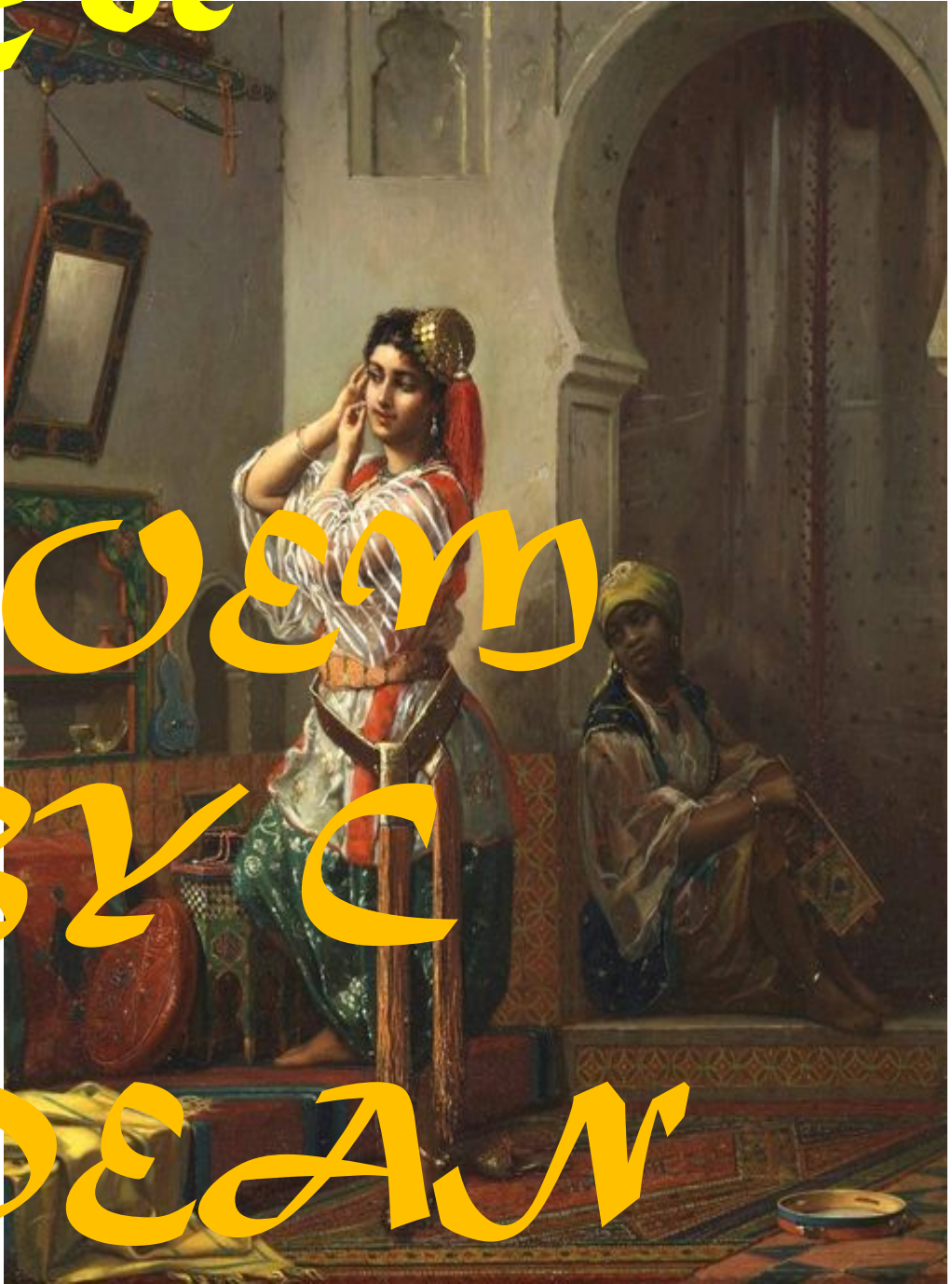


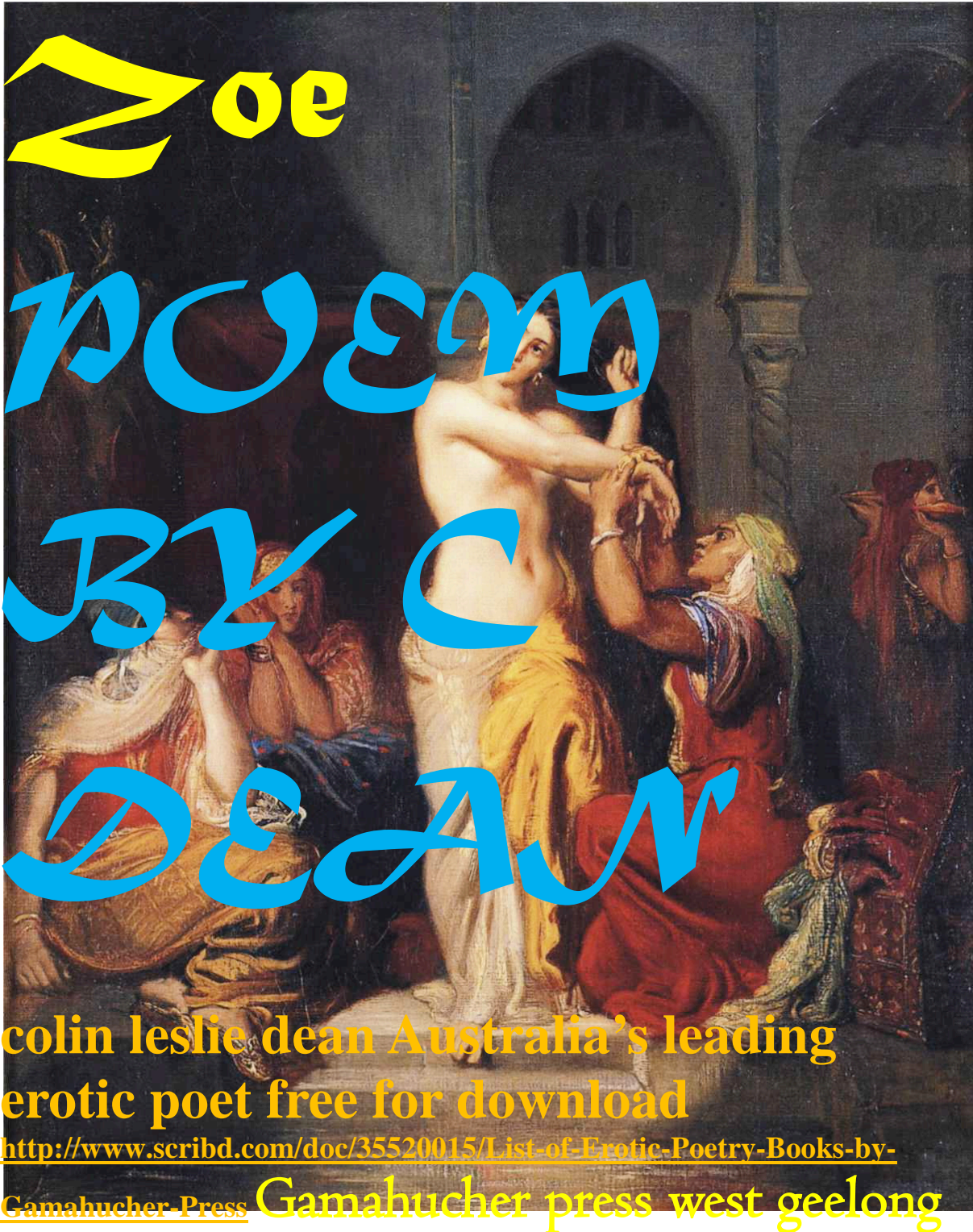
Zoe

ROEM

BY C

DEAN





Victoria 2024 P.1, Jan Baptiste Huysmans(1826 - 1906),
 The Moorish Boudoir)P.2 Théodore Chassériau - Moorish Woman
 Leaving the Bath in the Seraglio P.3 Jean-Joseph Benjamin-Constant ,
 French painter (1845–1902) P.6 *The Favorite of the Emir*, 1879 is a
 painting by Jean Joseph Benjamin

