

aux femelles

POEM

BY C

DEAN





aux femelles

noem

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Gamahucher press west geelong VictoP.I ria 2024 P.2

London Dancing Nymphs [William Edward Frank](#)

[Britten \(1848-1916\)](#) P.3 the dance of joy or dancing

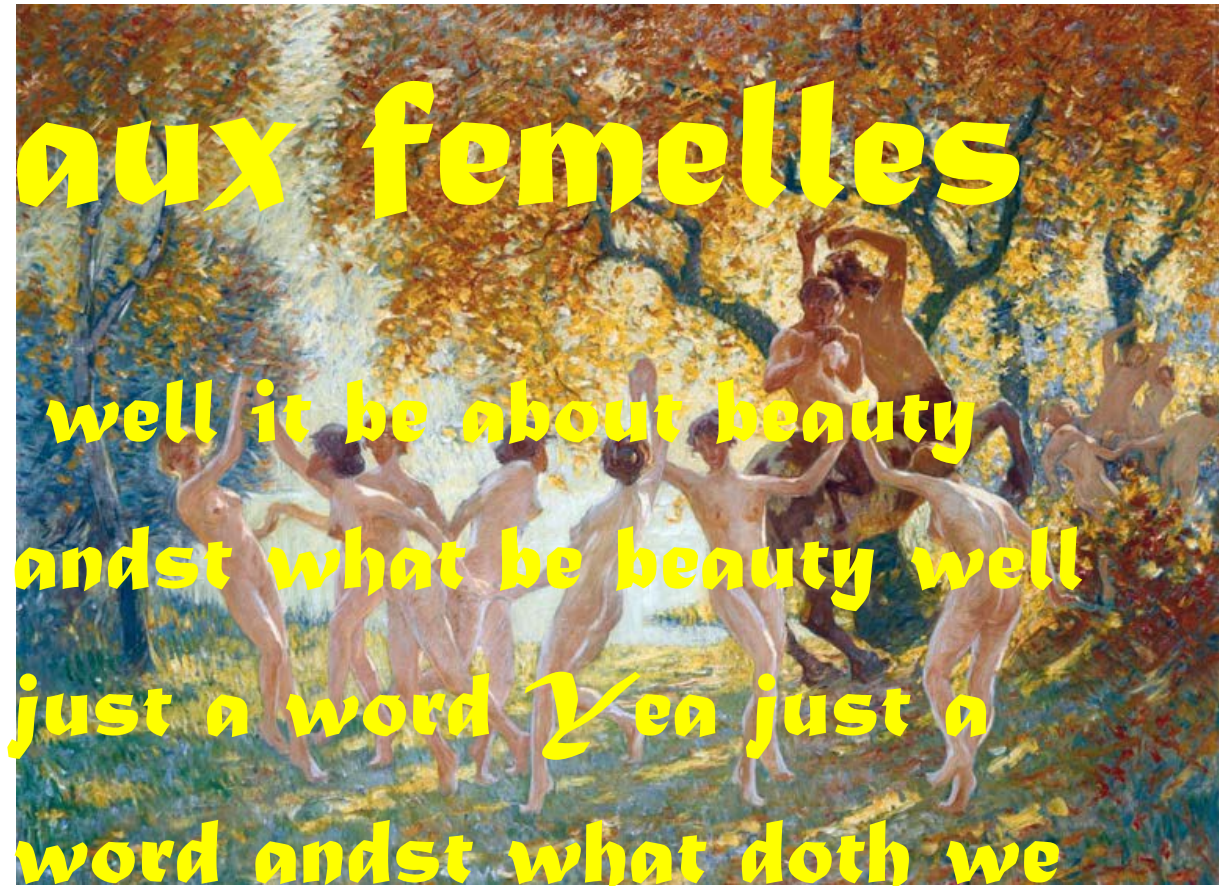
nymphs Alfons van Beurden 1916 P.4 The Nymphs By

Emile Louis Foubert P.5 A Landscape With Four

Nymphs Dancing [\(after\) Cipriani, Giovanni Battista](#)

