



le décadent à

l'Amour

POÈME

BY C.

DEAN

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia 2022

FP: **Poppies and Butterflies: Vincent van Gogh 1890; Saint-rémy-de-provence, France**

# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

*W* Ahh dean thy **le**

**décadent à**

**l'Amour** be a

macédoine of fin de siècle

ideas full of *French*

lubricity andst English

rowdyism ast once said *The*

**London Times** dean thee be  
 like **Wilde Verlaine** andst  
**Baudelaire** with wine on  
 thy lips a poseur libertine a  
 sot cynic andst swine ast  
**Max Nordau** wouldst say  
 thee be a diseased mind dean  
**Ahh** dean thee seeks  
 sensations in the perverse in  
 the sick thy **le**

décadent à

*l'Amour* takes

love andst turns it into a  
 decadents perversion thee  
 turns love into a sexual  
 depravity of a morbid mind  
 fromst which flows poisoned  
 blooms that shoot up out of  
 thy souls decay o'er the  
 pages of thy *What shall we*

say *Ahh* yes dean thy  
perversity is full of  
sensuality full of passion  
full of delightfulness full of  
music to stir the flesh thy  
work is *Dionysian*  
dithyrambic a riot of sound  
and images of world-  
weariness soul-sickness  
sordid languid andst lurid  
not in criticism like the 19<sup>th</sup>  
century but praise dean

# PREFACE

**To seek for joy in all things but to but only find weariness boredom andst ennui to seek for love but but to find at its climax at its highest peak naught but weariness boredom andst ennui be this the malady of our age that thinks wealth canst happiness buy where each new sensation sought but decays into weariness boredom andst ennui be we all but decadents seeking that gem-like flame ever disappointed yet never getting off the merry go round each andst each after the carrot for ever out of reach**

*Languor* fromst the *Odor* of  
 poppies and dead roses seeps thru the  
 flesh of *Ÿ* orchids of *Wratislaw*  
 turn yellow with decay casting fumes  
 that the breath of *Ÿ* inhale in  
 exquisite moments that burn with a  
 gemlike flame in this oppressive  
 silence heavy with odours of  
 tropical flowers in shadows like  
 fromst pages of *The Renaissance*  
 ast echo thru the mind of *Ÿ* the  
*Ode to a Dead Body* ast curls  
 about my many-coloured python andst  
 white *Angora* cats where lay about  
 withering to dust quivering  
 butterflies dead whilst lay *Ÿ* here in



languid ennui like made out of ivory  
 and rose leaves the flesh of me with  
 lips of scarlet that pout ast o'er ripe  
 plum fromst too much tobacco and  
 not enough exercise lay ♪ here Ahh  
 ye be beautiful for being useless for  
 beauty andst usefulness be mutually  
 exclusive sayeth that sage of  
 Mademoiselle de Maupin sayeth  
 the sage who wast not moved by  
 vegetables all beauty be in artifice  
 ast around ♪ in my yellow room  
 with the morbidity of rich tints of  
 decomposition andst decay ♪ lay  
 weary with lassitude andst  
 disillusionment with **l'Amour**

**within my button-hole a faded rose**  
*Ahh Ahh* howeth *♪* with those  
**flowers beautiful in your sublime**  
**decay ♪ press you to my lips andst**  
**exhale flowers of evil that perfume**  
**this room this gloom of ♪ full of**  
**shadows dancing to candle-light**  
**sinuous curling like limbs of virgins**  
**in an opiate haze flickering glinting**  
**shadows of indigo splashed o'er**  
**yellows that dance on the exhausted**  
**flesh of ♪ Ahh my psyche erupts**  
**andst out of the mist see see ♪**  
**commeth a butterfly greens and gold**  
**andst sapphire blue that flutters**  
**round pale flowers andst wilting**

blooms see see ♪ that form form out  
of the mist like she like she rising  
fromst the sea near *Zythera* to  
which the butterfly doth sing

*Ahh* giveth ♪ thy lips that ♪ canst  
kiss andst suck into my bliss giveth  
thy flesh that ♪ canst eat that ripe  
fruit andst pluck thy soul fromst thy  
breath *Ahh* let ♪ curl thy hair  
entangled round this flesh of ♪  
andst wrap ♪ up in raptures that  
ripple thru veins of ♪ that ♪ canst  
lick thy pearl-crushed saffron stained  
flesh that thy breath willst burn the  
flesh of ♪ into heated flames andst  
melt ♪ into exquisiteness buried in

**those lips of thee voluptuous with  
 the perfume of musk thy throat Ahh  
 that throat that ivory of flesh those  
 curves of delight that throat Ahh to  
 sink the teeth of ♪ into thee and  
 taste paradise upon those lips of ♪  
 Ohh that with each dab of thy lips  
 upon the flesh of ♪ shall burst into  
 green carnations along the veins of ♪  
 that boil ast the frenzied blood of ♪  
 doth pound along each limb of ♪  
 Ahh that fury of passion of thee be  
 delicious like the sight of tints of  
 pink upon virgins cheeks lips  
 pressed lip to lip with fevered  
 ardour clasped in the deliriums of**

delight flesh melted into flesh flame  
 merged into flame soul to soul andst  
 breath to breath Ohh feed me

