

# **idolatry**

**poem by c dean**

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## **Preface**

**Idolatry to prostrate thee to what thee worships to worship to adore to languish in the glow of thy god to pray upon the idol of thee to glory in thy idolatry to bow down to sing hymns of praise to the idol of thee idolatry *anathema* to Jew Protestant Moslem and Sikh Idolatry to love the divine to drink in the sight of thy idol to fold in to embrace to relish in thy idolatry bow thee down prostrate the be kiss the idol of thy idolatry burn with passion with heated fire of thy desires to breathe out sighs of ravishment in thy idols sight to swoon to erupt into raptures ineffable to burst into flames of incomprehensible delights to be absorbed to be fused with the idol of thy idolatry**

**The moon drips light that  
into thy eyes falls into thy  
eyes falls gem-like alight  
brilliant bright**

**Thy eyebrows be the  
curved arches 'neath which  
I worship thee**

**My breath breathes I out  
to scorch to burn to sear  
the land the air all the seas  
of all the worlds with the  
fires of my hearts desirings**

**Give thee ♪ thy sigh to  
rain upon my heated fires to  
rain down upon the heart of  
♪ to set it afire a fire  
flaming in the heart of ♪  
With every breath breathe  
♪ out flames of my desire  
Give my the cunt like fresh  
newly-budded rose that ♪  
can lick round and kiss  
their unfurled lips petals of  
red hued pulpy flesh**

**Oh the love of ♪ my love  
for thee all the birds ♪n  
all the trees sing sweetly of  
my desire for thee**

**The curve of thy petaled  
lips be the arches within  
which worship ♪ within  
which the Eucharist taketh  
♪ in the holy of holies  
those petaled folds be the  
sanctuary of the  
sacramental mysteries  
within those petaled lips**

**curved like sickle moons  
those arches of pinkish hue  
worship J at the Holy  
Altar of thee that fount of  
limpid waters of the holy  
of holies  
With joy tears well up to  
fall like crimson petals that  
o'er flow the cups of my  
eyes upwelling from the  
boiling heart of J whose  
blood drops like roses  
fragrant to blossom o'er**

**the earth covering it in a  
carpet of blood hued glow  
That limpid dewy eye set  
gem-like twixt pinkish hued  
lips nestled in black curly  
hyacinth hair shines like  
moon in crow black night  
brilliant bright glowing  
diadem in the crown of thy  
cunts pulpy flesh  
The light fromst that  
limpid gem-like pool  
dazzles the eyes of ♪**



**with its divine light like  
torch luculent bright  
the eyes of √ eager  
pilgrims that drawn to that  
limpid glowing eye with  
their courtier petaled lips  
those flesh pulpy folds  
doth pay homage and on its  
sight do gaze in rapturous  
worship intoxicate delight  
The eyes of √ drinking on  
that limpid dewy sight**

**drunken be ♪ as Sufi  
drunk in wines ecstasy  
Clit reddish drop-like set  
like bindi upon the cunts  
fleshy pulpy folds thru  
the perfumed mist of those  
fleshy folds like light thru  
pink veil in that light on  
that sight drunken  
intoxicated be ♪ on that  
face of the divine**

**Here on that cunt be the  
heavenly fount be the  
vision of all beauteous  
sight be divine radiance be  
brighter than light from  
burning bush Moses saw  
on craggy mount that sight  
be the ravishment of the  
soul of ♪ that sight be the  
light that lights the flame  
of desire in the heart of ♪  
that sight be the light that  
lights the flame in the lamp**

of the heart of *J* ignited by  
that light that cometh  
fromst the alter of that cunt  
of thee more holy than  
*Kaaba* than temples god  
than tabernacles sanctum  
sanctorum be the cunt of  
thee that fount of limpid  
dew that fount of liquid  
refulgent light o'er which  
lay the arches of thy puffy  
lips thy flesh pulpy lips  
more luminous than

**paradise gates more fair  
 than ornamented churches  
 nave oh that beloved face  
 of thy cunt my Qibla at it  
 I kow tow prostrate at my  
 masjid my sanctuary more  
 worshiping I than Sajda-  
 e-Ibadah more reverent  
 than Sajda-e-Tahyya more  
 rapturous than Sufi  
 drunken on purple bubbling  
 wine more delightful than  
 mystics union on that face**

**of thee my beating heart my  
pounding throbbing heart  
sings out melodies of  
exquisite joy of delightful  
exuberance of rapturous  
rhythms of mellifluous  
luxuriance the beauty of  
thy cunts delight from that  
goblet of delight ♪ drink up  
and drunken be upon its  
sight an intoxication in the  
divine my souls delight in  
that lustrous shine**

