

pérola barroca:

irregular pearls

poems

by colin leslie dean

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Publishers forward

Deans poetry is a classic in and of itself many of the poems are a literary version of Japanese paintings The elements of Japanese paintings caught in his poems remind us of Yamato-e (大和絵) where small objects are caught in vivid colors and in carefully outlined details but where all else is left out and the poems thus float like clouds over a blank space Similarly his poems are like paintings from the Rinpa school, where he depicts things in numerous colours and gradations of hues all mixed upon a verbal surface made up of words of golds and pearls The overall effect of his poems can be compared to the exquisite prints of Utagawa Hiroshige (1797–1858) with there vivid an luscious exuberance of images

but the greatest comparison of Deans poems is with the poetry of the Baroque. Australia's greatest erotic poet Colin Leslie Dean. In his poems exhibits time and time again Baroque elements. To show what these similarities are I can do no better than give an outline of Deans poems for which you will see clearly the nature and effects his poems create.

Deans poetry are a reaction to the protestantization of what goes for poetry these days namely free verse by protestantization. I can do no better than quote Bishop Sprat who in 1667, several decades after the Baroque had established itself in the Spanish peninsula, denounced the outrage of the baroque style, and explained why the Royal Society was determined to suppress its appearance in Protestant Britain:

“They have therefore been most rigorous in putting in execution the only Remedy that can be found for this extravagance, and that has been a constant Resolution to reject all amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style; to return back to the primitive purity and shortness, when men deliver'd so many things almost in an equal number of words.”

(Bishop Sprat, *History of the Royal Society of London*, quoted in Northrop Frye, *The Harper Handbook of Literature* (New York: Harper and Row, 1985), p. 350.)

Sprat is calling for the eradication of all amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style the very things we see eradicated from modern poetry modern poetry is striped of all embellishment to end up like a protestant church sterile and bare. Now Dean reacts to this by ineffect doing exactly what modern free verse eschews and protestantization rejects namely the baroque namely poetry full of amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style a style that overshadows the content a style that is not so much about content than the lush exuberance of words placed together such the essence of these

verses is not in the story but in the telling
 of the story, in the voluptuous word
 construction that constructs musical
 pictures not of sense but of sounds and
 images sounds that create melodies full of
 dissonances change of keys and rhythms
 Deans style is an exaggeration of emotions
 thru sound textures released from any
 restraint of form or metre to give a
 experience of verbal sensationalism. Like
 Baroque painting Deans poems
 concentrate upon the colors words produce
 to create painterly pictures of words Dean
 like in [Baroque music](#)" has contrasting
 length phrases of rhythms in a line creating
 poems full of an orchestra of colors
 creating an emotional sensationalism aimed
 totality at the senses In many ways
 Deans poetry is like Rococo full of
 languid curves and tints of gold enclosed in
 a florid over elaborate ornamental jocular
 decorative style somewhat frivolous in
 many ways the verbal textures of sound

could be compared to the light intimate music with extremely elaborate and refined forms of ornamentation characteristic of such composers as Jean Philippe Rameau, Louis-Claude Daquin and François Couperin in France; in Germany, C. P. E. Bach and Johann Christian Bach, two sons of the renowned J. S. Bach. Dean style is like a porcelain shell in contrast to a marble sculpture Deans style with its ornamentations is in stark contrast with free verse with its plain everyday speak and tones of ordinary discourse Dean constructs reality through sound and imagery where all fades into pure sound in placing style before content Deans poems light up like a birthday cake dressed in an overabundance of neon light words and a superabundance of sound imagery Deans poems in the Baroque style like he films Vatel and Farinelli come alive full of vigor and turgid fecundity the poems of

verbal excess create mosaics of iridescent hues studded with gems and pearls rare feathers exotic brocades smelling of roses and rare scents Dean is a Baroque poet living in a post-modern era where the poetry of the time free verse has exhausted its conventions so that a new poetry can now exfoliate forth Deans poems are like gold foil stitched with pink silk thread ushering in a new era of poetry

preface

**Gold foil stitched with pink silk
thread**

Wamik and Azra

By kohl'in al-deen

translated by

sharmoota haygana al-kis

poem by c

dean

Wamik and Azra

By kohl'in al-deen

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Translators forward

Wamik and Asra of kohl'in al-deen is a mystical-without the spirituality- poem. It is a poem about the transcendent experience the two lovers receive/experience thru their love of each other.

The story *Wamik and Asra* appears to owe its place in literature to the patronage of *Noushirvan* and his sage *Viser Buzugi-Mihr*. It was translated from *Pehlivi* into *Parsi* by order of *Sultan Mohmood of Ghizini* but the originals are lost. This translation the oldest we have was done by *OnṢori* (still alive on the *ʿId al-feṭr* of 422/21 September 1031) a second translation was done by *Zorgani* and a third by *Samiri*.

OnṢori Wāmeq o Adrā, was considered lost until portions and isolated verses were found or recovered from a variety of sources. *Said Nafisi* collected 141 verses of *Wāmeq o Adrā* that were used as

evidence in *Persian dictionaries*, and 372 more verses were unexpectedly discovered by *Mohammad Šafi* in the binding of an old manuscript.

Wameq o Adrā is originally a Greek love story, as can be clearly seen by the Greek names. It was translated also into Arabic by *Abu Rayhān Biruni* In the 16th century *OnṢori's* version was translated into Turkish at the request of *Soltan Solaymān* by *Shaikh Maḥmud Lāmei*

In a number of articles it has been demonstrated by *Tomas Sagg* that the fragmentary *Wameq o Adrā* derives from the (also largely lost) Greek romance of *Metiochus and Parthenope*

Now quite recently a new translation of Wamik and Azra has come to light by kohl'in al-deen translated by

sharmoota haygana al-kis. This work in keeping with the evidence from past translations

of *Wameq o Adrā* contains no trace of Sufi or mystical allegorization of erotic motifs but instead the erotic motifs explicitly celebrates in quite exuberant rhetoric as valid goals in and of themselves .desire and carnal love even more startlingly as expressed by a virgin as *Adrā* is a calque like *Parthenope*, connotes virginity I say by *Azra* but it must be admitted the gender of the teller is quite ambiguous kohl'in al-deen *Wamik* and *Azra* celebrates sensual physical pleasure it is full of deliquescent sensuality like in the form of the Spanish baroque of say the *culteranismo* of *Luis de Gongora* *Wamik* and *Azra* is full of verbal extravagance a superabundance of imagery that coat *Wamik* and *Azra* in a verbal robe of iridescent blandishments *Wamik* and *Azra* come alive in an overindulgence

of style similar to that of *Lyly*,
 fashionable in England about the end of the
 16th century *Wamik* and *Azra* come alive
 adorned in an overabundance of
 phosphorescent decoration a Christmas
 tree glaring with neon lights *Wamik* and
Azra is full of incandescent similes and
 luminous metaphors and neon images and
 exquisite clichés startlingly vibrant that
 sear into the mind of the reciter and explode
 with ravishing brilliance in *Wamik* and
Azra the reading aloud of the poem embeds
 one in a musical performance of rapturous
 delight the words phrases sing mellifluous
 tunes of hypnotic magicality catapulting one
 into an altered state of consciousness just
 listening to the musicality even without
 worrying about meaning is a pleasant and
 sensual experience in itself *kohl'in al-deen*
 is a master craftsman he carves out of
 words experiences and sensations not given
 in most of the world's literature he is both a
 painter of expressionistic and

**impressionists images and composer of the
 most exquisite symphonies of sounds
 Though *Wamik and Azra* is not a
 mystical poem *kohl'in al-deen in *Wamik**
*and *Azra** nevertheless uses metaphor
 simile etc to give us accesses to the
 supraverbal experience of *Wamik and*
Azra This supraverbal experience is akin
 to the mystical experience with its erasure
 of consciousness an erasure of
 consciousness brought about by the sheer
 beauty and hypnotic verbal texture of the
 poem *kohl'in al-deen in *Wamik and *Azra***
 like *San Juan de la Cruz* uses the
 language of the flesh to take us to a
 transcendental [without the spiritual]
 aesthetic experience So sit back open this
 work and be taken on a voyage of sensual
 ravishment savor delight in the experience
kohl'in al-deen conjures magically up in the
 soul of you thru his manipulation of word
 and sound**

Preface

To desire those lips with pleasures
untold that goblet of ripe flesh those
twin slices of fresh fruit

To lust

To crave

To yearn

For those lips shining rubies liquid
light

that flesh of soft wine hued silk
oh for those lips to weave embroideries
of thy name along the lips curve
those lips to paint in colored hues the
passion of each soul oh those lips that
each to each doth faint into bliss souls
clinging into ecstasy on the frozen
moment of a kiss

**Oh beloved words flow fromst
 the pen of ♪ like flower buds
 bursting along branch in spring the
 words of ♪ write ♪ on silk
 perfumed with musk in the joyful
 tears of ♪ that each letter bursts
 into a flower bloom Oh beloved
 the song of ♪ beyond words be
 all contained in metaphors clumsy
 similes no single words canst
 convey the heart of ♪
 it be mist o'er lotus pool
 it be vortexes swirling in rivers
 flows
 it be formless forming congealing
 evaporating**

it be the beats of the heart of ♪
 the scent of rose the quivering of
 leaves in perfumed breeze
 it be the moon shimmering within
 a virgins tears
 my words are the scent of musk
 pointing to the heart of ♪

since kissed ♪ thy lips all things
 taste now of honey scented musk
 upon the lips of ♪
 thy eyes shoot flames across the
 face of the moon
 thy soul hast melted into every
 pore of ♪ into the very flesh
 thy face the moon a sliver gem set
 upon the dark hair of the night
 necklaced in stars twinkling bright

**thy name sets my flesh on fire
that
the heart of ♪ glows bright
twinkling ast the dew upon the
petals of the rose reflecting the
splinters of moonlight
wouldst that pray ♪ couldst have
thy tongue coiled round my nipples
like a coiled snake with prey
oh love of thee hast filled the
world with musk and roses filled
all the skies with the refulgence of
the love of ♪ the love of ♪ be
writ upon the petals of all the
worlds flowers scented with the
sighs of ♪ thy name on the lips
of ♪ of ♪ burn my flesh with
soft kisses fromst the furnace of**

the heart of ♪ kiss ♪ the air with
soft caress painting the world
with translucent light filling the
shadows with indigo hues thru
which love birds rejoicing in love
fly across the face of the moon
like thy face cloaked in the purple
veil of thy hair oh fromst my
sighs the world rains petals
glinting diamonds of light like the
dew speckled in thy hair
shimmering with moonlight bright
perfumed with delight of ♪ be the
breath of ♪ with thy name upon
the lips of ♪

listen to the breeze

listen to the birds

**listen to the light dancing upon the
roses blooms**

they sing thy name

**they sing thy name perfumed with
my delight**

listen

listen

the sighs of ♪ ruffle the leaves

ripple the lotus pools ruffle the

flowery blooms coated with

golden dust fromst the bees fury

black the grasses dance

pirouettes their emerald tips flash

light kissed by thy name breathed

fromst my lips

**the sighs of ♪ sweet scented
musk hued with myriad colors
gilded with gold floweth fromst
the lips of ♪ tinted with thy name
that kiss the flowers into brilliant
bloom that fromst which drip
pearls of dew perfuming the air
with scented honey speckled with
dust of gold oh the flowers robe
the earth in iridescent hues of
translucent color roses flashing
rubies of light light up the sky
whenst call ♪ thy name lilies
petals molten silver send
splinters of light sunflowers
boiling gold at thy name spread
open showing their hearts purple
thy name on my lips send forth in**

**song that nightingales in chorus
 on the winds sweet music sings
 thy smile the curve of the crescent
 moon**

**thy lips red glow soaks into the
 sunsets brilliant light**

**thy eyes brighter than the stars
 that necklace the moon**

**the flowers sup the breath scented
 with thy name on the breath of ♪
 the bees greedy sup the lips of ♪
 honeyed with the taste of thy name
 with drunkenness their eyes fires
 like glowing red grapes oh the
 heart of ♪ bursts open as poppy
 kissed by the sun as remember ♪
 thy kiss upon the lips of ♪ which
 burn like gold fire the flames**

flash fromst the lips pulpy flesh
 while swoon ♪ full of passions
 drunkenness thy eyes like stars
 circle round the eyes of ♪ which
 leap into thine drunk on the wine
 which be thy eyes of
 languishment the crescent form of
 thy lips taketh away the breath of
 ♪ full of gold and rose flowers
 spilling fromst those lips glowing
 ast slivers of ruby glass oh thy
 hair be the waves of the sea
 curved rippling the dew of the
 morn rippling on lotus leaves in
 pink mist be thy eyes drunk on
 those fathomless pools be ♪ oh
 thy flesh of thy cheeks refulgent
 of musk upon the air be beaten

**china silk shimmering ,neath
moons silver light oh the soul of
♪ bursts forth beloved in
ravishment of thee
it soars
it flies
o'er mountain peaks breast-like
caped with snow coral red in the
sunsets glow
o'er rivers shimmering seams
flowing into
deep pools enfolded in by crevices
pink high and sickle moon curved
o'er jungles entangled tightly
meshed thru which golden light
flickers in panther shadows
hidden in the curling curls of vines
and leaves**

**o'er the earths broad sweep
o'er all the seas with waves
capped with flowers iridescent
semen-like**

**oh oh that we canst kiss again
within tangled jasmine vines
scented with the slivers of the
silver moon that we canst again
lay upon flower petals soft
phosphorescent that we canst
once again lie entangled a jasmine
vines round the rose tight that we
canst again breathe each breath of
each more fragrant than all the
roses in *Babylons* gardens that
we canst one again sigh each to
each each more sweeter than all
the nightingales tunes sung**

oh beloved remember ♪ long for ♪
thy arms of velvet clasped
enfolded around the limbs of ♪
thy golden musk flesh blent into
mine thy lips intermingled in
mine the downpour of thy sighs
kissing the curls of the hair of ♪
the ripple of thy tongue along the
lips curve of ♪ oh oh thy
perfumed breath sweeping o'er ♪
quivering the flesh of ♪ trembling
to thy kiss upon the lips of ♪ oh
beloved give once again that curve
of thy lips twin moon crescents
glowing red like boiling glass oh
oh kiss me into insensibility
kiss me into rapturous madness
kiss me into intoxicated

**drunkenness fromst the wine of
thy lips
the tears joyful of ♪ fromst the
eyes of ♪ fall drop by drop like
golden grapes upon the petals of
my lips lips tipped with purple ast
the hyacinth curls honey-musk
scented flesh oh my heart boils
like molten gold to meet thy
glance with glance to blend our
lips in an eternity of bliss to melt
glance in glance musk kisses each
to each to drink upon the purple
dew of thy lips oh that we canst
melt into each and cry and sigh
our souls fromst the bliss within
oh thou art a moon above a
cypress tree tall and refulgent**

**with slender elegance thy hair the
darkly night studded with stars of
scented brilliance thy hair the
skies dome speckled with flasks
of incandescent silver thy
blushing languorous rosy face the
sunsets glow oh the light in the
eyes of ♪ fromst thy sight fills
the world in dazzling light igniting
snow and ice in burning flames
leaping and dancing lighting the
night with gazing eyes upon thee
♪ looked thy eyes spirals of rose
petals their crimson hues do heat
and warm the soul of ♪ thy eyes
those eyes of fiery light those
eyes with the tints of gold quarts
violet hued oh those eyes seeped**

**musk and nard and saffron scent
o'er the flesh of ♪ igniting into
golden flames that do leap and
burn across the skies indigo-blue
dome oh the air is multicolored
fromst the pollen that bursts
fromst the heart of like a flowery
bloom glinting on rays of
moonlight silver liquid thru the
night dripping o'er violet curls
and jasmine breasts like frozen ice
upon lotus soaked pools oh bend
o'er ♪ and kiss ♪ with thy lips
of fire run thy lips along the limbs
of ♪ with each dab dab dab that
flowers burst fromst each pore of
♪ kiss kiss ♪ into bliss ravish
the flesh of ♪ with thy burning**

**kiss kiss ♪ kiss ♪ rain down
 upon the rippling flesh of ♪
 burning kisses boiling the blood
 surging thru the veins of ♪
 tremble at the kisses thee the god
 of ♪ thee the bringer of delight of
 bliss of ravishment oh oh thy lips
 thy eyes thy kiss into rapturous
 happiness sends ♪ oh those lips
 fragrant of roses sweet oh those
 lips that kiss the lips of ♪ ripe
 fruit for thy tasting ripe fruit for
 thee to eat oh oh taketh ♪ to
 paradise on the wings of thy kiss
 on the wings of thy sighs ♪ die
 into blessed bliss on the storm of
 thy kiss swoon ♪ into deaths
 white light of bliss kiss ♪ into**

bliss on the waves of thy
 trembling lips into delirium taketh
 ♪ shuddering taketh ♪ into
 insensibility into intoxication on
 the quivering lips of thee pulsing
 waves of passions tempest thou the
 veins of ♪ oh those musk kisses
 dissolving ♪ into thy flesh
 closer than blent milk into wine
 closer than lovers shadows
 kissing
 closer than thy jugular vein
 be thee and me
 oh those musk kisses softer
 maketh the flesh of ♪ softer than
 water sweet those musk kisses
 drunk on their wine frothing

