



**l'inferno è
amore**

(Iphis and

Janthe)

POEM BY C

DEAN

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FP: *Wall fragment with Two Women Roman 1-75 CE Plaster and pigment fresco*

**PUBLISHERS
INTRODUCTION
N**

Ahh what be this

l'inferno è

amore

**it doth seem to be perhaps
an Arcadia of old where the
tale be of love perhaps the
hell that love canst be where
or where perhaps as doth**

sing Lalus “No style is held for
base where love well named is “

**where love be but an enabler
of good verse or perhaps a
place where Love be ast
doth sing that love**

melancholy Dicus “Poor
painters oft with silly poets join
To fill the world with vain conceits..
[for Cupid be] nothing so an old false
knave he is”

**But either way the
essential point doth be**

whether thee doth agree with
Dicus or *Lalus* on what
good poesy be But is it ast
didst say *Discus* poesy to
be just pure music music be
verses chief ornament andst
its first andst final end only
the sound of words be the
thing not their meaning only
the quantity dactylus or
spondees or trocheus or
perhaps thee doth disagree

andst with *L*alus agree that
for poesy music be the
servant of verse for with
words the mind is pleased
before the ear for music
doth adorn the words andst
the poet doth look to the
beauty of words so dear
reciter like the peacock peck
of these seeds thrown writ
inst purple on the birds
dancing feet

PREFACE Andst do I

**write with wit upon unnatural things
 Ney for what doth we do be but
 natural too I say Ahh but many do
 pontificate upon what be good andst
 what be bad with flatteries andst
 praise inst thy pocket they do piss
 andst use reason to their point to
 prove andst to maintain but I with
 words that strut like peacocks with
 pink tints the pens beak of I doth
 write with wit smeared in gold upon
 this page the birds little feet stained
 purple do but print my words that a
 forms beauty transforms whenst
 transmutes the form**

Two youths in love of this tale will tell
 both a she but one she the other
 thought a he to each betrothed to wed
 where one didst dream of the husband
 she wanted to love the other pined for
 not being a he but both didst be full of
 innocence ast their harts didst beat but
 lovingly But Ahh the other inst turmoil
 didst boil for she was not a he but loved
 that other she andst inst anguish at for in
 those times her love for that she be
 unnatural love that she hadst for she So
 this tale of woe tells of what hell that to
 each fromst their love upon them befell

**Oh the groans do race fromst this mouth
of J high treble that doth blow the pains
of my hart towards the sky that doth
darken Phoebuses light to turn his cheeks
fromst red crimson to grey fromst day to
night my cries of woe do blast that do lay
waste to my hart fromst which my sorrows
are cast fromst this babbling tongue of J
cry out shout inst this Hell that J be
placed since thee Ohh thee J cant enjoy
inst wedlock andst but this frustration
but doth enflame my ardour the more that
fromst that fount twixt mine thighs the
heated fumes do but rise ast fromst a
furnace that the fumes do upon each hair
that that fountain surround of J flicker
like pearls like dew around the Calla lily
the stars the moon that light the Venus
mound**

Verily vent I I do say that thy looks do
but do melt my flesh away thy lips so
small as cherries to be sucked thy little
hands thy small dainty wrist that Ohh I
long for my lips those lips to but pluck
that lily of I by thy lips pressed twixt
that mellow plum so sweet so juicy to be
but kissed that that opens that portal
incarnadine Oh thy voice so high andst
so sweet that my ears upon do feast
whilst my eyes upon thy neck slim lily-
like do I my eyes imprison andst of thy
flesh do peck that with each bite more
famished do become that satiety I do
reject for thenst I my eyes willst always
long for thy sight upon which be loves
effect of thy plump flesh so soft that be
my Elysium thy stature such dainty form
that my soul upon my breath soars aloft

**Ohh the cries of I do like thunder
 sound ast mine eyes upon the eyes
 of thine do spark like lightning that
 doth flash ast mine hart doth pound
 but Oh the torment this Hell where
 in my flesh such passions dwell that
 Ohh cannot ever satiated be upon
 that flesh of thine that Alas the
 tears of I do flow fromst my eyes
 that fill with steam the streams
 andst to rivers thenst the sea heated
 fromst my marrow that doth burn
 Oh that Oh Daedalus couldst
 transform I like Caeneus to turn
 these tears to blooms my sighs to
 perfumes andst my flesh to rise**

Oh that our wedding bedding night be I do
proclaim be ast I hast read inst ancient tales
of howeth satyrs the nymphs that fled didst
plant their manhood within those pools of
aqueous light Ohh do Ohh do my dreams
wonder doth looketh thee ast is told of
Priapus Ahh that thought doth burn my
pride that whenst merge we two whose
flesh doth smoking be where these ivory
globes of I so chaste shall be upon thy lips
chased be andst this maiden I be by thee
conquered that the cheeks of I do the roses
hue do take in blush ast to my lily the blood
doth rush ast we doth play canopied by the
stars that we our joys do sustain to covert
each andst inst our indulgence we be led to
no surfeit but ast the greedy for their gold
we Yea we in intemperance willst never
say ney we never fromst each be satiated
into fulfilments gain But But inst hunger
for each our lust to maintain

