



la mia vita

nuova

(dolce stil nuovo)

POEM

BY C

DEAN

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fp: The Virgin's Suitors Praying before the Rods in the Temple "[Giotto \(di Bondone\)](#) c1305

# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION W

Ah this **la mia**

**vita nuova** be a

hymn to a she no painting of  
she ast a divinity or a poesy  
to spiritualize ones sexuality  
but a glorification of the  
desire she doth inspire pure

**femininity exactly what  
Nature doth require all  
women want to be desired  
not turned into some idolatry  
for worship fromst afar but  
the panting breath to caress  
the flesh of she with eyes of  
fire to burn the soul of she  
with desire the pounding  
heart the turgid flesh that be  
the homage that doth she thee  
enmesh that doth Reason**

reject that be antithetical to  
lusts irrationality desires  
lethal influence that doth  
ennoble the she for she be  
*Natures* lifes repository  
intellect doth this poesy  
show be only as some  
poets show that shows they  
be in their head andst only  
show they their lusts  
passion do not know for  
this **la mia vita nuova**

be a hymn to *Eros* in  
melodic lines the lusts beat  
out in alliterations harmony  
thru which the flesh turgid  
glows with the beating lines  
the beating blood doth flow  
where *Reason* doth depart  
the lusting soul where lust  
be but the only thing

# PREFACE

**With words so cleverly wrought  
 writ here be thoughts upon desires  
 inspired by that she that hath to thy  
 flesh lust bought the lesson taught  
 be desires not kill but their source  
 sought andst embraced this precious  
 ware to aspire that fire that be thy  
 guide to prepare thee for goals higher  
 beyond the snares that tightly bound  
 thee fromst the pleasure of desires  
 fires andst thru desire beyond the fire  
 freedoms realms await thee to thy  
 la mia nuova vita**

**To thee not fromst a book of memory  
 but fromst the lived experience now  
 that thee doth fire this imagination of  
 ¶ that write ¶ out with wit in  
 words rubrica of my new life that  
 will frame thee that doth pour out  
 now no copy but feelings real the  
 essence of the soul of ¶ whenst  
 Cros with his dart didst this heart  
 tear apart that with words fit for  
 their part each words bears the  
 essence of my heart andst this work  
 be no smaller copy but the full  
 complete wonders that each words  
 doth paint that be the wit of my  
 complaint writ**



**At first sight Eros gave I the shot  
 that my heart didst pierce whenst she  
 about I do of she see clad in  
 crimson cloth andst thenst am I like  
 a Muscouite slave that doth suffer  
 unto she a tyranny deep andst  
 profound that whenst do I breathe  
 now out but the blood of the wound  
 in this heart of I not I do feel like  
 some with deep wit Apparuit iam  
 beatitude vestra but desires flame  
 at the form that fate decreed the lust  
 of my flesh to feed andst Reason  
 flees for like Cavalcanti said Love  
 be but irrationality my animal sprite**

**Nine years since she didst see ♪ with  
 salutations no gentilissima to ♪ now  
 see ♪ at the fourth hour of the night  
 with hallucinations of she babblings of  
 the mind gone the sense of ♪ lust doth  
 fight Reason andst sense to weave  
 around ♪ desires fence seeth ♪ a  
 rainbowed coloured cloud andst she  
 how the wit of ♪ canst praise with no  
 choycest words lack ♪ to say she  
 clothed in crimson cloth naked Ohh  
 babblings hear ♪ Ego domius tuus to  
 my ear crazed murmuring Vide cor tuum  
 ast she doth eat the heart of ♪ beheld  
 by? Reason finds no sense needeth not  
 ♪ other poets response for the true  
 meaning for all they do is ponce**

**At this hour the thoughts of ſ be  
 on that face of she pure desire  
 resideths in the animal spirit of ſ  
 which doth flame which naught canst  
 impede andst for sure the urges ſ do  
 endure the repression of which ſ do  
 distaine for desires be but not a pain  
 for grow strong not frail ſ andst  
 this desire fromst friend desired not  
 ſ to conceal andst Reasons council  
 do ſ shun to let desires the flesh of  
 ſ to overrun for desires doth over  
 ſ rule which the face of doth reveal  
 to those that ask to whom hath  
 desire undone smile ſ andst have  
 done**

**Andst still in the mind of ♪ gaze ♪ on  
 she that day at prayers where now still  
 feel ♪ those urgings ast now still  
 looketh ♪ at she in my minds eye andst  
 see that other she andst both hast me  
 undone with desires fires no need ♪ to  
 screen the truth for both do in lust orbit  
 centre ♪ about them ♪ do owe the lusts  
 of ♪ do flow andst in the flesh of ♪  
 do show no need ♪ to Holyfy she with  
 words of such sublimity ast to call  
 she my beatitude to purify the lusts of  
 ♪ to hide she behind the other the  
 other of equal name for which do ♪  
 invent words of rhyme for each to  
 praise the dart that peierc'd my heart by  
 each**

