



la folie de l'amour poem By C DEAN

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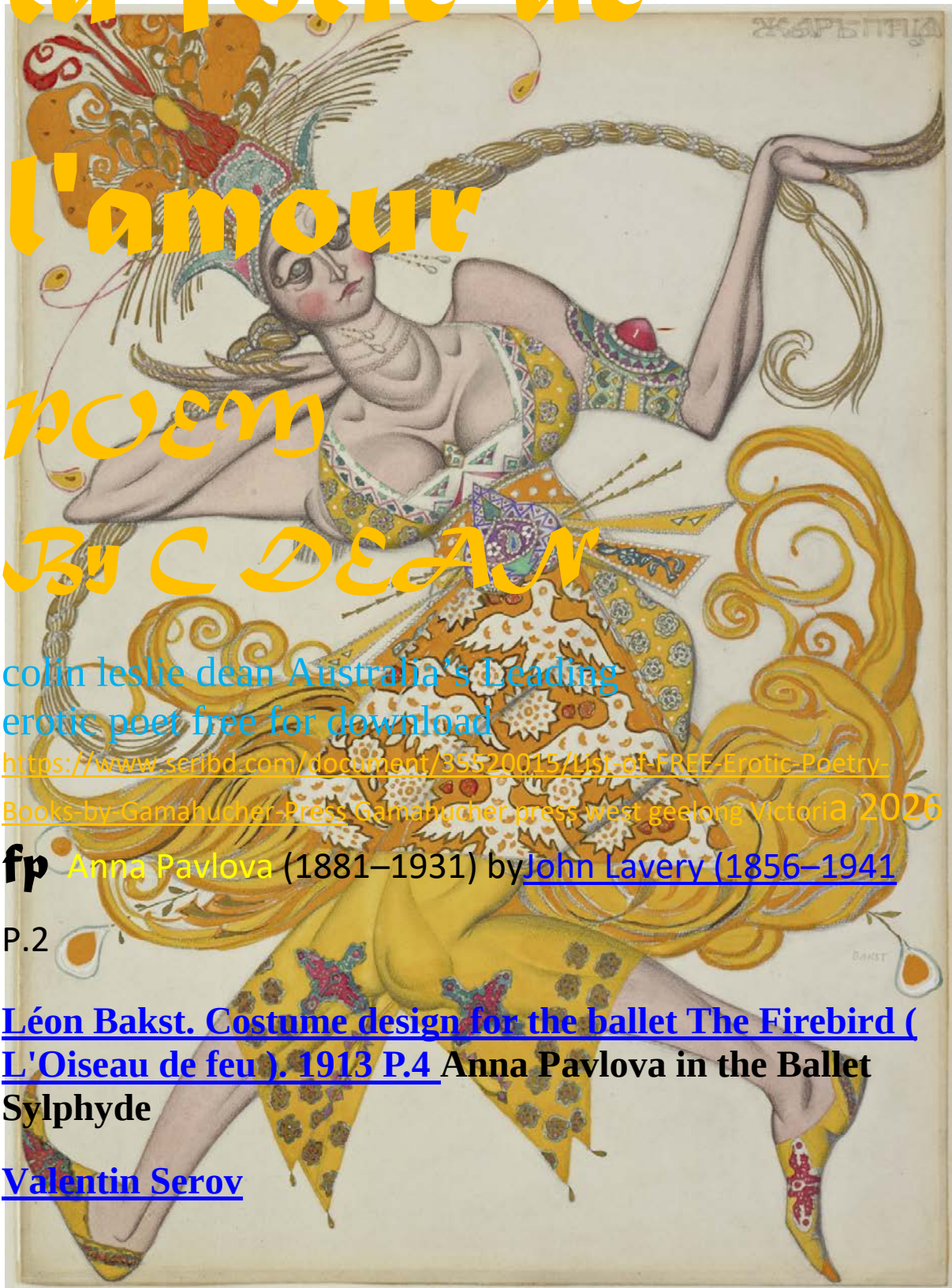
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fp Anna Pavlova (1881–1931) by [John Lavery \(1856–1941\)](#)

