



**want to be forever young"
(the narcissist)**

**From the mu'annathat
Of
kohl'in al-deen_**

Translated by

haqiqat haqa'iq al-sirr al-kiss

Poem by c dean



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Preface

**To be a willow tree that
by the stream doth weep
bent o'er and withered be
all seasons be a perpetual
winters night where the
sun and moon no longer
shines for thee where the
perfume of the roses be
not scented for thee to
have reached the winter of
thy life no more perfume to
waft fromst thy greying**

**hair no more thy beauty to
make lover take a breath
in the winter of old age
thy skin as sere and
camphor threaded thru thy
hair and to pretend one is
young still when back is
bent and cunt dry as a
desert dune when it be a
fact thee be cloaked in
invisibility oh to yearn
for to cry as in mirror
looks "☺ want to be
forever young**

**Come one and all and hear
 the tale that to 𐬨 kohl'in
 al-deen to 𐬨 by a
 𐬨 Zoroastrian have been
 told hear the words of 𐬨
 that be the smoke of the
 fires of the heart of 𐬨
 that rage like forest fire
 searching for its loves to
 consume in its passions
 desires come one and all
 and hear the words of 𐬨
 hear the jeweled style of
 𐬨 where the words of 𐬨**

be pearls threaded on
 threads of musk scented
 air that be twined in a
 necklace formed of the
 Pleiades come hear the
 languorous lyrics of ♪
 that like pink mist o'er
 lays the world in
 diaphanous light come one
 and all and hear my lay as
 told to ♪ inst the
 Pahlavi ♪ do say the
 words of ♪ more opulent
 that all the treasures of

**Korah or Anushirvan
the Just more scented
than musk or ambergris
more sweeter than sugar
or the oozing syrup sweet
softer than silk or ermine
sable squirrel furs more
full of light than gold like
the suns glow or more
silver than full moon on
height come one and all
and wrap thyself up in the
jeweled brocades of the
words of J come all and**

one and place thyself
 'neath cypress tree along
 the banks of Roknabad
 smelling the scented rose
 fumes of Mosallas
 gardens sweet and drink
 thy fill of the purple
 frothed wine of delight
 hold tight thy love with
 violets in thy hair and
 press the blushing rose as
 thee smells against the
 cheek of she as she and
 thee hear the words of ♪

**about the aging princess
 she of gone bye time hear
 her cry hear her sigh and
 in her words heard across
 time she will live and will
 not die**

**Write 𐄂 𐄂 do sigh my
 sighs writ on silk
 perfumed with musk
 diluted with the tears
 molten pearls of 𐄂
 bubbling fromsts the fires
 that burn in the heart of 𐄂**

how shall write ♪ of the

beauty that once was ♪

What trope for the face

of ♪

What simile for the smile

of ♪

What metaphor for the

eyes of ♪

The face of ♪ did shine

like eglantine when flushed

it glowed like the roses

red or pomegranate

blossoms bedewed with

blood spilled The lips of

♪ honey sweet garnets
 glowing like blood or
 corals red 'neath seas like
 amethyst crystals

Hair with scorpion curls
 musk colored and scented
 a bunch of grapes like box
 tree leaves

That face of ♪ moon-like
 The flesh of ♪ white as
 milk or the shimmering
 whiteness of silver bright

Oh the pomegranate
 breasts of ♪ white as

**jasmine petals scented
tipped with paps twin
anemones crimson tinted**

**The ruddy cheeks of ♪
twin ♪udus tree**

**blossoms glowing tulips
like spilled blood or like
snow flushed pink that
tints the froth of turban
caped wine**

**The elegance of my bodies
slender form a box tree or
cypress tree in full form**

**The teeth of *Y* bedded in
lips like pomegranate
seeds shimmer like pearls
or the stars in the
Pleiades oh but once the
eyes of *Y* opened like the
black eyed narcissi
enclosed in its white
petals soft as silk to
entice with witchery and
dark sorcery all men
fromst *Keyumars* the
heroes of the age pure-
souled *Seyavash* brave**

hearted *Esfandyar* and
 mighty *Rostrum* who
 wouldst leave *Rakhsh* for
 the beauty of *∫* all the
 nobles and princes of all
 the lands wouldst melt
 with inexhaustible desire
 at the breasts of *∫* oh the
 breasts of *∫* ripe
 pomegranates

