



hototogisu

(ホトトギス)

by kai no henoko

poems by c  
dean



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Inside Front page Hokusai, A Cuckoo and Rainbow

Front page Little Cuckoo & Sakura Blossoms

By

Katsuya Mokusen (1894 - ?)



## **Publishers forward**

**kai no henoko** is a Japanese poet writing in English this being her first work This poem is a classic in and of itself as the poem is a literary version of Japanese painting The elements of Japanese paintings caught in her poem remind us of Yamato-e (大和絵) where small objects are caught in vivid colors and in carefully outlined details but where all else is left out and the poems thus float like clouds over a blank space Similarly her poems are like paintings from the Rinpa school, where she depicts things in numerous colours and gradations of hues all mixed upon a verbal surface made up of words of golds and pearls The overall effect of her poems can be compared to the exquisite prints of Utagawa Hiroshige (1797–1858) with there vivid an luscious exuberance of images



but the greatest comparison of kai no henoko poems is with the poetry of *Australia's* greatest erotic poet *colin lesie dean*. In her poems she exhibits time and time again similarities in deans poetry. To show what these similarities are I can do no better than give an outline of deans poems for which you will see clearly the nature and effects kai no henoko poems create.

Deans poetry like kai no henoko poems are a reaction to the protestantization of what goes for poetry these days namely free verse by protestantization. I can do no better than quote *Bishop Sprat* who in 1667, several decades after the Baroque had established itself in the Spanish peninsula, denounced the outrage of the baroque style, and explained why the *Royal Society* was determined to suppress its appearance in *Protestant Britain*:

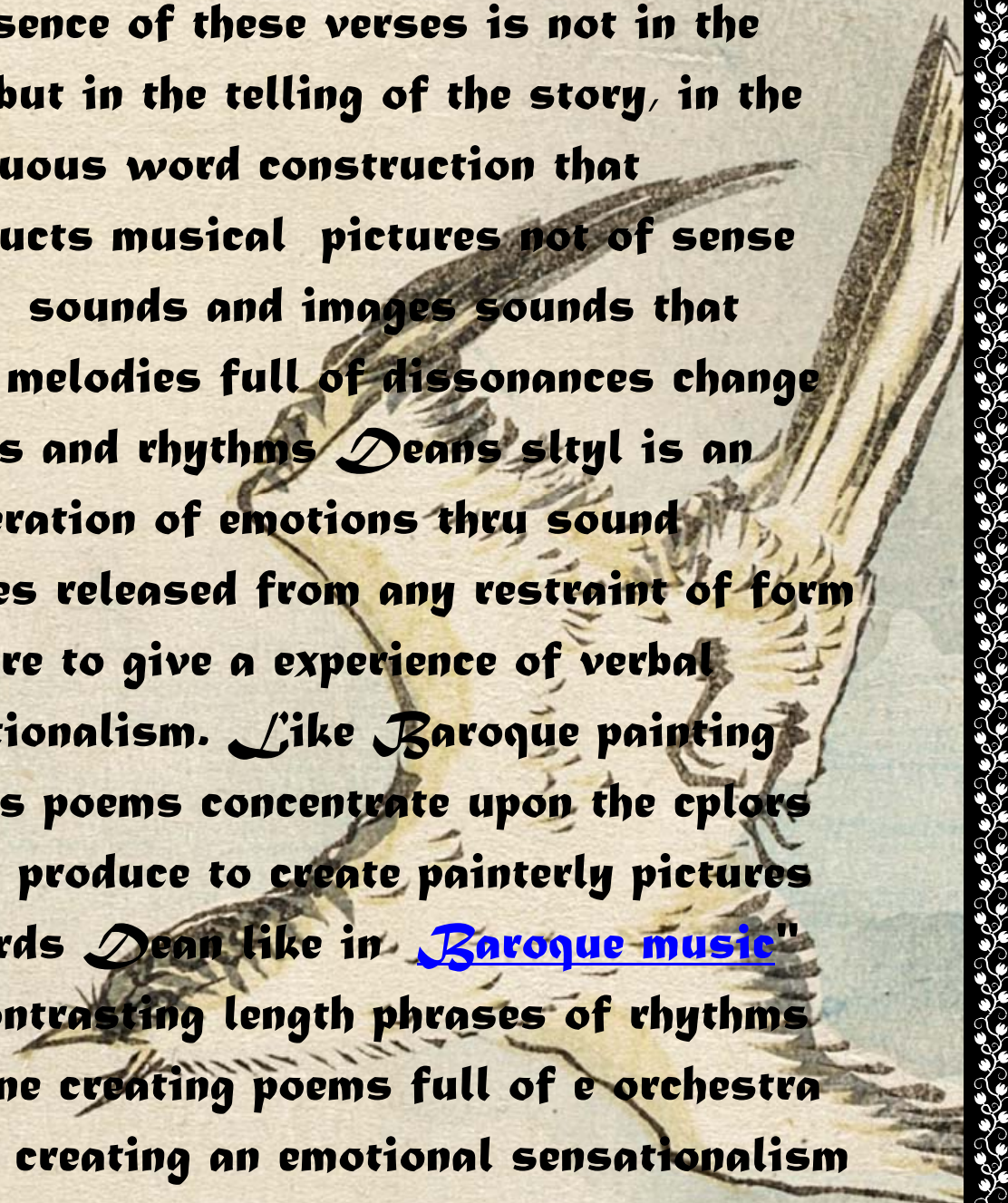


"They have therefore been most rigorous in putting in execution the only Remedy that can be found for this extravagance, and that has been a constant Resolution to reject all amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style; to return back to the primitive purity and shortness, when men deliver'd so many things almost in an equal number of words."

(Bishop Sprat, *History of the Royal Society of London*, quoted in Northrop Frye, *The Harper Handbook of Literature* (New York: Harper and Row, 1985), p. 350.)

**Sprat is calling for the eradication of all amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style the very things we see eradicated from modern poetry modern poetry is striped of all embellishment to end up like a protestant church sterile and bare. Now Dean and kai no henoko react to this by ineffect doing exactly what modern free verse eschews and protestantization rejects namely the baroque namely poetry full of amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style a style that overshadows the content a style that is not so much about content than the lush exuberance placed together to give of words the content that**



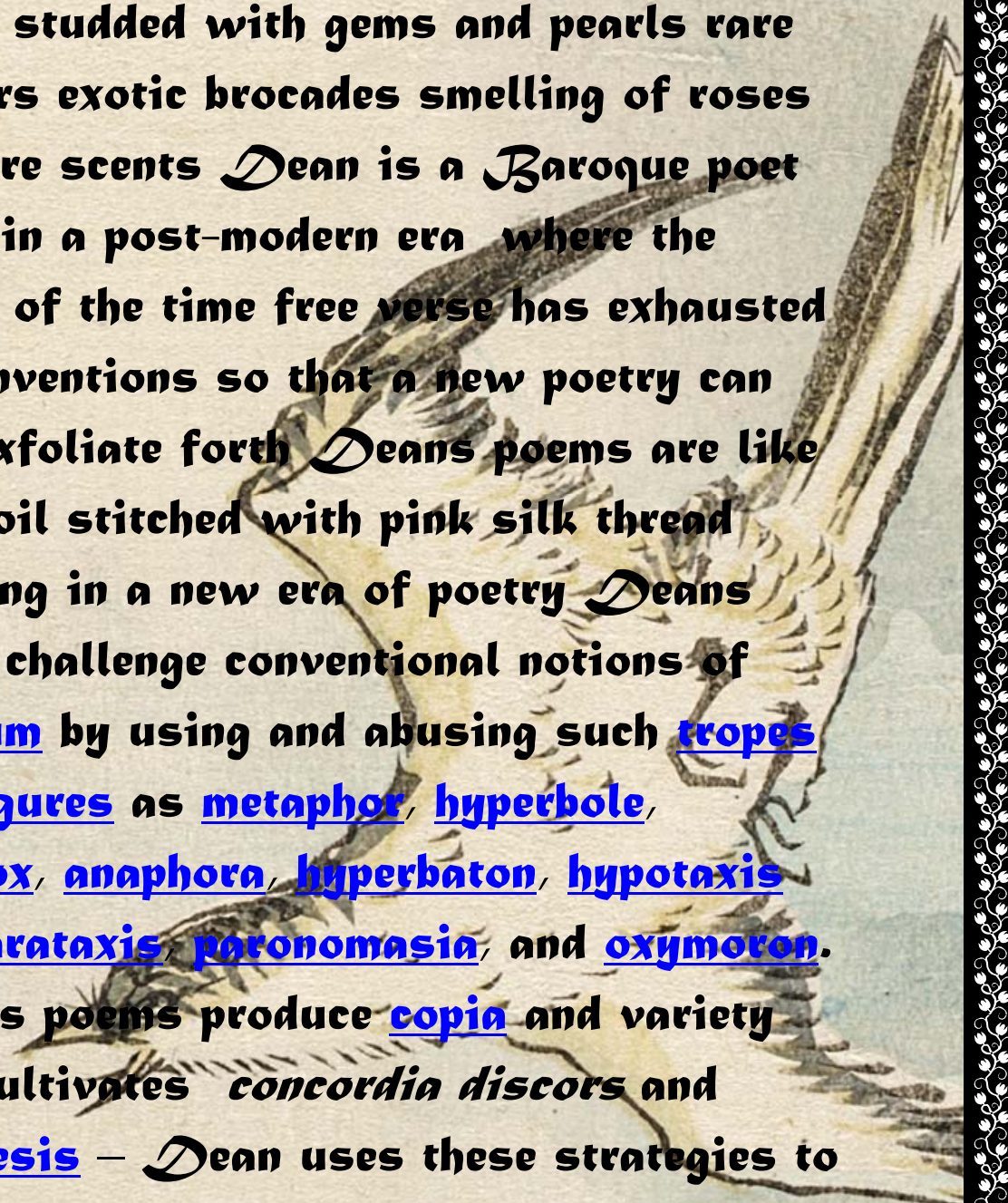


the essence of these verses is not in the story but in the telling of the story, in the voluptuous word construction that constructs musical pictures not of sense but of sounds and images sounds that create melodies full of dissonances change of keys and rhythms Deans styl is an exaggeration of emotions thru sound textures released from any restraint of form or metre to give a experience of verbal sensationalism. Like Baroque painting Deans poems concentrate upon the colors words produce to create painterly pictures of words Deans like in [Baroque music](#) has contrasting length phrases of rhythms in a line creating poems full of colors creating an emotional sensationalism aimed totality at the senses In many ways Deans poetry is like Rococo full of languid curves and tints of gold enclosed in a florid over elaborate ornamental jocular decorative style somewhat frivolous in many ways the verbal textures of sound



could be compared to the light intimate music with extremely elaborate and refined forms of ornamentation characteristic of such composers as Jean Philippe Rameau, Louis-Claude Daquin and François Couperin in France; in Germany, C. P. E. Bach and Johann Christian Bach, two sons of the renowned J. S. Bach. Deans style is like a porcelain shell in contrast to marble sculpture Deans style with its ornamentalities is in stark contrast with free verse with its plain everyday speak and tones of ordinary discourse Deans constructs reality through sound and imagery where all fades into pure sound in placing style before content Deans poems light up like a birthday cake dressed in an overabundance of neon light words and a superabundance of sound imagery Deans poems in the Baroque style like he films Vatel and Farinelli come alive full of vigor and turgid fecundity the poems of verbal excess create mosaics of iridescent

