



fantasmes  
d'un décadent

POEM  
BY  
DEAN

# fantasmes d'un décadent

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**fp: Study for the Harem John Lewis (1805-1876)**

PUBLISHERS  
 INTRODUCTION  
 N

Ahh what be this  
**fantasmes d'un**  
**décadent**

be it a exposition of Freud  
 or Klein be these be  
**fantasmes** be  
 hallucinatory wish  
 fulfilments of the

**décadent** in frustration  
with the reality principle  
where they be substitute  
gratifications when the  
instinctual impulses meet  
with no satisfaction or be  
these introjections and  
identifications fromst  
manifestations of  
unconscious phantasies of  
incorporation and  
assimilation driven by

defences mechanisms and  
 primal oral drives Ahh be  
 these **fantasmes** be  
 distinct from reality or be  
 they really reality itself as  
 Schopenhauer didst say the  
 "the world is my  
 representation" be these  
**fantasmes** be  
*Vijñānavāda do we  
 distinguish between*

*vijñapti-mātra* and *citta-*

*mātra* as used in the

*Laṅkāvatāra Sūtra* be these

**fantasmes** be the

Segalian absolute idealism

like Berkeley or be we led

astray and these

**fantasmes**

be no more than the German

**Phantasie**

**PREFACE** Enscenced thee in  
 thy abode of felicity filling thy face with  
 luxury ever so wealthy ever so greedy  
 feeding on each rapt in pleasure seeking  
 happiness the carrot be not seeing that  
 these be poison be whilst the walls of thy  
 garden of paradise rot andst tottering be  
 built on the misery of the outlander that  
 feeds thy luxury whilst thee acts out thy  
 dreams the **OTSER** in nightmare be  
 whilst in safety in bliss behind thy walls  
 thee be **But** thy walls rot and tottering be  
 soon thee willst be thrown into chaos  
 disorder ast thee screams ast thy walls  
 crash disintegrate thy dreams **What** willst  
 save thee **Ahh** thy poison the antidote be  
 turned to say some spirituality

**Selenicereus grandiflorus** Ahh thee  
 my **Queen** of the night that doth  
 bloom only one night each year for ♪  
 that commeth to ♪ but only one night  
 of each year for ♪ Ohh Yes for ♪  
 with thy floral cup perfumed of  
 vanilla andst orange Ohh how sweet  
 that odour kisses the nose of ♪  
 Ohh how that flower of delight be  
 nestled in hairs tawny Ohh yes  
 some tips white Ohh my

**Selenicereus grandiflorus** Ahh thee  
 my **Queen** of the night all year long  
 the days do drag and the nights for  
 thee ♪ long for all year long be Yet  
 whensts thee doth come be still ♪

**filled with weariness ast sayeth the  
Childe**

It is that weariness which springs  
From all I meet, or hear, or see:  
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;  
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for  
me

**Ahh e'en in this abode of felicity  
where cheeks be like peaches andst  
lips like cherries andst flesh tight  
like a fish andst belly shaped like  
quince be still ♪ filled with  
weariness Ohh Ohh e'en in my  
mansion of paradise where be those  
shes ast singeth of Sultânüş-şuarâ**

those shes those cypress trees of  
 juniper pine palm andst box full of  
 the beauty of motion evoking emotion  
 not in ♪ e'en that Lote-tree that  
 doth that standeth on the right of ♪  
 bringeth not joy e'en that Tuba-tree  
 that sitteth 'neath the feet of me  
 bringeth not joy e'en eating peaches  
 in the orchard of ♪ bringeth not joy  
 Ohh Ohh Sultânüş-şuarâ e'en thy  
 cypress jasmine-faced andst thy  
 paradisical bower doth not kill this  
 dead pain of anguish the rosebud  
 andst lovely rose-leaf doth bringeth  
 not fresh life to ♪ But But e'en  
 ast singeth true the Childe where be

But all unconscious of the coming doom,  
 The feast, the song, the revel here  
 abounds;

Strange modes of merriment the hours  
 consume,

Nor bleed these patriots with their  
 country's wounds;

Nor here War's clarion, but Love's  
 rebeck sounds;

Here Folly still his votaries enthralls,  
 And young-eyed Lewdness walks her  
 midnight rounds:

Girt with the silent crimes of capitals,  
 Still to the last kind Vice clings to the  
 tottering walls

**Still I seek I to liveth in my  
 mansion of paradise in my abode of**

**felicity to cling to grasp at those  
 vices ast the walls be rotting  
 tottering be andst the people be in  
 misery poverty andst greed insanity  
 Ahh Ahh But But what care √  
 in my mansion of paradise in my  
 abode of felicity**

**Bringeth on the carousing Bringeth  
 to the ears of √ the Tef the  
 Kemence Ohh Yes Yes the Kavel  
 andst Kanun bringeth to the ears of  
 √ with lulling voices and twanging  
 instruments bringeth to the ears of √  
 the cooings of girls wanton with  
 nipple rings lasciviously tinkling  
 Yes Yes bringeth to √ crowned  
 with laurels of Trigintipetala roses**

andst fire flame tulips **But But**  
**Ohh** the echoes of the revel bringeth  
 naught of joy to **♪** the lewd andst  
 vice doth not entice **Why Ohh Why**  
 doth not those shes in the garden of  
**♪** full of pomegranate seeds andst  
 sprouting shoots not entice me **Ohh**  
**Ohh** why doth the embraces of those  
 shes the lips the breasts not **Ohh**  
 not bring joy to **♪** **Why** doth those  
 lithe sweet arms curled round **♪**  
**Why Ohh Why** doth those eyes not  
 bringeth fire to the veins of **♪** **Why**  
**Oh Why** doth those cradling  
 breasts mounds of flesh white ast  
 snow white ast the lilies bright show  
 bringeth not **Ohh** not bringeth lewd  
 desires in **♪** no shuddering spasms

