

garden of peach blossoms

(桃花園)

By
Ko' Lin

Translated by

Sāobī

(騷戾)

Poems by c

Dean

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Translators forward

Along with Meng Haoran Chang
 Jian and Wang Wei Ko' Lin
 must be rated as a major Chinese
 landscape poet with one exception
 Ko' Lin's poetry is not about the
 wilderness or even the landscape
 why I say this is because to the
 observant reader the poetry of
 Ko' Lin uses landscape metaphors
 in regard to the cunt in other words
 Ko' Lin lanscapizes the cunt and by
 doing this he creates quite imagistic
 poems that surly rate him as the best
 imagist along side Li He in Chinese
 poetry
 but
 on top of this Ko' Lin spiritualizes
 that metaphorical landscape

but
 again this spiritual landscape is
 erotized
 now *Ko' Lin*
 in garden of peach blossoms

(桃花園)

the poems of *Ko' Lin* operate at all
 these levels simultaneously taking us
 on an erotized spiritual journey thru
 a landscape of sexual imagery

now
 this approach of *Ko' Lin* is quiet
 unique in Chinese spiritual poetry in
 that where the Chan poets use the
 mountains and clouds as metaphors
 for the path or way or spiritual
 journey *Ko' Lin* uses the metaphors
 of the valleys and pools and mist for
 his metaphors where the Chan poets

look up for insight *Ko' Lin* looks down much like the Sufi poets who on the surface used wine as a metaphor for its shock value as wine is by orthodox Muslims an heresy and banned *Ko' Lin* uses the cunt for its shock value as a path or way to insight put simply where the Chan poets use the landscape for the spiritual journey *Ko' Lin* makes the cunt a similar path or way this would be quiet shocking to the Chinese who pride their poetry on decorum and politeness thus highlighting the uniqueness of *Ko' Lin* this is not used by *Ko' Lin* for arbitrary reasons for what is sure from his poetry is his intentions is to break down conventional modes of thinking which

keep people trapped within normal
 reality and hinder the true path or
 way into insight where orthodox
 Chan poets would seem to have us
 think that the only path to insight is
 a path of polite decorum sweet
 smelling and nice *Ko' Lin* would
 say any path that leaves out sex shit
 piss farting or the totality of our
 humanness is not a true path for if
 one can only follow a path because it
 does not upset ones decorum then
 that person will never reach the
 "thusness" for "thusness" is in shit
 and cunts and if one cant enter into
 that then one can not have true
 insight
 where the orthodox Chan poets are
 the right hand Chan *Ko' Lin* is the
 left hand Chan

Preface

**The thoughts of thee float
like clouds around the
mountain peaks no insight
there for thee**

**But
Below deep within the
valleys indigo shadowed
walls of flesh pink**

**Silence
At the jade pool the gate
for thee to pass thru be**

**On the path entering the garden of
peach blossom pink mist rises
fromst jade pool as sun sets
behind walls glowing crimson
fragrance fills the empty space ast
the heavenly river flows along
path like iridescent silk coated in
the light of rising moon deep
shadows form o'er petals decked
in dew glinting flashes like
lightning light endless thoughts
rise up like clouds floating in the
crystal dome of sky**

**Oh thy jade pool swells o'er
flowing its pink lined rim light
sparkles like fish jumping along
the river of thy slit perfumed
waters flow like liquid frost
along the lips sides of pink flesh
dew bubbles like scintillating
specks of ice oh that couldst √
stream down with the tongue of
mine curling round the moonlight
reflecting fromst that pool of light
and plunge into those waters
scattering drips like slivers of
petals perfumed along thy lips
edge**

**The moon slants o'er the edge of
thy left pink lip stirring the
stillness of those watery depths
its light shaking the dew upon
those folds of flesh pink oh such
sights stir the thoughts of mine
upon the still pool of the mind of
mine**

**Mooring the tongue of J round
that clit covered in pink mist this
wanderers ache subsides ast the
moonlight descends to coat those
lips in white frost brightening the
jade pool with the moons full face**

**Last night the moonlight swept
o'er the river of heaven that saw
I thru pink mist the lovely lips of
she like the folds of the Kunlun
carved out of jade**

**Oh that couldst I drink fromst
the chalice of she pink rimed a
pool of ice shining bright like
moonlight o'er the mind of I**

**The lips of she veiled in clouds
 of pink mist lit by moonlight here
 hear ♪ the cry of geese as linger
 ♪ this wanderer in the garden of
 delight more pleasures than the
 pleasure quarters of Chang-an**

