

***Requiem in animam  
viventem***

***Poem by c  
Dean***

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2018

# **Publishers**

## **introduction**

**Ah dean thy requiem is a  
masterpiece of musical delights  
like Tomás Luis de Victoria:  
*Officium defunctorum*  
*Like***

**Sector Berlioz' le grand messe  
des morts thy music hast the  
power of joyess rythyms  
harmonies of rhyme and rhapsodic  
sounds with thy choruses of  
delight Ah but dean thy requiem  
hast the tenderness and intimacy  
of Fauré's *Requiem* the eternal  
darkness of Cherubini's *Requiem***

*in C that we see why Beethoven preferred this work over Mozart's Requiem. But Oh oh dean thy work dean is like the netherworld or purgatory of Ligetis requiem Oh dean thy works orchestration of sounds catapults one into ecstasy thy chorus harmonies hast the Italian warmth the Spanish passion and the French lyricism the majesty of Verdi Oh dean when thy chorus is sung we enter heaven in thy requiem*

## **preface**

**come ye all and enter this  
dreamland of torment of ♪ where  
daylight and moonlight be naught  
but the greyness of the tomb  
where the flesh of ♪ be dead  
caressed by fetid odors in a mire  
of gloom come ye all and enter my  
dreamland of old age where walk  
♪ ast a ghost amongst wilted  
withered blooms where walk ♪  
with mind alive with mind alive to  
lust fires enflames by girlies  
pulpy cunts where ♪ tormented by  
dead flesh and a living mind that  
canst find no escape fromsts this  
shadow-land of agings woes hear  
my **Requiem in animam viventem****

**Oh the flower-blue-sapphire sky  
above**

**That crystal dome of iridescences  
That curve of light**

**It be but the tomb of ♪**

**It be but the tomb of ♪ that  
oppresses ♪ with fetid gloom**

**Oh that light be but a wreath of  
mildewed leaves around the soul  
of ♪ Oh that light of the moon  
be but a shroud spread o'er this  
aging flesh**

**This aging flesh that hast of  
desires expired Oh in this tomb  
of death lay ♪ 'neath sun and  
moon moonlight in pools of glass  
be but slivers of decay fetid foam  
of putrescence that coats the flesh**

of ♪ devoid of yearning devoid of  
 yearnings for those girlies  
 that once didst give life to ♪  
 that once didst make the day gay  
 with song  
 that once didst once make the day  
 full of perfumed flowers now Oh  
 now those flowers  
 those roses  
 those hyacinths  
 those chrysanthemums  
 those nenuphars  
 all those flowers rot all rot 'neath  
 the skies fetid dome 'neath the  
 skies fetid tomb light drips o'er  
 the flesh ♪ dew with the stink of  
 some swamp No No not true

**Oh Oh those cunts those  
beautiful cunts**

**Those juicy cunts**

**Those ripe mounds of fruit**

**Those squishy folds of succulent  
flesh**

**Oh Oh they burn the mind of ♪  
with fires with burning desires  
those cunts**

**Those cunts**

**All those lovely cunts set my  
mind on fire**

**Yet**

**Yet**

**Oh for fuck sake this aging flesh  
will not quake  
will not tremble**



**will not rise up a turgid a  
rampant a tumescent cock**

**Oak-like**

**Volcano-like**

**Mountain-like a horny cock that  
couldst pound that  
couldst fuck with thrust jab pound  
jab jab jab**

**Oh**

**those roses**

**those hyacinths**

**those chrysanthemums**

**those nenuphars**

**Oh**

**Those juicy cunts**

**Those ripe mounds of fruit**

**Those squishy folds of succulent  
flesh**

**The radiance of thy pink flesh**

**The limpidity of thy cunts pink  
rimmed hole**

**The radiance of those fleshy folds  
kissed by moonlight**

**Oh Oh**

**The perfume sweet that amber  
dew the bee doth lick doth sup  
doth swallow those pink rimmed  
holes porphyry chalices of scented  
wine those velvety lips of cunts  
flesh Oh Oh this dead flesh this  
mind on fire this mind of desires  
this dead flesh that willst not rise  
up willst not burn willst not pre-  
cum seep or yearn for cunt for  
cunt Oh Oh to perve to hiddenly  
watch to secretly leer at those**

**girlies those lovely shapes those  
cavalcades of shapely nymphs  
those naiads those apsaras  
those houris of delight Oh ye all  
with perfumed cunts hair scenting  
the humid airs Oh those girlies  
with cunts hole eyes-delight that  
banquet of cuntly flowers that  
banquet of scented blooms that  
banquet of wet moisty lips once  
thru the moonlit nights and sunset  
drench skies didst √ many hours  
spend in ravishing delights Oh  
Oh those bright cunts  
phosphorescing 'neath silver light  
those cunties that didst drip  
odorous fluids like pearls that  
didst into pools perfumed form**

**Oh Oh those feverish nights and  
days perfumed with delight that  
didst drip o'er the flesh ravishing  
of J**

**those roses**

**those hyacinths**

**those chrysanthemums**

**those nenuphars**

**Oh**

**Those juicy cunts**

**Those ripe mounds of fruit**

**Those squishy folds of succulent  
flesh**

**Oh Oh in the prison of this dead  
flesh the mind of J reaches to  
them strives**

**Yearns for them Oh Oh those  
mounds of flesh breathe out to J**

winds of perfumes breathes out to  
 ♪ dreams of desires of the mind  
 of ♪ hunger for the secret  
 shadows of their flesh Oh Oh  
 those perfumes those vapors of  
 the ineffable play rhythms of  
 delight upon the mind of ♪