B fromst top above

OO fromst face upon

b fromst side along

oh all these wondrous
 delights once belonged to
 I all once to I these
 ravishments of youth
 these beauties to entice
 once to I didst belong
 whenst I was born
 Saturn and Mars were
 best aligned and Soroush
 his blessing gave whenst
 I was born another moon
 rose o'er the earth whenst
 I was born another rose

**was born for all the
 nightingales to sing
 songs of their love forlorn
 in the morn whenst ♪
 arose the world mistook
 the face of ♪ for the
 morning suns glow whenst
 springs festivities become
 and all the flowers spring
 forth a multicolored
 brocade that metaphor for
 the mingled white and
 ruddy red of the beauty of
 ♪ ♪ do cry ♪ do sigh**

**that of all the beauties at
 banquet tables of all the
 beauties that in the
 gardens pick the choicest
 rosy blooms of all the
 beauties in all the kings
 and sultans courts of all
 those beauties of renown
 none not one did out shine
 the most beauteous face of**
Y fromst Azerbaijan
Fars fromst Estakhr
Rey Korasan and
Ysfahan fromst Sharpur

and Hind and far away
 Chin
 fromst beyond the Oxus
 and Indus no beauty of
 renown did take beauties
 crown fromst off the
 violet decked hair of ♀
 neither Mobads love
 Shahrū with teeth like
 gems and lips of sugar
 sweet with her scented
 hair of braid and loops of
 twisted chains about those
 musky ringlets to her

**waist did flow down or
the gorgeous daughter of
she Vis with face formed
of tulips and the wild
roses that grow with
narcissi eyes and violets
nestled in the dark as
musk hair like clusters of
grapes or those twin
pomegranates breasts that
upon the chest of she did
grow and glow as if the
Pleiades was upon them
strewn nether these two**

shes did out beautify me
neither these two shes did
match the beauty of me
oh the sighs of ♪ to
bubbles form to o'er the
land to storm froth broth
of perfumed air this
heated air be the perfume
of decay that flowest
fromst the mouth of ♪ a
bouquet of withered
flowers whose petals drop
withered to the earth
fromst the cunt of ♪ a

**flowery bouquet of
perfumes of decay
the face of ♪ like the
autumn wilting rose
the cunt of ♪ like the
petals of the rose that
wither and dry up to
crumble to dust upon the
tongues tip of lovers new
no diver will dive down
into the watery depths to
piece the pearl with the
tongue of he**

oh ♪ sigh smoke that
fumes up fromst the
anguished heart of ♪ a fire
with longing lost desire
o'er the lands lays a
greyish cloud all life to ♪
to nothing be moon light
bright stabs at the heart of
♪ as remember ♪ the love
trysts 'neath canopies of
blooming flowery
blossoms o'er which moon
light coated the blooms in
a cloak of light like frost

**or milk that spread o'er the
earth running in rivers of
slivery light that twined
and curled round roses and
narcissi stems that float
like colors splashed upon
the frosty light that
dissolved and melted o'er
the lovers and ♪ into a
froth of iridescent hues as
above the sky like a
canopy of black hair
studded with gems slowly
circled across the**

**firmament casting light
into the eyes of J and he
as each other into each
other eyes did stare as he
twixt the legs of J didst
slurp and lick the cunt
hole of J oh that J will
no more feel the soft
tongue of some ardent
lover slash and splash
along the pink rimed cunts
lips of J that J will no
more feel the soft tongues
tip flick that grape bud**

that prongs out in ardent
 desires for he that grape-
 like bud the Rezvan to the
 fleshy paradise of ♪

♪ be now the cracked
 jewel the ruby with a flaw
 the faded pearl amongst
 the beauties that the lovers
 surround the face of ♪
 be the moons bright face
 o'er layed with the
 darkening cloud the color
 in the cheeks of ♪ fades
 like moonlight upon the

winter night no lover now
like moonstone sweats
with desires yearning the
rose buds upon the
jasmine scented breasts of
♪ no lover will suck
never more the soft flesh
of the puffy cunt of ♪
which sags and its pink
hue fades no lover will
long for ♪ to pull panties
down that he may see no
bee will flurry to this
withered cunts petaled lips