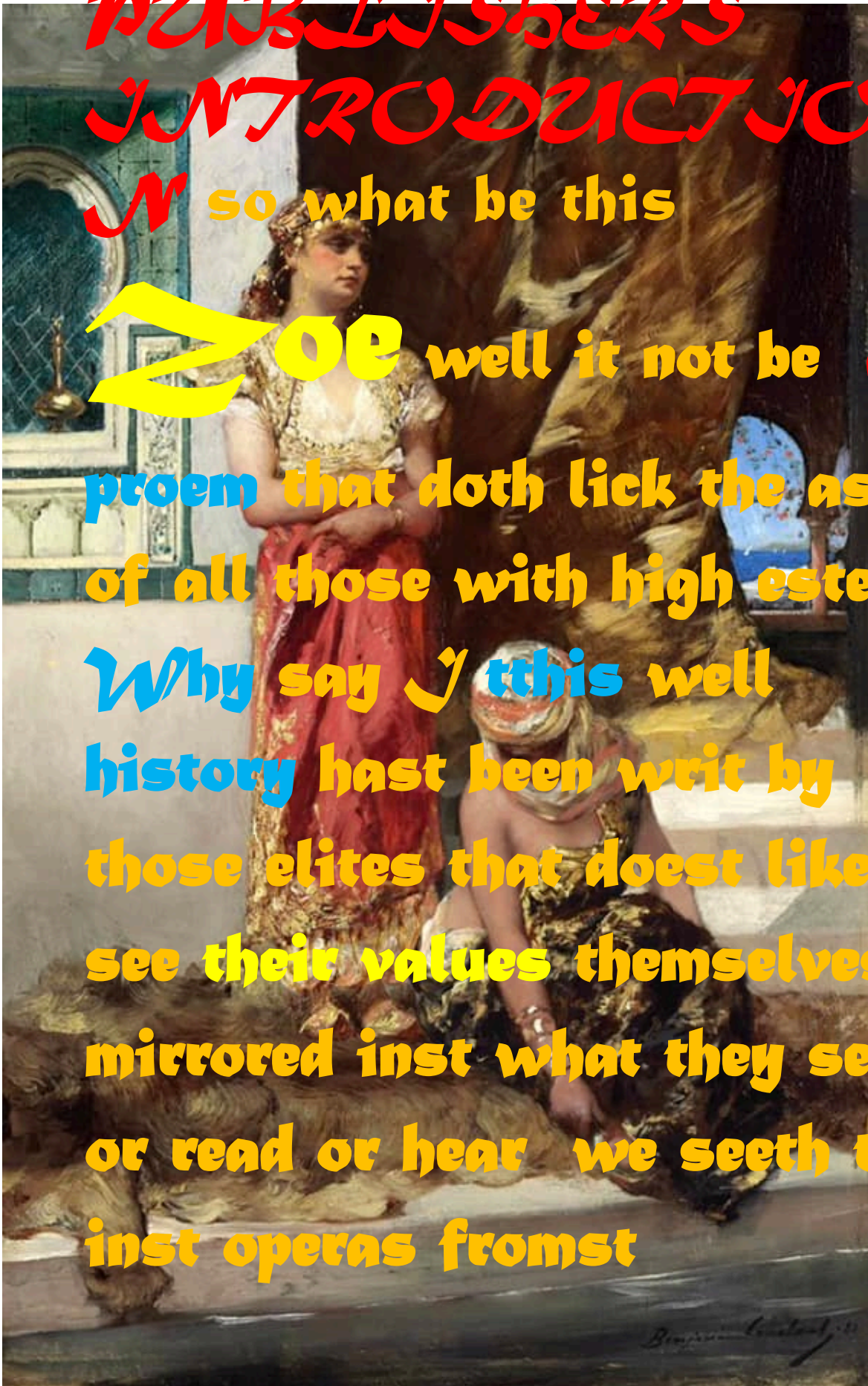
PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