P.2

[Léon Bakst. Costume design for the ballet The Firebird \(L'Oiseau de feu\). 1913 P.4](#) Anna Pavlova in the Ballet
Sylphyde

[Valentin Serov](#)



PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

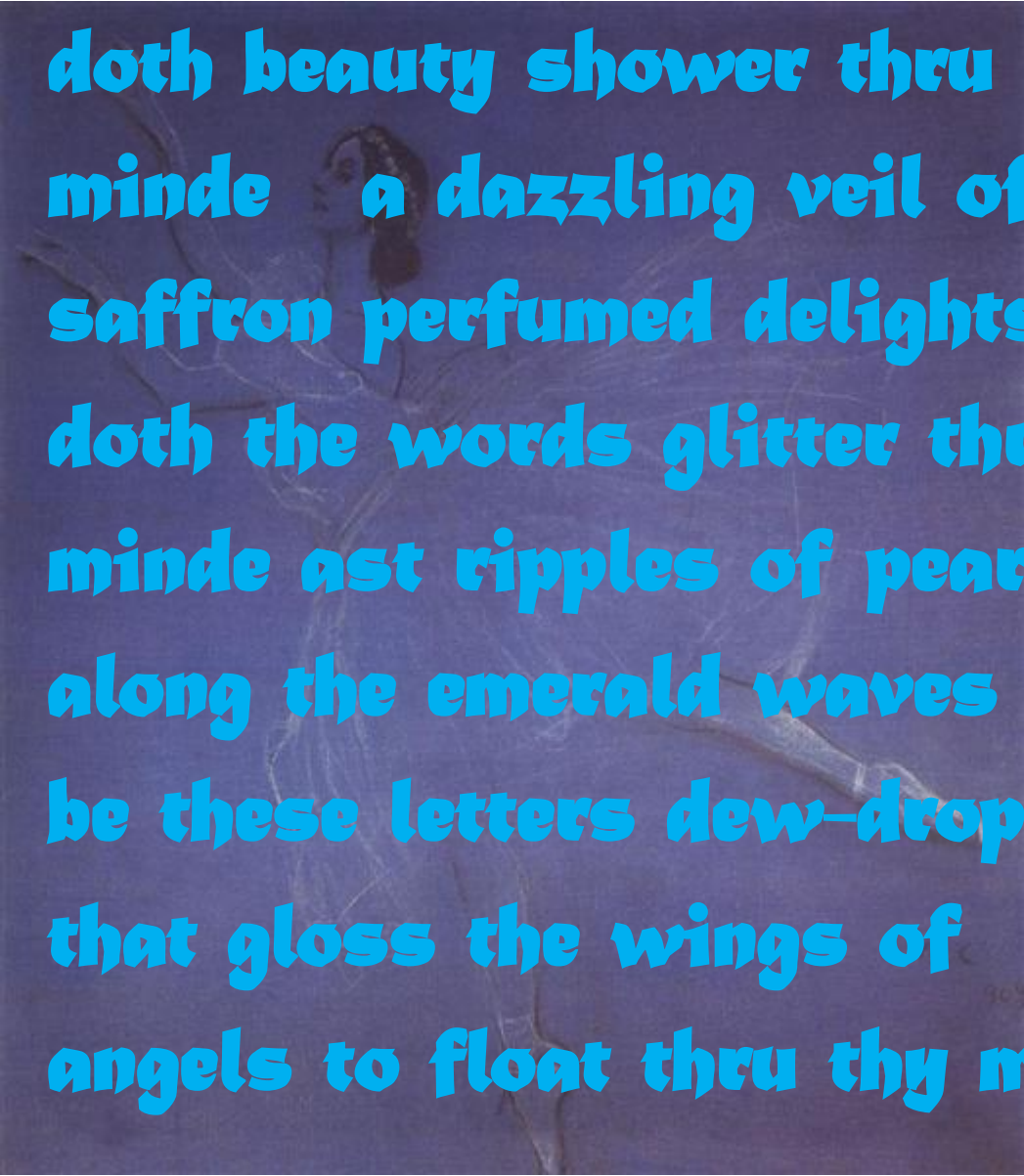
W Ahh what be this **la**

folie de

l'amour

**be it poetry or be it opera or
perhaps ballet ist it
descriptive or emotional
formed inst to bubbles that
tinge the airs with moon-**

