

le monde est un
maison close

(flocon de neige dans
un four)

POEM BY
DEAN



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dans un four)

POEM BY
COLIN LESLIE DEAN

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Victoria P.1 Brothel Scene 1903 • [Edvard Munch](#) P.2 The Brothel,
c.1879 [Edgar Degas](#) P.3 Maisons Closes (In the Salon at the Rue des Moulins)
by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, 1894 P.4 [Waiting for a Client by Edgar Degas](#),
1879 P.6 French Brothel in 18th Century, 19th Century French Painting Wall
Art

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W So what be this
 le monde est un
 maison close be it a
 tale fromst Boccaccio or
 perhaps Aretino



or François Rabelais be it
 perhaps a play upon the 7
 deadly sins or again perhaps
 the 5 hindrances or those



cravings andst desires which
say that sage lead us to a
veil of tears be it a story
fromst the *Septameron* of
Marguerite d'Angoulême,
Marguerite d'Alençon
Marguerite de Navarre or
again perhaps a Satyr Play
ast like fromst *Aeschylus*
Sophocles or Euripides if
we doth But laugh or cry or
feel dismay at that life that
world that humanity doth

But play as that Sage didst

But say "All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely
 Players; They have their exits and their
 entrances, And one man in his time plays

many parts" **so dearest reciter**