**maketh the eyes of glow brighter
 than stars shooting across the sky
 oh the lips of ♪ set just high for
 thee to reach**

oh for the soul of ♪

oh for the heart of ♪

oh for the flesh of ♪

**reach for the rose of my lips and
 kissss kissss kissss breathe into
 the soul of me thy soul thy tongue
 tongue to tongue melt we into each
 each drip thy spittle drop by slow
 languid drop into the mouth of ♪
 flames dart before my eyes ast at
 the moon risen crescent of thy lips
 gaze ♪ gaze ♪ at the flower
 garden of thy face at the hair dark
 musk scented blent with the night**

**sky oh in thy kiss our flesh like
 sea and river meet in blissful
 oneness ineffable bliss oh flames
 lick the heart of ♪ and the soul of
 ♪ brighter than the golden sun
 burns for thee oh beloved come
 close close thy mouth upon the
 mouth of ♪ and in all things
 naught be but dissolved in ♪ oh
 beloved with thy lips paint thy
 names upon the lips of ♪ in
 iridescent hues of gold ruby fire
 close thy lips upon mine and be
 absorbed in only ♪ drink ♪
 fromst thy popped lips loves
 oblivion drink ♪ fromst thy mouth
 scented with honey and musk sip
 ♪ sip ♪ that the lips of ♪ in the**

**darkness of the night burn like a
rose flameing a guiding star for
the lips of thine oh beloved thy
lips close close upon the lips of ♪
close close to the soul of ♪ those
twin slices of ripe fruit o'er the
lips of ♪ molten rubies of hot
desire and kiss me kiss me and
light my life with light before the
eyes of ♪ vortexes of crimsons
brilliant sheen yellow splinters
of flame shot thru the mist pink of
frosty morns pinks and reds
pirouette along the curved lips of
flower petals bands of lilac and
indigo-blue stream o'er the face of
the moon curling disks of green
spiral o'er pools like molten**

**crystal oh kiss these over ripe
 lips of ♪ kiss these lips that open
 like flowers for the bee kiss me
 kiss me and taketh of ♪ for thy
 delight taketh ♪ taketh ♪ and melt
 me into thee ♪ yearn ♪ pulse with
 longings pangs taketh me taketh
 me and sweep we into
 inextinguishable ecstasy**

♪sbn 9781876347155

Spectacular Splendor

By

Ko' Lin

Poem from the Qing

Dynasty

Translated from the Chinese by

Ch'u-ch'an

**Poem by c
dean**

Spectacular Splendor

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Translators forward

Ko' Lin

was a master of Ci or Tz'u poetry form ranking him with the great masters of the Tang **Ko' Lin** rich verbal texture rich sound and visual texture rank him above such greats as Li he Li Shang-yin and Wen Ting-yun **Ko' Lin** takes the use of metaphor and simile to greater heights than the metaphorical concentration reached by the late Tang by Tu fu in old age and brought to a climax with Li Shang-yin Many claim that the Qing the end result of a falling away in poetry starting with the end of the Tang this may be so in general but the genius of **Ko' Lin** is an exception to that view the poems of **Ko' Lin** are paintings in words he surpasses Wang Wei both in this and his ability to give us insights into the profound mystery of life via nature his poems have vigor and power far surpassing Tu fu and Li Po or even Wang Ch'ang-lin **Ko' Lin** is an esthete writing a decadent work **spectacular splendor** his eroticism is not seen in any poem before or since in the 3000 years of Chinese poetry Enjoy betaken on a Technicolor journey a **spectacular splendor** of visual and auditory and emotional delight

Preface

Desire not

but

Desire not Desire not

**Ah if but thy mind thoughts
 couldst forget senses lures lures
 of breasts of cunts dragging us
 down into the weeds of life the net
 caught we in its pearls glowing
 web to still those thoughts and
 fromst the bowl of life that "net
 of dust" o'er the rim to freedom
 we be but alas entangled more we
 be in freedoms quest fromst cunt**

like *Su Man-shu* the
 mud in the mind of *ǎ*
 settles out and in that
 with the finger of *ǎ* write
ǎ these poems scented
 with the desires of *ǎ*
 scented with "the art of
 writing" of *Lu Ji*
 scented with the sighs of
 the owl of *Jia Yi*

*ǎ*nto my mind jumped
Basho's frog - *Splash*
With

The **world** pink reflected
in a copper **mirror**
My love crystallized into
a **rose**

Drinking frost
Write ♪ on the wind
Write ♪ with the sighs
of ♪ on the perfumed
smoke of sandalwood
Closer than
Milk blent with wine
Closer than
scent of rose mixed with
air

**Closer than
 satin thread weaved in
 silk
 closer than
 sufi in union with his god
 long ♪ to be fused with
 thee**

**oh be it pink frost fromst
 thy cunt floats towards
 the moon adrift ♪ on
 dreams float within that
 pinkness ast moonlight
 fills the mind of ♪ with
 thy cunt decked in sunlight**

of spring in love ♪ with
 the pink of thy cunt the
 sighs of ♪ rustle the
 willows leaves aslant
 across the moons face a
 watercolor painting painted
 on pink silk bells ring the
 mist ripples pink o'er
 Mount Wenglai

crack

firecrackers

bust like golden stars
 shimmering light o'er
 cherry blossom tress

**embossed o'er background
of pink ink laugh ∩ a
hermit dreaming in the
worlds illusion of thee
thoughts fall like petals
of peonies gather and
float away soaked with
the cunts fumes of thee
upon the fragrant breeze no
trace leaving across the
face of the moon melting
like silvery waters that
coat the cunts flesh of thee
porcelain glistening pink**

flower of spring glowing
in the third eye of ♪
whilst ♪ sipping pink
frost dripping fromst
mountain peaks to the
sounds of bamboo and
pines singing 'neath the
watery moon coated in
pink **clouds** immersed in
the universes emptiness
sit ♪ meditating upon the
splendor of thy cunts folds
that casts pink **dust** upon
the mind of ♪ shimmering

**ast dews of pearls lacing
lotus blooms in moonlight
melting the darkness of the
mind of √ like flowers
full of emptiness coated in
the frostiness of
moonlight they melt into
the worlds illusionness
crack**

crack

**firecrackers bust like
golden stars shimmering
clamoring sounds
twinkling on the splinters**

**of moonlight that bursts
open the throats of **ashoka**
blooms melting then like
molten metal blazing
streaks of red mottling the
cunts **flesh** of thee in
indigo **shadows** reds
splashes of **fire** burning
in the moonlight cascading
with a cacophony of
sounds dripping to the
ground like puffs of light
flowers of brilliant glow
upon the perfumed airs**

**scented with the fumes of
 thy porcelain cunt glowing
 smelling like plum from
 non-being to being the
 mist around thy cunt
 manifests its pinkness
 from being to non-being the
 mist dissolves
 demaifesting its emptiness
 climb ㄣ the mountain no
 clouds insight
 motionless the light
 fromst thy cunts glow
 kisses the lips of ㄣ**

**melting the moon reflected
on thy cunts lips turning
to fire the perfume of thy
cunts hole down in the
void**

crack

crack crack

**firecrackers bust like
golden stars shimmering
smashing the meditation of
∩ ast gold light like dabs
of paint coat thy cunts
lips splayed like little
fans half moon inner lips**

surround perfumed slit
crimson **stream** flowing
o'er pink flesh oh tears of
joy drip fromst the eyes of
☺ while lips like floating
clouds like a painting on
silk sweep indigo
shadows along the lips
pink **flesh** coated in mist
ast gold chrysanthemum
pins glow around thy clits
soft edge bud of gleaming
light sparkle tinted with
moonlight like frost the

**world glitters like crystal
in a sea of pink moonlight
radiance bursting into
clusters moon-flowers
nestling into indigo
shadows set on fire by thy
cunt an hibiscus flower
spreading perfume across
cherry blossoms and
pomegranate blooms
shining in pools of
moonlight reflecting the
folds of thy cunt like
frosty leaves rippling**

**beyond the clouds
rainbow dappled phoenix
sings to ♪ of the world
down in San Shans filthy
bowl of the world slip ♪
fromst it gilded edge into
the net of dust at the sight
of thy cunts folds curve
after curve of pink flesh
run the eyes of ♪ thru that
gorge of flesh slippery
sides coated in cunny dew
hearing the sounds of
those fluttering folds**

**sweeping around that pool
of liquid crystal oh so
lonely alone above the
clouds leaving no trace
that ♪ couldst leap free
and fall into thy lips of
warm quivering flesh fall
into those folds and run
the tongues tip of ♪ along
thy cunts lips half moon
edge and drink the frost
mirrored in that cunny dew
of frozen moonlight oh oh
as sayeth San Shan those**

monks on T'ien Tai
mountain just like parrots
talking idle nonsense in
their golden cage oh
sayeth ♪ let the swans
and geese fly above the
cloud free mountain be ♪
the cormorant with spread
wings plunging into thy
lotus limpid pool of
fragrance that couldst ♪
be the bee sipping on those
lips like butterflies frozen

in flight 'neath white

moonlight

crack crack

crack crack

crack

firecrackers bust like

golden stars shimmering

smearing in light cunts

lips rouged in pink atop

clit pink turban of

softness aflare 'gainst

beams of moonlight

chequering flesh of cunt

those folds printing
themselves o'er the **back**
ground of pink ink great
leaves filigreed with
jewels of light casting
indigo shadows along the
tongues **tip** of √ a pink
sliver glistening with
drops of cunny dew oh
how they sparkle on this
hermits flesh tingling with
sweet quiverings ast the
temple bells ring dripping
sound congealed into

**shadows at this hermits
cell where clouds pink
cluster around soaking
into the mind of √
thinking of thy cunts lips
slices of crystallized moon
that slant across the
willows shadows in one
perpetual color of pink oh
how that cunt of thee
clouded in eternal mist
eternally drenched like a
gigantic chrysthenenum
with white cunny dew like**

**rivers of stars oh how
that cunt rays of light
pierce the clouds that
surround ♪ dotting with
luminous dust the mirror
of my mind thru which
see ♪ the thy cunts lips
fluttering leaving no trace
upon the pink mist sit ♪
in the ell of ♪ watching
thy moon-sliced curves of
thy cunts lips quiver o'er
thy cunts hole pink
liquidity ast ribbons of**

**clouds swirl and whirl
thru this mind of √ a
chasm alight with
moonlight an aqueous
luminescence dotted with
cloud puffs of pink
cascading in waterfalls
twinkling like bells
leaping and skipping
dancing with each to each
that buzzed sparked
flashed and sparkled
burning with the tincture
of moonlight the cunts lips**

**widen in my sight teasing
the mind into delight
creeping o'er the mind of ♪
into colored shades of pink
flickering **flesh** tones
tongues of crimson light
thru my mind fanning my
desires fires that smoke of
sandalwood perfume mind-
blown the scent of spices
soaking the perfumed light
spiting into myriads and
multitudes of splinters of**

**light cascading thru the
mind of ♪**

crack crack

crack crack

crack

crack

crack

firecrackers bust like

golden stars shimmering

lighting thy cunts heated

fumes sitting here ♪

lusting in the pink light

oh oh in all the vastness

of the empty void these
lips of flesh hook the mind
of 丿 floating in a sea of
clouds writing o'er the
mind of 丿 thoughts that
congeal into poems into
iridescent words like the
calligraphy of Wang
Xizhi in my hermit cell
moon glides o'er thy cunts
hols aqueous luminosity
hear 丿 temple bells
rippling thru mist pink
mandarin ducks gliding on

lotus pool leave emerald
tracks rustling willows at
pools edge fish leap
circles within circle race
o'er crystal surface clear
thy cunts perfume coats
all reach ♪ for the moon
floating in thy cunts hole
oh that cunt of thee more
spectacular than all
worlds delight hibiscus
bloom mountains shine
purple 'gainst pink
background moon melting

**drips silver light o'er the
beauteous world all fade
into naught whenst I gaze
upon the flesh puply of thy
cunts folds oh oh that
they couldst soak me up
into that flesh gibbons cry
clouds fill my mind with
pink light shatter into a
thousand shreds thy cunts
silken folds fragrant
flesh edges of pink filigree
canopy of flesh lips curved
pink shades the moonlight**

sit here ♪ a cicada that
 cant its skin shed by
 candle lights gold ambient
 glow in silent solitude
 mind absorbed in
 concentrated focus upon
 that cunt of thee whilst a
 thousand miles away
 Mount Penglai peak
 above the clouds where
 orioles songs float
 upwards to the vermilion
 void whilst ♪ no Ch'ih-
 sung-tzu or Wang Tzu-

ch'iao here slip ㄅ down
 the edge of han ㄏ Shans
 bowl oh no need of
 Mount Penglai here have
 ㄅ mountain peaks of
 voluptuous flesh covered
 in clouds of pink oh gazing
 at the moon reflected in
 that pool of light thoughts
 of thee race thru me and
 wrap the mind of ㄅ in
 threads of clouds oh the
 moon frames that porcelain
 flesh jeweled with dew

crack crack

crack

crack crack

crack crack

**firecrackers bust like
golden stars shimmering**

**light fire-flies that scurry
past my minds eye mist
hovers o'er those curved
lips hanging ast gauze-
curtains pink alone light
lights the cell of ۞ ۞**

alone Ch'u-Chan awakens
 fromst a dream with the
 "eye of heaven" hast ㄚ
 vision unlimited pink
 clouds seep fromst the
 mind of ㄚ filling the
 worlds void with
 crystalline brilliance
 sprouting flowery blooms
 which thy cunt outshines
 in spectacular brilliance
 clouds float round the
 Magic City up in the
 void beyond the clouds

seeth not ♪ findeth not
♪ the way here absorbed
upon thy cunts hole great
void of delight the lips of
♪ leap to thy lips
the eyes of ♪ flutter to
thy eyes
the flesh of ♪ melts into
thine
the clouds seeping fromst
the mind of ♪ burst into
flames igniting the pink
mist of the **dreamland** of

♪ the **world** pink reflected
in a copper **mirror**
see ♪ my love crystallized
into a **rose** of **spectacular**
splendor

isbn 9781876347090

عشق

(shq)

Poems from the kitab al-kis

Of

kohl'in al-deen

translated by

sharmoota haygana al-kis

poems by c

dean

عشق

(شق)

**Poems from the kitab al-kis
Of
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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2016

Translators forward

This Persian work is in the "jeweled style" It is the only example in the Persian tradition stemming from Fakaraddin Gorgani's "Vis and Raman" Gorgani and Kohl'in al-deen "Yshq" are cul-de-sacs in the Persian literature both have not spurned followers The "Yshq" is a carnal and

**erotic work celebrating
 the sensual and sexual
 without any mystical
 overtones or undertone
 that Persian poetry was
 to take where the soul of
 poetry became the love of
 God The *Yshq* is a
 celebration of the flesh and
 its pleasure not as was to
 become in Persian poetry
 and the transcending of the
 flesh The "*Yshq* is a
 poem of eroticism**

**celebrating flesh in and
of itself it is no less the
only poem in Persian
literature that is a hymn to
the cunt The "ʿIshq" of
kohl'in al-deen is like and
was to become in the
Persian tradition like the
great Australian erotic
poet colin leslie dean
forgotten with nothing like
it in the Western
tradition for its
wallowing in the fecundity**

**of the cunt The “Jshq” is
 full rapturous similes and
 exquisite metaphors with
 incandescent images of and
 for the cunt The “Jshq”
 is full of descriptions of
 great beauty and
 sensuousness full of
 mellifluous melodies The
 “Jshq” glows with a gem-
 like flame it is a work of
 aestheticism on a decadent
 theme from a Persian
 decadent aesthete**

preface

**oh to thee that turns the winters
of ♪ into spring that turns the
flesh of ♪ into flames whose face
be of heaven houris that cunt of
thee the flower of paradise in
whose hole drink ♪ the milk and
wine of delight with thirsty lips
sip down with sugared kisses of
♪ upon the rim of thy cunts bowl
drowning thy lips in a thousand
kisses quaff ♪ that juice sweeter
than wine drank ♪ drunken be
cheeks flushed with intoxication in
that voluptuous flesh of musk
scented flower blossoms upon that
flesh lay ♪ sucking in milk and
wine blent with moonlight**

Write **ﺯ** for the love of
thee with stars across the
face of the moon blent
with the tincture of the
scent of the rose and
honey sweet with voice
more eloquent than
nightingales tunes for thee
be my **ﺯ** **uhrah to** **ﺯ**
Harut to thee sing **ﺯ** **to**
thee more full of dreams
than that green pill the
green parrot sucks

