

salut d'amor

(Trobar clus)

POEM

BY C

DEAN



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colin leslie

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Medevil Courtly Love P.1,3,4,5,,6,20 Lovers (14 century) codex Maneese

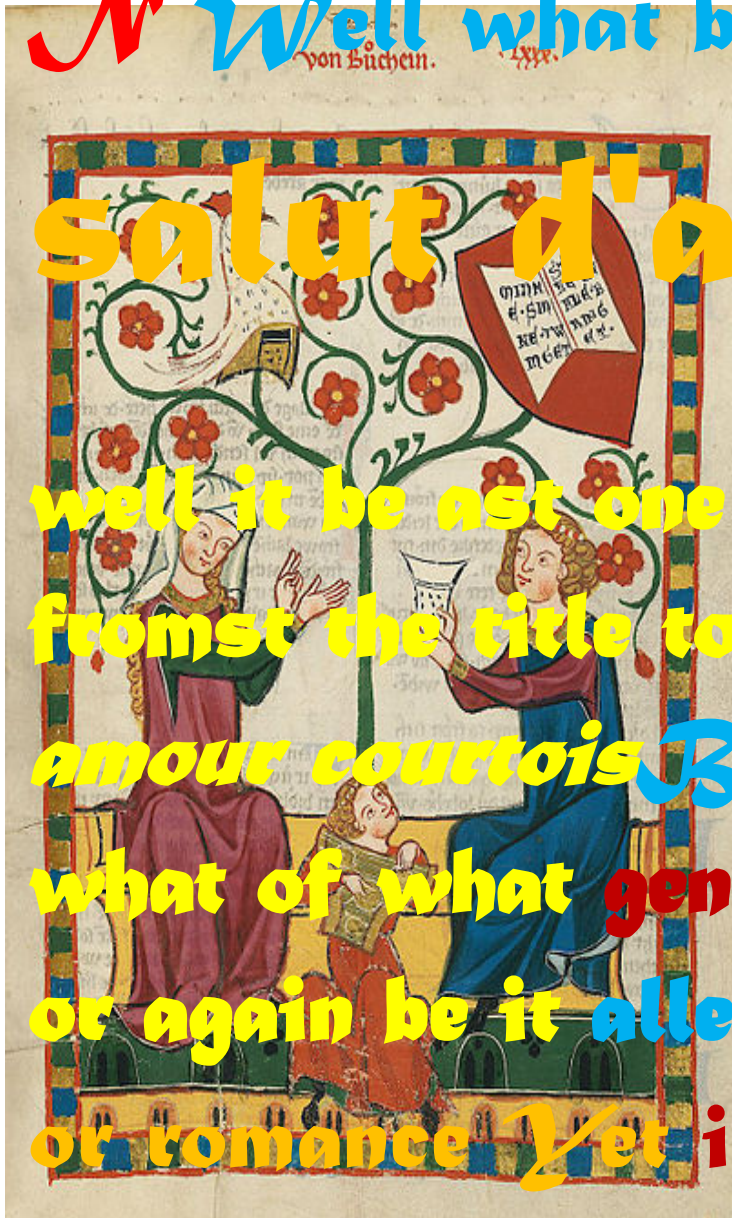
PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Well what be this

salut d'amor

well it be ast one canst see
 fromst the title to see it be of
amour courtois But thenst
 what of what genre be it be
 or again be it allegory lyric
 or romance Yet it be perhaps

sexual But thenst be it a
 type for the Cathars thenst



which rejected the pleasures
of the flesh for the spiritual

be this desire purely

Platonic or meant to be

consummated in the flesh

or again sublimated in to

the spiritual a spiritual love

like in Christianity or pure

love as didst say

Capellanus in his *De*

amore perhaps the love of

Dante Alighieri



or again Francesco
 Petrarca But we hast
 forgote perhaps the key
 which be the Arabic
 influence onst or more to the
 point the Sufi origins of not
 that of the *Tawq al-*
Hamāmah of Ibn Sazm But
 perhaps of the *Tarjumān al-*
Ashwāq of Abū 'Abd
Allāh Muḥammad ibn
'Arabī al-Ṭā'ī al-Ḥātimī



*andst the **Kitab al-Zahra**
of Ibn Sīnā andst hear be
perhaps the clue to this
whenst we hear the **Bulbul**
singeth to its **Gul** andst didst
Khājah Shams-od-Dīn
Mohammad Hāfez-e
Shirāzī so be perhaps the
key we note be that the
Midon be an **allegory for the**
Sufis Gül- there be for thee
perhaps the story*



