

the scent Of
Dockrillia
teretifolia

poem

By c

Dean

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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 *Ÿ* 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 ♀ 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 ♀ like

pink shadows o'er a temples marble

floors

ast ♀ 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
dilst 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...

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Tanagra chelidon Tyrian acanthus