***Beloved cry ∩ tears of
peals for thy***

**Cunt hole lit by moonlight
an ermine cap of white
light**

**Cunt hole liquidity of milk
and wine**

**Cunt hole hid by crimson
curtains of flesh**

**Cry ♪ beloved tears of
pears for thy**

**Cunt hole turbid froths
violet with flakes of gold**

**Cunt hole glass goblet
with musk-tinted wine**

**Cunt hole the smell of
jasmine twixt embroidered
curtains of silk flesh**

Tears of pearl cry ♪
beloved for thy

Cunt hole lamp of gold
enclosed in flesh laced
with gold

Cunt hole o'er which rise
sapphire blooms

Cunt hole Simorghs blow
bubbles threaded with gold

**Pearls beloved cry ♪ for
thy**

**Cunt hole petals of roses
float tinting with
incandescent hues**

**Cunt hole chest of bright
jewels glinting in
moonlight**

**Cunt hole seathing
swirling weaving wild
flowers along thy pink
cunt holes rim**

For thy belved tears of

pearls cry ♪

Cunt hole golden goblet to

the rim with loves dewy

wine filled

Cunt hole golden censer

scent of musk floats

tinting the canopy of the

sky

Cunt hole flashes silver

and gold like the fins of

fishes 'neath thy watery

pool

**With lips of sugar oh
beloved play on my flute
blow me a tune sing ♪
with delight more sugary
than all the syrups in
Samarkand play on my
flute with thy paradisaal
lips that ♪ canst dance
and swirl feet to feet to
beat oh sweetness fills the
threshold of my lips out
pours sweet poems like
scented waters with the
dewy tinctures of thy cunt**

**Oh beloved that but
couldst see √ thy**

**Cunts lips sickle shaped
sliver of ruby**

**Byzantine brocade along
the cunts lips of thee**

**On cunts lips glints the
morning star**

**But couldst see *∩* oh
beloved thy**

**Cunts lips rubies on
moonlight white frost
sparkling**

**Beyond the pool of rose
petals cunts lips faintly
flutter**

**Cunts lips drenched with
musk tinted flesh filled
with moonlight**

**That oh beloved couldst
but see √ thy**

**Cunts lips pink blends
into the sunsets glow**

**Cunts lips clustered
jasmine open 'neath moons
frost light**

**Cunts lips gleaming dew
moon skips fromst each
to each**

**Couldst but that see ♪
oh beloved thy**

**Cunts lips twin curls of
hyacinth sloping o'er face
of the moon**

**Cunts lips purple tips dip
in cunts pool waves
rippling**

**Cunts lips pink leaves
hanging o'er purple moon
in cunts pool reflecting**

**Oh that I couldst see
beloved thy**

**Cunts lips speckled with
golden pollen outline of
butterfly wings**

**Cunts lips crimson
curtains tingling with
studded bells**

**Cunts lips in candle light
indigo shadows dancing
o'er cunts pool**

Oh beloved the airs and
zephyrs be sweeten with
myrrh musk and attar
fragrant gums and scents
with which write *∩* these
poems to thee that such
smell may drunken be the
world with the love of thee
that floweth fromst me
that floweth fromst me
*f*or that which thy cunt
inspires in me

**Oh beloved thee with the sugary
lips oh long ♪ for thy**

**Clit quivering sun-dew
globe of crystal fire the
tongue of ♪ tantalizing**

**Clit flutters fromst
perfume wafting up fromst
cunt hole colored pink ink**

**Clit pearl atop stem of
jasmine outshine ♫ Zuhrah
in the canopy of clustered
stars**

**Oh thee with the sugary
lips long & beloved for
thy**

**Clit Revan for the soul
of & guarding the place of
paradise**

**Clit brilliant gem nestled
twixt flesh curtains of
crimson flames**

**Clit glowing firefly in
moons slivery light**

**Long J oh beloved thee
with the sugary lips for
thy**

**Clit a thousand foot jasmine stem
atop globe of dew glinting in
moonlight**

**Clit thru globe of light splinter
beams of light flickering stars o'er
cunts limpid pool**

**Clit like dew settled on
flower petals sparkles
pink**

**With the sugary lips of
thee beloved long ♪ for thy**

**Clit soft hooded bud melded with
musk prongs with desire**

**Clit scented lily robed with ruby
flesh kissing ruby flesh**

**Clit indigo shadow o'er
cunts pool
scent of rose blent with
honey**

oh beloved

pomegranate breasted

**how long ♪ for thee thy
panty to but drop that ♪
canst see all that mankind
longeth for to see that
cunt hole narcissus eye
beckoning ♪ oh beloved
night and day and night
time doth ♪ long to see
thee drop the veil and let
♪ see paradise thy cunt
for ♪ be the wine tavern
the church and the mosque**

oh beloved

eglantine face

**open thy cunts lips to ♪
that ♪ canst kiss upon
those ruby lips the ruby
lips of ♪ let ♪ kiss
those lips of flesh and
suck at thy cunts hole
blent with rose and the
moons slivery light let ♪
entwine the pink tongue of
mine round those lips
flesh blushing of the roses
hue**

oh beloved

scorpion curls

thy cunt be a snare to ♪

thy cunt more full of

flesh than Damavands

mighty mass

thy cunts darkly curls

dyed purple hued a

glittering net of shining

dew soaked fromst thy

cunts boiling pool oh thy cunts

lips garlanded with jasmine petals

caught ♪ be in those coils

of flesh that breathes out

paradises scent

oh beloved
coral lipped

**the nightingale sings to its
rose beloved but sing ♪
sweeter to the rose bud of
thee thy cunt tinctured
with musk blent with
candy syrupy the voice of
♪ flows o'er thy cunts
fecund bloom ravishing
thine ear with the scent of
the voice ♪ that bursts
forth thy cunt into
luxuriant bloom**

oh beloved

narcissi eyes

**that couldst ♪ with the
tongue of ♪ flicker with
fire the lips of thy cunt
coral lips afire with desire
that wouldst rise clouds
of smoke scented musk
fromst thy cunt set on fire
that ♪ couldst set thy
flesh of silk afire thy face
the sun alight with the
coral flickering tongue of
♪**

oh beloved

tulip blushing cheeks

**that couldst ♪ gaze on thy
cunts hole after love to see
the autumn moon float o'er
thy pink limpid pool to see
the Pleiades sparkle
reflected upon that
liquidity to see the eternity
of the heaven mirrored in
that aqueous pool of scent
to see loves dew in thy
hyacinth curls like
dewdrops upon moon
soaked flower petals**

oh beloved

body of silvery white

the lips of ♪ imprint upon

thy cunts lips hyacinth

curls of pink flame the

soul of ♪ whirls and

swirls in thy cunts

scented pool where

Simorghs blow bubbles of

molten glass let ♪ dive

down down into those

fathomless depths where

thee and me canst drink

milk and wine

oh beloved

musk haired

**o'er a thousand miles thy
cunts hole sends up
scented mist fromst thy
cunts lips fluttering
clouds of gleaming white
dew on those folds tips
glass globes of pollen
tossed seeds of color upon
the face of thy cunts pool
with the shadow purple of
the face of ♪**

oh beloved

lips of pomegranate seeds

**hark call ♪ all for thee
listen to me my song of
joy oh love ♪ she a slut
and lover of the cock a
ribald singer with lips that
hast kissed all she meets
lascivious with randy cunt
reamed by numberless all
but oh she with cunts lips
ruddied fromst to much
fucking love ♪ she**

oh beloved

honeybee lips

**if this hell be heaven this
in the cunt of thee be
imprisoned ♪ caught tight
by twin blazing flames of
flesh drowning in thy
pool of fires oh sing ♪
weeping dripping crimson
pearls with joy this lucky
prisoner that n'er be
released ♪ fromst the
prison of thy flaming
fleshy bars**

oh beloved

teeth of pearls

**hear thee with musk and
hyacinth hair scented this
song of me scented with
the breath of me hear thee
with cheeks of lilies and
roses this song of me
that couldst ♪ for eternity
lay with thee ast the moon
full lay with the morning
star ast silk thread
weaved with satin wrapped
in those fleshy lips softer than the
wings of Soroush**

oh beloved

hair of violets

**thy cunts hole be the moon
the dew upon those lips of
flames the stars thy clit a
gilded candle to my sight
oh weep ∩ tears of pearls
in my joy that will ring ∩
around thy cunts lips of
flames to blend with the
ambergris blent with thy
cunts honey pool soaking into the
quivering lips of ∩ that suck
baby-like the teat of the clit of
thine**

isbn 9781876347139

anuraga

by Pandit Ganja Deen

translated into Chinese by

poon tang

translated into Japanese by

ono-no Kai

translated into English by

mono-no Tsubi

poems by c

dean

anuraga

by *Pandit Ganja Deen*

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2016

Translators forward

**This is a poem by the Sanskrit poet
Pandit Ganja Deen now lost but
translated into Chinese now lost by
poon tang**

**translated into Japanese by
ono-no Kai**

translated into English by

**mono-no Tsubi It is a poem about the
love of Pandit Ganja Deen for his wife.**

**This type of poem is unique in Sanskrit
for like both Japanese and Chinese male
poets Sanskrit poets did not express their
love for the wife but only for girlfriends
concubines or lovers etc The themes of this
poet can seem cliched but the repetition of
images metaphors observation of the
seasons are common in Sanskrit poetry and
are often repeated word for word. The
mark of genius is to use them in new and
novel ways and Pandit Ganja Deen sure
is a poet of genius as he uses them in ways
that have never before or since been used**

All these poems are In the form of *svabhavoki* or miniatures of outstanding imagery like miniature Persian paintings or like gold etchings upon the face of a pearl Pandit Ganja Deen breaks with the Sanskrit poetic convention of impersonality and is in line with Western notions of individuality by making his love an individual by mood and suggestion In classic Sanskrit poet the heroine is impersonal she has no individuality by is only a type Pandit Ganja Deen is the first Sanskrit poet in his genius to break from this He thus creates exquisite miniatures of suggestion and mood centered on his wife's individuality and personhood this cult of impersonality which came into Indian literature between the composition of the Mahabharata and Ramayana was never to leave Sanskrit poetry except with Pandit Ganja Deen and never again Also where Pandit Ganja Deen is original and unique and the first in Sanskrit poetry is his

emphasis upon love in longing- more like the Muslim Sufi in his/her longing for god- this breaks with Indian convention which only portrayed the flavor of love *sringarasa sambhoga-sringara* ie love in union and *vipralambha-sringara* love in separation Another convention broke by *Pandit Ganja Deen* is his mentioning the name of the female sexual organ ie cunt which is never done Through out the **anuraga** the rasa or mood of the miniatures is expressed in the conventions of Sanskrit poetry rain clouds sandalwood bees clouds massing etc for sexual satisfaction Thus though centuries old *Pandit Ganja Deen* work speaks to the modern reader with freshness even disquiet for even now his work will evoke hostility This work of *Pandit Ganja Deen* is more like the work of the great Australian erotic poet colin leslie dean-so enjoy your journey thru a landscape of emotions and imagery

preface

**oh how long we for that girly sexy
that one night stand of delight that
beauteous female we catch in our
sight**

but

**to long for our wife to long for she
to desire she to find ones life in she
that all the beauties of the world it
be only she that sets we on fire with
fervent flaming fires only she that
rises the cock fully turgid with
burning sap after years of
domesticity it be she still only she
that brings back the youthful
hornyness of we**

oh

**then satisfied only we in the totality
of she**

ah wife we sit opposite each of we and
into each of eachs eyes look we the
perfume of thee waft to the nose of |
mixing with the sweet savory dishes
set by thee oh how thee doth stir | oh
how thee doth into desires throw the
very tingling flesh of | oh how thee
sets alight the quivering nerves of |
into those eyes of thee that
coquettishly stir the soul of | oh how
thy smile thy glance thy lilted voice of
seductivity enflames | still after long
long ages of domesticity into thy eye
look | and the heart of | sings to thee
these poems fromst the soul of |

**Thy pubic hair red each curl a flame
tree on a bed of gold foil flesh**

Oh

**How long ♪ to be burnt like the
moth in the flaming flame by thy
curls of fire**

**The cuckoo cries caressed by the
rippling scent of thy cunt**

Oh

**How long ♪ to bath in those
perfumed airs that feel like the touch
upon the quivering flesh of ♪ like the
kiss of thy fleshy cunts lips**

**Oh long ♪ for thy cunt blossoming
with pink lotus blooms shooting
fires of light like burning gems**

**Oh
to be wrapped up in the mango scent
of thy cunt listening to the lilting
cries of the cuckoo resounding along
thy cunts lips trembling edge**

**Oh that ♪ long to be by the breeze
be the bee supping on thy cunts lips
twin curved slices of peach laced
with lurid chains of jasmine white
like winter frost delighting ♪ to the
fifth note of the cuckoo that charms
the heart of ♪**

**Oh the cuckoo warbling charms my
 soul ♪ long for thee ♪ long for thee
 that ♪ couldst eat thy cunt like a
 ripe mango fruit and with the eyes of
 ♪ watch the sparks run along thy
 cunts lips edge brighter than Sivas
 eye with the burning love of ♪**

**Long ♪ for thee ♪ long for thy cunt
 powdered with the yellow pollen of
 the bakula like a cloud floating upon
 thy golden flesh red ashoka flames
 like fire along thy twin moth
 eyebrow lips curves flashing more
 refulgent than molten gold more
 lovelier than sunsets liquid ruby
 glow**

**Oh long ♪ for to see the sweat
 dewed along thy cunts lips flesh
 sparkling ast frozen light **red** ast the
 ashoka petals blazing shafts of fire
 stars of ruby glow like the sun
 painted in **gold** upon a **topaz** bright**

Oh

**to see that cunt of thee that bees
 mistake for mango blooms like the
 malachite **parrots** iridescent
 shimmering**

**Oh how long ♪ for those days
 whenst didst ♪ compete with the
 bees for the cunts flower of thee
 darting tongue of pink **fire** in thy
 cunts hole rippling fromst the soft
 call of the cuckoo on the perfumed
 breeze the bees dressing thy cunts
 lips in a cloak of luculent **yellow****

**Do long ♪ for the sweet song of
the cuckoo blown upon the breeze to
me and thee ast thy cunts **lips** like
fires light out shone the peonies in
brilliancy**

Oh

**The yearning of the soul of ♪ to
merge the lips of ♪ into the lips of
thee and see thee melt and out pour
fromst thy cunts hole liquid crystal
the soul of thee**

**Oh the nights grow shorter and do
♪ long for thy cunts **lips** painted
with turmeric the bud of thy **clit**
pink like the mangos shoot thy lips
garlanded with cunny dew sparkling
like stars**

Oh those **lips curved blood-red
flames long ♪ to see again**

**Thy clit glows like a crystal mango
 bud thy inner lips sweet like candied
 cherry blossom thy outer lips the
 pulpy feel of clouds**

Oh

**How long ♪ for thee that thee to me
 bringeth the ecstasy of thee**

Oh how long ♪ for the mons **V**

**shaped like Jambudvipa of she
 with cunny **dew** dangling ast upon
 the **petals** of plums alight with red
 fires light brighter than flames trees
 in sunset glow**

Oh that red **bush** covered with fiery
 flames of red casting indigo shadows
 along the curved edge of thy mountain
folds of flesh like rippling waves upon
 a lotus **pool** deep hued red fromst
 sunset glow

Oh That long ♪ for to see a dew drop
 dangling on thy cunts lip like dew upon
 on lotus petal within which be
 contained all the world

To see thy **slit** crimson Ganges stream
 iridescent shimmering long do ♪ to
 watch the light flicker off thy cunts
 flame tree **curls** of red

Oh
 To be entangled in those fiery **curls** of
 peony red that the luster of molten **gold**
 or the campa blooms fade before the
 brilliant splendor of the cunt hair of
 thee

**Oh that cunt hole a moon bright
like the O in om streaked in
moonlight like filaments of liquid
silver burning like white fire in the
dewy sweat like pearls strung along
thy lips gleaming globes hanging
upon the red fire flames of thy pubic
hair**

**Oh
To see all these things ast cuckoos
sing lilting tunes in the fifth note
perched in willows o'er hanging lotus
pools of shimmering copper in the
sunsets glow**

To see the moonlight glitter off the
 plum-shaped **pin** gleaming o'er thy clit
 oh for that doth long ♪

Oh

The slivery light filters thru thy red
curls of fire lurid ast light thru crimson
panty silken moist with cunny dew that
 be what ♪ doth for to too long

O'er thy cunts bloom flaming fire of
 light long do ♪ long to see
 the dew like staring ornaments decking
 the face of the moon gleam with
 flashing shafts of lurid light

Oh

♪ long to see that luster paint kohl-
 like around the pink rim of thy cunts
hole a gleaming gazelles eye like lights
 brilliancy upon pink tinted **silk**

Clouds of pink cloak thy cunts **lips**
 indigo **shadows** lay along thy **slit**
 like threads of red silk cast by the
 sinking sunset sun

Oh

Long ♪ for thy golden **flower** ripe
 for the plucking with my tongue that
 clit a trembling iris of jade-like light
 the hue of cuckoos

The fluttering of thy cunts lips cast
 red spots of light like peony **flowers**
 floating o'er thy cunts hole

