



l'amour en  
enfer

POEM

BY C

DEAN

J.M.W. TURNER  
Rain, Steam, and Great Central Railway



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**FP:** "Moulin Rouge - Grand Chahut - The French Can Can", carte postale de **Xavier Sager** INC: The Ball Painting Victor Gabriel Gilbert

**PUBLISHERS  
INTRODUCTION  
N**

**Ah what be this**

**l'amour en**

**enfer** be it an

**excursion into perversity or  
beauty clothed in corruption**

**Ahh some drown inst  
semantics to discern what be  
the difference between a**

**decadent or an aesthete**

**Well sayeth the poet for  
both the world of science  
didst substitute the idea for  
the imagination andst thus  
created a decayed civilization  
of perversity of  
meaninglessness *For* the  
decadent life only had  
meaning inst the fleeting  
moment of sensation brought  
by drowning in perversity the  
only meaning in a  
meaningless world *But* for**

**the aesthete like the  
Sartreian existentialist  
only beauty in art be the only  
meaning in meaninglessness  
so the aesthete jumped into  
perversity but stripped of  
all morality andst drowned  
in beauty to burn ast a gem-  
like flame inst that moment  
Of sensual intensity  
Where the decadent enjoyed  
perversity for perversity  
sake the aesthete beautified**

**perversity for only beauties**

**sake Ah both sayet ast**

**Byron** "So now all things are damn'd

one feels at ease" **let the decayed**

**civilization go to blazes**

**both do sayeth disinterested**

**in the world both to live**

**inst nihilistic sensualism ast**

**Nero didst fiddle ast Rome**

**didst burn so they burn a**

**gem-like flame A solution**

**for them andst we ast well**

**PREFACE** Ahh what doth  
 the Muse do singeth in these verse  
 be they of desires fires or be of  
 pain that doth rain o'er the mind  
 perverse strange tale might they be  
 for any clime maybe doth the  
 Muses breath caress thee with  
 words of soft kiss doth tears pour  
 down thy heated cheeks or doth rage  
 instil thy soul at such filth Ahhh  
 but these word be just ink writ upon  
 a page andst it be but thy own issue  
 that might make thee rage Yet dear  
 reciter whenst all is said andst done  
 the Muse doth entertain so have  
 some fun

Ah the scene is set a Nocturne of  
 Whistler night laced in webs of  
 moonlight shadows of indigo shades  
 fleck pools of silver kissed by mist  
 etched silhouettes inst pallid gold tints  
 lick trees of mottled grey the music  
 hall doth rage ast inst the palace the  
 music gay Ahh but some be but  
 perversity in morality ast others be  
 but the aesthetics of perversity  
 without morality each blent inst each  
 the perverse andst beauty meet the  
 erotic take thy pick take thy seat



**The ballroom sparkling mirrors mirror  
 that on the wealth of nations built  
 where they dance perfumed with  
 spikenard andst myrtles luscious  
 breath where the gowns gilt flash andst  
 twirl whirl they that the breeze doth  
 cool the fires that torment that devours  
 beneath Yet no priestess they no  
 mistress they of sweet flowers they  
 ferocious fowls that devour with lips of  
 puffy flesh that stab andst peck with  
 that mouth that mouth Oh that mouth  
 pouted beak the others that deflower  
 they each to each Mammons votary  
 seeking fromst each some foul dower  
 that bethe only sight that each doth stare  
 to see in This Gray isle of *Cythere***

*Andst* they dance 'neath candles  
 flickering light brighter thanst stars that  
 deck the night inst light fiery flickering  
 ast their feet do dance andst the gowns  
 do flutter flickering light in eyes like  
 gems that each in each reflect each andst  
 each back to each where in each eye be  
 the others eyes all in a net with  
 lascivious desire in each eye met each a  
 glittering jewel on fire that lights the  
 room ast o'er a floor of glass like of ice  
 by *field* crystalline they pass ast their  
 lips do flame ast their shadows do play  
 upon the walls inst shapes of *Nymphs*  
 andst *Satyrs* with eyes a gleam with  
 puffy lips that pout and mouths fromst  
 which love calls

