



convoitises
d'un décadent

poem
BY C
D&A W

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 poem
 by
 dean

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fp: *Satyr and Bacchante* is a painting by
 Workshop of Peter Paul Rubens (1577-
 1640)

PUBLISHERS
INTRODUCTION
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So what be this

convoitises

d'un décadent

what be it be it about thee

yes you be it about thy bored

debauchery thy overindulged

senses thy burnt out

passions with thy

accompanying world-
weariness andst fatigue
YES it be about **YOU**
perhaps not for thee we
doubt that you hast any
aestheticism any sense of
beauty like **Keats Oscar**
Wilde or the **Pre-**
Raphaelites we bet you be
no more than a **Beckford**
over satiated with
sensualism but no more than

ostentatious depravity *Yes*
that be *You* *Ahh* to die
like *King John* on a
surfeit of peaches *Ahh* even
better to die like that great
maker of music *Henry*
Purcell fromst chocolate
poisoning *Yes* this

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be about *You* for thee canst
see the perfumed
voluptuousness of the
sumptuous imagery or hear
the rhapsodic music of the
verbiage for *You* be just a
commodity consuming
commodities in thy nihilistic
sensationalism devouring
all andst ending devouring
YOURSELF thru the
commodity fetishism

PREFACE Ahh the joys

of youth the joys of those halcyon
days whenst the year be one long
spring andst we dance the

Baccanalia andst didst laugh andst
sing andst swing the airs where clear
andst the perfumes sweet to meet

'neath rose bush with nymphs or
satyrs where the eyes where bright
that never knew a tear where our lips
only knew smiling andst our kisses

where pure whenst we where pure
andst whenst everything was pure

Ohh howeth we where glad of each
new day when the light was bright
andst all things pure

Above *J* belooking down a *Boy*
 Bitten by a *Lizard* in shadows
 indigo dancing light flickering a lone
 tear didst drop upon a wilted
 asphodel leaf splattering into sparks
 golden fires ast the memories of the
 languorous scent of she those shes
 wafted about me ast faded rose
 leaves white rose in odorous mists
 scattering the flickering light yellow
 of tapers flaming in bronze phiale
 cracked sent silhouettes fragrant of
 oriental perfumes o'er damask red
 curtains embroidered with lilies
 andst asphodels dazzling splinters
 of white snowness cut the light

soaking into cushions gold interlaced
 in the humid voluptuous air breathed
 out of *J*ast the memories of the
 languorous scent of she those shes
 wafted about me with sparks of
 phosphoretic light forming to foam
 floating in vaporous airs like lotus
 blooms on diaphonis pools crimson
 lustres of flesh met the eyes of *J*
 lips of asphodel-flowers like carved
 in *Pentelic* marble blossomed with
 luculent limpidity glowed like
 bursting grapes they didst drip dew
 into perfumed liquidities andst to
 lips of *J* golden butterflies sucking
 upon those luminous kisses

**Ohh in the twilight flickering yellow
 flower light about ♪ Ohh those shes
 Ohh those shes fuming with
 sumptuous voluptuousness Look
 Looketh Ohh looketh at the she
 Nascita di Venere that inspires in
 ♪ physical urgings of lust no
 neoplatonic love for ♪ for she be but
 lust Ahh she she commeth to me
 fromst a sea of foam not to the
 gold-filleted Sorae But But to me
 not the breath of Zephyr or Aura of
 a lighter breeze But But the heated
 fiery breath of ♪ hot flames that
 caresses that egg coloured flesh**

with the lusting breath of ♪ Ohh
 Ohhh clothe ♪ she not in heavenly
 raimens but the burning desires of ♪
 to heat and send rippling flames of
 fire thru the veins of she Ahh
 howeth thee doth tease me with that
 gothic ivory curve without aplomb
 thee that floats Ohh so floats for ♪
 in that contrapposto stance that
 ecstatic pose Ohh Ohh only for ♪
 thought andst reason evaporate into
 electric quivering ripples of lust
 Ahh lust ye ye commeth to ♪ off
 thy shell andst place that hair of thee
 golden like suns rays about ♪ Ohh
 pull thy hair back that ♪ canst that

shell of thee that shell tiny clam
 mound of flesh hid for all except me
 see *Ahh Ahh* quake *♪* ast flickers
 of fire surge thru the veins of *♪*
 down the limbs of *♪* thru the flesh
 quivering in ecstasy in rapturousness
Ohhhh Ohh howeth the joy in *♪*
 flows thru *♪* ast an electric charge
 of fire *Ahhh ♪* doth discharge
 sighs of *♪* ejaculate to froth andst
 foam like the seed of a god around
 the feet of she that doth float *Ahh*
 doth float upon the foam of the lusts
 of *♪* *Ohh Ohh Above ♪* be
 looking down a *Boy Bitten* by a
Lizard a tear drops fromst *♪* andst