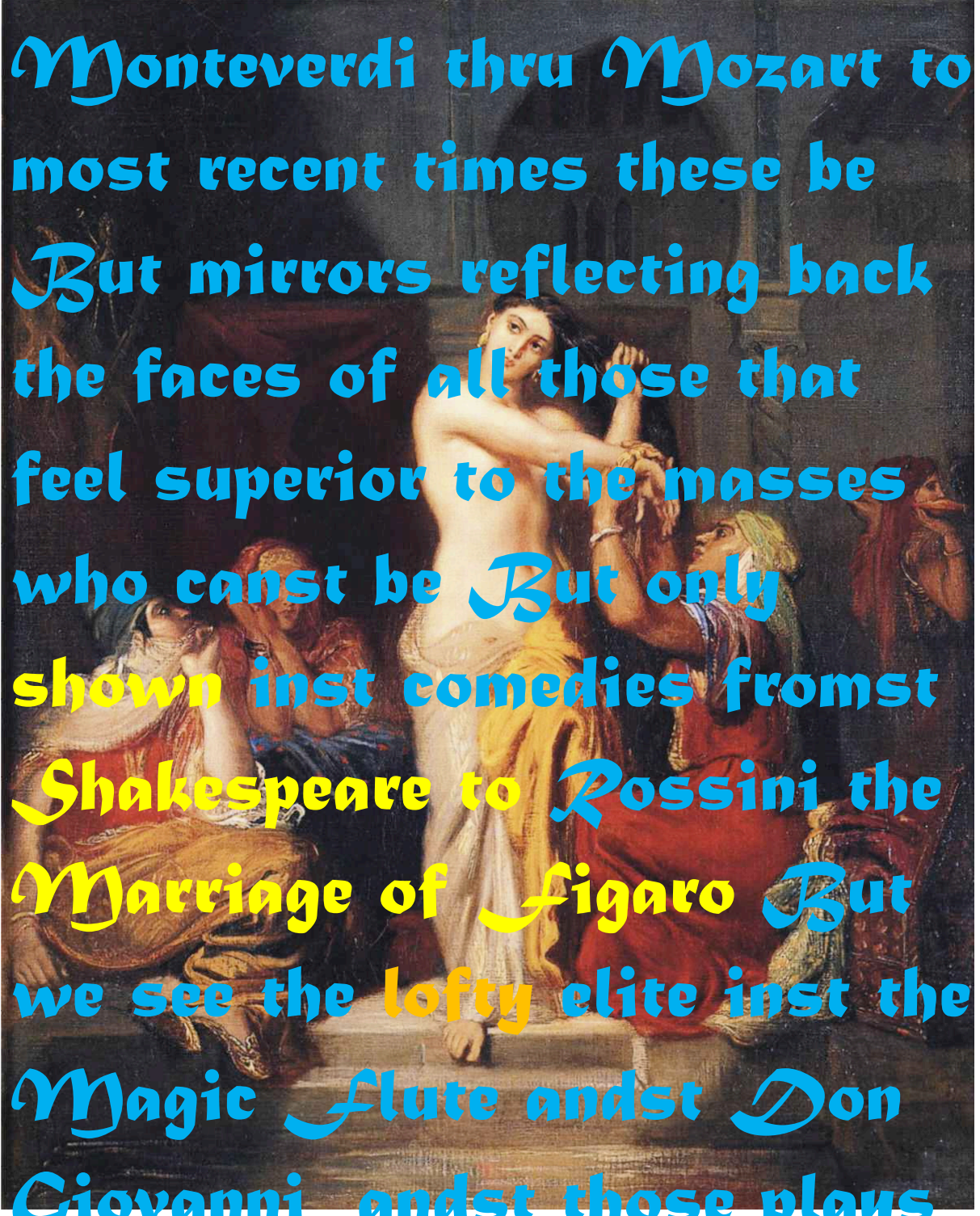
So what be this

well it not be a

proem that doth lick the ass
of all those with high esteem

Why say this well
history hast been writ by
those elites that doest like to
see their values themselves
mirrored inst what they see
or read or hear we seeth this
inst operas fromst



