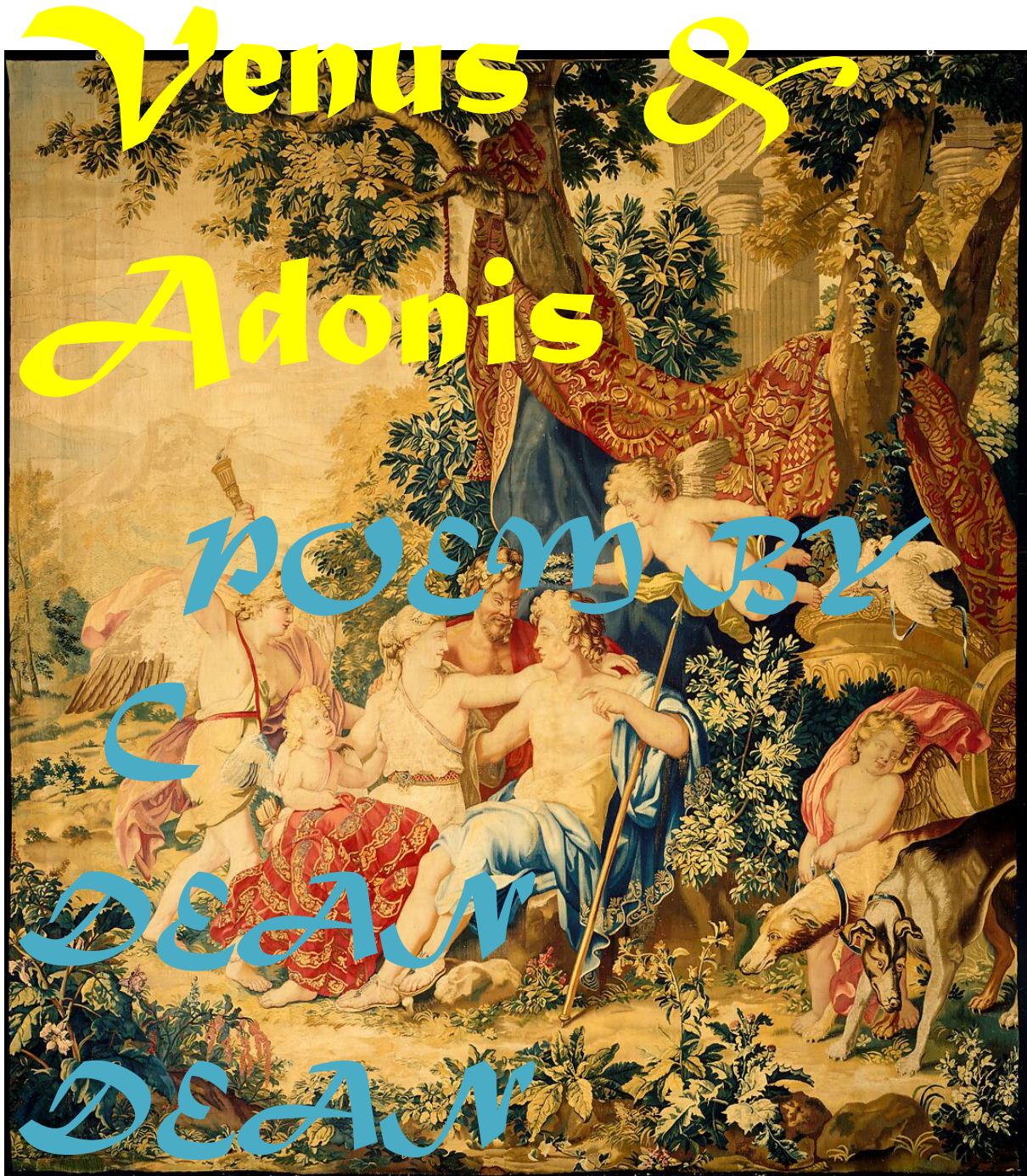
# Venus & Adonis

POEM

BY C

DEAN





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FP: **Venus and Adonis** is a painting by **Georges Barbier (1882–1932)** INFP: Venus and Adonis from a set of Mythological Subjects after Raphael designed 1686, woven 1686–90