evaporates into perfumed fumes in
the flickering yellow flower light

But But Look

Looketh Ohh looketh at the she

*Venere dormiente Ahh doth hear ♪
the sighs of thee with thy eyes closed
dreaming dreaming of ♪ in randy
revelry with thy hand on thy horny
cleft Ahh Ahh dreaming respiring
desires for ♪ that cupid ♪ with
bow bent at thy feet pointing that
arrow of love at thy cleft Ahh Ahh
ripling sighs float thru the air soft
moans soft tones sweet perfumes
wafting fromst thy anschir reclining*

thee on thy bed cat-like languid
 against airs luculent transparency of
 light scented langour head nestled in
 arm dove like that arm that thee
 dreams in fantasy be the arm of me
 where dreams melt into desires where
 fires burn thy flesh a furnace of
 Vulcan Ahh Ah that I willst
 kiss the toes tips of thee pink like
 the pink pap tips of nymphs or the
 silvery nailes of Aurora Ahh
 Ahh howeth thy flesh doth dazzel
 the eyes of I Ahh Ahh Look
 Looketh at the curve of the form
 thee form of beauty ravishing
 tapering curvaceous the shape of

the swans neck *Ahh* that the lips of
 ♪ couldst peck couldst run the
 tongue of ♪ along that neck andst
 lick till thy flesh bursts into flame
 ast thee dreams in fantasy of me of
 ♪ thee dreams *Ahh* be ♪
Pygmalion andst transform thy flesh
 into translucent desire turn thy
 veins into fires andst thy limbs into
 opalescent light vibrating quivering
 with thy spasms with thy bodies
 quivering ast bringeth ♪ thee to
 climax in shuddering paroxysms
 fromst thy diddling *But But Ohh*
Ohh Above ♪ be looking down a
Boy Bitten by a Lizard a tear

drops fromst *J* andst evaporates
 into perfumed fumes in the flickering
 yellow flower light *But But Look*
Looketh Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe
 see she with come hither eyes at me
 surrounded by the hes of she that
 beauty diaphanous eyes orbs of
 desiring light that flesh white tints
 of divine loveliness *Ahh* like marble
 work of *Pheidias* delineations of
 beauteousness delicate colourings of
 sensuality those serpentine curves
 those polished arse cheeks like
 chiselled fromst *Carrara* marble
Ahh howeth the light golden of that
 flesh of the age of *Sappho* *Ahh*

howeth gloat √ o'er that exquisite
 form teasing seducing me Ahh
 shudder √ with pleasures with
 heated kisses blow √ fromst the
 burning lips of √ to she to she with
 those eyes Ohh those eyes that gaze
 Ahh that gaze challenging √ to
 desire accepting √ ast the desire of
 she Ahh that gaze past all but √
 that look that look not looking at
 anyone not looking at all but only √
 Ahh see she behind she at her pee
 Ahh such perversity Ohh Ohh see
 the feet of she twixt the legs of he
 Ohh thee tempting me with such
 immodesty ast thee doth gaze at √

**suddenly doth burst the flower rising
 bloom the blood doth thunder with
 thee floating on the desires of me in a
 whirlwind of lusts tempestuousness
 the blossom palpitates at thy gaze the
 bud quivers turns crimson like blood
 boiling hotter thanst noon day sun it
 throbs with desires andst expires in
 a burst of delight in a ravishing
 convulsion of ecstasy spraying pollen
 that doth float doth drop along the
 limbs of she coating she in a veil of
 shimmering light**

*But But Ohh Ohh Above √ be
 looking down a Boy Bitten by a
 Lizard a tear drops fromst √ andst*

evaporates into perfumed fumes in
the flickering yellow flower light

But But Look

Looketh Medusa Murtola Look
Looketh see the serpents green blue
of yellow hue like shining hair about
the face of she see those serpents
glistening interwreathed like gleaming
threads of tapestry about the face of
she about that mouth Ohh that
gaping mouth great hole of darkness
that I couldst thrust I into that
abyss that I couldst push I down
into that chasm andst drown I hotly
panting with breaths on fire with
flesh burning into that humid
blackness with flesh a fever of

desires for that hole plunge √ down
 down Ahh that that hole shouldst
 clutch √ andst bite andst dissolve √
 into bliss Ahh gasp √ convulsively
 in thy clasp brain burning cheeks
 alight with lusts flames Ahh thrust
 √ into that hole meshed with serpent
 hair down into that vastness down
 down But But Ohh Ohh Above
 √ be looking down a Boy Bitten by
 a Lizard a tear drops fromst √
 andst evaporates into perfumed fumes
 in the flickering yellow flower light
 lacing out Memento Mori