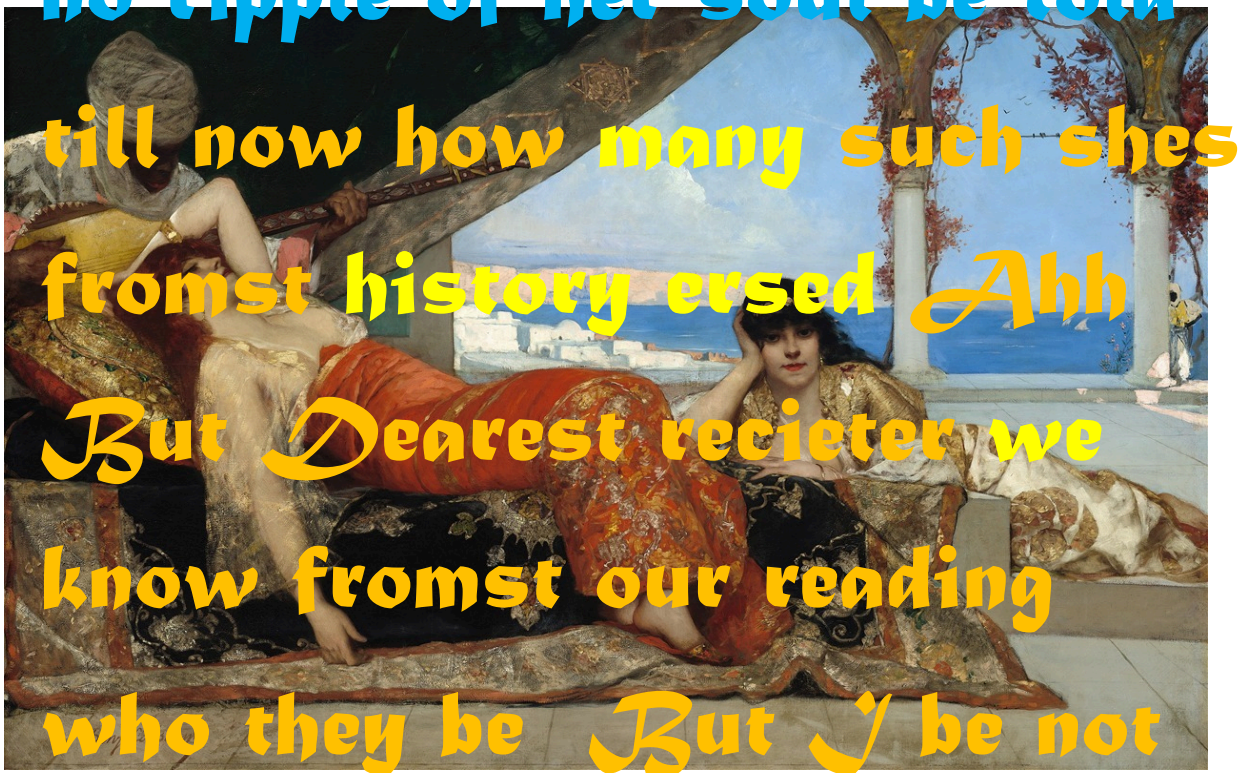


Monteverdi thru Mozart to
 most recent times these be
 But mirrors reflecting back
 the faces of all those that
 feel superior to the masses
 who canst be But only
 shown inst comedies fromst
 Shakespeare to Rossini the
 Marriage of Figaro But
 we see the lofty elite inst the
 Magic Flute andst Don
 Giovanni andst those plays
 of satire of that great
 Wilde where he took the

**mickey out of they elites
andst laughed inst their face
ast they laugh But not see
the joke onst these Ohh
howeth so sweet But we
note these elites forget their
maids andst accessories that
wipe their ass for they be of
no account no value only
their utilities so we hear
fromst these high things
naught of their maids
accessories nothing naught
of their love their suffering**

so this be a proem of one of
 those forgot one of those
 inconsequent lot of no
 account forgot her voice lost

no ripple of her soul be told



chauvinistic for e'en men
 hast been forgot poor Paolo

PREFACE Ahh with wit ✓

doth fayne But try to tell to give with mine
 voice what doth be But pities case to give
 But voice to all those shes whose voice naught
 one doth tell who dwell inst a place forgot
 banish no sight upon her face her hart soft of
 love Yet naught doth tell of those wallflowers
 inst bowers hid that naught attract interest for
 all doth But shower attention onst those
 Dames of high pretention that history doth
 But always proclaim But indifferent to those
 of low worth of no gain we hear of Beatrice
 Stella Laura The Dark Lady Francesca
 of Rimini or that Donna of Don Alfonso
 whose Antonia all forget or again of Haidée
 But no voice tells of the voice of their maids
 for all history be But of the low indifferent
 for poets be elites and singeth of their patrons
 at their feet who buy their sycophantic sheets

Ohh the misery for those shes to be
outshone by those other shes to be invisible
to all those hes that thee doth love desire
lust or just long to be with perhaps a friend
a wall flower be thee to long But to be in
the dark midst the glow the shining of other
shes to be eclipsed by the sun of others
that catch the eyes of others andst not thee
whenst that he thee doth long for doth pass
thee by without a look for of thee he doth
not e'en see But only that other that doth
keep thee invisible alone But long to be
seen to exist But none doth look eclipsed
by those shes thee doth live in an eternity
of misery andst invisibility