**PUBLISHERS  
INTRODUCTION  
N**

**Ahh what be this**

**Venus &**

**Adonis Be that**

**the first in 400 years since  
the Bard a long time thee  
may say perhaps it hath to  
do with anal retentive times**

that inst the *Bards* time  
was not the case for they  
for they pornography didst  
not exist just the bawdy that  
his audience didst enjoy inst  
this tale in 16 editions  
where the avid readers didst  
ast they say enjoyed the play  
of colour so thus this

Venus &

**Adonis** be it may  
seem set for an audience like  
the *Bards* where  
pornography not be andst  
that audience canst  
appreciate poetry set apart  
fromst the common flock of  
sheeples that repeat what  
ever crap scholars do bleat  
though these sheep be they  
be not inspired or inspiration

**to have so thee but read  
something new andst fresh  
apart fromst the dribble  
scholars do teach of the  
contemporary so thee reader  
if thee be by now not  
offended thenst read but for  
thee that be a prude andst  
mediocre thenst do ♪ say  
after Publius Ovidius  
*Naso Villa miretur vulgus***

# PREFACE

Ohh whenst nature made the she andst he  
 how divine they do seem to be such polite  
 prim decorous all those shes seem to be  
 dew onst their tongues would not melt

Ahh But what lies what lies within their  
 flesh whenst love doth to them flies andst  
 ignite that desire that fire those flames of  
 lust Ahh thenst do we see the true face  
 of thee to that animal that we be to rutting  
 beast we become But more so that she for  
 she be but raw emotions set free to claw to  
 bite to scream inst bliss andst lusts grip to  
 thrust to eyes to red on heat ast bitch for  
 its mate she doth writhe and squirm andst  
 cry for ast doth say the poet a demoness  
 that howls for the demon lover of she

Ohh howeth fate canst play such  
games of love this tale doth outlay  
where didst Cupid the son of the  
goddess of Cythera didst kiss his  
mum with languishing kiss some might  
say too long perhaps with too much  
bliss well with his arrow he some do  
say unwittingly didst graze her breast  
with deep wound that run so deep  
deeper thanst she didst realize andst  
thenst she to fall in love with the most  
Handsome Man ever even in heaven  
above & thus what befell of love | tell



**Ohh fromst my breath the perfumed  
 flowers do But spring andst the fruits  
 that drip ripe sweet ooze upon the earth my  
 love doth bring the satyrs that do upon the  
 nymphs to do But spring andst some kiss  
 to steal Ahh the world be smitten with  
 each to each by the sighs of ♪**

**Those virginal lips that long to kiss**

**Those delirious cries with limbs in bliss**

**Those juices that surge andst boil fromst  
 heated blood that fumes andst hiss**

**Ahh this is fromst the love of ♪ that doth  
 fly fromst this andst that fromst bud to  
 bud to lips to flesh all Yea all caressed by  
 my breath Where upon each flesh be the  
 sting of my kiss that burns golden with fire  
 enfevered desire that brings such rapturous  
 dower to each andst each scented flower**

Ahh that child that *I* hast bred that  
 fromst my loins didst spring that Ohh that  
 didst once *But* fed upon my breast hast  
 fluttered to my lips upon thy wing andst  
 Oh Oh do *I* kiss thy crimson lips that  
 Ohh do nourish the soul of *I* andst thus  
 doth my love do grow and flourish doth  
 inflame upon thy kiss that thee doth place  
 upon my lips that with my sighs my cries  
*I* sing my childs fame andst all the stars  
 andst the moon do *But* bright up the night  
 ast doth the flowery blooms to perfume the  
 world andst all that liveth on the earth thee  
 giveth birth fromst the love that to each thee  
 doth to love dispose that doth give all and  
 all no repose *But* Ahh thy arrow my son  
 doth pierce my breast to gash That Ahh  
 see *I* he andst die in love with he where  
 love andst lust doth burn for he so fierce

