

**lacrimis in**

**senectute**

**poems by c**

**dean**

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## **poems by c dean**

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# **Publishers**

## **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  
Ohhhhhhh 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  
*Ahhhhhh* 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**