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

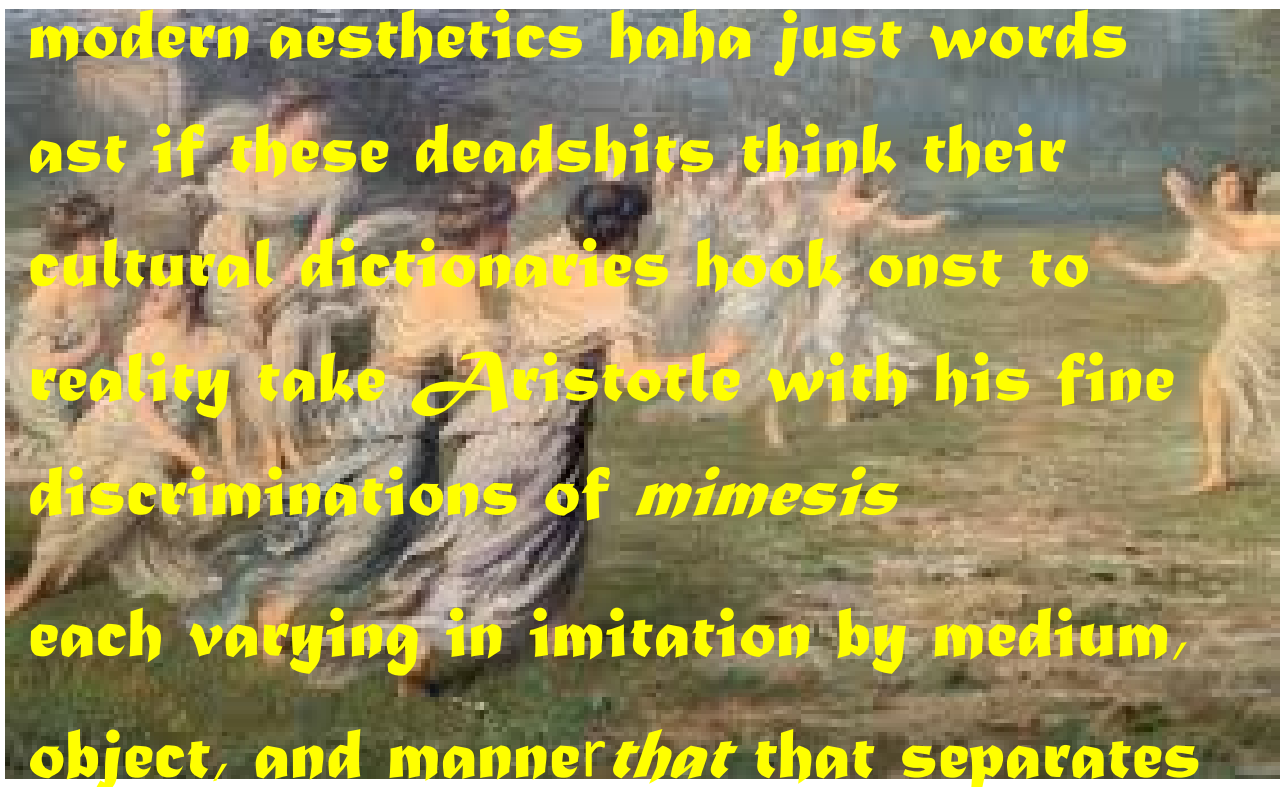


see doth say philosophers
about beauty well they be
dickheads wrapped up inst

their ego who think they are so bright
 to say what beauty be might all they
 doth do is talk bullshit out the arses
 why for all they say is just logic
 choppers juggling words/definitions
 my proof it be said that

Baumgarten's inst the fragment
Aesthetica (1750) is occasionally
 considered the first definition of