Ahh Ahh for for he do I forsake All  
 Yea All that once didst I entertain with  
 joy But which now leave I forlorn for  
 now Ohh now love for he in I be born  
 that the sea shores cease I to care that  
 leave I Paphos andst Cnidos that be rich  
 in fish that swim with emerald streak of  
 light that flash like gems alight to skim  
 andst dance to my sight e'en rich Amathis  
 that hath such a store of ore that gleams  
 andst sparkles ast moon beams frozen light  
 leave I those grapes sparkling orbs ast  
 virgins sweet breasts tipped with red ast  
 kissed by the sun leave I e'en for heaven  
 for heaven be in he But stop all this  
 Apollonian wit powdered with golden  
 tints and let my hart burst into Dionysian  
 fires that storm unshackled passions  
 heated desires I that I howl in print

Cum my Love I willst be thy number one  
 Cum andst Burn thee my Love with flames  
 burning blond eei whenst a gem whenst  
 kissed by the sun Pressed upon my lips  
 overripe fruit fromst which all flowers honey  
 doth run Ahh my mouth my Love be but a  
 rose on fire where be those lips But flames  
 that do But on thee be thy pyre The senses  
 of thee wrap around the form of me andst with  
 my sweet flesh thee willst escape death inst  
 that moments kiss in that moments eternity of  
 bliss Cum Cum kiss those breasts alabaster  
 globes orbs of creamy soft scented flesh place  
 those nipples twixt thy lips andst suck thy  
 bliss as Pan doth suck upon the nymphs Oh  
 suck thy bliss ast scented juice doth seep  
 fromst that hole oozy ast quivers run deep ast  
 Spread I my thighs running finger up that slit  
 scent of musk puckering kisses sighs emit  
 wets andst oozing to thy flesh transmit

The leap of my eyes upon the limbs of  
thy flesh how love my Love for love of I  
see I those lips that pout ast thee doth  
those fold do stroke andst do inst that  
pool do poke Ahh see see I those lips  
that spread ast eagle wings that long  
for its prey to grip Ahh my Love bend I  
o'er those thighs spread so wide andst  
do breathe my perfumed breath along  
those lips that fromst that touch do  
burst like poppy pods into violet tinted  
hues gold tipped flowers that burst  
fromst their ivory bower that flutter  
like snakes tongues for that fervid kiss  
of I along thy roseate crown flesh that  
glimmers ast spluttering light that o'er  
my mouth doth glow with shimmers

**Ohh Ohh my Love that I willst tell  
 thee of my dreaming where flames blond eei  
 do flash fromst those folds twixt my  
 thighs on dreams that that thee willst be  
 the bull to I that wast the love of  
 Pasiphaë that thee whilst Mount that  
 mound of I andst press that meat of thee  
 that I do groan do moan ast inch by inch  
 inward it doth go Ahh make I Ahh make  
 I cry ast that bone doth stretch that hole  
 I andst Ohh do press thee in that I do  
 feel that flesh of I gorged filled with such  
 might Ahh that the eyes of I do flash  
 andst light the day brighter thanst  
 Phoebuss ray that the lips of I do burn  
 red fromst the friction of the press of thee  
 that that hole shallst burst into flames a  
 volcano of froth that doth gush ast fromst  
 those lips Ohh Ohh my juices erupt**

Looketh I on thy bed of flesh for my  
delight delicate flesh with lips so full of  
desires light so heated for kisses so  
gorged so swollen for that touch that feel  
of the eyes of I on the flesh of thine as  
watch I thee watch me watching Oh thee  
divine Ohh watch I my Love ast fromst my  
tunic that Priapus doth rise upon thy sighs  
that pours fromst those folds that sweet  
sap that this turgid flesh doth upon do  
feed with flickering fires that do around  
its tip doth glow like a scorpion tails bit  
that doth throb Ohh looketh thee my Love  
ast that rod I do but stroke that doth  
longs to dip inst that mouth of thee to  
stretch that flesh Looketh my love ast my  
lust shows up andst down that length I do  
rub thinking of thee thinking me kiss I thy  
mouth that lures with froth that flows

