

Orgasme

noem

BYC

DEAN

# orgasme

## POEM BY C

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PressGamahucher press west geelong Victoria 2024 P.1

Jupiter et Sémélé Gustav Moreau 1894-5 P.2 Observed

in a Dream – 1911 Egon Schiele P.3 “Danae” Gustav

Klimt P.4 Seated girl masturbating Gustav Klimt P.6 A

Sultry Dream Nicolas François Octave Tassaert



# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

## orgasme

thee doth. But say idealism

I doth say Ahh fuck

idealism thee doth say well

if thee doth want realism

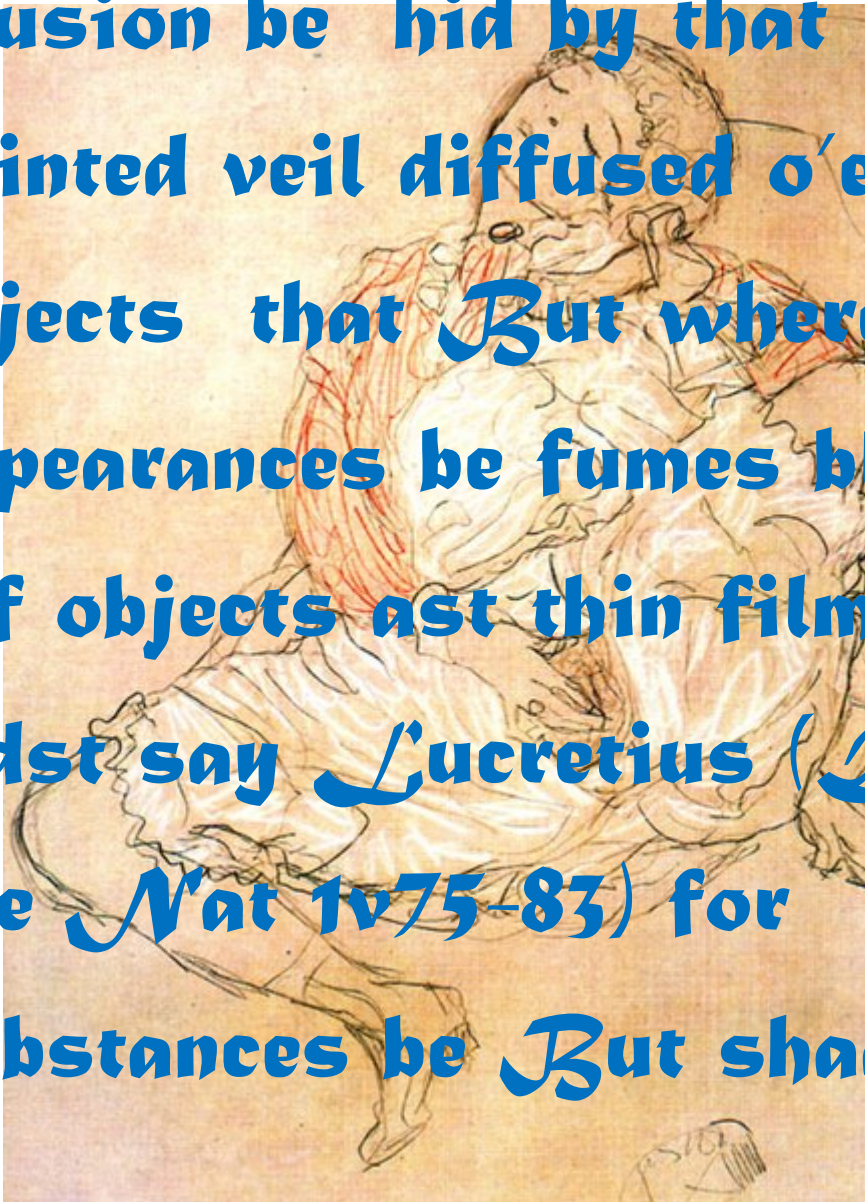
thenst I say thee canst have

thy way for thee be But

naught a shadow inst thy

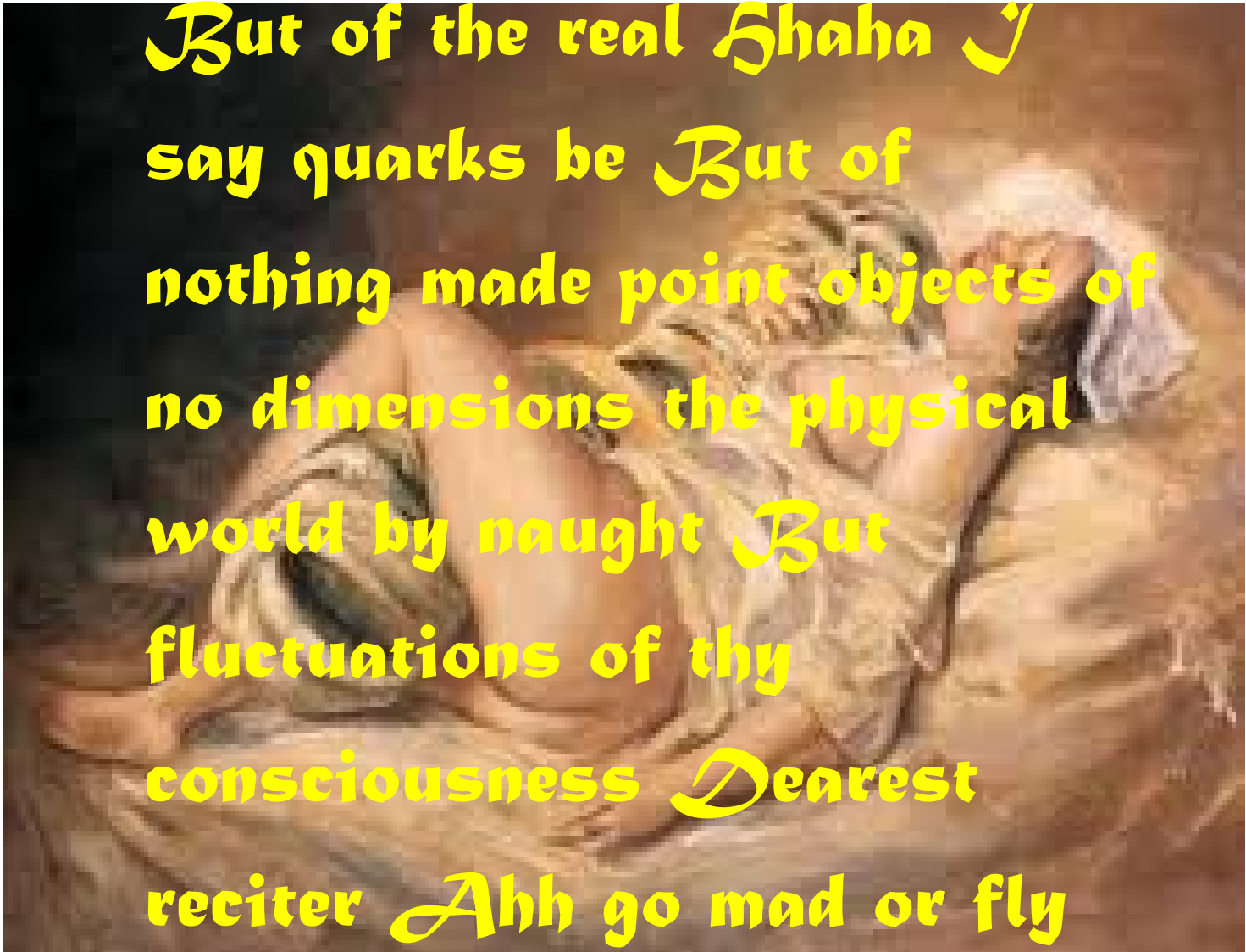


theatre inst thy abyss of  
 nihility ast didst But say  
 Philocles inst Barthelemy  
 v1 397-8 all objects be  
 illusion be hid by that  
 painted veil diffused o'er all  
 objects that But where  
 appearances be fumes blown  
 off objects ast thin films ast  
 didst say Lucretius (*De  
 Re Nat* 1v75-83) for  
 substances be But shadows



andst thee *Dearest* reciter this poet  
doth *But* drop thee inst the abyss  
that thee if too enfeebled be willst to  
*But* languish *But* there for this  
poet doth taketh thee onst a journey  
'mongst a splendour of shadows to  
weave back the unweaved rainbow  
shattered by that cold philosophy  
of say *Apollonius* to bringeth back  
that *Dead Pan* fromst whenst he  
doth hide for the real be *But* naught  
*But* the ideal all illusions  
bubbling fromst thy minde  
all things be thy creation that  
be thy realism thee doth want

to see no thee say science be



But of the real Shaha J  
 say quarks be But of  
 nothing made point objects of  
 no dimensions the physical  
 world by naught But  
 fluctuations of thy  
 consciousness Dearest  
 reciter Ahh go mad or fly

andst touch the sky with thy  
 imaginings inst the bliss of  
 thy orgasme

# PREFACE *Vilia miretur*

vulgus; mihi flabus Apollo Pocula  
 Castalia plena ministret aqua **Ahh what  
 balderdash what trumpery to waste thy inke  
 to spill thy writers minde with such  
 rhetoric that doth But stain the page of  
 vellum not with golden lines or coloured  
 leaves But all we doest finde be But an  
 attempt to deceive with wit we doest admit  
 But thy fame to us thee doth not gain for  
 humbler wits this shepherds pipe doth sing  
 inst a simpler vaine andst doth he pour out  
 his wit uponst his breath that doth breathe  
 words for common mindes so let the elite  
 dote onst complex things to wonder andst  
 not to see But simplicity andst let my  
 reciters drink my Muses wine fromst my  
 Apollos cup andst of that other wit to  
 distaine andst those of vulgus mindes see  
 what the elite that wonder at lofty things  
 cant But to gain**

Ahhh Ohhhhhh what be that  
orgamse that quake of flesh that  
shudder Ohh to clamp thy lips to fold  
thy lips Ohh Ahh limbs doth tremble  
the breath Ohh doth But catch fire  
flames leap fromst thy flesh the eyes  
roll the eyes close close to the little  
death Yet Ohh quivering flash along  
limbs breath heated rush the feeling  