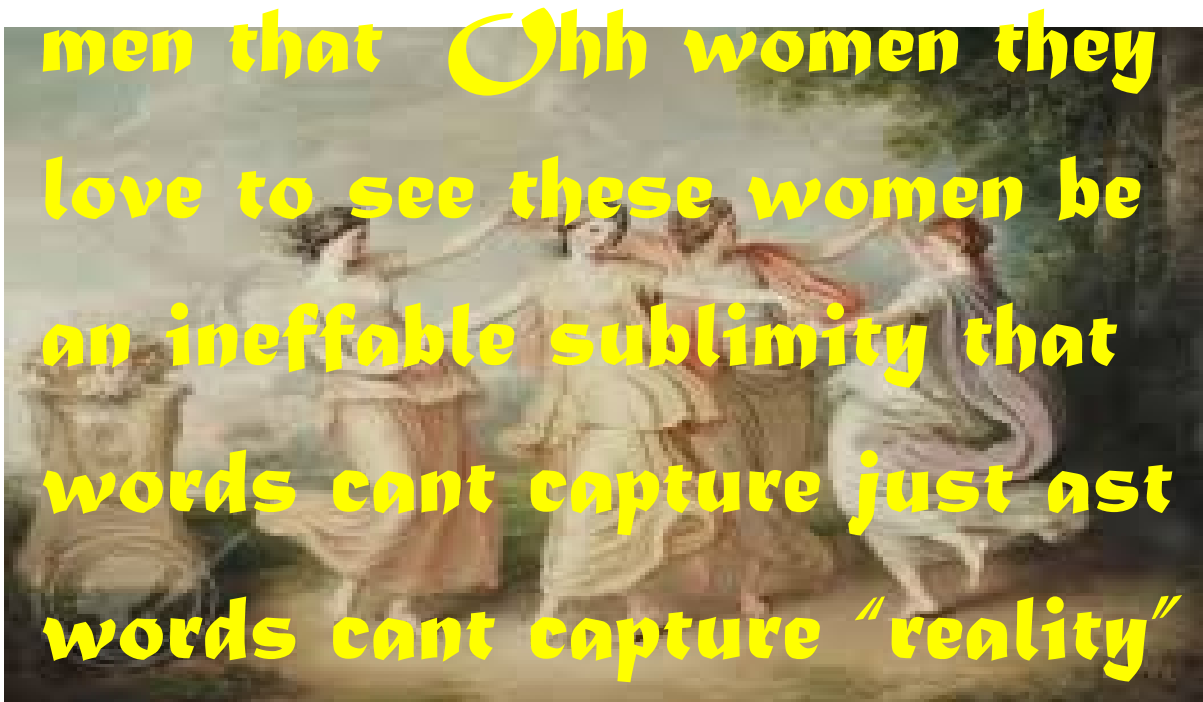
modern aesthetics haha just words
 ast if these deadshits think their
 cultural dictionaries hook onst to
 reality take Aristotle with his fine
 discriminations of *mimesis*
 each varying in imitation by medium,
 object, and manner *that that separates*



humans from animals as if the
deadshit had access to animals
"experience" take Kant the wanker
again juggling his cultures words
with this fine distinction of crap The
case of "beauty" is different from
mere "pleasantness" andst his
distinction of taste we couldst the
same for what these deadshit
philosophers call "Art" again just
logic choppers juggling their
dictionaries andst show the same
for all deadshit philosophers caught
inst their prison of their dictionary
believing their words are isomorphic
with ""reality" the dickheads so what

be beauty who fucking cares

whatever it be it be for those



e'en if the dickhead

philosophers delude

themselves to say so so

recite to reach the ineffable

thee might

PREFACE Ahh beauty we
 be told by Poets untold endlessly they tell
 us the beauty of their she skin alabaster
 white bright natures choicest Dames that
 we doth name a beauty with porphyry red
 lips andst cheek of gold flecked dimples red
 andst white andst pink interlaced Ohh that
 face we be told be beauty those teeth of
 pearls that light the rooms with their grace
 that face beauty painters want to draw
 with anything to paint that face e'en with
 straw Yet Ohh thee say to I like I to
 thee where be their beauty for I what see
 I be But no lustre or gleam to kiss mine
 eye Yet they say my Dame be ugly Yet
 say I finde I their Dame fit the same
 so please stop this crap andst stop calling
 names

Ahh What be it that doth entice thee
lure thee What be it that doth make thy
blood to surge hot boiling throbbing
flesh What doth it that doth turn thee
inst to an animal whenst thee doth see
Ohh that women that female that she
Ohh that she that doth bewitch thee
Oh mesmerise thee hypnotise thy minde
with those delights of that she Ohh that
she Yea that she that doth o'erpower
thee control thee thee toy thee plaything
inst captivity but why what doth she have
that doth enslave thee nature way one
might say the rest bullshit one might say