beams to drip thru thy minde
like crystals of light Ahh
doth the images dance that



doth beauty shower thru thy
minde a dazzling veil of
saffron perfumed delights
doth the words glitter thru thy
minde as ripples of pearls
along the emerald waves tips
be these letters dew-drops
that gloss the wings of
angels to float thru thy minde

Ahh be these things sprays
of voluptuous things to

dazzle frazzle thy minde
incessant flows of thoughts
of images that tremble
quiver ast flowers dainty
that bloom to blossom to
perfume thy room *Ahh But*
be this opera or ballet where
thy minde be the stage where
feet doth to spring andst the
air doth smell of spring
where the image be painted
froth-foam onst thy minde

where doth to peek andst to
 peep ast *Fairies* thru the
 gilded golden pages of this
 what opera or ballet
 whatever it be or not to be
 let thy minde to drift thru
 the languid odours to ravish
 thy ear thy minde andst
 perhaps thy flesh to beat thy
 limbs inst rhythms of

Lully Chaconne" des

Scaramouches, Trivelins et *Arlequin*
 andst *Francesca Caccini Ciaccona*

PREFACE Ahh Dearest
 reciter thee has turned the page andst
 doth now to see the stage Ahh the
 stage thy minde where doth dew-
 drops drop andst the music doth to
 begin **ASS** But what be this onst
 the stage where lights doest to
 flicker andst images to dance onst
 silver stage thru rose-beams
 voluptuous dazzles to perhaps thy
 minde to frazzle the dazzling veil
 hast been lifted thy minde to sail to
 finde Ahh what to fine inst the
 glitter that doth thru thy minde to
 flitter to fine opera or ballet depends
 onst thy minde

Ahh recíter doth thee to see what be
here to hear not melancholy or
depressions But love Ohh that love
that doth to many poets paint ast
depressed states they misrepresent
love ast limited not infinite they see
the lover inst its loss to the beloved
ast melancholy Yet to the true
beloved love is infinite e'en inst death
the beloved loves thru memories of
delight of that kiss to bliss which
lingers after death which be immortal
and lingers onst the breath forever

Ahh didst I with careless ease to see
 Ohh I to see each tree with birds of
 silver feathered wings to sing didst I
 to too see each braunch that to didst to
 too spring Ahh there be no birds of
 feathered wing that didst its song not
 to sing such lovely ditt Ohh each tree
 each braunch andst all the birds of
 feathery wing didst to frame such ease
 for mine minde that mine sighs didst to
 float o'er this Idle lake with ease to
 please with happy ease which all to be
 to doth crave to still mine wanderest
 Despaire doth say I to ease with less
 paine where here doth I doth brinegth
 long ease to I twixt the yellow sun
 andst golden moon where I doth

swoon onst the languid airs breathing
 ast inst a dream supping onst the honey-
 sweet fruit 'neath mine golden moon
 where laden branches full of juicy fruit
 andst flowers with puffy petals curled
 propt ♪ midst slender galingals onst
 moly andst amaranth ♪ kissed by the
 summer light sweetened ast doth float
 about mine eyes leaves yellow turning in
 the airs that be nightly dew-fed-kissed
 onst the moon ♪ swoon yellowed hues
 ast doth drip along mine lips apple full-
 juiced-pulpy fruit o'er-mellow waxing to
 sip Ohh to sip that lotus bloom onst
 its enchanted stem to the hear inst mine
 ears that doth to beat mine beating hart

