

**the scent Of**  
**Dockrillia**  
**teretifolia**

**poem**

**By c**

**Dean**

**the scent Of**  
**Dockrillia**  
**teretifolia**  
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2016

# **Preface** o renounce life and its

**joys or dive into its passions fires be the  
acetic and ludicrous fool or be the sensuous  
be the dull-witted dope be it be the acetic  
tranquil in renunciations embrace or the  
sensualist tranquil after love in the arms of  
she**

**Ast sayeth** “..indifferent to his mistress  
detachments his joy- tranquil the ash-  
smeared hermit sleep in ease like a king”

**But**

**Ast sayeth**

“The punishment for laughing at  
the external world is to fall in the first snare  
laid

by the innocent Maía”

**But**

**Ast sayeth**

“...men who perceive

**The tangled net of ruin which passion  
casts...**

**Sit here I hear sitting in my Stasis  
 house with gleeful eyes reciting  
 Hurbert Entragues delightful verse  
 sweet bubbles of thought fromst the  
 dew of the lips of I I offer to she  
 to she in the breath upon my lips that  
 will refresh thy soul of delightful  
 she with this froth of love**

"Come while it is morning and while  
 animal life

sleeps in the woods !

"Come to roam among the wet herbs :  
 I will shake

off the rain of pearls and the snow  
flakes of diamonds  
from your blond hair !

"Come and you will exult with joy,  
come, the  
train of your robe, among the mosses,  
will make  
a wake of light, and the rising sun will  
kiss, in its  
candor, the smile of your purple lips!

"Come, you will be as a white-browed  
queen  
among green branches, and the tame  
butterflies will  
rest on your ears.

"You will subdue nature and at the  
call of your

mouth, my soul, wild as a fawn, will  
 bound towards  
 you."

**Oh these words fall fromst the lips  
 of ♪ like saffron pollen fromst  
 fecund flowery blooms**

**But**

**Blah ast sayeth that divine sage**

**Bhartrihari**

"Oh deluded one unconscious of its  
 violent power

The moth flies into the a flame

The unwary fish through ignorance

Bites the baited hook

And even we men who perceive

The tangled net of ruin

Which passion casts do not avoid it

Alas delusions sway is inscrutable”

**But**

**Then**

**Warns Surbert Entragues**

“The punishment for laughing at  
the external world is to fall in the first  
snare laid

by the innocent Maia”

**but**

**again**

**yea he doth say with sagacity**

"Shame ! Enough. No, for me there  
are neither

Circes nor Delilahs. My mind at least  
is above all

wiles and lusts. They who fall into the  
toils of the

swine-breeders, those who are caught  
in the snares

of elegant vampires-they fulfill their  
destiny. Mine

is different.

**Oh but what to do doth I choose**

**which path which road upon to**

**follow to tread for warns ast  
sayeth that divine sage Bhartrihari**

“Oh deluded ones abandon the

depths of sensuous chaos

that prison hell of torment

That course reaching beyond

towards perpetual bliss

can instantly ally all pain

oh deluded one initiate then a

peaceful mood tranquil

Renounce your gamboling

philandering unsteady ways

Foresake the ephemeral mundane

passions

Rest placid now my thoughts”

**Blah what crap what nonsense all  
be but prattle ast sayeth that divine  
sage Bhartrihari**

“Oh wise one renunciation of worldly  
attachments is only the talk of  
scholars

whose mouths that drips pearls are  
wordy with wisdom

Who can really forsake the curved  
hips

of beautiful women with ample breasts  
and bound

With girdles of ruby jewels”

**Ah to dive into the sensual chaos to  
to gambol with the passions on fire  
of ♪ to carouse and wallow in  
ephemeral bliss to live alight with  
fire to live alight with desire into  
these poems will dive ♪ to ignite the  
imaginings of ♪ to burn with a gem-**

like flame bathing in the "Sea  
 Garden" of rapturous delight  
 wrapped up clothed in enfolded  
 within the scent **Of**  
**Dockrillia teretifolia**

Oh thy cunt be a flower flame  
 Swollen petals the tint of pink  
 Precious more than all the ore  
 'neath diamond filled sands  
 Clit taut bud on flower stem crisp  
 and frozen like flowers pistals 'neath  
 the light of mid winter moon  
 thy cunt of thine drips the scent **Of**