sensations burn Ohh turns the eyes  
Ohhhh faster faster the rush to flush  
the blush Ohh to cum Ohh the hush  
Ohh to melt inst the gush Ahhh



**Andst Ahh inst a hush didst But**  
**♪ to sneak to peek inst the Deans**  
**room with light like flickering fire-**  
**flies that doth seep fromst phials**  
**andst chalices andst lamps that be**  
**each andst each flower-like that seep**  
**liqueurs sweet perfumed like ast of**  
**poppies andst mandragora syrups**  
**that doth But seem to ast inst a**  
**dream the minde of ♪ to float inst a**  
**mist within his chamber painted inst**  
**colours of vibrant hues that doest**  
**But dance uponst strange shapes**  
**strange things dispersed within his**  
**world that no deuized words of wit**  
**couldst uponst some papyri's to be**

writ inst his *Almas* room where be  
 such many tomes andst scrolls andst  
 his works of *Saturnian Archimage*  
 writ with such strange device andst  
 strange thoughts that cant be told  
 that weave thru thy minde ast a  
 spider spreads her webs to spin  
 those threads so fine those silken  
 lines of light to catch thee to awake  
 or to blinde didst *Ÿ* finde inst his  
 chamber of shadows where bye all  
 that didst *Ÿ* see be *But* thin films  
 thrown off of shadows for he *Ohh*  
 he didst lift that painted veil that  
 hangeths o'er all things ast if *But* a  
 dream we see for he *Ohh* he floats

within his room a splendour among  
 shadows for unlike that Preacher he  
 didst But seem to see beneath the  
 dream to truth to wisdom andst all  
 Ye all that all know not what it  
 mean But didst I see light to  
 sparkle interspersed uponst the  
 rooms curved dome that didst to drip  
 to uponst the floor to foam mist  
 gleaming light steaming drops of  
 gold purple rain plumes of fire light  
 flecked the tomes to azure flowers of  
 blooms thru the room uponst the  
 walls the flesh of I to dance Ohh  
 to dance ast I didst a tome uponst  
 mine to glance to read to skip to flick

**As** the shadows intervoled uponst  
 those volumes ast braided vines or  
 wove ast Gordian twine I didst  
 with those tomes Ohh Ohh such  
 delights to finde writ inst such  
 charactery Ohh sigh I so Ohh so  
 I so that sigh I more the more I  
 sigh the more that read I of Ohhhh  
 so much amour that blush I so  
 Ohh so I blush that thee to know  
 Ohh the thoughts of I the blush of  
 Ohh to want to want Ohh to know  
 thy knowing of Ohh my maidenhead  
 of I to want to be a going Ohh  
 that flesh of I that flesh Ohh my  
 flesh doth to But to churn whenst

**onst these words it began to burn "it is a glittering, rosy, moist, honied, heavy-petalled four-petalled flower."**

**Ahh that flesh ast ripe fig to swell to burst to Ohh to soak the panty of ♪ that spot wet juice to spread Ohh Ohh fromst the shadows doth But creep doth But seep doth But Ohh Oh to weave the shadows doth But flow Oh the "La Jota" de Santiago de Murcia of 3 baroque guitarists Harp Psaltery & percussion doth weave thru shadows of he that doth roam a splendour among shadows doth the shadows o'er the flesh of ♪ doth foam doth**

