

Philomel

POEM
BY
D.E.A.W



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BY C

DEAN

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fp:” **Gul-o Bulbul, possibly by Bahram Sofrakesh, mid-17th century**

PUBLISHERS
INTRODUCTION
W

Andst what be this

Philomel Ahh it

be what the Elizabethan
sonneteers never guessed at
andst what this poem brings
into the light for The
forlorn longing of Sir
Philip Sidney or the

**“wailing verse” of Samuel
Daniel or the despondent
sorrow of Henry Constable
but hold thy ears for it be
but what the Sufis wrote of
their longing for their God in
their despair which the
Elizabethans didst exactly
express in their despairing
longings for their SHES but
they unlike the Sufis
stopped there where the**

**Sufis went on to express
their union with their beloved
God but then again their
separation and thus their
renewed pain now if the
sonneteers but changed their
ladies name to God then we
have exactly what wouldst
be Sufi poems so now**

this *Philomel* is

unique for it doth express the

**Sufis trivariate of longing union
 separation ast can be seen in the
 works of *Sa'dī* the "nightingale of
 the groves of Shiraz" andst *Makhfi*
 andst *Amir Khusrau* the "Parrot
 of India" andst *Mansur Hallaj*
Baba Tahir *Abu Sa'id Ansari*
 & *Sana'i* lets not forget that
 enigma Sufi or not *Hafez* now with
 these this work takes its place but
 still unique in that it doth express in
 the *Western Elizabethans* idiom the
Sufis trivariate**

PREFACE

**For those that of love unrequited
 complain andst out of honour not that
 person name constrain say *Y* thy
 distain but thee do not to that name
 withhold thy praise nor their
 character to gainsay though thee be
 in woe andst much pain for the truth
 be is if be known fromst their
 distain be much gain if thee canst see
 andst the truth *Ye* the truth to see
 andst to regain**

This tongue of *I* be the pen of *I* that
 writes the thoughts of *I* but like withered
 flowers don't shine that for these lines
 choke my words strangles my throat this
 form stifles my reed for which nevertheless
 do *I* need to the world enrich with what
 know *I* but these words do not my
 thoughts convey nor the *Muses* canst
 sing or say nor e'en canst these phrases
 capture nor words nor conceits be fit to
 fit what *I* hast known of my *Beautys*
 bliss for they the mark do miss andst thus
 my experience canst be told in ink or words
 or sighs for naught canst display this state
 of *I* forever hidden *I* do say fromst my
 reed that bleeds out my *Beauty* for thee to
 recite what *I* draw with this inept straw

This tongue of *I* seeks for words like
 unruly chooks that do peck in the dust for
 specks seeks for that honeyed syrup doth
 this tongue of *I* to speak of my Beautys
 blushed cheek but barren feeding doth the
 tongue of *I* find andst the mind of *I* doth
 starve for lack of wit to tell my
 unspeakable find these words of *I* of
 "it" but deface my Beautys grace like
 marble described like diabase for words
 canst be found for the sublime the
 profound words be weak like ink hard
 andst dry to outline the unknown the
 unseen like the rose encased in night but
 with all my might with my fancy blind
 inept mind *I* try to tell to thee what *I*
 didst tell to my Beauty About my journey
 with this inept straw *I* draw

Thy distain I find fromst thee my
 Beauty that be unkind severed
 fromst thy sight fromst thy beauties
 light my desire thee doth not want or
 require though thee thy veil thee doth
 not lift nor raise but Still Still thy
 image I doth praise andst though
 forsaken be I andst thee hast I
 forsook still hope I to on thy beauty
 look whilst my sorrows grow with
 each second fromst thee without thee
 Still Still I delight with that hope
 that thee might vouchsafe I one
 glimpse of thy beauty bright andst
 thru thy art divinise this mortal
 heart

**The candle flame draws the moth
 willingly to its annihilations pain andst
 I claim I wouldst be Icarus to fly to
 thee that sun bright Beauty andst e'en
 to die andst fall fromst the sky e'en
 wouldst that be joy to e'en be that close
 to thee but thee doth shun I andst
 keep that veil to hide that beauty
 fromst I that be I consumed with
 desire for thee but full of grief sad
 woes thee doth know I hast no relief
 fromst thy distains dart that be my
 smart fromst thy beauty that thee willst
 not let I obtain andst fills I with pain
 e'en now I wouldst die happy I e'en
 with thy distain for at least thee doth
 think of I to giveth I more pain**

**My pain giveth no relief of this
 grief thee wont remove andst my
 hopefulnesse doth prove not ♪ for
 bliss lingering on just one kiss in
 vain in vain no content like Clytie ♪
 or e'en poor Echo there be no
 argument if this conceit be true
 thenst succeeds my wit Yes Yes
 ♪ doth procure my pain in my longing
 for thee but be it vain of thee ♪ not
 blame for thy distain be but
 something that fromst thee ♪ doth
 obtain andst though but only pain ♪
 hast got andst misery my lot willing
 ♪ bleed a fair price to pay ♪ concede
 to be yoked in beggarie to thee**

