



**les tentations
du decadent**

**POEM
BY C
DEAN**

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fp: **The Triumph of Venus (1740):
François Boucher**

PUBLISHER
S

INTRODUC

TION Ahh Dean be

this les

tentations du

decadent

*The Embarkation for
Cythera* or be it a departure
Thy work dean be full of
ornamentation full of
gorgeous architecture full of
theatrical scenes shouldst
we say as well full of
illusions full of stylized
dramas shall we say dean
thy work be picturesque
Ahh dean be this a painting
full of levity colours muted

andst floral themes or be it a
poem full of metonymy like
thy silk boutonnieres full of

frippery frivolity andst
superficial beauty but dean

be thy **les**

tentations du

decadent be a coded

cryptic message like some

**paintings rococo the story be
in the detail where
superficiality doth hide deep
profound meanings where
frivolity hides deep
seriousness Ahh Ahh
dean what be the meaning of
that hid triptych**

PREFACE

Ahh those

Passions without constraints

Lusts without boundaries

Desires without limits

To take ones sensuality ones

voluptuousness to infinity to feed all

the senses into delights madness to

live ones life in frivolity

superficiality to live only for frippery

Ahh such exquisiteness such

raptuousness but be the life really

The Garden Of Earthly Delights

**Ahh layeth on flowers perfumed
 The *Little House: An Architectural
 Seduction* by *Jean-François de
 Bastide***

**'neath a ceiling trompe-l'œil
 frescoed with *The Triumph of
 Venus* room in the *Rocaille* style
 galant with huge quantities of
 asymmetrical curves and C-shaped
volute decored with jumbles of
 shells reeds plants palm-trees decore
 more decorative than functional
 decored with chinoiserie and
Japonisme motifs festoons made of
 flowers Ahh those pastel colours
 whitish-yellows cream-coloures pearl**

greys the very lightest of blues
 those graceful lines and where
 everything is composed of graceful
 curves with the abandonment of
 symmetry decorated with figures from
 the commedia dell'arte vendors of the
 city street lovers with figures in
 fashionable clothes and pairs of
 birds Ahh 'neath that ceiling
 around looking down spread Cupids
 of Edmé Bouchardon

around we played *Hot Cocks* to the
 sound of the

Minuetto fromst the *String Quintet*
 in E major

of *Luigi Roccherini* with *J* with
porcelain *Bautta*

with ladies with black velvet

Moretta in revealing frocks robe
volantes with *Watteau* pleats andst
a plethora of ruffles lace bows that
didst show frills andst trims all all
in pastels colours warm hues *Oh*
those ladies with breasts *Pompadour*
pink like coupe de champagne spread
about around like

Sèvres porcelain

of *Jean-Claude Chambellan*

Duplessis glowed rose pink *Ahh*
those ladies with which didst *J* play

Hot Cocks with head in the laps of
 those shes scented fumes perfumed
 airs fromst those hairy lairs to the
 nose of *J* sent such delight such
 temptations might whilest in a nave
 bright full of light shone forth the
 triptych *The Garden Of Earthly*
Delights of *Bosch* ast those fumes
 fromst the hairy lair of those shes
 those *Potpourri* bowls and
 perfumers twixt the thighs of those
 shes rose to the nose of *J* roses
 orange flowers jasmine andst musk
 perfumed bowers *Ohh Oh that*
 vanilla that spiced liqueur that scent
 of leather those decanters of *Aqua-*

**Mellis such delights such
sensations such voluptuousness to
the nose of ♪ rose**

Desires without limits

Lusts without boundaries

Passions without constraints

**But Ahh weary ♪ with lassitude
of those delights naught didst
stimulate ♪ no curvaceous folds of
those bowls scented of those shes
didst entice ♪ weary ♪ weary full of
torpor no rounded ass that didst slap
♪ didst to randy heights taketh ♪
those rounded assess that slap ♪
that didst wobble as the shes didst
cry Ohh those rounded assess tight**