**Thy cunts beauteous face in flames  
 turns the heart of ♀ to burn the  
 encasing flesh of ♀ to ashes it  
 turns but in joy ♀ cry and in**

**ecstasy do ♀ in deliriums  
 delight sigh would that my sighs  
 of joy outpour and my cries to  
 hymns to form to sing in sweet  
 melodies my delight to sing out  
 abhangs of praise to sing out  
 bhajans and psalms of joy more  
 enchanting than singeth David of  
 the banu ♀srael to regale all with  
 beguiling delight such that my  
 sighs of my joy might tell of the  
 o'er abundant ravishment of the  
 heart of ♀ oh these tender refrains**

**runs thru the veins of ♪ and  
warms the tissues of my blood  
flooding heart to froth forth on the  
breath of ♪ in sighs that into rose  
petals form to rain down o'er all  
showers of blood-hued blossoms  
that carpet the earth in carpets of  
pink red tinted hues like shimmering  
gems that glint like coagulated  
light upon the pallets of earth  
beaded with petal drops woven into  
mats of saturated colored lights  
gleaming with my solidified  
sighs in the luculent glow of thy  
cunts brilliant show the soul of ♪  
doth lie in languorous repose the  
spirit of ♪ in ecstasy drinks the**



**sweet wine of those puffy fleshy  
 lips and in them do feast on all the  
 gorgeous fruits of all the worlds  
 and in them dance and sing and  
 within them all the worlds  
 festivals of the worlds do abide in  
 them √ glory in all the colors of  
 Soli those lips be sweeter than  
Bhang those lips be taster than all  
 the banquettes of the Saturnalia of  
 the Kronia more dithyrambic  
 raptures than the Bacchanalia more  
 joyess than Diwali of Hindus  
 Jains and Sikhs in those lips all  
 these delights √ do seek in these  
 folds is the feast of the gods in  
 these lips divine the dewy pearly**

**fount of manna of the ambrosia that  
 to paradise doth take to paradise  
 doth take my heart my soul and in  
 those pink flaming lips to ♪ to  
 ecstasy to take in those pink  
 flaming lips the eye of hor the eye  
 of divine light streams out igniting  
 the coal of the heart of ♪ that burst  
 into flame and in striations bright  
 brighter than the light that gleamed  
 on Sinai more dazzling than the  
 light from Shivas eye flashes forth  
 to light all the worlds to light all  
 the crannies Hell Hades or  
 Naraka even Jahannan with  
 incandescent light my heart sings  
 forth and in its sighings rejoice**

**rejoices at the beauteous sight  
 sings hymns of joys at my  
 rapture filled days sings hymns of  
 delight as my words blast forth  
 from the furnace of my heart my  
 heart dissolving in the heated  
 fires of my desires that bubbles  
 forth to drip from the eyelashes of  
 ♪ blood-red tears of joy blood-red  
 tears that o'er flow the cups of the  
 eyes of ♪ and on the breath of ♪  
 perfume the earth and all the worlds  
 that on the breath of ♪ my sighs  
 sing and enchant all the worlds  
 with the raptures of its cries my  
 sighs my cries that usher forth  
 from the soul of ♪ as ♪ upon that**

**glorious gorgeous resplendent cunt  
 with its fleshy folding lips that  
 unfurl like new spring rose oh into  
 deliriums oblivion ♪ do go into  
 passions exulted heights ♪ do go  
 upon looking on that sight that  
 sight of divine light that around thy  
 cunt glows a nimbus a halo of  
 ravishing light a *hvarena farr* a  
 a cloud of radiant light oh that  
 divine sight be more captivating  
 than the rose to singing nightingale  
 more rapturous than the scent of  
 the hyacinth haired beloved more  
 intoxicating than the Sufis idol of  
 purple hued wine oh pity thee  
 those who waste pale under the**

tyranny of their cold hearted beloved  
 oh pity thee those who waste and  
 die along the paths that lead thee to  
 thy beloved face pity thee those  
 who cry in sorrows woes for one  
 look fromst their beloved oh my joy  
 my joy for in the cunts face which  
 'neath white panties tight  
 everywhere I do find grace and at  
 that Kaaba worship at that temple  
 do sing bhaktis sweet tunes at that  
 tabernacle I do pray oh those cunts  
 that everywhere do hide 'neath  
 white panties tight shirts I bear  
 thee as the idol languorously  
 sleeping in the heart of I I bear  
 thee with I I take thee along with

