

Australian Salacity

(Guide to Capturing a cunt- after Sung
Po-jen)

Poems by
C dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

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Publishers introduction

**So what can be said about
Australia's leading erotic poet Colin
Leslie Dean it could not be said
better than**

Paraphrasing Baudelaire

**"When you think of what
[Australian] poetry was before
[Dean] appeared and what a
rejuvenation it [will undergo] since
his arrival when you imagine how
significant it would have been if he
had not appeared how many deep and
mysterious feelings which have been
put into words would have remained**

unexpressed how many intelligent minds he .. [will bring into] ... it is impossible not to consider him as one of those rare and providential minds who in the domain of [poetry] bring about the salvation of us all..." ("Victor Hugo Selected poems Brooks Haxton Penguin Books 2002 p.xv)

with his groundbreaking poems who knows which new Baudelaire or Swinburne will appear

And now for deans poems these poems capture what Xie He calls Qi –the spirit resonance or life force of the cunt which makes the cunt alive such that the reciter has an experience of the cunts presence –life force the cunts are alive it can be

**heard that there is a energy resonance
between dean his act of singing and
the cunt depicted such that dean
captures the Qi-Energy resonance
of the cunt thus giving the reciter a
living experience of the cunts
So sit back and recite –hear– and
have an experience**

Preface

**Oh that life that spirit that
quintessence of vitality that thee doth
see in the images ♪ paint for thee
that essence that brings to life the
cunt thee doth see oh that magic that
alchemy that brings pulsating
humming oozing the life of that
which ♪ paint for thee**

**Ahh when the cunt is in bloom joys
 surge in the flesh of ♪ oh that flesh
 coated in pink like frozen mist oh
 that flesh coated in pink hues 'neath
 moonlight ohh never tie ♪ to linger
 around pub beach or school ground to
 catch a glimpse of that flesh wafting
 perfumed scent upon the heated airs
 oh that fragrance sweeter than lotus
 scent oh how it lifts my soul and
 lifts that flaccid flesh of ♪ jaded
 fromst to many lusts oh to inhale
 that scent to inhale that flesh thru
 the eyes of ♪ oh to enjoy cunts
 whether black pink yellow or golden
 thus paint ♪ the cunts fromst
 unfolded buds to their full blooming
 bloom for lovers of cunts everywhere
 May these pictures be passed on to
 future generations**

Small buds

**Ah that cunt rounded like some
clove oh hotter flesh than cinnamon
taste**

**That I couldst eat thy cunt like
some ripe fruit**

**That I couldst lick suck slurp thy
cunt like syrup sweet**

Small buds

**Ah what more canst I desire more
than cunt cured cheery dew laced
beaded flesh like light reflecting like
gold and jade**

**Oh that I couldst kiss that cunt
and wet my lips with it scented wine
feel its pulse 'gainst the lips edge of
I and burn my flesh in its glowing
fire**

Small buds

**Oh that flesh pink ast oyster that
flesh curved ast Buddhas crown
jewel full of desire**

**Oh that flesh burns the flesh of ♀
that flesh pink fromst surging veins
pulsing with fire that ♀ couldst feel
thy soul 'gainst the lips of ♀ bruised
fromst kissing that stings my flesh**

Small buds

**Oh that flesh that cunt that
pomegranate filled with delight laced
with pearls rippling fromst the
breath of ♪**

**Oh those lips fervent with fires
desires amorous flames burns the
lips of ♪ ast kiss ♪ with kisses
fragrant with the foaming soul of ♪
oh that ♪ couldst with pink veins
shuddering on the lips tips bite ♪
thy flesh moist with the wine of
desire**

Small buds

**Oh that bud-conch-like cunt where
 canst find √ largest words to paint
 thy gorgeous curves largest words to
 paint the liquidity that lies within
 those folds a scholars delight**

**Oh that √ couldst lick that bud
 clothed round with the perfumed
 dew as raiment of thy flesh pink ast
 of the sea born foam that √ couldst
 lick that bud pink splendorous of
 flames and burn my flesh with
 spasms of exquisite pain**

Opening

**Oh oh opens that cunt with lips as
flames like candle-light the lips glow
as golden lotus slightly unfurling**

**Oh that flesh softer than babies
cheeks evoking desires still unborn
oh that ♀ couldst breathe in those
fumes that blow fromst those folds
fervent scents fromst flowers untold
oh the flesh of ♀ trembles with each
flutter of those lips oh that ♀
couldst crush that cunt in the tight
clasp of the lips of ♀ and with
untold pleasures die**

Opening

**Ahhh that snail horn that shows it
glimmering head far above lips wide
like the sky enticing those lips in
endless quest for that bud to caress**

**Oh those lips be a cup for the lips
of ♪ that ♪ canst drink drink the
foaming wine that hids inside that
♪ couldst kiss along those folds
edge ast lovers kisses along the
throbbing veins in ivory necks oh oh
yield to the lips of ♪ that flower of
flesh pink ast babies lips that thy
touch feeds my flesh with exquisite
pleasures undreamt**

Opening

**That cunt oh that cunt opening lips
shaped like horses ears soft pointed
curves of flesh dangling ah their
shape and size mesmerize their shape
their lust characterize**

**Ahh hunger ♪ with untold desires
thirst ♪ with unquenchable fires oh
those lips ignite my desires trembles
o'er run the flesh of ♪ delight
consumes my soul oh the thoughts of
kissing those folds foams and
frotheses up my blood surging fires
thru the veins of ♪**