commeth fromst the passions that be  
 the kisses of those shes those lips  
 proffer'd those yielding flames of fire  
 doth bringeth naught of lustiness to  
 ♪ Ohh let me breathe in the breaths  
 of musk Ohh Ohh to breathe that  
 blessed air that canst death forestall  
 for those moments of bliss But But  
 all that drinketh ♪ be the tears of ♪  
 the tears of ♪ that wet the heaving  
 blossoms of those shes that coat  
 those mounds of ripe flesh with the  
 tears of ♪ that flow like blood down  
 those curves Why Why Ohh Why  
 didst seem ♪ to yield to the  
 lasciviousness lewdness But But  
 then to turn away with weariness to  
 turn away fromst those eyes like

water limpid to turn away fromst  
 those lips like bubbles vaporous ruby  
 froth Ohh to turn away fromst those  
 cheeks the radiance of the moon  
 kissing mountains snow Ohh to turn  
 away fromst that face Ohh that  
 face moonlight-like face Ohh tulips  
 tinted cheeks framed in black lace  
 ambergris scented Ohh Ohh to turn  
 away fromst she Torment of the  
 Soul she Torment of the World  
 Ahh Why Why that in this garden  
 of paradise in this orchard of  
 delights Ÿ doth revel not in its  
 luxury andst devour the sweets full  
 laden Ohh of Sultânüş-şuarâ thee  
 singeth well Ÿ sayeth tell

O thou foot-bounden in the mesh of  
fame and glorys snare

Till when shall last the lust of faithless  
earths pursuits and care

**So sayeth I tell Saki Saki bringeth  
I my Dilsuznama andst singeth to I  
maketh thy tongue to sing with thy  
harp singeth Saki singeth Saki to I  
andst bringeth some life back into I  
into I where both pleasure andst  
enjoyment doth die Maketh thy tongue  
to singeth Saki andst giveth I wine to  
my ears wine that willst make the soul  
of I burn singeth to I andst fromst  
thy rose mouth maketh my heart burn to  
burn for the rose turn I into that  
nightingale that doth singeth out its  
heart for union rose with thee Ahh that**

I couldst hear I hear I Saki thy song  
 that I couldst be I the nightingale that  
 be drunken for that rose lovesick for  
 that rose the senses of I dissolve in  
 its sight in its light bright senseless be  
 I in thy sight in thy sight that that the  
 soul of I be freed be freed fromst  
 earthly delights freed fromst earthly  
 desires Ahh Ohh howeth the soul of  
 I be purified of earths lusts purged be  
 I in thy sight of sights of earth bazaar  
 I be dissolved in the sight of thee Ohh  
 rose Ohh rose I exist only in thee  
 friendless I was once whipped by the  
 worlds thorns the heart of I broken like  
 glass in blood drowned the soul of I  
 like the rosebud in its sepals constricted  
 But But that I couldst be freed  
 fromst this wilderness of lewd lusts  
 andst blend the kisses of I with the

**soul of thee with the ruby lips of ♪  
that ♪ couldst kiss the petals of thy  
bud andst**

**That ♪ couldst become thee andst Ohh  
andst be drowned in thee rose**

**That ♪ couldst be dissolved in the  
sweet taste of thy lips luxuriate on the  
sweet smell of thy breath**

**That ♪ couldst be dissolved quivering  
on the soft bed of thy flowery bloom**

**That ♪ couldst be dissolved in the  
ravishing splendour of the ruby glow  
frothing light of thy flesh pearl blent  
with moonlight**

**That ♪ couldst be dissolved on the  
honey sweet sighs of thee be drunk on  
the honey of thy cries like the bee that  
buzz o'er thy nectar of love**

That thee That thee rose wouldst give  
 thee to me in thy passion in thy loveplay  
 with ♪ that we couldst cling andst  
 clasp andst grasp each to each in loves  
 dance arms to arms like vines that  
 circle each to each Ahh thee wouldst  
 kiss ♪ ♪ in loves prance lips to lips  
 like hips to hips our eyes to meet to  
 dissolve in the glance of each to each  
 Ahh that we held in each to each grasp  
 andst melt andst melt into loves play  
 bliss into loves play ecstasy where  
 there be But Yes but one no me or thee  
 Ahh in heated passions play we in  
 loves embrace sway into eternity in our  
 moment of loves revel in my mansion of  
 paradise in my abode of felicity we  
 dissolved in joys union gushing  
 odours of sandal-wood we like the wind  
 thru the gardens blooms gusting our

sighs go singing the moods of loves  
 play in rhapsodies of ravishment that  
 echo thru the forest of flowery blooms  
**Ahh Ahh** lust that be the poison hast  
 become the antidote 'tis lust that hast  
 fired ♪ but lust that hast turned ♪ into  
 love lust burns itself up into love **But**  
**But Ohh Ohh** again it doth enter ♪ it  
 doth enter ♪ this weariness this ennui  
 that e'en turns love of the rose to just  
**Ohh** to just one more boredom andst  
 the sweetest gift is not life when life be  
 but on long weary night sayeth ♪ to  
*Badi' al-Din Manuchihr al-Tajiri al-*  
*Tabrizi*