

lacrimis in

senectute

poems by c

dean

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introduction *Ah* dean thy

poetry is for the emotional mystic
Ahhh dean thee ushers in a new
 paradigm a new poetry that the left
 brains cant understand *Ahh* dean
 thee hast ushered in the extinction of
 the left brain dinosaurs that look
 only for the intellect the cleverness in
 poetry *Ahh* dean thy poetry is a
 revolution a new universe that only
 right brains can feel for thy poems
 are not about the understanding the
 rational analytical just like the
 mystic says to achieve the mystical
 experience one must go beyond the
 intellect for the intellect only closes
 one off to achieve the experience in

**deans poetry one must feel the
passions the emotions in the sounds
rhythms rhymes not the words of the
poems Ahhh dean to explain thy
poems one must speak in the
language of music of keys of notes
of semitones of harmonies melodies
of scales Ahh dean thee makes
extinct the left brain dinosaurs it be
thru the experience of music only by
abandoning language and logic that
one can experience the reality of
deans poetry by abandoning the
treaties of the left brain critics and
experience in the soul not the mind
the self-realization that is beyond
books and words**

Preface

**Oh thee pilgrim cry not thy tears
of old age but uproot thy thorn
bush that in thy flesh grows cut
off those thorns that fromst which
each desire glows uproot thy
thorn bush lush with sensualities
lush burning with sensual fires
Ohhhhhh pilgrim turn those
thorns to roses transform that
bush of thorns to a rosebush
fragrant with the souls perfume of
which Rumi sings**

Oh that couldst I hear the sound
 of the rebeck or the trumpet of
 Israfil to bringeth life back to I
 I that art but dead I whose
 soul be nitrous that in which doth
 grow the thorn bush I thirsting
 but the well be dry not filled
 with honey and ecstasy Oh that
 couldst I of the wells limpid
 liquidity hear the sound of a
 splash Oh that couldst I
 couldst be to life restored
 by the sound of thunder
 by the scent of Layla
 by the scent of Shirin
 by the scent of Vis

**by the scent of all beauteous
things**

**that couldst ♪ couldst be to life
restored Oh Oh the youth of my
soul hast been spent o'er flowing
with desires and horny strength
the cock to ripe fruited stem with
flesh verdant with fires Oh that
garden of my youth perpetual
spring full of girlies full of
ripeness succulent fruit limitless
vigor cock o'erflowing full of
power full of strength Oh Oh
but Oh old age takes hold like a
halter of palm-leaves binding the
neck of ♪ but Oh the soil of the
soul of ♪ be crumbling and poor
the desires of ♪ cut off where**

those girlies the waters of life for
 ♪ be of no profit to ♪ Oh every
 moment the thorns tear the flesh
 of ♪ tears run down the cheeks of
 ♪ tearing the pulpy flesh blood
 spurts fromst those pricks
 that wound
 that scratch
 that bites into each pore of ♪ into
 each cell they tear
 each day
 each hour
 each second the flesh of ♪
 withers with the aging of time
 Oh Oh for the thorn bush
 younger gets each moment of each
 moment torment ast ♪ but aging
 be Oh Oh weep ♪ tears that

**down the empty well drip
mildewed withered petals decaying
Oh Oh that that thorn bush to
roses but becomes
that those thorns be petals
perfumed with scent
that these thorns
that tear and cut ignite with the
fires sensual of ♪ into a blaze
brighter than a virgins eyes
hotter than a virgins love
larger than a virgins heart Oh
Oh that the fires of ♪ be ablaze
igniting the sky
igniting the earth
igniting the oceans Oh Oh that
these fires of desires to steam
turns all the waters of all the**

worlds Ahhh cry ♪ with tears
 hot that my desires turn this aging
 flesh back to youths ruddy glow
 Oh Oh the desires of ♪ be the
 firmest handle that pulls ♪ up to
 heavens bliss pulls ♪ up to
 heavens bliss a new soul a new
 flesh youthful fromst desires kiss

But

But

This flesh caught on the thorn
 bush be decayed be aged the tears
 that spill ♪ for those desires of
 youth that be expired be expired
 that this flesh be cold be dead

Oh Oh for the fruit that be red
 upon the topmost bough Oh Oh
 for the hyacinth flowers purple on

the hills that of Sappho sings
 Oh Oh for the orchids scent of
 those girlies cunts all full of
 youths spring those pink rimmed
 holes wafting odors sweet
 Ohhhhhh all these be but thorn
 pricks in the flesh of ♀ all be
 pains sting racking this aged
 prison of flesh of ♀ weep ♀ tears
 for the flush of youths springs
 hast past encaged in these thorns
 The roses petals wilt
 The bulbul sings no more
 The air be not of flowery
 perfumes sweet
 The tears fall for the madness of
 my youth the tears fall for the
 exhilaration of my days of spring

**Ohhh those days lustfully spent
 bring bring they back memories
 that tear my flesh with these
 thorns of pain Ahhhhhh these
 pains of torment and discontent
 these tearing gashing thorns that
 Cut
 Scratch
 Slice with no end
 How long shallst moan ♪ groan
 and wince with the pains of this
 thorn bush
 that curls
 crushes
 presses around the soul of ♪ red
 with the blood tears of ♪ fromst
 their unending flow unceasing
 tears that tell of my shattered**

**dreams my old age of agonizing
woes this cage of thorns that the
soul of ♪ canst flee canst like the
caged bird lift up and fly fly again
with youth ruddy glow**