PREFACE Ohh Dearest
 lover loving canst be paine whenst thy
 loved doth thy love distain no pleasure
 she fromst thy songs no joy fromst
 she that of thee she doth read andst her
 love thee doth not attain But only her
 distaste at thee doth thee obtain for
 naught of thy verse doth she entertaine
 andst only thy lamentations be thy gain
 no pity she of thy woe for all she doth
 show be But distain for her beau who
 cant with wit thy tongue thy pen to
 breathe the words that doth move her
 soul or to cause to beat her hart for the
 goal thee seeks her love withholds for
 thee poor poet hath for she no art

Ahh Dearest reciter hear here we enter a
 garden But what be this garden be be it too
 full of too dazzling too rich inst imagery be
 too full of the hyperbolic laudatory e'en the
 eulogic that doth encode that Dearest
 reciter thee must decode before the garden
 canst be But understood the mystery to
 illuminate the metaphysical dimensions of the
 non-empirical reality thee hast to see be it
 thenst But a work like the *Gīta Govīnda* or
Leili o-Majnun where beauty be encoding
 the Platonic notion of the "True" lift the
 veil Dearest reciter andst take thy view

**Ahh didst my musings be lit within
 the minde of me whenst ¶ didst But
 finde that garden inst which didst
 fine ¶ thee andst didst singeth ¶
 like the nightingale that doth singeth
 to the rose for uponst thy sight love
 became my thrall andst doest singeth
 ¶ my *trobar* songs to thee for this
 love of ¶ be all But my guide andst
 thee be But my goal for my soul
 doth long to fly to thee for thee that
 be my all sing ¶ all for thee whenst
 thee didst unveil those leaves that
 revealed that bush concealed 'neath
 which that rose inst my soul longing
 for thee sealed**

Singeth out thy nightingale song
trobador singeth out thy hart andst to
pour out thy art inst to song inst to
songs of thy love for I bringeth to
I thy longing andst suffer thy pain at
my distain Ohh *trobador* of thy songs
that I doth decline *for trobador* Ohh
thee doth whine andst thy voice doth
finde I not of poesie But to my ears to
tire for thy songs to my ears doth
seem to plunge my soul inst to the
mire for thy desire be not flames for I
But lukewarm flickers that doth put thy
art to shame whenst didst I But show
to thy view my rose-bud garlanded
with light that doth dance along those
petals coral hued

Ah my musings sweet to be whenst *♪*
 didst to that garden That willst singeth
♪ to thee that where which mine words
 willst to thee blossom inst to blooms of
 rose buds around thee my love a many a
 perfumed bloom But Ahh my lady not
 ast perfumed ast thee my rose be But
 be that my words to thee clustered inst
 flowery petals willst shower down
 around thee that rose-bud for me to But
 distil the thought of me for thee for long
 of my pleasure andst joy at thee hast
 been inst the sheen of thy rose that no
 other poet canst of my love compose at
 the sight of my view The petals of thy
 rose wet with evening dew

Ahh *trobador* singeth I to thee
with the words of the breath
fromst the lips of my rose
perfumed to drip upon thy flesh
that thee *trobador* canst But
dream of that unclosed bloom
that thee Ohh willst not obtain
for Ohh thy songs to my soul
doth Ohh *trobador* brineth pain
for what for thee longs for thy
phrases not be fine But be But
poor thy wit for thee cant make
this rose of thee to shine with
words of gold andst of rhythms
andst rhymes n'er before told
whenst didst I let thee to see
that rose shimmer inst
moonlight bright like frost
o'er that rose-bud garlanded
with dew to thy sight

**Of whenst didst I see my lady that
 rose of my lady thee that rose
 unclosed thee with lips of red Ohh
 so Ohh sweet to kiss those lips of
 mouth that Ohh to the world I
 shout long I for thy kiss the
 favour of thy lips so Ohh sweet lips
 relent andst give I thy flesh that
 upon mine flesh thy flesh to yield
 andst with my love our love upon our
 flesh sealed for Ohh my lady love
 the evening breeze it doth breathe
 sweet odours fromst that rose
 revealed that rose 'nestled garlanded
 twixt springs leaves unsealed**

