



amore

all'inferno

POEM

BY C

DEAN

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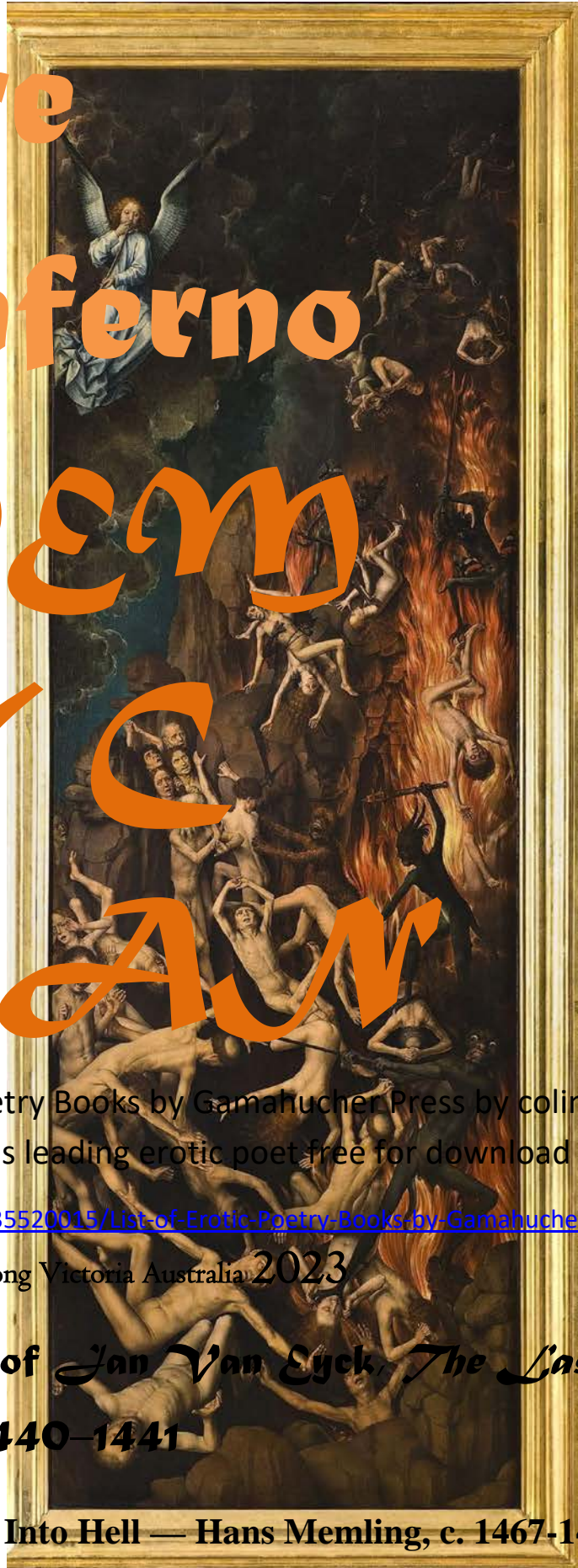
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fp: *Detail view of Jan Van Eyck, The Last Judgment, ca. 1440–1441*

Casting The Damned Into Hell — Hans Memling, c. 1467-1471



**PUBLISHERS
INTRODUCTION
N**

Ahh what be this

amore

all'inferno

**it be the Orchids of
Wratislaw the Flowers
of Passion of Moore
where "Poor breasts whose
nipples sins alone have fed" "**

**it be a banquet of flowers
that bloom whenst the
repression of sex doth
vanish andst instinctual
drives are released without
restraint with passions
overheated inst our
enchanted mind with no
repressions hothouse
flowers of grotesque shapes
distorted desires rampant
fires that wont expire over-**

wrought delights delectable
 tastes that upon thy tongues
 tip flash ast thee doth recite

this **amore**

all'inferno be a

proem of *Waterian* gem-like
 flames that stirs thy
 stagnate pool of prim trites
 andst turns thy pallor of
 chlorosis to enamelled tints

