

**LOVE**

**Poem by c dean**

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# **Publishers forward**

## *Dionysian vs Apollonian*

**Many argue that Shakespeare sonnet 147 is one of the greatest love poem ever written**

<http://www.thehypertexts.com/Best%20Love%20Poems.htm>

## *Sonnet 147*

by William Shakespeare

My love is as a fever, longing still  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,  
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
 My reason, the physician to my love,  
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
 Desire is death, which physic did except.  
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest.  
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,  
 At random from the truth vainly expressed,  
     For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,  
     Who art as black as Hell, as dark as night.

**this to my mind is just blind acceptance of the cannon and tradition- a tradition that is ossified**

and a cannon that is locked within past time and has not moved on with the times a tradition and cannon that only appreciate the *Apollonian* and devalues and rejects the *Dionysian*. If we look at Shakespears poem we see words though clever that have no emotion no passion

Shakespeare's poem is well crafted but craftsmanship does not make a poem full of passion as neither do just words it only makes it technically good Shakespears poem is all in the head all very intellectual *Apollonian* in fact – which appeals for an age that is all in the head an age that is emotionally repressed emotionally stunted an age that cant express emotion such as love or desire except through intellectual mean an age that can only appreciate love through the mind and intellect. Shakespeares poem is castrated by its use of metre *Metred* poetry cannot convey real emotions real passions as it is a product of the mind all very intellectual Now in contrast this poem "*Love*" is *Dionysian* dithyrambic in mood full of passion desire longing which you can feel hear and experience in ones soul Take these

**opening lines and compare them with  
Shakespeares**

“My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease,  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill”

“Breathe thy hot breath into my ear

Breathe thy hot breath that I can hear the pounding of thy heart for  
I to hear thy soul cry out for I “

**Shakespeares talks of his love being a fever yet  
we do not feel this fever his fever is just of the  
mind Deans lines convey clearly the pssion of  
love we feel we hear that passion**

**Take these lines from Shakespeares**

“And frantic-mad with evermore unrest.  
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are”

**Again s Shakespeare talks of frantic thoughts  
and discourse of a madman yet this is just  
words his lines do not convey any frantic or mad  
discourse –all just words and intellect**

**Yet take Dean lines**

“Oh oh give me thy soul along the flesh of I give me thy soul to  
make my eyes to cry my love for thee oh come beloved and make  
my heart to thud and my veins to sing with thy lips make my ears  
ring with the love thee does to I”

**Clearly we hear the heart soul of longing of love**

**Shakespeares lines are lifeless dead nothing of his heart comes through only his mind is talking he is not speaking from a heart of love but only from a mind that intellectualizes love his beloved would feel nothing from Shakespeare except his attempt to be clever. Now Deans opening lines convey the lovers soul their heart sings which the reader reading out aloud can hear feel experience Deans poem is full of soul where Shakespeares poem is full of intellect Deans poem is full of passion where Shakespeares poem is full of only words Deans poem is full of life where Shakespeares poem is full of liveliness mere words that convey no emotion Deans poem is full of exquisite melodies rapturous mellifluous sounds and intoxicating rhapsodies Shakespeares poem just beats out monotonously a lifeless rhythm metre in iambic-pentameter with the rhyme scheme *ABABCDCDEFEFGG* that conveys no emotion.**

**It comes down to the whether one appreciates the Dionysian or Apollonian. For the repressed the sexually hung up the emotional zombie then perhaps Shakespeares poem may suit but for the uninhibited the alive the soul full of passion and life for one whose sap bubbles up in their veins whose sap boils in their veins Deans poem will bring delight**

# **Forward**

**Love that ache that quake  
that quiver of flesh that  
tremble of the heart when  
for our love we longingly  
sigh oh the raptures when  
we on our love do lie oh  
loves longings love pinings  
oh those soft moans soft  
sighs for the one we  
longingly do long for sigh**



**Breathe thy hot breath into  
my ear**

**Breathe thy hot breath that  
I can hear the pounding of  
thy heart for I to hear thy  
soul cry out for I**

**Linger on my neck**

**Linger on my neck with  
thy soft kiss kiss my neck  
with the soft touch of thy  
soul linger linger and sigh  
out thy soul o'er the flesh  
of I with thy soft kiss**

**breathe out thy love for ♪  
from the soul of thine  
warm my flesh burn my  
flesh with the hot passion  
of thine**

**Oh oh give me thy soul  
along the flesh of ♪ give  
me thy soul to make my  
eyes to cry my love for thee  
oh come beloved and make  
my heart to thud and my  
veins to sing with thy lips  
make my ears ring with the**

love thee does to ♪ do  
bring oh oh ever so slowly  
run thy lips o'er the neck of  
♪ kiss dabbing dab dab  
dabbing with thy lips along  
the veins of ♪ to heat them  
with the passion of thee  
kiss the meadow of my lips  
as bees suck upon the roses  
sweet nectar in spring  
fields kiss my neck with  
slow languid licks kiss  
upon my lips the

**foundation of all thy  
dreams suck upon the lips  
of ♪ as drunkards suck  
from the wineskins sweet  
scented mouth oh beloved  
rap me up in the dreams of  
thee rap me up in thy kisses  
sweet dab out sonnets of  
sweet kisses along the  
flesh of ♪ oh beloved pour  
thy loving soul into the  
mouth of ♪ pour out thy  
love thru my lips like the**