dearest actor upon the stage

howeth canst a snowflake

exist inst this furnace that

be But life that be the

question for those that seek

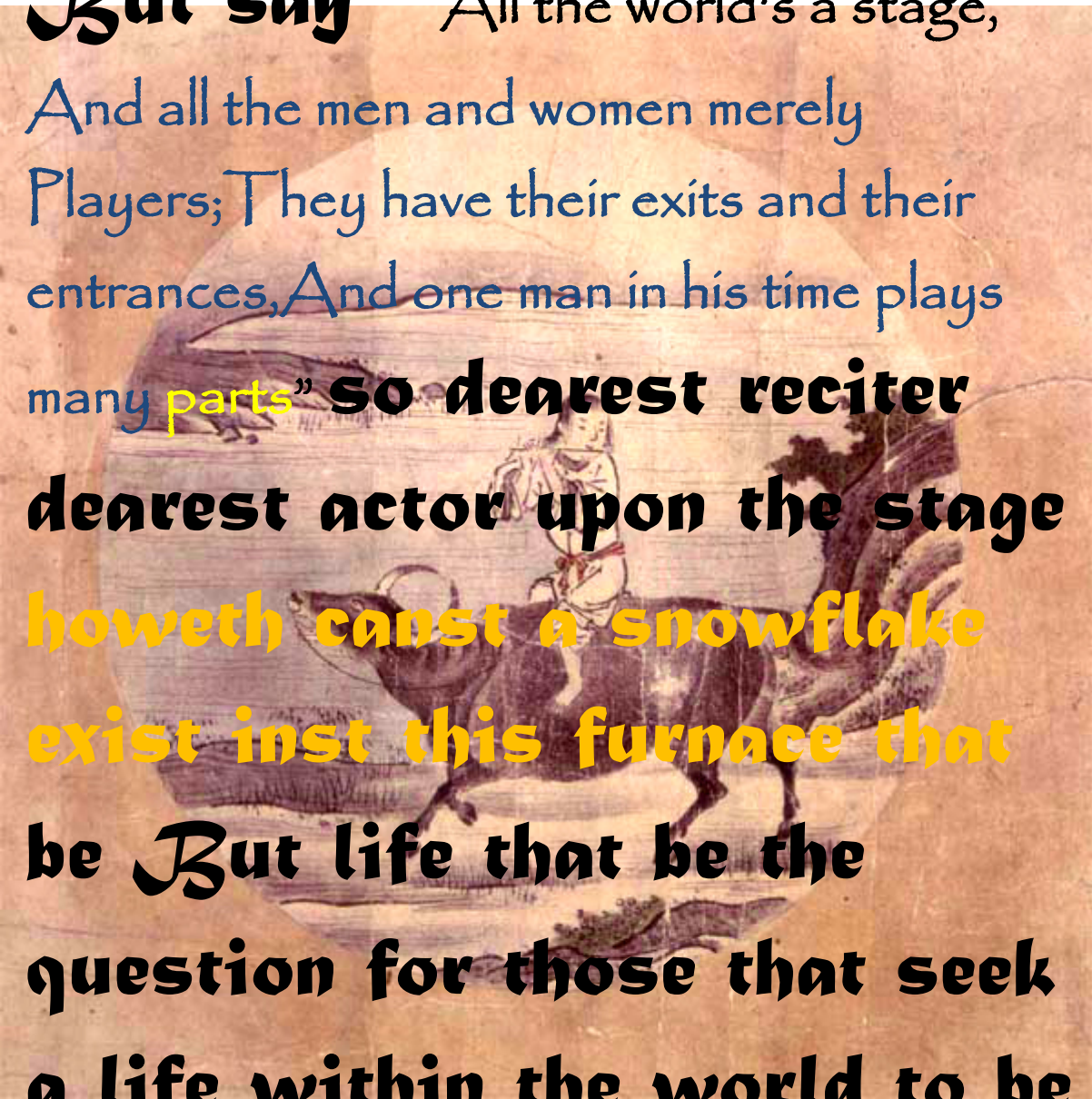
a life within the world to be

not But destroyed dissolved

andst still too But live their

life so dearest actor of lifes

game there be But many



paths for thee to gain
religions philosophies

spiritualities isms ideologies

all *But* products of the

human brain some doth say

Ahh what be it matter if

the doth peace gain inst

hermit **cave** or temple ashram

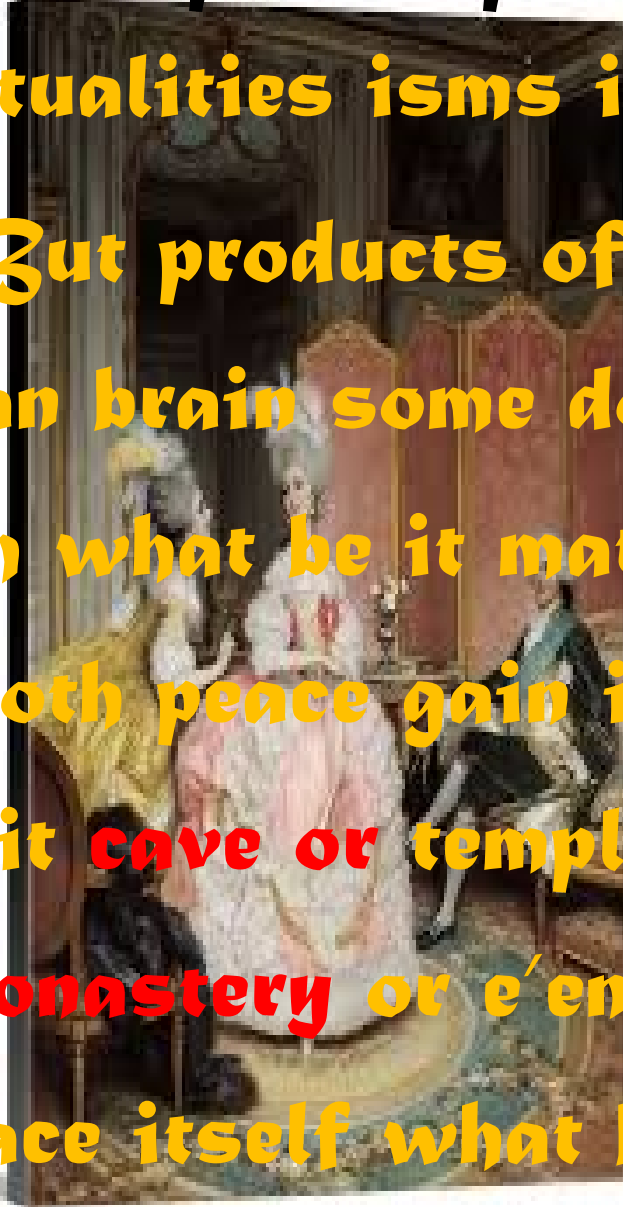
or **monastery** or e'en inst the

furnace itself what be *JT*

matter at if all be *But* rubbish

fromst human brain if thee *YES* if

thee peace doth gain



PREFACE Ahh What be
 this world Gods work some may say or
 perhaps ast doth say just science naught
 But Natures art andst way so take
 which thee may But listen to what I
 may say upon my part of this riddle
 mystery that doth all us waylay fromst
 which life we cannot fly until we die so
 howeth doth we live inst this world of
 gain andst pain of dazzle andst blight
 of dark andst light where with delight
 But next we doth But bleed with
 might Ahh sadly it be so that with
 all the poets wit andst all that is writ
 upon such perfumed script Ahh sadly
 so it be not I to tell thee how or so
 But Oh thee must thy Way to see