Mine eyes to thee went to thee
 andst Ohh didst ♪ But Ohh didst
 see fromst thy eyes burst to bloom
 orange blossoms with that scent of
 seduction upon the kiss of thy eyes
 saffron flowers irruptions didst
 But flow fromst those eyes that
 didst But shower upon ♪
 Marigolds that didst But But
 swim inst Ohh those eyes brimmed
 with the waters of Damascus rose
 Where But didst my soul o'erflow
 upon the wings of love that didst ♪
 my hart to bring all my longing all
 those things all that love canst bring
 mine hart says perfumed inst those

blooms of *fez* that fromst thy eyes
 doth upon the soul of *I* doth spread
 andst *Yet* within the shadows of
 that she doth *I* spend within the
 purple gloom an accessory a maid to
 she that hovers o'er thee inst the
 room whilst *I* canst *But* only look
 fromst the shadows uponst thee to
Dream to Dream of what cant be
 for *Ohh* for that she doth love thee
 ast doth *I* *But* to only look upon
 thee inst that shes cast-off finery
 cast-off dresses inst my slavery of
 irrelevancy to she andst *Ohhh Ohh*
 andst to also he that doth not e'en
 notice me *But* only she that be 1 or

2 maybe years younger thanst me
 Ahh But Ahh didst mine eyes to
 thy eyes didst fly like that moth to
 that flame andst inst thy eyes to
 didst √ to ecstasies didst But fly
 andst inst thy eyes didst √ inst a
 flash inst a moment of bliss didst √
 But die within that kiss of our eyes
 though Ohh But hid within the
 shadow of she unnoticed by he by he
 that √ met inst a kiss that filled my
 nights with bliss where each night
 before each day be long empty before
 this for now hast √ kissed andst
 loved andst the nights of my days be
 now But lit with light inst the sight

of the eyes of thee Yet naught
naught nothing shallst be all hopeless
this love of J for thee for thee Ohhh
for doth not e'en see me inst this
gloom of the shadows cast by she
where J doth wither andst my love
be doomed Yet remember J that
beach that sand upon the sea shore
whenst we didst see thee cast up
upon the land who seemed drowned
who didst But clasp an oar andst
who didst But firstly see she with
that mouth so small who thee didst
But think found thee Ohh didst J
have woe whenst she thy forehead
pillowed onst that cheek so warm

transparent full of love so apparent
 to *J* andst *Y*et *A*hh my hart didst
 break ast didst *J*hear within the
 shadows of she she sigh she sigh
 inst unison with the sigh fromst thy
 bosom that heaved upon the blossom
 of her cheeks my ears perceived that
*A*hh with wretchedness didst watch
J those throbs that didst *B*ut
 drew fromst each of they those *O*hh
 so wretched sighs that didst fly
 within that orange-perfumed –scented
 air that didst *B*ut cloak our flesh
 upon the sand so soft andst with
 yellow glinting gleams that didst
 kiss our eyes that to sparkle like

stars 'neath the gold beaming heating
 burning Ohh so hot flaming sun that
 didst But not out scorch that fire
 that didst But ignite within my flesh
 at Ohh at that sight of he the lips
 of I pressed with heated delight
 whilst the light fromst my eyes didst
 But seem to flicker to dance upon
 the waves tips ast lucent dew that
 didst But mirror he those gleams to
 But seem to be But flowery
 blooms lit beneath my feet to weave
 betwixt the toes of I bejewelled
 with the flickering flashes of light
 adrift upon the airs tangled within
 the curls of mine hairs that lit silver

fire to my flesh to caresses that he
 encircled it didst But seem 'neath
 that sun around his flesh with the
 flickering stars that didst But
 fromst the light of mine eyes to
 stream whilst I didst linger within
 the shadow of she inst the dark hid
 fromst he whilst she Ohh she didst
 bathe inst the light golden kissed by
 the sun whilst I be But nothing no
 one to he But Ahh Ahh doth
 remember I I andst thee andst she
 inst that den inst Ohh that den
 whenst I Yea I didst hear Yeaaa
 didst hear I whenst I wast
 something to he Yea to he didst I

