



**fleur de l'oubli**  
**POÈME**  
**BY C**  
**DEAN**



**2024** FP: "Poppy Plant (Botanical Name – *Papaver* spp)

P.2 "Barrita Orchid (Botanical Name – *Cymbidium* Orchid 'Barrita') P. 3 Butterfly Pea (Botanical Name – *Clitoria ternatea*)




thy eyes andst see what  
 those **men** of *Odysseus*  
 didst **But** eat those  
 lotophaguses andst dear  
**drug-fucked be** “propt on beds of

amaranth and moly...with half-dropt  
 eyelids ..to watch the emerald-  
 colour'd water falling ...to hear were  
 sweet stretch'd out beneath the  
 pine... the lotus blooms below barren  
 peak the lotus blows by every  
 winding creek all day the wind  
 breathes low mellow tones"

**Ahh dearst drug-fucked  
 still thee be so fucked that  
 thee still cant see what this  
 fleur de l'oubli be so lets us  
 see if thee canst But see  
 that flower that Xu Ling  
 didst of But sing to  
 alleviate thy ennui to banish  
 thy idle hours inst idle**

futility inst boredoms bane  
of lifes game that thee canst  
**B**ut breathe inst those  
fumes of musk andst  
freshest incense that seep  
fromst that those **fleur de**  
**l'oubli** lips so sweet so  
perfumed fromst the  
cosmetics that paint those  
lips of desiring soft heated  
pillows of vermilion upon  
which thee drug-fucked canst  
rest thy mind for hours  
immersed inst oblivion upon



this **fleur de l'o**  
**ubli** of coloured floral  
 words writ **inst red** rouge  
 of lyrics **that sweep lingering**  
 thru thy mind threads of  
 delight to banish thy ennui  
 thy disease of thy drug-  
 fuckdness more bliss within  
 these folds thanst all thy  
 drugs hold rest thy head  
 andst dream dreams untold

**PREFACE** Ahh sweet  
 Morpheus to those that thee doest  
 bringeth such blissful Sleep that  
 with thee be But living andst a  
 living death that doth But o'er thy  
 mind andst thy flesh doest death But  
 creep for they that live wrapped inst  
 thy arms for they But delay their  
 death for they hath not the sense to  
 live andst not to die for they hath  
 not the sense to see what maketh  
 death to fly for I doth descrie all  
 they But hath to try be But Ohh so  
 simply to eat upon that flower inst  
 that perfumed bower to find for to  
 live everlasting bliss with lust power

Ahh thee drug-fucked thee that doth with  
face pale 'gainst the suns red light thee that  
be But inst the dark whenst it be light thee  
that doth the **lotophagi** seek to kill thy pain  
to fill thee with pleasures gain that next morn  
be Again But pain thenst again onst that  
hamster wheel that But doth to thy death  
thy death doth seal to the **lotophagi** thee  
seek to alleviate thy pain But fool there be a  
better game with better gain where thee  
canst But dream inst bliss inst oblivion thee  
canst sleep with soft petals of roses  
perfumed blooms upon thy flesh to float to  
caress Ahh just heed the words of Xu Ling  
andst seek joys bliss not with **lotophagi** but  
with this **fleur de l'oubli**



Betwixt thy thighs I sigh thy  
 thighs betwixt I I cry Ohh I die  
 upon those lips upon my lips pressed  
 Rosalba upon that flesh moist pink  
 half-open mouth a kiss as warm as  
 iron red-hot that doth my breath thy  
 flesh to But to flames ignites upon  
 my lips upon thy lips dew a  
 thousand drops as goblets that shine  
 as stars around that lake with  
 rippling crystal waves doest But I  
 drink as those Mahometans for  
 Jannah destined in thy flower  
 garden Ohh Rosalba that wanton  
 bower that doth But all devour

**Where doth all like all those bees  
of Kauzeron doest flock ast blue  
damsel-flies doth wing around  
Balbec to flutter upon that clit of  
thine ast jasmine stem Ohh Ohh  
that be But that dew so silvery so  
sublime to glint andst flash with  
rainbow hues ast those glistening  
shells of every dye along the Red  
Sea banks lie along those lips like  
those shes "gracefully fair" with  
"charming smiles" Ahh that hair  
wispy "chirping cicada" "side curls"  
hang down along those lips wide  
slide the eyes of ♪ along those lips  
curtains of flesh luxurious puckering**

dew decked    ast pearl blinds like onst  
 tortoiseshell frames of flesh    ast  
 inst that House of Gold of Emperor  
 Wu of Han    I doest But tell doest  
 I my lips doest But rest upon  
 those lips those pillows of vermilion  
 to see Ohh to see that dew along  
 those lips edge    LABYRINTHINE  
 spirals    the eyes of I be But bees  
 that suck up that honey fromst that  
 musk moon that pool of liquid jewels  
 Ahh upon which my flesh doth  
 swoon    for which no verse of "gold-  
 and-cinnabar canst never be  
 mastered"    be lie hear I upon that  
 peony flower    idle languidly    inst