Ohh whenst see ŷ thee ŷ do touch me  
 Ohh how more sweet thanst the divine alls  
 whenst ŷ touch myself o'er thee ast thee  
 doth watch me with these fingers of ŷ that  
 do dance along the lips of ŷ ast maenads  
 do dance 'neath that throbbing thyrsus along  
 my lips that be But peacock plumes  
 painted with gold powder andst grated  
 cedar-tree tinted with attar Ohh canst thee  
 see howeth that fluid doth flow seeping  
 wetting my thighs to drip that the flowers  
 do sip andst their petals to seep perfume  
 like the randy nymph for that rutting satyr  
 'neath the moon Looketh at my lips  
 tremulous for thy kiss looketh at that  
 grape all golden with bliss that do ŷ rub  
 with fingers racing like frenzied virgins  
 that that swoon upon their loved ones face



To dab my lips along thy neck to peck  
 with that hot mouth of I around thy throat  
 to coat it with a necklace of heated thrills  
 thenst to kiss along thy thighs to Ohh to  
 thy sighs ast down down do go I around  
 that mound to flicker with my tongues tip

**Oh Oh do ♪ my ass lift to thy lips**

Thenst along thy feet do I kiss to suck that  
 toe with each lingering bliss to kiss thy sole  
 andst to breathe out my love my lust to  
 heat thy flesh **Ahh Ahh opening my**

**thighs my folds do cry ♪ quake ♪ ache**

**for more** like the vine that doth climb I  
 rise up thy limbs breathing o'er thee my  
 lusting breath that rains down to wet thy  
 flower that blooms inst my palm that  
 chalice that pours andst at thy lips I pause

**Ahh fromst Goddess to beast ♪  
 hast become a she-cat on heat fervid  
 hungry for that meat that upon which  
 my lips do seek to clasp andst eat**

**Ahh to eat that flesh that be now  
 my prey take ♪ Oh for fuck sake  
 take ♪ pray that thee willst pound  
 ♪ ast ♪ upon thee ♪ doth devour  
 with frenzied quiverings on this bed  
 of ♪ take ♪ that thy fucking willst  
 n'er expire andst that thee Ohh thee  
 my love thy lust n'er overtires with  
 thy fervid thrusts to make me quake  
 Ahh dip that meats head into my  
 flesh andst spurt Ohh spurt that  
 nectar that be the food of Gods**

splash that ambrosia scented that  
feeds my womb o'er my flesh my  
thighs my face to glitter andst  
gleams whilst with my tongue √ do  
of it do clean andst lick to savour  
that sweet ooze that falls upon √  
like dew that falls like petals of  
rose that doth make Ohh doth make  
our fuck sublime where lust andst  
love do combine in ecstasy of flesh  
blent to flesh with mouth to mouth  
sharing one breath that kindles fire  
in our flesh Ahh fuck me fuck me  
senseless make √ cry make √ cum  
Oh cum √ that my flesh doth grip  
thee thy meat andst n'er release

See thee the pre-cum gleam smell thee  
 the pre-cum scent of myrrh all woody ast  
 run I that cock thru thy pubic hair tangled  
 nest dyed purple fair ast those crimson  
 lips do pout andst seep curling lips wet  
 with foam alight with fire **Ahh stop but**  
**jam that cock into my flesh ast up my**  
**ass to thee ♪ press** Run I that knob  
 along thy slit ast beast doth do to beast  
 that doth to frenzy doth go upon the  
 heady perfume of flowers that fume  
 sweet lust **Ahh maddening thee doth**  
**send ♪ for that cock Ohh Ohh now**  
**jam ram** Ahh thus now I do that cocks  
 head place on that hole andst now do I  
 begin to bore **Ahh Yea at last bliss**  
 But Ahh do I hear in some bush the  
 thrustings of some boar