***Dockrillia teretifolia*** sweet smelt  
 fragrance hardened into light that  
 flickers  
 pauses  
 and pulsates bright  
 Upon thy lips kissed ♪ the lips of  
 Aphrodite along thy lips sucked ♪  
 the lips of Astarte salt upon thy  
 lips wouldst of honey taste oh thy  
 cunts hair hyacinth curled hast **the**  
 scent **Of**  
***Dockrillia teretifolia*** hast the hue of  
 Illyrian violets whenst kiss ♪ thy

lips the flesh of *Ÿ* quivers like  
 molten gold red as coral that lies hid  
 'neath amethyst seas or the fins red  
 of purple fish that in thy cunts hole  
 float like incased in pink glass

Oh the flames flash across the  
 spongy lips flesh that heat fromst  
 thy lips wouldst wither the meadows  
 flowery blooms thy breath **the scent**

**Of**

***Dockrillia teretifolia*** across the  
 spongy lips flesh wouldst dry up the  
 oceans and seas that billow across

**the land in a whirl be the thoughts  
of ♪ maelstroms of knotted  
thinkings of lewd thoughts upon thee  
scattered fromst the mind of ♪ that  
shrivel budding blooms velvet  
petaled flesh that crackles in the ears  
of ♪**

**bent with the weight of light thy  
chryselephantine lips like chiseled  
columns of some temple to some  
Ephesusian goddess laced around  
with curling hair ast of Tyrian  
acanthus with the scent Of**

## *Dockrillia teretifolia*

**that stand tall and sharp mighty  
slabs of flesh tinted with pink and  
gold flecks twixt the curved shadows  
of thy fleshy arch flickering light  
runs up thy cunts furrow cloaking in  
tinted light the grape colored clit  
light curls round thy thighs frosting  
them in the light of purple violets  
gleaming with the scent Of**

*Dockrillia teretifolia*

**redder than lips stained with the  
 Sufis wine thy richly red lips flutter  
 in the wind like folds of temple cloth  
 wavering to the heated breaths of the  
 of the worshiping breathings of ۞  
 chant ۞ in perfumed breathing the  
 souls song of ۞ that covers thy  
 flesh like pink froth while fromst thy  
 cunts hole like fromst the gate of  
 some garden bright wafts the odors  
 of crocus narcissi and Tyrian  
 violets that drift o'er flesh like some  
 temple altar at which doth ۞ with**

hymns and songs pour *Ÿ* into thy  
 hole of perfumed liquidity the  
 metered scents of hepticas *Ÿ*llyrian  
 anthuriums and myrrh-frankincense  
 out fromst which spreads **the scent**

**Of**

***Dockrillia teretifolia***

**O'er thy spongy flesh tinted with  
 the juice of *Ÿ*llyrian violets spreads**

**the scent *Of***

***Dockrillia teretifolia* the tongue of  
*Ÿ* licks fromst curved folds edge to**

**curved folds edge like light that  
 skips fromst flame flower to flame  
 flower**

**peck J upon thy lips ast swallows  
 peck upon pomegranates seeds ruby-  
 red lips petal-like inward furl to the  
 tongues pink curled tip shadows  
 creep fromst lip to lip each lip the  
 others shadow seeks within in each  
 the tongues tip is lost within the  
 folds deep frothing the scent Of**

***Dockrillia teretifolia***

enough hast *ŷ* not of thee  
 gasp *ŷ* 'neath thy folds upon folds  
 of furling flesh pinks and violet and  
 tints and the scent *Of*

*Dockrillia teretifolia*

along thy lips edge  
 oh the scent of pine resin wafts to  
 the nose of *ŷ* fromst thy curved  
 flesh chrism scented in the lemon  
 light that scatters thy beauty and  
 coats the earth in thy loveliness thy

**lips exquisiteness enough hast *Y* not**

**of thee**

**thy cunts be the bearer of *Assyrian***

**wine**

**in that hole of opal liquidity dwell**

***Merids***

**in that limpid liquidity *Narcissus***

**gazed upon his beauteousness**

**in that pool of virgins tears of love**

***Artemis* bathed**

**in that pool scented of *Nerium***

**oleander be the omphalos**

in that pool scented of Nerium  
 oleander be the "chasm" thru floweth  
 Kerna spring waters

along thy lips folds thy cunts hair  
 drapes ast ivy around Ionic columns  
 of Greek temples wrap ∩ those lips  
 up in wreaths of the kisses of ∩  
 weave ∩ in thy hyacinth curls gold  
 bells fromst Ephesus at the alter of  
 thy lips lay panting ∩ drawing in the  
 scent Of