Oh

Rippling waves upon the holes
 limpid liquidity glinting gold like the
fins of fish scattering to the cries of
 cuckoos these sights long for ♪ to
 see

The color of thy cunts **flesh be the
color of autumn mist**

**Thy clit prongs like the filaments of
water lilies**

Oh

**To see the flames of thy cunts lips
burst out with lurid brilliancy like
slivers of golden **glass****

**Thy clit a stalk of a lotus folded
twixt thy fleshy cunts lips while
along thy cunts folds dew spreads
like chains of pearls lacing thy flesh**

Oh

**Thy cunts hole seeping jasmine scent
opens for love oh how long ♪ for to
be enfolded embraced by thee**

To see the moon float in thy cunts
 hole oh for that long ♪ to see the
 wild grease in flight mirrored in thy
 holes perfumed liquidity

Oh

To see the flower of thy cunt golden
 bright reflected 'neath the waters of
 thy cunts hole spraying splinters of
 light brocading the earth in iridescent
 patterns bright

The world is perfumed by the
 waterlilies within thy cunts hole

Oh

That ♪ might dive in and be
 dissolved in that loveliness be for
 what long ♪

**Thy cunt pours out perfume in
steady streams that coats the
waterlillies in scented dew**

Oh

**How long ♪ to stretch the tongue of
♪ within that pulpy mound of flesh
and taste**

**The setting sun sinks within thy
cunts perfumed rimmed **hole** a
liquid copper sea**

Oh

**That the tongue of ♪ couldst splash
around in that liquidity frothing up
bubbles that burst and coat the sky
in diamond stars that be for what
doth long ♪**

Oh see ♪ thy **cunts** flesh tinted
 with liquid gold hues see ♪ thy
 cunts **lips** glowing with powder of
 saffron yellow bright

Oh

To see that **cunts** flesh a golden
 mouth that cunts hole a wagtails
 eye bright glittering these be for
 the things long ♪

That cunt of thee lips fleshy ast
 the rajahamsas wings **lips** ast
 red ast the head of the sarasa and
 balaka

Oh

Long do ♪ to see moonlight
 spread along thy lips white ast the
 royal geese plumage fluttering

Thy lips flushed red with love as
if fresh dyed fromst peony

Oh

How long ♪ to see that crimson
hue reflected to the eyes of ♪
fromst that cunts **pool** a copper
mirror of light

The golden hue of thy **cunts**
pulpy flesh spreads out o'er the
world dyeing waterlilies

Oh

How long ♪ to see that gold of
thy flesh reflected in the lotus
pools shimmering 'neath autumn
moon with frost white light

The red-headed **cranes** cry rippling
 the dew upon thy cunts lips that
 flies upward coating the sky in
 filaments of lacework

Oh

How long ♪ for those **flowers** of
 dew glinting gold with splinters of
 silvery moonlight

Thy cunts lips sweeter than ripening
 sugar cane coated in the indigo
shadows of flying wild geese

Oh

Those inner cunt lips curved little
 sickles of cherry blossom petals of
 perfumed fragrance refulgent in the
 sunsets golden **glow** oh how long ♪
 for

*Along thy cunts **lips** flesh indigo
 shadows and light bright congeal
 dancing pirouettes o'er the pulpy
 curtains of thy lips*

Oh

*Long ♪ for that sight of thee
 splaying thy net of plum **petals**
 dancing in the perfumed breeze
 wafting fromst thy cunts hole*

*Thy cunts lips hang like curtains of
 jasmine petals in the clouding mist
 oozing fromst thy cunts hole*

Oh

*To suck upon those cloud billowing
 folds of flesh long for doth ♪ to
 lick that cunny dew like falling pink
 beads of **glass***

**Along thy cunts sickle moon curved
gold-gilded lips sweat crystallized
light glinting khanjana eyes**

Oh

**Thy cunts hole coquettish eye
crimson-streaked with ashoka pollen
lures ♪ to the open waterlily petals
of thy cunts lips these be for what
long ♪**

**Thy cunt hole full moon of silvery
light paints the lips of ♪ in brocades
of indigo shadows**

Oh

**Those spider webs of dewy light
lacing thy golden flesh like soft lotus
filaments hanging gossamer-like
these be the sights long ♪ for to see**

The slopes of thy cunts **lips** golden
 curtains that shimmer close round
 pink rimmed fruit thy cunt **hole** blue
 plum in a **bowl** of gold

Oh

Like a wagtails eyes coquettish at
 ♪ long ♪ for that peeps thru flaming
folds of gold

To thy lips the tongue of ♪ flutters
 a bee in love the cunts hole bubbles
 as if by schools of pink **fish** then
 the ripples leave no trace

Oh

How long ♪ to write poetry along
 thy cunts **lips** gilded edge shaking
 the peony flower dew into poems that
 burn with the scent of sandalwood

The sun set thy cunts lips **dew**
 sparkles like diamonds on gold silk
 thy **lips** with the hue of bright orange

Oh

O'er the cunts **hole** iridescent plum
 blue cheery blossom scent swirls
 twixt waves of light rippling the
 sliver face of the moon

Thy cunts golden **flesh** melts into
 the sunsets golden glow flaming **red**
 it bursts into bloom **golden-red** thru
 the twilights **gauze** of many hues

Oh

Those curved lips of flames the
 twilights hues soak into thy flesh
 wheeling whirling fragrance washes
 the air these be for what long ♪

**Thy cunt bursts our rays of red
flames hotter than the scorching sun
to burn the earth in its hot perfumed
heated fumes**

Oh

**That I couldst lie cooling in the
indigo shadows of thy cunts folds
and smell the jasmine scent wafting
fromst thy cunts boiling hole**

**Thy cunts heated airs fry the earth
dry up the lotus pools and winding
rives drive buffalo and elephants
made**

Oh

**That I couldst wrap necklaces of
trumpet flowers o'er thy cunts
burning folds and tip thy lips tips
with acacia blossoms that scent
rises that be for what long I to do**

**Thy cunts lips be flames of golden
fire hotter than forest fires out
burning the scorching egg yolk
yellow sun**

Oh

**The smell of the sandalwood
perfume of thy cunts hole that
spreads hot spears of scent o'er the
earth burning all in its searing heat
that be for the thing long ♪ to see**

**Thy cunts fierce rays hotter than the
burning sun drive mad gazelles birds
drop to earth fromst its heat**

Oh

**Long ♪ to burn the flesh of ♪ in
thy desire for ♪ within the furnace
of thy folds to in desire expire**

The tips of thy cunts **lips** glow
 redder than the searing sun pouring
 out **rays** of red-orange light melting
 sunstones

Oh

To lick along those petals unfurled
 that flowery **throat** of burning topaz
 light out shining the sun in the
 sapphire **sky** that burning gem of
 heated light for this do for long ♪

Burning light drips fromst thy
 cunts liquid ruby **lips** silhouetting
 trumpet flowers and cheery blossom
 petals 'gainst thy cunts flesh

Oh Long ♪ that ♪ couldst float
 upon the fluffy clouds of scent
 wafting in brilliant light white of
 jasmine fromst thy cunts hole

Thy cunts glowing hot red spreads
 light o'er the earth painting all in a
 gem-like haze 'gainst the turquoise
 sky

Oh

**Those lips of fire rain down drips
 of light that sets my heart on fire**

**The heat fromst thy cunt of fire
 forms pools of light boiling hot
 upon the face of the earth dyeing
 all in a haze of many hues**

Oh

**Long ♪ that couldst ♪ wash the
 burning flesh of ♪ in those drops
 of diamantine fragrance dripping
 fromst that furnace of fire Long
 ♪ that couldst melt into those lips
 redder than virgins passion**

Thy cunts **lips rays of burning fire
of gold a second sun in the purple
sky a whirling disk of light more
brilliant than molten gold**

Oh

**Long ♪ to be that moth lured to thy
gleaming flesh blinded by the
perfume of thy luminescent hole**

Out shoots fromst thy **cunt spears
of gold burning light like flames of
saffron forest fires that curl round
trumpet flowers with scorching
kisses**

Oh

**That long ♪ to look upon those lips
rouged with fire bright in their cloak
of incandescent scent a second sun
of light**

**O'er the land of scorching heat
 under a cupola of amethyst **sky** like
 molten crystal thy cunts **lips** pour or
 their golden flames flickering with
 the scent of cinnamon**

**Oh
 How thru the sheet of **flames** with
 the luster of gold long **♪** to feel
 those splinters of golden light caress
 the flesh of **♪****

**The air is full of colors poured out
 by the cunts flickering flames **spirals**
 of gold layers of light like molten
indigo-purple quartz gold spots the
plums cheery **blossoms** burst with
 pink**

**Oh
 Trembling long **♪** to see thy **lips**
 flash like golden butterfly wings**

Thy cunt bursts open like a ripe plum scattering golden light like fruit seeds that drip to the ground to surround all in a haze of shimmering light of blossoming flowery blooms

Oh

How long ♪ to stir colored stars of pinks and blues into thy cunts hole to squeeze the rays of the sun that the golden fires shimmer within thy cunts hole liquidity

Thy cunts hole be a fountain of boiling colored liquidity gurgling and bubbling splashing o'er the earth a flood of light

Oh

Long ♪ to swim around within those frothing waters fish-like lost in the indigo shadows coated in gold

Thy cunts **lips** of fire redden the
 dawn crystal **sky** a golden mirror
 outshining the sun a coral-tree
 flower blazing

Oh

Those lips of thee outdoing the
sun in layers of mixed hues of reds
 pinks blues like watercolor washes
 o'er sky as colorful as painted
 Rajasthan saris

Thy cunts **lips** send fiery shafts
 golden streamers of light that
 bounce off red **beaks** of thirsting
 parrots to cover the earth in a cloak
 of incandescent light

Oh Long ♪ to be enfolded in that
 robe of light lon ...

No more no more of these poems
that stir the heart of |
that turn my flesh to heated coals
of

longing for thee

Oh grab | thee by thy hair and pull
thy face to the face of | and press
the lips of | to thy lips that the very
flesh of each melts into each and
carry thee to the bed of we that we
can fuck with frenzy limbs entwined
to limbs flesh to flesh oh that each
shall scream cries of rapture oh
that we each will fuck each into
ecstasy

ISBN 9781876347155

Kujiru

by

Mara no Kai

by

henoko no Bobo

by

Chinpoko no Tsubi

Poems by c

Dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2016

Translators forward

Resigned sadness in the face of loneliness be the themes of these poems expressing the Heian aesthetic of *sabi* loneliness and *yugen* a mysterious depth of feeling much like the gloomy loneliness of the Heian poetry this poetry expresses the moods of a lonely heart the hearts response to loneliness solitude and longing a waiting that will never end the poems are saturated with despair regret and melancholy all which depicts the fleeting beauty of nature and the females cunt all as fleeting as the dew on the petals of chrysanthemums or the froth that appears then vanishes in surging waters or the morning mist dissolved by the moons light these poems express the feelings evoked by loneliness and longing the aware or melancholy evoked by the sadness of fleeting things The connoisseur of Japanese poems will find many allusions to other poems

Preface *Ah Wabi-sabi*, the beauty of things things imperfect things impermanent things incomplete *Ah Wabi-sabi* in an altered state of consciousness to see in the mundane and simple *Ah Miyabi* (雅) the polished manners the polished diction the polished feelings that eliminate all roughness and crudity achieves the highest grace *Ah Shibui* (渋い) that beauty of simple subtle, and unobtrusive beauty *Ah Iki* (いき, 粋) poems of simplicity sophistication spontaneity and originality *Ah Shibui* (渋い) poetry of that is ephemeral straightforward measured and unselfconscious *Ah Jo-ha-kyū* (序破急) those poems with a tempo that begins slowly accelerates and then ends swiftly *Ah Yūgen* (幽玄) those poems with that are "dim" "deep" or "mysterious" Those poems that speak of the subtle profundity of things those things that are only vaguely suggested those poems that suggests that which is beyond what can be said *Ah Yūgen* (幽玄) *Ah* read these poems *Ah with Wabi-sabi with Miyabi* (雅) with *Shibui* (渋い) with *Jo-ha-kyū* (序破急) with *Yūgen* (幽玄)

by

Mara no Kai

**Oh the cunt of ♪ like cheery blossom
open ast thee passed the window of ♪**

but

alas wilted the petals be at thy passing

by

**Ah the cunt of ♪ be a fruiting fruit of
pinks and crimson hues the folds like**

ailanthus in anticipation of thee but

**lay here ♪ alone with the dream of thee
with me who at the door of ♪ knocks**

not

cunt like plum flowers h^ole like full moon

Yet

spring passes and the seasons change

Yet

again like old times alone ∫ 'mongst plums

blooms and moons luculent light

with fondness call ∫ thy name dream

that thee would pluck the stem of my

cunts flower

But

alas the loves dew along the lips pink

edge glitters like jewels which thee doth

pluck not

**lone duck cries passing o'er the face of
the moon**

Oh

**its echo ripples the cunts hole liquidity
of ♪ longing for thee**

**ast jasmine vines be tangled be the cunt
hair of ♪ ♪ long for thy tongue nestled be
in the blooming beauty of me in that
blackness darker than starless night**

But

**thee comes not to untangle the hair of me
hast thee lost thy way
or be the dream of ♪ be naught but mist
dissolving 'neath moons light**

**in the cunts desire for thee ♪ be a bird in a
cage of the desire of ♪ the years months
go by without thee**

Yet

in despair fromst this cage fly canst ♪ not

each month a new moon

**yet each month the cunts lips of ♪ not
plucked by thee**

oh though the petals wilt from longing

Yet

**their fragrance is sweet like fallen plum-
flowers**

the cunt of ♀ fruitlessly watch ♀ thru the

pink mist rising fromst the hOle of ♀

Yet

longing still see not ♀ thy face coming to ♀

thru that haze of lust

still longing lay here ♀ cunts passion

flower full bloom

Yet

visible thee be not thru the pink mist

fragrant fromst the cunt of ♀ like spring

flowers kissed by the golden sun

oh lay ♪ forlorn cloaked in the perfume of
the cunt of ♪ alone with no one too admire
the cunt hOle moon of ♪

languish here ♪ neath moon light bright
cloaking the cunt of ♪ in pink hues oh that
he wouldst come and sup the dew that falls
fromst the cunts lips of ♪

Covered in clouds of pink the cunt of J
such sadness that he doth not look upon its
folds and in the shimmering holes liquidity
see reflected his face

Cunts folds o'er moon-like hole hang like
willows swaying with the lonesome breath
of J blowing to be the fragrant scent
Yet
He comes not to lick lips unfurling like
pink clouds

**Ravine enfolded by cunts folds dark with
purple shadows perfume floats seeping
fromst cunts pool**

Yet

**sad alone no he to sup at my moon-cup of
pink froth**

**cunts lips pink ast hibiscus flowers blooms
folds encased in crimson hue**

Yet

**in my deserted room they blossom in
profusion unseen by he**

hills empty soaked in rain

mist descends betwixt the cunts folds

moon light streams up crimson **slit**

perfumed liquidity flows fromst cunts

gurgling h^ole

Yet

ast bamboos rustle and monkeys cry no he

be here to still my breaking heart

that couldst ♪ find peace in mountain

solitudes to home make for ♪ away fromst

this room without he where cunt throbs

with the lonely beats of the heart of ♪

oh the cunts lips of ♪ are so far apart are
we that dew drips fromst the lips of ♪
like tears falling in a pink mist

alone the heart of ♪ suffers the world in
the despairing mind ♪ mist pink rises
fromst the cunt hOle of ♪ veiling the world
fromst the loneliness of ♪

by

henoko no Bobo

cunt lips their hue pink

laying here the cries of ♪

hear here me hear the pum blossom rustle

to the lonely breaths of ♪

o'er the limpid liquidity of the cunt h^ole of

♪ the moons face luculent glows

But

not even a monk to see that bright brilliancy

only ♪ in my despondency

**in the lonely autumn nights all hear ♪ be
temple bells each footstep make the cunts
lips of ♪ quiver crickets cry each sunset
without thee returning ♪ at the cunts hOle
gaze tears dropping scattering circles
within circles of silver ripples o'er the face
of the moon**

**oh moon has thee seen my love remind he
that thee be the reflection of the cunt hOle
of me**

like the hen in Muko Bay fromsts its
 mate sundered dieing of longing for thee
 imagine the face of thee ♪ doth do gazing in
 the cunt hOle of ♪ pink rimmed ast the
 autumn moon

Oh unkissed the cunts lips of ♪ wither
 ast plum petals that fall oh that thy tongue
 wouldst flicker the lips of

But

alas dew drops jewels along the lips edge
 be the tears of ♪ shed in loneliness

**oh that he wouldst be the butterfly 'mongst
the cunts lips of ♪**

But

**Night comes and the scent of the loveless
cunt of ♪ floats to cloak the moon in a
curtain refulgent hues**

**Thru the pink mist a lone duck cries ♪ for
thee that thee wouldst part the cunts folds
and gaze at the moon rimmed in pink ink**