**Ohh doth the flesh of *Ÿ* doth burn  
 ast doth *Ÿ* read doth *Ÿ* heave**

A flower has blossomed the worldhearts core  
 The petals and the leaves were a moon-white  
 flame

A-Gathered the flower the colourless lore  
 The abundant meadow of fate and fame  
 Many men may gather and few may use  
 The sacred oil and the sacred cruse

**Ahh come *Ÿ*e come lick to sip inst  
 mine cruse of flesh ripe fruit-fig –  
 flesh Come Oh Satyres andst  
*Ÿ*uans andst Silenus scurry round  
 to lick the wine that spills fromst  
 that pouting mound to sup to sip to**

**dance inst a bacchanal inst bliss  
 uponst this that fromst these lips  
 doth bubble andst to hiss ast doth ♪  
 read Ohh doth read ♪**

Let none else touch the just  
 new-budded flower;

                  If not—may my eyes  
 close,

                  Love, on their last  
 repose!

**Ohh Ohh the shadows along the  
 panty crease doth slip up down round  
 Ohh my mound doth Ohh seem the  
 lips to fire to flames spread wide  
 'neath cloth Ohh the fruity-flesh —  
 pulped-bloom doth arc inst curves of  
 flesh ast the fancies of ♪  
 uncircumscribed doth But rainbow  
 weave to fly Ohh to fly imaginings**

**uponst the shadows that dance to  
 skip to lick Ohhh lick along that  
 panty seam ast doth read ♪ ♪ read  
 Ohh Ohh ast that juice doth froth  
 to foam Ohh to seep inst cloth wet  
 spot to grow Ohh ast ♪ read ♪  
 read ♪ Ohh She ...**

Then suck'd their fruit globes fair or red:  
 Sweeter than honey from the rock,  
 Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,  
 Clearer than water flow'd that juice;  
 She never tasted such before,  
 How should it cloy with length of use

**Ohh so Ohh doth billow the flesh  
 taper-flames that uponst the shadows  
 doth But within the frame the flesh  
 to claim dallying the shadows doth**



the hollows of flesh to foam to roam  
 those shadows ast breath uponst  
 mine flesh to breathe ast √ doth the  
 hips of √ to heave to kiss the breeze  
 of those shadows that flow to glow  
 entwining mine lips 'neath cloth damp  
 the lips dance fruit pink curves  
 hang those lips ast ripe fruit-figs-  
 blooming flesh to melt inst to cloth  
 juice to ooze gooey juice to seep thru  
 cloth the flesh of thighs to wet to  
 gleam to steam ast doth √ read read  
 √ She suck'd until her lips were sore Ohh  
 that flesh crimson-mouthed shells  
 impearled with dew juice the curls  
 the furls pearls studded flesh uponst  
 the shadows ast breath to light the  
 flesh tips hot glowing globes of fire

**alight Ohh alight my flesh to seep to  
 melt to oooze Ohh to ooze thru  
 cloth deep holes to seep stars that  
 glint to glow to gleam spangles of  
 light flesh tipped Ahh stars to read  
 ♪ ♪ to read Ohh to hope to long to  
 crave Ohh to Ohh**

Having sucked deep  
 In a sweet peony,  
 A bee creeps  
 Out of its hairy recesses.

**Those lips slippery wet to ooze  
 Ohh twinkling bliss the shadows  
 uponst mine flesh fruit-squishy-pulp-  
 froth the lips of ♪ kisses the  
 shadows heavy press Ohh the  
 bliss pleasure endless kisses  
 melodies doth the sighs of ♪ to echo  
 thru this shadow land of he sweet**

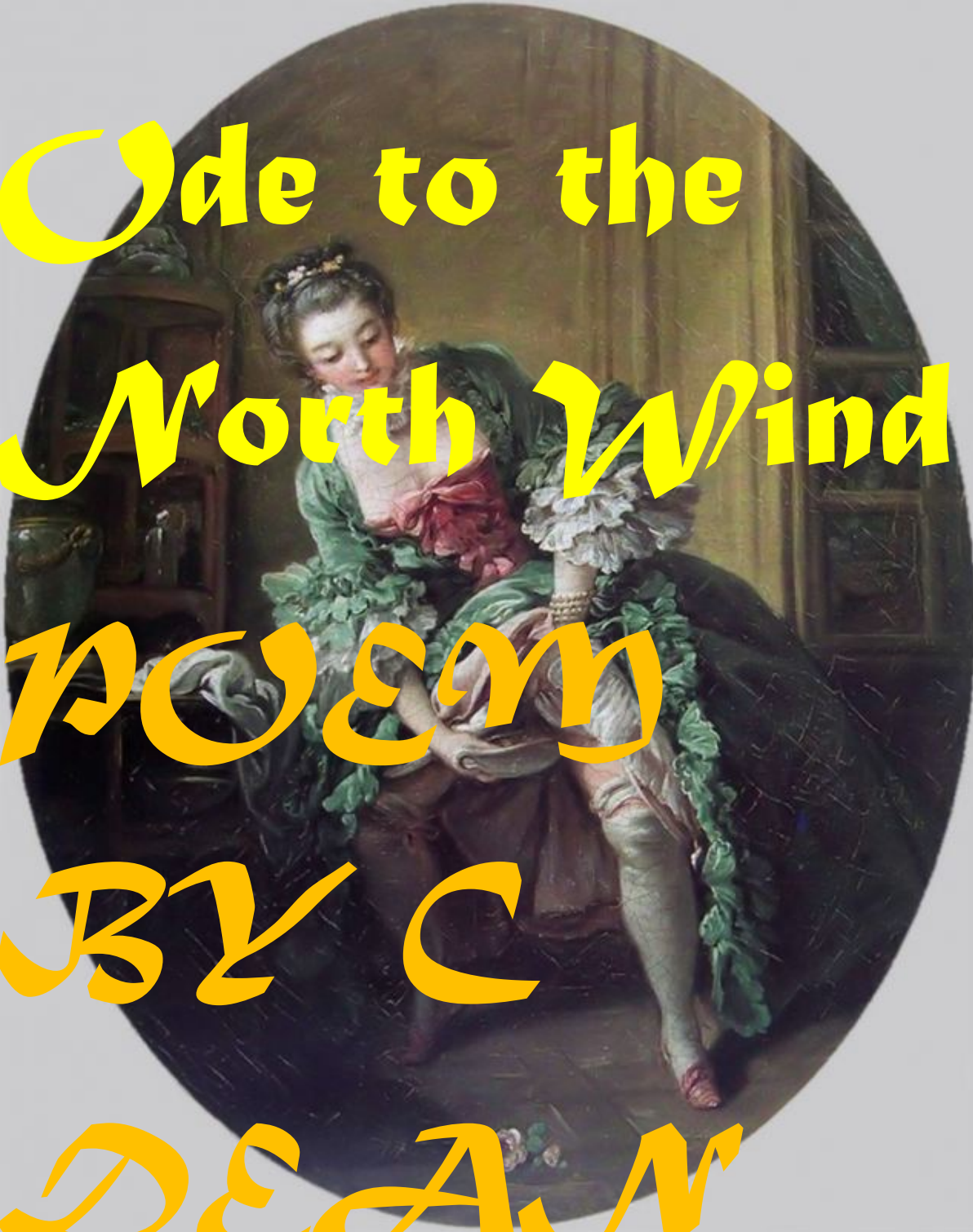
**music doth fromst those juicy lips  
 doth go tinting globes of coloured  
 hues flowers of light rippling onst  
 my pleasant sighs ast juice fromst  
 cloth doth splash to burst to myriad  
 thousands of beads of fiery light  
 bright along lips thighs Ohh Ohh ♪  
 sigh ast ♪ read ♪ read ♪ How my  
 face, your flower, had pursed  
 Its petals up; so, here and there  
 You brush it, till I grow aware  
 Who wants me, and wide ope I burst **to burst**  
**Ohh to burst forth that froth of**  
**juice Ohh Ohh doest But Come**  
**Come Samardryades andst Nymphs**  
**Come Ohh Come Naiades to skip**  
**to flick Ohh to lick mine lips flock**  
**Ohh Ye all bold that hole that doth**  
**seep fig-ooze-sweet goo-juice****