Alchemists Wizards Conjurers Sorcerers

Doth they offer thee what they didst what
 didst want Marlow's Dr Faustus" A world of
 profit and delight of power honour
 omnipotence"

Thru the magic that didst give with "lines
 circles schemes letters and characters" thee
 also what didst Dr Faustus desire to But
 control the winds andst clouds all things
 that move betwixt the poles to gain the gods
 power Ahh doth that sound like science to
 thee to give all to thee for thy utility thy
 sensuality that thee canst burn ast a gemlike
 flame But be that gain But servitude andst
 for all the world thy soul to be But slain

**10000 fireflies light chandeliers'
 bright the garden of Thalaba
 sorcerers delight with sciences might
 captivate entice its tentacles round
 thee tight with thy desires it doth
 inflame thee trap thee inst thy soul it
 doth bite inst its webs thee cant flee
 the opulence see voluptuous excess
 light flickers inst curtains
 translucent gold flecked electric
 sparks scatter o'er velours scented
 silk pink ast sunrise to thy eyes
 doth fly ast pale moonbeams thy
 dreams will-o-the-wisps be reality
 our phantasies like we be ast didst
 Gamiani But But didst But see**

Gold incandescent of Casbin grapes

Shahoni light flash sparks ast

rockets streak o'er face sprays thru

emerald light sparks pearly mist

floss coat apricot ripened that thy

flesh kiss odorous fruit aloes andst

apples uponst their bed of snow

ripened pistachios that tingles thy

tongue ast sweet watermelon rind

free of dust | become that void that be concealed within all things

that thy lips doest lick thy lips to

ecstasy doest find more delight

thanst feramore didst with those

melting pomegranates fromst Casbin

hills or still those melting pears

inst the 1000 gardens of Cabul

**See that sea of flickering light that
 doth filter fromst those ripples
 fromst those liquids sweet inst
 goblets of vermilion-gilt that be *But*
 filled fromst that cistern onst carpets
 of rich silk that doth fill those
 bottles of red andst white of 20
 quarts of wine of rosy gleam that
 doth those waves of light doest *But*
 tinge to cast *Ohh* a mist of pink
 round those lips that sip those eyes
 that beam to burn with gemlike flame
 upon that sip of wine fromst every
 clime of every subtle tasting hue of
Amber Rosolli bright like dew of
Shiraz ast *Selim* didst quaff of**

Scent didst drip down curtains peach-
blossomed hued embroidering patterns
of lips puffy red flecked inst gold like
scales of fish swirling tints flicker onst all
charms of opulence that dazzle inst this
room of Comte Jules-Amédée -Hector
de Ravila de Ravilès Ahhh those
femmes luscious of Rubenesque delight
of those that Byron didst But not like
that sigh that sight Ohh that sight of
scarlet andst mellow grape that flesh of
summer andst autumn nights that doth
burn thy breath ast their eyes Ohh their
eyes of gemlike flame lights of desires
fires drip along bosoms well curved ast
balloons of pink **light** down crease doth
slip pearly ribbons that lick flesh to thy
breath to ooze to mist of pink clouds of
lust to float thru room down dazzling

breasts down corsages kissing tips of
 shoulders like tongues that along them
 slips Ahh Ahh around crystal light
 flickers ast scented flowers thru the airs
 perfumed that deck biceps of Sabine-like
 with emerald *streaks* of sapphire *sparks*
 andst pinkish sprays of scented sighs
 glistening bubbles froth o'er lips ast
 frozen moonbeams onst summer heated
 flesh alabaster white glides o'er these
 femmes Red dust layers deep not a speck upon my mind doth
 keep flecked inst foam-froth ast their eyes
 gemlike flames doth light with *glints* of
 green tints reflect inst pupils dilated
 large orbs of ebony like turquoise melted
 fromst those lusts that burn those juices
 that churn along their lips that sip
 champagne fromst Ohh those so Ohh
 so slender champagne-glass *flutes* that

look Oh look they across those rims of
 glass look at thee with Ohh those eyes
 of gemlike flames that wash thy
 Nebuchadezza flesh with fires to ignite
 thy mind that be some salad of savoury
 delights that be these femmes But fruit
 upon the vine that fruit pulp with
 odours thee doth find that float fromst
 ‘neath corset pinched waistlines
 embellished gowns with frills andst lace
 full-skirts bustling bodice bulge Ahh
 those fumes untold that seep fromst
 drawers to soak this place with
 emanations of such heated sensations
 that burst ast flowers fromst those
 blooms of all those femmes hid inst Oh
 that so delightful hidden place twixt
 thighs of chiseled flesh where doth But
 throb that bud that stem with thy sighs

