

**l'amour est
l'enfer**

**POÈME BY
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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia 2023

fp: "Salmacis and Hermaphroditus" (1729),_ Jean-François de Troy INC:

"Hermaphroditos and Salmacis" by Bartholomäus Spranger (1546–1611)

PUBLISHER
INTRODUCTION
W

Ahh what be this

l'amour est

l'enfer

**be it a decadents perverse
dream perhaps a Pre-
Raphaelites fleshy pouting
bloom or perhaps an**

**aesthetes beautification of
 some morbid urge or be it
 perhaps a painting in some
 curious style or perhaps
 some filthy thing fromst
 some dirty mind that longs
 to kiss the lips of the
 morally corrupt ast didst
 Nah didst of Symonds didst
 accuse or be it an Ovidian
 exploration of howeth sex
 andst loves desires be blent**

**into some grotesque form
where it doth explore howeth
loves desires be fulfilled or
distorted where love be but
a dislocating force where
the end may not have the
intended theme where love
hath two aspects that of the
lover andst that of the loved
where the lover be but the
perverse that doth destroy
the loved andst two both**

**enslave into a unity of the
desired andst the desirer
encased in an eloquence of
mother-of-pearl tints words
with the flames of red roses
with rhythms of cooing
doves andst rhymes of that
be the echos of civilization in
decay so suck on this over
ripe fruit that its drips do
colour thy lips ast clotted
blood**

PREFACE Ahh what be
 love the pleb doth ask to which a
 philosophy may reply or e'en some
 psychologist with they with many an
 arcane word Yet for the wit with many
 a flattering word which some distain or
 others may find to entertain love may
 be that dream that the skies lights up in
 purple gleams that maketh the str to
 shine like suns in thy loved ones eyes
 that doth turn the plain into beauties
 that of none do complain a magic spell
 to lift to heaven ones soul or perhaps to
 drop in hell whenst that love doth come
 fromst one who on their sight our
 distain doth swell so what is love well
 go ask those on whom it doth dwell

Whenst that nymph didst that he of
such beauty didst see she inst love
didst fall ands upon his flesh desires
fires didst the love of she ignite to turn
the sky to purple andst the sun to but
a gleams whenst she didst compare his
eyes beams the airs perfumed idst be
andst all her senses to by engorged
upon he to long to join into one
pulsing flesh of love to unite with he
her love didst long and her sighs burt
the very blooms that didst perfume the
breeze andst he to metamorphose

Ohh looketh howeth the beams fromst
 thy eyes do uplift the sky andst doth
 cause *Phoebus* to *But* shade his eyes
 for those eyes smouldering kiss doth
 form to clouds purple-tinted that thy
 eyes doth kiss the blue-flecked eyes of
J that into a hunger unsatiated upon
 thy sight thy sight my desires ignite
But to satisfy not they doth to burn
 my flesh that canst cool not *But But*
 thy sight for *J* doth to my flesh doth
 add more fuel that doth burn bright
 andst so hot that those eyes that doth
 kiss the eyes of *J* like ast lips to lips
 those eyes on mine that *O*hh upon mine
 hart thy beauty doth paint thy face for
J not lie for there is where my love lies

Oh Salmacis thy breath be poisoned
scent thy mouth be But Perfumed-
fanged that thou doth feed upon my
flesh ast the worm doth the orchards
ripe fruit doth eat thy sighs of love do
But burst into blue-veined violets
evanescent sweet sounding But whose
sweetness doth not last that mouth of
thee through which doth pass these
blandishments be But a rose-tinted
flower a portal decorated with thy
sweet juices that lie upon those lips
that enclose that hole that that doth
ooze such sourness to my ears that
bloom that be red ast a red morn doth
presage a threatening day that mouth
of thine doth make of I to mourn

**Oh those eyes of thee those beams of
 light do like fingers touch along my
 flesh with hot press that my flesh doth
 fluoresce as the marrow of *I* doth
 burn on that touch of thine as the
 flesh of *I* be affected with thy sight
 that sight of thee inst that pool naked in
 flesh where *In* that orchard of thy
 flesh *Priapas* doth erect stand gilt
 round with my sight like lilies round an
 idol white or as ivory column on an
 alter bright my loves passion doth
 enflame my flesh upon thy beauty my
 love *Ohh* my *Love* doth thy eyes fires
 brighter thanst the sun do burn into my
 limbs that with longing for thy touch
 with pain my flesh thirsty for thy clutch**

Leave off do stop Oh Salmacis with thy
 Petrarchan themes with thy clichéd
 chat that thee doth seek to wrap I inst
 thy witchery with loves sighs about
 the neck of I to envelope like with ivy
 with thy sighs that be But to I But a
 mermaids coquetry that the flesh of I
 doth feel thy breath ast some fan that
 doth freeze my hart cold pressed like of
 ice thy voice crow-like doth turn this
 soul of I not to lust But a wrinkled
 crust that Oh Salmacis that what thee
 thinks thee to gain with thy odious
 refrain doth But lose thee that which
 thy love doth upon which to long to
 feed for thy roose doth I not amuse
 For all love do I too refuse