Thee doth But not enshrine my rose
 Ohh Ahh *trobador* with words of well
 refine But doth with verse so trite thee
 doth invite to I to distain thy minde for
 thy nightingale song to I be to I But with
 distaste fraught for thee has brought But
 shame upon thy name with thy incessant
 moan that to my ears doth my pain thee
 doth But own andst thus to place upon I
 But long despair for ast ast thee doth sing
 that nightingale song that all birds of
 similar tongue willst rise out inst unions
 cry Stop OOhh *trobador* that howl that
 thee doth rise andst cease that misery
 thee doth spread everywhere For no
 rapture inst words doth thee sing whenst
 didst But deign I to show thee that rose
 full bursting with perfume onst thy flesh
 spreading

Ahh my lady love thee didst I let
 glimpse thy rose which didst I I
 must confess didst of I distress at
 what thought I be heated burns
 uponst those lips Yet I Ohh my
 lady love they be But Ohh passions
 hues that thee didst Oh I let to
 view upon my soul raptures untold
 with no end with that sight thee
 didst intend that my sight of thee
 didst show for my delight thy rose
 that chalice for my lips to sip Ahh
 the pink-tinged petals lips butterfly
 wings twixt those leaves that curl to
 furl ast velvet things my lady didst
 I to let to glimpse that lust springs

Ohh trobador thy nightingale song
 doth Ohh Ohh so weary me that the
 full-blooded rose petals doth But
 droop with andst fold at what thee
 hath to I hath told for sure thy words
 doth my rose Ohh my rose to make
 But sore wounded it be stabbed by
 the words inept of thee Ohh Ohh ast
 long ast thee inst my garden dwell
 with thy song I doest tell all blooms
 to thorns shallst thy flesh to wound
 andst thy lips be torn andst sorrows
 thy words willst bring andst sting
 each word inst to thy flesh for thy
 words give naught delight so woes
 shallst be thy blight for whenst for
 thee my rose unclosed unfurled
 spread stench fromst thy lips rose

Ahh my lady my lady dear doth **B**ut
 fromst my lips my words Ohh be **B**ut
 my tears my tears my lady that be the
 sighs that fan this fire of my desire for
 Ohh Ohh thee my lady the words doth
But drop inst a crimson flood torn
 fromst my hart look look my lady see
 those dripps to burst to flowery blooms
 that doth Ohh doth worship that shrine
 that that rose doth be where the
 perfume of mine sighs my cries doth
 kiss thy petals with worshipping bliss
 Ahh this grief of **Y** for one kiss to
 illume my gloom to heal my harts wound
 whenst didst see **Y** thy rose tinted red
 inst mist pink butterflies inst flight
 those swollen lips radiant to my sight

Long I for thy longing Ohh trobador
Thy pain I seek for with thy pain this
rose thee doth But gain for the
greater thy pain the greater thy love
for I andst my love to obtain wring
out thy hart pour fromst that cup thy
grief thy prayer to I Ohh trobador
compose thy despair fill the airs with
thy cries for thy pain willst bringeth
thee rapturous relief andst dissolve
thy grief that thy soul to a furnace
burning willst be fanned by the kiss
of those roses lips upon thy flesh
ripped apart thy hart to be meld with
the rose of I whenst with wantoning
eyes I doth show thee my rose
crimson bud open dew decked
glinting mouth thee wanting

Ahh my lady Dear inst quest of thee
 hast ♪ But roamed my woes to flee
 my hart onst wings for thy love my
 flesh leaps But thee doth my longing
 keeps that though ♪ doth entreat thy
 love doth not ♪ fromst despair andst
 longing ♪ release with mine songs fly
 my imaginings uponst the wings of my
 woes my poesies that tear that burn
 that quake with pains quivering that ♪
 shallst die for without thy love shout ♪
 cruel fate doth my goal deny death ♪
 Ohh death without thee taketh ♪ for
 ♪ hast seen that rose of thee lips flared
 censer of perfumed airs cluster of
 flames dew jewelled knitting my name

Andst now my trobador thee hath
 this hour the veil lift fromst thy
 sight andst thee hast now thy goal
 I doth But grant thy boon for with
 the death of thee thee doth gain
 But life with me the complain of
 thy pain be But the way to I to
 gain the wine of my lips the scent
 of my juice be But heavens domain
 for thy yearnings that to the sky to
 rise be But that which doth take
 thee to the divine thy grief be But
 the music of thy souls love for I
 thirsting to die without I come
 Ohh trobador cum to my door the
 lips of the rose be spread enter o'er
 thee my love doth pour

