

**bout de chemin pour
la femme fatale**

**POEM BY C
DEAN**



bout de chemin pour la femme fatale

POEM BY C
DEAN

List of **free** Erotic Poetry Books by Gamahucher Press by colin leslie
dean Australia's leading erotic poet free for download

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by->

[Gamahucher-Press](#) Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia **2022**

PUBLISHER
S
INTRODUC
TION

Ahh we have here **bout**
de chemin pour la
femme fatale

it doth seem it may be a
dirge or lament or threnody
perhaps even a requiem for

the dead *Ahh* nay a
coronach for the living dead
they whose beauty hast
faded andst live in the
twilight world of shadows
they whose flower no bee be
be interested in no
nightingale caress less to
sing to they no poet writes
lyrics andst all *Casanovas*
or *Don Juans* just pass
by an elegy for those who

**didst glory in their beauties
didst have power fromst
their looks their beauty
which gave them endless
suits andst their dance
card was always full Ahhh
this **bout de chemin
pour la femme fatale**
be we think be a wake up
call to all those beauties
vain who base all and**

**everything only on their
looks for beauty fades and
thenst the end of the road is
reach for all those who base
all on their beauty But But
this **bout de chemin**
pour la femme fatale**

**be a wake up call to those
beauties to not be one
dimensional to have other
assets in store for whenst
thy beauty fades**

PREFACE

**In its flower of youth the bloom the
bee attracts its beauty enchants casts
a spell o'er all the bees that swarm
each bloom a Circe be with its
beauty but when its youth fades to
autumn andst winter the bee to other
blooms doth flee andst lets the
flower to wither alone with only
memories of its youthtime in its
springtime**

Languorous lay ♪ here hear with
 pearls strung in the hair of ♪ dyed
 red rosette lily of delight lay here ♪
 hear ast patchouli and jasmine scent
 doth waft o'er the flesh of ♪ ast lay
 ♪ here hear ♪ upon divan of scarlet
 silk brocaded with stitched
 Hydrangea carnations red roses
 blooming andst Alstroemeria andst
 Zinnia stitched with gold whilst
 ast lilac and lemon curtains waft in
 the moonlight that spills o'er the
 floor in pools of liquid pearls ast
 peacocks fanning tail before ♪ but
 dance not why here hear say ♪ with
 The Bower of Bliss for ♪ open

**twixt the thighs of ♀ that bud that
 bud of the roses bloom But But
 none doth come to ♀ ast the
 perfumed airs wafted by andst
 moonbeams didst open that page that
 page of Acrasia paradise in this
 Aiaia of ♀**

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
 Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre; 65
 Ne more doth florish after first decay,
 That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
 Of many a lady, and many a Paramowre.
 Gather therefore the Rose 4 whitest yet is prime,
 For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre; 70
 Gather the Rose of Love whilest yet is time,
 Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime

**Washed the room of ♪ in moonlight
 pale luminous light like mist coated
 the airs redolent with odours of
 musk frangipani andst pepper andst
 strange scents fromst potpourris
 floated inst the purple shadows that
 like canopies of dark indigo clouds
 that be streaked with the glints of the
 pearls in the curls of ♪ sparkled on
 wavelets of moonbeams silver
 ripples o'er the flesh of ♪ But But
 Ohhhhhhhhhh all seemed to pallor to
 dull tints to turn the fires less also
 to burn andst do not the peacocks
 dance for ♪ But Why Why ♪ be
 the Sinjib Tree sing ♪ of Hope**

For I am the Flower of Khorassan

The silvery Sinjib tree

And he who pitches his camp beneath

Shall dream of love and of me

To enhance his ecstasy

**Sing ۞ for whenst didst the lovers
of ۞ didst in their eyes be reflected
the beauty of me the beauty of me
that melts the lovers flesh ast their
arms about ۞ didst caress that not
love ۞ they be but adored with
worshiping fires ۞ ast fused into
bliss with ۞ didst quiver their flesh**

the dreams of they dissolved in the
 beauty of the face of ♪

♪n their dreams

♪n their eyes

♪n their flesh that beauty doth burn

As on this face of ♪ desired to
 be possessed by they thru nights
 andst days andst months andst years
 never weary doth they be besotted in
 adoration of me But But

Ohhhhhhhhhh all seems to pallor to
 dull tints to turn the fires less also
 to burn andst do not the peacocks
 dance for ♪ But Why Why ♪ be
 the Wilde Sphinx

**the sphinx to which doth sing doth
sing they in their lustiness**

Come forth, my lovely seneschal! so somnolent,
so statuesque!

Come forth you exquisite grotesque! half woman
and half animal!