**On those lips gaze ♪ untouched
 by the cares of the world play ♪
 zither-like the tongue of ♪ on the
 moonlight glancing of those folds
 of flesh ask ♪ the meaning of life
 hear ♪ geese above the mountains
 peaks**

**Adrift amidst mist pink and
 clouds drifts the mind ∩ all quiet
 twixt sky and earth moonlight
 spreads shadows of frost white
 gaze ∩ upon thy lips fleshy folds
 of azure light geese cry echoing
 along thy heavenly river stirring
 ripples in thy jade pool**

**Lips adrift o'er jade pool thy
 folds of flesh 'neath runs the
 heavenly river clouded in mist all
 quite within valley as moonlight
 curls round thy dark hairs silk-
 like mind still empty above white
 clouds like fisherman sails**

**Autumns mist hovers o'er lips of
 pink flesh ribbon of water flows
 along oyster pink slit fresh dew
 lines the lips edges the pool of
 jade mirrors the moon like a lotus
 blooming in the night sky oh this
 wanderer breathes in the scent of
 lust and tarries for a while**

**Waves of pink fleshy folds meet
 the sky hidden in mist pink they
 vanish into azure shadows this
 wanderer ♪ slips along the river
 of heaven coated in moonlight
 frost mind still enter ♪ the jade
 pool hidden in clouds of scent all
 thoughts vanish into the void**

**Deep within the valley 'neath
 those folds of pulpy flesh the
 moonlight indigo shadows cast
 along the river of heaven licking at
 the jade pool a gem of liquid fire
 the tongues tip of ♪ enters the
 void ast above the clouds of mist
 hear ♪ the geese cry**

**Oh high those mountains of
 fleshy folds deep within the valley
 hear ♪ no sounds fromst the
 world of man quiet quite like
 dusk with moonlight reflecting off
 lips edge setting the pink lips
 aglow**

**Run √ the tongues tip of √
around the pink rim of the jade
pool suspended above the great
void mist hangs cloud-like above
moonlight streaming thru igniting
into fire lighting the pool like the
Mani pearl**

**Crescent moon rises in the east
casting light o'er jade pool rimmed
in pink secluded within valley of
crimson glowing flesh lips folds
like petals light reflects on watery
surface like orchids their
luxuriance lush rising on stems of
frozen light**

**Those lips twin hibiscus petals
 in bloom folds like crimson
 corolla glowing whorl silence
 nobody looking into that jade pool
 contemplating √ suddenly flowers
 on purple stem bloom in that
 watery void**

**Moonlight streams along the
 river of heaven a ribbon of white
 frost enter the tongue of √
 following that path to the jade
 pool hidden in a valley of fleshy
 folds oh mediating on the pool
 empties the mind of √ silence no
 sound ast all around flowers
 bloom**

**Gazing at those lips crimson
 tipped no clouds float across the
 skys crystal dome moonlight inks
 the jade pool ast the moon slants
 o'er lips edge in that void of
 watery froth no monkey 丿
 grasping at images of the
 reflection of 丿**

**Contemplating dew gem-like along
 lips edges' flashing like lightening
 that dissolves in the waters of the
 jade pool ast along the river of
 heaven slides the tongues tip of 丿
 leaving no trace**

**Mist curls around that pink bud
 of she gleaming like glossy grape
 in moonlight among the indigo
 shadows cast along the valleys
 fleshy walls the tongue of ♪
 self-ablaze lingers to then
 dissolve back into nothingness the
 shadows ast lust recedes**

**Deep down within the folds of
 flesh valley floor a path of
 crimson silk leading ♪ to the jade
 pool look ♪ upon the void of
 still liquidity and see ♪ nothing
 in the empty mirror of calm**

**Bright moon streams down
 within the empty valley rimmed by
 large folds of pink flesh fromst
 the jade pool fragrant waters flow
 along crimson path leading ♪ to
 the pools pink rim seeing the
 reflected moon and ♪ being one**

**Gazing at the garden of peach
 blossoms see ♪ the moonlight
 frothed pool pink rimmed my sighs
 like ♪ an echo along valley floor
 resounding off the flesh pinky off
 into empty space**

**Place of silence within the folds
 of fleshy pink hushed be the face
 of the jade pool tranquility of
 luscious Luxuriance be the
 limpid waters the moons face
 floats into 丿 cast the mind of 丿
 exploding with the joy of non-
 being**

**Into the garden of peach blossom
 gaze 丿**

**The petals be not petals –what
 they seem**

**The jade pool be not a pool –what
 it may seem**

**Reality or dream –each may be
 not what each may seem**

**Oh deep within the folds of flesh
pink moonlight streams along the
heavenly river with no stand the
jade pool mirror of stilled
tranquility with no dust the
mind of ♪ pure and clear**

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