

**qilin**

(麒麟)

by *Ko'lin*

translated by *Wu Xian*  
& *Xuan Yuan*

*Poems by c*  
*Dean*

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List of free Erotic Poetry Books by  
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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia  
2017

# Translators

## introduction

**Ko'lin** is a poet of the Qing dynasty and is one of Chinas greatest poets but that said he is almost completely ignored by the Chinese *literati* he is ignored for the same reason Australias greatest erotic poet colin leslie dean is ignored and that is because they upset the poetic conventions Both **Ko'lin** and colin leslie dean are *poète maudits* they live and write outside of their societies they break poetic conventions by writing in what

their societies regard as the  
 pornographic the indecorous the  
 impolite and as such the gate  
 keepers of poetry and literature in  
 their societies know of them but  
 refuse to acknowledge them and  
 refuse to let them enter their  
 haloed grounds not knowing that  
 both and *Ko'lin* colin leslie dean  
 would refuse entry

*Ko'lin* writes like colin leslie  
 dean in that both their poetry is  
 extempore and characterized by  
 spontaneity and stream of  
 consciousness rather than well  
 crafted like that of *Tu fu* or

**Shakespeare and seemingly in a magical way with no effort at all**

***Ko'lin* poetry seems to mirror that of colin leslie dean almost uncanningly I can do no better to characterize *Ko'lin* poetry than by outlining some characteristics of Deans poems**

**To quote from the work**

**brachypterous**

**<https://www.scribd.com/document/341033730/Australian-Gothic-erotic-poetry>**

**"Deans poem challenge conventional notions of decorum by using and abusing such tropes**

and figures as metaphor,  
hyperbole, paradox, anaphora,  
hyperbaton, hypotaxis and  
parataxis, paronomasia, and  
oxymoron. Deans poems produce  
copia and variety and cultivates  
*concordia discors* and antithesis –  
Dean uses these strategies to  
produce allegory and conceit As  
said Deans poems are like  
gold foil stitched with pink silk  
thread”

so what is **qilin**

(麒麟)

by **Ko'lin** about well it is simply  
an account of a shamans  
incantations to a goddesses

**ko'lin** alludes to the great poet  
**Qu Yuans Li sao** ("On  
 encountering Trouble" ) and thru  
 out the **qilin**

(麒麟) **ko'lin** uses images from  
 that said work in his recital or  
 song these songs are like Hindu  
 mantras songs of power trying to  
 summon the goddess thru out the  
**qilin**

(麒麟) **ko'lin** shifts focus in a  
 dreamlike manner of floating  
 changing imagery and melodic  
 rhythms which is a shamanist  
 technique

**But**

is there more is the shaman  
 narrative nothing but a surface

illusion a cloak a mirage nothing  
 but a red herring is there a deeper  
 tale perhaps the clue is in the title  
**qilin**

(麒麟) is the **qilin**

(麒麟) a Chinese box perhaps a  
 Buddhist or Taoist philosophy  
 hidden

here in the **qilin**

(麒麟) of **Lo'lin** we see a work  
 that breaks new ground for  
 Chinese poetry and it might be  
 said without hyperbole that it is  
 inventing a new type of Chinese  
 poem much like what **Qu Yuan**  
 did for Chinese poetry



## Preface

Atop the fu-sang tree pink  
 drinking fromst the pool of heaven  
 riding the water dragon imbibing  
 scented yellow melilotus selinea  
 and sweet angelica riding the  
 whirlwind of sensation she  
 summon ♪ she  
 cometh she out of the emptiness of  
 space out of nothing into non-  
 being form she into the emptiness  
 of form she cometh she in the  
 form of emptiness non-being be the  
 being of she  
 out of nothing into nothing she  
 cometh from the summons of me