**of overripe fruits that glow
inst the pestilential fogs of
thy civilization inst decay
andst turns those sulphurous
tints of arsenic upon which
thee feeds andst breathes to
pearl-powder that flushes
thy cheeks andst dark kohl
that tints thy eyes Houri
bright to look at they with
the enchantment of
*Babylonian witchery light***

PREFACE

**Ahh thee philistines that doth but
 censure what I do write andst
 profane with thy filthy mind what be
 but delight for I do sing of love
 that doth move all below andst all
 above that I do kiss thy ears with
 my refrains andst hopefully thy
 repressions to clear andst thy pains
 to erase andst if not thy praise at
 least thy passions to raise for I
 sing of love that hath two faces that
 though both do stir the blood each be
 perhaps the antithesis of each Yet
 which doth thee thy panties flood**

Midst the moaning screaming hordes in
pain writhing each to each each doth slain
each to each inst mad frenzies in the
bosom of Hells gloom where sighs of agony
in their doom whirl on the stenchfull airs that
expire fromst their rotten mouths upon their
putrid breath that heat the fire of their sinful
crimes on which they fed carrion soul-
gorged out breathes they their souls
decayed Yet Yet inst this darkness radiant
of pain where no hope none canst gain
there there midst the stinking mess of
deaths putrid breath there there rising inst
the filth a lone rose red doth rise to show its
blissful head opaline iridescent
phosphorescent all blood that hast inst
this place been shed in the rose bud red

Of cries that shudder the shadows
that fly like incense putrid scents to
circle us dead that live inst gloom
where we be wed our sin our cries
wed in our perpetual doom andst
hear I the pains of us that weep in
moan our torture weave deep cuts
that along our flesh doth creep andst
we groan inst perpetual death that
be life eternal where done canst sleep
But But to groan andst our tears to
seep to burn our flesh 1500 years
hast I hast weeped despairing grief
with serpents sting andst spider bite
fromst mouths that onst my flesh do
prey ast jackals that do feed to tear
andst rip my skin andst pain to bring
bites more bites do breed

Yet each bite doth burst each vein to
which doth drain sweet lily blooms
that glow red tinted as congealed
blood grotesques Yet delightful
flowers that do drip upon those living
dead to burn their flesh to scorch
their limbs to blister with along their
flesh this enchanted forest of putrid
lilies that do kiss upon their lips of
death andst suffocate to choke with
my scent upon their breath

**A thousand times betwixt a seconds
 pulse the darts do pierce this flesh of
 I with painful smart that doth my
 veins do part that no cry or moan
 willst restrain the grief that wares
 the limbs of I apart that in each
 moments pulse I do die Yet to be
 back to life to But endue this agony
 with no relief to where the cries of I
 andst they that inst this pit with I
 do stay be our tormented minstrelsy
 that wails that doth our ears do pain
 Yet not expire whenst agonies doth
 naught to rest where tears doth
 naught to cease to weep I andst they
 with twisted limbs in rhythmic pain
 a pageant of shadows flows thru
 eternity with endless woes**

**Andst the tears that drip that do but
seep to but orchids form that out
glows the serpents eyes andst do
spread thru the shadows with soft
scented tints that flows like the soft
tendrils of silken hair that sensuous
coils like serpent about my flesh that
doth seem to the wounds of ♪ their
pain to ease ast if by some sweet
lips kissed they do but gain**

For in this devouring of each to each I do
 seem to a presence about I that doth me
 some what I don't disdain for my cries do
 turn to sighs andst my pain it doth seems
 to not remain my cheeks fromst pale to
 pinkish tint my tears seem to turn sweet my
 woes curtail that doth ignite passions light
 that be not of cruelty but Yea But with
 some strange softness filled e'en though it
 doth my desires my flesh o'er spill of thrills
 that do thru my veins with do storm with
 fires that do not smart But do this flesh fill
 with joy fromst that presence that doth
 make my soul take flight andst seems to
 fill with fires of desires light as we feed our
 sin-filled souls in whirls of frenzy madden
 we the dead Yet that presence doth give
 more to me thanst all those hordes which
 upon I I hast fed
 Andst I will tell hast heated me more thanst
 all the fires of this hell to burst my veins
 with sweet lily blooms that glow red tinted