**Flock Ohh to flock to the lips of √  
 drink of √ that crystalline fluidity  
 that doth boil fromst that chasm of  
 so bright like juice furnace tight fires  
 Ahh recline √ Ahh quivering  
 within shadows that Ohh lick √  
 mine flesh ast read read √ to read**

Between thy lips are laid to sleep:  
 Within thy breath, and on thy hair  
 Like odour, it is lingering yet  
 And from thy touch like fire doth leap—  
 Even while I write, my burning cheeks  
 are wet— **lips betwixt ooze Ohh the  
 cloth doth of flesh be embossed round  
 dome of soaked cloth Ohh legs to  
 spread of √ ast limbs to tremble to  
 quiver ast lips shudder to throb to  
 thump Ohh the lips furled curl the  
 thighs to quack the lips folds Flood**

the cloth **Ahh** doth **♪** to gush the  
 arse of **♪** to tighten the lips to spurt  
**Ahh** the cloth wet soaked spread  
 thru the cloth **Ohh** so hot the flesh  
**Ahh** quakes the limbs sprays the  
 froth drips drop gush **Ahh** to melt  
 into the shadows my sighs rejoice  
 bliss the substance of **♪** to fade to  
 shadows inst this **Platos** cave  
 kissed by that splendour among  
**shadows** Like an unheaded shadow he did move

Among the careless-crowd that marked him **NOT that**  
**blush ♪** so **Ohh** so **♪** blush that  
 thee to know **Ohh** the thoughts of **♪**  
 the blush of **Ohh** to want to want  
**♪** gush **Ohh** to know thy knowing of  
**Ohh** my maidenhead of **♪** to want  
**Ohh** to be a going **Ohhhhhh**

An oval-framed painting of a woman in 18th-century attire, possibly a scene from a play or opera. She is wearing a green dress with a large red bow and a white ruffled collar. She is holding a book or a letter. The background is dark and indistinct.

Ode to the  
North Wind  
POEM  
BY C  
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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria 2024 P.1 image by Francois Boucher P.2 The Inside of the Lady's Garden at Vauxhall 1788. A satirical print by Thomas Rowlandson, P.3 Boilly, La Toilette Intime ou la Rose Effeuille

PUBLISHER  
INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

Ode to the  
North Wind

well it may be be many  
things say we Ahh be be  
ast the ancients didst of  
poesy theorize ast Horace

inst his *Ars Poetica* ( 333-



4, 343-4) to sing of prodesse  
whilst the reader to give  
delectare inst the light hid

inst allegory ast didst that  
poet sings inst the Faerie

Queen to fashion a man

thru darke conceits a

gentleman or noble born in

virtuous andst gentle

discipline cowardly

enwrapped in Allegoricall

deuises to gainsay poor



Socrates point of view that  
 poesy be of no use to ride  
 horses So be this poesy the  
 case of Renaissance poets  
 that didst of Xenophon  
 'gainst Plato to prefer who  
 inst his Republic didst  
 prefer the percept where for  
 Sir Philip Sidney virtue be  
 preferred for poesy according to  
 he be better thanst philosophy or  
 history for it combines both  
 he didst say inst his



*Defence of Poetry* so  
dearest reciter be this poesy  
ast with Spenser inst the  
tradition of Homer andst  
Tasso to instil priute morall  
vertues andst public political  
virtues it all depends dearest  
reciter howeth thee doth read  
the poesy be it allegory to  
decipher or the words of  
hierophants legislators of the  
world or what say thee

**PREFACE** Aske thee of me  
 what be this poesy be be it tame be of it of  
 some fame canst we claim it be a work of  
 Dante or Petrarke a Sidney Spenser or  
 of like the Bard willst some Beatrice or  
 Laura inst panty luv to seep Nymphs  
 Sirens their legs spread to keep doth this  
 poesy out sing Dear Orpheus doth dull  
 all other poets Muses andst clips all  
 Shepherds reeds hath all goddesses to  
 this poet to give to his voice all that doth  
 surpass all human witt that all laurels  
 uponst his head be led andst immortal  
 praise be uponst this work be fed with  
 flames willst the Bard this poet his crown  
 to be to pass so to √ thee doth But aske  
 andst doth to this task doth √ say this this  
 poet doth But just blow it out his ass

Ahh contemplate thee what doth sit uponst  
 the highest throne inst the world ast thee  
 doth sit uponst thy porcelain bowl andst thy  
 wealth to contemplate with which thee canst  
 buy Ohh roast of pungent sauce herbs inst  
 pheasants bowels ground spices andst  
 garlic crushed with pickled eels fish andst  
 Ox fowls *of a la Conde* salmon with sauces  
 of Genevoises with drinks of champagne  
 foaming ast bubbling pearls take thee note  
 fromst Agathias inst that suburb of Smyrna  
 that all this wealth willst pass thru those lips  
 that kissed those lips of honey sweet all willst  
 slip fromst thy mouth thru belly out fromst  
 flesh that to eyes blushed to be flushed to  
 smelly rush