Ahh that my flesh would rise upon
 that wedding night whenst thee andst
 me be wed for ast hind to stag thee
 wouldst bark andst like ewe to ram
 thee wouldst bleat ast mare to
 stallion on heat to neigh *Ahh But*
But Ahh that *ŷ* be that bull to the
 cow that be thee that upon thy scent
 my limb wouldst rise mine eyes to
 sparks to shoot andst mine breath
 heated vapours that do froth upon
 mine lips that be my love that drips
 andst around my horn doth glisten
 ast liquid fire that doth the sky alight
 ast do *ŷ* bite we engaged with
 passions fumes our love assuaged

With the genius of thy listening listen
 Cometh Cometh my love my Love for love of
 thee forsooth doth surge thru my limbs my
 flesh my breath heated fumes of loves
 desires Ahh with the mist of thy breath
 fromst the kiss of I with thy sighs kiss that
 Calla lily of my flesh flashed with fires the
 froth around my lips with melodious tunes
 I whilst sigh ast we do music make clasped
 side to side Cometh Cometh ast thee ast the
 bee andst flutter around this bloom of I that
 be the orchard upon which thee doth
 swarm with thy kiss Commeth Cometh ast
 the bird andst press thy lips to my lily fresh
 andst mush and crush thy lips to that fig
 mushy squash that flesh to ooze sweet
 perfumes to coat our flesh thy lips the
 aidance of our lust there the pleasure lies
 with thy mouth upon that mouth of I thy
 tongue inside I Ohh Ohh whilst I do sigh

But Ohh the prayers of I be
 granted that I Yee I to that
 which I didst long the wrong to be
 to mend that our wedding night
 couldst be ast nature didst intend
 andst now willst I drink I midst
 the oceans waters to my fill to thirst
 for thee no more to be free fromst
 that snare into which be I born
 andst now thee willst be mine to
 mine for those treasures till the morn
 Hear the alters rattle the doors to
 tremble andst Ye see that horn to
 shine ast the moon ast I transform
 transmute thru some alchemy to burst
 a new bloom new life a new dawn

Ahh looketh fromst a beauteous form
thee hast somehow reversed the butterfly
back to the worm nature deformed those
coral lips once swollen flesh be but strips
of red upon a complexion that once wast
fair but now be but some pale skin upon
some strange form where once was ivory
flesh sweet dimpled that my sight didst
admire andst didst light my fire be now
my distain that doth bringeth I pain
looketh thy dainty fingers be but now long
swollen stems of some knurled withered
bloom like snakes that curl to reach and
slime round their prey that alabaster flesh
now pallid eyes once circled with sweet
hues those azure globes now be but fetid
puddles ooze But Oh thy voice fromst that
bird-like treble to groaning bass thy vile
looks do more deface

Ahh howeth I do see with new eyes to
 smell the scents with new sense to hear
 the sounds with new ears Ahh all be new
 andst so profound But wait thee my she
 my Love doth seem to be a new thing thru
 this new form of I thy beauty that was
 once the hart of I to persuade to love
 andst lust now doth be some boring waste
 that doth but stain my hart with its bane
 where once didst see I but the face of
 Venus surrounded by her doves now but
 see I some Erinye that doth in this place
 that now be hell torment I to make my
 eyes to flight inst fright fromst the one I
 to be to wed aghast I seek to flee that
 sight andst with shame my cheeks do
 flame at the thought that once thy cheeks I
 didst boast of beautys blush andst with
 all my lust upon thee I didst seek to rush

Oh the terror the hell that hast I befell
that he to me in that wedding bed
whilst conjoin with I Love-sick I of he
whose eyes do but trespass upon mine
flesh to sour the blood inst my veins
to make wrinkles to streak my face
andst to wither mine flesh to send
fromst those lips that sung of joy but
now but woes andst cries that crack my
lips to split my tongue to a bloody
wound that doth send form but wailing
sounds Ahh take thee away for thy
sight but doth bringeth me but grief
andst fear and horrors of thy embrace
that fromst thy touch my flesh with
plague becomes that I do scratch out
my eyes that I myself benumb

**Ohh the night hath come andst to that bed
 that be my hell I do to lie with thee but
 with distain repulsions my bowls do
 contain andst so to natures task with
 despair my cheeks with sorrow wear for
 Where once those lips where pouting red
 but now all colour hast fled**

**Where once that hair be woven light now
 be but a nest of snake woven tight**

**Where once thy scent be heaven sent but
 now Oh now all thy flesh be with odours
 spent**

**Andst now all my days till the fates
 doth my thread to cut be with sorrows
 filled and grief andst pain on each new
 morrow**

No joyance doth this wedding bed to bring
for to looketh upon thine eyes

The hue of thy flesh to the view of I doth
quake my flesh andst all pleasure to
dispose andst fill that hole with just
lamenting woes for

Oh for thy voice didst me to heaven bring
but that voice doth now all my woes to sing

Oh that neck of thine so slim so divine but
that neck doth now my sight to decline

Oh thy breath so lily sweet that didst my
soul release but now but now that breath
doth but my pain increase

So that my grief canst find some peace to
sleep to torpor I seek release fromst that
form that doth repulse I to cold and so to
sleep with tears upon mine that scold that
that do upon each eyelash of I flicker like
pearls like around the moon stars untold