Ohh so quite tranquillity where ♪  
 doest But sigh my dreams upon my  
 breath like scattering braided ribbons  
 to form inst to ♪ufeng woven  
 brocades of scented mist of musk  
 andst frankincense to cascade along  
 those lips of flesh desired heated of  
 fires like dyed inst ♪en rouge that  
 bloom Ohh that bloom that crimson  
 gleaming sun of flesh red dyed  
 passion flower spurting fumes of  
 scent rivers of vermilion tinted juice  
 glistening flesh flushed my breath  
 sheens of light blinding pearl-like  
 drops drip upon my lips brocades of  
 desires of dreams of which ♪ swoon

upon the cloud of fumes dancing  
 lacing knitting white rose like the  
 moon

Goblets of light

Blue plums bright

Jade dish-like

Lips copper tinted

Pillars of flesh

Rain bowed hued

To my view Rosalba that pool  
 brimming with light-like white rose  
 sweet ast Amber Rosolli wine  
 fromst Kishma that doth bubble to  
 spark ast Paphian diamonds along

thy lips of flesh that gleams brighter  
 thanst the gold meads of Candahar  
 thy lips that Kathaian bower where  
 about my lips pressed to thy lips  
 doest But flutter andst gleam rain  
 bowed butterflies plying leaves  
 flying flowers of variegated hues of  
 colours that to mist doest But  
 vaporise to my view inst to Ohh  
 Ohh such delightful wreaths of  
 dreams that But seems to float to  
 form to anemones andst to  
 Semasagara inst a sea of gold that  
 float within my dreams upon the  
 Mistress of the Night inst some  
 garden of Malay that be within my

mind my dreams of delight sigh upon  
 my breath that soak the perfume  
 foam that lingers along thy lips  
 kingfisher tints

**Glint**

*Flash*

*Red lips pale*

*Copper tinge*

*Lips curtains of flesh dreams*

**Collect**

*Inst flesh like fans*

*To my breath that catch my dreams  
 of mottled flowers my fairy land*

*Arabesques of gold inst that*

**bower enamelled cupola of flesh  
where thy lips unfold to my lips kiss  
wet glistening that crystal pond  
where my dreams doest swim ast  
golden fish within a fairy lake upon  
that wanton breeze that floweths  
fromst the pool that out breathes  
my dreams ast buds of blooms that  
shower fromst my mind that streak  
thru moonlight dripping the rapture  
of my sighs that doest glide fromst  
my lips to thy lips fromst my sighs  
to thy eyes melting lip to lip  
shattering inst to gleams that be  
*But* a glimpse of all my dreams that  
drip upon the lips of my *Amra***



bloom that drips ast pearls to ripple  
 that pond of that rose of delicate  
 perfume of Cashmere where doest  
 my sighs doest glide ast murmuring  
 bees along around that flesh with my  
 voluptuous joys that flesh that  
 nectar that Mangusteen of  
 Malaya that with my lips my lips  
 doest toy with those scents that to  
 me to ecstasy sends to Elysium  
 onst odours

Crimson hued

Sparkling tingling

*fizzing*

**Onst lips that quaff thy fumes ast  
 wine that taste their lustre upon that  
 flesh of that be But vineyards of  
 that Green-Sea gushing flushing my  
 flesh drunk on scents of Shiraz wine**

**Melting**

**Breath blushing**

**Goblet**

**Of drips**

**Deluge of liquid streaming down  
 lips that kiss thy flesh Rosalba hues  
 ast of grapes of gold thy flesh  
 pomagrante ripe ast like fromst those  
 bowers of Caubul drunk inst bliss  
 the flesh the brain inst raptures game**

**Ahh intense the breathless spasms  
 that dance ast nymphs that inst  
 bacchanals with their Satyrs o'er  
 amber beds coral rocks inst that  
 boundless eternity that be But  
 ecstasy born upon that upward drift  
 of thy fleshs scent fromst lips that  
 be But full open spread lips of balm  
 warm hot ast the sun beams that  
 doth seem to But fromst thy flesh to  
 teem that bower of spice andst  
 perfumed grove where rivulets of thy  
 desire flow along my lips Ohh down  
 that flesh of √ crimson rivers of  
 delight suck drink drunk √ be  
 intoxicated upon the flower down √**

drown beneath the pillars of  
 Chilminar all treasures ♪ hath found  
 sparkling Lifes elixir thy bower  
 that white rose that crystal glass  
 that be that conserve of Visna  
 cherries rose-leaves with lemon tang  
 that eat ♪ with my lips pressed  
 sunk inst that sweet spongy flesh  
 dive ♪ inst that basket of porcelain  
 delight full of seeds of the sun  
 fromst Iran of succulent paste of  
 apricot taste Ahh be ♪ But at that  
 Sweet Dew Gate  
 That flower of oblivion