



décadent attrapé

par

son cock

POEM BY C

DEAN

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# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION N

Ahh this **décadent**

**attrapé**

**par**

**son cock** be proof that it

be not what is done but how

it is done though these be

wordish pictures nay but

**speaking pictures it be not  
about the content but how the  
content is done andst it is  
done with rhetoric full of  
versifying andst rhyming  
flowers where rhetoric  
andst style be the mark of  
excellence ast the English  
Renaissance agreed it be  
nothing but artifice an  
artifice like the decadents  
andst Baudelaire but**

**this *décadent* *attrapé***

***par***

***son cock* be an art of**

**artifice where the content is**

**embellished andst ornamented**

**by rhetoric that amplifies**

**the content with verbal**

**patterning andst metaphors**

**andst other tricks of**

**rhetoric's elegance where**

**feelings are exaggerated**

**andst blown out by rhetoric  
where dialogue becomes  
oratory where the contents  
are transmuted into artifice  
into the ornamental where it  
not be what is described but  
the method of description  
that be important the whole  
work be no more than verbal  
spectacle where the contents  
fade into insignificance to  
irrelevancy**

# PREFACE

Ahh the wealth that makeths the world  
 a paradise a perpetual spring where all  
 be be for upon for thee to feed where  
 wealth but doth feed all thy vices true  
 so joyous a place where people be just  
 thy things to use andst feed thy  
 appetites that thy wealth allows thee to  
 indulge so joyous a place that excels  
 all that one canst name or dream a  
 place of perfumed blooms that be for  
 thee to smell a place of fruits for thy  
 delights a place most pleasant a *Bower*  
*Of Bliss* but no *Pembrokes Arcadia*  
 a place that maybe be named *The*  
*Garden of Adonis*

**Shahaha fuck the world the world be  
 just my seraglio sit here ♪ with  
 brows of eyes tinged black and white  
 with cheeks painted red andst white  
 with eyes dilated sit here ♪ the  
 world of ♪ my seraglio surveying my  
 domain ast juice of peach run down  
 the lips of ♪ stained with chocolate  
 tints Ahh those those women and  
 andst girls those sweet sauces  
 andst wines that people my world my  
 seraglio those dishes of flesh that  
 unsatiate the languid appetites of ♪  
 Ahh rolling in wealth riding money  
 to excess live ♪ the life of feasting  
 on all luxuries all sensualities**



**Hahaha my money buys all andst**  
**anything doth want I fuck the world**  
**it be just my dish to fill these**  
**insatiable appetites of I be Vathek**  
**andst Des Esseintes blent with**  
**Elagabalus luxuriating in voluptuous**  
**excess Ahh this delirium of delight**  
**the fervour of sumptuous excess**  
**this world of I my seraglio be a**  
 vapour of wood of aloes ascending in  
 wreaths from cassolettes placed on  
 silken carpets in porcelain salvers of  
 the riches japan

**Haha this world of I my seraglio**  
**of I be but That fable of the bees**

**where greed doth everyone feed to  
which doth I agree**

**That fable of the bees about be  
greed where doth everyone feed  
which doth I agree**

See thronging millions to the pagod run,  
And offer country, parent, wife, or son !  
Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,  
That not to be corrupted is the shame.  
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,  
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more !  
See, all our nobles begging to be slaves !  
See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves 1  
The wit of cheats, the courage \* \* \*  
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:  
All, all look up, with reverential awe,  
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law :  
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry  
' Nothing is sacred now but villainy.'

**Andst** unlike that **Pope** *ŷ* doth not  
**distain** **Sahaha** **andst** with that  
**Pope** *ŷ* laugh out **Sahaha** with  
**Wilde** **ŷ** sing *ŷ* When I was young I

thought that money was the most  
important thing in life; now that I am old I  
know that it is. **To throw back the**  
**head of** *ŷ* **andst** laugh at **Sahaha**

Moderation is a fatal thing. Nothing  
succeeds like excess. **Blah to**

**Hippocrates** sing out **Cecropia**

Yesterday was but as today and  
tomorrow will tread the same foot-  
steps of his foregoers **Blah to**

**imagination** foreth man then doth

loseth his own felicity **thus indulge**

me in hedonisms *Ahh Ye Ye*  
 sayeth *J* follow the throb in the  
 knob of *J* andst glut they self all  
 this be *J* sayeth this world my  
 seraglio *J* sayeth be to feed that  
 knobs throb *Ahh Looketh* see she  
 see she at *J* glance those eyes bright  
 that doth eclipse the sun with their  
 light those eyes with lids that  
 curtains pink to at *J* wink those  
 cheeks of youth glittering like some  
 sylphs flesh lit by moonlight *Look*  
 see she see she cast hidden looks at  
*J* that nymph so conscious of my  
 face that look of she seems to tell of  
 shes longing kissing of *J* *Ahh*

