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la ville de la

boue

BOEM

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DEAN



# la ville de la

# boue

# POEM BY DEAN

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# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION



**about the muck of  
civilization ast perhaps  
Marx might of discussed  
with disgust too much**

wealth where a *Bad King*  
*John* died fromst gluttony  
onst peaches where *Henry*  
*Purcell* dead fromst gorging  
onst chocolate *Ögedei*  
*Khan* andst *Attila the Hun*  
*died both fromst too much*  
*alcohol* andst feasting where  
*Rome* decayed fromst to  
much civilization of conquest  
consumption of luxuries  
that doth lead all

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**civilizations to rot fromst**

**within fromst too much**

**indulgence onst its fruits**

**where now we be at that**

**same place the abuse of too**

**much Oriental despotism**

**drowning inst sensations**

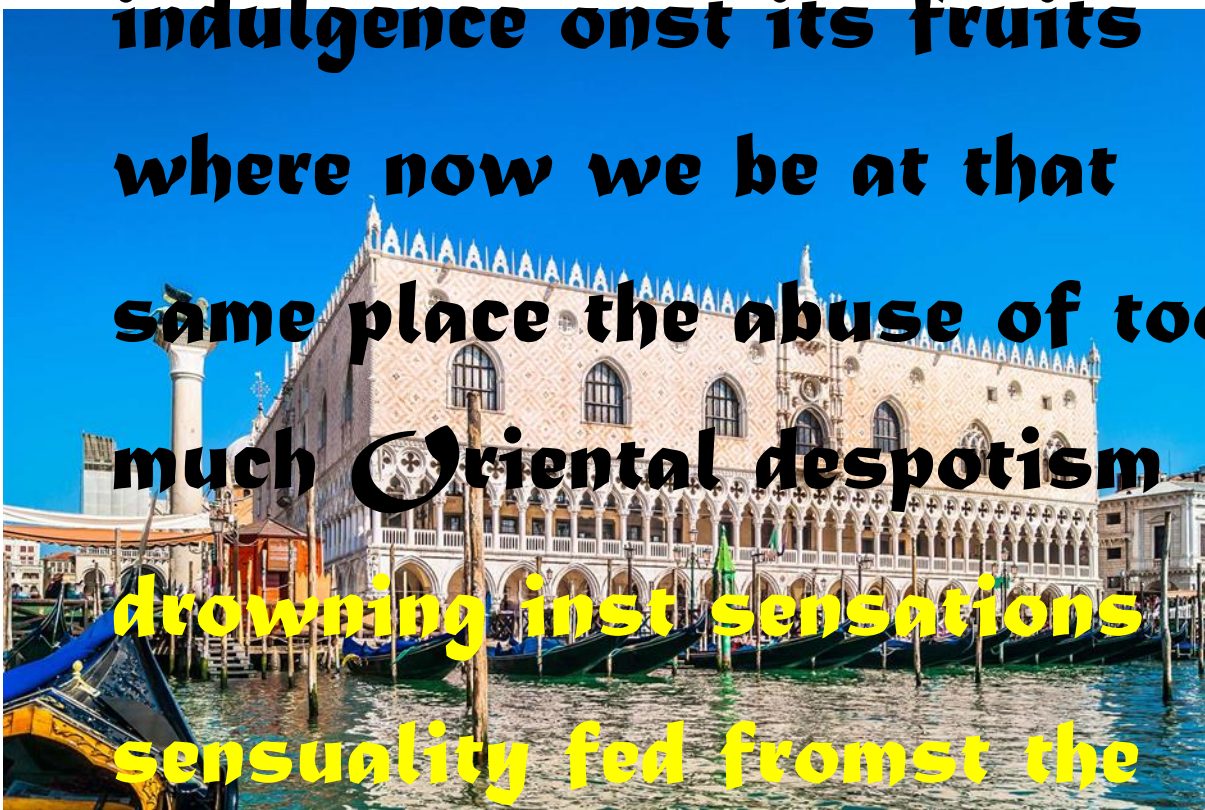
**sensuality fed fromst the**

**corruption of consumption**

**conquest that doth But**

**bring us all to be a Vathek**

**a Dorian Gray an Des**







Esseintes where those  
 Aesthetes andst Decadents  
 of the *fin de siècle* were a  
 minority now inst modernity  
 they be the majority where  
 now ast of far away Rome

we devour ourselves fromst

**within** *But Ahh ast of all civilizations  
 the top doth of the bottom feed uponst  
 andst eats their labours products to  
 gild their Domes feed their faces like  
 worms onst the flesh of the masses*

