



les voyages
du décadent

POEM
BY C
DEAN

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 COLIN
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fp : Illustration from Maxfield Parrish –
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Ahh what be this **les**
voyages du décadent
who knows be it a painting
or some esoteric tract full of
deep meanings
but for sure it doth paint
pictures that the great **Abu**
Abdullah Muhammad ibn

Battuta left out opalescent
 scenes of rapturous
 sensualities that the great
Marco Polo de confinio
Sancti Johannis Crisostomi
 left out Ahh thee travellers
 thy travels be not weeds to
 the roses of **les voyages**
du décadent

thy travels **Marco Polo**
 detto il **Milione** be boring
 they be the work of the
 priest who sees the flesh to

be hidden not talked about
 like the qādī Shams al-Din
 Abu' Abdallah
 Muhammad ibn' Abdallah
 ibn Muhammad ibn
 Ibrahim ibn Muhammad
 ibn Yusuf Lawati al-
 Tanji ibn Battuta but Ahh
 but these **voyages** be all
 perfume andst moonlight be
 bejewelled surfaces of rapt
 illusions delicate imageries
 andst euphonic rhythms
 andst harmonic rhyme with

elaborated patterns of sound
 painting pictures cameos of
 physical beauty andst
 attractiveness luring desires
 left out by Battutah andst il
 Milione Ahh these
 voyages be a scene thru a
 crack fromst a lightening
 flash an evavesent
 evaporating ephemeral
 attractivness here now
 thenst gone be that be the
 deep meanings or be they
 titillations flirtations

PREFACE

Ah to be world weary drained be of
 all passions driven by insouciance to
 find new sensations to seek unending
 experiences to kill ennui pain new
 impressions be that the game Ahh to
 be world-weary drained be of all
 passions driven by boredom tedium
 to seek out beautys narcotic
 cloaked in vapours of exquisiteness
 to languish in luxury luxuriating in
 beauty wasting away in the face of
 beauties exquisite Ahh Ahh to
 be world weary even beauties
 sensations heated passions be
 fleeting be all be momentary melt
 away everything ends but world
 wearyness

**Vanitas vanitatum, dixit
 Ecclesiastes Vanitas vanitatum, et
 omnia vanitas be writ by that King
 upon that parchment page full of
 Persian andst Aramaisms But
 But no Latin andst little Greek
 didst have I say I no interest to
 learn no curiosity that burns the
 brain with knowledges quest For
 For dam I say**

**Ohh this dreary life weary full of
 ennui me Ohh me drained of sap
 withered ast a leaf dry fromst all
 given to revel andst ungodly glee
 Ohh me Oh me full of lassitude
 andst boredoms bane where ast now
 no earthly things find favour in my**

sight Andst even unlike that Childe
 no concubines full of carnal companie
 do giveth √ any joys But But just
 just feed this pain this pain that
 drains all joys fromst √ at long
 time past didst enjoy √ Look
 Look that Joachim Beuckelaer
 with that Market Scene see

with that wench with that cock by
 the feet but now doth just leave √
 flat like some languid flaccid flowers
 stem lacking vigour say √ full of
 ennui me So So without a sigh
 didst √ set out to traverse the
 Paaynim shores andst to pass
 Earths central line to find to find life
 to find to climb the highest mount or
 deepest abyss to find to find life

Ohh life to feel the fires burn in this
 flesh of *J* to feel the blood churn
 andst boil in the veins of *J* at some
 at *ANYTHING* that canst
 give life to this burnt out flesh this
 flesh that fromst which no warmth
 commeth on its breath

Set *J* off the poet with stars around
 the head of *J* like a van Gogh night
 like Eugene Boch ast that young
 man of Frans Hals points at *J*
 why

Ast the shadows of *J* passes o'er
 the Still *Life* of *Sarmen*
 Steenwijck ast light fades o'er books
 andst instruments musical

Ahh ♪

**Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
a sky without cloud or sun**

**Take ♪ berth 'neath a starry night
upon a magnificently gilded and
painted cangia descending the Nile
as rapidly as fifty long flat oars
canst impel it Ahh which doth seem
to crawl over the furrowed water like
the legs of a gigantic scarabaeus
where the waters be diaphanous like
scarlet mist with tints of rapturous
loveliness tints of fire tints of pinks
scattering prismatic light painting
o'er the nights light Pompeian
frescos that dance that twirl curl
o'er the fuliginous face of the waters
opalescent Oh Oh for one of**