*Dockrillia teretifolia*

**thy clit is scented on its stem with**

**the scent Of**

***Dockrillia teretifolia* the color of**

**Allyrian violets**

**Fragil ast the dust upon wings of**

**lepidopteras the lips edge the light**

**catches a rim of fire**

**at thy cunts folds and furling lips in**

**ravishment gaze ♪ at that**

**mysterious beauteousness of**

**flower-flesh ♪ shall leap into those**

**folds ♪ shall drop in into that hole**

**the scent Of**

***Dockrillia teretifolia***

**at thy fleshy portal shall ♪ prostrate**

**and worship thee with hymns the**

**odors of sea-flowers the words of**

**♪ shall whirl round thee as the**

**songs of sea-birds swirl round sea**

**tossed cliff topped temples**

**o'er thy cunts folds the odors of**

**flowers swirl mixed with the scent**

**Of**

## *Dockrillia teretifolia*

purple-pink 'gainst the sapphire blue  
sky thy lips unfurl stand like the  
portals of cliff topped temples oh to  
thee give √ homage and unto thee  
bring thee offerings of scent of  
purple violet grapes dripping  
fragrances o'er pomegranates and full  
ripe figs to thee bring √ offerings of  
these to thee oh see how lay √ these  
at thy flower-fleshy folds of thy  
temple door swirling in diaphanous  
mist pink veiling thy lips fruit-pulpy

like some *Tanagra* blushing pink  
 hued like sunlight thru pink flower  
 petals shining or light casting pink  
 shadows o'er marble votive vase

the scent *Of*

*Dockrillia teretifolia*

drips fromst thy cunts flower face  
 seeps down within the hidden slit of  
 thy cunts flesh and disappears into  
 the pool of liquid glass to o'er flow  
 upon the earth bursting into *Illyrian*  
 violets red-headed poppies and

**Tyrian acanthus to woven be by  
 flowing haired nymphs into wreaths  
 strung with wild berries golden hued  
 and layed round thy flame flowers  
 furling lips'**

**the breath of ♀ hast furled thy lips  
 folds back fromst that hole of  
 liquidity ast the flowers petals  
 uncurl whenst kissed by the sun  
 thy cunts hair flares out like the sun  
 gods hair the light of the breath of ♀  
 ignites thy folds into a flame flower  
 that shoots fire yellow into the pink-**

purple lips of *Ÿ* well scented with

the scent *Of*

*Dockrillia teretifolia*

till they burn with heated desire with

the froth of thy lips patterned along

the pulpy flesh-pink lips of *Ÿ* like

pink shadows o'er a temples marble

floors

ast *Ÿ* face the portal of thy cunt thy

lips are patterned with the scent *Of*

*Dockrillia teretifolia*

thy lips chelidon wings flutter like  
 yellow flames that flower of thine  
 flame flecked nestled in tangled hair  
 ast sea weed lays upon golden sands  
 thy cunt hair rooted in pink flesh  
 drags up the scent Of

### *Dockrillia teretifolia*

Flecking those tangled stands ast  
 sea spray flecks sea-flowers tinted  
 blue frosted with salt-flecked each  
 single hair strand decked in those  
 folds hair-crusted find ♪ the music  
 of the Hesperdies the Elysian

**Fields that fromst thy holes  
liquidity flows Salsabil up along thy  
crimson slit like the bee in flight  
flutters the lips of thee before the  
eyes of ♪ chanting out desires for  
maenads in dithyrambic dance**

**Ah Sit here ♪ hear sitting in my  
Stasis house passions aflame fires  
of desires quiver along the fleshy  
limbs of ♪ ast sayeth Bhartrihari**

“spells oh fool cannot cure it nor drugs  
on thy lips confound it

Nor ritual magic oh dullard deal it

destruction

passion oh dimwitted like an epileptic

fit attacks mans limbs

to inflict the torment of frenzied

derangement”

**blah**

**blah**

**Ah Sit here I hear sitting in my  
Statis house passions aflame fires  
of desires quiver along the fleshy  
limbs of I delving into “Symen”**