**Andst with this despair I doth
 mourn but blame thee not for the veil
 thee will lift not nor e'en my Beauty
 willst I scorn for ever how bad my
 pain canst be my days be not sad but
 with joy for like if sucked I sour
 fruit if it be but thee thenst how
 sweet it wouldst be andst though my
 complaint doth not reach thy heart
 not I annoyed be for like the sun
 thee be to bring I happiness e'en in
 my distress but still I go on
 seeking what doth not to I belong
 yet ever seeking but never caught n'er
 mine the beauty of thine the more
 distain of thy the more I try**

Though I crawl in the dust in thee
my Beauty I reach for higher things
andst though all the world be full of
rust nevertheless in thee the world
doth still pleasures bring for my
Beauty be hid by that veil that
hinders the light to see but thy
distain be but the guide for me
whether it draws I to death or to
life I willingly take each breath
though in my longing for thee to hell
I fly but still in thy beauty I long
to dwell andst e'en if I fail andst
fall amongst the scum I reach for
paradise in thee e'en if in thy
distain I lie

**Ahh Thee lifts the veil see ∩ the stars be
thy eyes thee hast vouchsafed ∩ union with
thee in thy beauty thee doth give ∩ bliss
paradisial delight in thy beauties sight**

∩ in the foul andst fair thy beauty is

∩ in the rose andst the weed thy beauty is

**∩ in the nectar andst the poison thy presence
is**

**∩ in the perfumed andst the stinking thy
breath is**

**∩ in thee thee hast lift the veil andst doth
shift my sight to see all opposites in thy
beauty whenst in union for all things in
union be founded for my Beauty all bliss
all delights be in thee grounded**

May May Ohh the veil drops andst
 I be flung back into woeful night
 separated fromst my *Beautys* sight
 back into distress down into lifes mud
 into the shades cold hues all joy
 happiness fades despair becomes my
 lot into hell fromst which release I
 canst make or any other path back to
 paradise to take misery andst sorrow
 be my fare andst though I do know thee
Beauty doth not care but I with more
 aplomb all this despair I willing
 endure though in sadnesses fog all joys
 obscure Still Still blame I thee not
 for I thank thee for my lot

Thy separation hast cast *ſ* with my
 woes here deep within hells walls in
 torments *ſ* thee hast placed to fill *ſ*
 with fears that doth my flesh deface
 with anguished woes that upon the
 heart of *ſ* grows with grief no relief
 but though thee andst *ſ* apart be Still
 Still fire burns in my heart with
 memory of thee Yes Still it burns for
 thee e'en though this pain be Ohh too
 much thee not *ſ* blame for my longing
 Still be such andst though no tongue
 canst express my pain this pain hast
 brought *ſ* to thee closer in memorance
 of that ecstasy thee didst vouchsafe to
 me

With thy distain ∩ thee doth kill my
 Beauty that be thy will thenst
 sayeth ∩ that be alright for e'en my
 pain the blood ∩ spill be for thee
 though forsaken ∩ fromst thee apart
 Still Still doth for thee beats my
 heart Yet doth ∩ still pursue thee
 my Beauty in my despair burns my
 hearts fires with my longings andst
 my desires though complain ∩ not
 possessed of thee andst thy veil my
 Beauty willst not lift for me this
 pain be the gateway back to thee thee
 giveth me thus my Beauty my friend
 thank ∩ thee

Breathe out **I** woe with each breath
 each heart beat bringeths **I** closer to
 death apart fromst thee after **I** thy face
 didst see **I** confess with all my
 sorrow that **I** to thee doth address
 still onward **I** press with my cries my
 sighs

I proceed to the end andst taketh
 whatever thee doth send though this
 heart of **I** be looted of all joy andst all
 its treasure spent that glimpse of thy
 face be my grace though grief doth not
 cease willing **I** submit to suffer to
 eternity if be for e'en then my **B**eauty
 would still **I** pine for thee a hundred
 times the pain but a hundred times the
 gain

Andst my *Beauty* though thy kiss be
 cold yet it doth my heart turn to flames
 so bringeth it on *andst* kiss me long
 with out delay *I* say throw *I* into the
 fires of hell but its burnings be worth
 that once sight of thee separated from
 thee nothing else of care *I* for that
 ecstasy in thee didst make *I* free like
 the nightingale to sing perpetually of
 thee whenst *I* was freed in unions
 felicity unified in my *Beauty* thus
 though abandoned now by thee *I* care
 not if death doth o'ertake for whenst in
 my grave fromst my grave a *Rose*
 willst grow to perfume the world with
 thy scent that to the world thee hast
 gave