Andst death andst love doth entwine my
flesh with love now my tyrant that doth
of both I andst that presence I devour
fed on sin we each we each burn within
andst spin in whirls of frenzy with
flames hotter thanst Hell unquenchable
that do about us do frame inst halos of
light green enamelled that glow within
the reddish light of this Ohh this deep
below our breath each on each doth
foam poppy-petals burst upon our lips
ast we do kiss wanton quivers thread
our limbs in golden threads that mesh
with our tresses that hang about we a
shroud that clings andst doth pulsate
with our our love that sings

For I do hear a sigh *Oh* a sigh
 that doth lift above the groans the
 moans of pain that doth seem to light
 my hart that was once *But* ice for
 eons of time that memory doth forget
 that doth seem my brain to sooth
 andst my thoughts too *Yea* too still
 whilst that sigh doth seem to cool
 those flames that lick my flesh andst
 sear my face inst this place of
 torment andst hate where naught but
 tears do fall fromst anguished eyes
 that do weep andst boil n'er dries
But now my tears that drip that do
But seep to *But* orchids form that
 out glows the serpents eyes

**Andst these incessant screams
with unceasing pain doth not my
brain do hurt for along my flesh
these sighs that hear ♪ release ♪
fromst this prison Hell andst do it
seems giveth ♪ some liberty e'en
though in this place for eternity to
burn like all the rest which nothing
shallst abase Yet this burning flame
of love that that sigh doth beget doth
cause to spring fromst these
agonizing limbs sweet orchids that
do But my flesh perfume to ease the
pain fromst savage bites of pain
maddened souls full of sins that
shudder whilst in ♪ love doth ignite**

Love now frees I whilst this Hell doth
restrain

Love in joy makes my flesh to soar
yet this Hell doth my flesh do sore do
with pain

Love wraps me up in wreaths of
flowery blooms Yet this Hell encloses
me in shrouds of gloom

To gasp with love Yet to cry with
sorrows pain

To burn in loves grasp Yet to burn in
Hells clasp

To die for one kiss Yet to live eternal
in death in this abyss

Andst Yet for that presence of which I
sing all my love doth on my lips doth
spring

Andst ast my sighs float thru all those
screams andst dance around those
moans of pain I clasp that presence to
my lips andst bite its flesh andst
twine my limbs around its limbs
andst feel my veins pulse with fire in
tune with our desire that surge andst
flame andst burn Yea burn my soul
with passions fire that naught not
e'en the breath of death canst blow
out to expire andst writhe I inst
delight inst this Hell sucking breaths
fromst lips inst tight embrace for
eternity midst the gloom andst doom
anst screams of pain for Ohh for love
I do gain

**Oh this love of I giveth light to my
soul Yet I do live in perpetual dark**

**Oh this love of I do my soul to live
Yet be I dead with no living spark**

**Oh my love doth bloom a roses hue
Yet I be a withered leaf dried ast
bark**

**I find in love my hart doth burn But
within this place But hate in every
place**

**I fly in love beyond beyond But are
trapped within this place**

**I find in love peace But only war
exists within this place**

**Andst Yet howeth that sigh doth my
hart begile andst maketh hart to smile**

**Yet that sigh bathes I inst
 perfumed delight 'midst the stench of
 this abyss andst doth weave blooms
 of love with petals like kisses that
 thru my hart do creep andst make
 Yea andst make the aches of this
 place to displace with this love that
 that sigh doth my hart to make
 though I be dead andst round I be
 but screams andst pain which they
 upon I do feed Yet I live though
 I hast died I live on the savour of
 thy lips thy lips that let those sighs
 to slip andst I this Hell do endure
 wrapped in my love as the snow
 flake doth in the furnace survive pure**