Cleopatras nights ast my shallop
 thro' the star-strown calm until
 another night in night that didst give
 ♪ recollections of the Arabian
 nights didst see ♪ she with the flesh
 of silk eyes those eyes clear water
 that lay 'neath the curves of those
 bended brows 'neath the fluttering eye
 lashes like butterfly wings that
 flutter she at me Ahh to be cloaked
 in the night with she we wraped
 flesh to flesh enclosed in the wing
 of night close that hair of she
 around the flesh of me with those
 hands those hands like with the shine
 of stars Ohh Ohh thet those eyes
 of she devour me let that liquidity
 drown ♪ into bliss drunk be ♪ on

those eyes wine Ohh Ohh looketh
 at that she graceful ast a willow-
 wand those lips of she sweeter
 thanst honey that doth attract that
 bee be that be me Ahh those eyes
 that do eclipse the sun in their
 brightness whennst Ohh whenst they
 do look wanton at ♪ Ahh those
 thighs of she be but pillars of
 paradise that lay betwixt Ahh let ♪
 let ♪ ♪ sigh sip fromst that fountain
 the tulip-coloured wine that doth
 drip drip upon the lip of ♪ to burst
 into meadow flowers of spring that
 fount coloured pearl frozen moon-
 beam syrup of roses that burns the
 lip of ♪ scented with the sighs
 fromst the scarlet lips of she

**Ahh Ahh the soul of ♪ be
languishing be drinking**

**Upon the blossom of the bosom of
she**

**Upon the plum-trees of the thighs of
she**

**Upon the heaven of the aqueous
fount of she**

**Ohh Ohh Looketh at she she with
cheeks pink ast anemones with those
ringlets of she be chains of
ambergris that with scented airs
uphold the lamp of a face of she**

**Ahh she be a thirsty gazelle with
lips of coral that the lips of ♪ long
to kiss that she that be a full moon
with eyes of narcissus with teeth**

glittering like seeds of pomegranates

Ahh that she with thighs of ivory

twixt lips laced ast like pearl

necklace with lips scented ast

camomile petals be the lips of she

But But

Be *Ÿ* bored full of ennui

Ahh *Ÿ*

Who would be doom'd to gaze upon

a sky without cloud or sun

Take *Ÿ* berth 'neath a starry night

'neath a new moon andst sail down

the *Banj Āb* across to the land of

Hind thenst to take berth 'neath a

starry night to sail down the

Narmadā that river that forms thru

its dancing and rising waves that

glows pellucid with beauty to see to

see those shes hid in tangled

Kadamba trees smelling of jasmine

'neath thunder that be the lust of ♪

Ohh Ohh see she those eyes those

eyes lined with kohl that jasmine

bud twixt thighs that gleam to my

eyes those eyes of she be purple

lilies that glow in mountain pools

that bud that bud two crescent

moons kamas bow furled out that

flesh ast polished lacquer Ohh

Ohhh that bud with filament red-like

flesh atop that full budded kimshuka

bloom Look Looketh at that she

with that peacocks grace andst that

calyx open twixt the thighs of she a

spray of neem flowers crowning pink

flesh Andst Look Looketh at

she that face the tints of mongo leaf
 ast jasmine flowers reach thirsty to
 that fount of liquidity that scents the
 airs with spring perfumes fromst
 she *Look Looketh* how the lips of
 she hid in garlands of scented bloom
 turn red at the sight of *J* with arms
 beckoning like swaying bamboo eyes
 those eyes like black flowers
 floating on waters kissed by
 moonlight that fount of flesh threads
 of siriss andst aruku grass coat
 that figurine flesh fragrant deep-
 petalled pink shimmering wet like
 liquid sapphire *Ohh Ohh* doth she
 loosen that night black hair of she
 loosening those lily petals andst yes
 andst thigh of she doth spread

revealing that mound of darkness
 midnight spreading that honey
 seeping fount luring the bees andst
 me *But Oh this Narmadā*
bringeths no joy to ♪

But But

Be ♪ bored full of ennui

Ahh ♪

Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
a sky without cloud or sun

Take ♪ berth 'neath a starry

night'neath a wanning moon on the

river Alph to the wailing of a

woman for her demon lover to reach a
jade terrace andst to sing new songs

new tunes that befall ♪ of those

shes those shes cloistered in those
boudoirs those palace harems

Look Looketh on the pillow tears
fromst weeping for he *But But*

Looketh in the faint glow of the
moon *I* swoon to see she with
blooms dainty laced in the hairs of
she perfumed cassia scent wafts up
thighs faint hint of dew upon those
lips wafting odours to the nose of
I Look Looketh at she floating in
clouds of musk scent looking in the
Lady Wen mirror that plum-
blossom twixt the thighs of she
filling boudoir with perfume drifting
veils of mist blent with peach scents
Ahh see see that pink calyx with
that crimson corolla furling fromst

the breath fromst the sighs of ♪

Look Looketh at that she laying on
kingfisher-tinted sheets andst mandarin
duck quilts 'neath Lo river moon
yellow butterfly skit ast blossoms
purple bloom shadows cast o'er lapis
lazuli knobs and emerald doors whilst
she Ohh that she perfumed flesh
pellucid in moonlight with those lips
twixt thighs curved like moth-eyebrows
she plucks see those lips dance their
movements languid dripping fragrant
dew upon the lips of ♪

But But

Be ♪ bored full of ennui

Ah What truth the Childe didst say

There is the moral of all human tales...

All treasures all delights that eye or ear Heart soul
could seek... Where are its golden roofs Where
those who dared to build