'Neath chandeliers spiting light golden  
 tipped andst yellow flames opalescent  
 bright thy eyes do wonder ast Endymion  
 didst wander thru the cedar gloom ast  
 faces lit with smiling lips in the room  
 whilst their feet didst skip out paces  
 ast if in some trance of splendid  
 dreamery ast if the dance n'er ended  
 with delight upon their faces golden  
 flowers lily lips to deck the room of  
 love Ohh how didst time stop andst all  
 the hours But the shadows on the  
 walls do prance groveling beasts that  
 gore for Mammons ore with tooth  
 andst bite in each to eachs pearly throat  
 those lips 'neath gown that perfumed of  
 lust do pout upon the prey it hast found

**'Inst shining clusters of light a magic  
 fairy land doth glow bright diadems  
 like stars glint upon the eyes dazzle ast  
 love thru the light doth rise they dance  
 with gowns that flounce like wings that  
 float upon the light 'neath flaming fires  
 ignite perfumes of lust waft upon the  
 light 'neath gowns lips pout burning  
 flesh flowers that devour ripe fruit that  
 doth heat the breath gaping mouths  
 Ohh so sweet that doth some Satyr to  
 eat to kiss upon its lips that foam  
 doth froth fromst that fluidity that doth  
 ooze like some witches broth fromst  
 those lips that hold that around thy  
 hart doth fold those lips that burn andst  
 scold**

*Andst 'neath the gowns ast they all do*  
*dance around flares those lips round*  
*that delightful hole that cleft of desire*  
*that Gorgon eye that doth thy soul*  
*devour voluptuous mouth twined hairs*  
*vermilion spotted of rain bowed dye*  
*flecked like Lamia that inst their scent*  
*thee ensnares upon that Body's*  
*Beauty for it upon thy flesh lust*  
*weaves fromst that mound of marble*  
*flesh set inst a perfumed sea that seeks*  
*for prey with lips that be But fangs*  
*that draws thee in to suck thy breath to*  
*suck thee unto death within those lips*  
*to lie within those lips to die On The*  
*Medusa that face to trace Out thy*  
*love ast on thee those lips place*

**Inst the candle-light splashing golds andst  
 tints of violet o'er faces blooming flowers  
 petaled lips of opal fire go each beating hart  
 each feet races to a Rondo in D major of  
 Mozart each to each in thoughts of wealth  
 seeking love Yet lassitude doth their feet  
 do cloak with ennui their souls be soaked  
 their health**

**Overstimulated Yet bored But long for  
 more**

**Busy But lazy Yet long to chore**

**Satiated Yet hungry But long for more**

**The dance goes on each face doth beam  
 andst gay be Vampires eating earths  
 bounteous seam**

**Whilst the world outside doth decay**

**They dream whilst others lives fade away**

Music hall lit with candle light that burns with  
a gem-like flame we all on the stage puppets  
that be masked 'neath which naught But a void  
be made all Before The Curtain with nothing  
behind the stage lilies that bloom fresh ast  
kissed by the winter moon they dance thru the  
violet light shadows flicker heliotrope tints  
thru greenish hair virginal eyes But sordid  
souls within they dance we stare the scent of  
flesh 'neath cloth white panties seeps upon the  
air where sin doth rage with rude sighs filthy  
cries But it be the form that doth our hart do  
kiss andst not the soul within it be beauties  
image that we see inst those shes not their soul  
But that flesh cloaked inst shadows purple with  
the scent that seeps fromst those blooms Ahh  
their mound andst their form of morality  
stripped only their beauty doth last only the  
moment of exquisiteness just now no future no  
past ast they lift their legs our eyes too to those  
folds that inst panties do bulge ast bees to  
those flowers our eyes speed sipping that honey  
dew on lost virginity our thoughts race we

Andst they dance thru light with glorious  
 smiles upon cheeks pallid white eyes with  
 rapture ast eyes on they do pant with  
 passion that their blooms do burst aflame  
 with fire each a plant flushed with scents  
 of sandalwood roses tints that grow within  
 the hothouse of desires with rhythmic  
 pulse to the music that doth flow that doth  
 sweep their hair with gems bejewelled that  
 flicker candle light violet flowers artificial  
 they bloom tulip lips that fold within the  
 panty cloth Opalescent mother- of- pearl  
 pool gleams ast the Immoral swine high on  
 drugs drunk on wine swirl within the  
 cacophony of sighs andst singing andst  
 cries bringing pantings ravished with  
 frenzies fires the melodious choirs of those  
 swine entwining swaying flowers  
 interfused fantasia Indian Dancers all  
 works of art with Wilde Athanasia



