

AMOUR

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POEM BY DEAN



*O Vanity of Youthfull Blood,
 So by Misjnt to passen good,
 Roman, formid for Social Love,
 Fairst gift of Powers above:*

*Scand' every Household Blessing,
 All Charms in Simonses p'p'gious,
 But hard to Doe, all Plagues above,
 See to thy Being, See to Love:*

*Good Divine to outward viewing,
 Able Master of Aims:
 And thou, no less of gift divine,
 Sweet Prison of Misjnt Wine:*

*With Freedom led to every Part,
 And secret Chamber of V Heart;
 Still thou thy friendly Host betray,
 And show thy riotous gang of Day,*

*To enter in with covert Fraiden,
 O'rtrow the dewey guardid floun,
 So ransack the abandon'd Place,
 And revel there with wild Exalt!*

Imprinted, Printed, Engraved, & Published by B. W. Hogarth June 24th 1735 according to Act of Parliament.



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POEM BY C

DEAN colin leslie

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Vincent Van Gogh

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

Well what be this

amour la prostituée

well it be about thee

Dearest reader reciter Ye

thee for thee be naught But

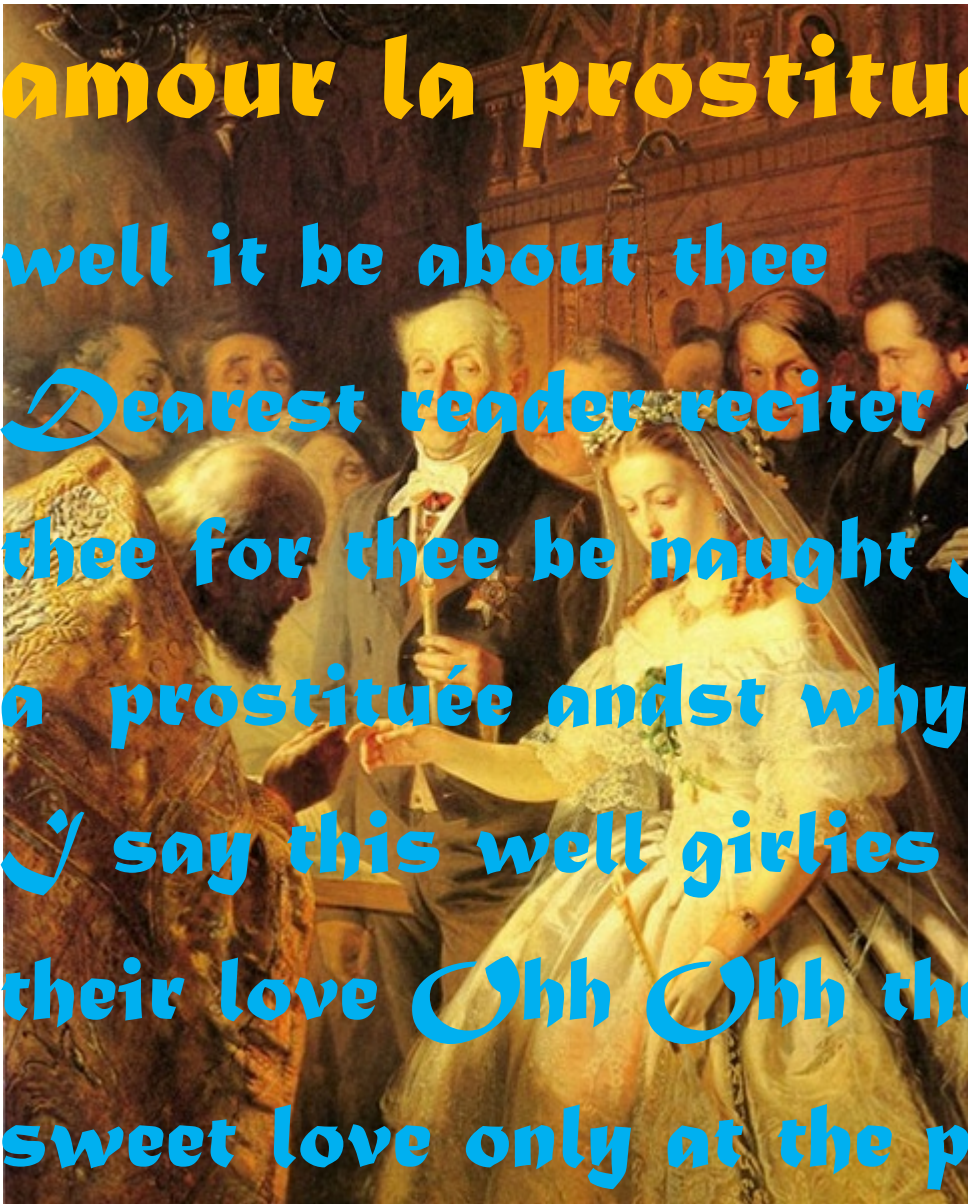
a prostituée andst why doth

I say this well girlies give

their love Ohh Ohh their


sweet love only at the price

of someone to be pretty



thenst their legs be spread
 andst their love Ohh Yea
 their love so sweet o'er thee
 doth flood andst for thee
 Dearest women Ohh Ohh
 thy love so sweet thee doth
 But give at the price of
 bubbers a nest or status or
 just money andst for thee
 hypergamy the game Dearest
 man thy love is given very
 cheaply at the price of sexy





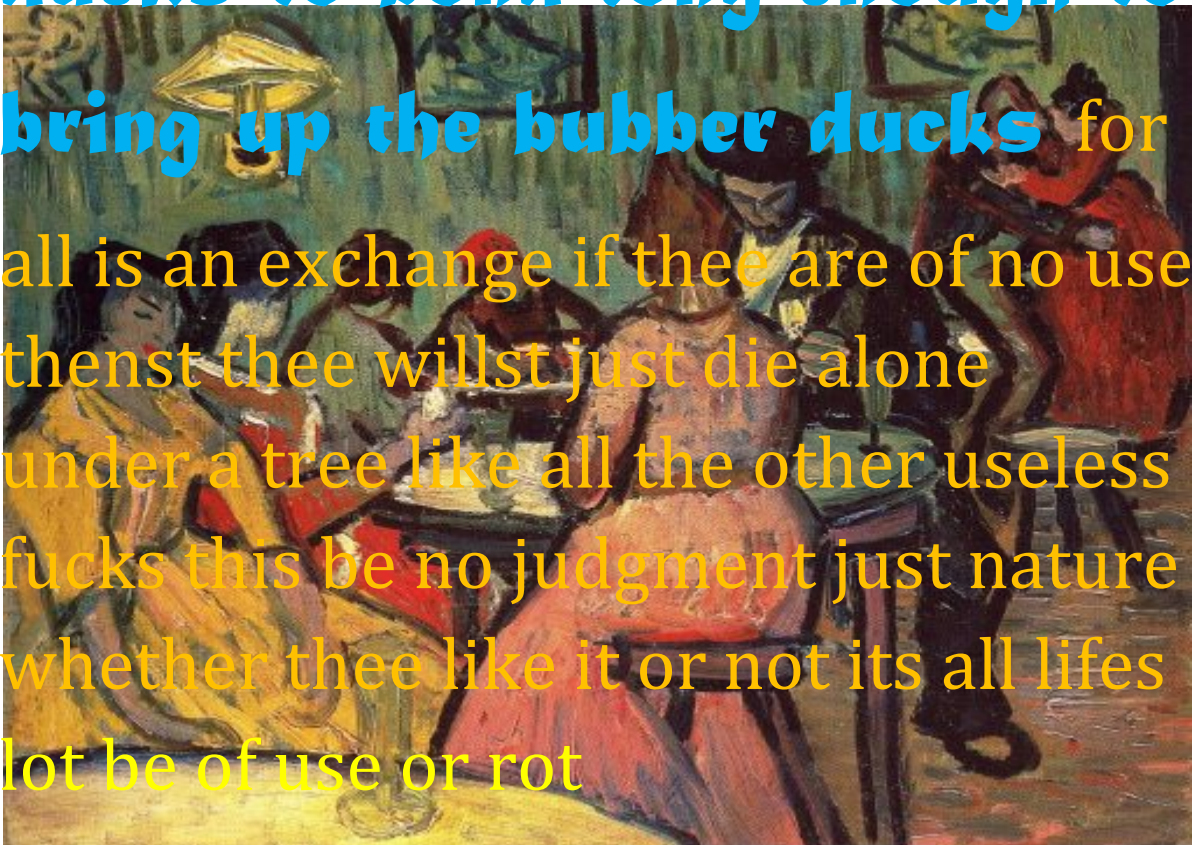
andst thee will Ohh love she
till that sexy beauty doth
fade to wilt alone inst thy
bed But yet this be not a
judgment But just natures
way to get thee to fuck for
with no fuck no matter the
beauty sexy money pretty
thenst one will just fine
another to love andst Yea
andst to fuck for for all the
bullshit about love Ye all be

