



fleurs fanées

**poem by c
dean**

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Fp "Sunflowers" **VINCENT VAN GOGH**

Publishers

introduction

Ahh dean what be thy **fleurs**

fanées

For sure they be baroque in the style
reminiscent of thy **Shelias Grundies**

brachypterous

sure they

challenge conventional notions of decorum by
using and abusing such tropes and figures as
metaphor, hyperbole, paradox, anaphora,
hyperbaton, hypotaxis and parataxis,

paronomasia, and oxymoron. Deans poems produce copia and variety and cultivates *concordia discors* and antithesis – sure these strategies produce allegory and conceit and be they like Deans poems like

gold foil stitched with pink silk thread”

but be thy **fleurs**

fanées

more than this perhaps they sing the songs of aged *Baronne Sophor d’Hermelinge* or *Princes Leilef Marfa Petrowna* do they sing the songs for the ears of spring-time youth warnings in posey or symbolisms shadows to warn the youth that their time is short and age is long long thru its autumns and dreary thru

its winters night but *Ahh* now thy

fleurs fanées

perhaps *Ÿ* get they be the songs singing the
joys not sorrows of age but howest the flesh
awakes to desire not imagined by the youth they
be songs of the aged singing what joys wait
thee what felicities will o'er come thy flesh
will burn in thy flesh that the youth cannot even
imagine

be that it dean thy **fleurs**

fanées perhaps be a *Sonetti*

Lussuriosi be thee a modern *Pietro Aretino*

but what symbol be the rose of white be

Preface

The wilted bloom in ages decay

What doth it feel what doth it long for

The petals dew-decked still for the bee
longs

Longs for the bee thru all the night
long

Aches with fires desires hotter than
youths desires

That flesh more voluptuous than in
springs day

Hotter than hell with caresses and
kisses more paradise there she
wouldst tell

paint √ dip √ the tongue of √ in stale
water and rotten fruit and paint √ on a
mildewed screen *fleurs fanées*

**perfume fromst that bloom of decay
clouds the moonlight of the night
dripping juices sweet odorous of lust
tangled threads of hair twisting around
that pulpy flesh wetter than bursting
monsoon lips deeply hued peacock
feathers glittering with dew brighter
than sapphire gleams luminous banners
fluttering sighing she for he that
mountain man atop his elephant rutting
trunk erect wreathed in blue lilies
shining like her lustful eyes that
voluptuous bloom more hungry for flesh
than any girly youth caught up in loves
play**

**scenes of decays beauty odorous sweet
scents of ages putrescence the years
age and fly bye the flowers curl and die
shrouded in the crepuscular mist of time
that lingers around the pallor of cunts
lips casting shadows ast age creeps
withering the flesh fades into white
roses pale hues like moonlight floating
on lotus ponds of twilight the cunt
withered pallid butterfly wings that
droop petals of flesh nacreous
iridescent in twilight of ages creep
decked in horny dew that sparkles like
fireworks in the cunts pool mist-
clouded**

youths hour to live youths hour to live
15 short years time flows thru a sieve
autumn comes swift after the youth of
spring petals lay wilted 'mongst autumn
leaves flesh bereft of spring a moment
of summer ends swift the seasons
march till petals surround the ground
cunts lips faded rose white hue
luminous the shadows grow with times
flow they dance on moonbeams that run
up the cunts seam pale orchid with
petals curled 'mongst white roses the
whiteness of flesh wilting furred youths
hour thenst time the flesh sours with
the perfume of ripe fruit ages
voluptuousness round ast the moon pink
ast spring mists

**lilies and jasmine in a bouquet of scent
violets and roses washed in moonlight
odours of languor breathing in violet
light exhaling dreams in the perfumed air
but**

**in their midst in the centre of the heart
of those petaled blooms paling in
pallors of age lay a withered rose white
tinting the blooms with its mortal breath
lay in indigo shadows with flesh of
perfumes of nocturnal dreams of its
youth lay withering in moonlight
'mongst those blooms of youth in its
voluptuous splendour in its voluptuous
decay it didst an harbinger lay**

soft flesh

soft sighs

raising fromst aged wilted bloom

fingers diddling flashes of lightning run

along petals of flesh

moon stars melt in randy swoon

fragrant flower exhaling desires fires

twilight light sighs blent with songs of

crickets

ohh that some solitary drifter some horny

wanderer

wouldst pluck the petals of this voluptuous

bloom

and play rapturous Wagnerian melodies

with lips tangled in the lips of ♪

**in moonlight thy aged lips gleam
for they hast caught thy youths enchanted
dream lips to surround those petals of thee
enthralled in the paradise of those lips that
kiss thee those lips of thee that cunt of
swollen flesh moonlight frosted paling
white thou doth dream of those lips layed
o'er thine those lips of thee longing fromst
thy dream nenuphars white ast snow
blossom along the petals curved flesh thee
lay dreaming languorous dreams of thy
youth upon a bed of violets faded thy petals
furlled out in thy voluptuous decay thy flesh
hotter than youth thy kisses more ardent
than of thy springs days**