**Long sighs of lonely sighs cry ♪ love
unfulfilled**

But

**out of the perfumed mist blooms the cunt
flower of ♪**

**oh seasons change the hours drag by
forever nothing lasts**

But

loneliness lasts forever

But

**this cunts flower of ♪ fragrant ast the
plum blossom forever blooms for he that
commeth not to me**

oh whenst pluck ♪ the cunts lips of ♪ like
 the cry fromst the koto fromst Manyoshu
 sorrow fills the world rippling thru the
 twilight mists mixing with the cry of a lone
 wild duck

But

watch ♪ the moon for thy shadow o'er
 passing of thy coming

in autumn light leaves fall that the cunts
 lips of ♪ soak up their iridescent hues
 fading ast the scent of thee

But

lingering o'er the lips of ♪ thy kisses
 tingling fromst long long ago

**amid the mountain crags of my cunts folds
find √ peace in the loneliness of √ my
sighs the world at my despair**

But

still in this world of suffering

**doth the cunts lips of √ quiver with joy
at thy still remembered kiss**

**laying here 'neath the autumn moon forlorn
that thee may not come soon**

But

**Oh how thee wouldst admire the cunt h^ole
of √ shimmering liquid gold liquidity**

with refulgence of liquidity the cunt h^ole of

**♪ more beauteous than a night of veiled
moon shimmering thru pink mist**

But

**Naught to see the extraordinary not veiled
cunt of ♪ quivering with the forlorn breaths
of ♪**

**♪n the moonlight the forlorn breaths of ♪
sweep down twixt the cunt folds of ♪**

moon lingers in the cunt h^ole of ♪

**lips coated in dew wet with the forlorn
tears of ♪ oh with autumn sorrows arrive**

**cunts lips like burnished gold 'gainst mist
like plum petals painted on Chinese paper
pink lined with diamonds along lips edge**

But

**thee doth not see the sweet flag that floats
in the cunts hole of ♪ despondent quaking
with lovelorn pain with cunts lips drenched
with the sighs of ♪**

**these tear stained cunts lips of ♪ like
beads of frost flutter to the breaths of ♪
that rustle the leaves dropping fromst
autumn trees that sweeps thru mountain
paths lined with dew**

like a moon carved out of pink mist be the cunts
 lips of ♪ pink like cherry blossoms pulsating
 ast the hearts of lovers oh that he wouldst
 marvel at these sights

But

more drenched than the panty of ♪ be the
 sleeves of ♪ fromst the tears shed in this
 lovelorn misery

oh the cunt hole of ♪ glitters like a rainbow
 bubbles bursting scented plum blossom like a
 cup full of whirls of mist pink blurred tumbling
 circles within circles

But

forlorn remembers ♪ he sucking sucking
 fromst that pink rimmed bowl scented of peonies
 persimmons and chrysanthemums

by

Chinpoko no Tsubi

**Cunts lips Plum blossom scent on wind
blowing fluttering mist clouds pink cloaking
moon light streaming thru autumn leaves
glittering off dragonfly hair pin clasped in
pubic hair black**

Oh

**alone ♪ thinking of thee and me floating in
orchid boat upon the pink limpid pool of my
cunts hole**

The breath of ♪ sighs forlorn blows mixed
 with pink cunny mist down the crevice of the
 cunts folds of ♪ rippling autumn leaves that
 drop and flutter o'er the grass dyed with
 iridescent hues and melancholy sighs of ♪

Oh

Hast thee forgot the perfumed mist within the
 cunts folds of ♪ hast thee forgot the touch of
 silk the pubic black hairs of ♪ hast thee forgot
 fromst the pink rimmed cup which thee thirstily
 drank to thirstier become that e'en the whole sea
 couldst slake it not

Oh

remember ♪ still that kiss under lip softer than
 moonlight

**languishing on the bed of ♪ the cunt flower
blooms kissing the moonlight**

Oh

**Forlorn this parched flower longs for the dew
kissed upon thy lips**

**Thee said thee wouldst come waiting ♪ waiting
cunt hole flooding fromst the dreams of ♪ with
thee**

Oh

**Fromst the sighs of ♪ the dew upon the lips
of ♪ shatters scattering like broken glass**

**Fromst the moon flakes of light scattered
 o'er the cunts lips of ♪ streaming thru the
 pubes black hair in the moons light lips
 blaze with crimson **fire** pink hues cloak the
 cunts **flesh** of ♪ the touch of silk lips
 blurred in curved contours flapping ast
 plum-colored **flags****

Oh

but he doth not pass before the door of ♪
 forlorn that he be not driven to ♪ by the
 cunts lips of ♪ in pink haze with the scent
 of pink **peonies** and orange **persimmons**
 that glitters like a yellow **bell** 'neath the
 bowl of the moon like a pagoda lamp

forlorn sighs ♪ 'neath autumn moon cunts

lips covered in pink haze like the moon

cloaked in clouds

Oh

With mind disordered like Michinoku

ponder ♪ the pool covered with duckweed

and sadly think of the cunt hole of ♪

unused by he

The scent fromst the cunt of ♪ wafts o'er

Mount Arima beckoning he to me

Oh

forlorn stroke ♪ the cunts lips ever

remembering his silken tongue them plucking

The moon casts purple shadows within the
 cunts folds of ♪ throwing up pink mist
 fromst the cunts hole iridescent froth
 coating the peacock silk soft flesh of ♪ in
 luculent hues like the malachite enamel of
 dragonflies

Oh

How long forlorn at this moon must gaze ♪
 longing for thee to untangle the tangled
 black pubes of ♪

Oh

Longing for he picked ♪ an azalea
 imagining the crimson lips of he rub ♪ into
 the cunts lips of imagining he kissing me

**Cunts lips like the folds of a thousand
clouds like rose-red silken curtains hang in
the dawn light**

Oh

**The sleepless night spent forlorn at thy not
coming now lips with frozen dew like frost
that gathers on morning azalea petals**

**the seasons change will the crimson upon
my **cunts** lips of ♪ fromst thy kiss fade
ast the blooms in autumn**

Oh

That thee couldst smell the orange **blossom
scent that o'er the cunt of ♪ wafts that
fragment mystery of me**

**Long sighs fromst the depth of my soul waft
skyward the cunts folds of ♪ part at the
thought of the**

Oh

**How long to wait in this despondency spider
webs hang across my door still wait ♪ but the
moon little by little gives way to the dawn**

**Gaze ♪ at the turbid waters of the cunt hole of
♪ that swirl in vortexes of pink light flashing
light lightning o'er gold flakes o'er which whirl
clouds of pink mist**

Oh

**Cicadas in the sunset glow cry ♪ longing for
thee no sound upon the autumn grass naught but
the autumn wind blowing gives a sound**

**Pink clouds top the cunts folds of ♪ like
cloud around mountain peaks purple
shadows fade ast the moon raises**

Oh

**if only thee couldst see the crystal fountain
that bubbles up the little crimson stream
flowing up the slit of ♪ to whirl suddenly
into pirouettes of light**

**the dew drops fromst the lips of ♪ like
tears of glass**

Oh

**♪ lie alone if only we couldst both admire
the the cunt hole of ♪ shimmering moon of
light**

**Long night of waiting cunts afire with
desire **lips** flicker like crimson flames**

Oh

A cuckoo cries not he only the **moon
sinking in a bed of sunrises orange glow**

the **cunt of ♀ blooms like a crimson flower
the **clit** prongs like a pink fruit dew gleams
diamonds along the lips edge like white jade**

Oh

**The days go by months without thee the
sighs of ♀ congeal with the autumn light
ast slivers of frost lay o'er the burning
flesh of ♀**

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Qiling

Ci poems from the "net of dust"

By various

Translated:

Poems by c dean

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2016

Translators forward

The cliché in Chinese poetry has not the opprobrium it has in Western poetry. Many poets used clichés or repeated theme. This use is not thought to detract from the poem but are instead vehicles for the poet's originality. To use a cliché or repeated theme in an original way was thought of as the mark of a good poet. Li T'ai-po in his "Marble Stairs Grievance" takes much of his imagery from a chueh-chu poem of Hsieh T'iao also in "On Hearing a Flute ..at Loyang" Li T'ai-po takes much from in a poem about autumn by Du Fu. Much of the clichés became convention but convention like Persian poetry to be used in original ways like the "Thousand and one Nights" with

**its clichés of a beautiful girls referred
to as the moon a mole on cheek as a
globule of ambergris the eye brows as
bended bows lips of coral nose curved
like a saber eyes of jet browlocks like
scorpions cheeks as roses or blood-red
anemones breasts like pomegranates
teeth necklace of pearls Like wise we
have in Chinese a girl with moth
eyebrows repeating thru time and in
these poems cunt hole like pool cunts
lips like folds cunt like mountain cunts
lips like butterfly wings Now though
like much sufi poetry it may seem on
first glance they only play upon one
string but upon deeper gazing we see
that the genius play the one string with
originality So sit back read with
delight with rapture these poems of
originality**

Preface

Like Zhao Mengfu trapped in the Net
 of dust
 we be for these poor non-beings be these
 poems of desire to entrap thee
 tangle thee up in the words of me all
 caught for thousands of years in these
 clumsy metaphors of me
 oh climb high thee who seek the spiritual
 light by into the void of dark nothing be
 diving
 ast sayeth the sage
 "empty of desire perceive mystery
 filled with desire perceive manifestations"
 These poems be
 "the gateway into mystery"

After Wang Wei

By

Li Tai-he

**Fromst thy cunt scent of acacia
 blooms filling the night like spring day
 moon reflected in cunts pool pulses of
 light ripple o'er mirrored surface
 alarming mountain birds sipping in thy
 spring ravine**

**Oh unbearable these nights of
 separation the sighs of ♪ be like silk
 threads on the air thoughts of thee like
 spring wind pulls apart the cunts lips
 of ♪ that bloom ast flower decked in
 spring morning dew**

Alone in bedroom all year thru
remembering thee only dreams of thee to
comfort me oh if only thee couldst see
the cunts pool of ♪ a moon in pink ink
'neath butterfly wings

♪ folds of cunt mountains of flesh
shadows casting into valley of crimson
stream far down pool of blue water
mirroring mountain peaks oh think ♪
of thee if only the heart of ♪ be ast
calm ast the silence be

**Cunts folds of flesh tumble down to the
 pools pink rim mountain peaks in clouds
 of cunny scent pink mist floats up
 crimson slit a valley of purple shadows
 be the cuntts view to thee**

**Look ♪ at the cunts folds of ♪ seeing
 mountains immersed in pink scented
 clouds flesh inked with the hue of pink
 crystals the cunts pool a moon coming
 twixt pulpy folds oh alone look ♪
 willing not to away look**

**Clear stream flows up mountain valley
 like huge mouth opens unto the eyes of
 ♪ oh such beauty deep ripples o'er pools
 blue face deep like the Daoist void
 fromst the breath of ♪ see ♪ thy cunt
 and wash the tongue of ♪ in those clear
 waters**

**Pink mist stirs in the valley of thy
 cunts folds light on lips edge flashes
 like mountains kissed by twilight 'neath
 clouds of scented airs clit like lotus
 stem glowing pink thy lips the hue of
 pink crystals oh panty rises seized by
 grief ♪ be**

The cunts folds of 𠄎 like light robes
 gleams in candlelight ast sit 𠄎 in autumn
 rain freezing golden dragons whilest hear 𠄎
 the crickets whir whilest bothers no one to
 visit 𠄎 𠄎 be lucky not ast Daoist
 hermits in my refuge alone

Oh the cunts folds of 𠄎 gleam with pink
 sheen ast leaves turn green in autumn light
 hear 𠄎 cicadas on the wind ast falling light
 glints off the curve of lips edge clouds of
 scented smoke rises fromst the blue pool
 like a moon turning thee drunk fromst
 looking at ast drunk ast 𠄎 Li Tai- Po
 looking at

**To lazy to move 'neath perfumed clouds
rising sit ♪ looking at thy cunts curved
lips soaked deep hued pink fromst the
breath of ♪**

**Barched earth fromst blazing sun
Yet
dew drips fromst thy cunts folds**

**Cunts lips folds like empty mountain no
visitors to ♪ moonlight filters thru
pubic hairs lighting lips with pink hue**

**Pubis hair like thick bamboo play ♪ the
cunts lips of ♪ like pipa ast moon light
soaks lips frosted pink**

Outside the hiss of winter rain

Inside candlelight dances o'er cunts

blue pool waves ripple casting shadows

of egrets on cunts puffy folds

Cunts blue pool bowl of wine perfumed

with lotus blooms greeting quests that

take the trip o'er scented lake

**Along cunts lips edge hues of hibiscus
blooms folds like mountains of red
calices**

Silence

**Cunts splays open like huge orchid
nobody
then closes**

**Light sparkles o'er jeweled pool of
blue like fireflies across pink moon
one strays upon lips curved edge a
solitary light lighting pink lip like
gauze-curtain with pink gleam**

**to these mountain of cunts folds comes
no one here whilst the lips turn pink
then gold in candlelight scented clouds
cloaks mountain peaks in curtain of
mist**

**oh hermit monks in mountains cold gaze
at these mountain folds of flesh decked
in pink clouds of scent and into
Samadhi be**

after *Li J'ai-po*

by

Li Wei

***P*ubic hair is gleaming with cunny dew**

***P*anty soaked**

***P*ull down the white-like snow gauze**

***A*nd watch the shimmering glass face**

of the cunt hole-moon

***O*ff cunts puply folds moonlight**

streams way below crimson slit a

flowing river fromst cunts blue pool

rimmed with cunny dew a moon with

necklace of stars

Bring ♪ that perfumed wine that ♪

canst lolling languid sing the hearts

song of ♪

Bring ♪ that perfumed wine that ♪

Canst drink three hundred cups to the

hearts full of ♪

Oh to be drunk for eternity on that

cunny dew of thee that ♪

Never sober be drinking fromst that

cunt cup of thee

**Oh this world be but a dream thus let me
dream in drunken stupor let me look upon**

the cunts of all the shes

**Let me gaze upon those cunny flowers in
full bloom**

**Let me press those petaled lips with the
tongues tip of ♀**

**Let the breath of ♀ into those lips be
soaked with hue of wine pink tin**

**Oh that ♀ couldst drunken be surrounded
for eternity with all those perfumed blooms
that open splayed for the tongue of me pass
the cup let ♀ gaze upon those cunnies bright
cunt moons**

**Till the dream dissolves in a drunken
swoon**

Oh lips to cunts bowl 'neath pink moon

'neath emerald vines sipping on that

gorgeous wine friends we drunk on

each be

Blue mist cloaking pink moon

Ast red blue chequered bird sings

Thee sighs

Thee cries

To the moon float incense-like

Ast sip √ that cup of wine

And thee and me drunk and enraptured

forgetting the net of dust

Ast see √ pink moon in thy cunts cup

**Moonlight thru window streams
coating ♪ in white frost dream ♪ of
thee see ♪ thy cunts lips glittering with
dew stars the taste of thy cunts wine
lay upon my lips gaze ♪ at the moon
drunk and see ♪ thy cunts hole silvery
moon moist longing for ♪**

**Drunk in Summit Temple
raise ♪ the lips of ♪ to the moon thru
window mistaking it for thy cunts hole
to drink ♪ thy sweet peach wine**

**oh whenst the cunt hole of my beauty
was here ♪ be drunk day and night
empty bed now
but
the taste of her cunts wine be soaked
into the pulpy flesh of the lips of ♪
three years gone
yet
still taste ♪ that cunny wine lingers on
the lips of ♪
yellow leaves drop the seasons turn
yet
still taste ♪ that cunny wine lingers on
the lips of ♪**

**Pipas sound far of she doth raise the
 cunt hole of she a mountain flower in
 bloom**

**That cup of wine drink ♪ another
 another and another**

**Oh drunk sleep o'er takes me but blah
 tomorrow canst wait lift thy cup again
 again and again**

**Drinking fromst that cunts cup of wine
 the lips of ♪ be embossed with that
 flowers fleshy petals**

**Drunk rise ♪ in the dark guided by
 that cunts moon to that pool of peach
 wine**

It be long since visited ♪ she on East
 Mountain

Yet whenst see ♪ the peony bloom see ♪
 the cunt flower of she

Yet whenst see ♪ the moon see ♪ the cunt
 hole of she and drunken becomes me

Thee doth say "why doth thee live here" ♪
 doth say with drunken sighs

Oh whenst drunk be ♪ see ♪ the flowery
 blooms see ♪ the peach petals unfurling

See ♪ the cunt of she

Oh whenst drunk be ♪ see ♪ the moon see
 ♪ the cunt hole of she

Oh there is this girl of fifteen fromst

**Wu and oh how much fifteen be she
with cunt lips pink like the peony cunt**

hole full ast new autumn moon

**Oh she be drunk on me and me drunk
on she fromst sipping fromst her pink**

cunts cup of wine

Oh behind red brocade curtains we play

how beautiful she doth sigh and cry

And oh oh how rapturous be that wine

that n'er endng flows fromst that cunt

tinted like lotus veiled in pink mist

No friend to wine to drink with ♪

But

Raise ♪ the lips to the moon and sup

drunkedly fromst that moon which be the

cunt hole of she

now there be she and me with drinking ♪

'mongst the necklace of moon garland

stars

Oh ♪ in this river boat be drunken ♪

thinking of she

Thinking of that cunts cup fromst which

drunken drink ♪

Oh there it be in that crystal waters depths

opening arms inward jump ♪ to embrace the

moon cunt of she

After Li he

By

Wang Po

**moonlight refulgent off yellow pepper
walls frozen drips rippling like water
o'er all**

**dew bedecks brocade curtains like
shroud of mourning in the morning
faded beauty hair flower laced aloes
fragrant on the air face looking in
limpid water where peony petals fallen
float beauty spot removes with fading
dreams of love no knock at chambers
door**