**Within this temple close walled sit  
 ♪ the learned shepeheard without no  
 Clout uponst my porcelain throne  
 within this Chamber of Maiden-  
 thought sit ♪ ast Pythia uponst that  
 chasm bought ast fumes that smell  
 doth rise ast Maian incense fromst  
 this urn of fumes that ast globes of  
 smoke doth waft inst curtains of  
 fragrant mist that Ahh spread ast  
 fromst a sacred fire to But to give  
 to ♪ But bliss ast if uponst a  
 flowery bed or sandal-wood pyre ast  
 Archimago doth the words of ♪ to  
 weave fromst incoherency coalesced  
 inst to hexameter with fluency to**

**But uponst the airs to paint mine  
 thoughts inst the Nasta'liq style by  
 Typographus ast paps of nymphs ast  
 full budded lyllies the eyes to √ to  
 glimpse those thoughts that ebb  
 fromst mine breast uponst some  
 theme be it But a dream no less the  
 fever of mine minde doth with fury to  
 seem mine minde to break that doth  
 spill mine minde out words that  
 sound to scream that doth flow ast  
 spider webs fromst mine dizzying  
 minde that doth float thru this  
 chamber strange visions that doth  
 drip fromst this crimson mouth  
 fromst mine lips glittering dew-**

**jewels along its tip strange things  
 strange imaginings that swell to sink  
 within mine brain that mine minde its  
 thoughts to tell of that smell that  
 doth fromst this porcelain bowl  
 doth upwell ast like thunder fromst  
 doth a thunder box these little loves  
 that fly winged cherubs little winged  
 loves that lie within mine stare  
 peeping that be to seem so fayre ast  
 that float thru cracks andst holes  
 within this fane to creep to sweep  
 ast uponst the tide of the wind Oh  
 the wind with hurried speed to blow  
 these blow-balls o'er each andst all  
 the meads with heat that doth burn**



with fire this wind Ohh this wind  
 that to the south doth turn andst of  
 all vapours that doth But flow  
 fromst the autumn rain doth dry up  
 'neath sunsets violet pinks andst  
 reddish hues that glow Ohh this  
 wind doth But drain all say √ all  
 e'en the Cisalpine regions andst  
 'neath seas andst rivers andst lakes  
 their submerged water-flowers doth  
 e'en doth of this wind doest taste the  
 heat that showers fromst this wind  
 Ohh this wind that doth thunder  
 blown fromst this throne of porcelain  
 o'er the earth be thrown such heated  
 breath that doth heat the flesh to

burn to churn to palpitate to yearn to  
 swell to ripeness the flesh that doth  
 burn ast if fromst the kiss of  
*Psappa* along the lips pouting  
 furled of *Syllikhmas* the cheeks  
 blushed of *Glottis* of the neck of  
*Kyse* of the breasts so smooth so  
 white inst light of *Bilitis* the wind  
 Ohh the wind that doth skip to dance  
 to swirl with the beats of la *Jota*  
 of *Santiago de Murcia* to whirl the  
 wind flouting flooding flood of  
 curtains veils of mist the bliss of the  
 kiss of lotus-kissess foam-frothed  
 blooms silver tipped fringed pink  
 gauze lamps globes Ohh the skip

**furling flesh unfurled lips of  
voluptuousness swing to spread  
threads webs Ohh the wind Ohhh  
the wind effloresce round breasts  
mounds ruby paps weaves the wind  
along limbs pastilles of myrrh  
flames Ahh flames fire light bright  
hair alight tipped gold to fire to burn  
the wind doth churn to surge radiant  
vortexes of light violet passions  
flames the flesh the breath the urge  
the quake blossoming blooming the  
music skips wanton lips kiss to  
spread red thrills spills maddening  
kissess rapturous bliss quivering  
senses onst the wind Ohh the wind**

**the wind blows Ohh round round  
swirls whirls spins Ohh the wind  
the wind quivering Ahh Ohh  
pulsing flesh flushing skins all  
things the wind Ohh the wind skims  
to trembling tingling shudders pools  
waves tips reflecting lilies that  
sway swim pale blooms below  
surfaces rippling flower scents in  
flight wind thru the light spins winds  
swirling burning thru space  
boundless light blues reds pinks  
light bright kiss the stars myriad  
lights heaven alight with the wind  
Ohh the wind spins the moon the  
sun circles thru time whirling purple**

shadows fragrant laden swift  
 splashes yellow stains the earth  
 gains dyes of crimson fires on the  
 wind Ohh the wind bursts flashing  
 tips of leaves the breeze the seas  
 lakes Ahh all watery things trip dip  
 skip furling light weave inst out thru  
 each skip the farandole leaves clouds  
 the breeze seas foam afire the tips  
 flowers thru rainbows flow the  
 farandole colours flash flesh hot  
 heated glow the moon globes fly  
 onst mountain tips skips light inst  
 flight the la Jota beats the rhythms  
 the jingling the wind the wind inst  
 out doth go the farandole onst the

wind the fuzzy furry pappus of  
 dandelions' doth spin o'er the earth  
 they onst the wind Ohh the wind  
 spin onst Nymphs Sirens Ahh  
 girlies inst a ring the pappus doth  
 shower flying onst they lying inst a  
 ring they sing fingers doth uponst  
 lips spread red flesh onst breaths  
 that the airs dyeing inst pinks andst  
 red lips velvet sheens flowers  
 bloom twixt thighs hair gleams the  
 pappus inst hairs their fingers doth  
 dance doth along lips to prance to the  
 la Jota those wings ast butterfly  
 flutter sighs inst choirs doth float  
 doth fly fromst lips gold gilded flesh

**Ahh they sigh they cry fingers dance  
 onst the wind Ohh the wind lips  
 fluttering furling Ahh the beat of  
 lips the finger doth along flesh  
 doest skip the lips onst the wind  
 their sighs inst choirs those lips  
 Apollos lyre to sing to bring onst  
 wings of the wind scent perfumes  
 rush flushed fromst hot-budded  
 flowers shower the pappus Ahh  
 throats flutes of flesh onst their  
 breath the pulse thru limbs gasp  
 shriek Ahh onst the wind sighs fly  
 rise onst their breaths pappus hairs  
 inst silver tipped dyes sway onst the  
 breath of the wind breathes the wind**

**Whirls mist eddying their sighs to  
 But the sunlight to kiss shafts of  
 fire gold sparks along lips rush  
 lushed flesh shadows inst cleft  
 purple indigo pinks flash striate  
 gleam beam to fromst the wanton  
 kiss of the wind scented seep fromst  
 holes bowls of flesh flood fromst  
 those abysses that seep fromst  
 pools to pool scented glistening  
 bubbling pearls to swirl lilies stream  
 o'er the earth inst firey flowery  
 beams those holes gaping moons  
 Ahh eyes rapt starlit they sigh  
 float to the sky Ahh they swoon  
 their dreams perfumed rose scatter**