Come forth my lovely languorous Sphinx! and
put your head upon my knee!

And let me stroke your throat and see your
body spotted like the Lynx!

And let me touch those curving claws of yellow
ivory and grasp

The tail that like a monstrous Asp coils round
your heavy velvet paws!

**Ahh they didst sing thus ast
moonbeams ast white ast snow on
Simalaya peaks curls thru the hair**

of ♀ with ripples that ebb and flow
with the breath of the desires of they

And the trembles of their flesh

And the quivers of their lips

Andst the flashing in their eyes
dilated

Ahh didst their sighs ripple the
moonbeams to float o'er old damask
alter-cloths embroidered with scenes
of bacchanalias coated with scents
fromst their lustiness sweat blent
with incense fromst temples to

♀anna/♀shtar ast whilst they didst
adore ♀ didst ♀ with sweet sighs
enchant them like ♀amia with words

**of honey sweet fromst the mouth of
 of ∫ gleaming with pearls of fire
 But But Ohhhhhhhhhh all seems to
 pallor to dull tints to turn the fires
 less also to burn andst do not the
 peacocks dance for ∫ But Why
 Why ∫ be the Bodys Beauty
 decked with poppies and the rose**

That, ere the snake's, her sweet tongue could
deceive,

And her enchanted hair was the first gold.

And still she sits, young while the earth is old,

And, subtly of herself contemplative,

Draws men to watch the bright web she can
weave,

Till heart and body and life are in its hold.

But But

No knocks do hear ♪ at the door

**No feet do hear ♪ coming to my
door**

**No breaths heated do hear ♪
sighing at my door**

**Why Why this gloom in my room
with shadows devouring the
moonbeams where only shadows do
kiss the lips of ♪ only lingering
memories doth taste ♪ upon the flesh
of ♪ that flesh which seemeth now
to quake ast sorrows do increase
ast the fruit and flowers in these
vases pale and wither andst do seem**

to rot ast now no knock cometh to
 this flower of ♪ to pluck ast the
 traffic they passes by the door of ♪

None sit beside ♪ ♪ sit alone
 buried in the shadows no music of
 their sighs to send the eyes of ♪ on
 fire no face of they to look at this
 face of ♪ with lust and rabid frenzy
 Ohh the moonbeams seem changed to
 sleet and the perfumes seen ast
 odours wafting fromst the grave
 only silence doth kiss the ears of ♪
 andst doth hear only phantom feet
 fromsts memories deep scurrying o'er
 the moonbeam pools to catch a
 glimpse of ♪ shiver ♪ inst this

**gloom that swallows up my room
 But But Ohhhhhhhhhh all seems to
 pallor to dull tints to turn the fires
 less also to burn andst do not the
 peacocks dance for ♪ But Why
 Why whenst they didst sing to ♪**

MY LIFE is bitter with thy love; thine eyes
 Blind me, thy tresses burn me, thy sharp sighs
 Divide my flesh and spirit with soft sound,
 And my blood strengthens, and my veins abound.
 I pray thee sigh not, speak not, draw not breath;
 Let life burn down, and dream it is not death.
 I would the sea had hidden us, the fire
 (Wilt thou fear that, and fear not my desire?)
 Severed the bones that bleach, the flesh that cleaves,
 And let our sifted ashes drop like leaves.
 I feel thy blood against my blood: my pain
 Pains thee, and lips bruise lips, and vein stings vein.
 Let fruit be crushed on fruit, let flower on flower,
 Breast kindle breast, and either burn one hour.

**Ohhhh no more doth they sing to ♪
 Why Why ♪ lie in this room in
 despire alone alone no sweet flowers
 doth now do bloom andst no sighs
 tremble the air andst about this
 gloom this room only shadows creep
 to bury ♪ to bury ♪ where no
 perfume sweet or soft kiss doth the
 flesh of ♪ doth meet they all hast
 flown alone sit ♪ in silence andst
 shadows darkening the fires dims
 and the moonbeams pallor my hope
 my desires like autumn leaves wither
 on the limbs of ♪ Ahhh the
 shadows clasp the flesh of ♪ in
 some icy grip all they now this door**

do pass by fromst rapture to despair
 the sighs of ♪ do echo thru this
 gloom thru this gloom where lust
 hast flown andst joyousness carried
 away on the sighs of ♪ behold
 behold ♪ the dark Why Why do not
 the peacocks dance for ♪

AAAhhhh look looketh ♪ see ♪
 see ♪ in that dwindling pool of
 moonlight *AAAhhhh* ♪ see look
 looketh now now ♪ know Why do
 not the peacocks dance for ♪ ♪ see
 in the eyes there be a single wrinkle

ISBN 978187634704X