**as o'er moons bright lit silk-like face
magpies soar flowers strewn o'er floor
panties wet with fragrant cunts scents**

**Leaves fall like glittering emeralds under
 sickle moon in the room of ♪ smoothing
 moth-eyebrows moonlight glints in love-
 strewn dew drops along the cunts lips
 crescent edge lying awake listening to
 simurgh bells on grape-bud clit playing
 thinking of thee**

**'Neath silk peacock sheet embroidered
 with emerald flowers of spring lay languid
 ♪ wrapped in the fragrance of the cunt of
 ♪ perfumed like musk the scent floats o'er
 the froth of the cunt hole of ♪ bubble dance
 flickering like fireflies in moonlight**

**Moonlight by window rustling the
 dew upon cunts lips fluttering ast
 butterfly wings lip like jade curtains
 cunts hole reflecting moonlight still
 like glass surface oh wrapped in
 light fromst orchid-oil lamp lay ♪
 upon quilt laced with threads of
 simurghs and golden flowers oh
 perfume fromst the cunt of ♪ dances
 with moonlight dripping into goblets
 of peach wine ast with scented
 breath breathes ♪ scented o'er he
 ast he sleeps on in rapture**

**Oh the cunts lips of ǃ lustrous in the
 necklace of dew like pearls moon thru
 window throws light lighting lips like
 white frost stare ǃ in dragon mirror
 at cunts hole unable to sleep holes rim
 glowing jade 'neath winged curtains
 sparkling with congealed light**

**Oh the sighs of ǃ write longing on the
 scented air clit budding cunts lips
 streaked with crimson rouge sigh ǃ the
 girl fromst Wu cunts pool a clear void
 of crystal cunt lips scented with loves
 wine but no ǃ ǃ ai-po to sup**

Cunts lips splayed at the moon
Scented breeze sweeps dew along lips
curved edge emerald flags fluttering ast
jade mist float along crimson slit frothing
fromst quicksilver pool that reflects evening
sky sparkling with diamond stars that form
delicate ripples within the glassy void of
that liquidity stirring coiled dragons and
gilded fish

Cunt lotus bloom petals decked with dew
Like mandarin duck the tongue of ♪ wings
down splashing in that pool of crystal
liquid sprays of diamonds shut up filling
the shy with stars

**Oh this cunt be autumn in its
 season fragrant dripping dew flower
 forgotten in mountains now only
 blossoms in lonely places no hermit
 tastes the dangling fruits**

**The cunts folds of ♪ deep in purple
 shadows pubic hair tangled ast
 forest vines moon glows in fragrant
 pool ast scented clouds of pink
 tumble o'er budding clit glowing jade
 stem**

**Cunt splayed play ♪ jade pipa languid
on peacock couch**

Scent fromst cunt mixes with perfume

**fromst orchid-oil lamp wafts thru
window in whorls of gleaming light**

emerald shadows dance on walls

Spirit foxes howl mistaking my cunt

hole for the moon

Perfumed dew drips thru pink mist

**fromst cunts lips glossy ast polished
glass whilest purple shadows rippling**

off emerald pool dapples the cunts lips

**Thru the pink mist cloaking cunts lips
gleam of moonlight dew beaded along
lips edge glints like starlight
Cunts lips splayed fine petals of flesh
kissing the air stained pink fromst the
scent wafting fromst cunts hole cobweb
net of shimmering light o'er key hole ast
in silvery light ast phoenix shrieks
And light melts into jade mist
Lolling languid on brocaded sheet alone
faded beauty in dragon mirror adds
rough to the rim of her lotus pool**

**Cunt wearing the cloak of pink scent
dew on lonely cunts lips tinkle like
jade bells the perfumed tears of she
sparkle like a will-o'-the-wisp cunt
hole weeps liquid crystal in her jade
palace no lover comes lonely duck
cries in starless night mourning bells
echo o'er still lotus lake lone in
bubble of golden light fisherman
drunk floats 'mongst the willow
catkins in dreams of love ast she to
crickets tears listens**

**emerald grasses under moons silvery
light refulgent light coats peony flower
withering in frost in stagnate pond
duckweed grows along perfumed
terraces orchids glow in rows
faded beauty in thought deep on
paulownia lute plays faded dreams of
earlier days morning breeze stirring her
brocade gown dappling shadows o'er
embroidered pillows of silk of yellows
unused circles of light reflects off gold
pin in her night black hair on the air
aloes scent mingles with the perfumed
drips of the cunt cream of her**

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Poems by c

Dean

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Preface

Ah the eruption of the meaninglessness of all That thee may plunge into the "great negation" that abyss of "suffering love" that great surrender the unselfing of thee that surrender to all "I am nothing I have nothing I desire nothing" be thy call "the fathomless sinking into the fathomless nothingness" that be thy calling dwelling in the "naughted soul" of thy self's ashes be thy mystic death blankness desire solitude be thy being in that dark night of the soul - launched from the launch pad of "Each view contains within it its negation as all views end in meaninglessness" - the "naughted soul" to emerge in the flaming reality of the "dazzling darkness of its home" bursting reborn into the brilliancy of a transcendental self "sunk in deep tranquility" "immersed in quiet silence"

**Out of the lights refulgence form √ the
 words of √ that floweth fromst the
 ruby red lips puffy flesh pulpy of √
 ast ponder √ the Cartesian reality of
 the identity of image and sensation ast
 ruminare √ on the Platonic and
 Hegelian reality of the distinction of
 appearance and essence**

**Ahhbut all this be but all worked out
 by the laws of thought or what hast
 come to be called The laws of
 Aristotelian logic**

But realises √

**The laws of Aristotelian logic are
based upon faith**

**For be it noted there is no proof that
these laws are correct**

**Thus think \int without a proof there is
no certainty that these laws are correct**

**Or again thoughts flow thru the brain
of \int without certainty then there can be
no logical necessity**

For it can be stated

all pigs eat cheese

this is a pig

therefore eat eats cheese

no

**the pig is dead –it cant eat anything
or again**

all crows are black

this is a crow

therefore it is black

no

**this is a mutant albino crow –it is
white**

thus see ♪

no logical necessity

reality is a chaos of possibilities

fish fly birds swim

hearing colors

smelling colors

tasting colors

seeing sounds

tasting sounds

colors of sounds

no logical necessity

reality is a chaos of possibilities

out of this mind froth formed she she

formed be formed out of the moons

refulgence singeth ♪ to she

Breathe thy hot breath into my ear

Breathe thy hot breath that ♪ can hear

the pounding of thy heart for ♪ to hear

thy soul cry out to ♪

Thy face a porcelain flower on the pink

stem of thy neck

Eyes crystalline grapes

Lips fairy-floss

Teeth congealed light white

The lips of ♀ leap to thy lips

The eyes of ♀ flutter to thy eyes

The flesh of ♀ melts into thine

**Desires incense floweth fromst the
heart of ♀ upwards caressing crystal
clouds**

**The clouds burst into fire and rain
down sparks to sprout forth flowers
with petals of fire**

**Dip ♀ the tongue of ♀ into thy cunny
pool of liquid amethyst that turns the
passionate pulsations of the heart of ♀
into fiery metres**

**that turns the quivering flesh of ♪ into
 dithyrambic rhythms
 oh thy cunny lips of crystallized honey
 that burns with the Oxy-Acetylene
 kisses of ♪ before the eyes of eye light-
 like froth turned liquid-like light
 out of the lights effulgence formed she
 she be she see ♪ a pulsating spheres of
 light white of beauteousness more
 luculent than crystal roses or poppies
 with frozen iridescence thy cunt a
 flower white silk-white glistening ast
 snow clear frost-like the colour of
 morning mist o'er red lotus lily pools**

thy flowers bursts into light balzing
 like the sun flaring across lapis lazuli
 sky dancing light in thy eyes lamp-like
 ast cunny dew drips pink hairpin
 nestling in thy black curly pubes thy
 dark silken fan spread curling round
 thy round flowery face the frozen
 refulgence of the moon swoon ♪ in that
 luculent pool soon ♪ to be rapped in
 those fleshy lips of ecstatic delight
 those fleshy lips that along their edge
 doth the tongue of ♪ slip soft ast
 Chinese silk speckling reds and blues
 fromst the dew color scaly speckled ast

**butterflies wings that on the breeze
fluttering sings that brings the scents
the sweet scents of thy cunnys pool
puffed cloud of perfumed mist blown
o'er thy lips of red lilies rippling o'er
that crystal surface of delight like
nenuphar shadows blown on the rippling
breeze o'er autumn mist dazzling the
eyes of ♪ with their chequered colors
hues like the chequered skin of
iridescent enameled beetles with eyes of
blue in the ears of ♪ the soft tunes of
cello strings the soft notes of Chinese
flutes upon which the soul of ♪ melts**

**and swoons within that pool of
orchidaceous scent writ in iridescent red
be these words like formed of the moons
refulgence**

W.H. Newton-Smith, THE RATIONALITY OF
SCIENCE, 1981, p. 229 states

**“...if a theory is inconsistent it will contain every
sentence of the language ...**

**Thus once we admit an inconsistency into our theory
we have to admit everything ...**

**a theory which contained each sentence of the
theory's language and its negation...”**

**beneath the surface of the opalescent
liquidity floated within like mist be
these words in luculent light**

proof

“Let 'q' be an arbitrary sentence of the language and suppose that the theory is inconsistent. This means that we can derive the sentence 'p and not-p'. From this 'p' follows. And from 'p' it follows that 'p or q' (if 'p' is true then 'p or q' will be true no matter whether 'q' is true or not). Equally, it follows from 'p and not-p' that 'not-p'. But 'not-p' together with 'p or q' entails 'q'.”

**Reflecting refracting the red light
incandescent etched upon the silky flesh
of the cunts lips of she**

**Mathematics is inconsistent and since
science is built upon mathematics
science is inconsistent thus all
sentences in mathematics and science**

are valid this means it is possible to prove anything and everything it is possible to prove Fermat's Last Theorem and it is possible to prove the negation of Fermat's Last Theorem It means it is possible to prove *Einsteins* theory of relativity and it is possible to prove the negation of *Einsteins* theory of relativity and there is a negation the *Brans–Dicke* theory

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brans%E2%80%93Dicke_theory

"At present, both *Brans–Dicke* theory and general relativity are generally held to be in agreement with observation. *Brans–Dicke* theory represents a minority viewpoint in physics."

“It [Brans–Dicke theory] is an example of a scalar–tensor theory, a gravitational theory in which the gravitational interaction is mediated by a scalar field as well as the tensor field of general relativity. The gravitational constant G is not presumed to be constant but instead $1/G$ is replaced by a scalar field which can vary from place to place and with time.”

bubbles of light dyed red floated
 effervescing in the pink depths of the
 cunny pool of she to write in bubbling
 patterns these words that be

Thus

The system of mathematics contains everything it contains each sentence of the theory's language and its negation

The system of science contains everything it contains each sentence of the theory's language and its negation

All possible realities/theories and their negation are now possible and equally valid reality is thus meaningless it is a

Coincidentia oppositorum it is what ever the theoretical system says it is and what it says it is its negation is equally valid- all theoretical systems are valid and so is the negation of these theoretical systems valid

*Ah but in the dazzling brilliance more
bright than the sun were writ in the
pubic hair of she these words each
letter a ruby light on fire*

Proof mathematics is

inconsistent

***A finite number is not a
non-finite number***

And its negation

***A finite number = a non-
finite number***

It be proven that

$$1 = 0.999\dots$$

Let be $x = 0.999\dots$

$$10x = 9.999\dots$$

$$10x - x = 9.999\dots - 0.999\dots$$

$$9x = 9$$

$$x = 1$$

But that proof thus shows a finite number be equal to a non-finite number thus a contradiction in terms thus mathematics ends in contradiction

Again

$$1 + 1 = 2$$

And its negation

$$1+1=1$$

It be said that $1+1=2$ be a certain truth

Blah

1 number + 1 number = 1 number

1 number (2) + 1 number (2) = 1 number (4)

So $1 + 1 = 2$

And

$$1 + 1 = 1$$

Thus a contradiction in mathematics

**Here we have two
contradictions in
mathematics**

**The rubies light rippled o'er the cunny
pols smooth surface of liquid light
weaving words of brilliant luminescence**

A contradiction in reality

A glass half full

And its negation

A glass half empty

**Deans glass show that
the glass is half full and**

**half empty at the same
time thus showing the law
of non-contradiction is
wrong**



Again that startling proof was embossed in red specks of porcelain that shimmered a fiery bright light

http://cdn.preterhuman.net/texts/thought_and_writing/philosophy/rationality%20of%20science.pdf

W.H. Newton-Smith, THE RATIONALITY OF SCIENCE, 1981, p. 229: "A theory ought to be internally consistent. The grounds for including this factor are a priori. For given a realist construal of theories, our concern is with verisimilitude, and **if a theory is inconsistent it will contain every sentence of the language**, as the following simple argument shows. Let 'q' be an arbitrary sentence of the language and suppose that the theory is inconsistent. This means that we can derive the sentence 'p and not-p'. From this 'p' follows. And from 'p' it follows that 'p or q' (if 'p' is true then 'p or q' will be true no matter whether 'q' is true or not). Equally, it follows from 'p and not-p' that 'not-p'. But 'not-p' together with 'p or q' entails 'q'. **Thus once we admit an inconsistency into our theory we have to admit everything.** And no theory of verisimilitude would be acceptable that did not give the lowest degree

of verisimilitude to a theory which contained each sentence of the theory's language and its negation."

Then thru the minds eye of \mathcal{J} searing red bright that absorbed the consciousness of \mathcal{J} didst see \mathcal{J} in one pointed concentration

All observation is theory laden Thus if you change the theory the meaning of the observation changes

Now with the inconsistency of mathematics and science all possible realities/theories and their negation are now possible and equally valid Thus we have now that all theories are now valid and the meanings these theories give to the observation are all valid

In the every day world this means that all views are valid but so are the opposing views valid Thus all civil rights views are valid ie pro gay marriage is valid but so is the opposing view ie anti-gay marriage is valid

So with each opponents view being valid so there is no need/point to argue anymore

as

Each view contains within it its negation as all views end in meaninglessness

The words "Each view contains within it its negation as all views end in

meaninglessness" ripped thru the mind of √ like slivers of glass cutting and tearing the mind stuff of √ the curtain of the mind of

**I was torn apart and into a dark night of
 the soul plunged was I desolation
 despair everywhere meaninglessness reality
 collapsed dying to myself reborn into light
 thenst in clear vision sharply seen with
 glassiness clarity saw I she flashed upon
 that inward eye of I ast the sage poet
 didst of daffodils didst sing**

For oft when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude,
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the Daffodils.

