

pierreuse

lorette grisette

aperitive

gigloette

coquette

poem by c dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2016

Preface

**thee c'est un fou amidst colors
applied with a knife that
thru the mind of thee
slice and the garish **reds**
blues orange and **green**
cut thru the mind of thee
like colored razorblades
of cold steel alone thee
c'est un fou in the
immensity of empty
desolation alone thee
c'est un fou with the
unwholesome drives of
the flesh of thee**

**♪ say ♪ c'est un fou
that the peachy pink
pilus knob of ♪ burns
with a gem-like flame
flames of pink burst
fromst the precummy eye
like flames of forest
fires raging as the flesh
of ♪ swells with desires
of love balloons out with
the passions of amour
the flesh of ♪ gorged
with loves longing pangs
begins to rupture the
cocks turgid stem
girthing ast some full
rounded Gum bulges with**

pulsating veins purple
 tinted ast some ripe plum
 oh oh this love longing
 ripples thru the flesh of
 ♪ like waves of flames
 ♪ sayeth ast the painter
 "one cannot keep bottling
 [it] up –better to burn
 than to burst *What is in*
 will out "

ast that acolyte of
 Cormon Henri Marie
 Raymond de Toulouse-
 Lautrec-Monfa
 painted in Technicolors
 at the "*Moulin Rouge*
 sit ♪ at "*Le Chat*
Noir" painting word

**pictures of the loves of
 ♪ the words of ♪
 breathe out fire not in the
 drab palettes of the
 Impressionists the
 Chromoluminarism
 Symbolists or those
 fumisme**

**♪ incoherents the palette of ♪ be
 my e is red my u be my blue my o
 is yellow my ♪ violet a is my
 orange the atelier of ♪ be full of
 pierreuse**

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**all in the most
 sumptuous colors**

**complementary that set
 the ambience on fire the
 vowels of √ quiver with
 emotion with the loves
 desire of √ rivers of fire
 flow fromst the pen of √
 the colors of my
 vowels be soft as velvet
 scented like perfumes of
 benzoin musk and
 patchouli rhythmic like
 the trills of birds singing
 in emerald leafed trees
 the vowels of √ revolve
 round the full moon
 bright like gems aflame
 flames the vowels of √
 the vowels of √ softer**

**than the limpid tones of
hummingbirds more
sublime than music more
profound than the
philosopher mind the
vowels of √ coat the
night in stars of colors
more limpid than pellucid
pools upon which pink
swans float rippling
wavelets of liquidity
the words of √ be to
impressionism as color
to grey
the words of √ be to
Chromoluminarism as
tingling stars to dust
upon the back of slugs**

the words of *Ÿ* be to
 Symbolism as the
 "*L'Après-midi d'un
 faune*" to journalism
 oh my my shimmering
 chromatic vowels oh
 my words of
 tintinnabulations of
 color lift the soul
 and intoxicate the
 senses with their
 rhapsodic rhythmic
 harmonies of
 prismatic light
 casting all in the
 cloak of the loves of
Ÿ my inamorata
 with myosotis in

**their pussy hair they
the butchers meat for
their maquereaux**

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**colors complementary explode
fromst the pen of √ each vowel
enflaming the next igniting each
into gem-like flames of melodic
raphosodies that burn with
sexual fevers of exquisiteness like
a yellow kiss smeared on violet
powdered cheek**

oh my inamorata in
deep chiaroscuro
surrounded by yellow
salvia purple asters red
gladioli orange coleus
leaves each in green
bottles shimmering o'er
a blue background with
cloth nacreous sheen
with harmonies of blue
and green peonies and
myosotis in riots of
green-red contrasts with
roses and carnations
saturated colors on beds
of lush hues like
sculptured brush strokes

oh my **pierreuse** thee sit like a
vignette red **hair** 'gainst
backdrop of green **panty**
as light flits o'er thy face
like butterfly wings of
Delacroix hues oh my
pierreuse dashes and
dots of light dapple thy
cheeks flushed with
desire complimenting the
harmonies of violent
tones of flowers in
saturated colors grown
the lips of ♪ quiver with
desire to plunge their
puffy fold o'er the
succulent lips of thee to
plunge the quivering lips

of √ upon those fold of
shimmering red to lick
those fold ast √ lick ripe
fruit oh my **pierreuse** thy
cunny **hair** of red like in
broad brush strokes of
impasto light the texture
rippling color like
splashed upon **green** in
vibrant comma-like curls
and swirls of
interlocking dots like
basketweaves in twirls
in saturated shadowless
light bright with flowers
interlocking ast washed
with colored showers

oh my **lorette** thy cunts folds in
 bushstrokes of complex
 calligraphy violet **lips** streaked
 in violent dots and dabs of
 yellow **sequins** encrustations
 of light colors no more than
 dots bright contoured by brick-
 like rectangles o'erlapping
 confederations of lacelike
 skeins that reveal cobolt
backgrounds of blue oh my
lorette

that ♪ couldst lick thy
 lips with agitations of desire
 to weave along those pips
 succulent flesh changing
 pattern of nibbling bites in
 lines parallel that along the

