



le décadent à
c'est Soi

POEM
BY C
DEAN

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fp: The Banquet 1754-1755 William Hogarth

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION N

Dean what be thy **le**

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c'est Soi

be it theistic with mention of *fana*
and *Theosis* a pantheism perhaps

yet be it atheistic with mention of
Nirvana or again be it *Zen* with
mention of gates or *Sufism* with
mention of accidents dean we are but

baffled is thy **le**

décadent à

c'est Soi a work on

**mysticism a spiritual journey or be
it but just a method to achieve a
secular high be it a journey of the
self to gain release fromst the cage
of existence not a spiritual
experience but only an experience of
ones body or mind but dean though
we be baffled what be sure is thy**

le décadent à

c'est *Soi* is full of

overpowering emotion pervaded by an intensity of expression and must we say like that of the Sufi poets or that of Juan de la Cruz what is sure about thy poem dean is the stream of consciousness writing be fromst may we say an altered state of consciousness bursting like an over ripe fruit of ecstasy and intoxication we become drowned in a rhythmic drunkenness transported to

**a musical sphere where we become
annihilated like the decadent in a**

realm of bliss thy **le**

décadent à

c'est **Soi be perfume**

**be music be colour be food be the
touch of exquisiteness that drowns
us in heightened stimulations of
sensualities captured in a gilded cage
like the decadent**

PREFACE

**My lips bleed but more I need to
feed unsatiated I be feed I**

**whilst My ears bleed but more I
need to feed unsatiated I be feed I**

**whilst My eyes bleed but more I
need to feed unsatiated I be feed I**

**whilst My flesh bleeds but more I
need to feed unsatiated I be feed I**

**whilst My nose bleeds but more I
need to feed unsatiated I be feed I**

Ahhh burn ♪ with that gem-like
 flame senses alight bright delight
 On Either ether and the poppies
 sweet breath at my feast My lips
 bleed but more ♪ need to feed
 unsatiated ♪ be feed ♪ on puree of
 pomegranates peppered insects boiled
 in honey dragonflies pickled in
 vinegar and pulped mushrooms gold
 topped Ahh Maengdana with legs
 tied with slivers of lan-tan flowers
 savoury of taste with ting of bees
 toasted in almond paste coating
 roasted herons and swans dripping
 with juice of coriander peacocks on
 spits basted with ginger and verjuice

tuberoso roots candied with honeyed
 vinegar Ahh those delicious snails
 filled with mangosteen mangoes
 stuffed with psang-masas and
 bananas spiced with Spanish flies
 powdered rhinoceros horn Ahh the
 deliriums intoxications the ecstasy of
 over stimulated sensualities Ahh
 Ahh bleed the lips of I I need to
 feed unsatiated I ast whilst My
 ears bleed but more I need to feed
 unsatiated I be feed I on the
 sweets sounds of Wagner The
 Ride of the Valkyries the too many
 notes of Mozart ripple the ear
 drums of I throb and beat those

**drums those tom toms out the
exquisite microtones intense in their
moods of *Raag Bhairav* on sitas
and tablas hear here khong-vongs
vibrate with tones stimulating
exhilarating the takhe and vinas
hear here the rebab and Guzheng and
Suona burst out rapturous sounds
quivering rhythms and carresant
tones abound ast stridulations of
crickets cicadas andst grasshoppers
mix with the emanations of
chilamchi in melodic acoustics *Ahh*
the deliriums intoxications the
ecstasy of over stimulated
sensualities whilst *Ahh Ahh***

bleed the ears of *ی* *ی* need to feed
 unsatiated *ی* ast whilst *My* eyes
 bleed but more *ی* need to feed
 unsatiated *ی* be feed *ی* on the
 sights of the *Persian* miniatures of
Tariz Ahh how expressive *But*
But Ahhh the colours burn the
 colours blind the eyes the brilliance
 of lapis lazuli the mesmerizing hues
 of coppers and oxides of iron the
 exquisite to the eyes of *Kamāl ud-*
Dīn Behzād Dancing dervishes
 the intoxication of colours of
Allegory of Worldly and
Otherworldly Drunkenness of
Sultan Muhammad the elation of