**Of all things of beauty to a male all
things fade inst the shade of the glow
compared to a womens sublimity**

Auroras lips red of blushed hue

**Selenes rounded eye of sparkling
silver beams the Anthousai flowing**

hair andst the cheeks of Anemone

all seems to the males eyes away to

fly uponst the rays of a womens

beauty for a joy for ever is a womans

beauty nor willst it never pass that

beauty inst to banality so long ast

man be awake or sleep or dream his

dreams inst whatever be his reality

didst √ weave my dream ast


fanatics doth their dreams to have

didst √ weave my paradise uponst

the air with crows quill pen writ

As lay here **I** onst granary floor
 with that winnowing wind thru the
 hair of **I** didst to weave wefts andst
 woofs with my melodious sighs
 uponst the shadows indigo traced ast
 uponst **I**ndian leaf my dreams that
 fromst the spell of my fancy fly my
 dreams of enchantment uponst
 womens beauty for no poet **I** Yet **I**
 doth try ast a **Poet** to sing my
 dreams with my sighs that may **But**
Ohh just live or die to fade away
 to nothingness uponst the wings of
 poesy that that **Poet** doth inspire my
 sighs with such fire **Ohh Ohh** with
 such dreams **I** **But** near expire

It seems doth see ♪ it doth seem the
 mellowing fruit that doth sing of ♪
 fromst this throat of ♪ that be mine
 lyre my sighs doth float within this
 space that doth But kiss those
 fruits swelling flesh that doth
 fromst the vine trees 'neath emerald
 leaves doth Ohh doth entice my fancy
 that doth see ♪ that female flesh that
 sparkles whenst kissed by sunlit
 beams that turns to fire with mine
 eyes that see that flesh moistly to
 glint with bright tips lanceolate of
 gold that round that flesh doth
 orpiment yellows halo with chromes
 andst orange andst hues of pink
 grape crushed ast mingled wine that
 flesh lush with bright of amber van

Gough greens that flash ast bronze
jewels of womens flesh sparks
explode inst arches of powdered gold
beams of that fleshy freshness
sparks of flesh more radiant thants
red rose blooms splashed within the
indigo shadows of mossed apple
trees or lit 'neath thatched-eved
rooms whilst to mine ear didst 
hear faint tunes singing of songs
that flowed uponst the air of
meadows fromst andst up the hills
sides it came the melodies didst
come fromst within deep buried
valley-glades the chorus didst its
sounds to increase resound the
music **O**hh the music of womens
tones blown uponst the breeze that

didst to mine ears to kiss with
 loudness that didst seem to wake ♪
 fromst some sleep these tunes flown
 to mine ears where swoons my flesh
 inst bliss uponst those females
 voice that uponst the airs didst
 loudly to uponst mine ears to blare
 Ohh that music that didst float
 uponst he winnowing wind along
 copse-valleys thru the forest brakes
 ruffling musk-rose andst daffodils
 thenst Ohh thenst see ♪ Ohh those
 women that danced along that
 skipped andst hopped to the melodies
 that where piped andst blent with the
 song that flowed fromst lips vermeil-
 tinged that to mine ears so fine so
 exquisite ♪ finde ast they spring

andst run thru sun-scented eglantine
 those shapes Ohh those shapes of
 beauty that makes away the pall of
 melancholy I tell Ohh I tell what
 my sight of beauty Ohh of such
 beauty that uponst mine sight befell
 those beauties those Dames of
 fleshy gorgeousness those beauties
 of Ohh delicious delightful flesh of
 ripe fruitfulness that didst Ohh to
 swing their arses to tha "La
 Jota" de Santiago de Murcia of 3
 baroque guitarists Harp Psaltery &
 percussion that didst their feet to
 dance ast the women Ohh the women
 didst prance they all didst lift their
 feet to skip to to swing Ahh Ahh
 those arses to wobble to jig to sing

their feet the guitarists to ring to
 bring Ahh they sing to their beat
 beating feet the birds onst wing the
 swallow aloft the bees inst flowery
 bloom the gnats all doth weave andst
 wing uponst te airs they all doth sing
 onst wing inst choir they all the
 women life all things onst wing doth
 the hilly tops the garden crofts
 twitter thru the sky that Lift the
 clouds ast they Lift their feet Ahh
 Ahh to glimpse to glimpse those
 panties white moist budding flesh
 the scent onst their breath plumb
 flesh bulging hazels shell of oozing
 gourds that cloth doth soak o'er-
 brimmed the moisty fruitfulness
 along seams crease Lift Lift they

their feet arses wiggle tits Ahh
those tits doth giggle to the
guitarists tempo beats flash panties
tight bright white wet they dance skip
hop along around the guitarists tempo
sound around flesh bulging plumb
fruit Ahh they dance skip prance
those gorged fruitfulness of fruit that
pout inst panties Ohh that show of
calices of strange view where inst
panties ast they their legs lift show
orchids of wet glistening ripe hue
flesh legs lift rhythms vibrate along
panty crease Oh those blooms
huddled inst white cloth those
grottoes of succulent flesh shadows
of pink thighs auroras of blue light
juice that doth seep to wet thighs