**ast pools pool moons liquidities**  
**boiling burning bubbling foam froth**  
*Ahh they cry Ahh they gush gush*  
**spray squirting they fountains that**  
**spread rainbow hues reds blues**  
**spread inst arcs each to splash inst**  
**pools that run Ohh see see see the**  
**sea of froth legs wide naught to hide**  
**diddling clit fiddling lips they gush to**  
**the la Jota**

**Swollen flesh coat fruity fruit ripe**  
**bursting gaping wide squashy pulps**  
**oozy flesh ripe burst to their sighs**  
**wide legs oozing seep to stream inst**  
**ecstasy inst their dreams inst**  
**swoons inst harmonies shuddering**

limbs *Ahh* the wind the wind onst  
 the wings of flesh curtains hung  
 inst the mist fruit burst blooms  
 spread open wide naught they hide the  
 wind whirls feather filaments twirl  
 onst the wind blent flowery scent  
 sighs cries twirl whorls of wind  
 vortexes of sighs andst scent andst  
 perfumes sent onst the wind to spin  
 oozy pools gushed flushed flesh all  
*Ohh* onst the wind all rush  
 swallows wing onst the wind sing  
 crickets *Ahh* *Kookaburras Galas*  
*Wombats Ahh* all all *Ohh* all doth  
 dance to sing to wing all onst wing  
 ast doth thunder the wind *OLÉ!*

aux femelles

POEM

BY C

DEAN





aux femelles

noem

BVC

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Gamahucher press west geelong VictoP.I ria 2024 P.2

London Dancing Nymphs [William Edward Frank](#)

[Britten \(1848-1916\)](#) P.3 the dance of joy or dancing

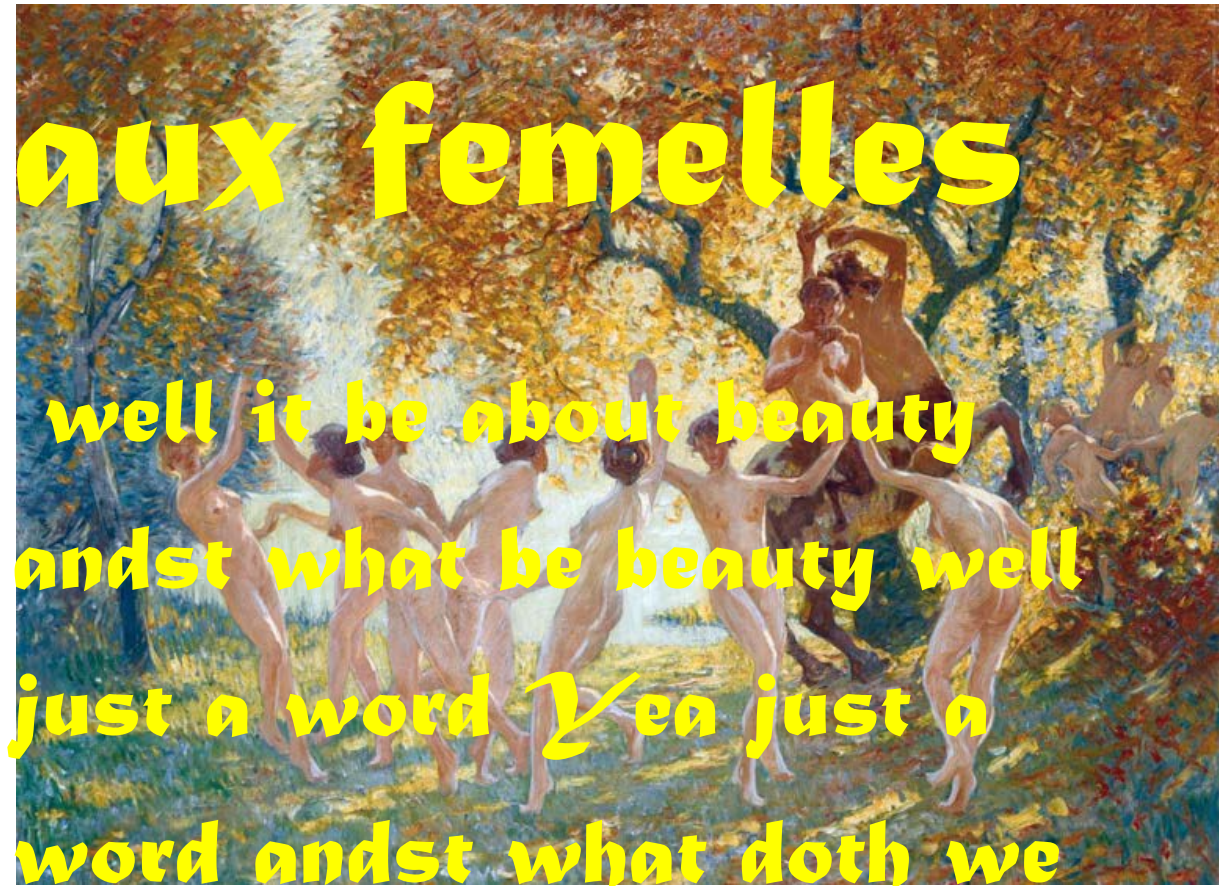
nymphs Alfons van Beurden 1916 P.4 The Nymphs By

Emile Louis Foubert P.5 A Landscape With Four

Nymphs Dancing [\(after\) Cipriani, Giovanni Battista](#)

# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

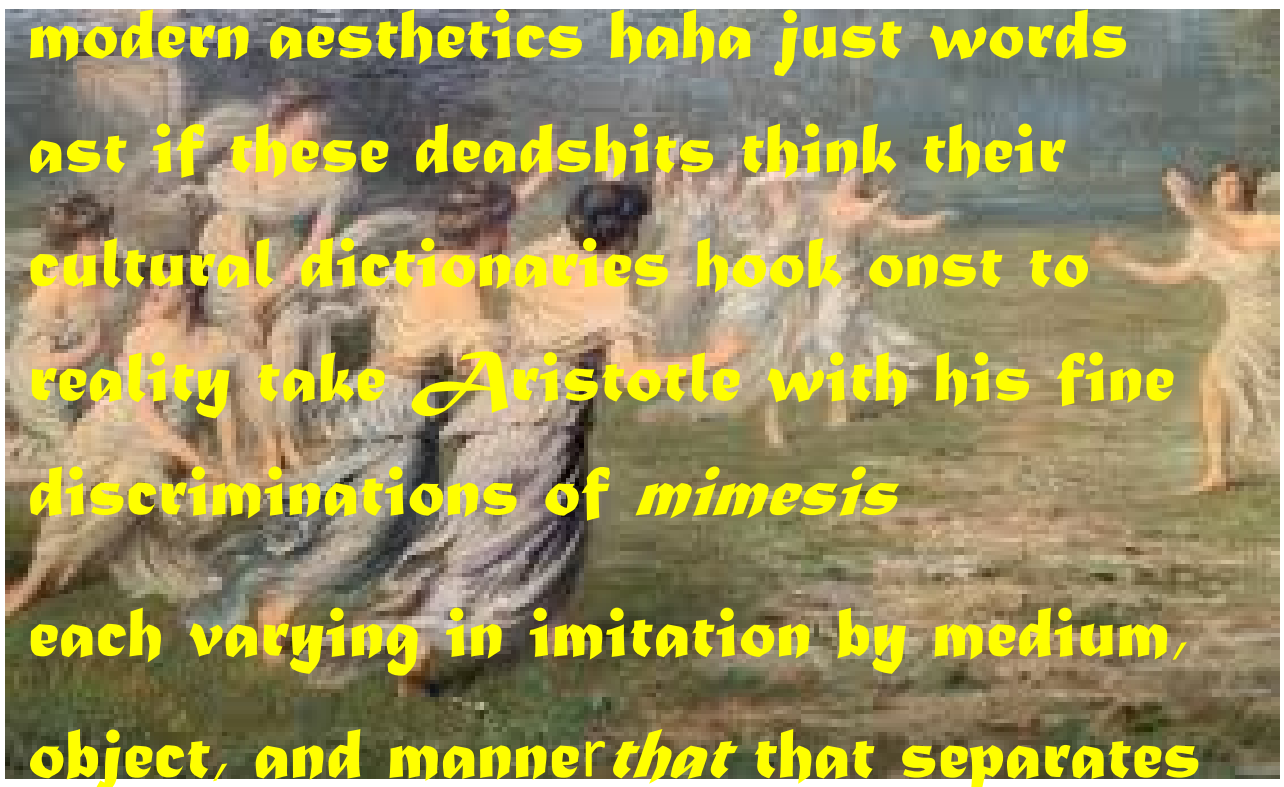


see doth say philosophers  
about beauty well they be  
dickheads wrapped up inst

their ego who think they are so bright  
 to say what beauty be might all they  
 doth do is talk bullshit out the arses  
 why for all they say is just logic  
 choppers juggling words/definitions  
 my proof it be said that

Baumgarten's inst the fragment  
*Aesthetica* (1750) is occasionally  
 considered the first definition of

modern aesthetics haha just words  
 ast if these deadshits think their  
 cultural dictionaries hook onst to  
 reality take Aristotle with his fine  
 discriminations of *mimesis*  
 each varying in imitation by medium,  
 object, and manner *that that separates*



humans from animals as if the  
deadshit had access to animals  
"experience" take Kant the wanker  
again juggling his cultures words  
with this fine distinction of crap The  
case of "beauty" is different from  
mere "pleasantness" andst his  
distinction of taste we couldst the  
same for what these deadshit  
philosophers call "Art" again just  
logic choppers juggling their  
dictionaries andst show the same  
for all deadshit philosophers caught  
inst their prison of their dictionary  
believing their words are isomorphic  
with ""reality" the dickheads so what

**be beauty who fucking cares**

**whatever it be it be for those**

**men that Ohh women they  
love to see these women be  
an ineffable sublimity that  
words cant capture just ast  
words cant capture "reality"**

**e'en if the dickhead**

**philosophers delude**

**themselves to say so so**

**recite to reach the ineffable**

**thee might**



**PREFACE** Ahh beauty we  
 be told by Poets untold endlessly they tell  
 us the beauty of their she skin alabaster  
 white bright natures choicest Dames that  
 we doth name a beauty with porphyry red  
 lips andst cheek of gold flecked dimples red  
 andst white andst pink interlaced Ohh that  
 face we be told be beauty those teeth of  
 pearls that light the rooms with their grace  
 that face beauty painters want to draw  
 with anything to paint that face e'en with  
 straw Yet Ohh thee say to I like I to  
 thee where be their beauty for I what see  
 I be But no lustre or gleam to kiss mine  
 eye Yet they say my Dame be ugly Yet  
 say I finde I their Dame fit the same  
 so please stop this crap andst stop calling  
 names

Ahh What be it that doth entice thee  
lure thee What be it that doth make thy  
blood to surge hot boiling throbbing  
flesh What doth it that doth turn thee  
inst to an animal whenst thee doth see  
Ohh that women that female that she  
Ohh that she that doth bewitch thee  
Oh mesmerise thee hypnotise thy minde  
with those delights of that she Ohh that  
she Yea that she that doth o'erpower  
thee control thee thee toy thee plaything  
inst captivity but why what doth she have  
that doth enslave thee nature way one  
might say the rest bullshit one might say

**Of all things of beauty to a male all  
things fade inst the shade of the glow  
compared to a womens sublimity**

**Auroras lips red of blushed hue**

**Selenes rounded eye of sparkling  
silver beams the Anthousai flowing**

**hair andst the cheeks of Anemone**

**all seems to the males eyes away to**

**fly uponst the rays of a womens**

**beauty for a joy for ever is a womans**

**beauty nor willst it never pass that**

**beauty inst to banality so long ast**

**man be awake or sleep or dream his**

**dreams inst whatever be his reality**

**didst ♪ weave my dream ast**

**fanatics doth their dreams to have**

**didst ♪ weave my paradise uponst**

**the air with crows quill pen writ**

**Ast lay here I onst granary floor  
 with that winnowing wind thru the  
 hair of I didst to weave wefts andst  
 woofs with my melodious sighs  
 uponst the shadows indigo traced ast  
 uponst Indian leaf my dreams that  
 fromst the spell of my fancy fly my  
 dreams of enchantment uponst  
 womens beauty for no poet I Yet I  
 doth try ast a Poet to sing my  
 dreams with my sighs that may But  
 Ohh just live or die to fade away  
 to nothingness uponst the wings of  
 poesy that that Poet doth inspire my  
 sighs with such fire Ohh Ohh with  
 such dreams I But near expire**

It seems doth see ♪ it doth seem the  
 mellowing fruit that doth sing of ♪  
 fromst this throat of ♪ that be mine  
 lyre my sighs doth float within this  
 space that doth But kiss those  
 fruits swelling flesh that doth  
 fromst the vine trees 'neath emerald  
 leaves doth Ohh doth entice my fancy  
 that doth see ♪ that female flesh that  
 sparkles whenst kissed by sunlit  
 beams that turns to fire with mine  
 eyes that see that flesh moistly to  
 glint with bright tips lanceolate of  
 gold that round that flesh doth  
 orpiment yellows halo with chromes  
 andst orange andst hues of pink  
 grape crushed ast mingled wine that  
 flesh lush with bright of amber van