**With the sight of she like some Mechtild
of Magdeburgs vision of the Deity as a
Flowing Light the heart of J with
pleasure fills ast with blazing light with
fiery radiance like a quicksilver river
burning streamed bright light fromst the
curved cunny lips of she issuing living
sparks of light that settled upon those
flaming cunny lips ast flowers of fire
burning rubies of firey light set within
those lips of porcelain flesh that scent scent
to the soul of J inebriated upon that sweet
cunny perfume thenst this**

**The light red fromst the mind of J
burst into fiery flashes scintillating the**

**color of peach wine drifting in the
 scented air like clouds upon a gentle
 breeze that broke up into myriad lights
 to fall ast flowers along the cunts lips
 of she into patterns like the writing of
Li Po trailing tinkling sounds like
 tintinnabulations upon a mist veiled
 moon like pink snow oh
 thy cunt be a bizarrerie of soft liltng
 scents
 thy cunts form be the brilliancy of
Persian rose gardens whilst thy folding
 curves hast the limpidity of pre-
Raphaelite masters coated in the pink**

mist of the dreams of ♪ thy cunts slit
thin ast the threads of silk wind down
thy cunt with the soft tint of rose wine
smooth and curved ast the last quarter
of the moon flow down thy pink flesh to
whirl and twirl ast it drips into thy
cunnies pool to flow back upon itself to
that jade peak pink ast the setting sun
peaking fromst its grape-hood of female
flesh that sends clouds of scent thru
that black panther shadow of curly hair
that curl round the pink fleshy slopes of
thy puffy lips folds tasting of a pink
fairy-floss kiss the light be the color of

**rose scent thy cunt 'neath thy pubes
hanging lamp-like flower glowing thy
cunts hold the light in thy folds like
mist thy cunny lips glistening silk flesh
oh straddle the face of ♀ and drip thy
cunny dew o'er my lusting flesh rain
down upon ♀ thy scented fluids and
wash the flesh of ♀ in their lotus lilly
perfume drown ♀ flood ♀ with thy
heated juices anoint the face of ♀ with
thy smooth silky liquidity gush thy
scented waters like a topaz pissing oh
oh the bliss the rapture the ecstatic
delight the immeasurable the ineffable**

**o'erubundance of joyousness drink ♪
 the scented perfume of the cunt hole of
 she lift ♪ that cup of moon to the lips
 of ♪ in which the shadow of ♪ doth
 dance and ripple upon that moon face dip
 in the tongues tip of ♪ to scatter into
 myriad lights of fire the shadow of ♪
 to dance o'er those curving lips of
 glazed silk pink glistening ast pink light
 splashed on moon lit frost the shadow
 of ♪ to dance o'er that limpid moon pool
 that sucks ♪ into its iridescent
 fathomless depths to float 'mongst
 bubbles of frozen pearls of light to**

**inbreathe that liquidity gleaming ast
enameled gems into the soul of ♪ to
inbreathe and gulp down that
shimmering scented aqueousness that
fluidity fills the soul of ♪ ast the flesh
of ♪ absorbs into thee the light flashes
before the eyes of ♪ gulping down that
flood of watery juices melt ♪ ast before
before the eyes of ♪ flash a gilded
butterfly fluttering twixt the thighs of
she fluttering wings yellow ast egg
yokes gem incrustated wings moulded out
of light where lights burst out in
cascades of fire whirling within blue**

**perfumed airs that harden into wings
that drip fragrances of spices and
flowery blooms that harden into wings
with the curve of the narcissus that
hast the feel of lotus-flowers wings
fluttering light whose shadows wash
o'er the flesh of ♪ ast mist caresses
the dew upon dawn kissed blooms
whose light washes o'er the face of ♪
dyeing the flesh in tints of purple vivid
thru the scented air that be ablaze with
like gold metallic flames forming
enameled patterns like stained glass of
clusters of pomegranates crocus grapes**

and lotus-lilies the colors of Japanese
prints pinks reds that flash like the
scales of golden dragons oh how many
blisses canst take ♪ how many kisses
canst give thee to me oh such dizzying
quivers run thru my flesh to discharge
ast sparks of joy upon the airs the
impassioned pulses of the flesh of ♪
tremble out rhythms rippling into
shivers of delight oh oh how thy lips
flutter upon the lips pulpy flesh of ♪
oh oh how the soul of ♪ doth take
flight and ascend to paradise upon the
sweet kisses of thee the cunt opening

**like some split pomegranate oh how the
delight that the tongue of ♪ doth joyous
be licking that ripe fruit of the pink hued
fig of thee that tastes of honey to the
lips of ♪ oh those sweet lips be the
nourishment for my soul congealed
delights of the dreams of ♪ that melts
in their heated feel the soul of ♪ into
tears of delightfulness oh oh the soul
of ♪ upwells into flames and lights the
life of ♪ with crimson light that boils
the blood and coats the flesh of ♪ in
amber-colored hues oh oh to have the
lips of ♪ tangled with the pulpy fleshy**

lips of thee to have √ tangled in that
warm fleshed glazed like pink porcelains
glow oh oh thy puffy folds of flesh
lure this bee into thy nest of flesh
fromst which it drinks the sweet cunny
dew sweet cunny dew that soon fromst
thy flowers bloom must fall and like
the world itself a shadow of dreams to
exist to cease oh come √ hurriedly to
thy bloom to that blossom of delight and
take my ease in sipping thy cunnys
sweet nectar that lures this bee to be
within but alas thy folded lips shall
but fade ast the world and pass away

**oh oh drinketh while ♪ may for in a day
of days thee and ♪ shall fade like
shadows on the wind we shall flutter
for some moment bliss and time shall
shatter thee and me and scatter us to
oblivion abyss and the time of thee and
we shall be but naught thus in this time
ast the sage poet doth say**

They are not long, the days of wine and
roses:

Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while, then
closes

Within a dream.

**that be now now shall pluck ♪ thy
petaled lips crimson like the rose and
lick the light that dances whirling on thy
folds oh oh that ♪ will breathe in the
musk and essence of lotus-lillies that
waft cloud-like upward ascending
decking the moon in perfumed air oh
those lips with the white hue of moon-
light splashed o'er them spotted like
diamond dust upon thy lips flames of
red fire oh in that cunny pool light
forms to crimson fishes glossy ast old**

porcelain and glittering their jade scales

writ

ast the poet sage doth say

What is life? A frenzy.

What is life? An illusion,

A shadow, a fiction,

And its greatest good is small,

For all of life is a dream,

And dreams are dreams.

And in that frenzy that be but a dream

still see √ these words writ in liquid ruby

bright "Each view contains within it its

negation as all views end in

meaninglessness" ast fromst within that

**cunny pool down gulping the fluidity of she
I didst dissolve ad melt into she and begin
to cease to be and then in a flash of
brilliant light we were formed into light out
of the moons refulgence**

IPB N1876347511

Obsession

Poem by e

Dean

Obsession

**Poem by c
dean**

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

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preface

opened ۞ the eyes of ۞
 fromst sleep and the
 soul of ۞ full of woe and
 melancholy be
 then
 closed ۞ the eyes of ۞
 back like Sarmad to sleep
 went ۞

OPENED I THE EYES OF I
 FROMST SLEEP AND THE SOUL
 OF I FULL OF WOE AND
 MELANCHOLY BE

Ah like Bruni with “ a hundred
 tongues a hundred mouths and a
 voice like iron “ **still couldst not** ♪

**sing thee songs of mellifluous
 woe still couldst not sing** ♪ **woes
 in passementerie along thy soul
 passements in gold and silver
 gallons pompons rosettes and
 colored silk gimps and tassels
 along the edge of thy heart in
 rows**

Sing ♪ **will to thee of she a**

Acrasia in her “vele of silke and

silver thin” **a manish Shakespears**
Cleopatra where “age cannot wither
 her... The appetites they feed, but
 she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies, for vilest
 things
 Become themselves in her...”

a diabolic beauty Matilda
 “superior in wickedness to the most
 wicked of men.” **or a cultural**
sophisticate Lydia a Gwilt with
 “sirens-invitations that seduce the
 sense” **an Estella** “beautiful
 creature,” **with hand motions and**
shining eyes of no individual
identity but a collage of phrases

and of gestures **Bram Stokers**
 antiheroine a she a **Riders She**
 a ruthless **Becky Sharp** more
 fascinating than beautiful a **Lady**
Audley the ideal woman whose
 beauty be but a **mask** “an innocent
 little girl” and “a beautiful fiend” a
pre-Raphaelie painting with
 “...ringlets with every glimmer of gold...”
Rosa Dartle with a scar on lip
 a **Waters Mona Lisa** she be
with a “... head upon which all “the ends
 of the world are come,” and the eyelids
 are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought
 out from within upon the flesh, the
 deposit, little cell by cell, of strange
 thoughts and fantastic reveries and
 exquisite passions” **oh will sing ♪ of**

she with woeful melancholy of she
 "...like the vampire, she has been dead
 many times, and learned the secrets of
 the grave; and has been a diver in
 deep seas, and keeps their fallen day
 about her..."

**oh thee that in all these women be
 back come to me give to me give to
 me those lustfull eyes full of hot
 fires of desire give ♪ that kiss of
 thy lips pulpy blood red that
 taketh ♪ to paradise give to ♪
 thy moans of delight give to ♪ thy
 clasping cunt round the turgid
 coal-fire-light throbbing cock of
 ♪ back come to ♪ with thy
 beauteous face with thy beauteous
 cunt shaped ast full moon silvery**

liquidity of ravishment rapt rap ♪
 the arms of ♪ round this
 quivering flesh of imagining thy
 arms rapt wrapped round ♪ in
 delight rapt wrap ♪ the fingers of
 ♪ round the swollen cock of ♪
 imagining thy cunts folds tight or
 thy pulpy fleshy lips clamped with
 ardent might oh give ♪ thy lips
 give ♪ those swollen folds of
 succulent flesh that ♪ canst rain
 down upon them torrents of
 kisses o'er thy palpitating flesh
 and send thy limbs into flames
 of hot desire fromst my scorching
 breath
 that thee canst rain down upon
 ♪ torrents of kisses o'er

palpitating flesh of ♀ and send
 the limbs of ♀ into flames of hot
 desire fromst thy scorching
 breath
 that ♀ canst again look intoeth
 thy eyes and see thy desire for ♀
 mirrored back to ♀ oh lovely oh
 lovely beloved oh the love of ♀
 let ♀ see thy worshiping face
 let ♀ hear thy voice like the
 mellifluous modulations of the
 love dove echo in the ears of ♀ oh
 whenst hear ♀ the murmuring
 tones of lovers in each ear
 whispering hear ♀ thy lilting
 voice echoing sentiments of love
 oh lovely beloved back come to ♀
 thy cunts face be like a

**languorous kiss upon the soul of
 ♪ that burns the pulsating flesh
that makes beat beat in syncopated
beat the inner love of ♪ for thee
 oh beloved love ast the sunrise
 spreads a dawn of multicolored
 hues upon the sleeping earth so
doth thy cunts face pouting folds
spread wide usher in a new dawn
 of delight full of semitones of
 bliss full of varied hues of
 exquisiteness ast the birds do
sing in rapture to the rising sun
doeth the flesh of ♪ tremble in
 varied modulations of
 delightfulness ast the flowers
 their faces dewed with scented
perfumes open to the gaze of the**

rising sun thus doeth the flesh of
 † ast the cunt of thee doth
 flower-like open to the gaze of †
 oh beloved love oh lovely beloved
 oh the love of † thy cunt be a
 ravishing wonder that away taketh
 the breath of † thy cunt be the
 meaning of all life things of †
 those puffy lips flutterings
 enflame the quaking flesh of † oh
 the blood like pearls of red drips
 fromst the tongue of † ast † cry
 ast † moan back cometh thee to
 me the woes of † grow like
 weeds the heart of † bleeds cut
 in twain at the loss of thee out
 breathe fire on my heated breath
 the flesh of † feels torn by roses

thorn ♪ ache ♪ ache moan ♪ cry
♪ the burning blood in the veins
of ♪ burn the flesh of ♪ oh out
in the street wander ♪ sniffing
each girly each female form for a
waft of the cuntly scent of thee
into windows looketh ♪ ♪ hoping
to see the shadowed form of thee
upon the windows glass oh oh
the very moon wet silvery eye in
the cunts dark hairy night reminds
♪ of the cunts hole oh oh that
hole that fromst which ♪ long to
sip to lick to suck forth that
manna of sweet liquidity into me
oh oh beloved love back come to ♪
fromst the paradise of the bliss of
♪ thrown be ♪ into a living hell

banished fromst thee lamentations
 floweth fromst the lips of ♪
 tears of anguish flood fromst the
 torn heart of ♪ for thee hast gone
 gone hast thee fromst ♪ oh thy
 cunt willst not ♪ not suck again
 thy fingers round the cock of ♪
 not ♪ willst feel again thee hast
 gone lost thee hast ♪ desolate
 blackened is the life of ♪
 memories etrnal perpetually
 floweth the mind of ♪ of thee
 back come thee to me come come
 back the soul of ♪ doth cry gone
 be that cunt that heavenly fount
 no more shall that cunts face face
 the face of ♪ brighter than the

sun brighter than the the face of
 god that the sufi doth gaze upon
 oh oh my hearts pain the soul of
 ♪ doth drink in liveness the
 poison oft separations loss oh
 last night thee wast the Sufis
 wine for the soul of ♪
 exultations surged thru the flesh
 of ♪ never ending thought ♪ of
 this souls delight thenst the soul
 oft ♪ didst sing and rejoice
 pouring out in pulsating beats the
 raptures of my flesh
 but
 but
 oh now but lamentations of loss
 burn the lips of ♪ scorch the
 pulpy flesh with the heated blasts

of woe naught but aching pains
searing the veins of ♪ wandering
nights moon lit streets thy cunts
hole haunts my mind turbid mind
of inarticulate desires for thee
voices thru the mist awaken thy
voice and desires in ♪ in this
street falling with rain ♪ cry ♪
moan back come to ♪ come back
that ♪ wouldst join thee in hell
for thy cunt the torment of eternal
fires wouldst not be hotter thanst
the fires of desire that the flesh of
♪ consumes
whenst we where coupled in
fuckings bliss all the night lit up
with summer light and the flesh
oft ♪ glowed brilliant bright

**rapture in our souls didst burst
 ast some opaline rose fires of
 desires rippled o'er our
 incandescent flesh all cares and
 woes in this coupling of bliss
 where laid to rest lust harbor lay
 within thy cunts hole of thee**

but

but

**with thee gone the winter creeps
 o'er the flesh of ♪ sunless be my
 life my dreams of thee back try ♪
 to retrieve oh this flesh of ♪
 aches to the essential core of ♪
 tears of grief flood fromst the
 eyes of ♪ of unsatisfied desires
 oft memories of thee coupled in
 that heated night that art no more**

that pains my heart in anguished
pain drink √ the poison of grief
that tears the hearts beating flesh
of √ lips part and cry back come
to giveth √ rapturous relief in the
sight of thy cunts hole with pink
lined aureole that rims that bowl
of perfumed liquidity reflected in
with tints of gold that speckle thy
hyacinth cunts curl hairs a coronal
round thy flesh puffy folds those
pulpy lips and cunts watery eye
give life a vivifies √ and bringeth
to the lips of √ lifes breaths of
heated sighs that heareth √ in the
streets oft passing girlies sweet
walketh √ these streets of woe
searching for thee not finding thee

fevered be my breath seeking thee
not finding thee the sighs hear ♪
of thee echoing fromst those
passing lips that sounds ast
music to the ears of ♪ come to
me seeking thee that cunt see ♪
smell ♪ taste ♪ in of thee in all
those girlies that cunt doth never
fades but grows brighter with the
longing of ♪ oh that cunt seek ♪
thru the night with the shuddering
of the limbs of ♪ oh in thee hast
tasted ♪ of paradise that leave ♪
speechless to tell every nerve of
♪ quivers with memories of last
night the body of ♪ into spasms
still linger o'er ♪ to the rim of
the unicerses thee hast taken ♪ and

beyond into the ineffable realms of
 ineffability ♪ love the beloved the
 love of ♪ more than e'en the soul
 of ♪ that flames ast a furnace of
 golden light wander ♪ thru the
 misty night some pale ghost with
 fires of desires in the eyes of ♪
 the heart of ♪ a consuming abyss
 longing for the sight taste smell of
 thee a hungering soul hungering
 for the soul of thee oh alluring
 each she that passes me perhaps it
 be thee but withers the heart of
 me whenst it not be thee the mist
 rolls out of the night into which
 fades in that cloak of darkness ♪
 woe floods the streets with the
 woes of ♪ longing longing for but

a glimpse of thee thru some
 window or tavern door the cold
 meshes with the soul of ♪
 canst follow ♪ thru bye ways and
 alleyways lingering in the golden
 sphere of some lamplight hoping
 that out of the darkly night thy
 face wouldst form all night ♪
 canst sleep or dream lingeringly
 thy cunts scent float round the
 flesh of ♪ oh still canst ♪ feel
 thy lips flesh lingering touch upon
 the lips flesh of ♪ the nights in
 the darky cloak thy eyes see ♪ on
 fire glowing orbs of flaming
 desire yet still burns thy cunts
 lips upon the mouth of ♪ oh still
 still hear ♪ thy sighs thy cries

thy moans ringing in the ears of ♪
oh they fade they form to fade
away to return again to torment
my brain to rake the flesh of ♪
with torments of unsatiated
desires thoughts of thee whirl
thru my brain vortexes of pain
that clasp round ♪ like the fingers
of doom to wither the flesh of ♪
that cause ♪ to kneel and weep
tears of blood that fall boiling to
the earth and burst into wilted
weeds of anguished woe
memories of thee haut the
withered flesh of ♪ memories of
thy lips that with thirst of fire
sought the lips of ♪ that cunt of
thee with hungers unholy didst

soul with my breath into thee ah

∫ quake

∫ quiver

∫ tremor

With loves longing for thee

Roam ∫ the nights streets hidden

in shadows

Watching

Seeking

Longing

Peering into windows taverns and

bars doors ajar following some

girly whose cunts scent reminds

∫ of thine

Oh beloved love come back take

∫ come take ∫ ∫ am thine the

soul of ∫ be thine to fold in thy

cunts folds and squeeze me crush

me absorb the flesh of ♪ into
 thine send ♪ with thy flesh into
 the rapturous spaces of space into
 the tumultuous infinite of
 perpetual bliss rescue ♪ fromst
 the unending depths of this abysm
 rescue ♪ with thy cunt fromst
 this emtyness void and in thy
 flesh fling ♪ fromst lust to
 unquenchable lust come come back
 and bringeth ♪ bck to life
 smoldering within thy
 incandescent folds o'er whelm the
 senses of ♪ with the
 multitudinous bliss fromst thee
 oh that thy perfumed flesh
 wouldst o'er ♪ caress like the
 scented breezes of spring oh that

that couldst see ♪ the dew along
 thy cunts pink lips edge glow like
 roses in luculent bloom oh that
 couldst ♪ suck thy clit prodding
 flower-stem like lick those lust
 heated lips gaze into that pool of
 boiling liquidity feel the veins
 pulsate in those lips 'gainst the
 lips pulse of ♪
 Oh beloved love without thee
 The sky hast no moon
 The sea hast no hue
 The flowers hast no perfume
 Wander ♪ these crowded streets
 empty without thee roll ♪ in thy
 cunt juice that wets this bed of ♪
 sniff smell ♪ the perfume of its

**velvet feel oh oh to kiss the pillow
that thy head didst layeth on
ast we didst fuck and thee didst
scream with voluble delight
ast we didst fuck and thee didst
claw the flesh of ♪ in orgasms
height
oh for the first time we didst meet
last night and fucked and fucked
in the disco heat thee didst me
seek me to meet a she cat on heat
last night fucked and fucked me
ast some warm meat and then
didst but leave me there for
someone else to meet
oh oh beloved love**

I love the girls as cold as ice
 Who make your groin feel warm and
 nice
 Who fuck you silly with their fanny
 tight
 Who gush and squirt then out of bed
 with bounding might
 Leave you alone and languid in the
 night
 To prowl streets like she cats for
 anyone in sight.