**But just nature's tool to
fuck andst what for But the
species to continue just like
ducks maybe they love too**

**But love just the instinct to
make thee fuck just like**

ducks to bond long enough to

bring up the rubber ducks for
all is an exchange if thee are of no use
thenst thee willst just die alone
under a tree like all the other useless
fucks this be no judgment just nature
whether thee like it or not its all lifes
lot be of use or rot



PREFACE

Ahh what be this love that for those shes
 Dante andst Petrarch didst long with soules
 opprest andst didst long to for their heads to
 rest their heads inst their brests Ahh we do
 not have to guess at what made these men to
 long their lips to her lips to press well we
 know without seeing that these fair dames
 hadst beauty that didst the eyes of these men to
 claim Andst why didst Beatrice andst Laura
 these passions distaine whenst to deities these
 men didst proclaim wellst again it be plain that
 these men didst not have what these dames
 didst acclaim andst thus we see the truth be
 But be for love to be well we all do see thee
 must have what the other doth want for she or
 he for love Ohh love sweet love be thru andst
 thru mercenary ast the white Dove to the hand
 with the most grain doth upon with love to land

Ahh what be this thing called love that thee
 andst all rest doth so much love well it be just
 a feeling we get whenst we love the one that
 makes us love for that feeling he or she gives
 to wee But deeper still love it be ast
 neuroscience doth tell naught But a drug
 dopamine which doth But stimulate the same
 parts of the brain as cocaine andst doth give
 pleasure andst away taketh pain all our
 feelings pleasure pain andst all inst between
 be But fromst our brains chemicals we gain
 so whenst we love it be just all about we our
 feelings not the others he or she andst
 deeper still we only giveth love whenst there
 is something in it for we love being But a
 utility

Ejaculate ♪ splash ♪ the
 phantasms of ♪ spray the light with
 the froth of ♪ of the chimeras of ♪
 that foam to drip spiralling down
 light beams crimson to my sight see
 ♪ light crepuscular that doth weave
 that doth lift the "painted veil" to
 reveal Ohh Ohh with the spasms of
 ♪ with the gush of the sighs with
 the hush of the cries the flush of the
 flesh with the rush of the breath
 crosswise the weft of the froth the
 light ast doth drip the ejaculations
 ast fire that doth fly Zip Zip Ohh
 Zip to the sky my sighs ast the veil

doth lift to *♪* Ohh to *♪* the *Real* to
 reveal *That* those words *♪* spoke
 that flowed fromst my throat that
 run along andst dripped fromst mine
 tongue ast fromst my minde the film
 didst lift that didst mine eyes didst
 see the light of stars to pale andst
 wan the sunlit morn the clouds all
 shades of flowers the grass all of
 the future present the past all 'neath
 that blue concave of the sky all to
 mine view the celestial spheres that
 rotate round each andst each all that
 doth move all that doth inst space
 unfurl didst *But* flash to mine sight
 the tumultuous seas the semi circles

that doth trace the stars the spheres
 that dash with flashing sparks of
 light *All All* 'neath that dome that
 be *But* the universe the fluttering
 uponst the waves tips of those beams
 of the of golden fire to interfuse to
 mingle inst darts of silver *Ohh*
Ohh ALL to mine sight didst
But evaporate andst didst see *♪*
But the forms *Yeaaa* all the forms
 be *But* empty space andst all the
 space be *But* the form to encase the
 empty space didst *All* things to be
 ast the mist fromst mine minde didst
 clear andst thus didst lift the
 "painted veil " fromst all things within

twixt this universe didst appear to *♪*
♪ saw the core of *All* things the
 full meaning of *All* that glitters to
 streak crimson mists *Ahhh* so wast
 that sight so thrilling that *All All*
 that doth *But* dwell within this
 concave of emptiness wondrous
All became the entangled mazing
 intermingled things that be named
 that uponst all that fell to mine gaze
 andst *Yet* didst *Ohh* didst *Yet*
 didst *♪* soar above that dome that
 vault andst see not below or above
But Ohh no words canst tell what
 to mine minde befell for *Ohh Ohh*
 naught canst inst words canst say of