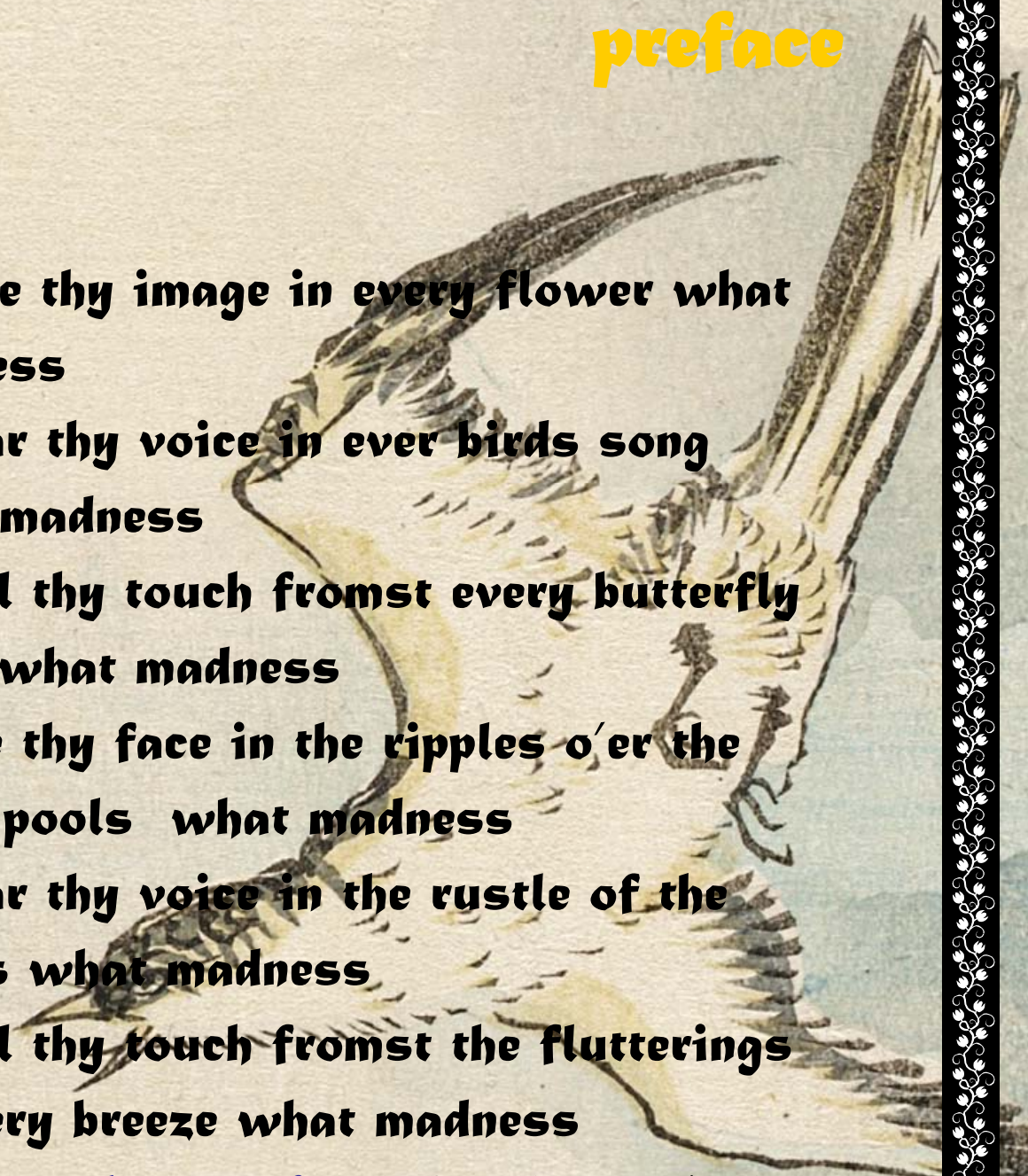




hues studded with gems and pearls rare  
 feathers exotic brocades smelling of roses  
 and rare scents Dean is a Baroque poet  
 living in a post-modern era where the  
 poetry of the time free verse has exhausted  
 its conventions so that a new poetry can  
 now exfoliate forth Deans poems are like  
 gold foil stitched with pink silk thread  
 ushering in a new era of poetry Deans  
 poem 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 – Dean uses these strategies to  
 produce allegory and conceit As said  
 Deans poems are like  
 gold foil stitched with pink silk thread



## **preface**



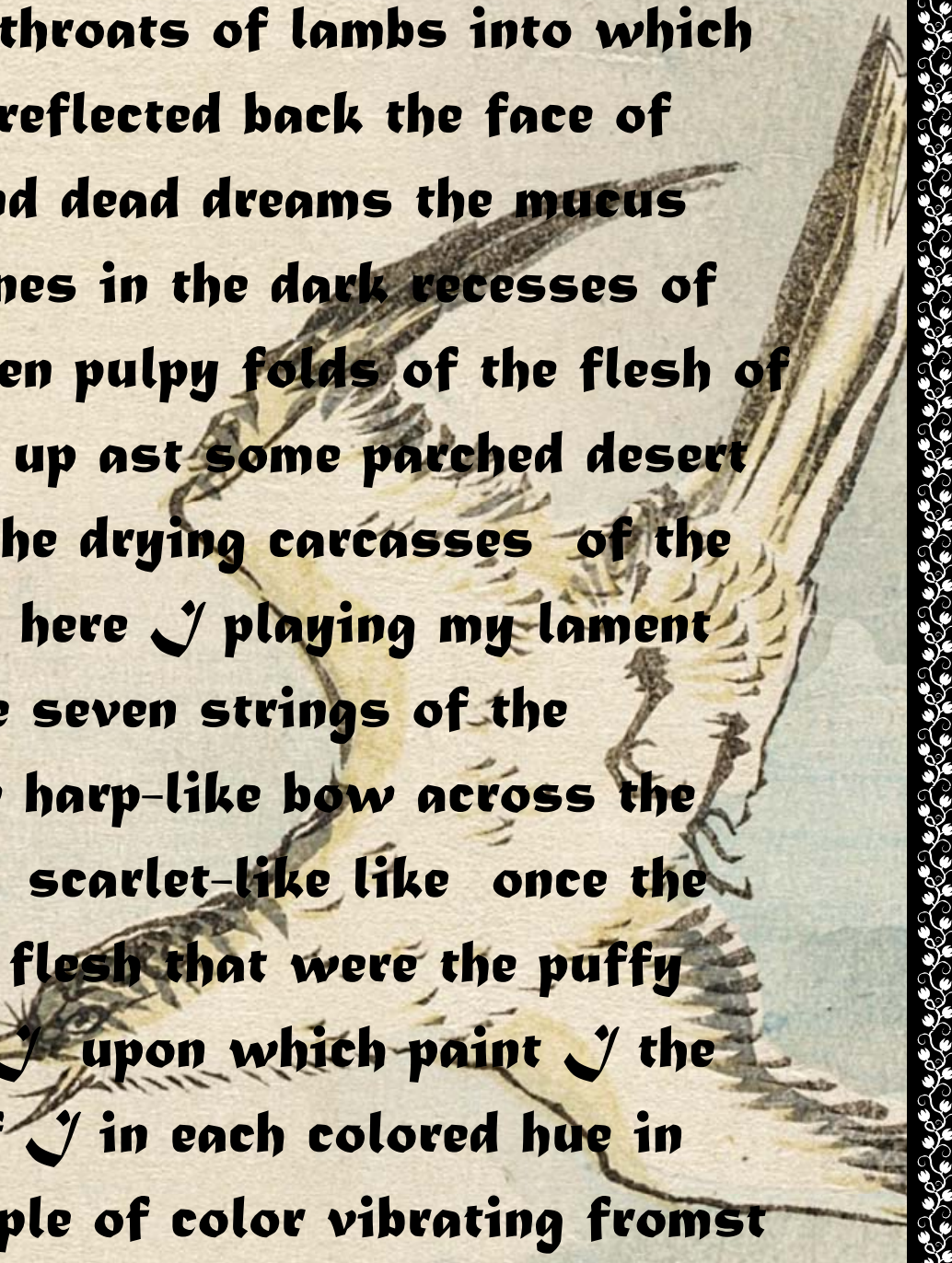
**to see thy image in every flower what  
madness  
to hear thy voice in ever birds song  
what madness  
to feel thy touch fromst every butterfly  
wing what madness  
to see thy face in the ripples o'er the  
lotus pools what madness  
to hear thy voice in the rustle of the  
leaves what madness  
to feel thy touch fromst the flutterings  
of every breeze what madness  
oh in the *hototogisu* cries hear ♪ thee  
come back to me hear ♪ in the  
*hototogisu* cries singing of thy love  
for ♪ oh be this madness do ♪ sigh**



Sit here ♪  
Gazing ♪ at the empty place of my  
love hear ♪ the heart breaking cry of  
the *hototogisu*

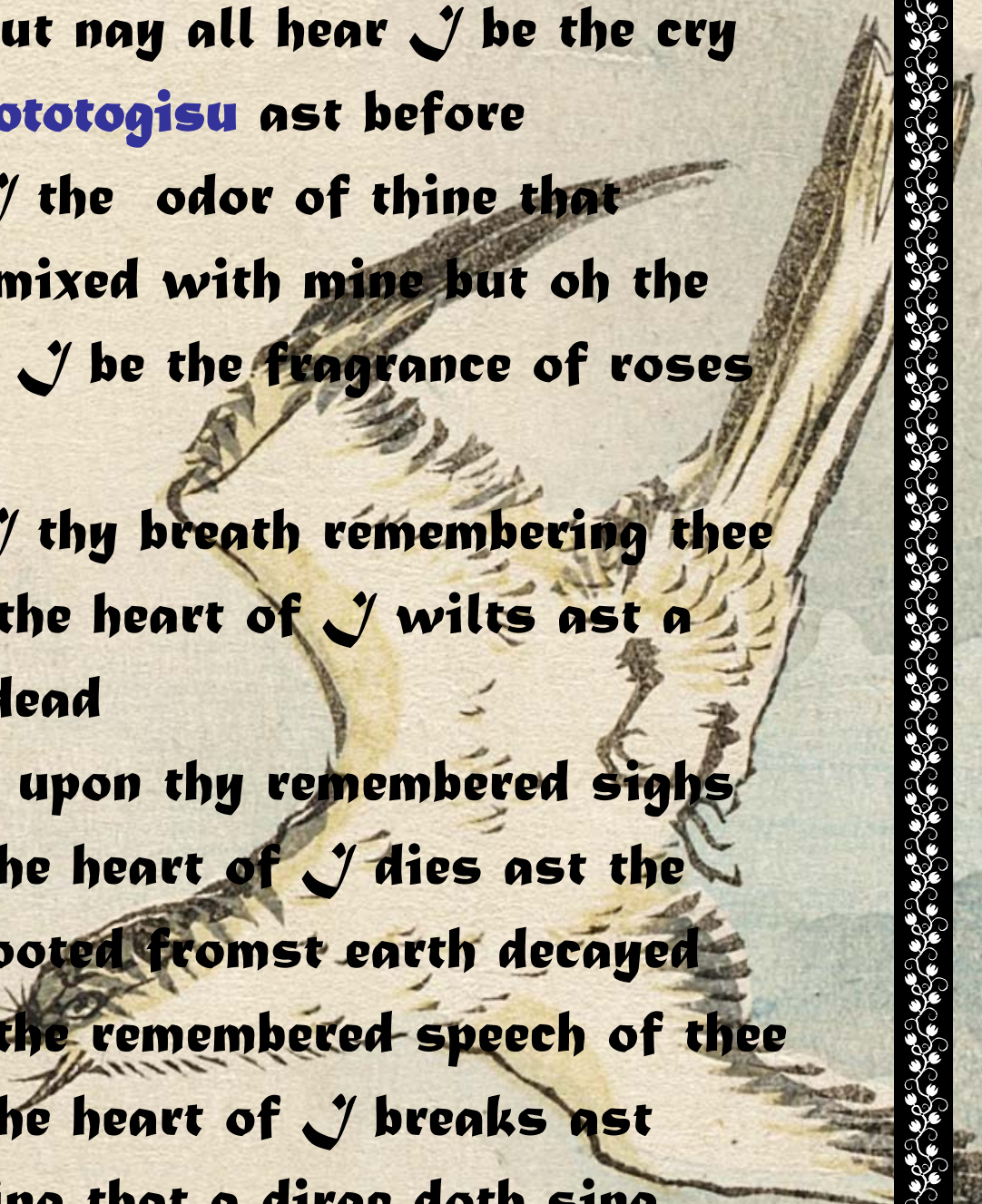
♪ with cheeks tinted white fromst  
the essence of dead asphodels  
hyacinth hair exuding clouds of stale  
essence the smoke fromst the dead  
fires of dead desires ringlets impid  
like dead worms glowing with the  
faded glow of crimson rubies and  
dull lights of topazes like burnt  
out embers the eyes of ♪ the dull  
glow of dead stars weeping tears of  
blood that tears the pallid skin white  
of ♪ devoid of life and drip to froth  
'mongst the wither petals of once  
golden marigolds and jonquils like  
froth of blood that gushing fromst