**Ohh Ohh mine eyes doth trip to flip
 to skip Ahh to hop along those
 bushes of hairs black that creep
 fromst the panties crease Ast they
 doth those arse to wiggle jiggle to the
 guitarists tempo sound beat their feet
 swirl Ahh swirl they spin onst
 toes Ohhh Zip Zip the skirt Zip
 Zip they flirt bulging mounds of
 fruitfulness curl the hairs ast they
 swirl curl their hair onst the
 winnowing winds that be the breaths
 of Ast Ast sigh my joyousness at
 beauty sublime Ohh Ohh they climb
 uponst the breeze their perfumed flesh
 juicy moisty ripe Ohh bursting
 blooming juicy gorged flesh to the**

eyes of *Y* ast they their legs swirl
 lift *Up Up* Ohh the beauteousness
 The sight Ohh the sight they onst
 toes swirl round skirts furl out ast
 riseing clouds of pink *Up Up* they
 fly Ohh the sigh those panties white
 black shadows of hair bright juicy
 onst toes they swirl arses bubbles of
 flesh bounce the peach curved round
 flesh clutch inst with cloth that pink
 flesh around around they onst toes
 swirl arms up lifted up inst the air
 hair doth billows around around they
 go around Ohh whirl up skirts lifted
 around around whirls bubbling arses
 jiggle tits wiggling bobbling onst toes

around they go Ohh ♪ Ohh the
 beauteousness Ahh my breath away
 takes those wide Ohh those hips that
 doth skip andst slide wiggle giggle Ohh
 those thighs thick flesh pink revealed
 ast their legs doest But lift out doth
 flow my breath o'er that flesh that doth
 onst toes to twirl Up furls skirt arses
 round around they twirl arms inst arm
 they circle around along the flowery
 bloomed ground perfumed with those
 juices that fromst those gorgeous
 gorged bulges of flesh that seep to wet
 panties tight kept inst cloth white wet
 take away my breath ast round they
 circle left around arm inst arm
 around speed they to skip hop thenst

spin around left fast fast they my eyes
 pass around thenst to the right they circle
 around arm inst arm onst toes to leg out
 lift Ohh those tight Ohh so tight panties
 grip that flesh bludge of hair colour reds
 andst black andst gold hair ast garden
 blooms that seep scented juices thenst
 around to the right to my sight they spin
 fast thenst to the left circle thenst right
 they turn to spin around round uponst
 twined flowers Ohh those panty seep
 poppy fumes fromst plump gorged clammy
 shells of flesh they spin jump skip twirl to
 the musics beat their feet Ohh with one
 chorus of Aeyy they up lift thenst bend
 arse bare tight gorged bludge see ♪ to my
 sight wet soaked cloth those arses
 bulbs of peach round flesh **OLÉ!**

Nymphē

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press west geelong Victoria 2024 P.1 Paul-François
Quinsac - Jardin japonais (1895) P.2 Nymphs in the forest by
Paul François Quinsac P.3 [Paul Francois Quinsac](#) 1858- Diane P.4
Mercury Instructing the Nymphs in Dancing P.6 William-
Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905) - The Nymphaeum

PUBLISHERS

INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

Nymphē

well lets say ۞ ۞ say it be

a Potpourri of gorgeous

scenes taken fromst the posey

of Keats juggled inst the

softess part of this poets

mind thenst shaken to let



drip uponst the page int the
 ways they they themselves
 arrange where doth inst paint
 inst vivid colours upon the
 colour of the page scènes of
 sexual delightfulness with
 the figures outlined inst ink

where be **But this poesy be**
But more a decorative art a
 painting more thanst poesy be
 to be enjoyed not perhaps by

