

Sommeil

POEM

BY C

DEAN

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PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

Ahh what be this

Sommeil

**this poem full of
intersexuality be it full of
Mallarmé symbolism Or
Theophile Gautier "l'art
pour l'art", a decadence of
delicate hints and
refinements of depraved
passions and odd**

hallucinations of a fixed idea
 turning to madness Or
 perhaps an *L'Art poétique*
 of Verlaine all of the
 odours of thyme and the
 savour of mint... Or
 perhaps thy

Sommeil be a

Freudian journey into the
 unconscious with symbols
 for guide posts So what be

this **Sommeil**

**perhaps it be nothing a fraud
no real sense no real meaning
at all just a hoax to lure the
reciter astray perhaps
nothing but pure sound where
sense dissolve away into
sonorous harmonies a joke
upon listener and singer till
they awake from meaning to
just hear the sounds**

**hear the rhythms melodies
not as Pope didst say the
sound must seem an echo to
the *sense* but *ast sayeth***

**Verlaine music first and
formost of all ...let it melt in
the air of heaven so recite let
loose this song of glottal
and alveolar-palatal *sounds***

PREFACE Ohh

**whenst o'er stimulated whensts our
 lusts our desires tier us send us into
 accidie into the languor of
 impuissance the death of apathetic
 torpor satiated into stupor alive but
 dead o'er fed gorged into boredoms
 depression Ohh to escape this
 Pratāpana of 4.2467328×10^{17} years
 long where ones desires burn thy
 flesh Ohh Where to escape but into
 sleep into dreams to depressions to
 dream away in sleep for eternity n'er
 to wake but sleep**

**To lie in sleep but not to die to lie in
 sleep for eternity but not to die to
 dream to dream in unbroken sleep to
 keep the springtime of youth to keep
 that flush of youthful flesh that
 breath of springtime to sleep to sleep
 to caresses this flesh this flesh of ♪
 this flesh upon which doth kiss the
 springtime sun to dream to dream and
 not to wake not to wake into that
 living hell that Hades of Ereshkigal
 of Sheol of Tartarus and Naraka
 and Diyu where wilt the blooms of
 rose where pallid hues wither the
 honeysuckle where drift in the fetid
 breeze the Pansy and the Tulip**

rots 'mongst dead leaves where all
 that one doth see is the *Gilded Age*
 the glamorous *Age* lusts and
 obsessions that eat that eat in the
 lusts heat away the souls gorged on
 wealth they feed their vices fromst
 reality further further away they
 spin in their quest in their unrests
 for ever more stimulations in a world
 in a hell *I* do tell a world a hell
 interpreted thru the desires of they
 where didst *I* once kiss the *Lilium*
Where once I didst smell the
Dionaea muscipula where *I* once
 didst caress the *Atropa belladonna*
Ahh howeth didst *I* lay with

accidie in meadows of asphodel
wreathed ♪ with chrysanthemums
ast didst ♪ eye gorged flesh turgid
didst gaze didst perve on those cunts
those girly cunts enshrined in
perfumes the odour of roses black
moonlight bright curled around those
curves of flesh ripe pink But Ohh
to sleep in peace with visions of
luculent memories lurid a place in
dreams of purple shadows and van
Gogh starry nights with moons
bright light decked with her starry
crown and the sun a sunflower doth
not burn but clothes one in a halo of
light caressing ast some flowers

perfumed breath in emerald glades
 painted o'er an amethyst sky and
 tunes of *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un*
faune kiss the blooms to the rustle of
 leaves and the rippling of springs
 flowing thru ferns Ahh howeth in
 this dreaming sleep of peace doth I
 kiss peonies

Where I doth smell sunflowers
where I doth caress tulips with
lips pressed But Ahh whenst be I
awake the tunes of Wagner didst
burst the ears of I send the mind
into frenzies o'er stimulated into
paroxysms of rapture to send I into
languorous stupor in that awake

where be broken stems of flowers
 the rose dead doth lay pallid all
 drained of its red ast the leafs be
 violently tossed by the winter breeze
 that bringeth blight and insipide

Ahh howeth those petals layed o'er
 the flesh of *J* like cold stars dead
 'mongst the shrouds of mists that
 drift scattering *Flowers of Evil* in
 the air the moans of *Baudelaire*
 ast stagnate pools the pallid moon
 reflect the cunts the cunts well
 formed folds of flesh stained with
 the dying sunsets glow casting tints
 along those curves like rust aureoled
 around in crepuscular light flowers

laced Ahhh those cunts lips folds
 opulent opaline edged with pale light
 moon-kissed that kiss of flesh that
 burns and scolds that withholdeth
 not its lust lust blent with wine
 squeezed fromst hemlock that world
 awake like a scraped canvas spread
 in impasto bedecked with paint blent
 with crushed jewels mixed jewel-like
 paint what show what canst be said
 a Moreau there like Oedipus
 kissed √ the lips of the sphinx as
 lay about the dead red of blood spilt
 there kissed √ the lips of Medusas
 looked √ into the eyes of Lamina
 betwixt dead blooms and lucent