Fully open

**Oh that bloom cup-like blossom
cunt splaying wide open silk lips like
robes colored hues of pink**

**Oh that cunts mouth filled with
wine and fire to satiate my souls
thirst bring thy lips to mine that
couldst √ close the lips of mine
around that flesh of thee and suck
cleave to me thy flesh satiate the
insatiable fires of √ mine lips bite
that upon thy flesh is the desires of
√ fed**

Fully open

**Oh that cunt bell-like wide lips
splayed aside ast the moon fades and
the stars sink bye in those folds
resides all mans desires all his fires**

**Oh that those lips couldst be bitten
with hot bites fromst the lips of ♀
that those lips couldst be bitten
with delight with unsatiated fires
with delight that those lips couldst
be bitten with unbearable delight**

Fully open

**Oh fan-like thy cunt flutters in the
scented breeze more fragrant than
nine flowers in bloom oh that waft
of perfumed airs doth sooth the flesh
of ♀**

**Oh that thy lips wouldst inflame ♀
ast the sun to the dawn doth make oh
that thy lips wouldst ravish ♀ ast
the moon full that shines oh oh thy
lips are for eating thy scent for the
breath of life oh oh thy lips are a fire
of desires that ♀ couldst eat and
sup upon thy cunts cup and in
shuddering trembles expire**

Fully open

**In thy basin like cunt full splayed
to the sky light like silver fins flash
a glassy luminescent in thy pool
crystalline**

**Thy lips hued of the sunset thy pool
bright ast the full moon the light like
fishes swims languid to the pulse of
thy veins oh oh that I couldst drink
up that sea of desires that I couldst
drink up that ocean of immeasurable
bliss give I give I that porphyry
cup of delight that the perfume of thy
wine ripples the brain of I ripples
the brain of I with rapture and
wonder and delight**

Fully open

**Ahhh thy cunt chrysanthemum- like
like atop a tower 200 feet high
large basin pink-like full of sweet
frothing dew ohhh that wine brings
immortality**

**Oh the heat of thy lips spreads fire
'oer the flesh of ♀ the flesh of ♀ be
but the burnt offering of the desires
of ♀ oh oh give ♀ those lips more
sweeter than syrup give ♀ those lips
that on them ♀ canst eat thy lips to
lips veins to veins kisses born of
desires flesh flushed with the wine
with the lust of thy fires**

Radiant

**Oh that cunt eight-petaled bloom
mirror –like that reflects in its
liquidities purity the true lust of ♀**

**Ohh that thee wouldst wrap ♀ up in
those lips of flames and burn ♀ in
fiery pleasures hold onto the lips of
♀ with strong bite and pluck each
vein fromst the flesh of ♀ pluck each
vein fromst the flesh of that ♀
wouldst know the sting of thy lust**

Radiant

**Oh that cunt an overturned cup in
thy pools aqueousness how lovely
the moon drunken be ♪ reaching
into that pool to it embrace**

**Oh the breath of thy cunt that sighs
the beat of thy pulse in thy veins that
fires oh thy cunt fed on perfume and
moonlight that flesh with the hue of
sunsets glow oh oh those lips that
crown that cunt of thee be a goddess
to me the lips of ♪ sighing under the
quivering veins that flower of
delight that flower of blossoms
delicious aureoled in light**

Radiant

**Oh that cunt peaked helmet of flesh
oh how thy lips hang flapping
sweeping away all the dust**

**Oh those lips be full of lust and
full of desires fires oh delight ♪ in
thy flesh and the sighs that sweep
o'er ♪ fromst thy breath and my
limbs grow hot fromst the wet foam
of thy pleasures pool oh that ♪
couldst pluck thy veins ast some viol
string that the world couldst hear my
soul to sing at that bee sting each
dab that cometh fromst the lips of ♪**

Radiant

**Oh that cunt a peach 3000 years to
ripen in its fruit delicious
immortality resides oh that ♪
couldst steal one bite**

**Oh thy cunt doth in the flesh of ♪
animate desire oh that ♪ couldst lap
up that dew dripping fromst thy
pellucid pool ast foaming wine bring
to ♪ bring to ♪ those flaps of fire
that those flames pierce the lips of
♪ with fervid pulses ahhhhh ♪ be
smitten with lust smitten with keen
pleasure that glut the soul of ♪ with
thy lips splayed ahhhh that couldst
♪ dive into those waters into those
waves of exquisiteness to drown to
drown in inexpressible bliss sucking
sucking on thy kissing lips**

Radiant

**Oh that cunts flesh semi
transparent pink lychee that
luscious fruit who cares who
suffers for one bite**

**Ahhh with the face of thy cunt upon
the eyes of ♀ with the breath of thy
lips upon the flesh of ♀ with the
sighs of thy desires and the
quivering of thy veins wilt thee give
to ♀ the fruit of thy mouth that
fromst those lips pulpy red ♀ doth
suck thy soul into the soul of ♀**

Radiant

**Oh that cunt coated in pink frost
yellow bloom for whom doth savors
thy perfume no poet now doth
make all swoon**

**Oh thy lips to the lips of ♪ ignite
flames the flesh of each burns lips
ache for touch that bruises each lips
to each ahhh lust bursts as we
yearn into roses blooms along each
vein along each limb and our lips
sweeten with fervent torments
hunger lusts surges thru our lips
with lust and hunger lips savour
lips with hot kisses each kiss
sweetens into bliss**

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