**and suck fromst this
paling rose no lover shall
kiss these flaccid breasts
of ♀ and make them
wiggle like sea foam upon
waves upon the sea no
lover any more will like to
lift the silkn cloth that
covers and o'er lays this
mildewed cunt of ♀ oh no
lover shall his heart burst
into flames by being fed on
the noxious juice oft this
aging cunt of ♀ oh those**

**times no more whenst
 lovers drunk the wild
 honey oft the lips of ♪
 and drunken be upon the
 sweet wine that flowed
 fromst the cunt hole of ♪
 ♪ oh whenst walk ♪ in
 gardens bower no rose
 will evermore upturns its
 petaled face to ♪ whenst
 walk ♪ in gardens no
 nightingale will sing to ♪
 ever more shall all the
 birds in the trees with not**

**flurry around me all the
beasts of the land fromst
the lion brave to the lonely
slug to all the men of all
the lands will no more
upturn their eyes to ♪
with longing languorous
gaze all season be to me
winter no springtime
evermore in spring whenst
flowers bloom ♪ be the
rose decaying as walk ♪
in spring time whenst
flowers give their scents**

upon the air the perfume
fromst the flesh of ♪ be
pestilential and o'er the
land lays like some
decaying shroud whenst
girls bright with life a
lover passes bye who
quivers with delight in the
sight of ♪ they shiver like
cold with ice oh no more
those nights whenst lover
kissed the moon mistaken
for my face no more those
nights whenst lover lay ♪

**upon a bed of rose petals
pink and placed the moon
'neath the head of ♀ and
made a necklace about the
neck of ♀ with the fiery
kisses of his lips who
laid a necklace shining
like the Pleiades along
around the pink rimmed
puffy cunts lips of ♀ with
the kisses of his lips oh
♀ cry out for the lost
beauty of ♀**

**the body of ♪ moans with
anguished pain
the limbs of ♪ ache with
torments the laments of
beauty lost fly fromst the
tongue of ♪ the tears
fromst the eyes of ♪ drop
like bloody pearls to burst
blooming into wilted roses
around the feet of ♪ the
tears of ♪ fuel for the
burning heart of ♪ that
bursts into flames with
each drop that falls fromst**

the lashes of ♪ ♪ cry
 “where be my youth” with
 each sigh the flames pour
 out ♪ be a flame locked
 in a cube of ice who cries
 her grief who cries her
 woes who drinks the
 poison of old age and
 writhes in anguished pain
 all the tears of the world
 do weep ♪ the heart of ♪
 in pain doth sting as the
 wind doth take the
 decaying perfume of the

breath of ♪ upon its wing
 to mix with the decay of
 all other things the color
 of the crescent lips of ♪
 do pale fromst their
 youthful red that no lover
 longs to kiss and with ♪
 hug upon some flower
 broidered river bank no
 lover to gaze into the
 wanton eyes of ♪ that
 their stars do mix and
 outshine the *Pleiades*
 from afar oh now never

**more will lover yearn to
kiss the lips of ♪ to mix
that sweet syrupy juice
with the honey flavored
wine of he
oh time thee hast stolen all
the hours of ♪ in the
girth of thy ravenous
thirst
time thee has faded all the
colors of the broidered
beauty of ♪
time thee hast gnawed
away the flesh of ♪**

**faded the violets in my
hair turned from silver to
saffron the pinkness of
the skin of ♪ the
languishing heart of ♪
through lips dried like
withered leaves mildewed
upon the ground pours
out its eulogies
throughout my anguished
days oh the pains of loss
do choke my throat and my
voice do stranglelate and
burn the words of woe of**

**♪ that floweth fromst my
parched scorched lips
the head of ♪ ♪ throw
back and cry with broken
heart shredded with the
anguished stabs of my
despair why must ♪ age
and then to die why must
♪ my youth to death
become why why ♪ cry
bring back my glory days
bring back the twinkle in
my eyes ♪ cry ♪ scream
shred ♪ my silken gown**

tear √ the cheeks of √
into slivers of curling
flesh give back my youth
give back my youth before
√ die though the lion of
desires preys ravenous in
my flesh no hunter ever
more will hunt for √ oh in
my mirror √ look and out
√ cry " √ want to be
forever young " as √ do
see a single thread of
camphor in the hair of √
hanging free

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