Now too I still with desire aflame seek  
 I too immortalize the name of she andst  
 sing the world of her fame that it may  
 down the ages ring andst thru all time  
 whenst it be a great desire for poets a name  
 to name their desires but name she for that  
 name or whenst poets too to sing of their  
 passions fire it be she that takes the glory  
 with pride andst their rhymes do ring out  
 in rattling lines into which they their souls  
 do bring the words afire with melodies  
 andst attire their tales of lust that n'er  
 fails thus no need do I to write some  
 pretentious serventese to glorify my wit for  
 e'en with the appellation of the greatest 60  
 beauties to take the womens form it  
 wouldst be she whose name without  
 wonderment the first place wouldst adorn

**Oh if all didst see she that be fair  
 that doth evoke desires flames in all  
 that doth see she thenst they wouldst  
 say this she be not a women but  
 Eros personified in their eyes  
 bright with light a form no sculptor  
 can devise or e'en the poet to eulogize  
 or e'en beyond the philosopher her  
 charms to syllogize all paintings  
 wouldst be but a disguise a mere  
 vaile that her dazzle no paint couldst  
 impart for she be but beyond the  
 artists or poets art andst so ♪ on  
 my part ♪ do convey the ineffability  
 of she with this poem that begins  
 with Oh**

But still I cannot still the thoughts  
 of she andst all I hast said of she  
 be inadequacies of the wit of I So  
 the desires of I put down I fromst  
 the quill of I with these first words  
 to start telling the beating of my  
 heart Lust holds me in its grasp  
 andst I doth willingly succumb to  
 its sovereignty caught in the light of  
 the gems of she with many facets  
 fine which do the flesh to boil andst  
 too burn to incline Ahh for that she  
 I now do pine for hast now learned  
 I how much of life beheld I in that  
 spell of she for only they that  
 knowst lust canst know what I say

**Thenst didst she her last breath to  
 expire on the 9<sup>th</sup> of the day the month  
 the year but weep √ no tear for to  
 weep wouldst be but selfish of √ to  
 mourn a loss but no loss √ feel for  
 she be with √ in my mind alive she  
 who awakes the soul of √ that now  
 lives √ in tune with the *Animal*  
 spirit in √ for desires are but what  
*Nature* doth desire andst in the  
 desire of she e'en now sing √ with  
 fervent voyce andst in life rejoice in  
 the plan writ in *Natures* book she  
 Oh she still now her image nay her  
 self lives in √ andst gives me food  
 to desire alive with my flesh on fire**



**But whenst now doth come on this  
 day about the 9<sup>th</sup> hour she fromst the  
 mind of *ŷ* doth materialise andst  
 see *ŷ* she haloed in desires fires  
 andst gladly do *ŷ* those fires  
 embrace andst glory in this desire  
 for she that doth my flesh over take  
 with heated sighs andst tears of joy  
 the eyes of *ŷ* not ringed with purple  
 reddish but the hues of delight andst  
 repent not these base delights or  
 wish to overthrow but show in poesy  
 this desire that be the companion of  
*ŷ* that wraps it arms around my  
 flesh that no such bliss my art  
 cannot descric that giveth life to *ŷ***

**To some pilgrims I didst see will  
 write I in passing wit some thoughts  
 of she that may help those on their path  
 to impart to those some wisdoms light  
 though it may be dim do not say I  
 repress thy desires dont say I to  
 entertaine the infliction of pain whenst  
 thee finds thy self lusting for the  
 storms of desires fires be but Natures  
 way andst what be Natures way say  
 I must be the planned way with  
 desires repressed thee but lives a living  
 death andst out of harmony with thy  
 nature into madness thee willst creep to  
 end thy days in nightmares sleep to  
 wither in mental paine no joy to gaine  
 but hell I do tell**

**Ahh to two gracious ladies upon  
 request some poems shallst send ♪  
 inspired by she not Apollos ordered  
 tunes but the dithyrambics of  
 Dionysus andst for once where ♪  
 canst in agreement with that bard  
 that wrote that Comedy with ♪ may  
 say poor wit we both at last agree  
 that she be beyond the intellect  
 beyond Reasons grasp e'en that of  
 Aristotle whose says his intellect  
 be before the suns be weak so ♪  
 send these two ladies fair to fire  
 their desires not of Reasons light  
 but lusts burning bright andst to  
 Posey write but not for thy sight**

**But alas take ear all this Posey  
 doth not come near to it be but be  
 doggerel in its attempt to express she  
 these words writ fail to register my  
 desires for she for volumes need it be  
 but ♪ fail ♪ fail no talent hast ♪ to  
 looketh into the eyes of she andst  
 paint my oblations in words that be  
 not fit for passions that hast the  
 flesh lit thus read here thee the  
 failure of my wit andst feel my woe  
 with my sorrow at my ineptitude for  
 all that ♪ hath given be but straw  
 ast doth say that mystic sage so dear  
 pilgrim ♪ willst depart till my art  
 be up to my heart to describe la mia  
 nuova vita**