the slit throats of lambs into which  
look ♪ reflected back the face of  
death and dead dreams the mucus  
membranes in the dark recesses of  
the hidden pulpy folds of the flesh of  
♪ dried up as some parched desert  
full of the drying carcasses of the  
dead sit here ♪ playing my lament  
upon the seven strings of the  
rainbow harp-like bow across the  
sky as scarlet-like like once the  
hanging flesh that were the puffy  
lips of ♪ upon which paint ♪ the  
woes of ♪ in each colored hue in  
each ripple of color vibrating fromst  
the strings of the rainbow harp of ♪  
didst hear ♪ he cry nay naught but  
the lonely cry of the **hototogisu**  
oh love thee be all metaphor oh to  
gaze the eyes of ♪ into thine as





before but nay all hear ♪ be the cry  
of the **hototogisu** ast before  
inhale ♪ the odor of thine that  
lingers mixed with mine but oh the  
heart of ♪ be the fragrance of roses  
dead  
inhale ♪ thy breath remembering thee  
but oh the heart of ♪ wilts ast a  
flower dead  
drink ♪ upon thy remembered sighs  
but oh the heart of ♪ dies ast the  
lily uprooted fromst earth decayed  
hear ♪ the remembered speech of thee  
but oh the heart of ♪ breaks ast  
viol string that a dirge doth sing  
no joy for ♪ without the lips of  
thine tears like wilted petals deck the  
ground ast dead flowers the deads  
shroud



oh look the rainbows colors fade  
fromst grief for the dead joy of ♫  
snapped and broke the rainbows  
colored strings like viol strings that  
a dirge sings

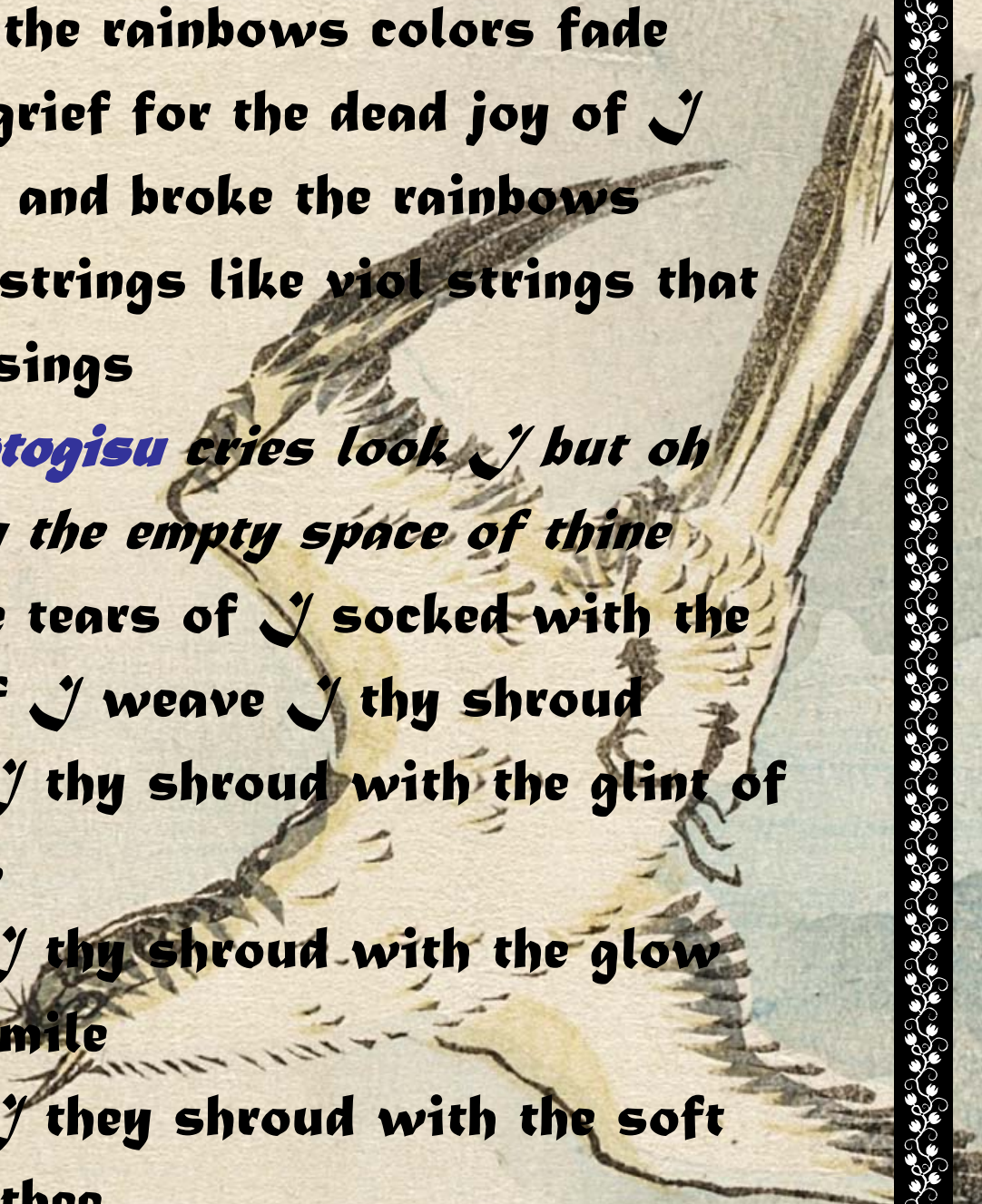
*the **hototogisu** cries look ♫ but oh  
see only the empty space of thine  
with the tears of ♫ soaked with the  
sighs of ♫ weave ♫ thy shroud  
weave ♫ thy shroud with the glint of  
thy eyes*

*weave ♫ thy shroud with the glow  
of thy smile*

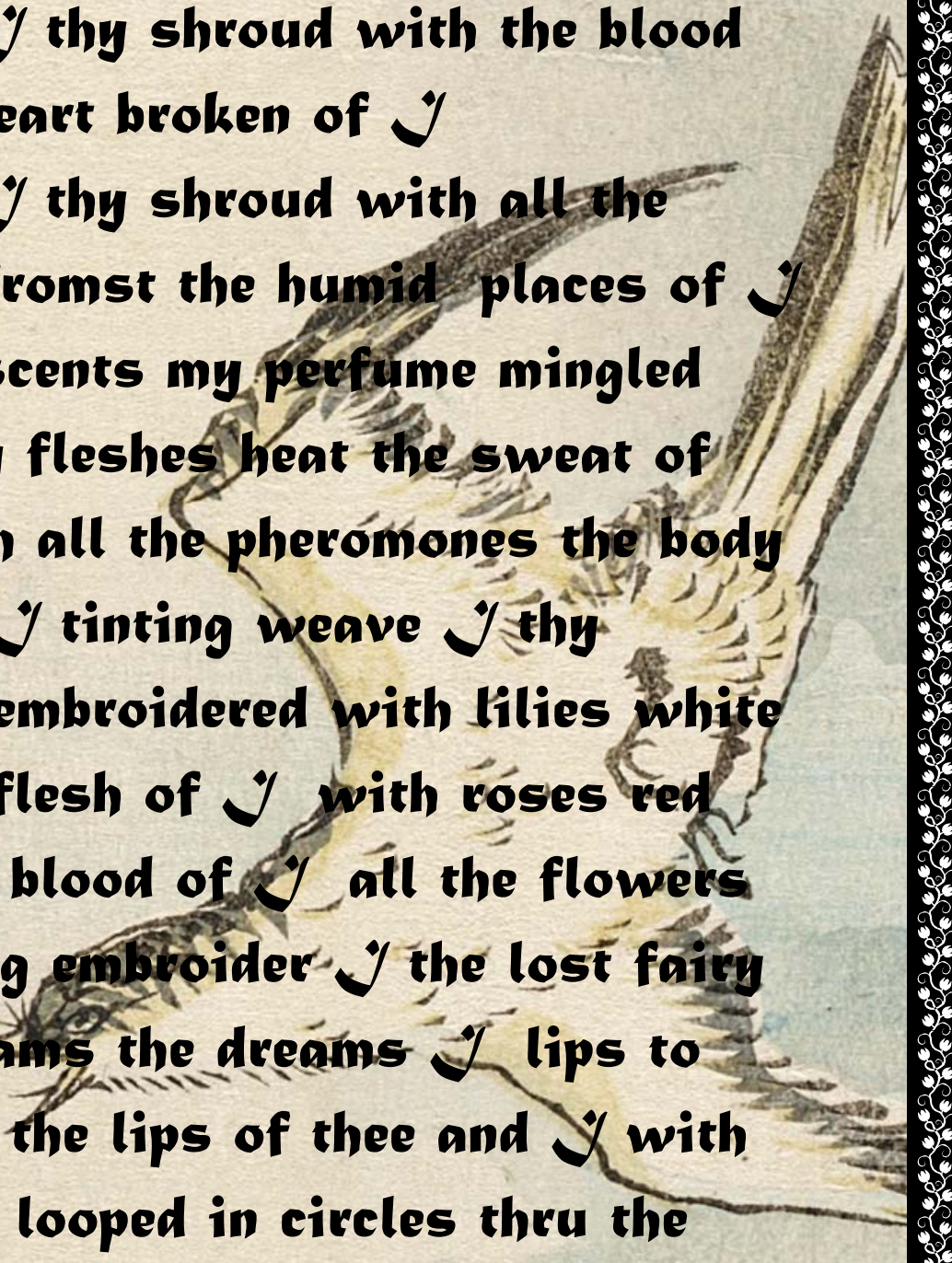
*weave ♫ thy shroud with the soft  
kiss of thee*

