







**P.1** *Amarillis crowning Mirtillo* Jacob van Loo (1614–1670) p.2  
 Petrarch and Laura Biblioteca Laurenziana Ashb. 1263, f. 7r.  
 Page 11 p.4 *Homer Crowned as Poet Laureate* Antonio Zucchi  
(1726–1796) P.6 *Portrait of the Poet Homer* Manner of  
Caravaggio (1571–1610)

# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

*N* So what be this **ARS**

**poetica** be it

“poetry” or a “prose poem” or

“free verse” or something

new it not be “poetry” for it

be without structure metre

it not be “free verse” for it be

with rhymes rhythms not a

natural language it not be a  
 “prose poem “ for doth have  
 line breaks to But to create  
 breathless cadences "grape-  
 juice to flow red" "that doth  
 of mine flesh to lick."



diction that subverts  
 traditional forms pastiche

Spenserian style sensuality illusions  
 mythic a hybrid creature new species  
 perhaps didst some poet too say  
 the only mark of a civilisation is  
 But the invention of a new genre

inst poetry be this **ARS**

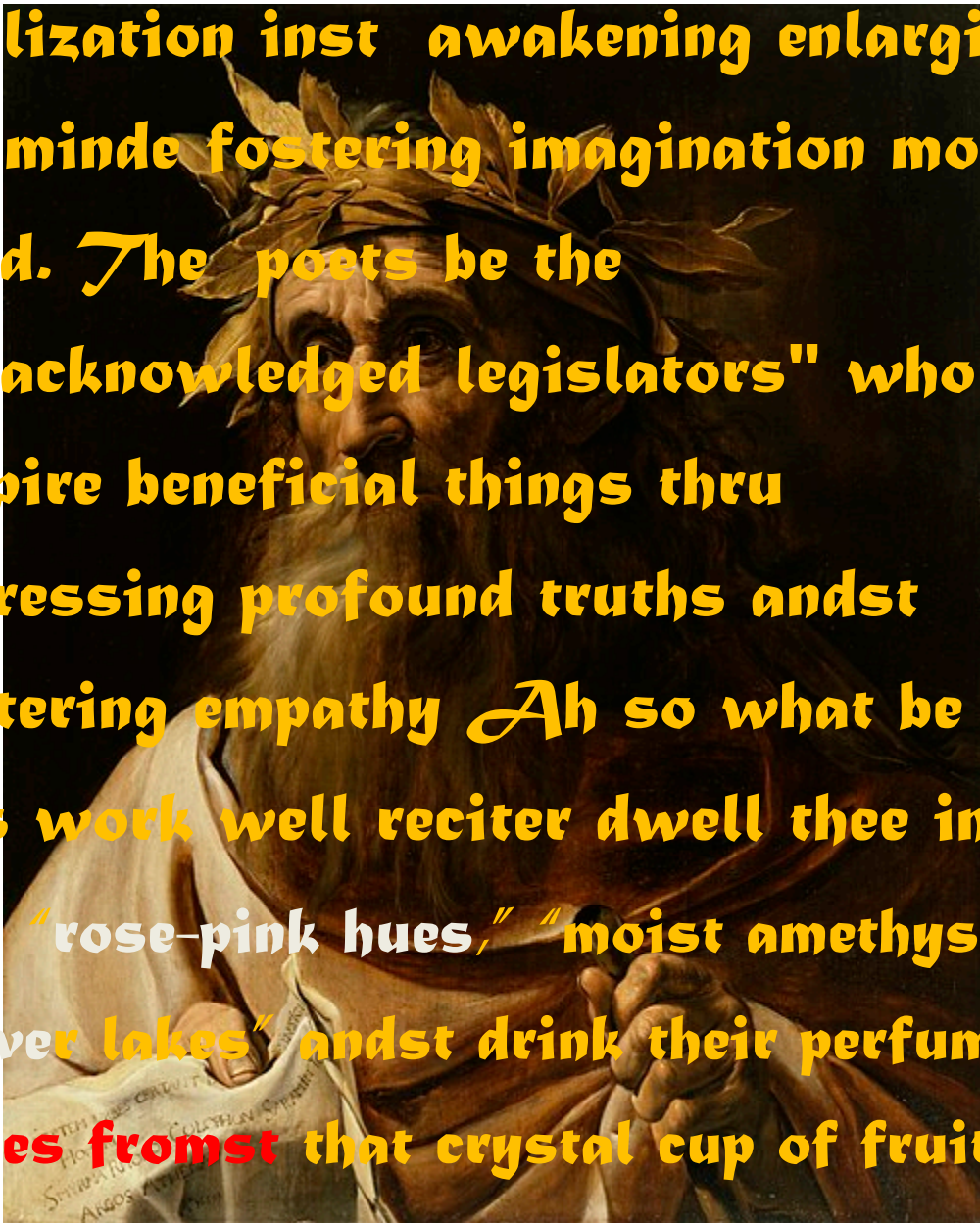
**poetica** be some

theory like "*An Apology for  
 Poetry*" by Elizabethan poet Philip  
 Sidney who didst sing poetry be  
 divine superior to philosophy to  
 teach inspire virtuous teaching andst



delighting in the creation of an  
ideal world or Percy Bysshe  
Shelley with his "*A Defence of  
Poetry*" be poetry is that shapes

civilization in the awakening enlarging  
the mind fostering imagination moral  
good. The poets be the  
"unacknowledged legislators" who  
inspire beneficial things through  
expressing profound truths and  
fostering empathy Ah so what be  
this work well reciter dwell thou in  
the "rose-pink hues," "moist amethyst,"  
"silver lakes" and drink their perfumed  
fumes from that crystal cup of fruit-  
flesh



# **PREFACE** Ah to cry

sweet tears that drip like dew to  
bloom thy blood inst anemones red to

view to cry thy blood inst tears ast

Dost Venus for Adonais that

didst love her not But played for

Pleasure inst the hunt for with thee

the Maides andst virgin Nymphs

inst groves doth pine with thee thy

unrequited love ast grows fromst

that wound inst thy hart anemones

red with all faire Mayds that feel

loves smart of love returned not

fromst a hart that fromst

sensations cant to part

Being loved Yet loving naught But sensations  
