



le décadent à
c'est
l'Amour
noem
32C
DEAN

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c'est

l'Amour

POEM BY C
DEAN

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۱۶۱: a father advises his son about love

یوفص هرود، یدالیم ۱۵۵۶-۱۵۶۵ یماج گنروا تفه زا یگرب
Folio from a Haft Awrang (Seven Thrones) by Jami
(d. 1492); recto: a father advises his son about love; verso:
text 1556-1565 Safavid period Opaque watercolor, ink and
gold on paper H: 34.2 W: 23.2 cm Mashad, Khurasan,
Iran

*PUBLISHERS
INTRODUCTION*

*Ahh dean thy le
décadent à
c'est l'Amour*

**be it a cryptic work be it
naught but erotic rignarole
or be it some lofty tract on
love be it be like**

***Muhammad Ibn 'Ali Ibn
'Arabi Tarjuman al-
Ashwag*** either a love poem

masquerading as a mystical
 poem or be it a mystical
 poem expressed in the
 profanities of sensual
 earthly love *Ahh Dean in*
thy le décadent à
c'est l'Amour

doth the word love denotes
 like in the *Khurasani* poetic
 style earthly sensual love
 like of *Anzari Farrukhi*
Manuchihr Nasir-i
Kusrau or doth it denotes a

spiritual divine love like in
 the Iraqi poetic style like
 with the poems of Sa'di
 Khwaju Safiz But Ahh
 Dean thy **le décadent à**
c'est l'Amour hast
 echos of the Sufism of
 Rumi in his *Divan-e*
Shams-e Tabrizi andst
 what be its message Dean
 be it an account of the
 ascendance fromst earthly
 love to union in a mystical

**annihilation of self into a
singularity of union an
escape fromst the world of
non-being caged in accidents
or be it an awakening that to
see the real beauty of a thing
is to go beyond the things
accidents andst see it fromst
a seeing not based on
pleasure or even the senses
but a seeing that sees its
real beauty**

PREFACE

**Doth we ever ever see the beauty of
 a she or he or doth we only ever ever
 see the surface the superficial the
 contingent secondary the incidental the
 accidents the συμβεβηκός of a she or he
 Ahh doth say the mystic to see to see
 without seeing is the way to see the
 beauty of a she or he thenst we see the
 real beauty not hid by desire craving or
 pleasure or utility**

There commeth to the gate of ¶ a
 knocking a decadent whenst sayeth
 ¶ who be there the reply sayeth it be
 ¶ remained the gate closed the reply
 andst who art ¶ came the reply thou
 art thee seeth ¶ thee the beauty
 beyond what canst be seen loveth ¶
 thee the reply thee loveth ¶ commeth
 fromst thy lips of desire of fire thy
 love thy love be naught but what
 giveth thee pleasure ast sayeth al-
 Ghazali in thy ear seeth ¶ that ring
 that ring of servitude to baseness
 thy love be a veil that hiddeth ¶
 fromst thee ast sayeth Saint
 Augustine thou is what thee loves
 andst what thee loves is not ¶ but
 the accidents of ¶ thee seeth not ¶

but just the incidentals of ♪ thou
 only seeth the pot andst not the wine
 within the beauty of ♪ be veiled
 andst all thee seeths is non-being the
 gilded cage of the world Nay Nay
 sayeth ♪ the reply thee only seeths
 the baseness for thee be a base
 decadent be reply ♪ Nay Nay
 shall ♪ compare thee to a summers
 day

Nay Nay for about thy door lay
 the sighs of all those that beauty be
 their goal

The birds forget the mate of they and
 singeth only to thee

The moon leaves all the watery pools
 andst in thy eyes only shines

**The troubadours their ladies forget
andst singeth only to thee**

**The flowery blooms lack scent ast
their perfume only cometh fromst thy
breath**

Andst

**Petrarca Laura doth forget andst
singeth only to thee**

Andst

**Thee that love ♪ sayeth ♪ with
Dante Lady his poor heart is so
confirmed in faith that all of its
thoughts are but of serving thee thee
my beauty my love singeth of ♪ of
my woe at thy gate through which**

thou wont let go ♪ my woe pining
 for thee covered in dust at the gate of
 thee longing for the beauty longing
 for my love ast the bee longs for the
 bloom ast the chakor longs for the
 moon andst dare say ♪ ast the moth
 longs for the flame Ahh howeth the
 senses of ♪ boil burst into fiery
 light thy beauty stimulates
 The eyes of ♪ of thy sight
 The ears of ♪ of thy voice
 The nose of ♪ of thy perfume
 The flesh of ♪ of thy imagined touch
 The tongue of ♪ of thy imagined
 kiss Ahh no languorous beats of