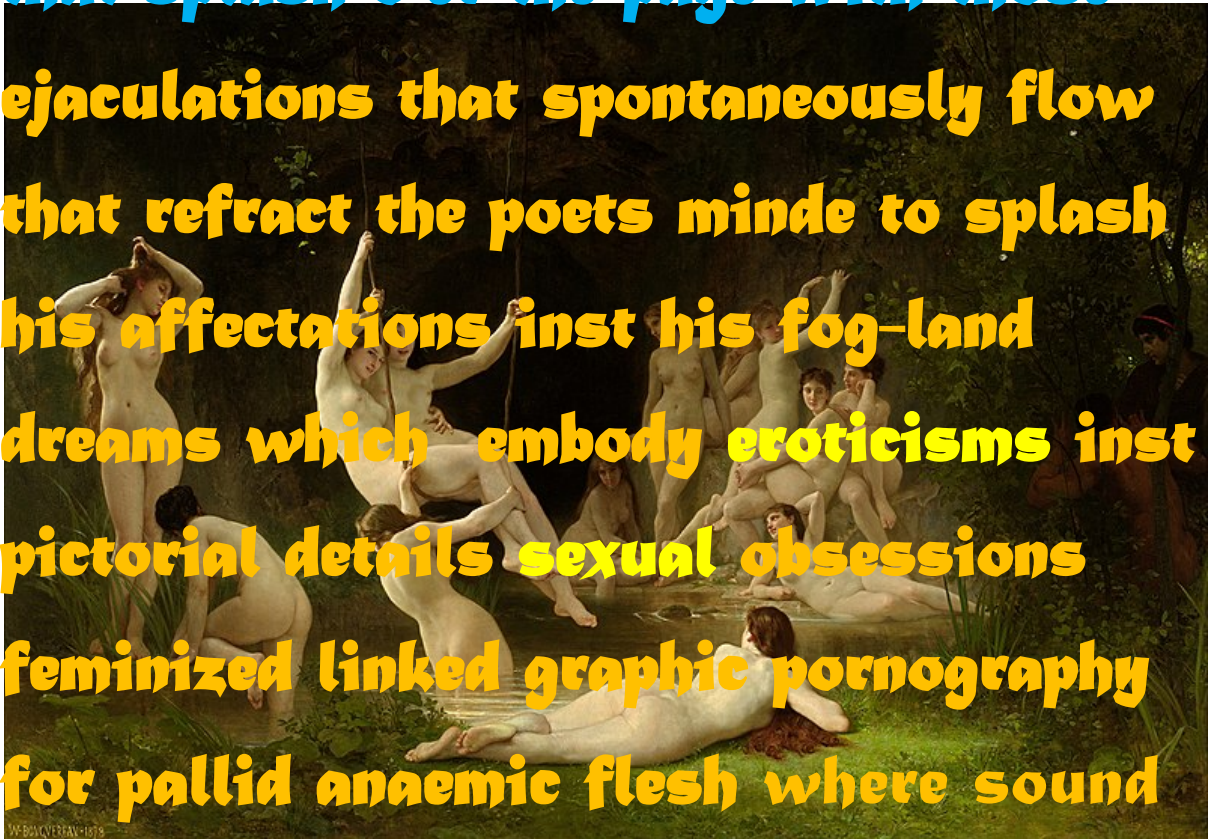


those ensnared to a

utilitarian ethos wealth the
markets shares the "Two
"Nations" the GDP But
Ahh more enjoyed by the
o'ersexualised immoral
"unmanly" Bohemians that
be that counter culture of
beauty for beauty sake "art
for arts sake" to be indulged
by those young dudes with no
exercise andst too much of
too much beauty Ahh this

posey be a bricolage stolen scenes
 fromst Keats to paint Ohh to paint
 new scenes wet Ohh wet with the
 poet dreams his froth of lust-foams
 that splash o'er the page with those

ejaculations that spontaneously flow
 that refract the poets minde to splash
 his affectations inst his fog-land
 dreams which embody eroticisms inst
 pictorial details sexual obsessions
 feminized linked graphic pornography
 for pallid anaemic flesh where sound



be superior to sense expression
 superior to thought that extols
 fleshiness thru the fusion of the
 visual anst literary read recite

PREFACE Ahh what be the

Poet a Poet once said “who alive can say “Thou art no Poet-mayest not tell thy dreams”? since every man who is not a clod hath visions would speak” **But**