those looks swell the flesh of ♀  
 that burns with hot desires howeth  
 the fires dance o'er this flesh of ♀  
 ast the looks of those shes seem to  
 out shoot sparks that pierce the flesh  
 of ♀ Ahh Ahh those eyes kissing  
 mine those eyes of nymphs andst  
 sylphs light up the airs with purple  
 tints that kiss the lips of ♀ with  
 odours of the gardens flowers that  
 around ♀ didst cloak with the  
 kisses of their eyes their cheeks  
 ruddy red ast the new born rose  
 their lips budded like asphodels  
 decked in some Acadian bower  
 those lips like ripe fruit fromst

paradise that breathe out the breaths  
 of *Houris* Oh that I couldst  
 paint thee with words of *Spenser* or  
*Sidney* with those nightingale tunes  
 that I couldst singeth of thee with  
 melodies of *Dowland* or those  
 rhapsodies of *Monteverdi* Ahh  
 those lips that pucker for I that I  
 couldst drink up thy sighs that  
 nectar of delights deliriums Ahh in  
 my garden of earthly delights my  
 seraglio which doth nature deck in  
 flowery blooms that doth devise to I  
 such tempting beauties to the eyes of  
 I Ohh howeth the knob doth throb  
 andst the veins doth flow with heated

fires *Ah* this world be but a garden  
 of delights to which this gardener  
 doth trim andst prune those flowers  
 andst fruit that they do ooze sweet  
 ravishments for my delights for in  
 this garden grows all things juicy  
 sweet all for my bliss all for to  
 ease the knobs throb all flowers for  
 the pleasures of *∫* all genital dainty  
 repasts for the appetite of *∫* *Ahh*  
 such felicity that doth bring a plum  
 pink glow to that plum head knob of  
*∫* that doth throb *Ahh* the world of  
*∫* my seraglio be a spring continual  
 where do sing the birds 'mongst the  
 flowers that be decked in wanton

hues that lay spread about 'neath  
 shades of trees or on river bank  
 andst ponds to my view that Ohh  
 those lusty looks that those flowery  
 forms didst throw to ♪ such painted  
 pictures of lewdness andst desire  
 didst entice ♪ to run fromst bloom to  
 bloom fromst Gillyflowers to  
 Bellamoures to roses andst young  
 blossomed Jessemynes with their  
 perfumed buds and fluttering petals  
 athirst didst run ♪ run to feed each  
 delight andst with like thru sorcery  
 andst bewitchment they each to me  
 didst entice with kisses sweet like  
 ast a satyr with knob plum headed



with aching throb didst I run to  
 pleasure me upon all that fruit and  
 frothy flowery bloom I doth be that  
 beast that preys upon its feast andst  
 none do me escape that upon which  
 I doth set my gaze Yet Yet those  
 delightful sumptuous blooms do  
 entice I with such witchery that I  
 do seem do seem to be drawn along  
 to they with my knob plum headed  
 with throb to play upon as prey that  
 I doth catch in cunning play with  
 those forest nymphs andst river  
 sylphs to prison they within the  
 clutch of the lips of I like a spider  
 to its fly or the snake that in hidden

lair doth strike with fanged bite  
*Ahh* Ye Ye this world be my  
 seraglio happy heart with be *♪* in  
 my gardens groves of delights with  
 coloured flowers seeping nectars  
 juicy juice andst fruits that burst in  
 the mouth of *♪* with voluptuous  
 tangs andst oozing deliriums of  
 delight midst sighs of *♪* betwixt  
 the sighs of they *Ohh* sighs of joy  
 mix with sighs that coy where  
 tongues do meet andst tongues do  
 greet in mutual deceit *Ahh* doth *♪*  
 kiss those ruddy lips that doth be  
 gems of flesh that lay around for me  
 in this paradise breathing bliss

**andst sweet thumping of the flesh  
 that knob plum headed that doth the  
 blooms petals teach each andst each  
 the exercise of bliss Ahh this desire  
 of ♪ for they that be the cause of  
 this knobs throb how oft doth ♪  
 cling to lusts merriment of they that  
 kiss ♪ andst ♪ kiss they interlaced  
 with ♪ andst the sighs run high ast  
 throats in gladness doth entice with  
 lusts upon the knobs flesh of ♪ like  
 music upon that flesh playing sweet  
 tunes andst melodies which doth  
 draw delight upon the flesh of ♪  
 andst doth draw the tints of randy  
 hues more ruddy thanst sunsets glow**

upon the purpling pools Ohh those  
 lovelies those huntresses of delight  
 doth ¶ entice to run about fromst  
 each to each at the fluttering winks  
 and lips puckering for ¶ Ahh the  
 eye of she glints andst doth run ¶ to  
 she Ahh the lips throws kisses  
 andst doth run ¶ to she Ahh Ahh  
 all my wealth andst money be but to  
 feast upon all those shes all the  
 profits of the monies of ¶ to feed to  
 feed this knobs throb that be the life  
 of me