Inst golden light that gleams reflecting off other  
 eyes that sheen riotous fires that fromst eye to  
 eye ignite fires delight full of desire that spark  
 fromst eye to eye flare ast each to each do stare  
 in lascivious oblivion their eyes to vanish in  
 eyes of glass where within their desires pass a  
 clarion call for all inst the music hall to lips to  
 press to thighs to caresses ast the legs do lift  
 the panties so those pouting lips to express  
 those longing mouths kissed by bee-like eyes  
 ast hair plumaged ast peacocks greens azure  
 orange bright flower sheen lips red anemones  
 splendid serene cheeks ast burnish gold  
 sapphires splendid fire that kiss the eyes with  
 their loveliness to press hot flesh with hot flesh  
 with perfumes on those mouths breath lured to  
 love those swine for a moments joy of  
 exquisiteness intense pulsations luscious  
 sensations a moments bliss till deaths hoy in  
 love they each with that Beauty Accurst to press  
 their oozy lips andst kiss that worshiped flesh  
 ast each doth sing that they be more fair ast  
 thru panty crease Ahh Ohh one doth see one  
 black dark hair which eyes do lick like finger-  
 tips that along the thread do slip andst languish  
 in a moment of eternal bliss sniffing loves  
 honeyed scent on the perfumed tress

Andst within the light lit The Cameleon  
 doth lay upon a lap that doth ooze  
 spikenard ast if fromst an alabaster box  
 that sweet odour nigh to swoon fromst a  
 womens flesh seeping perfumes that kiss  
 The Rose Leaf decked in dew that fromst  
 the flesh doth drip love juice ast Salome  
 didst inst her ecstasy 'neath a moon  
 silvery for her Jokanaan seep blossoms  
 fragrance that The Butterfly doth coat inst  
 webs of scented froth 'neath the the glare  
 of many candles that flare inst the din  
 andst roar of those swine where But beauty  
 doth But reign unconcerned with sordid  
 sins all do gaze on the wantonness all  
 starved for love but only do beauty praise  
 whilst on each each doth prey But Ahh with  
 such art with such glorious part each doth  
 play where the light be full of musics sweet  
 melodies languorous scent where each  
 panty doth ast a censer its breath on the  
 airs be sent fromst mounds of succulent  
 fleshliness shaped ast *Calla Lilies* that  
 leaves the soul with breathlessness

Andst the legs lift up revealing those  
mounds tight clasped in folds of flesh  
pearl-powdered tinted lips of red eastern  
dyes along the furled edge lustrous violet  
tinged rouged upon flesh lies perfumed  
thru gem studded hairs where crysolites  
bright beryls andst sapphires blue fires  
animals lairs that devour the unaware  
with kohl pencilled along each thread that  
doth surround that vase of lusting liquidity  
painted lips where upon heated breaths  
blow andst those hothouse orchid do grow  
to press those blood gorged red tulip lips  
upon lips that flame to send with each  
flash insane with scintillating sins upon  
that beauty which corrupts with each sight  
ast La Gioconda each look each moment  
each fleeting impression one exquisite  
sensation that doth dazzle with their  
magical sight like some idol painted in gold  
those swine do but worship andst that art  
artificial doth nature surpass to elevate the  
mind andst inflame the hart

Ahh the light doth kiss those sordid Love-Lily  
 doth beautify the perverse in tints of patchouli  
 doth to coat those Gloire Dijon roses that  
 bloom ast rose-coloured clouds that do burst  
 into flames in the filthy room Ahh UP UP goes  
 the legs all join the throng scream andst cry the  
 lust doth rage to The Galop Infernal of  
 Offenbach all galloping around the stage!

To see beauty in what be ugliness that be the  
 only morality

To have no morals Yet believe that beauty be  
 the good

To look at beauty Yet need ugliness to see

To live in beauty Yet in ugliness to dwell

To know what beauty is Yet to know what  
 ugliness be

UP goes the legs the Galop goes on all do  
 screech the panties flash all be gay ast ast  
 Vampires eating each to each

Whilst all the world doth decay

They devour whilst other lives fade away