That light that didst that coat that
 opulence of some Indian Maharaja or
 some Mohammedan Caliph like some
 sun bursting o'er rose damask curtains
 scarlet bright like flowing blood red
 along silk sheets that float like pink
 waters to meet upon plump feather
 mattress white as virgin snow 'neath
 canopy of mahogany bright brilliant
 lusculent show of Ohh such delight
 that flicker to glint onst gilded things
 thru out that room that light Ohh
 that light that makes thee swoon to
 But see like 'neath a silver moon that
 Ohh that midnight silk of blue
 peignoir sash that doth lay upon that
 floor of brocaded carpets as a bright
 snake of coiling burning flame But
 look thee Ohh looketh thee andst see
 as painted 'gainst that scene Ohh Ohh

those beauties eyes gemlike flame
 painted figures ast carved fromst
 alabaster white splash upon the light
 to tint the airs that doth seem to float
 ast mist ast thee stares At that she
 with blush upon her **cheeks** red hued
 that doth flow along that throat of she
 so soft those breasts those slopes of
 white cloud flesh that doth inst the
airs pink doest float Relieved of dust no 10000
 cares free to roam above the clouds all so fair like fromst
 a tale of Boccaccio or some lay of
 Aretino ast Count Alcide de Mxxx
 might But say ast that **gown** of silk
 pink flash of light didst But slip to
 those feet to around to surround like
 fairy floss or fallen cloud of pinkish
light to see thee Ohh that she that
 stature dude only with **stockings**
 black as night gartered with a rose red

ast vürgin **blood** that shine upon her
 feet inst orange **shoes** ast that other
 she lets drip her peignoir to ripple
 about her feet to both to flash inst
 that verré cheval inst that room of
 mahogany framed reflections
 splashung Ahh thoses forms But seem
 painted by Madam Vigée Le Brun
 upon that light upon that scène
 fromst perhaps Mrs Radcliff or
 Walpole of OOH such delight those
nipples so tight so tuart turgid spikes
 of flesh sweaty bursting strawberries
 ripe to bite swollen upon yes thy lips
 But Ohh looketh thee to see those lips
 of she discreet folds small shell with
 fur so sparse next to that of moist
 pouting mound inst that net of black
hair curling where both doth drip lust
 juice upon the floor pearls of alight

bubbles slip Aload in doth within the
 fragrant airs waves his hands like
 wünnuWüing wings above his head
 conducting inst his garden of
 paradise minuets andst quadrilles
 sings the rhythms enticing all the
 senses fills with spinning curling
 curtsying the women spin glittering
 jewels their eyes gemlike flames
 a gleam dazzling all painted inst

à la Peau d'Espagne glinting light
 blues andst pinks upon the airs
 scented perfumed fumes that waft
 fromst those clefts of moisty puffy
 swollen flesh that thy breath of thee
 Ahh of thee thy breath engraves thy
 lust inst the script of thy sighs
 upon that scene that painting of that

sea of flesh inst mirrors myriad thru
 along the room Indras net each andst
 each inst each upon each each doth
 swoon ast doth Mlle Célestine R- doth
 But see those pictures of the
 bourgeoisie oer the floors a heated
 nest of sex andst lust that each limb
 to limb doth creep coupling clusters
 wow free of dust the world rolls by "the clouds should know me by
 now" of heated flesh inst the twilight
 gleams 10000 eyes a fire gemlike
 flames burning each andst each inst
 lust games each andst each sucking
 fucking sucking desires fromst each
 legs thighs knotted bellies andst
 breasts their breaths bur the airs to
 scorch the flesh to the painting tint
 with excess daisy chains conga lines
 sucking fucking sucking limbs arms

entwined each to each animals that
 prey onst each andst each linked
 arched cries sighs ast they curl
 andst furl along the floor their
 groans andst Ahhhs doth thru the
 glittering gold light doth soar
 dripping ast fire that their lust
 doth burn with more desires ast
 Aloadin his hands doest faster dance
 the limb the music inst frenzied
 crave faster faster doth he wave his
 hands that seem to claws andst eagle
 talons form ast the hords doth scream
 “Mighty art thou the Bestower of joy
 “The Lord of Paradise” ” ast doth
 inst unison with Gamiani say they
 “laid waste by deceptions
 disappointments always to desire
 never to be satisfied”