Dressed ♪ in selinea and sweet  
 angelica ♪n the splendor of indigo  
 moonlight paint ♪ these bubbles  
 of art these bubbles of incantatory  
 sounds upon the beams of light  
 read have ♪ all books all  
 philosophys ♪ drunk ♪ hast ♪  
 fromst the pool of heaven followed  
 ♪ the path of Peng and Xian  
 sing ♪ these incantatory sounds  
 ♪n the splendor of indigo  
 moonlight  
 that fades fromst being to  
 nonbeing in sunlight that back into  
 nonbeing like a lightning flash  
 goes out at night  
 followed

♪ the path of Peng and Xian  
 sing ♪ these incantatory sounds  
 ♪n the splendor of indigo  
 moonlight  
 Sing ♪ in sounds that wrap thee up  
 like fish trapped 'neath the crystal  
 sea  
 Sing ♪ in sounds in rhythms and  
 rhymes that weave spells that trap  
 like hair in a net  
 Sing ♪ in sounds that bewitch thy  
 mind like the candles flame the moth  
 Sing ♪ in sounds whose syllables  
 caress thee like the snakes lick  
 around the preys throat  
 create ♪ more chimera more  
 words that create the mirage of  
 being of the world in which thee  
 live

**The moon a powder puff  
pastel pink dabbed on the  
coal black face of the shy  
like thy cunt hole a dab of  
powder puff pastel pink on  
flesh silken shimmering  
like silver ripples o'er  
moon light drenched lotus  
pools midst mist pink  
float o'er the pool of  
heaven**

**Drips drip light congealed as  
 pearls fromst thy cunts limpid  
 hole the pool of heaven of  
 gleaming fire**

**The perfume of flowers**

**The scent of ripe fruit**

**Bright as the sheen of water  
 silk**

**Coloured lips powdered with the  
 fallen stars of heaven like dew  
 seen thru pink gauze o'er pools  
 luculent limpidity two shafts of  
 light dance pirouettes like twin  
 mandarin ducks iridescent**

***F*ragrantly those lips of thee  
flutter ast yellow melilotus that  
scatter the ground in petals of  
indigo shadows  
along thy cunts lips edge flowers  
of fragrant angelica bud casting  
violet shadows along thy pink  
slits hollow thy puffy folds of  
flesh float like pink clouds o'er  
the pool of heaven of crystal  
liquidity into illusions burst they  
into mists of gold and copper  
ripples of moonlit splendor**



**Of lotus and water-chest nut leaves  
 maketh √ a coat and a skirt of  
 lotus petals and at the Fu-sang tree  
 in my cunt-figured car my jade  
 dragon steeds tied √ the reins up  
 In the splendor of indigo  
 moonlight paint √ these bubbles  
 of art these bubbles of incantatory  
 sounds upon the beams of light  
 these bubble of incantatory  
 splendor do √ sing upon the  
 whirlwinds that at my feet gather  
 √ cast the syllables of my songs  
 upon the clouds and rainbows at  
 the feet of √ the singing of √  
 rush up wards and downwards as  
 √ did cross the White water at  
 the peak of Lang-feng do sing √**



**Sing ♪ of thy cunt hole full of  
amorous lilies  
that hole full of dreams and  
rapture**

**Sing ♪ of thy cunts lips languid  
like lips after love  
those lips that kiss with the  
taste of belladonna**

**Sing ♪ of thy cunt the scent of  
roses of iridescent hue  
that cunt that be the garden for all  
the worlds souls**

**Sing ♪ of thy cunts hole like an  
eye drunk on opium  
that hole that be a fountain of  
gushing fire**

**In thy cunt hole bright  
moon bursts like flower in  
bloom in that pool of  
aqueous liquidity all  
wishes fulfilled by  
heavens boon oh round thy  
Fu-sang tree pink  
budding twixt folds of  
silken flesh fragrant mist  
floats in the violet  
moonlight bright pink  
clouds gather soaked in  
the wine of thy cunts hole**