*weave ♫ thy shroud with the soft  
touch of thine*

*weave ♫ thy shroud with the  
perfume of thy breath*



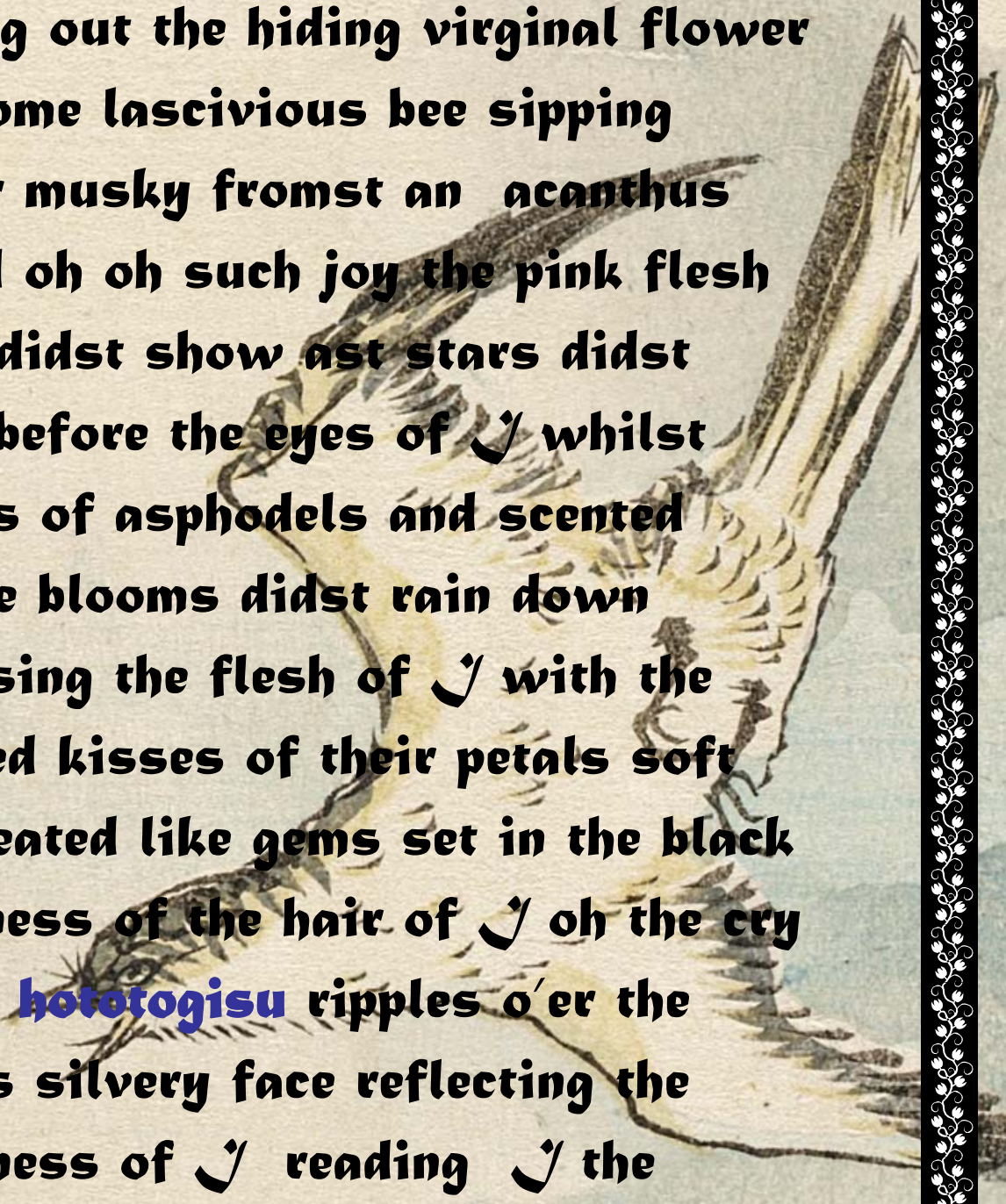




weave ♪ thy shroud with the blood  
of the heart broken of ♪  
weave ♪ thy shroud with all the  
scents fromst the humid places of ♪  
all the scents my perfume mingled  
with my flesh's heat the sweat of  
my flesh all the pheromones the body  
oils of ♪ tinting weave ♪ thy  
shroud embroidered with lilies white  
ast the flesh of ♪ with roses red  
ast the blood of ♪ all the flowers  
of spring embroider ♪ the lost fairy  
tale dreams the dreams ♪ lips to  
red lips the lips of thee and ♪ with  
flowers looped in circles thru the  
hair of ♪ round and linked with  
rose and anemones sweet with  
colored hues the hues of  
rosebud- red clouds floating o'er the  
pellucid skys dome oh those lips



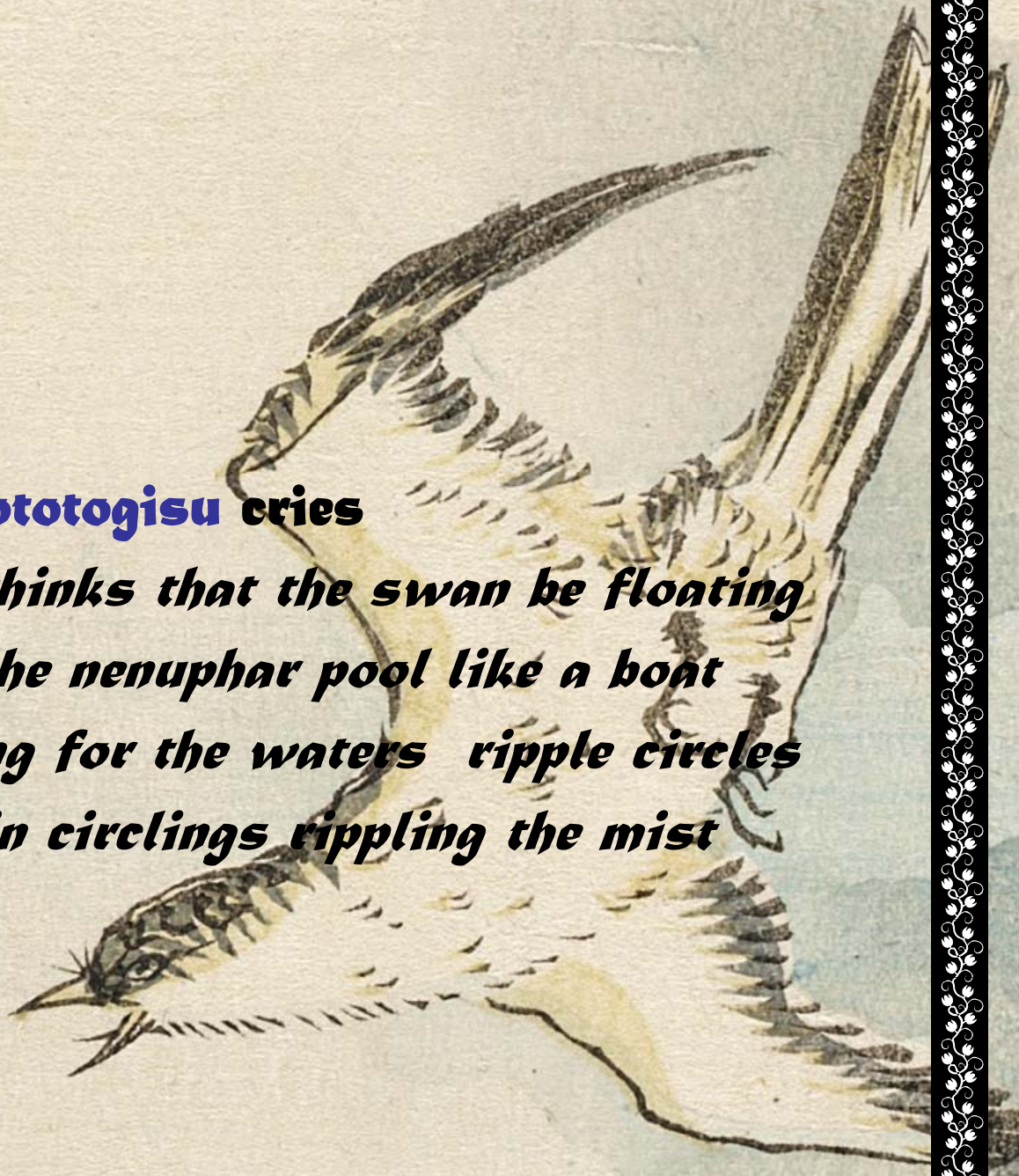
finding out the hiding virginal flower  
ast some lascivious bee sipping  
nectar musky fromst an acanthus  
humid oh oh such joy the pink flesh  
of ♀ didst show ast stars didst  
float before the eyes of ♀ whilst  
snows of asphodels and scented  
orange blooms didst rain down  
caressing the flesh of ♀ with the  
scented kisses of their petals soft  
and heated like gems set in the black  
nightness of the hair of ♀ oh the cry  
of the **hototogisu** ripples o'er the  
moons silvery face reflecting the  
aloneness of ♀ reading ♀ the  
poems of he





the **hototogisu** cries

*methinks that the swan be floating  
o'er the nenuphar pool like a boat  
gliding for the waters ripple circles  
within circlings rippling the mist  
pink*





**Panty wet- butterfly shows thru  
iridescent hue**

**Oh butterfly wings tickle tongue  
lapping oyster pink flesh**

**Perched upon porcelain pink flesh  
butterfly flutters wings**

**Even dreaming she butterfly spreads  
wings eagerly**





**Oh the eyes of ♀ like a bird crave  
that butterfly perched on plump pink  
flesh**

**Oh a windy day -no naught but thy  
butterfly wings fleshy flapping**

**Oh thought see ♀ a flower on  
crystalline stem nay only a butterfly  
on thy pulp fleshy**

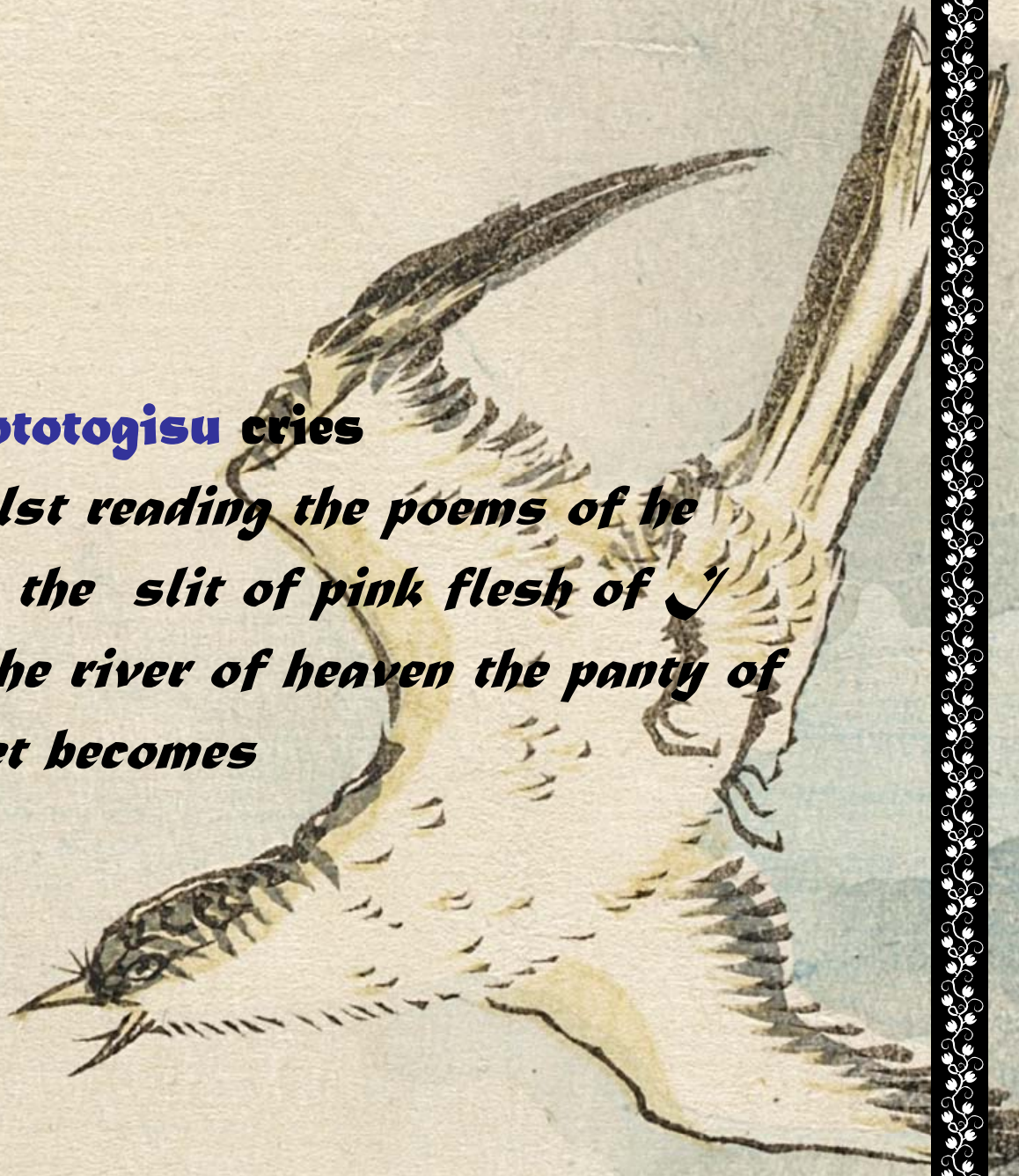
**Oh thy butterfly wings outdo the  
colors flowers in meadows  
shimmering**





the **hototogisu** cries

*Whilst reading the poems of he  
along the slit of pink flesh of ♪  
like the river of heaven the panty of  
♪ wet becomes*