**shadows indigo stale odours and
 red poppies scent heated fumes
 worshiped √ the Night flower**

**Oh dark beauty of the starless night,
 Who's steel grey eyes flash with light,
 Bend o'er me thy heaving chest
 That √ may suck from it's copper-tipped fruit
 The henbane that is sweet milk to my breast.
 Let it's poisons burn up my pulsing veins;
 Such that my flesh doth crawl with pain.**

**Oh! dark flower of the starless night,
 Night bloom who's kiss is a venomous bite,
 Bend o'er me they panting chest
 That √ may hear it's dead heart beat,
 It's icy rhythms do my body heat,
 As quivers surg from head to feet.**

**Oh! dark lady of the starless night,
 Dark bloom fragrant to my sight,
 Bend o'er me thy passionless breast
 That I - Intangled in thy baneful black hair-
 May breathe in its sweet noxious air.**

**Ah! dark flower of the starless night,
 Alluring black orchid with a musk-scented light,
 Place o'er me thy voracious, black-bearded mouth,
 Thy sweet dripping, pheromone-scented fount,
 Enclose me in thy bloated blood red lips,
 Crush me in thy libidinous embrace.**

**Oh! dark flower of the starless night,
 Dissolve my soul in thy noxious musk,
 Suck out my essence with all thy might,
 Leave me an emptied, pallid lifeless husk
 Oh! give me such bliss, oh such delight,
 Oh! dark flower of the starless night.**

**But But Ohh to sleep to dream in
 peace 'neath sky iridescent like crush
 pearls copper light of sunrise glow
 where youth danced its farandole to
 the major key of sweet sighs a
 symphony of charmed harmonies
 with flesh aflame as molten gold
 with the eyes of ♪ in flowery blooms
 reflected in violet honey dew washed
 in light of an amber moon perfumed
 scents of hyacinths where dream ♪
 dream ♪ of flowery vales luminous
 with the petals glow where kissed
 ♪ the folds of hothouse blooms
 where looked ♪ into the blossoms
 heart and didst swoon in a**

landscape of loose brush strokes

*L*uminescent

hazy light of impression sunset look

look howeth the sun fades fromst

*M*icrosaccades what canst be said a

*M*onet *J* in the Garden at

*B*ordighera in

*L*ate September

*T*ang of fruitage in the air;

*R*ed boughs bursting everywhere;

*S*himmering of seeded grass;

*S*ooded gentians all a'mass.

*W*armth of earth, and cloudless wind

*T*earing off the husky rind,

*B*lowing feathered seeds to fall

*B*y the sun-baked, sheltering wall.

*B*eech trees in a golden haze;

*S*ardy sumachs all ablaze,

Glowing through the silver birches.
 How that pine tree shouts and lurches!

From the sunny door-jamb high,
 Swings the shell of a butterfly.
 Scrape of insect violins
 Through the stubble shrilly dins.

Every blade's a minaret
 Where a small muezzin's set,
 Loudly calling us to pray
 At the miracle of day.

Then the purple-lidded night
 Westering comes, her footsteps light
 Guided by the radiant boon

Of a sickle-shaped new moon. Ahh that sickle
 shaped moon kissed by the waka
 sang by Ariwara no Narihira to
 the priestess of Ise to lay to lay in
 beds of Peruvian Lily Zinnia and
 Hydrangea to hear to melt to the

songs of the nightingale to the rose
 of Hafiz to lilt to the tones of the
 Indian Parrot Ahh to gaze upon
 those flowery lips folds of petals
 glowing pink thru the violet mists of
 the spring russet dawn like islands
 of colour splashed upon an
 impressionist canvas subtle deep hue
 to my view ast dream ♪ in luminous
 sleep in mother of pearl tints deep
 those petals those folds of glossy
 blooms perfumed scents that kiss the
 senses of ♪ those sensuous folds of
 petals curved edge swelling ripe
 fruits of blooms diaphanous folds
 pink curtains that flap to the heated

breath of ♪ coloured dreams
mingling fumes of blooms that float
to the moon twined about my lips
kiss ♪ those folds moon drenched in
the breath of ♪ sapphires of fires
bejewelling the petals edge fromst the
moisture of my kiss and each kiss
leaves red stains fromst the
pulsating lips of ♪ that which kiss
♪ 'neath skies of pearl and amethyst
light Ahh to dream to n'er to wake
fromst in phantasies land for eternity
to dream in sleep to be asleep in
peace

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