**PREFACE** Ahh Dearest  
 reciter hear this this poesy of J of my  
 thoughts onst this of life of nature of  
 which some wit whose name J hast  
 forgot But who didst exclaim that they  
 to wealth they be like flies to shit  
 speake J true not with smooth wit  
 that be But But with ease true doth  
 J But not please thy ear not to thy  
 conscience to please well so what J  
 doth still doth tell what uponst which  
 thee wont thy minde to dwell that inst  
 the fruits hart doth the worm to finde  
 like life itself these worms feed off all  
 they finde andst what be these worms  
 they be thee

Inst those palaces fine where the Lords of  
 mankind doest But dine where it be said **that**  
**a single man in possession of a good**  
**fortune, must be in want of a wife** where  
 the Mr Darcys eat of the good life But  
 Ahh where doth this food uponst which they  
 eat cometh fromst well read Karl Marx or  
 "The Prince" for the truth to find for these  
 Lords doth exploit the poor that they may  
 dine to live inst palaces fine whilst the poor  
 well let them their food to find the Lords  
 doest whine onst scapes to find these poor  
 these swine that we distain for all everything  
 be mine these worms they claim of their  
 victims for thee too to see see Lewis Hine



*Andst* *didst* *ŷ* *didst* *ŷ* *see* *ŷ* *one*  
of those lovers that were doomed to  
die where *Scylla* *didst* *But* *lie* *ŷ*  
one of that those that *Death* *fell*  
weeping *inst* *his* *charnel-house*  
whenst that *Latmian* *Endymion*  
*didst* that wand to break *uponst*  
that *lyre* *onst* that *pedestal* to re-  
animate us *andst* *ŷ* to life *midst*  
with sweet pulses *andst* tones of  
*musics* harmonies that spread thru  
the air *joyous* *gladness* we all *didst*  
with *ŷ* madly clasp each to each  
with mutual arms *devout* about *ast*  
*didst* *uponst* the eyes of *Endymion*

didst to gaze at symphonies  
 delicious of sound fell like showers  
 of light about like flowers budded  
 swelling full blown with sounds  
 divine Andst didst I didst I see  
 I one of those that of that host that  
 didst move onst for many a league  
 till we didst hear with surprise the  
 cry of Glaucus whenst that faint  
 dawn didst arise didst But us  
 surprise andst Ohh andst I andst  
 we didst But see Yea didst But  
 see Domes of diamonds that  
 glittering spread rays of silver light  
 thru the dawns pink rays that didst

sparkle golden glows of amber  
uponst our faces that didst with eyes  
joyous uponst those sights our eyes  
traces that along those opal Domes  
races our eyes about along upon  
pillars of jasper that be flushed with  
the blush of coral shafts with  
wonder copious each andst I didst  
drunkenly uponst those sights of  
marble But Ohh But though this  
Paphian army didst each to each  
didst each to each see the same ast  
that Poet didst claim to see I Oh  
I didst see ast lifted fromst my eye  
that veil that doth hide the true



fromst the false Andst I peering  
 thru that foam of light of *Aurora*  
 sweet pink hues Didst see I not  
 what that Poet didst see whenst he  
 didst compare these Domes to the  
 magnificence to *Babylon* to  
*Nineveh* to *Memphis* didst he  
 compare for I Ohh didst see not  
 majesty But foul not fair not the  
 sumptuous But squalid didst I see  
 not of the Poet But degeneracy  
 perversity exquisiteness inst decay  
 I say didst see I with intoxicated  
 vision didst see I all Ohh all that  
 art of sensation But naught But

naught more thanst of filths creation  
 those gem-like flames that burst  
 fromst those *Domes* those golds  
 those amber tints that didst *But*  
 sparkle be *But* the glow fromst the  
 decadence of empire decayed by its  
 commercial andst military glories  
 that doth lay about ast scum uponst  
 all those marble stories where all  
 those emperors vile like *Nero* didst  
 fiddle inst their imperial idiocies ast  
 their worlds didst crumble to dust  
 andst burn in flames of greed andst  
 lust *Andst* didst see *I* writ inst  
 muck inst mist above the *Domes* to

float these words of wisdom of truth  
andst true prophesy of all of all  
mans creations that with such  
sensations that monkey doth jibber  
andst bellow out its elations doth  
*B*ut that monkey of its things doth  
believe ast truth that all its crap  
willst last till infinity doth *B*ut end  
*O*hh howeth silly it be to think it  
andst its things be full of  
immortality for be writ inst clouds  
of invisible ink that doth cloak these  
*D*omes ast a shroud around these  
glittering orbs of gold that be *B*ut  
*S*epulchures that house their vanities



## *For be writ by Ozymandias*

My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;  
 Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!  
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
 Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare  
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.”