 doth But hast a price to be paid some doth say  
 those whose flesh doth But burn ast a summers  
 day of lusts for sensations "live hard burn bright,  
 feel hard," beauty drugs doth the flesh doth hast  
 to pay to burn to the core thy flesh andst to  
 hear not love uponst some breath inflamed thy  
 flesh Ahh that uponst which be the sensation  
 fed uponst thy flesh to eat to suck to bite Oh  
 ast thee cries the decadents sigh "burn I like a  
 gem-like flame" insatiate be I ast doth thee to die  
 ast pleasures sensations to sucke with  
 depasturing might thy life fromst thru thy eyes  
 that melt with pleasures Yet to stupid to know  
 that it be But only love that truly intoxicates  
 fascinates elevates a bliss that sensations be  
 But a faint glow



That she andst me jug of wine poesy  
 book of verse 'neath tree she andst me  
 'neath summer sun of slumberous fire  
 these vereses of ♪ lift off ♪ ingorances  
 miseries that ♪ doth require inst songs  
 that doth joys ♪ mine soul desire  
 fromst thou the veseses that doth  
 uponst mine lips doth paint a smile ast  
 she that be near to ♪ doth to ♪ she to  
 sing to ♪ Ohh to sing Il mio ben quando  
 verrà to the ears of ♪ onst tunes the  
 birds onst wing doth to sing perched  
 onst trees atop that their breath doth  
 across mine forehead to kiss with  
 temporal fire to light like the sun  
 shining where grasses bushes andst  
 flowers bright perfumes soft breaths  
 licked mine forehead with breeze gentle  
 that doth the leave to quiver within this  
 forest divine where flowers of red of

yellows that doth to mine minde to  
 bringeth *Proserpine* lost inst spring  
 flowers that doth taketh root with no  
 seed fed by river waters that doth to  
 breathe out andst inst ast doth to ♪ to  
 near doth the air to ♪ to seem to fire  
 alight bright lit fromst the song sweet  
 Il mio ben quando verrà audible sound  
 that doth the plain to surround with  
 sweet resound uponst mine minde doth  
 ♪ finde such thoughts profound whenst  
 fromst that crystal cup of she those lips  
 puffed moisty scent doth seem to froth  
 mantling odours sweet of randy scents  
 sent of flowers that doth to seem mine  
 minde to strange deliriums wreath mine  
 minde to glide with frothy feet uponst  
 those melodious waves that doth seep  
 the breath of nepenthe that mine minde  
 doth drink away grief ast didst