**G**ough greens that flash ast bronze  
**j**ewels of womens flesh sparks  
**e**xplode inst arches of powdered gold  
**b**eams of that fleshy freshness  
**s**parks of flesh more radiant thants  
**r**ed rose blooms splashed within the  
**i**ndigo shadows of mossed apple  
**t**rees or lit 'neath thatched-eved  
**r**ooms whilst to mine ear didst ♪  
**h**ear faint tunes singing of songs  
**t**hat flowed uponst the air of  
**m**eadows fromst andst up the hills  
**s**ides it came the melodies didst  
**c**ome fromst within deep buried  
**v**alley-glades the chorus didst its  
**s**ounds to increase resound the  
**m**usic Ohh the music of womens  
**t**ones blown uponst the breeze that

didst to mine ears to kiss with  
 loudness that didst seem to wake ♪  
 fromst some sleep these tunes flown  
 to mine ears where swoons my flesh  
 inst bliss uponst those females  
 voice that uponst the airs didst  
 loudly to uponst mine ears to blare  
 Ohh that music that didst float  
 uponst he winnowing wind along  
 copse-valleys thru the forest brakes  
 ruffling musk-rose andst daffodils  
 thenst Ohh thenst see ♪ Ohh those  
 women that danced along that  
 skipped andst hopped to the melodies  
 that where piped andst blent with the  
 song that flowed fromst lips vermeil-  
 tinged that to mine ears so fine so  
 exquisite ♪ finde ast they spring

andst run thru sun-scented eglantine  
 those shapes Ohh those shapes of  
 beauty that makes away the pall of  
 melancholy I tell Ohh I tell what  
 my sight of beauty Ohh of such  
 beauty that uponst mine sight befell  
 those beauties those Dames of  
 fleshy gorgeousness those beauties  
 of Ohh delicious delightful flesh of  
 ripe fruitfulness that didst Ohh to  
 swing their arses to tha "La  
 Jota" de Santiago de Murcia of 3  
 baroque guitarists Harp Psaltery &  
 percussion that didst their feet to  
 dance ast the women Ohh the women  
 didst prance they all didst lift their  
 feet to skip to to swing Ahh Ahh  
 those arses to wobble to jig to sing



their feet the guitarists to ring to  
 bring Ahh they sing to their beat  
 beating feet the birds onst wing the  
 swallow aloft the bees inst flowery  
 bloom the gnats all doth weave andst  
 wing uponst te airs they all doth sing  
 onst wing inst choir they all the  
 women life all things onst wing doth  
 the hilly tops the garden crofts  
 twitter thru the sky that Lift the  
 clouds ast they Lift their feet Ahh  
 Ahh to glimpse to glimpse those  
 panties white moist budding flesh  
 the scent onst their breath plumb  
 flesh bulging hazels shell of oozing  
 gourds that cloth doth soak o'er-  
 brimmed the moisty fruitfulness  
 along seams crease Lift Lift they

**their feet arses wiggle tits Ahh**  
**those tits doth giggle to the**  
**guitarists tempo beats flash panties**  
**tight bright white wet they dance skip**  
**hop along around the guitarists tempo**  
**sound around flesh bulging plumb**  
**fruit Ahh they dance skip prance**  
**those gorged fruitfulness of fruit that**  
**pout inst panties Ohh that show of**  
**calices of strange view where inst**  
**panties ast they their legs lift show**  
**orchids of wet glistening ripe hue**  
**flesh legs lift rhythms vibrate along**  
**panty crease Oh those blooms**  
**huddled inst white cloth those**  
**grottoes of succulent flesh shadows**  
**of pink thighs auroras of blue light**  
**juice that doth seep to wet thighs**

**Ohh Ohh mine eyes doth trip to flip  
 to skip Ahh to hop along those  
 bushes of hairs black that creep  
 fromst the panties crease Ast they  
 doth those arse to wiggle jiggle to the  
 guitarists tempo sound beat their feet  
 swirl Ahh swirl they spin onst  
 toes Ohhh Zip Zip the skirt Zip  
 Zip they flirt bulging mounds of  
 fruitfulness curl the hairs ast they  
 swirl curl their hair onst the  
 winnowing winds that be the breaths  
 of Ast Ast sigh my joyousness at  
 beauty sublime Ohh Ohh they climb  
 uponst the breeze their perfumed flesh  
 juicy moisty ripe Ohh bursting  
 blooming juicy gorged flesh to the**

eyes of *Y* ast they their legs swirl  
 lift *Up Up* Ohh the beauteousness  
 The sight Ohh the sight they onst  
 toes swirl round skirts furl out ast  
 riseing clouds of pink *Up Up* they  
 fly Ohh the sigh those panties white  
 black shadows of hair bright juicy  
 onst toes they swirl arses bubbles of  
 flesh bounce the peach curved round  
 flesh clutch inst with cloth that pink  
 flesh around around they onst toes  
 swirl arms up lifted up inst the air  
 hair doth billows around around they  
 go around Ohh whirl up skirts lifted  
 around around whirls bubbling arses  
 jiggle tits wiggling bobbling onst toes

around they go Ohh ♪ Ohh the  
 beauteousness Ahh my breath away  
 takes those wide Ohh those hips that  
 doth skip andst slide wiggle giggle Ohh  
 those thighs thick flesh pink revealed  
 ast their legs doest But lift out doth  
 flow my breath o'er that flesh that doth  
 onst toes to twirl Up furls skirt arses  
 round around they twirl arms inst arm  
 they circle around along the flowery  
 bloomed ground perfumed with those  
 juices that fromst those gorgeous  
 gorged bulges of flesh that seep to wet  
 panties tight kept inst cloth white wet  
 take away my breath ast round they  
 circle left around arm inst arm  
 around speed they to skip hop thenst

spin around left fast fast they my eyes  
 pass around thenst to the right they circle  
 around arm inst arm onst toes to leg out  
 lift Ohh those tight Ohh so tight panties  
 grip that flesh bludge of hair colour reds  
 andst black andst gold hair ast garden  
 blooms that seep scented juices thenst  
 around to the right to my sight they spin  
 fast thenst to the left circle thenst right  
 they turn to spin around round uponst  
 twined flowers Ohh those panty seep  
 poppy fumes fromst plump gorged clammy  
 shells of flesh they spin jump skip twirl to  
 the musics beat their feet Ohh with one  
 chorus of Aeyy they up lift thenst bend  
 arse bare tight gorged bludge see ♪ to my  
 sight wet soaked cloth those arses  
 bulbs of peach round flesh **OLÉ!**