be it sleep or wake didst hear ♪ here

Scaramouches, Trivelins et Arlequin

Ohh mother here lie ♪ lie ♪ mother ast
 the fire doth dance along mine limbs to
 kiss mine flesh that floweth fromst
 mine mouth of curled flesh that doth
 ambrosially smell the beautifully –
 flowed flesh that doth hold that fruit
 that doth be mine Ahh mother dearest
 ♪da fromst that fruit that golden pulp
 drips doth drop flashes of dew that to
 his lips be heaven Ahh the flames doth
 lick ast the rose flesh parts along the
 flames lips that be the kiss that n'er
 dies ast he doth ♪ lie upon the pyre
 where the opening fruit of ♪ the eyes
 doth spy Hesperian gold twixt mine

flesh milk-white to behold rose-purple-
 flower that the flames lick ast bees
 golden the lily-cradled inst flesh that
 doth to seep the *Naphian* froth foam
 that be the love of *Y* for he *Ahh Yda*
 mother dearest doth mine rosy-white
 feet gleam to leap to dance andst not to
 cease to lick to lick to flick *Ahh* to
 flick the violet 'neath mine feet the fire
 light the flesh the breath *Ahh* the
 breath the lips flick flame-petals of the
 crocus lustrous the fires breath lick the
 flames *Ahh* the flames with mine feet
 to dance to prance ast onst asphodels
 lit flames the flesh to lick the lily-
 flower the lotetree –fruit purple
 shadows dance along limbs feet to seep

the juice that brioders the flesh to skip
 to twirl the feet the flames ring ast ♪
 doth to sing Ahh doth to skip to swirl
 Ahh the earth the air the sky Ahh all
 All doth burn mine flesh to sing to
 sigh Ahh to die onst his lips that kiss
 the flesh with the flames of his lips
 thenst onst the perfumed breeze that
 didst to mine flesh to ease to calm to
 cease the cares didst ♪ here hear

Ciaccona such sweet intones that didst
 mine minde to rise to such sweet fares
 Ohh mine God that ♪ were not dead
 ast my love he willst now come doth ♪
 weep sweet tears for he doth come to
 too light mine house of delights where
 the blue-fly sings of all mine worlds

loveliness that doth ignite mine house
 with damasked curtains like the
 sunrise dawn e'en the mouse within its
 wainscot doth to But chant that doth
 ripple uponst the rippling scented airs
 with joyous tones that doest convulse
 mine flesh with rapturous sweet sighs
 that doest thee fromst mine lips to flow
 uponst this honey'd middle of the night
 where inst flight the night-fowl andst
 the cock does But to singeth at ease
 mine joy blent with the oxens low inst
 their dark-fen whilst fromst mine puffy
 lips juicy rose- fruity- red the drops
 that drip ast tears fromst mine flesh of
 joy to fall ast dew glittering pearl of
 globes of silver moons that wet mine

thighs ast didst to ♪ mine eyes lift to
 sweet heaven at morn or eventide Ahh
 Ahh with mine love that didst seep
 fromst mine flesh uponst mine breath to
 trance the sky with mine words of love
 that fly Ohh that fly andst not to
 cease either whenst inst evening
 Vesper doth come or Ohh or whenst
 he doth fromst the golden sun doth fly
 to light the beaded dewes that floweth
 fromst mine thighs to light the peach
 inst the gable-wall where mine love
 doth to reach Ahh doth here hear ♪
 the viols to sing ast ♪ doth to dance
 with full hart with veins to pulse to
 part mine lips puffy curled flesh Ahh
 doth mine toe tips dance onst the blooms

that wast the marish-mosses turned to
 ast to grown *Ah* hast flown my sighs
 to light the moated grange the blooming
 flats the ancient thatch *Ahh* rose buds
 burst fromst mine flesh ast mine breath
 to dance mine feet tip toes along the
 petals edge the lips of lucent doest to
 swim onst the winds the dew-gleaming
 lips start flashing crashing to view
 trembles to quiver the sliver of lips
 tempest fervid breath light the fire of
 desires bright flicker mine eyes light the
 world around weeds to lilies cloister
 everywhere to found *Ahh* drips slips
 the juice fromst mine lips to sprout
Iris purple *Myrtle* *Asphodels* 'bloom
 within mine room *Ahh* where doth gaze