**l'Amour** with thy kissess that  
 be the honey to the bee or the milk to  
 the babe Ahh

Hear √ thy breath

Feel √ thy breath

Smell √ thy breath that breaths out  
 flowers of delight that turns the  
 night into light wilted blooms into  
 perfumed blooms Ahh thy touch be  
 honeyed green carnations Come

Ohh commeth andst fasten thy  
 eyes upon √ those moonbeams of

light with thy mellifluous sighs  
 that be perfume-tangled webs of  
 desires fires that ♪ couldst dab  
 along thy veins with the lips of ♪  
 with Swinburnian rhythms that thee  
 couldst kiss this very soul of ♪  
 with Wagnerian melodies Ohh  
 come commeth thee fulfil my dreams  
 with the *l'Amour* of thee my  
 dreams cinnamon scented full of opal  
 gleams wrought fromst moonbeams  
 full of cassia-flowers the odor of  
 exquisite murmuring sighs come  
 commeth fulfil my dreams that be  
 flashes of peridot and amber  
 embers on fire fulfil my dreams with

thy **l'Amour** of poignant perfumes  
 fromst rapturous blooms exquisite  
 luminous interlaced with thy sighs  
 blent with moonlight *Ahh Ahhh*  
 catching *♪* on fire ravished with  
 thy desire rapture flesh passionate  
 aflame catch *♪* on fire thy desire thy  
 popped lips honey-sweet beat beat  
 drink deep *♪* on thy desire on thy  
**l'Amour** *Ohhh* thy eyes those  
 eyes houri-like voluptuous sight  
 bright light stars of eyes opiate-  
 sweet quivering the flesh of *♪* in  
 rhythmical beats *Ohh Ohh* my  
**l'Amour** press thy face to mine

press thy lips my flesh thy very soul  
 giveth to ♪ thy **l'Amour** in one  
 eternity of bliss one infinity of now

Tangled in thy hair

Tangled in thy arms

Tangled in thy limbs give giveth me  
 giveth me all of thee that ♪ canst  
 hear thy sighs bubble in thy ivory  
 throat that ♪ canst feel the  
 thirsting desire flame up in the throat  
 of ♪ that ♪ canst lay me down upon  
 the cushion of thy flesh suck deep in  
 thy breath feel the fire of thy mouth  
 thy teeth fang-like to bite to dig deep  
 into this soul Ahhh to offer thy



mouth like unto a roses bloom dyed  
 red ast blood that blushes creep  
 along my cheeks maddened into  
 ecstasy unto √ sigh andst expire in  
 the voluptuousness of this

**l'Amour** of thee this soul  
 doth dally at the gate of thy mouth  
 loitering fluttering it doth pluck  
 sweet tunes upon those lips andst  
 upon the lips of √ all withered  
 blooms burst into fiery flames the  
 airs be blent with perfumed melodies  
 that sends the flesh of √ in fervid  
 fandagos swoon √ with dancing  
 limbs tapping out tarantellas upon  
 moonbeams Ahhh Ahh this soul

flies to thee like a spark of fire this  
 flesh ♪ ♪ quivering a flashing  
 gleam scintillating flesh of desire  
 Ohh my **l'Amour** fill up this  
 goblet of this soul fill it up with  
**l'Amour** that like the sun burns  
 fill it up till o'er flowing it bubbles  
 to drip upon the earth to burst into  
 blooms to cascade into bubbles of  
 perfume Ahh the eyes of ♪ weep  
 tears of joy weep tears of happiness  
 the tears of ♪ drip sublime to coat  
 the flowery blossoms in necklaces  
 of pearls the sighs of ♪ drop like  
 drops of musk andst the flesh of ♪

flames andst the blood of ♪ flows  
 hot andst this soul like a volcano  
 glows Ahhh Ahh this flesh doth  
 burn like a gem-like flame andst  
 satiated on **l'Amour** be ♪ But  
 But the the climax doth ♪ reach  
 whenst Ohhh begin ♪ to hear  
*Dido's Lament* echo thru the mind  
 of ♪ andst these songs of *A*  
*Coronal* andst *Vitae Summa*  
*Brevis Spem Nos Vetat*  
*Incohare Longam* ast my joys melt  
 away andst the sunny day ends  
 andst night falls in darkness begins  
 ast my weariness doth begin the

flesh grows flaccid andst the flowers  
 fade ennui seeps thru me languid  
 lassitude torpor creep o'er √ √ lay  
 weary with lassitude andst bored  
 with **l'Amour** ast the lips of √  
 grow pallid pressed against the lips  
 of thee ast the blood in the veins of  
 √ grows cold ast the breath of √  
 grows stale ast *Languor* fromst  
 the *Odor* of poppies and dead roses  
 seeps thru the flesh of √ *AST*  
**To** the ground the butterfly  
 drops withers andst turns to  
 dust