**the autumn of thy age has covered thy lips
in varied hues of faded roses white with
flickering tints of youth that speckle thy
flesh with sparkles of light a voluptuous
bloom in decay with lips furled and flutter
like autumn leaves on the wind Ohh but
howeth that flesh be still bright with
desires fires that some wandering bee might
mistake for youthful flesh Ohh howeth
that flesh be arabesqued with that cunny
dew gleams of heated sighs with the
faintest glint of gold that doth flash in the
moonlight like a succulent gem with facets
varied to dazzle still those lips o'er of o'er
ripe fruit that reach out to thee pouting
with rapturous delight at that plenitude of
flesh**

oh thy lips vibrate ast the moonlight
washes o'er that pallid face of decaying
flesh that wilted bloom which aches with
passion that no words canst sings its
sorrows for the things it aches burning
desires upon those lips that beat like
butterfly wings with thy lost joys that
tremble like a dying star so full of wild
imaginings poised ready for those lips
those lips scented with pepper and
frankincense all ready all well furled for
the sublimnity of a kiss for the touch of
lips red full of flames for those eyes to
long to pant for the twilight of thy flesh for
the infinity of thy voluptuous decay ablaze
with beauty to dissolve into bliss in that
fragrance of pepper and frankincense

**petals furred out white rose gaping in decay
diddling a thousand spots of delight the
dream guiding hands along dew-soaked
flesh touching softly soft puffy folds
finger tip soft ast moonlight rings flash
bangles clash ast doe and stag cry in forest
flower decked rain clouds gather with the
sighs of she the breath of she roars storm
bursts lightning flash thunder rips apart the
sky she sighs echoes ripple thru heated
airs lotus tremble on ponds of moonlight
footsteps**

mummer

name whispered

thunder ast lips clutch wet petals and suck

hot flesh to flesh

oh come intoxicant to this temple of Eros
 come drunkard and drink fromst this
 wilted bloom of voluptuousness

come Satyr and mount with thy turgid
 priapus this aged flesh hues with pallid
 tints of withered roses white

come to this city of harlots with its petals
 unfurled skirts of heated flesh pale flower
 wreathed with cunts dew marked with
 lusts hues clit turgid pronging fromst it
 cobra hood

come bandit and steal fromst ♪ all my
 sighs with delight climb down the puffy
 lips of ♪ and drink drink up thy thirst
 fromst the liquidity that flows fromst ♪
 lick o'er that mound-of-Venus bejewelled
 with flickering beads of gold

pale violet tinted flesh

burns thru the moonlight

burns thru the pink mist

burns thru the perfume wafted by thy sighs

dew decked petals of decaying flesh glints

on that crepuscular bloom white rose full

of the infinities of the memories of youth

wet with desires entwined with thy

thoughts of a lightening kiss sparking along

thy lips furled curves soaked in scents of

thy voluptuous flesh that hot heated

wilting flesh of autumn fires dreaming of

the enlacements of flesh to flesh in heated

embraces dripping puddles of liquidity

bursting drops splashed blown by the roar

of thy sighs

**the twilight light casts shadows luminous
o'er that succulent wilted bloom twilight
of aged flesh midst the nights quiet
fragrance wafts fromst spring flowers
fromst the gardens of youth that flutters
thy petals of pallid white roses hues that
flutters thy lips into sighs that sing out
only a requiems tune that though the sun
hast set upon thy flesh and thy flesh be
bruised with wild imaginings that flesh
still beats with voluptuousness that aged
flesh be softer still and trembles still upon
the cusp of autumns lust canst still
serenade some longing lips poised upon the
petals pulpy folds more heated still than in
the youths yesterday to give greater
ecstasies more voluptuous whenst once a
woman was**

**pallor of rose white
aged crone now
withered bloom in decay
longing blossom
hid away in corollas heart
alone
the petals wilt
but
the liquids flood the flesh
bursting into flower
her hunter comes
flesh ignites into shoots of burning lilies
blossoms spread along the lips of she he
comes eyes moist with joy ast the cunts
pool of her lotus pond boiling
to randy to talk of his absence
and with the moonlight lighting lips
lays bear she that rose of white
all for he hand plucked
moist for the bee**

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***Nihilist √ say some say √ the named
Tao be not the Tao***