*Around thy Fu-sang tree pink  
drops of cunny dew drip drops  
o'er thy cunts fleshy folds coating  
that pulpiness like an embroidered  
quilt of heaves stars along thy  
cunts edge blossom moon flowers  
of pink dew dripping drops of  
dew-petals into that liquidity of  
jade pool o'er which floats clouds  
of pink perfume soaking into  
flowers which burst from that  
pool full of springs fecundity in  
that liquidity caressed by the  
moonlight violet bright*

Oh that I couldst lash the  
 tongue of I to thy fu-sang tree  
 pink that the tongue of I couldst  
 stir up the pink mist round the tip  
 of thy fu-sang tree pink and  
 curl round that tree coated in the  
 dew fromst the tongues tip of I  
 moon beams shoot fromst thy  
 cunts hole star dust coats thy  
 flesh pulpy pink clouds of dew  
 and the breath of gods hang round  
 thy fu-sang tree pink ten  
 thousand scents waft fromst that  
 liquidity of dissolved violet  
 moonlight cloaking thy fu-sang  
 tree pink light shimmering mother  
 of pearl bright

Thy cunts lips in moonlight gather  
 moonlight dust like billowing skirts  
 they dance in the pink mist wafting  
 fromst thy cunts violet light liquidity  
 thy Fu-sang tree pink garlanded  
 by crystal crimson Fenghuang  
 pins cast indigo shadows along  
 thy lips hanging like pink curtains  
 across the sky of heaven sending  
 sliver ripples of light o'er thy pool  
 of heaven to curl into trembling  
 blossom shineing thru the pink  
 mist like petals falling fall the  
 shadows indigo o'er vista of pulpy  
 fleshiness jade-pink dappling the  
 flesh like of dragons flying across  
 the ford of heaven

Imbibing the Six Essences supping  
 the Night Dew rinsing the mouth  
 of J in the Sun Mist savoring the  
 Morning Brightness raced did the  
 cunt-figured car of J across the  
 Ford of Heaven whilst played J  
 the Nine Songs whilst fang-shi  
 danced the Shao Dances the cunts  
 lips of my cunt-figured car flapped in  
 the celestial winds the hair of J  
 wild waved and spread across the  
 face of heaven the head of J bent  
 back singing singing incantations to  
 thee the syllables of the songs sound  
 congealing into stars that wouldst  
 light up the face of thee that wouldst  
 garland thy pink throat and deck thy  
 hair crown with melilotus in liquid  
 lights did sing J did sing J

**Oh lady of amorous lips iridescent  
lilies bright ast fires**

**Oh lady of languishing smiles  
Lady of dreams and rapturous bliss**

**Lady of heaven and all delights  
Oh lady whose pool of heaven be  
opium juice**

**Oh lady of chastity and ravishing  
ecstasy**

**Thy cunts hole be the pink hue of the  
sunsets glow**

**Thy randy cunts hole o'er flow into  
the rains of fecundity**

**Thy nipples of red fire weep milk  
sap of plants nourishing the earth**

**Thy breath be the perfume of all  
flowers under heaven**

**The soul of thee be the earths  
gardens**

**Thy piss be the rivers and streams**

Head of ♪ bent back singing ♪ ♪  
 passed the Bu-Zhou Mountain  
 o'er the shore of the Western sea  
 from the tip of the Kun-lun higher  
 higher did soar higher higher ♪  
 washed ♪ the hair of ♪ in the pool  
 of heaven kissed ♪ the lips of  
 fu fei  
 Higher higher into silence and  
 emptiness washing like Red Pine  
 the worlds dust off ♪ oh did yield ♪  
 to that voluptuousness of oneness  
 the path higher higher on the path the  
 path received ♪ as beyond the pool  
 of heaven the path led ♪ with the  
 cunts lips of the cunt-figured car of  
 ♪ flapping in the winds of heaven  
 when beyond the heavens end then  
 entered ♪ the Great Beginning then  
 she revealed herself to me



*JSBN*

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