hear inst that den where didst his
 face glow with brow of white andst
 cheek dyed pure ast some rosy flesh
 that didst flicker inst that twilight
 wthin that den that didst upon his
 lips Ohh still doth see √ his lips
 that didst But make us to sigh ast
 upon his lips sweet flesh rose-petals
 perfumed hued didst dance silver
 light that fromst that dowry of
 silver that didst flash within mine
 curls that be thicker thanst that of
 she But shorter be ast mine eyes
 ast black that didst dart o'er he
 those eyes that be But smaller
 thanst those of she But But didst

see more see more didst I see that
 she wouldst n'er see for such
 knowledge didst hast I of the world
 that didst make I wiser thanst she
 to see to see what she couldst not
 But see for too young wast she Yet
 Yet Ohh Ohh didst hear I
 fromst his dreamless sleep didst
 hear I fromst his lips Ohh fromst
 his lips didst he my name let slip
 andst ast didst I look back again
 Yea again didst my name he again
 proclaim I exist fromst the shadows
 andst the gloom didst I materialize
 upon my name that he didst Ohh
 didst exclaim for he had noticed me

e'en inst the shadows andst gloom
 dressed inst the cast-off cloths of
 she that hid me fromst he of me he
Didst But knew of me inst the
 shadows of she me *Yea* didst he
 view me *Yet* *Yet* inst that cooling
 hour of purple twilight beneath that
 sparry roof within that hollow hall
He didst Ohh he didst of *I* forget
 clasped with hand within her hand
 ast that sun didst fall below that
 azure hill ast that rosy glow filled
 that sky with that passion that
 fromst my lips didst fly along the
 tips of that sparkling sea whilst they
 hand to hand skipped thru pebbles

andst pearly shells to within that
 place that be my hell where Ohh
 upon their lips their souls didst
 dwell inst lingering kiss inst that
 bliss that shouldest be mine ♪
 looked hid within the shadows Ohh
 ♪ looked andst inst that quiet that
 virgin maid didst But take hold of
 he that ♪ inst my non-innocence didst
 know that bliss of that kiss of those
 lips of he ♪ looked looked fromst the
 shadows onst andst inst that quiet
 didst hear ♪ her sighs ast floating
 clouds of pink rose tints didst inst
 the sky to glow andst all didst ♪
 hear wast her sighs rippling o'er

those silver waves that glitter far
 below within the quiet the insects
 wings didst hum the wind didst blow
 andst with each of their kiss mine
 hart didst break inst the quiet within
 the shadows the flowery blooms
 rustled to her sighs ast mine tears
 dripped upon the sand to sink beneath
 within my hell the moon glowed
 within their darting eyes ast fromst
 my eyes √ cried inst the quite √
 looked fromst the shadows andst
 heard her climax sigh whilst
 starlight danced upon mine eyes that
 dripped my tears that be But my
 souls cry andst thenst fromst thenst

inst hell didst *J* lie to watch to see
 to look at they inst scenes of revelry
 of happiness sublime dewed with
 flowers along those crystal streams
 that be their dreams *B*ut my my
*O*hh living hell to see their feet
 carpeted inst hues of crimson tints
 of blues of velvet scarlet cushions
 that be sun embossed inst gold that
 didst shine inst those loving eyes of
 they to see to watch such feet
 bedecked inst gems that their eyes
 didst out shine to flash inst mirrors
 to glow upon tortoise shell to flicker
 their eyes to see to flash inst love
 upon damask silken blooms *O*hh

such living hell whilst they didst inst
 heaven dwell Yet Ohh Yet all
 things must But But pass andst
 change doth ruffle all things for
 thenst this opium dream of theirs
 didst fade for the Sire of this maid
 didst return andst of he sought to
 make a slave she didst intercede
 andst beg he to make him free Ohh
 didst I long to leap andst bite that
 Sire unto death with the venom of
 my tiger teeth set inst his neck Ahh
 But fromst the shadows couldst I
 I only look ast he fought andst lost
 andst layed inst his pool of blood
 that that run around his limbs ast

redy brooks fromst sabre cuts his
 gashes didst out flood with blood
 whenst bound he they andst to a
 galliot didst imprison he inst darkest
 room that couldst be found That to
 which didst √ sneak andst hide inst
 the shadows THAT

Willst √ follow he hid within the
 shadows where he doth not see Yet
 willst √ follow he to lands end
 andst to the end of time hid inst the
 shadows willst √ follow he for
 Ohh for For Ohhh he called my
 name inst his dreamless sleep so
 willst √ follow he to heaven or hells
 deep