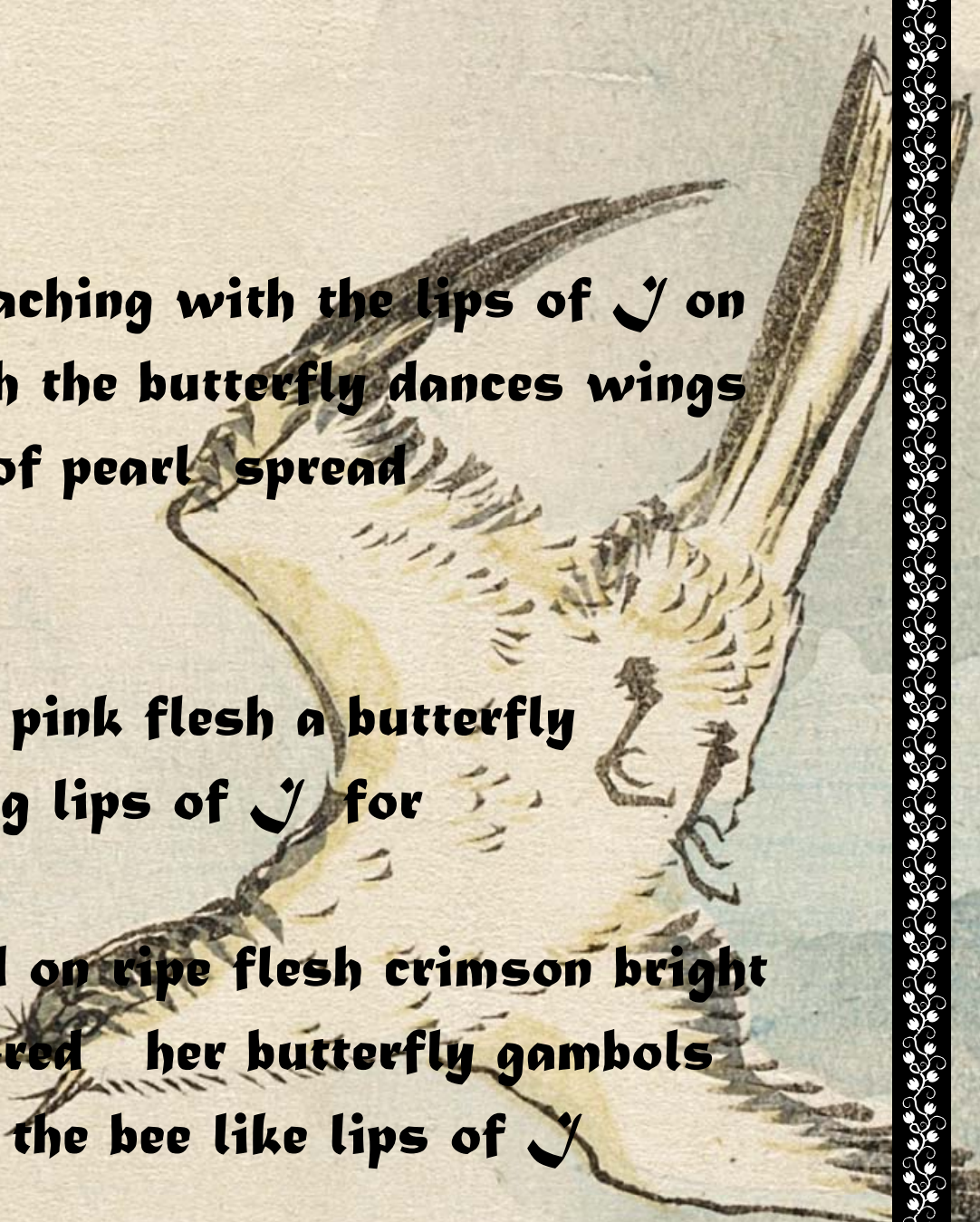


**Approaching with the lips of ♀ on  
her flesh the butterfly dances wings  
mother of pearl spread**

**Oh her pink flesh a butterfly  
quivering lips of ♀ for**

**Perched on ripe flesh crimson bright  
pinkish-red her butterfly gambols  
enticing the bee like lips of ♀**

**Feigning sleep her butterfly quivers  
beckoning ♀**



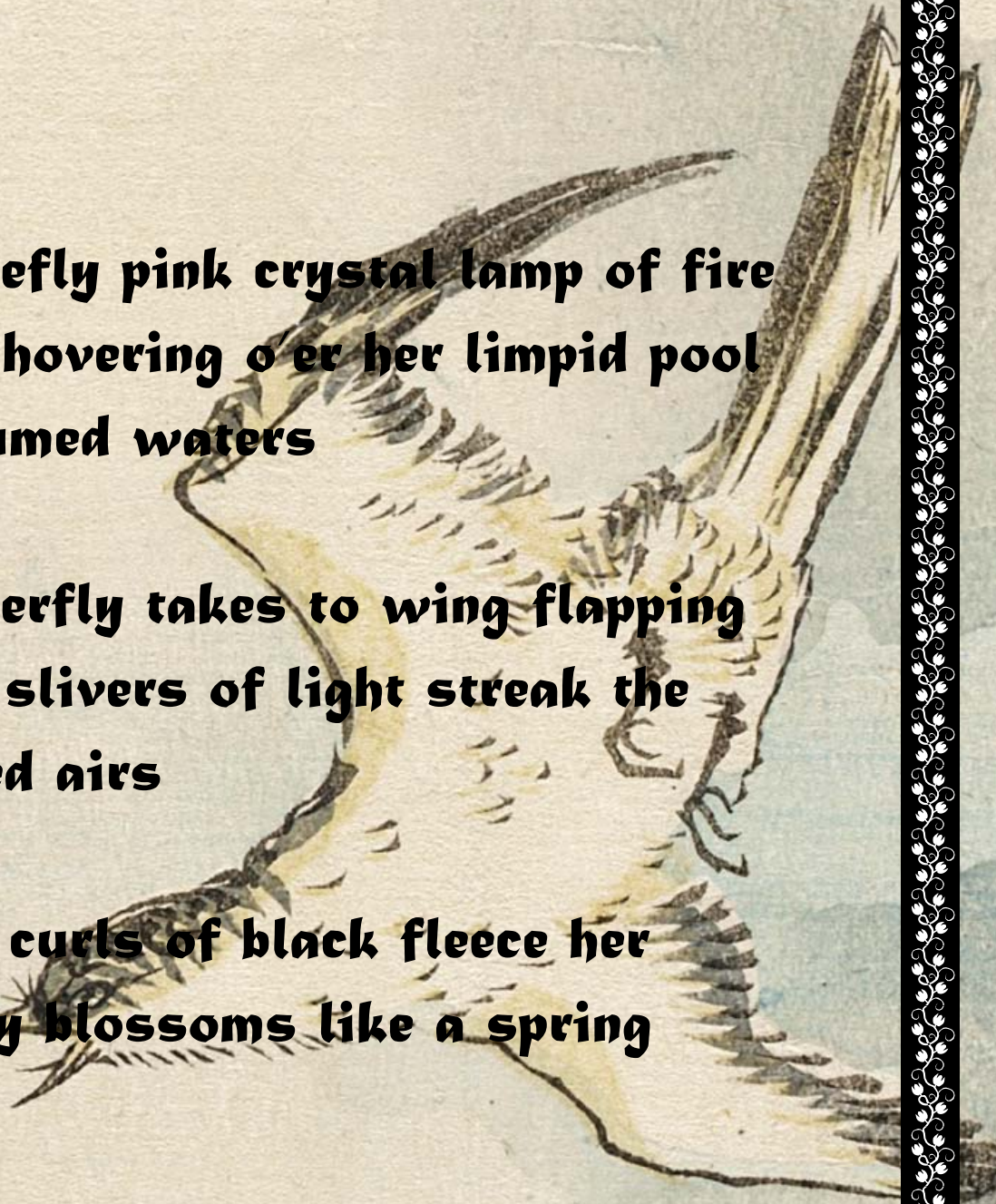


**her butterfly pink crystal lamp of fire  
winged hovering o'er her limpid pool  
of perfumed waters**

**her butterfly takes to wing flapping  
colored slivers of light streak the  
perfumed airs**

**beneath curls of black fleece her  
butterfly blossoms like a spring  
flower**

**butterfly flapping wings o'er limpid  
pool rippling the surface like liquid  
glass**



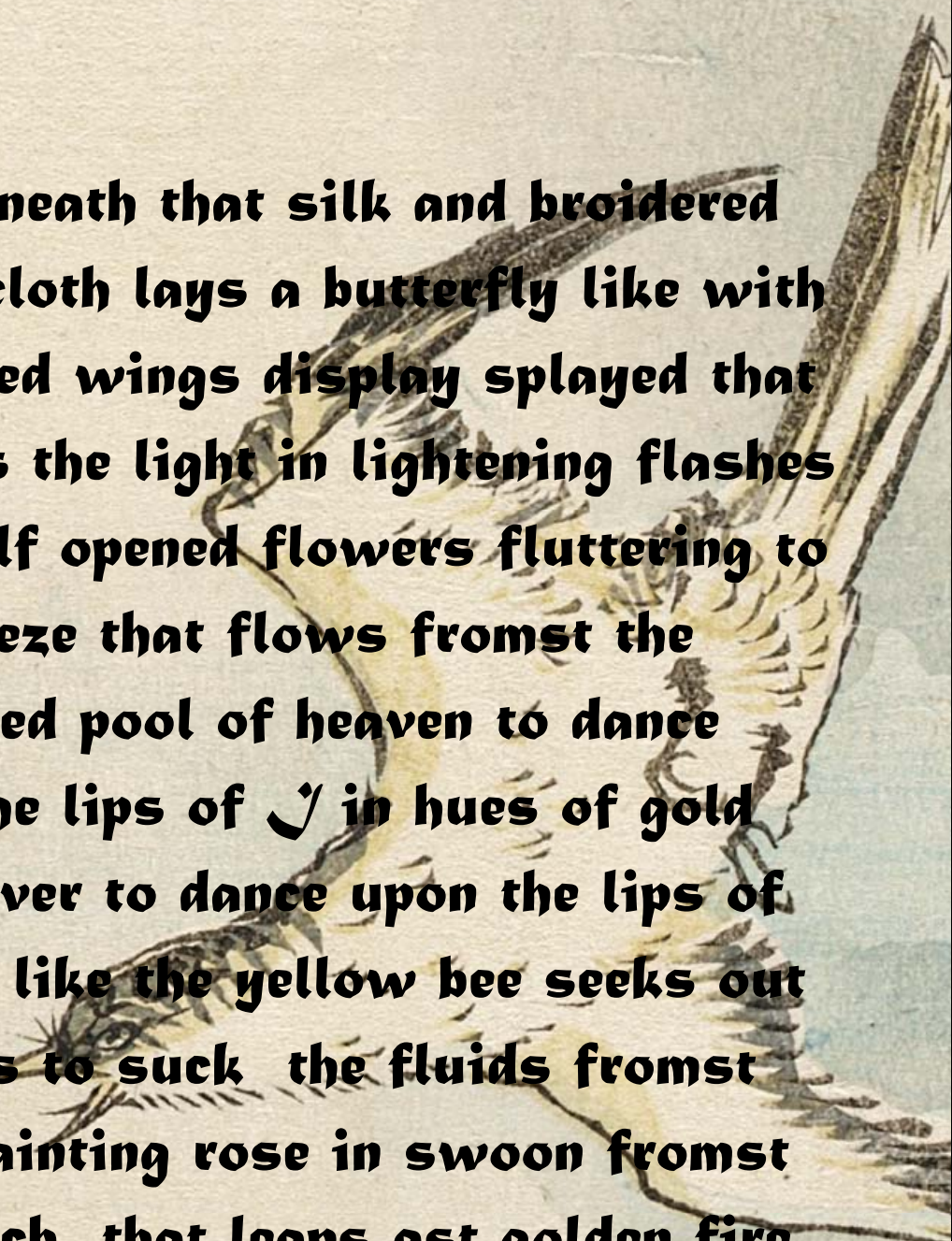




the **hototogisu** cries

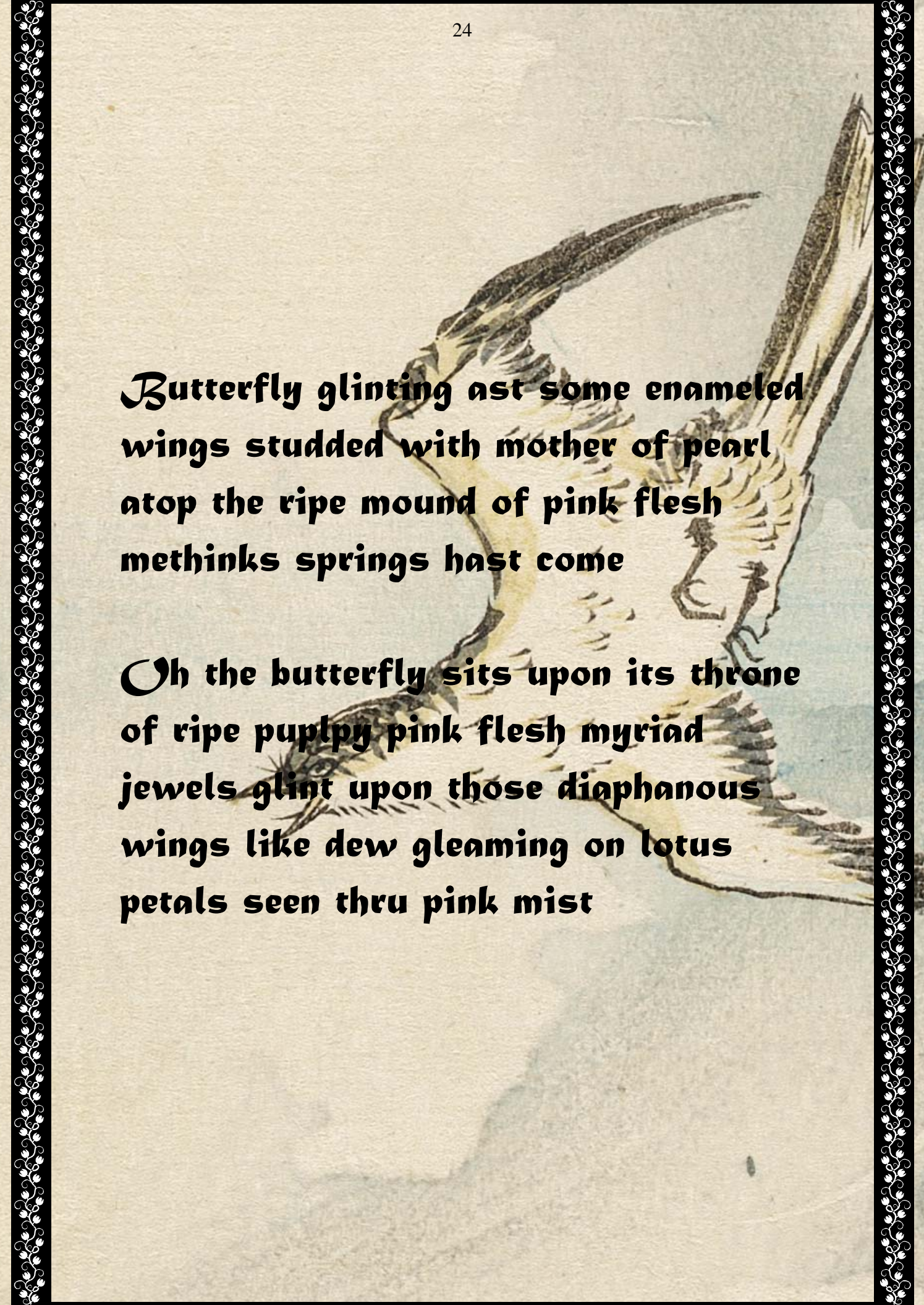
*methinks hear ♪ thy sighs mixed  
with the sighs of ♪ for in the  
moonlight the butterfly lips of ♪  
kiss the moon with the cincture of  
the love of ♪ ast the clit of ♪  
throbs and quivers like pearl pink  