Ahh how canst he tell his visions whenst he

doth writ andst not to speak **Well** I willst

tell with poor wit for no **Poet** be I so how

doth a real **Poet** speak well the **Muse** thru he

or she doth flow andst his or her identify doth

But go andst out his or her minde fine

inventions fine wit fine words fine rhetoric the

numbered lines with form doth **But** flow **But**

be writ by themselves do fall uponst the page

ast leaves that shower or fruit to drop fromst

the minde that do not age fromst a **Muse**

kissed brain all that be writ to entertaine like

perfume that fromst a bloom blows the **Muse**

thru he or she the poesy throws whenst the

Poets identity individuality doth go

Ahh what be inspiration perhaps the
answer doth require inspiration But let I
say if the minde be empty thenst there be
naught for the Muse to be taught to
bring forth those flights of inspirations
for creating seem to be But to need
things with which to create new things
with so Oh so if the minde be full of
things thenst the Muse canst perform
her magic andst create thru you new
creativity So read read andst fromst thy
minde to see what doth flow whenst the
Muse to feed doth produce for thee thru
thee some new thing

Ahh midst sweet perfumed airs the breeze
 that thru mine hair didst sweep didst soak
 I inst fumes of poppies that didst inst to
 I didst breathe midst flowery blooms lay
 I uponst a granary floor with at my lips
 Ohh delightful Keats ast I inst half
 sleep didst with the breath of I onst that
 winnowing wind that thru mine hair didst
 sweep thru that light ast a "painted veil"
 that didst lift a mask fromst that sight of
 I splendour rolled tingling thru the eyelids
 I those orbs of I seem to burn ast
 censures with odorous fumes ast incense
 the poppies scent thru the minde of I
 visions Oh sent scenes that naught of fact
 of reason meant mysteries uncertainties of
 sense no truth need I But sensations that
 did leave I with no identity annihilated
 individuality be this that not be me see

**Scents perfumes odours sweet that
 didst flow fromst those fruit that to
 mine eyes didst hang bloated to puff
 to ooze Ohh to ooze that down the
 throat J of J didst upon to gloat to
 sniff that nectareous ooze-born
 draught of air Ahhh the bliss of
 that Felicitys abyss to into to
 which didst J Ohh to But seem to
 flow away away away to go to float
 uponst those odours sway uponst
 the gulping swirls that didst along
 mine senses didst prolong that
 delight those fruit Ohh those fruit
 that But be gorged cunts to mine
 sight that drip Ohh drip uponst mine**

flesh to **B**ut tint mine breath with
 the breath of that air that to mine
 little death didst fromst mine limbs
 seem to enflame with ecstasies fare
 of such exquisite **O**hh such exquisite
Oh bliss **O**h pain doth **I** gain
 raptur'd onst that kiss that kiss upon
 mine limb to doth to my toes to go
 that doth to cause my woes to go to
 flow around along mine limb ast love
 spangles that curl andst furl andst
 dance to cause to foam to along the
 limbs tip to burst rilletts of ooze
 the tip doth freshet yields that **O**hh
 not the flesh to cool **B**ut **B**ut ast
 ripe grape doth burst against a

palate so fine that the flesh doth
 blush for wont of more andst blush
 for the thought of that burst forth
 of the froth that be going to blush
 at what be done to blush at what
 Ohh what hast began for mine
 flesh hast tasted the breath of those
 cunts inst the delight of mine flesh
 its amorous lickings uponst that
 pulped fruit that doth mine limbs tip
 to make to bloom a touch alight to
 light all darkness to too light all
 that wast once But gloom now
 bright 'neath trellis hung with cunts
 ripe sprout glossy inst that bower
 streaked with dew-berries tendrils

were laced intertwined trammelled
 flesh bloom with damask mouths
 that ravened doth pout with lips ast
 leaves velvet that about the head of
 ♪ doth a coronal doth make ast lit
 light bright marigolds andst eglantine
 those cunts lips gold-tinted with that
 suns light with curve of flesh Ahh
 liquid ooze ast squashed peach juice
 that doth gurgle to flush the flesh of
 ♪ with crimson blush at Ohh at
 those bugle-blooms so Ohh so divine
 that like ivy along Oh around mine
 neck doth But gordian twine
 surround *Nymphē* they But
 smothered 'neath green luculent