But

**But now each moment is filled
with anguishes pain no ease no
joy but a path of lust and desires
madness of the soul of ♪ boils
o'er with bloody tears that soak
the earth in a crimson cloak of
fetid odors that pours forth
bloody streams that fill the rivers
and streams with the stink of
decay ♪ say e'en paradise be
coated with the fuming stink of
the tears of blood of ♪**

**Ohhhhhhhh no peace the desires
of youth flames like tulips afire
the thorns dig in tearing the
tears red glow upon each thorns
tip Ahhhh no respite fromst this
snare of the thorn bush each
thorn a goblet be filled with the
tears bloody of my woe is me for
the youths fires whenst girlies be
woven out of moonlight and their
flesh be the scent of blossoms
sweet and their cunts on be
drunken ♪ with their wine sweet
Oh bend ♪ down with pain and
shed my tears for my youth
memories rise up that maketh the
soul of ♪ ache and the thorns tear
deeper into my flesh Ahhhh the**

soul of ♪ be entwined by tearing
 thorns it be hell it doth seem no
 dream but a nightmares torments
 Oh my fettered soul sadly cries
 within this prison of these aching
 spikes alone alone in this aching
 abyss of pain in this maelstrom
 this mire this endless torment of
 these frenzied kisses of these
 maddening thorns that lick the
 flesh of ♪ that Ohh Ohh so
 maddenly caress with the touch
 of roses sweet the flesh of ♪
 trembles with each ache with each
 kiss with each lick of those
 thorns so so Ohhhhh so sweet
 they taketh ♪ to bliss these
 desires fires these frenzied

spasms of sensuous delights
Ahhhhhh my cries be wanton
songs wanton songs that burn
fromst my lips that set fire the
tongue of ♪ with each jab each
sting each tear fromst the cries of
♪ the breath of ♪ breathes out
musk and amaranth that cometh
fromst those thorns playing tunes
upon the nerves of ♪ with each
sting each cut each tear each
torment fromst this thorn bush a
torture –chamber of sensual
delights that brings warmth to
this aging dead flesh this flesh
the source of joys and my delights
Ahhhhhhh each moment of
torment be one moment of bliss

that gives ♪ no rest that doth not
cease Ahhhhhhh sing ♪ cry ♪
dripping tears of joy tremble ♪
child like 'neath the cuts the stings
the burning scorching kisses that
doth not weary ♪ doth not weary
of each sting that leaps like
flames along the quivering flesh of
♪ along the palpitating flesh that
longs that screams out for those
kisses for those biting thorns that
send ♪ to Empyrean heights of
unquenchable raptures Ahhh
delight in this unending bliss in
these twinges of pain in these
thousand torments of the flesh of
youth of blooming rose buds
bursting along the thorns tips

each lick each touch each biting
 jab lights up the sky with desires
 fires the fields burst into bloom
 with the peals of the cries of ♪
 Ohhhhhhh crule thorns bend to ♪
 thy lips that ♪ canst sup upon thy
 kiss resting in my flesh that ♪
 canst sup upon thy thorns tips
 frothing with the bloody tears of
 ♪ Ahhh thy touch Ahhh thy
 touch be the touch of the lovers
 lips ♪ long for long for that ♪
 canst live forever with thy clutch
 upon my flesh that ♪ canst dream
 of thee impaled in my flesh
 Ohhhhhhh with each sting opens
 the gates of heaven the scents of
 paradise waft o'er ♪ ast ♪ be

caught in thy embrace in thy
embrace of stinging kisses those
kisses filled with my blood
crimson where each cell of *J*
bursts in to roses red where each
rose be my agonies where each
rose be a glow with my cries of
pain *O*hhhhhh the maddening
desires the maddening pain be the
fleshes sheer delight kiss me
with those perfumed thorns kiss
me with those soft petaled thorns
blood tipped kiss me with those
thorns that trace along each vein
each nerve *A*hh press with ardent
push that fromst my flesh spurts
my bloody cries fromst thy
caresses fromst thy hugs of those

**girlies of times long past of those
 girlies of long ago time that
 brought sunlight to my life that
 brought the soft touch of
 moonlight fromst thy eyes Ohhh
 beneath thy thorny sting ♪ melt
 into oblivion with those memories
 of all those girlies
 with eyes of lust
 with their flesh of honey and wine
 with their finger tips running
 along my limbs Ohh thorns thee
 bringeth back the youth of ♪
 bringeth back all those girlies that
 tempted ♪
 'neath their biting kisses
 'neath their crushing caresses
 'neath their tongues jabbing stings**

**That this turmoil willst not cease
that ♪ canst be in bliss with my
beloveds for eternities infinite on
these thorns beeth my Elysium be
my honey and jasmine flesh held
in all this loveliness in all the
joys of paradise the cries of ♪ be
my threnody of exquisiteness
clutched in thy embrace into
delirium wrapped in those thorns
those thorns that be lilies and
roses upon my flesh along which
the cries of ♪ be the singing of a
thousand bulbuls the eyes of ♪
flash lightning across the skies
dome the cries of ♪ circle the
flesh of ♪ like a thousand
flickering stars**

**down pouring o'er my flesh
on each thorn be some girlies
smelling of lust
to writhe for she
to feel stings of torment for she
to quiver at each kiss for she
Oh with cries of me washed in
the libations of my tears for she
giveths to me inexpressible bliss
those thorn in my flesh
intermingling fusing absorbing she
with me in perpetual togetherness**

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The cunts pool calm still liquidity