**tulip-colored wine that tints  
the Sufis lips ♪ will set  
my lips upon thy lips a  
drinking upon thy scarlet  
rose-budded lips drinking in  
thy soul as babies eyes do  
sup upon its mothers eyes  
oh to sigh to sigh with  
rapturous delight to sigh to  
sigh immersed in thy heated  
breath that breathes o'er ♪  
thy desire for ♪ bite with  
thy puffy lips the lily-stem**

**of my neck suck with the  
spongy lips of thee the  
rose-bud lips of ♪ run thy  
fingers thru the panther  
shadow hair of ♪ curl the  
hyacinth curls of ♪ round  
thy fingers tip and into love  
knots twirl the braids of ♪  
a garden of spring blooms  
is the face of ♪ drink up  
the honey of my eyes spill  
sweet scented odor on my  
face from the sighs of thee**

**come beloved come the  
sighs of thee are sighs of  
the cooing doves the sighs  
of the nightingale for its  
beloved rose oh beloved  
come come**

**my lips are sweet peaches  
for thee**

**my face a perfumed bloom  
for thee**

**my hair a garden of delight  
for thee**

**my breasts are as soft as  
warm cream upon which  
glows crests of red fire  
brighter than diamond light  
my breasts are a garden of  
delight twin domes white  
hued milk-like upon their  
soft flesh thee would hear  
the pounding of my heart  
thudding out melodies of  
sweet tuned ghazals for  
thee my breasts are softer  
than babies bums my**



**breasts are softer than the  
down along love birds  
beating throats  
oh beloved run thy tongue  
around the red turgid teats  
of ♪ pull them with thy  
teeth pull them with thy  
lips and nibble that fiery  
flesh those teats syrupy  
sweet lick round my  
spongy orbs rounded  
pomegranates and of that  
succulent flesh suck up into**

**thee all the love fluids of  
me**

**oh come beloved come give  
my lips the lips of thee and  
let me suck into me all the  
joys of the world from thee  
let me clasps my lips to  
thee and my veins to burst  
into red flames of delight  
from the burning kiln-like  
lips of passion of thee oh  
oh ♪ sigh oh oh ♪ cry  
beloved ♪ am burning up**

**with desire for thee that the  
heated breath of my sighs  
the earth do parch and all  
the oceans to become dry  
come beloved I am thy  
flowery bloom for thee the  
bee**

**I spread the lips of I for  
thy nectar sipping lips**

**I be a garden of beautiful  
flowers in which thee canst  
roam happily**

**♪ be fainting with the  
longing of thee for me  
♪ be fainting with my  
longing for thee oh come  
beloved ♪ sigh into a  
swoon do ♪ sigh upon the  
sweet lips of thee my sighs  
are as butterflies winging  
upon golden light  
my sighs are as the cooing  
of love doves in flight  
my sighs are as the many  
petaled blooms waving in**

**the worlds scented  
meadows  
my sighs are all the  
flowery blooms of all the  
gardens of the world  
wafting to thy nose their  
scented perfume oh beloved  
come graze thy lips o'er my  
rippling flesh  
♪ be the worlds orchards  
of pulpy fruit for the tongue  
of thee**

**♪ be the fig mushy soft for  
the lips of thee  
press thy tongue into me  
slip its tip up my slit and  
languidly slither it along  
the scarlet crease  
run that tongue of thee  
along the Ganges stream of  
me  
run that tongue of thee thru  
the frothy foam that flows  
fromst my pink rimmed hole  
to froth o'er the earth like**

**streaming milk white-like  
like moonlight coating the  
earth in silvery frost let thy  
tongues tip dally along that  
ribbon of velvet aqueous  
ooze shimmering like a  
sliver of moon light upon a  
frost covered pond in  
orange mist  
languidly lick languidly  
dally in that furrow of  
lustrous humid scented  
light run up the slit of ∩**

**flick with thy tongues tip  
the tip of my clit that jade-  
like bud that grape of soft  
turgid flesh tickle its tip  
with thy feathery tongue  
tickle its tip fluttering thy  
tongue butterfly-like tease  
that shiny gem of my  
delight place thy mouth o'er  
that bud and suck suck oh  
do suck it as sucking the  
wines skins amber throat  
pull back its hood with thy**



**pulpy lips and breathe o'er  
that pounding blood gorged  
dick-fem all the sighs of  
thy desires run thy lips  
down the pouting fleshy  
lips that spread flowery  
like run thy mouth down  
those salmon pink petals  
run thy tongue down around  
the lips edge and taste the  
fluids of my desire lick up  
the dew that sparkles like  
glittering stars lick up the**

**dew that gleams round my  
cunts hole like stars that  
bejewel the moons bright  
silvery face**

**come beloved and my cunt  
adore come my beloved my  
cunt ♪ give to thee for thee  
to see**

**that oasis of my cunts hole  
that honeyed wine negus  
that lotus pond scented by  
the saffron hued nenuphar**

**that mouth o'er flowing with  
nepenthes all that exquisite  
luxurious gorgeousness that  
luscious plentitude of enflamed  
flesh that copiousness bountiness  
of female fruitfulness come beloved  
come and dine on this o'erabundant  
flesh of ♪ my banquet table of  
delights my banquet table with all  
the ravishments of all the world  
come beloved come dine upon ♪ all  
♪ give to thee**

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