pas désiré

POEM BY C DEAN

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PZIBLISSERS INTRODZICTIO N

Ahh what be this pas

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What be these songs of Hope this Disappointment what be The Garden of Kama andst the Stars of the Desert shallst we say

Nay go on thy journey pilgrim into the perfumes of posey and thee willst discover gems not of the highway but of the byways of posey Ahh what be this

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What be it a proem of melancholy of sorrow and woe of depression and disappointment andst loss be

it a tract on the existential tragedy we face in life Or

Or we say be this pas

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be really a mystical hymn pointing to a higher plane a deeper insight into life into meaning into enlightenment midst the dust of life midst the weeds the dross of

existence in this pas

désiré

who be the interpolator who be the narrator shall we say Nay Nay go on thy journey pilgrim into discovery willst thee find thee or willst thee find....

12E FACE Out of the gloom do come into the Light the Light the Light Into life see the worlds beauty its sweet perfumes smell taste the joy of ripe fruit feel the glory the ecstasy of a petals touch hear songs of birds sweet lilting ast across the sky butterflies streak

Ahh looketh at all those blooms sweet kissed by the bees nestled in the hearts of these Alstroemeria blossom gainst a sapphire sea of sky with its tints of gold splashed o'er the hues of Hydrangea purple glow blents with orange lilies andst Magenta lilacs perfumed with Orchids subtle scent all desired by those bees that kiss those petals curled andst furled But Ahh

Ahh pas désiré be y
whilest my
Youth is fading ast springs glow
into summer flows into autumn goes
ast autumn light into winter night

The petals of the lips of J fading red ast the bloom fades with each passing year upon year like a bloom withering in the shadow of all those blooms the sighs of J like perfume spiralling fromst these paling lips skyward like flames curling fromst this pyre which be J Oh here hear J

Why be desires slave

Smile

Dance towards the sunrise

No roots hath I rootless in the world be I no nourishment for I alone andst forlorn Ahh Pas

désiré be I the sun doth not shine perfumed be not the flowery blooms andst no nightingale doth sing to I I sigh the songs of Hope of Disappointment in The Garden of Lama with

the Stars of the Desert Ahhh
Ahh without the bees sweet kiss
this youth of J be in vain Ohh
without those sweet kisses the pain
willst not cease Look the petals of

I wilt ast the autumn leaves 'neath this springtime sun this bloom of I mourn for the loss of these languorous days 'neath the sweet caress of sweet kissess that wouldst be softer than snow andst heated ast volcanos flames But Ahh I canst sing I canst dream spring be no longer spring for be winter all my days dark seem

Oh hear here J

Out of the gloom do come

Into the light

The glorious world for thy sight

No kisses for J bathed in sunlights showers speckling gold o'er the flesh of we for Ahh PAS

désiré be I the flesh of I dulled in the flash of the sunrise sunlight gold fading lustrelessness like coating o'er J pallid dust in the shadowed gloom see doth bloom all those blooms kissed by the bees all those scarlet purple blooms all kissed of life fastened onto the bees kiss in the full splendour of the resplendent light that luculent light that doth coat J in gloom in a

shadow life whereby sighs of J fall like rotten fruit cold ast snow all my sighs that o'er the earth rush ast cold ast winters blizzard miseries doth vibrate in the in the atonal rhythms of my sighs where the tears of J flood the earth in miasmic pools of loneliness where they freeze like snow 'neath the springtime light a shroud of sorrows to dissolve and perish without a single kiss Oh here hear J

Look Looketh

Rainbow tinted butterflies

Scarlet flash across brilliant sky

Languish here hear J Ahh PAS

désiré be J loneliness seeps

fromst the soul of J sorrow out breathes fromst each breath of J shadows cast gloom o'er J darker thanst midwinter night the hours be full of the weepings of J No kiss No kiss such emptiness freezes my flesh such weepings strew the earth with ice that be the bed of J midst these blooms these blooms with heated perfumes wafting fromst their hearts that be kissed that be caressed by each bee that flurries by those

blooms with joyous tints upon the petals of each Ahh that I couldst be kissed by some bee 'neath a moon to which doth sing some nightingale to some rose that wouldst be me Ahh that bee doth come not youth wanes to pallid hues craving in vain for that kiss to ignite my sacred flame andst set this flesh , Nay Nay this soul of J on fire to match the beauty of each spring sunrise that J would be the morning star alight in the sky Oh hear here J

Plum blossom scent

Kisses the nose ignites the heart

Languid the petals of J flaccid withering flesh J here hear J

Ahh pas désiré be J in

The Garden of Lama with the Stars of the Desert with Disappointment sighing I the songs of Hope Ohh in this garden that the lips of J couldst be ast red ast the peony red carnation with the lips of I kissed by the bees breath Ahh that J couldst be flushed red flushed into bliss igniting the night with the flames of my flesh with that kiss that kiss into ecstasy with that bees kiss Ahh Ahh do I hear the

flurry of those wings those wings on the wind that fall lightly Oh ever so lightly upon those violets purple tremulous sunflowers those trembling petals kissed kissed whilst In the shadows gloom hear them pass pass me bye ast they flurry andst to the other blooms fly bees hurrying washed in those scents that breathe o'er them folding round andst savouring their divine kiss whilst J in the shadows gloom hear them pass pass me bye Oh here hear J

In moonlight cherry blossoms

Taste the scent upon thy lips

In the gloom here withering neath springtime sun pining for those unkissed lips Ahh PAS

désiré be I the pain the pain of sorrows tears a burden for the coming long years unkissed J wouldst have it o'er for be J for be I weary of all this weary of the dark shadows that o'er J flow weary of all things buzzing bees that doth not come to J the winds only blows bitter kisses o'er the lips of J weary am J of all those long sighs shed o'er a barren earth o'er and

empty sky 'neath which doth shiver J no fire upon these lips no hope for any kiss the song birds doth not to J sing any song only the dirge of the winds doth touch the lips of J with the dead sighs of J drifting into the years that willst slowing go by loiter J languid and forlorn in this garden of gloom downcast with grief for the lost youth of J for all those springs that will just pass me by no kiss to bring light into my world of grey skies only the wind cold ast ice doth pluck those lips of J now faded pale like dead leaves drifting o'er some shivering glacier in a sunless

sky a burden of years a burden of each clocks tick wasted tears for that ungiven kiss Ohhh Ohh hope lying dead shrouded with grief lips out stretched turned upwards but there willst be

No kiss

No kiss No kiss ast long ast liveth I my youth drained one long languid endless living death Ahh

pas désiré

Fromst desire Unhinge

And upon the stars do tap dance

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