upon an emerald stem*





**Oh beneath that silk and broidered  
panty cloth lays a butterfly like with  
enameled wings display splayed that  
catches the light in lightening flashes  
like half opened flowers fluttering to  
the breeze that flows fromst the  
perfumed pool of heaven to dance  
upon the lips of ♀ in hues of gold  
and silver to dance upon the lips of  
♂ that like the yellow bee seeks out  
thy lips to suck the fluids fromst  
that fainting rose in swoon fromst  
the touch that leaps ast golden fire  
fromst the golden sun to streak  
across thy crystal pool of amethyst  
rippling the shadows o'er the lips of  
♂ full of drunkenness that burn like  
red grapes on fire**

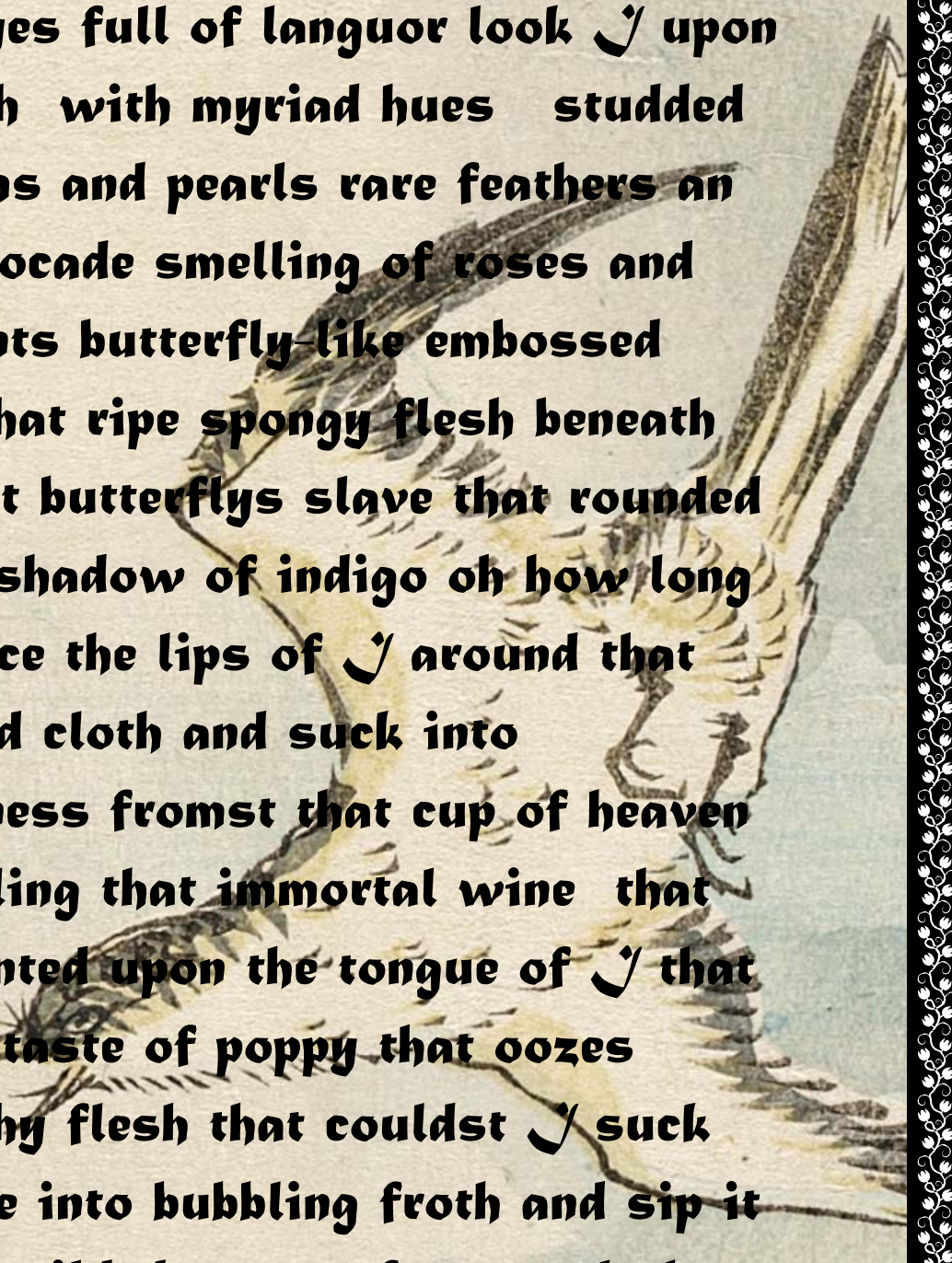




**Butterfly glinting ast some enameled  
wings studded with mother of pearl  
atop the ripe mound of pink flesh  
methinks springs hast come**

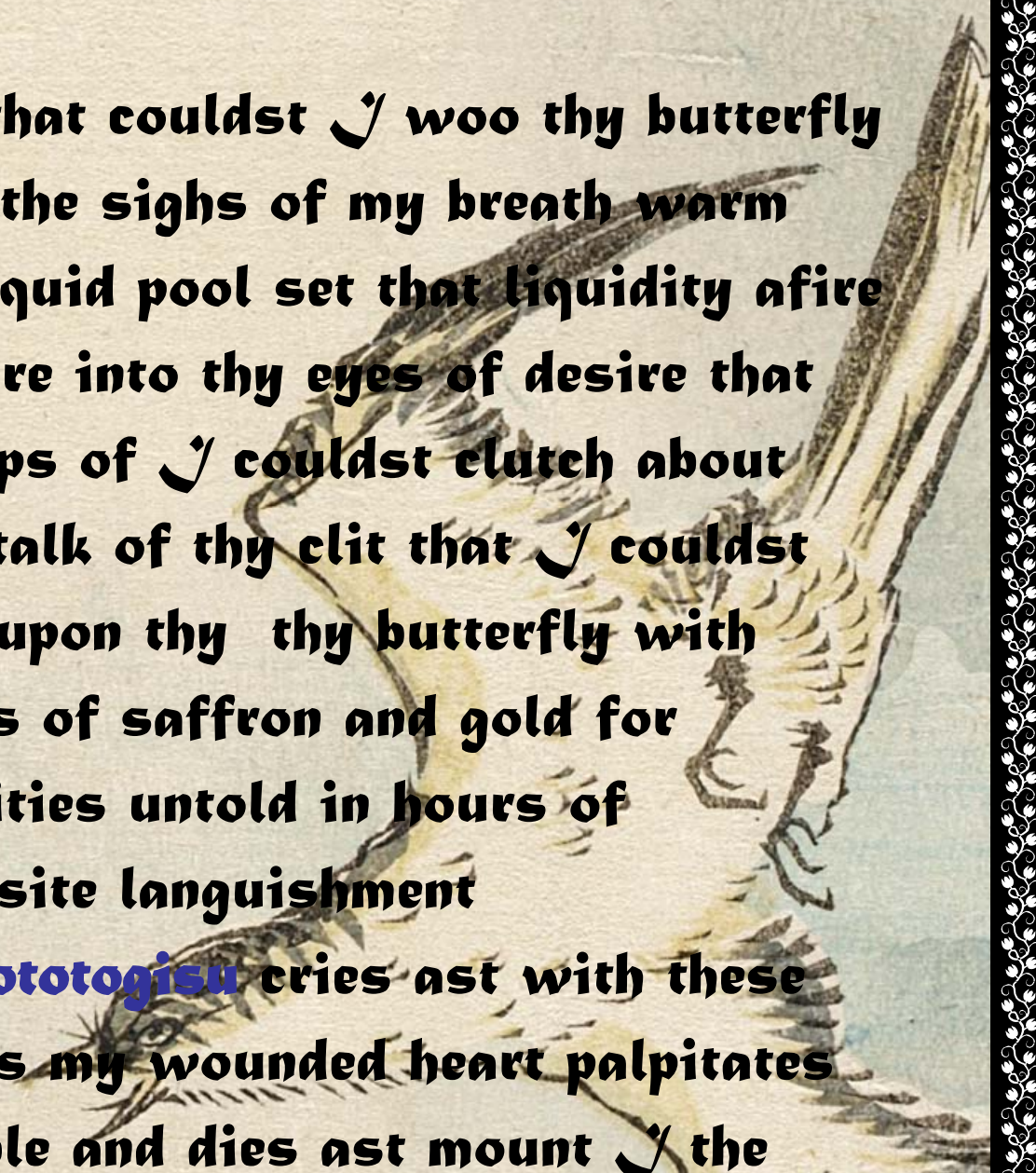
**Oh the butterfly sits upon its throne  
of ripe puplpy pink flesh myriad  
jewels glint upon those diaphanous  
wings like dew gleaming on lotus  
petals seen thru pink mist**