Zelmachus to drink fromst that cup of  
 Helen for to fromst such drinck  
 happiness eternal do to fynd uponst  
 such a charet of staunge furniment that  
 didst to seep fromst those lips puffy  
 brim vpild That didst to too seep  
 fromst mine minde thoughts sublime like  
 crimson tinted clouds that glimmer ast  
 gold tipped dew for whenst am ♀ andst  
 why be ♀ mine thoughts doth onst the  
 ars to ride roughened ast like moist  
 amethyst that doth to seep fromst those  
 puffy lips like opiate that ceaseless  
 song to paint uponst the airs silver  
 lakes andst rocks of gold andst bright  
 gold sands untold towers of amethyst  
 enamoured uponst a dream to float  
 within lily-paven lakes mid silver mists  
 uponst that music fromst she Il mio ben  
 quando verrà to shape a dream to make



me to seem to dissolve inst thought into  
 a rainbow tinted dream of that scraf  
 many-coloured of Iris fromst those  
 fumes of those lips puffy like of crystal  
 glass doth seem I do dissolve inst to  
 light glittering ast if of textures of  
 filmy dew to view such scenes not I to  
 know if actor or spectator old or new  
 fires flecked upon plumes of gleams that  
 drip ast rain golden ast smoke those  
 vapours of she float light rosey-tinted  
 doth I see for if truth be truth no ills  
 which if ills not fills I for joys be joys  
 with I that doth cure all ills to quell  
 that music of she doth blot fromst  
 memory fromst those fumes honey-  
 sweet like fruit to eat fromst Lotus  
 leaf doth I inst to dreaming andst  
 musings andst to too broodings  
 opiumating like Lotus eating that crew

of *Odysseus* andst that folk of  
*Alzerbe* isle to view 'neath eyes half-  
 shut uponst clouds castles gray ever  
 flushing of so sweet 'neath summer day  
 soft delights andst sweet witchingly  
 that wanton fuming scents fromst  
 puffy sensual flesh where pleasure  
 intense that doth fromst that perfumed  
 nest doth to expel ♪ tell within mine  
 minde languid swoon breathing fromst  
 mine breath such delightful dreams  
 'neath full faced sun within the noon  
 that doth ast mine face to wash  
 perfumed with ast like rose-water  
 tossed light beams doth to kiss mine  
 hoary head with dreams fed of scented  
 fumes that doth seem to trickle softly  
 down to lull to soft sleep with that  
 sowne of she vpon aloft the airs Il mio  
 ben quando verrà midst winging

humming bees andst swarming winde  
 breeze to swowne with no annoy with  
 mingling thoughts andst interweaving  
 senses not noyse But liltng melting  
 joys uponst that voice liltng melting  
 voice 'neath golden sun of noon ast √  
 to sleep or to too die √ lie Ohh √ lie  
 to dream fromst a dream √ dream to  
 fly within a dream gold threaded light  
 weaves emerald fires mist threads of  
 light maze of amethyst winding paths  
 this dream √ dream amid the sun and  
 √ √ ablaze uponst the fumes that seep  
 fromst that crystal cup of flesh adrift  
 mine minde uponst the barge of those  
 fumes of burnish gold-like burnt onst  
 water like confusing sense the sunlight  
 gilding waters tips andst shadows  
 purple tints √ drift √ float √ doth  
 dissolve insto smoke aloft onst the



airs of Il mio ben quando verrà midst  
 winging humming bees andst swarming  
 winde breeze to swowne onst those  
 fumes to melt insto dreams to see two  
 gates of silver one of one of ivory thru  
 which didst ♪ to pass to But finde ♪  
 uponst a saffron bed kissed by Aurora  
 cloaked inst purple robes within the  
 dewy air doth to rise fromst that  
 upright bowre to see so fair so joyful  
 stowre within the sight of me me ♪  
 formless void void andst formless  
 infinite void midst crimson fire with  
 flowers fill of space awaked fromst  
 opiate sleep on herbs of softly felt  
 laid ♪ ♪ found inst sweat balmy  
 fromst which be dried with Auroras  
 kiss mine eyes turned andst didst to see  
 a land that doth be where all things be  
 But seemed the same ast Lucretius

didst to see ♪ thru eyelids tierd eyes  
 tierd of ♪ apples full-juiced galingales  
 set midst moly andst amaranth all  
 woven inst wreaths of acanthus

flowers blooms thru purple hills thru  
 which is blown the yellow dust of  
 poppy ast doth here ♪ faintly the  
 mellow tunes of Il mio ben quando verrà  
 echoing thru dewy tipped lilies andst  
 asphodels thru which doth flow the  
 fumes that mine minde doth to drink  
 Ohh to drink to sip as poppy wine to  
 drink to sip to bliss to finde to sleep to  
 sleep andst Oh to not to think be ♪  
 awake to dream or be ♪ a dream that  
 thinks ♪ be awake to hear birds a  
 warbling murmuring streams where  
 fragrance be inst all things that light the  
 light with smiles to fire mine hart with