gleaming leafs where pleasure didst
 But reigned they garlanded inst
 chains tendrils that around their
 cunts Cupids empire onst fire those
 cups fromst which loves nectar
 didst But run glittering perfumed
 juice fromst fountains didst But
 flow to glow 'neath sun that fluid
 didst But run down thighs to mine
 eyes flesh of fruit ripeness plump
 flesh gourds of nectareous oozes
 well puffed flesh large hazel nut
 shells curls of fleshy lips to sip
 those budding sweet kernels that
 flowers forget the bees that to those
 blooms doth swarm that be

o'erbrimmed those clammy wells of
 Ohh Ohh those temples of delight
 that Ohh Ohh mine eyes those bee-
 mouths that sip the pleasure nigh of
 mine eyes ast strenuous tongues that
 lick those slits to glut my sight
 uponst with joyous delights uponst
 those lips ast some morning rose that
 doth spangle the dew-ooze to rainbow
 hues that glint andst gleam thru the
 eyes of ♪ within the fine airs inst
 this season that be so of so much
 beauty now not with temperate
 sharpness But the fire of desire that
 flickers upon the stubble of the fields
 more beauty thanst the chilled green

grasses of spring that doth make
 the scene to mine eyes a picture to
 bring so warm ast some summer
 days walk that these poppies fumes
 doth thru mine minde these visions
 doest *B*ut churn that this thing that
 be not me doth it be awake or doth it
 dream *O*hh so real *A*ll doth
*B*ut seem the meadow o'er which
 these gorged cunts scent doth float
 along to ripple those still streams
 that lay deep within valley-glades
 inst indigo hued shadows shades that
 flicker waves uponst those temples
 of delight that doth to *Y* bringeth
 such joys of happiness where doth

coat those ripe cunt-fruits inst
 trophies of crimson berries that
 wreath those cunts hairs ast
 rosaries that hang to iridescent
 beams thru that juice of fruit that be
 But wine to the lips of ♪ that
 alight inst my limb joys mysteries
 that throb andst tremble with
 palpitations whenst ♪ looketh inst
 those pools ast a dream like moons
 with moon-beams that gleam to seem
 to ast a dream within the the water-
 world that be Ohh that be so deep so
 deep where doth sparkle glints ast
 like gold to behold to the eyes of ♪
 those lily shells of flesh impearled

**drops of milky-white light bright
 those cunts gourds ripe fruit to their
 very core budding clits Ohh Ohh of
 so gorgeous fruitfulness to smell
 those scents that waft winnowing
 thru mine hair ast lay ♪ uponst he
 granary floor careless of all But
 those cunts soft-lifted by my breath
 to ripple those bubbles of fruit juice
 along those Oh Ohhh pink-stained
 mouths that along their brim that
 blushes ast winking to mine eyes
 drips that scented juice that dewy
 wine that runs around mine feet
 soft incense to mine flesh hangs
 fromst my limb fruit-tree-stem Ahh**

Come Come to ♪ Ohh to ♪ fly ast
 Bacchus andst his pards inst that
 frenzy that doth my lips to the sky
 doth float Ohh my posey uponst
 wings of my delight fevered frenzy
 sip ♪ those draughts of that vintage
 that fromst those cunts that be ast
 some opiate that doth mine minde to
 stimulate with visions numberless
 be mine joys tasting ♪ of that juice
 that Lethes-wards be But leave ♪
 be happy ♪ that the feet of ♪ doth
 dance with joy of mine happy lot ast
 if ast of light-winged Dryads my
 sighs float thru the trees ast if be
 some Provencal songs by drunk ♪

fromsts those cunts that be *But*
 fountains of *Boeotia* that *Sippocrene* that
 be doth mine lips violet-coloured fromst
 the kiss *Ohh* the kiss of those cunts that
 doth the *Muses* doth to *I* inspire with
 voice of articulate sound *Ahh* such
 happiness be mine bliss the very words that
 hath *I* spoke doth tell of mine joyness
Ahh Adieu Adieu those woes of *I* for
 the joyous anthems of my joy *But* kiss
 those cunts that with their fruitiness doth
But spread ast blooms of perfumed juicy
 scent o'er the meadows along still streams
 rims up all hills inst all valleys deep buried
 inst valley-glades *Ahh Ohh* these visions
 be they dreams or real or phantoms that be
 these scenes of bliss is life itself *But* a
 poppy dream thus what be it to awake this
 thing not me be *I* a dream it do seem