**♪ oh most beauteous sight thee  
hast lit the fires that roar in my  
heart that flame up bright fromst  
the sighs of ♪ that lash the flames  
with searing might tears of joy  
flood fromst the cups of the eyes of  
♪ purged of sorrows of  
melancholy woes my heart beats out  
songs of joy that fructify the earth  
to burst forth in fragrant blooms if  
my songs could reach the dead to  
life they wouldst spring if my  
songs o'er forest fires spread all  
the drops of all the seas couldst  
not quench that raging furnace  
ignited by the desires of ♪ the  
vapors of my sighs outleaping with**

each breath ♪ breathe to the sky  
 flies and turns the earth and all  
 that inhabit it into paradise pity  
 the sadhu the naked sanyasi pity the  
 dervish the qalandar that torture  
 their puply flesh for one kiss  
 fromst the god thy long pity all  
 ascetics that to the body torment  
 that to bliss they may ascend for  
 with ♪ ♪ carry that idol of my  
 delight of my bliss that idol that  
 blooms in the garden of my heart to  
 burst into flowery blossoms  
 beacons of my delight beacons of  
 my joyess happiness encased in the  
 light of that refulgent sight the  
 sighs of my delight waft up fromst

**the lips of ۞ turning darkness to  
 perpetual light before my sight the  
 world bathed in glorious light  
 before the sight of ۞ ۞ have no  
 want no need of the Sufis wine or  
 the mystics kiss of god for ۞  
 bathe in the languorous light of that  
 cunts sight ۞ bathe in the perfume  
 fromst those flowers blooming in  
 the heart of ۞ ۞ be drunk upon  
 the divine that ۞ carry with ۞  
 all the cells of the flesh of ۞ cry  
 with joy all the atoms of my pulpy  
 spongy flesh cry with intoxicated  
 bliss with rapturous delight their  
 cries soar and sing joyfully to the  
 sky they fly singing of my days**



**filled with luxuriant bliss full of  
 deliriums ineffable exhilarations  
 in that cup flesh pulpy that holds  
 the goblet of wine that limpid bowl  
 of warm heated froth ♪ do drink  
 that bubbling spring of the divine  
 and quench the thirst of ♪ that  
 turns to heated mist in the flames  
 of the desire of ♪ ♪ feast upon  
 those folds ♪ sup thirstily upon the  
 wine filled cup the earth turns to  
 divine light when ♪ drink upon  
 that goblets pink lined rim the tears  
 that drip heated from the eyelashes  
 of ♪ perfume the land that bursts  
 into spring and all the withered  
 flowers do again their sap doth rise**

**and they blossom many hued under  
the sky roses shoot up newly  
budding and bulbuls in scented  
gardens do their sweet songs to  
them do sing the sighs of my breath  
lay like scented garments upon the  
fecundate land coating everything in  
a cloth of perfumed melodies the  
fountain of my heart full to the  
brim with joyess sighs that on the  
breeze do drift bye my hearts song  
more beautiful than bulbuls singing  
to roses in gardens of delight oh  
the glittering jewel of the heart of  
☽ shines forth its resplendent  
rays of delight that long be the  
days of my heartfelt joy as from the**

eyes of ♪ and the breath of ♪ ♪  
 scatter my joyess felicity and in  
 revelry spread across the earth  
 blithtful gaiety ♪ sing songs of  
 rejoicing ♪ sing songs of merriment  
 at the sight of that cunt clouded in  
 its golden areole of luculent light  
 the wine of the sighs of my jubilant  
 heart do drunken make the world  
 and all the living things that breathe  
 upon the perfume of my sighs ♪  
 drown in the fathomless depths of  
 that beauteous sight ♪ drink upon  
 the ineffable splendor the  
 incomprehensible ravishment of  
 that cunt formed of empyreal light  
 ♪ transported be on the beauty of

**that sight to the empyrean of  
highest jubilation of highest  
exultation to an Elysium of bliss  
to a Jannah of o'erubundent  
rapture those flesh spongy pulpy  
lips be the gates of paradises that  
cunts pure loveliness washes o'er  
∩ and upwells in perfumed tears  
which drip as libations to the  
sublimity of the divine golden light  
cloaked form ∩ am filled with  
incomparable delight with  
inexpressible quivering of my flesh  
in the awe-full splendor of dazzling  
light cloaked shimmering pinkish  
form that cunt inflames desire it  
captivates and charms my heart to**

**beat out rhapsodies of unassuaged  
desires what blissfulness what  
joyousness what enraptured  
euphoria what exulted  
o'erabundant exhilaration what  
o'erplus of sparkling enchantment  
enamored art ♪ upon the cunt of ♪**

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