## *For be writ by Abu al-Ala al- Ma'arri*

Many a nations have settled on other mens  
 land

The fallen and likewise crumbled into sand

## *For be writ ast didst see onst The City of Brass Emir Musa*

Th' Empyrean's Lord surprised them with one  
 word, \* Nor wealth nor refuge could their doom  
 delay!” Long time they ate and drank, but their  
 joyaunce had a term, \* And the eater eke was  
 eaten, and was eaten by the worm.”

**With daedal hand they didst these  
Domes to craft with such sublime  
art**

**That didst Endymion inst  
phantasms remain asleep inst his  
dreams of Arcady where he didst  
breathe such air that didst his vision  
contaminate with the ideal where he  
poor he didst not see what I didst  
see the real where he poor Endymion  
didst But view the nectared cups  
that didst But run inst fountains of  
rose-honeyed But nectared oooze  
ast the lyres didst strum andst the**

vines strung the foliage run along  
 toying Cupids empire—sure

Midst revelry where garlanded  
 pleasures reigned But for sure  
 Endymion only saw what his dreams  
 of the ideal didst thru his eyes to  
 beam ast Alastor for what I saw  
 wast the reverse of *Le Gallienne*  
 inst what he saw inst "*A Ballad*  
*of London*" for that jungle-flower  
 bright not at its roots didst swarm  
 But at the heights they didst Ohh  
 they didst coil ast mingled vines  
 paly of hue trammelled each thru each  
 were worms that have not eyes or  
 wings. That fed upon the rest below  
 for



**Unlike Leander Orpheus andst  
 Pluto these worms the sea the air  
 e'en the underworld doest they  
 plunder for their greed their food to  
 feed their insatiable need They didst  
 I see poor Endymion inst his glee  
 not see these worms ravened ast doth  
 Lord Bryon let us to see them feed**

**onst** Those truffles, too, are no bad accessories

–Followed by petits puits d'Amour, a dish

Of which, perhaps, the Cookery rather varies,

So every one may dress it to his wish,

According to the best of dictionaries

Which encyclopedize both flesh and fish;

But even, sans Confitures, it no less true is

There's pretty picking in those petits puits.

**Andst didst hear ♪ midst the flutes  
andst lyres andst dancing feet within  
the gulf of whirling light where  
diadems of gold andst blue didst  
flash upon the grapes andst berries  
blue that filled the lips pouting with  
foaming ooze of those worms that  
didst Ohh didst hear ♪ thru those  
puffy swollen gorged bits of flesh  
didst hear themst sigh ast lay about  
out of Endymions gleeful sight  
nymphs of polished ivory flesh  
tresses fair andst black pubic hair  
lips apart dew-decked of pearls**

**Ohh these girls uponst doth those  
worms to feed ast they didst sigh**

***Ast Caligula***

That all Rome had But one neck

***Ast Lord Byron***

That Womankind *had* but *one* rosy  
*mouth,* / To kiss them *all* at once  
from North to South

***Ast that pervert Australian  
decadent***

That all women had one cunt that I  
couldst fuck them all at once ***Ahh***

***andst ast I didst But see the  
breath fromst my lips didst flow***

fromst that hart of *Y* that didst melt  
at those scenes of Lewis Hine those  
lifes caused by those worms inst all  
those palaces andst mansions of gold  
glitter that lit the sky above those  
*Domes* like blood that didst soak  
the airs crimson more red thanst  
sunsets glow that 'neath those  
*Domes* their lips sucked fromst the  
flesh those lily bud lips that sighed  
cries ast those worms onst them  
didst feed to drain their blood that  
didst *But* ooze fromst those puffy  
swollen lips that didst suck fromst  
those lifes their manna-dew the food

of the gods that they didst But think  
 they are with right divine to suck all  
 life for their bliss that fromst their  
 lips dripped berry juice andst wine  
 of grape ast they recline inst 'neath  
 their Domes their Elysiums twined  
 with honeysuckles andst eglantines  
 whilst children tears weep 'neath  
 lamps of cubed lights of gold whilst  
 up stairs glittering the worms wave-  
 like crawl whilst tummies churn  
 andst children cry with faint **breath**  
 that **curls** round the silver light  
 fromst the windows of the **worms to**  
 keep the jungle-flower bright