paintings fromst Phad fromst
 Rajasthan Ahh those oranges reds
 and yellows glow a magic show for
 the eyes of √ hues fromst ground
 cinnabar yellows from compliment
 and greens from malachite Look
 Looketh at those Madhubani
 Paintings fromst Mithila vibrant
 light the delight Ahh the deliriums
 intoxications the ecstasy of over
 stimulated sensualities whilst Ahh
 Ahh bleed the ears of √ √ need to
 feed unsatiated √ ast whilst My
 flesh bleeds but more √ need to
 feed unsatiated √ be feed √ on the
 touch of those silky milky ointments

that bathe the flesh of ♀ in
 sensualities in sensitivities delicious
 those Ohh Ohh those ointments of
 Takeoka flowers those creams of
 tuberose soft delirious sensation
 stimulate elate this flesh of ♀ Ohh
 those pastes of Sovenia balms
 fromst the land of Japan and
 Spanish fly Ohh Ohh those
 massages in the milky sap of
 Olibanum rubbed flesh with mixes
 of lemon neroli mandrake crushed
 cloves that makes the flesh rush with
 hot flush Ahh to feel the tail of
 peacocks run o'er the flesh of ♀ soft
 soooooo slow to feel the breath of

**scented roses upon this flesh andst
 the touch of butterfly wings
 skimming o'er this flesh of ♪**

**Ahh the deliriums intoxications the
 ecstasy of over stimulated**

sensualities whilst Ahh Ahh

bleed the flesh of ♪ ♪ need to feed

unsatiated ♪ ast whilst My nose

bleeds but more ♪ need to feed

unsatiated ♪ be feed ♪ on perfumes

of asclepiad seeping fromst lilac urns

mica glinting malati and vervin

floating like veils of translucent mist

midst the scents of essence of

Sarcanthopsis and kyphi tinted with

pepper and attar of rose kissing

multi perfumed blooms odorous of
 vanilla fuming fromst caskets of
 filigreed gold Ahh didst quiver √
 with those scented embraces of
 white rose andst the scent of lotus
 andst ylang-ylang Ohh howeth doth
 kiss the nose those scents of blue
 lotus of Cleopatra howeth doth
 rapture the nose those tones of
 Turkish rose Indian agarwood andst
 musk of Shumukh Ahh the
 deliriums intoxications the ecstasy
 of over stimulated sensualities
 On Either ether and the poppies
 sweet breath √ feast without
 release fromsts these wearying

**stimulations ♫ need release give me
peace please please stop this burning
gem-like flame give me release**

**Doth feel ♫ the shadow of the
Simurgh touch ♫**

**Ahh doth hear ♫ the song of the
reed**

It singeths

**Close thy eyes that thee mayeth see
the face of reality**

**Close thy ears that thee mayeth hear
the sounds of the universe**

**Close thy nose that thee mayeth
smell the scent of existence**

**Close thy mouth that thee mayest
taste the sweetness of everything**

**Closes thy hand that thee mayest feel
the caresses of eternity**

**Thee art be drowning in the senses
andst truly thee swimming wont save
thee close all those gate andst
experience the world alight revealed
on fire with delight with senseless
marvelling the fervour of life a new
close those gates shut out the world
that willist thenst thee behold the
world alight perfumes kissing thy
face that burst into flames of golden
light free free thy self fromst the**

**prison of the senses fly fly like the
birds fromst the cage of the world
fly high abandon the enclosure of the
senses break free fromst
sensualities close those gates andst
lift the veil fromsts the world sail
thee free on the breath of ecstasy
leave thee the dust of the world andst
free thee fromst the accidences andst
fly to the non-being dwell the in the
world of non being free of the senses
and accidents the dust of this world
of being sail away into non-being
beyond good andst bad right and
wrong escape thee the cage
imprisoning thee in the dust bowl of**

thy senses close the gates andst hear
 hear the rhythms of the world smell
 smell the fragrance the perfumes of
 non-being more scented than jasmynes
 the rose sighing to its nightingale

See see the colors brighter than gold
 brighter than the noon day summer
 sun feel feel the touch of non-being
 softer than babies cheeks *Ahh Ahh*
 dance thee on the waves of non-being
 strewn with flowers about thy feet
 flowers more delightful than lotus or
 hibiscus kissed by bees

Close those gates andst the gate
 shall open for thee to

Fana

Theosis

Moksha

Deveikut

Nirvana

*All thy days shallst be spring thee
shallst bask in the unveiled beauty of
non-being melt andst thy waters shallst
blend in the sea of non-being close thy
gates and let the fumes of reason thy
mind leave empty thy mind of logic
andst pass thru*

Into eternity

Into bliss

Into ecstasy