Ahh the senses of *J* be *B*ut famished
 unsatiated be upon that pastoral of mine
 that a upon which my love canst feed
 upon that plenty of flesh that doth my
 breath o'er thy flesh doth caress andst
 thy scent Ahh thy scent that doth kiss
 Yea kiss that nose of *J* to imprint
 upon mine hart that perfume sweeter
 thanst rose like unto that stamp upon
 gold thy scent be the seal upon my
 flesh where red blooms do burst fromst
 my flowery blossom bud to coat the
 pool andst dewy drops do drip to heat
 the pool that froths fromst that fountain
 of love that doth flow below where such
 perfumed hairs doth in crevice lie to thy
 limbs to twine andst to tie

Oh Salmacis Oh Salmacis thy time thee
doth waste for thy Circe wine I hast no
care to taste andst thy fountains
oozings do But this pool to foul whilst
thy wanton hair doth not weave round
my face that net into love thee doth
try to place for fromst thy lips naught
But air of filth doth o'er flow my flesh
thy sighs of love be But the serpents
hiss thy cries naught But the harpies
lust that doth seep fromst thy puffy
lips that lair meshed in hair where
doth lie only dust andst But thorns do
thy flesh adorn that fromst which
miseries be born upon that love Ahh
that love that I distain andst throw
back to thy face to coat inst mud

Ohh Ohh thy voice be But the doves
cooing to mine ears that treble doth Oh
kiss upon mine flesh that doth turn this
hart of ♪ to coals that burn with bright
flame that leaps forth fromst the eyes of
♪ to Ohh Ohh to sweep o'er thee to
heat thy flesh with hotter rays thanst
from that purple burning sun that doth
set alight the sky thy voice to mine ears
doth to mine hart enflame ast a
succulent rose that doth grow forth a
gorgeous flowery bloom fromst my
groin to woo thee with its scent upon
its breath that doth turn mine flesh
fromst white to red fromst my Love
love of thee ast those lips part quivers
throbs do But in the grape bud to start

Oh Salmacis Oh Salmacis leave off with
thy loves sighs that doth cloy andst
their sweet stickiness doth But sour my
flesh with thy sickly love that I distain
that doth along my flesh doth cause to
shoot andst to leap fromsts my veins
flowers that be withered fromst thy
loves bane that cause the eyes of I to
go dim andst my breath to stale fumes
that doth stink fromst thy love that
thee doth torment I that doth touch
my flesh to scorch andst scold thy
sight doth be but a horror to I leave off
Oh Salmacis with these miseries
untold that thy love that I distain doth
but bringeth I pain andst leave off Oh
Salmacis that I canst my peace to gain

Ahh thee doth into the stream to
 dive *I* hast won thee *Ohh* look
 howeth thy flesh doth gleam inst the
 water ast glass transparent that doth
 encase thee thee a stature of ivory

Ahh *But* *Ahh* a white lily that
 mine tongue doth long to taste thee
 art mine for *I* my hands doth place
 'neath thee ast snatch *I* my kisses
 hot fromst thy flesh to taste thy
 sweat upon mind lips doth cling *I*
 to thee ast thee my *Love* doth
 struggle stroke *I* thy breast with
 mine tongue thee doth fight *But*
 fromst my clutch be no escape *I* hast
 my *Love* as round my limbs *I* drape

Oh Salmacis Oh Salmacis to be rid of
thee andst thy insipid love dive I
'neath the pools cool waters limpid
andst escape thee Oh harpy of my
discontent doth fromst thee I race Ahh
Ahh she doth But dive in andst doth
place around the limbs of I andst circle
her limbs that feel ast the slimy squids
tentacles that Ahh Ahh entwine I like
death ivy round some poor sapling Ahh
Ahh she doth twine her arms her leg
ast like serpent coils that doth clutch
andst crush the beatings of my hart
Ahh Ahh hear to the gods she doth
pray that she andst me be blent ast
one one that there be no separate part
one hart that Ahh that none canst part

Oh sweet thee sigh I I hast hemmed
 thee in with the senses of I pressed
 thy flesh twixt the senses of I that
 Which be to touch to smell to taste to
 see or to hear Ahh it be But the mind
 the superior that I do tell

To see thee But to feel thy sight
 upon mine flesh

To hear thee But to see inst mine
 eyes thy flesh

To smell thee But to taste thy
 breath upon mine flesh

But it be the mind that doth all these
 combine andst thru the imagination
 doth turn to the rapturous sublime

Ahhh what doth I behold be this
 mortal mould am I what what am I
 canst I know what I be or know what I
 mean not at this sight that be what I
 know but know not what I be I be
 something that be imprisoned in this
 thing that I see

I see I be male Yet see I female to my
 eyes

I see two forms Yet one form I be

I see one form Yet two forms of which
 neither he nor she canst be called

I see one form of which can be But
 neither be

Ahh confused be I but not I but I

Neither I nor not I a unified contrary