But

But

For fuck sake this dead flesh  
 entombed in old age languishes

Flaccidity of dead flesh

For fuck sake make my flesh

Quack

Shake

Bake with heated fires

For old age hast around the flesh  
 of ♪ lethe-weeds placed that

**crowns my flesh with death in this  
pallid gloom doomed ♪**

**To watch**

**To See**

**To Leer but n'er to**

**To Touch**

**To Kiss but n'er to**

**To Caress**

**To Lick and Oh Oh n'er to**

**fuck again with a hard cock**

**Rock-like**

**Iron-like**

**Jack-hammer-like raging**

**pulsating and Oh Oh hot**

**throbbing cock the flesh of ♪ hast**

**lost its fire that no flames do**

**lick the veins to boil them into**

**rivers of molten desires within**

**this prison of decay this prison  
of death desires be dead but in  
the mind of ♪ alive which joys in  
the sight of girlies bright which  
still hast the glitter  
the sparks of lust that throbs  
against this fleshes doom Oh  
Oh my mind still delights in the  
girlies forms in those curved  
cunts of pulpy fleshy ripe fruits  
Oh Oh with these eyes of ♪  
with this mind of ♪ ♪ see ♪  
sense ♪ all those girlies all those  
girlies that this flesh doth see ast  
phantoms only ghosts only fetid  
fish stinking mounds of putrefying  
flesh**

**those roses**

**those hyacinths**

**those chrysanthemums**

**those nenuphars**

**Oh**

**Those juicy cunts**

**Those ripe mounds of fruit**

**Those squishy folds of succulent  
flesh**

**The flesh of √ seeth naught but  
shadows naught but shadowy  
forms floating thru the gloom of  
the tomb floating thru the grey  
mist that colors the world of √ of  
√ the baleful perfume cuts the  
flesh of √ like slivers of glass  
ruptures and burst each cell of √**



**Yet**

**'Yet that very scent to the mind  
of ♪ be ablaze with delight be  
ablaze with life with life that  
turns the mind of ♪ to youth  
again Oh Oh that perfume  
fromst the cunts of all those  
girlies be a fountain of youth that  
sends virginal thrills rippling  
along each neurons thru each  
synapse thru each cell of the living  
brain of ♪ but Oh Oh to this  
dead flesh those girlies be naught  
but grey shadows grey  
netherworld creatures that float  
amongst flowers mildewed and  
pallid with death stink and decay**

but Oh Oh the mind of ♪ thru  
 the eyes do see girlies cunts afire  
 spreading pink flames up to the  
 skies dome flames congealed light  
 bright cast opal shadows o'er the  
 flesh of ♪ that Oh Oh doth not  
 ignite

But

But

Those girles cunts flesh polished  
 jade pink rubies of red fires lips  
 of topaz sapphires of copious  
 flesh waft perfumes upon the  
 breeze that flows fromst the randy  
 breath of they Oh Oh those  
 blossoms of flesh filling the airs  
 with scented balm those clits of  
 amethyst and beryl alabaster and

**lapis lazuli Oh Oh those**  
**turrets of fleshy folds fills the**  
**airs with golden fires of desires**  
**those cunts of spongy flesh drip**  
**pearls spray diamond drops of**  
**liquidity on the airs hot with**  
**randy sighs Oh Oh those flames**  
**of flesh flash out fromst the**  
**cunts pulpy mounds rapturing ♪**  
**in paroxysms of ecstasy the mind**  
**of ♪ entwined in**  
**those roses**  
**those hyacinths**  
**those chrysanthemums**  
**those nenuphars**  
**Oh**  
**Those juicy cunts**  
**Those ripe mounds of fruit**

**Those squishy folds of succulent  
flesh**

**But**

**But**

**The flesh of I rejoice not in its  
tomb of gloom all these girlies be  
but fiends clad in the greyness of  
the fleshes tomb**

**Oh but in the minds phantasies  
of I see I girlies decked in lilies  
wreaths about their heads and  
hyacinth petals and gems on fire  
laced thru their cunts black hair  
knotted with pearls and beads of  
gold each girly bright to my sight  
Oh Oh what delight lifts they  
their cunts to the rising moon  
crimson crescent lips slices of**

**opals pink dewy wet sparkling  
gleaming stars casting light thru  
pools of moonlight like frosted  
snow that lace the blooms**

**Ahhhh the minds lust burns red  
the mind of ♪ screams in aching  
pain the flames burst along the  
synapses like rows of burning  
flower buds Ahhh the pain why  
why this fucking living death of  
old age ♪ say Ahhhhhhhhhh the  
mind of ♪ boils to fuck to fuck  
Oh to fuck licking those juicy  
cunts to fuck with rampant cock  
to stretch those cunts tight with  
thrustings might Ahhhhh ♪ must  
sing this lament and burn with  
pain at the sight of those cunts**

**blooming oozing to sting with pain  
at those cunts of J fuming at  
this flesh of J cooling with the  
mind of J warming at the sight of  
those cunt swarming Ahhhhhhhhh  
life only exists thru the dew  
sheening on flowers ripening  
blossoms opening cunt dew  
gleaming**

**J S B W**

**9781876347376**