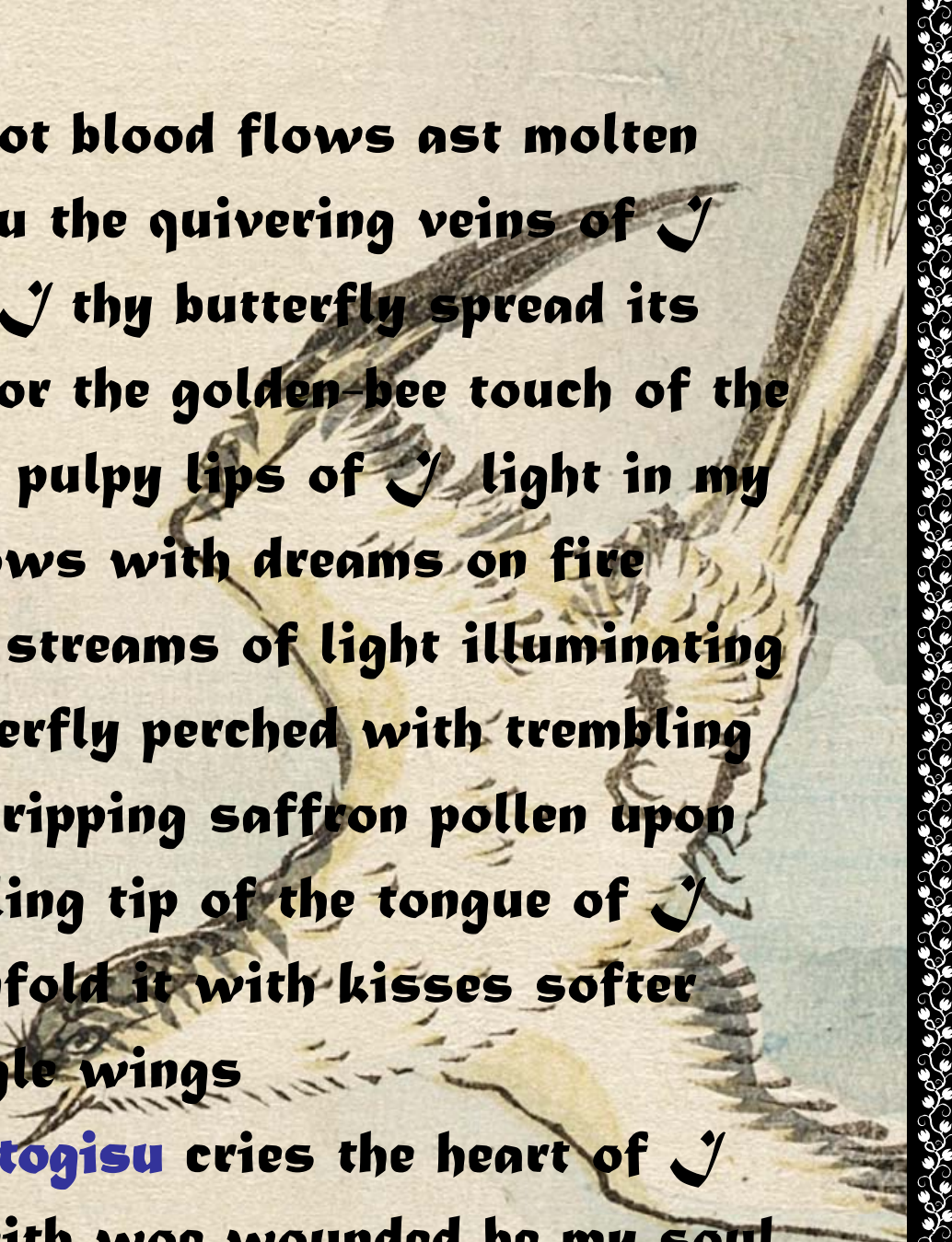
**With eyes full of languor look ♪ upon  
that cloth with myriad hues studded  
with gems and pearls rare feathers an  
exotic brocade smelling of roses and  
rare scents butterfly-like embossed  
fromst that ripe spongy flesh beneath  
be ♪ that butterfly's slave that rounded  
flesh in shadow of indigo oh how long  
♪ to place the lips of ♪ around that  
contoured cloth and suck into  
drunkenness fromst that cup of heaven  
o'er spilling that immortal wine that  
lays scented upon the tongue of ♪ that  
hast the taste of poppy that oozes  
fromst thy flesh that couldst ♪ suck  
that wine into bubbling froth and sip it  
thru that gilded gauze of panty cloth to  
set the heart flower of my soul ablaze  
with fires of desire for thy flesh**





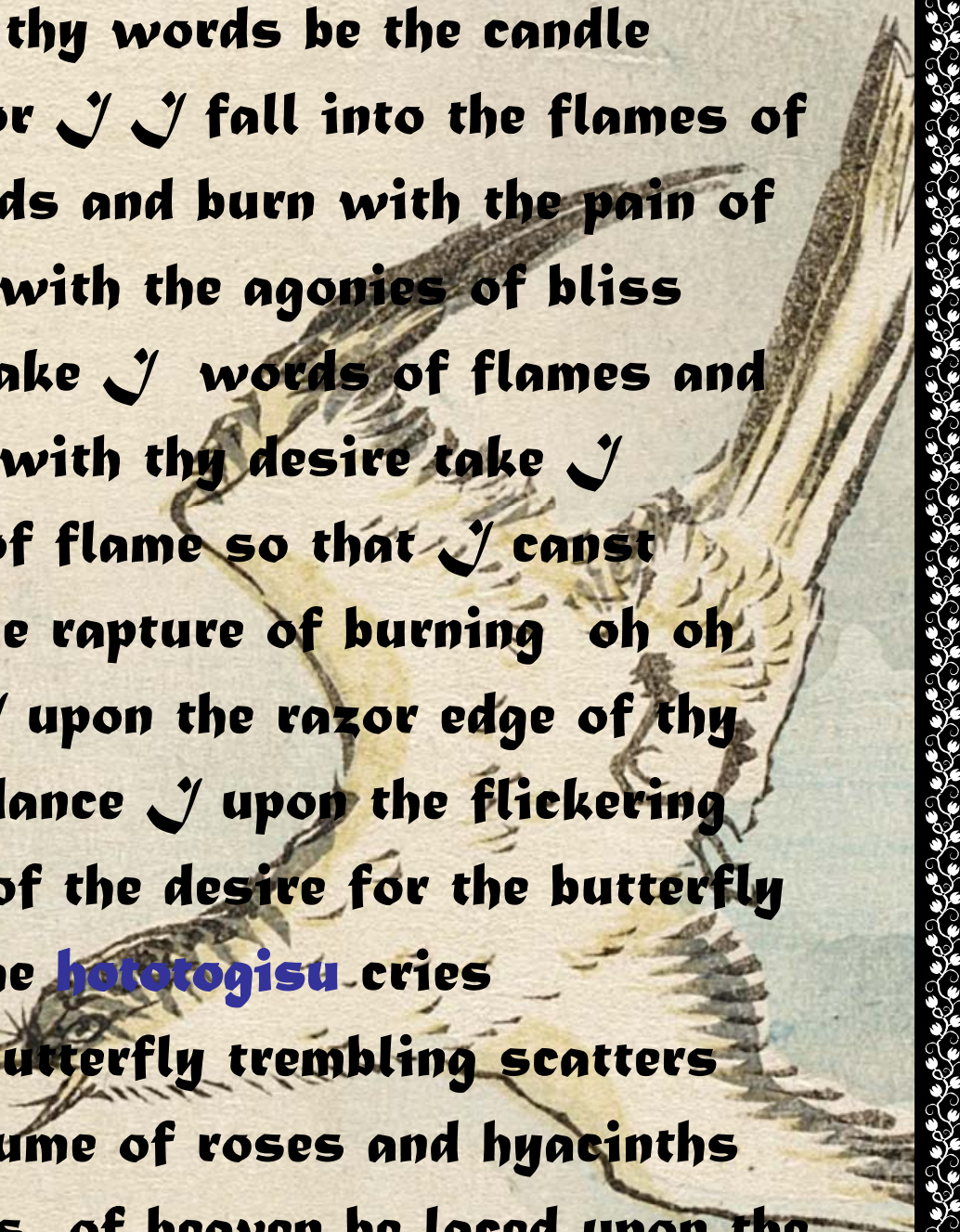
**Oh that couldst ♀ woo thy butterfly  
with the sighs of my breath warm  
thy liquid pool set that liquidity afire  
set fire into thy eyes of desire that  
the lips of ♀ couldst clutch about  
the stalk of thy clit that ♀ couldst  
gaze upon thy thy butterfly with  
wings of saffron and gold for  
eternities untold in hours of  
exquisite languishment  
the **hototogisu** cries ast with these  
words my wounded heart palpitates  
tremble and dies ast mount ♀ the  
pyre and my dreams evaporate and  
expire all the rest of life a dream full  
of death and empty days and empty  
nights of darkness and no light**





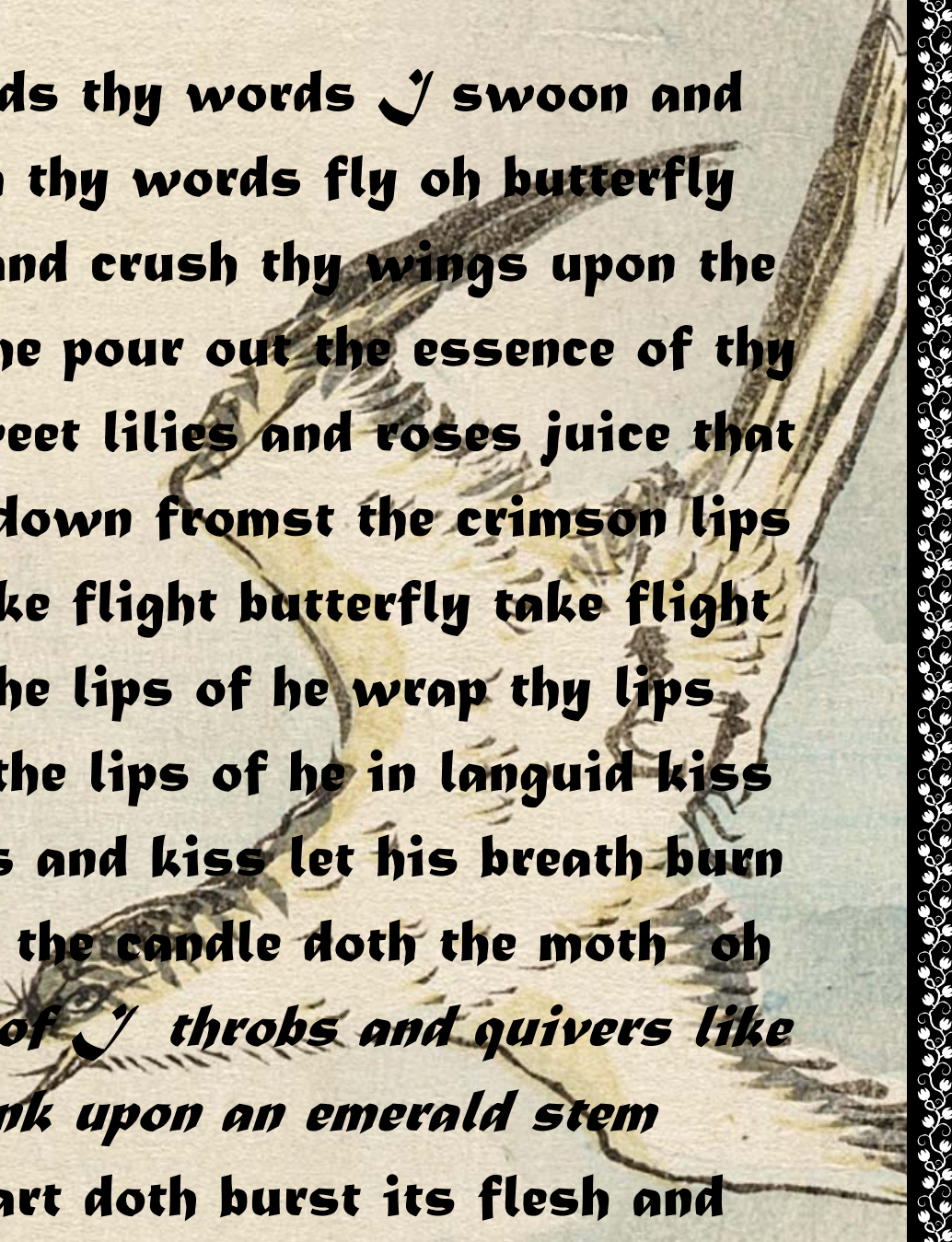
oh the hot blood flows ast molten  
gold thru the quivering veins of ♪  
ast see ♪ thy butterfly spread its  
wings for the golden-bee touch of the  
crimson pulpy lips of ♪ light in my  
eyes glows with dreams on fire  
streaks streams of light illuminating  
thy butterfly perched with trembling  
wings dripping saffron pollen upon  
the tingling tip of the tongue of ♪  
let ♪ enfold it with kisses softer  
than angle wings  
the **hototogisu** cries the heart of ♪  
melts with woe wounded be my soul  
my eyes glint with the rapture of  
madness thy words turn to tears my  
soul tears down the checks of ♪  
course tearing flesh in rivers of pain