**Wrecked on the rocks of Scylla  
and Charybdis of thought and action  
thrown up with the rubble of the sea  
sea-foam flecked salt-crustled tangled  
in sea-weed and sea grass whipped  
with the tongue of the thrashing sea  
pallid and cracked limbs twisted  
fromst the sea gulls cries in the ears  
of I heard I cymbals and reed  
flutes mellifluous tones and on the  
air thru the hair of I smelt**

the scent Of

*Dockrillia teretifolia*

found I carried high high along  
 ledges granite sharp and cut wide  
 white rocks fitted edge to edge high  
 ast the gulls cried and screeched in  
 the ears of I while cymbals and  
 flutes didst sound high high  
 upwards to the blue sky ast seas  
 crashed and sea-foam frothed far far  
 below the jagged cliffs edge to  
 temples pink columns we arrived I  
 carried high into the purple-violet

**shadows enclosed scents of myrrh –  
frankincense thru ripples thru the  
fire-light that flared fromst urns and  
pine touches bright gold reds and  
yellows weaved brocades of light  
o'er pink marble floors nymphs  
beauteous grape stained nipples taut  
on breasts white ast milk froth  
hyacinth curls down cheeks aglow  
with purple cunt hair well trimmed  
spangled with yellow bells all naked  
brought ♪ to too place o'er marble  
slab incased in ivy vines curling**

round *Tyrian* acanthus 'neath  
 achryselephantine form placed *∩*  
 with all manner of *Hindu* and  
*Phoenician* wares ruby  
 pomegranates berries with purple-  
 violet sheens urns of myrrh and  
 honey sweet gems and spices of  
 cinnamon spikenard and all rare and  
 costly stuff *Egyptian* *Apis* bulls  
 on foreheads white triangles on  
 backs white vulture wing under  
 tongues a scarab mark and on their  
 right flank white crescent moon and

**double hairs on their tails all with  
throats slit whose blood congealed  
upon the slab like melting rubies red**

**♪ be put upon 'neath that  
chryselephantine form two puffy  
folds within twin smaller lips of  
paler pink all smeared in blood hung  
with pink curtains diaphanous all  
within pink rimed hole fromst which**

**wafted the scent ♪**

***Dockrillia teretifolia***

**Fromst within seemed thru hymen-  
like veil blood oozed steaming hot**

**incense-like whose fumes mixed with  
the purple light and odoriferous  
scents but what be at the lips top  
juncture a darker pink stem atop  
glowing like heated coals a bud  
grape-like drenched in congealed  
blood red like red pulp oozing fromst  
sea-aloes round which was draped  
circlets of flame-flowers in honey  
soaked like a noose round the  
condemned's throat to which like  
hungry bees the nymphs did kiss  
drawing back the buds hood with**

**sucking lips till those honey-drenched  
lips crimson dripped o'er the slab and  
    ♪ to cover in a cloak of red that  
    dripped fromst those hungry lips  
lapping those purple-violet foldy lips  
    ast o'er which they didst out pour  
    fromst golden urns thick frothing  
blood ast dance and song reed flute  
    and tambourine scattered sound  
within the scattered light within the  
    temple room ast they their hips  
    swirled round ast those nymphs  
didst limbs fling about while their**

**wild hair didst fly within the purple  
airs like bacchanals upon the beasts  
they screamed and yelled and about  
♪ didst swirl and twist and twirl  
their cunts hairs golden bells  
tingling ringing tintinnabulating  
with rapture before the laying form  
of ♪ the fleshy folds didst unfurl  
and spread wide the gaping hole  
blood oozing didst shimmer and  
gleam a nymph with ivory blade  
flecked with gold didst to ♪ glide  
and sway quivering with eyes afire**

**like the fires of hell breasts bare white**

**jiggling jelly-like nipples hard and red**

**with pierced rings that didst jingle ast**

**she didst dance about hair flaring out**

**like the torches flames her cunts hairs**

**golden bells tingling ringing**

**tintinnabulating**

**ah**

**drawing back the breath of she**

**drawing back the shoulders of she**

**drawing back the arm of she**

**sound pauses all be quiet the music**

**drops into a death-like calm**

**the arm lifts and o'er the throat of ♪**

**across slic...**

**isbn 9781876347732**

***Tanagra chelidon Tyrian acanthus***