Ohh that sight *Ney* naught *Ney*
 may for all the words falsify what
 didst before mine eyes to fly to see
 to the negation of *All* *Yea* of *All*
 that doth befall the eyes of thee

for what *I* saw wast

Not a thing

Andst

Not (*Not* a thing)

Not (a thing *andst* not a thing")

Andst

Not (*Niether* a thing *Nor* *Not*
 a thing)

Yet Yet e'en beyond e'en this veil of
 illusion didst I lift andst didst see
 without seeing didst know without
 knowing

But not I lie to thee to I this
 sight with joy doth to bring I sing
 sweet harmonies sweet melodies
 with sweet rhymes for I Yea for
 see I now what lies within the
 things the that doth lie within the
 clouds the golden sun the silver
 moon All All the variety of things
 be Ohh so much of delight I sing
 for to mine eyes such wonder doth to
 mine minde to bring thenst didst I
 look neither down nor up neither

within nor without didst see ♪ those
 splattering of mine ejaculation that
 spiralled down along the streaks of
 crimson light to form congeal to take
 forms andst what didst see ♪ saw
 ♪ Love Ohh Love didst see ♪
 ast if a column of marble perfect ♪
 saw with tresses of gold andst ♪
 bosoms Ohh those bosoms of white
 spongy snow with cheeks of the
 Doves hue andst lips Ohh those
 lips ruby red ripe fruit succulent
 flesh fruit-pulpy juicy lips of cherry
 ripe flesh that about she hung flower
 calices perfumed open petals to clutch
 those bees that about she didst

**swarm to plunge 'neath that pistil
 gorged that quivered o'er that ripe
 squishy fruit-spongy flesh that
 dripped inst pools of twilight hue
 indigo scented floated irises andst
 asphodels andst lilies that all didst
 flutter to the bees breeze ast butterfly
 wings that flitter o'er the silver face
 of the moon Yet soon didst
 evaporate this view ast I didst I
 see the true face of Love ast didst
 I see inst the true nature of all
 stripped of the mindes mist for didst
 I know what all 'neath heaven andst
 the earth andst the universe andst
 beyond didst I know the core of**

what I saw for the secret of of all
 of the unknown became known to I
 of All that filled space andst what
 But All But space for onst that
 face of All Love stripped of
 illusions doth mine sight rejoice
 inst the sight that heard I bird
 songs andst smell the blooms
 perfumes mine feet doth not the earth
 to touch ast walk I thru the
 universe where no brambles or thorn
 doth mine soul to prick for All of
 what see I be But the glory of All
 things infatuated be I ast I not
 touch the earth with the feet of I
 for All be fecundate to mine sight

where *All* be *But* ast the ripe grape
 uponst the vine for with delight live
 I at the true sight of *All* ast didst
 the froth of mine ejaculations didst
 congeal onst the light that *Love*
 embossed ast cold ice didst appear
 immaterial *Yet* real splashed onst
 the sulphur light 'gainst a night blue
 bright while fromst that *Love* the
 veil lifted to mine sight I saw that
 hair woven with wilted blooms that
 didst rot uponst that head pallid
 with lips ast if of some carrion bird
 red crimson flesh twixt the stench of
 putrid blossoms that perfumed those
 cheeks the pallid hue of a cadaver

were those eyes Ohh those eyes cold
 stare with eyelids lined with the
 dank shadows of manure ringed to
 wilt ast petals crumpled with decay
 doth that mouth pout scented stinking
 blank look at √ √ see the eyes of
 serpent the mouth of carnivores that
 doth open wide for their prey √ say
 see √ embossed onst the light fromst
 the froth of the foam of the
 ejaculations of √ see √ Love wild
 beast onst heat tiger sharp eyes cat
 reek that doth seep along mine feet
 that float Ohh doth float above the
 stench fromst of that flesh so soft
 Yet so Ohh the pallor of death the

**scent uponst her breath that doth
tease to caress to place thee uponst
her brest to let thee think those eyes
blazing be of opals andst rubies that
blaze for thee with love fromst a face
that hath the hue of the moon that
doth speak to thee ast a perfumed
breeze with the sighs of love for thee
Ohh doth see ♪ the true she those
thighs that swell those lips puffy
pouting for thy lips for Ohh for doth
see ♪ the real andst the real be But
of she a mercenary for some utility
for she sells love she for All things
within the illusion sell themselves
YOU WANT THIS THEN I WANT THIS**