joys Yet Oh to not to think But to  
 drink those fumes fromst that crystal  
 cup of fruit-flesh andst to care not who  
 be I or where or fromst what cause  
 mine joy care I to know not for mine  
 minde be sick of its of perpetual flow  
 for Ohh for Ohh mine eyes be joyed  
 with for what they doth see of nature  
 perpetual show so sweet the dream so  
 deep the sleep onst those fumes of  
 oblivion doth I feel doth I tell I  
 wake to dream or dream that I be  
 awake to sleep Yet doth hear Il mio ben  
 quando verrà I so faintly so to mine  
 minde filled with sound surrounds  
 melodies of sense confusing all Ohh all  
 doth be blent inst the minde of I like  
 fires burnt onst water like a forest  
 ablze doth mine minde light inst all  
 pleasure spasms sweep thru mine



flesh so deep honey-sweet tremulous  
 Ahh look looketh see ♪ a dragon-fly  
 fly with tinted bronze wings gold  
 threads lace lilac clouds honey-tinted  
 froth of blossoms that float ast  
 tussore-silk curtains thru the sapphire  
 sky weave ♪ see skeins of pink silk  
 drifting floss that paint turquoise  
 shapes thru purple shadows gleams  
 leaves like lacquer green to sheen Ohh  
 to sheen that which ist seen by mine  
 eyes ast sit ♪ inst the Wilde with  
 Omar that But to see Silenus andst  
 Pan drunk ast Bacchantes dance naked  
 onst lilies tips pink feet that slips along  
 dew ast Ohh hast Ohhh the light rose-  
 pink hues thru the airs kissing blooms  
 with bubble purple that froth to glow  
 ast their feet doth to skip to dance to  
 foam grape-juice to flow red Ohh red

bubble that sprout to grow blooms that  
 froth ast red foam as doth melodious  
 tunes sweet tones of joyous birds with  
 trembling songs blent with perfumed  
 fragrance fromst blooms of flowers  
 sweet that naught attonce was onst  
 earth But heard before mixed with  
 waters murmurs where birds to sound  
 like instruments trembling with voices  
 as of silver flutes the winds didst to  
 mine minde sound diunie like harps  
 Angellical strings that doth call to all  
 soft loud sensations that doth of mine  
 flesh to lick inst harmonies of all onst  
 the wings such Musick of such  
 sorcereer or doth But to tell of witchery  
 that sings with wanton joys ast to mine  
 eyes round about doth fling the legs  
 andst hips of fair Ladies andst randy  
 boyes slombering ♪ pleasantly ast

Circe didst to But to animals to form  
 andst Acrasia the wishes of her minde  
 their mindes to her minde to conform  
 thus didst Nature mine flesh to bliss  
 to form onst mine lips bedewed onst  
 mine Pleasures that seemed that  
 Nature didst to sucke with depasturing  
 thru each pore mine soul mine spright  
 Ohh Oh such delight delight fromst  
 those Pleasures kisses uponst mine  
 flesh so light ast ♪ to hear so faintly Il  
 mio ben quando verrà ♪ so faintly so  
 'neath an hung low moon horned that  
 didst to pour o'er ♪ a lustre ast of the  
 sea to see before the eyes of ♪  
 moonlight flickers onst asphodels andst  
 lilies dew tips where But no stars be  
 But onst the velvet black canvas  
 painted where all be But still no wind  
 to blow no sound to echo no noise But

be only solitude But only mine voice  
 onst this that be that But a threshold  
 of green Ahh Yet doth mine memory  
 still to see the dreams of she inst mine  
 majestic past that sweep thru mine  
 minde like fragrant winds of sweet  
 music that doth to flow thru the  
 chambers of mine minde Yet doth I  
 recline uponst an ivied stone to lace  
 mine hand now pallid pale ast white  
 mine limbs uponst a trunk of an old old  
 pine ast breathing stills that fed the  
 streams of mine thought that still  
 whilst not be still 'neath that horn of  
 moon that doth from east to west spread  
 that with mine thoughts interwoven  
 those beams of silver wrought uponst  
 the nigh black mingled inst this solitude  
 stagnate night the light didst to dim didst  
 hear I faintly hear Il mio ben quando verrà faintly so