**contours of those squeelchy
lips the lips of *J* do suck and
paint out a **palette** of colorful
flowering blooms that
shimmered like blown by light
upon the heavy impasto of the
granulated points and dots of
drenched color flavored with
bites that radiate out
out along the surface of
the violet **flesh** like rays of
sunlit light **yellow** upon
*“Wheat fields with a
Reaper”* to curve round
across the flesh of she like
o’erlapping skeins of frozen
sunlight**

oh my **grisette** thy **clit** an orange
 glow shimmering 'neath
 thy cunt **hair** of luminous
 blue 'neath thy skirt to
 my view above in lines of
 accurate perspective thy
clits orange lamp light
 ast garish ast *Night*
Café –Interior halo of
 orange fire ah my
grisette goeth mad do *♪*
 with desire thy **clits** fire
 doth ruin *♪* send *♪* into
 paroxysms of rapturous
 delight into spasms of
 quivering raptuousness

**thy cl^{it} vibrates orange o'er thy
cunts blue hair sends
out sparks of fire like a
flittering firefly that
wash the air o'er thy
cunts hair in washes of
chromatic harmonies that
flicker and flash their
vibrancies o'er the
tingling tongue of ♪ that
throbs with the musky
taste of thy cunts
liquidity basking in the
fractured image of short
sharp strokes of furnace-
like light**

oh my **aperitive** thy yellow cunt
hair shows thru thy panties
 crepon-like with embroidered
 "Courtesan after Esien"
 outlining thy violet cunts puffy
lips with slit furrow etched
 upon cloth dazzling in
 kaleidoscopic colors volutes of
 yellow hues outlineing
 asterisks of violet hues that
 shows thy cunts **lips** puffy wet
 to the desiring view of ♪ thy
 silken panties sheers show
 thru the latticework of thy
 curling hairs in crystalline
 colors like squeezed directly
 from the paints tubes oh my

**aperitive thy thy cunts lips
float like puffs of color upon a
scented breeze bordered by the
gilded yellow of thy fleecy
cunts hair oh the fevor those
colors of ornamentation send
rippling thru the flesh of ♪ the
pure tesserae pigments kiss the
eyes of ♪ with exquisite
delight ast the light flickers of
those pure incandescent hues
oh that perfection of
harmonies those symphonies
of delight
each delight wrung to its
extremity of raptuousness**

oh my **gigloette** thy cunts **lips**
red like puffy peppers
elongated smear o'er thy
panties green like
incandescent emeralds
crepon of color be thy
silken panty thy cunts **lips**
mouth be **red** upon **green**
upon **red** like splashing
paint unmixed fromst tube
direct plate of blazing
color like window stain
glassed jigsaws of
luminous shades of **reds**
and **greens** of crystals of
color exquisite
complementarities of lurid
intensities decorative

calligraphies **red** veinings
 set 'gainst splashes of
greens to weave colored
 patterns of light like the
 plum orchard of "One
 Hundred Famous views
 of Edo" that lays stitched
 upon thy panty cloth oh
 my **gigloette** with fervor
 ♪ gaze upon thy
 Japonisme cunts view
 to burn with feverish
 ardor to blaze alight with
 passions fire to wash thy
 exquisiteness in the
reddish glow of the
 passions of ♪ for thee

oh my **coquette** thy cunts yellow
lips luculent and bright
hang 'neath the violet
curls of thy cunts
profusion of **hair** like
twin sunflowers fromst
"Sunflowers" the color
of thy **lips** like strong
brush strokes
aggressive with violent
color layed upon thick
along the curve of thy
lips resplendent with
brilliant color of pure
sensation ridiculing the
vagaries of Monet or
the faux science of
Seurat thy cunts **lips** in

**bold outlines simplified
geometries of vivid light
defying the canons of
impressionism oh my
coquette thy cunts lips
garish view alights in √
tremoring flames alights
in √ fervent fevers of
unlocked passions the
prismatic colors of thy
flesh refresh my soul
with primitive longings
awaken in √ desires of
the jungle desires of the
cannibal that √ couldst
eat and devour thee into
me in some orgy of
cannibalistic frenzy**

sit ♪ ♪ c'est un fou at "Le
 Chat Noir" painting
 word pictures of the
 loves of ♪ drowning in
 the garish colors of
 Louis XV green and
 malchite harsh blues and
 yellow-greens in an
 atmosphere of pale
 sulphur like the furnace
 of hell here ruin ♪ in the
 desires of ♪ here go mad
 ♪ in the unwholesome
 passions that rake the
 flesh of ♪ amidst garish
 lamps of green and
 orange flames like halos
 of gas lit brushstrokes

♪ c'est un fou amidst
 colors applied with a
 knife that thru the mind
 of ♪ slice and the
 garish **reds blues orange**
 and **green** cut thru the
 mind of ♪ like colored
 razorblades of cold steel
 alone ♪ c'est un fou in
 the immensity of empty
 desolation alone ♪ c'est
 un fou with the
 unwholesome drives of
 the flesh of ♪

isbn 978187634783 ♪