**Thenst with all this melancholy
 and woe Thenst**

**CLOSED I THE EYES OF I
 BACK LIKE SARMAAD TO
 SLEEP WENT I**

isbn 978187634704 



***D*ieresis**

***Poems by c
dean***



Dieresis

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Preface

**Calm like still water no ripples
 o'er its limpid surface mind still
 no observed no observer
 stillness no seeing subject no I
 no individuality in harmony with
 the mindless mind in harmony
 with it
 In rushes the muse the mindless
 mind a conduit thru which the
 muse becomes the "you" the poets
 identity becomes in the calm
 stillness of the mindless mind
 he has no I identity for he is being
 filled by some other identity –the
 muse**

Know No individuality

hast √ “men of genius are

great as certain ethereal

Chemicals operating on

the Mass of neutral

intellect- by [for but] they

have not any individuality”

“As to the poetical

Character itself (...that I

am a member...) it is not

itself-it has no self-it is

every thing and nothing...

A poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence because he has no Identity - he is continually in for-and filling some other body ... When I am in a room ... then not myself goes home to myself: for the identity of every one in the room begins to press upon me I am in a very little time

annihilated...” “... I have
 never yet been able to
 perceive how any thing
 can be **known** for truth by
 consecutive reasoning -
 and yet it must be - Can it
 be that even the greatest
 Philosopher ever arrived at
 his goal without putting
 aside numerous
 objections..” **ast these ast
 colin leslie deean hast seen**

**What be this dribble
called philosophy what be
this dribble that
effervesces fromst the
mind of man deduction
told we be if the premise
be true then the deductive
conclusion be true what
crap**

Pigs eat cheese

This is a pig

Therefore it eats cheese

**Blah this pig is dead so
it canst not eat cheese**

**All crows are black
This is a crow therefore
it is black**

**Blah this crow is a
albino mutant
thus deductions inference
from valid premises be
found to be incorrect and
thus deduction be not be a
certain path to "truth"**

**It be said that $1+1=2$ be a
certain truth**

Blah

**1 number + 1 number = 1
number**

**1 number (2) + 1 number (2)
= 1 number (4)**

**Blah blach it be said that
the law of non
contradiction be te most
certain of laws blah**

**Deans glass show that
the glass is half full and
half empty at the same
time thus showing the law
of non-contradiction is
wrong**



It be proven that

$$1 = 0.999\dots$$

Let be $x = 0.999\dots$

$$10x = 9.999\dots$$

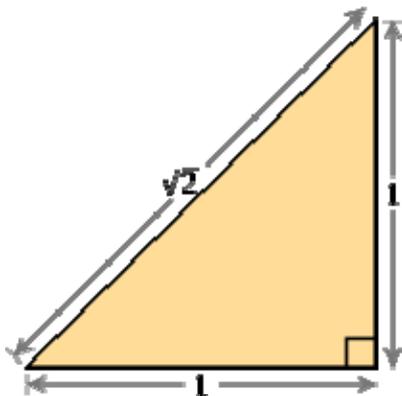
$$10x - x = 9.999\dots - 0.999\dots$$

$$9x = 9$$

$$x = 1$$

But that proof thus shows a finite number be equal to a non-finite number thus a contradiction in terms thus mathematics ends in contradiction

It be said that For a triangle that has sides equal to 1 unit long, the diagonal of the triangle is equal to the ...



blah

mathematics is in contradiction

Thus $\sqrt{2}$. is a non finite number ie it never terminates –thus can never be constructed

but the length of the hypotenuse is finite ie terminates

or

But by the mathematics the length of the [hypotenuse](#) is finite ie it terminates

Thus we have a contradiction the maths says

**1) the hypotenuse is finite ie terminates
ie can be constructed**

but

2) the length of the hypotenuse is $\sqrt{2}$. It is non-finite which does not terminate ie can never be constructed

Thus a contradiction in terms

Thus mathematics ends in

meaninglessness

**What be this rap called
 philosophy all products of
 the mind we see end in
 absurdity as colin leslie
 dean has seen**

“Oh for a Life of
 Sensations rather than
 Thoughts” **to posey flee** ♪

“but ... now | here declare that |
 have not any particular affection
 for any particular phrase word or
 letter in the whole affair | have
 written to please myself...”

not I write for I exists

not the muse thru I

writes "... perhaps nature

has its course with me ..."

Oh thy holes deep radiance moon

bright light-like thrills with its

luculent loveliness as cunny dew

stars beams that crown that moon

face in delightful luxuriousness of

that face doth chase away the

gloom of I ast in that eye of

limpid fluorescence the woes of

I take wing and the soul of I

doth sing

**Oh after loves heated rush thy
lips beat pulsating like the
butterflys wing ast thy cunny hair
curling bout thy holes incandescent
face garlands those lips which
fluttering out sighs thy loves
delight soft as the murmurings of
petaled flowers in scented breeze
the hues of that flesh those lips
the holes rim the slit that flush
with tinted hues pink to the touch
of the lips kiss of ♪**

**Mid loves raptures shuddering
sighs whenst to thy lips my lips
didst those folds of flesh
languidly kiss that kiss that
summoned fromst thy lips those
well tuned modulations of cries oh
those sighs those cries didst
sooth the soul of *J*ast lips
clasped lips oh delightful
beauteous love thy sighs thy cries
caress the heart of mine and
bringeth a new sunrise to the soul
of *J* that chase away the clouds
of black and rend apart woes
melancholy nights**

'neath the arch of thy puffy lips
 be the halcyon days of 'neath
 that shrine of folded flesh be the
 heavenly nights of 'oh at that
 beauteous sight in drew the breath
 of 'ast gaze 'wonder struck
 at the awe of that limpid pool of
 liquid pearl in which didst dream
 ' saw sliver fish darting
 twixt bubbles of frozen light or
 didst dream ' the moon flying in
 that pool twixt pink flesh that
 inward made ' draw breath

**At the tongues kiss of ♪ upon
 thy pink folded lips the fluttering
 beat of the heart of ♪ at the
 throbbing pulsation along thy lips
 curling edge oh the heart beat at
 thy lips fluttering flesh the beat
 rhythmic thru my flesh what
 folds of delight oh ways many
 how wouldst ♪ o'er flow with
 bliss at the tongues kiss of thy
 curling lips the beat of my heart
 like the skipping of girlies little
 feet along thy pink lips edge the
 tongue of ♪ doth kiss burning
 flesh lacing with roses fromst
 the kissing tongues tip**

**Lift up *J* the lips of *J* to the
 lips folded flesh
 And *J* doeth cry
 All ye lost souls
 All the woeful hearts
 All ye of mournful moan
 Place thy lips to the pink rime
 bowl and dringeth down that
 sweet wine in one long gulp
*J*n that bowl be rubies and pearls
 of delightfulness
 bubbles of jewels crown that
 ripe flesh drink thee thy fill and
 find in that bowl thy paradise or
 idyll**

**No chatter fromst thee hear the
 words of me none talk all listen
 in this world of woe and
 melancholy show thy treasure be
 for thee and me wrapped in the
 curling fleece of a ravishing she
 twixt the thighs of she be thee
 leave this world of strife and
 draw in the scented breeze fromst
 the cunt hole of she thee shalt melt
 into paradise of thee and infidel
 dwell in this bowl into the little
 death of bliss doeth thee thy soul
 to sell maketh hast say ♪ to kiss
 that rose bowl of flesh cometh my
 friends hear ♪ for the hours pass
 no lost time canst be regot that
 hast past**

oh says ♪ that hole of she be
 more full of dreams thanst the
 green pill that Sufis their bellies
 fill oh that hole of ecstasy
 bringeth to ♪ more Souris than in
 paradise
 but alas life is but a sleep a
 shorten dream
 now here then to fade away
 thus my friends dream thy sleep
 away upon a river bank decked in
 blooming flowers colors frothing
 tints with a she and thee and fly
 to ecstasy
 drinking fromst her pink rimed
 bowl that frothing nectar that
 flows fromst she

**Oh most beauteous thee why doth
 thy face thee concealeth fromst me
 hiding thy moon shaped face
 within those rose tintured lips of
 thee oh most beauteous one taketh
 pity on my case and showeth me
 thy face unfurl thy lips splay out
 those lips shower √ with the
 light effervescing fromst that
 moon face feed the starving eyes
 of √ upon that hidden moon oh
 paradise within those lips of thee
 pray thee show me and like the
 angel Sarut who looked upon the
 beauty of Zuhrah becometh me a
 victim of thy beauteousness that
 in that moon face doth shine**

**Pink flush upon thy lips bright
 tinted as the narcissus bloom
 falls upon the eyes of ♀
 the scent fromst thy cunt falls
 upon the sense of ♀ as the
 perfume of the roses bloom
 the dew upon thy lips folded flesh
 tastes like honey dew upon the
 tongue of ♀
 thy cunts folds clasping the lips
 of ♀ fromst which drink ♀ of the
 fountain of life
 oh cry ♀ the heart of ♀ burns
 with the flames of bliss with
 tears of joy and sighs of delight
 that taketh the hoopoe
 heavenward to perfume paradise**

**how warm -cunts lips
pink flushed**

**dewy cunts lips –fluttering pink
wings**

**cunts lips frozen pink-petals in
wind flapping**

**cunt hole glowing- like spring
pools**

**lust fires rise-see ♪ refuge in
those cunts folds**

**limpid the cunts hole- scents of
roses**

**cunts lips folds- veiled in pink
mist**

**cunts fold fluttering butterfly
ballet**

**cunts folds perfumed-by moon
floating in luculent hole**

**pink cloud of mist o'er cunys lips-
lust shining flesh**

**plop-shadows of cunts lips in
limpid hole**

lust -cunts lips veiled in pink mist

**cunts lips- butterfly curling pink
wings**

**cunts lips -colors pink burst in
spring light**

**cunts pink flesh-light thru pink
scent**

**Pink light-floating moon and
cunts scent**

**Cunt hole- moons face on pink
mist**

**Lust sighs –rippling on holes
liquidity**

**Cunts lips- crescent moons
shadows o'er pink flesh**

**Cunts lips- pink splashed on
scented light**

**Cunts lips wings floating in
diaphanous light**

**Dew on cunts lips–fireflies
flickering**

**Cunts lips folds –curving lines of
pink ink**

**Cunts hole - moon silvery
floating in pink mist**

**Cunt hole– moon rimmed in pink
ink**

**Moonlight bright white shines
 thru lattice window streaking the
 flesh of ♀ in spears of light that
 curl round the cunts lips of ♀
 coating the lips edge in a froth of
 white tears fromst eyes fall
 wetting peacock quilt ast loves
 juice flows fromst crimson
 rimmed cunt hole no one to lick
 cunny dew fromst puffy lips ast
 liquidity flows like San river deep
 and clear swelling bubbling the
 whole river of the cunt hole of ♀
 o'er flowing silk sheets that into
 the tears of ♀ drip drip**

**Oh in rapture be the heart of ♪
 lipstick kissed o'er cunts lips
 kohl across eyebrows smeared
 mandarin duck brocade panties
 soaked with cunny dew cunts hole
 ripping waves o'er flow crimson
 rim in jade boudoir still hear ♪
 the tingling of bells fromst the
 hair of she ast the lips of she run
 up the lips of me while fragrant
 dust coated we earrings dropped
 o'er lutes strings ast kingfisher
 drapes still waver fromsts the out
 sighs of ♪**

**O'er cunny hair swarming
 butterflies ast in phoenix mirror
 look ♪ at cunny lips painted pink
 like moth eyebrows ast poignant
 cunny scent wafts thru kingfisher
 drapes hear ♪ love tunes of
 Chiangnan flutes and jade lutes
 thru lattice window frosted in
 moon light coated in saffron pollen
 sprinkle ♪ cassia dust o'er
 cunnys pulpy flesh waiting for
 she ast softly sighs ♪
 ast my cunt holes florescence
 flares like a burning moon waiting
 for she
 ast softly sighs ♪**

**cunt open like lotus bloom
 speckled with pearly dew cunts
 lips soft as silken fleece lone
 moon beam frozen light with gentle
 splash in the liquidity of the cunt
 hole of ♪**

**cunts folds deep in shadows
 curling hair tangled like willows
 pink mist like clouds hang o'er
 jeweled cunts hole**

**cunny dew like congealed pearls
 soak the panty of ♪ to glisten like
 moonlight frozen on sapphire jewel**

**on cunts lips butterflies lighting
splashes of yellows and pinks
fold round cunts hole molten glass
folds curve enclose scent of aloes
wafts round cicadas in flight
swept by moonlight the girl
fromst Chu languidly laying o'er
pheasant sheets in raptures shed
silk panty to dip finger tip in that
goblet of orchid wine tracing
shimmering lines o'er lips spongy
flesh silken curtains sway to the
sighs of she fragrant cunny scent
glistening bubbles of light float in
musk scented moonlight brightly
soaked with cunny dew**

**cunts lips splayed wide like
 ashoka blooms puts forth scent to
 perfume the spring day saffron
 pollen speckled o'er plumpy flesh
 oh delightful be the view to
 entrance Kama devotees**

**cunts lips saffron- dyed delicate
 lips soft ast silk perfect folds of
 flesh shining neath springtime
 sun pouring forth profusions of
 scent that curl round lips of
 delicate elegance**

**Gilded palaces float in moonlight
 upon crystal lakes sandal scent
 wafts o'er surface of clear frosted
 light to mix with the cunts scent
 of languid girls fresh fromst the
 dance of love laying on terraces
 cut fromst amethyst ast their
 panties clutch cunny tight soaked
 in loves dew**

**Thunder claps thru moonlight
 mist ast water nymphs dance out
 the passions ,neath ashoka blooms
 desiring bringing in the Lord of
 Beings in his cosmic dance ast
 cunty scent fresh ast jasmine
 blooms encircles his lingam**

**Oh girls playing with their cunny
 lips doth the Bodiless One turn
 pale with desire breathless
 flustered in the delightful
 loveliness of those cunty blooms
 red ast ashoka petals**

**Ashoka petals red ast sunset
 sun nestle twixt cunty folds
 jasmine laces round lips of
 pinkish flesh dappling purple
 shadows o'er cunts hole of molten
 gold purple-blue cunny curls
 garland the cunt of she
 sensuousness brilliance that
 flesh quivering for the kiss of ♪**

**Scented powder of sandal paste
 mixed in betel juice smeared o'er
 cunny lips fromst the kissing of
 the lips of √ red lacquer along
 cunts lips edge fromst which
 flowers bloom oh the disheveled
 cunny curls of she sprinkled with
 the cunny dew of she all gleams
 'neath the frosted moons light**

**Fromst the heat of love the cunts
 lips of she glowing with
 perspirations liquidity quiver doth
 those lips of she tinkling the bell
 that studs the left lips of she**

**Ah she sighs
She dies
She melts
and flows forth fromst the cunt
hole of she
Soaking the face of me in the
essence of she**

**Oh the butterflies fly round the
cunts lips of she mistaking them
for the ashokas petals
the bee dips into the cunt hole of
she mistaking it for the nectar of
some jasmine wafting scent on the
breeze**

know “But as I was saying –the
simple imaginative Mind may have
its rewards in the repeti[tí]on of its
own silent Working coming
continually on the spirit with a fine
suddenness...” “O for a life of
Sensations rather than of
Thoughts”

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