I dancing I sigh tip toes along the
 golden moons rim Ahh above the milk-
 white clouds I fly I sigh with lips
 aflame scintillating flames drip seep the
 juice fromst mine thighs tip toes dance
 onst moonbeams alight fires burning
 flesh heaving breath our lips meet flesh
 to flesh he licks along mine fruity-
 pulpy- blooming- fruity flesh to the tick
 tock beat of the clock the chirrup of
 sparrows tip toe I along the sunbeams
 of the thick-moted inst mine chamber as
 I sigh "he will come " wooing I to the
 sun whilst petals of rose be blown o'er
 grass mine didst here hear I music
 sweeter But softer thanst night-dews
 that doth float onst waters twixt granite

wall pasted inst purple shadows Ahh
 didst here I hear **Scaramouches,**
Trivelins et Arlequin music of soft
 sighs that doth to lie o'er mine eyes
 tied eyelids to hear Ahh not seeketh
 mine grave for thy beauty be more
 beauty fromst morn to morn I rave not
 I to earth inst earth thee forget inst
 death not I for I doth se thee onst thy
 wheels of silver But to returning to I
 Ohh howeth they kisses doth remember
 I still doth to mine eyes to see the
 woods alight to grow to flower inst to
 blooms with the vapours of mine breath
 that seep along the ground that man
 doth to till andst the fields to sow Ohh
 with mine sighs lit by the memory of thy

kiss along mine lips forever inst mine
 immortal flesh thy lips willst be
 pressed whilst the swans doest But to
 fly high onst mine sighs inst summers
 that willst not die immortal be ♪ to
 inst memories to not forget thy rose-like
 kisses thy dew-girdled gilded gleaming
 lips furled curled along mine lips
 pressed with mine fervid heaving heated
 breath Ahh doth mine veins to pulse to
 dance ast thy kisses doth to rain not ♪
 forget they tremulous eyes to eyes of ♪
 to meet to lick ♪ to lick to sip the juice
 fromst thy lips silvery lamp of flesh
 burst juice to mine kiss Ahh that gift
 of thy breath immortal not ♪ forget
 taketh ♪ up onst the winds of thy lips

heated perfumed breath Ahh beat mine
 veins flakes of fire desires not forget
 mine flesh Ahh howeth thy tears not √
 doth to scare But to tremble mine flesh
 at thy sighs for √ Ahh forever be thy
 beauty to immortal me for ever be thy
 voice whenst doth hear √ inst
 immortality the birds to sings the
 asphodels andst meadows white be
 forever be to me for not forget √
 howeth thy lips held √ inst heated rosy
 shadows that bath √ still Ahh
 beloved take not back thy gift of love for
 mine love doth √ glow with sunny rings
 around mine lips that thy curly fruity
 pulpy fleshy fruity lips didst to press to
 light inst blooming flusht mine limbs to

immortal flames molten crimsoned whilst
 hear I lay with onst mine lips memories of
 thy lips that flesh full opening bud dewy-
 warm the kisses of thine still not I forget
 immortal to forever to hear here the
 whispering kiss of thy lips onst the wind
 the air perfumed wild whisperings that still
 forever to hear Apollo songs Ahh But
 mine love thy sighs whispers far sweeter
 linger along mine limbs that beat to skip to
 flip to dance Ahh doth mine lips to dance
 to pout to blow mine kiss Ohh to blow
 mine kiss to thee for immortality onst beds
 of asphodels mine limbs resting no sorrow
 to mar mine ease Ahh everlasting calm
 midst golden vale andst honeycomb the
 lotos doth not fail betwixt the sun andst
 golden moon I swoon neither asleep nor
 awake