the heart *♪* only throbbings with
 desires uncontrolled no soft kisses
 fromst *♪* but those with heated fires
 that stretch out to burn the flesh of
 thee fromst the gaze of *♪* upon thy
 beauty untold *Ahh* my beauty my
 love no peace doth thee giveth to me
 but only the senses of *♪* at war with
 each to each to be the first to feast
 upon thee my woe my pain my
 torment my beauty my love that thee
 doth the gate close that fills *♪* with
 despondency thee doth destroy *♪*
 with thy distain with thy words thee
 doth wound *♪* *Ahh* that the eyes of
♪ hadst not thy sight seen andst

that blind shouldst I hath been
 thenst this pain this woe o'er I
 wouldst not hath been Ohh Ohh my
 beauty my love the gate to open that
 my pain my woes grief andst
 sorrows willst thenst dissolve melt
 away andst these quivering of desire
 these quakes of fire these aches that
 burn the flesh of I canst May
 willst be satiated relieve I of this
 death into which I die into which
 perish I prisioned in this world
 without thee thy distain casts I into
 despair Ohh Ohh the gate do open
 andst giveth I Joy Joy in this
 world with thee where be the rose

perfumed the birds that sings to
 gain joy with eyes of *∫* feasting on
 the beauty of thee on thy vice that
 willst still the groans of *∫* and
 merry this world to make where the
 roses blush willst out crimson the
 sunset sun *Ahh* my beauty my love
 the gate open that thee shallst be
 mine *But But Ahhh* begin *∫* to see
 without seeing this misery of *∫* be
 due to the senses tyranny thenst the
 reply decadent thee thee throw off the
 robe of the senses andst be free reply
 doth *∫* be *∫* *Zulaykha* andst thee
Yusuf or be *∫* *Majnun* andst thee
Layla the reply decadent thee thee

throw of the robe of the senses andst
 be free see with out seeing the beauty
 of me know without knowing thy love
 for ♪ reply ♪ like Majnun
 tearfully cry ♪ Why Why hast
 thou made ♪ to love thee too
 intoxicated on thy beauty be Ohh
 thou hast given ♪ a thousand pains
 more painful thanst the roses thorn
 no pillow for ♪ to find release
 fromst these tears imprisoned woes
 andst sorrows crying sighing for thee
 Ohh this heart of ♪ of love is filled
 with thee this beauty this beauty be
 it more thanst ♪ canst see is it but
 some refection beyond the sight of

sense of me *Ahh* my beauty my love
 liveth *♪* for thy love that maketh the
 world beauteous for thee hast *♪*
 given all given all of me everything
 didst *♪* cast away for thee the
 reason of *♪* hast *♪* lost my mind
 my thoughts all be on thee my beauty
 my love *Ohh* my sighs my words be
 but the heart of *♪* singing my love
 ardent for thee my grief my woes my
 sorrows and pain be but my gift to
 thee of the depth of my love for thee
 of the depth of the love for thee of *♪*
♪ hast cast off the robe of the
 senses torn into threads for my love
 for thee become *♪* mad on thy beauty

mad *♪* in love with thee *Ahh* thy
 beauty radiates to infinity lights up
 the world filled with the love of *♪*
 for thee flowers fall o'er the earth
 perfuming andst all forms be filled
 with the beauty of thee see *♪* all
 forms be filled with the wine of thy
 beauteousness *Ohh* the airs be
 pungent with the scents of aloes
 andst musk fromst thy
 beauteousness the rose be but the
 reflection of thy beauty the moon be
 but the reflection of thy
 beauteousness *Ahh All All*
 sends *♪* into breathlessness into
 marvelling that *All All* be but the

reflection of thy beauty *All All* be
 but the likeness of thee thee be the
 bee the tree the flowery blooms *All*
All be but the beauty of thee loving
 thee see *∩* see *∩* see be but the
 loving of *All* beauty gets its beauty
 fromst thee the dust falls off *∩*
 andst the accidents dissolve away
 leaving only thee in thy rapturous
 beauty in thy intoxicating
 beauteousness raise *∩* on thy beauty
 to the sky thy beauty hast caught *∩*
 up andst whenst *∩* looketh at the
 moon only seeth thee no me seeth *∩*
 for *∩* doth exist in only thee like the
 watery drop disappears in the sea

doth I melt into thee rid of the
 accidents rid I of the veil rid of the
 dust that hid thee fromst me that hid
 me fromst thee Ahh the rapture the
 bliss bewildering ravishment thy
 beauty becomes visible to I in All
 things seeth I the beauty of thee
 andst fromst that seeing ascend I to
 union with thee Cometh Cometh
 beloved andst let us to union be
 severed fromst the world of things
 united in oneness in the unobstructed
 view of each which be naught but
 unions singularity whenst all
 dualities pluralities be naught but
 unreal existences accidents that veil

thee fromst true being *Ahh Now*
Now seeth *Ŷ* thee for thy true self
 with the senses rid illumination
 opens the mind of *Ŷ* andst my self
 dissolves away andst reason be with
Ŷ annihilated in the union with thee

ANDST

Ŷ in paroxysms of joy ejaculate forth
 my love for thee in union with thee

Knock Ŷ at the gate the reply who
 be there reply *Ŷ* it be thee the gate
 doth open for thee