get get thy words be the candle  
flame for ♪ ♪ fall into the flames of  
thy words and burn with the pain of  
rapture with the agonies of bliss  
crying take ♪ words of flames and  
burn ♪ with thy desire take ♪  
words of flame so that ♪ canst  
know the rapture of burning oh oh  
dance ♪ upon the razor edge of thy  
words dance ♪ upon the flickering  
flames of the desire for the butterfly  
of ♪ the **hototogisu** cries  
oh thy butterfly trembling scatters  
the perfume of roses and hyacinths  
the stars of heaven be laced upon the  
edges of thy butterfly wings to their  
quick givings dance ♪ upon the  
moon dancing ♪ throwing heavens  
stars round the head of ♪ ast my  
eyes flicker like lamp-flames

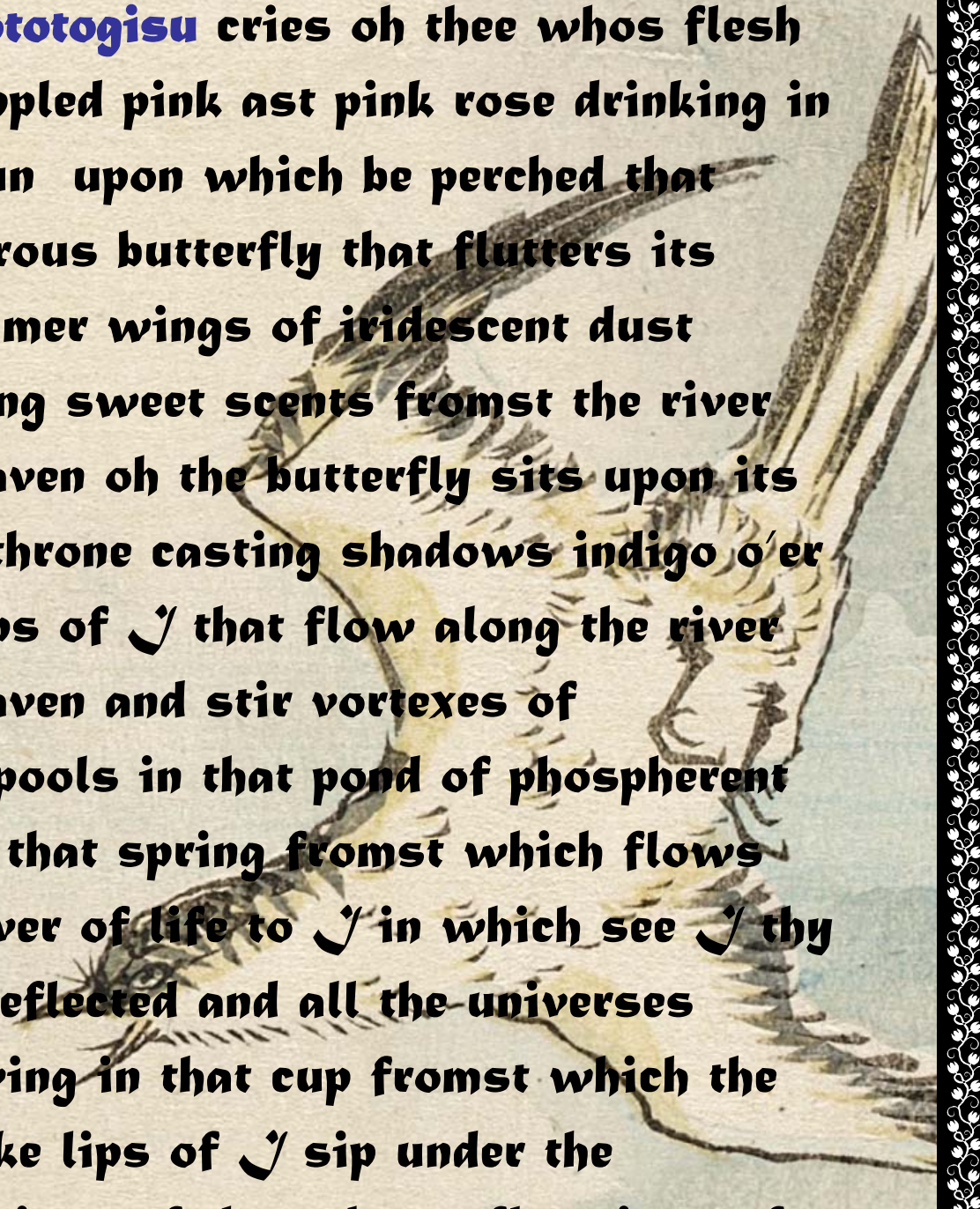




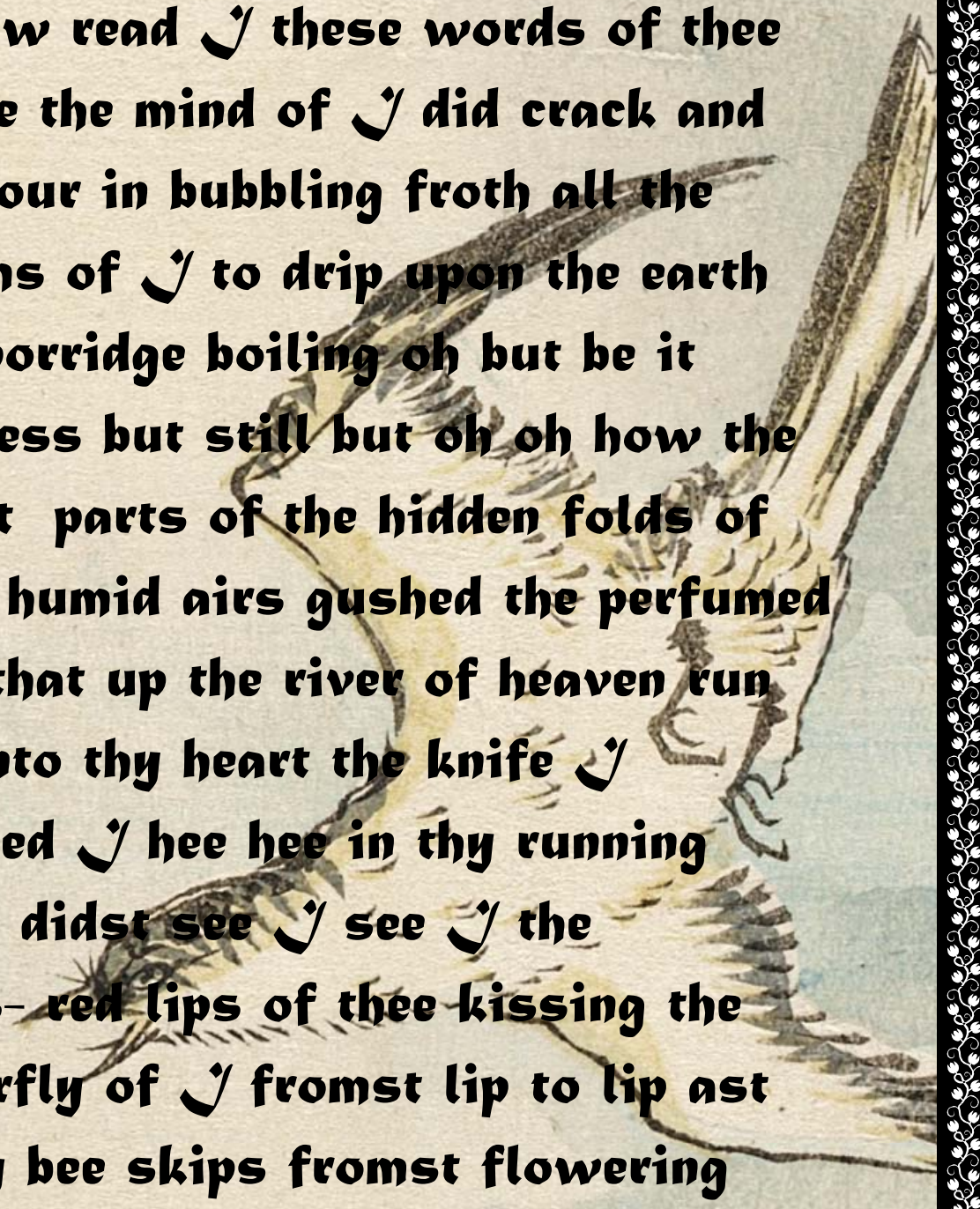
thy words thy words ♪ swoon and  
die with thy words fly oh butterfly  
fly fly and crush thy wings upon the  
lips of he pour out the essence of thy  
soul sweet lilies and roses juice that  
it runs down fromst the crimson lips  
of he take flight butterfly take flight  
and to the lips of he wrap thy lips  
around the lips of he in languid kiss  
and kiss and kiss let his breath burn  
thee ast the candle doth the moth oh  
*the clit of ♪ throbs and quivers like  
pearl pink upon an emerald stem*  
mine heart doth burst its flesh and  
blood gush fromst the eyes of ♪  
with the sighs of ♪ thee art gone  
and the soul of ♪ dies fromst the  
loss of thee



the **hototogisu** cries oh thee whos flesh  
is dappled pink ast pink rose drinking in  
the sun upon which be perched that  
wondrous butterfly that flutters its  
gossamer wings of iridescent dust  
wafting sweet scents fromst the river  
of heaven oh the butterfly sits upon its  
ruby throne casting shadows indigo o'er  
the lips of ♪ that flow along the river  
of heaven and stir vortexes of  
whirlpools in that pond of phospherent  
light that spring fromst which flows  
the river of life to ♪ in which see ♪ thy  
face reflected and all the universes  
revolving in that cup fromst which the  
bee-like lips of ♪ sip under the  
flutterings of those butterfly wings of  
thee oh for these songs are for thee ono  
no sakura







oh how read I these words of thee  
to she the mind of I did crack and  
out pour in bubbling froth all the  
dreams of I to drip upon the earth  
like porridge boiling oh but be it  
madness but still but oh oh how the  
secret parts of the hidden folds of  
I of humid airs gushed the perfumed  
airs that up the river of heaven run  
ast into thy heart the knife I  
plunged I hee hee in thy running  
blood didst see I see I the  
roses- red lips of thee kissing the  
butterfly of I fromst lip to lip ast  
honey bee skips fromst flowering  
bloom to flowering bloom causing the  
water of life to up well fromst I  
along the river of heaven for thee oh  
yes yes for ast see I these songs  
are for me not she



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