flesh rippling 'neath Watteau pleats
 ast Hot Cocks we didst play but
 Ahh doth I say weary I of flesh
 rounded boredoms bane at that game
 those *enfants terrible* coquettes play
 with I no allurements in seductions
 techniques no allurements in the
 dizzying erotic play doth say I
 weary bored I of those
 gratifications delayed with lassitude
 at those temptations in the
 technologies of erotic play weary I
 say of lusts formulae bored I of
 passions algorithms full of ennui I
 with desires recipes Ahh Ahh
 those shes to tempt me on the swing
 place they place they on the swing to
 tempt me to the tunes of the prologue

to Sippolyte et Aricie

by Jean-Philippe Rameau See See

those shes on the swing legs

flirtatious in flowering *robes à la*

Française full of frills andst lace

legs *Rose Pompadour* pink flesh

twixt lay silk boutonnières to the

gaze of ♪ Ahh See See those legs

flirtatious with their repertoire of

gestures andst in expressions' of

artfull teasings to glimpse to see

those silk boutonnières twixt the

thighs of all those shes Ahh See

See those shes on the swing in

mirrors gleaming shadows of they

o'er marble mantelpieces dancing the

pink flesh of they reflecting mirroring
 in gilded-bronze chandeliers light
 kissing flesh flesh kissing vases of
Meissen porcelain shadows fleeting
 o'er silk-upholstered chairs they
 swing *ZIP ZIP* kicking feet *Ohh*
 those silk boutonnieres to the eyes of
♪ pleasing teasing the skirts rising
Ahh that scent of flowers dried
 andst spices that in the darkness hide
Ahhh those aromas that to the nose
 of *♪* bombard with those pleasures
 olfactory *Ohhh* But doth *♪*
 glimpse that potpourri vase dripping
 perfumed scent those silk
 boutonnieres to the sight of *♪*

Passions without constraints

Lusts without boundaries

Desires without limits

**But Ahh weary I with lassitude
sunk deep in abysmal weariness**

No flesh poignant with scent

**No flesh that glows with
exquisiteness**

No flesh that glows luminous

**No flesh no lusting bloom that be
interlaced with fragrant perfume**

**Bringeth to I any desires afire with
passionate fires Ahh these
indifferent lips these lips cold with**

ennui fling away the bowl of joy
 that wine-cup bloom send ♪ to break
 in the gloom of the torpor of ♪ flung
 fromst the lips indifferent of ♪ to
 lusts merriment

The lutes are broke the pearls
 crushed

The melodies the rhythms of joys
 stream hast dried away

The lips that once didst kiss have
 withered into weariness All my
 songs are sung andst languish ♪ in
 indifference But But Ahh a minuet
 doth strike up in triple time with
 bows ceremonial to she andst me

wearing a *Arlecchino* andst she a
Colombina on ball of right foot on
 beat of 1 thenst legs straightening
 with heels together close the dance
 begun in $3/4$ time Ohh Ohh those
 dainty steps doth step out the number
 8 thenst the a majestic \geq Ahh
 howeth she doth slide her smile to
 hide glides she andst me forward
 left to right andst backward Ahh
 Ahh all in quarter time in $3/4$ time
 Ahh Ahh willst she be mine with
 hand to hand Ahh just the slightest
 touch pressed tip of finger to the
 flesh of \smile those eyes those eyes
 with the faintest glow of desires

fires **fast approaching teasing looks**
teasing press of finger tips retreating
side by side we slide eyes evading
gliding lust parading facing evading
quarter turns our flesh burns in 3/4
time to the minuet stylized erotized
refinement elegant we bow we mince
thru the room daintily single steps
subtle charms to but ending up at
the spot where we both began Ahhh
she in the sight of ♪

Desires without limits

Lusts without boundaries

Passions without constraints

But But Ahh But Ohh NO
NO the hot blood doth not flow
 fromst I all longing doth go weary
 weary be I of all this show the wine
 of kisses I doth drink no more for
 passions fires to ashes turn the
 hungry lips of those shes no more to
 me for weary be I sick of lusts for
 youth hath gone andst autums breath
 flows fromst the lips of I to wither
 leaves and coat the earth with
 barrenness *Ahh Ahh* weary I with
 lassitude sunk deep in abysmal
 weariness ast light shone fromst the
 triptych