

stilnovisti

POEM

BY C

DEAN



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fp **Women, Fresco cycle** [by Giotto di Bondone](#)

PUBLISHERS
INTRODUCTION
N

Ahh this

stilnovisti

be many things to those who
see by not seeing but one
thing it be it doth take the
Dolce Stil Nuovo to its
logical conclusion it doth
take the adoration of beauty

to its climax after which
there be no where to go it
doth take introspection again
to its end point fromst which
there be no more to do it
began with Guido Guinizelli
with precursors with the
Troubadours andst now
ends with this poet Dean
andst in between canst be
seen those with not enough
imagination that just write

of beauty divine who canst
go beyond their times those

stilnovisti poets

who sang of the beauty of
Beatrice andst Laura they
are but tame andst stunted
thinker hamstrung by their
adoration of Thomism,
Platonism, and
Aristotelianism where the
genius of Dante and

**Cavalcanti did not really
bring *Dolce Stil Nuovo* to
to its full power is now
clearly seen in this**

***stilnovisti* by the
poet *Dean* who take the
exaltation of beauty to its
logical conclusion there is no
where to go now for *Dolce
Stil Nuovo* is at an end**

PREFACE Oh that mind
gone mad fromst which all reason
doth seep andst o'er flow with crazy
deceits where all sanity retreats
andst fromst the lips flowers do fly
andst in all hours the mind in
madness clouded where passions
unchecked march andst of the mind
that doth possess of all that beauty
that only madness canst confess of
the flames of passion in the heart
that passions do tear apart whilst
fromst the lips all but hear the
babbling nonsense of a mind of
disease but perhaps of sense to thee

**Methinks the earth doth go off
 course for the sun doth rise in the
 west andst the moon set in the east
 whilest the brain of ♀ doth boil boil
 andst froth with thoughts fromst that
 shock that dazzlement whenst didst
 see ♀ she Ahh Muses clang thy
 cymbals do put the wand of
 Dionysos in the hand of ♀ andst
 dance covered in fennel andst giveth
 ♀ the words to sing to sing all the
 diversity that she doth bring to the
 mind of ♀ of she that like Proteus
 doth in the mind of ♀ take many
 shapes so Muses twang thy lyres
 whilst ♀ sing of she while ♀ dance**

'neath the stars that roll backward
 of she that all words surpasseth in
 she that is all bliss all other beauty
 passeth that all tongues that beauty
 canst speake that causes the heavens
 to thunder andst all life at she at
 that beauty to wonder singeth ♪
 whilst the seasons be mixed up andst
 all out of season be let the breath of
 ♪ be more perfumed thanst
 Maronian nectar that doth sing of
 she she that maketh the mind of ♪
 fervent more thanst Thyones son for
 Aura on the breeze doth ♪ singeth
 of she that my mind blinded in the
 light of the beauty of she

**Phoebus his rays didst spread across
 heavens face andst paint the sky in tints
 of reds that put to shame the babies
 cheeks that all the poets eloquence
 couldst not out do its fame in tropes or
 name andst fromst that light didst see
 ♪ she materialize out of mist to form
 the blooms perfume congealed into she
 like fromst a heavenly place that face to
 ♪ didst encompass the sky with eyes
 with such grace that none couldst
 descree that Pan his Syrinx didst drop
 for want of skill andst Orpheus to
 break Lyra to shatter portentous
 showers fromst heaven for frustrations
 at his lack to thrill**

**Ahh she moved o'er the earth a
wonder to sight the stars in shame
put out their light the blooms
perfumed didst fade andst dull
became the sky andst to the gaze of
the eyes of ♪ all nature didst
homage didst bow low for all
creation of that beauty didst become
to know Ahh didst ♪ the satyrs
arms clasp andst into mine didst
twine andst we didst dance to
Terpsichore tunes with Hadryad
nymphs unveiled whilst on the breeze
their tresses trailed each they andst
me didst following race after that
Ye after that bedazzling face**

**Andst Gaia didst sigh soft moans ast
 all she had sown all beauty she didst
 draw to she andst all creation didst
 wither to dust the blooms petals on the
 west wind are blown fruit mouldered
 o'er the earths face andst gardens andst
 flowers andst leafy trees laid waste
 ast all their beauty didst in she shine
 in her all beauty to see all loveliness in
 she to ster for all the world be now the
 beauty in her to grace all to die that that
 beauty like dye be in her face Ahh all
 this beauty doth my mind do touch
 andst to my heart doth impart such
 joyes that this mind of ♪ doth seem too
 smart fromst all this beauty given ♪ ♪
 do find in she who thus be not unkind**

That beauty that to give me be a
 tyranny that I doth to but agree in
 my slavery my liberty I give freely
 to she that not I bemone thy
 beauties might but offer up my
 moans with delight though this brain
 of I be torn apart andst freshly
 bleeds tears of joy through these eyes
 of mine andst though this tongue of
 I be to stammer out thy beauty that
 be on it engraved by a tongue turned
 into knots babbling out what my mind
 be inept to impart of thy beauties
 majesty to send I into abject
 beggary to hope thee not deign to give
 I but one more glance of thy beauty

**Ahh that beauty that beauty beyond
 the bounds of My of My fervent
 mind that beauty look looketh how
 she doth suck the beauty fromst all
 the worlds shes to drain fromst they
 to leave to face their lovers with their
 face withered dried wrinkled to lace
 with wilted flesh Ahh hear their
 lovers moan with more groan than
 that dirge to Pyramus by Thisbe**

**sang 'neath mulberry fruits colour
 stained or wept more heated tears
 thanst didst the Paphian weep
 anemones o'er the death of Myrrha
 son fromst all the lovers hearts all
 joys departs in grievous sighs weep
 to fall as rain their congealed pain**

Andst all for *Me*ee this beauty
 that she taketh fromst all to give to
*Me*eeeee this beauty *I* cant hold
 within my mind to which deceits
andst tropes be but *I* not to find
andst all that glory that loveliness
 exquisite *I* cant express but images
 do form whilst shapes *andst* vague
 shadows of light that just quite
 miss the mark for me to write out
 that beauty in lines of ravishment
 that cant just be right *But But All*
All those proportions of she be
 only for *Me* that swirl my mind
 with mental fury because she be only
 mine for upon *Me* only looketh she

**Ahhh thee that burn my eyes andst
tear the heart of ♪ to throw me into
reveries of delight andst my mind to
rip apart fractured by those pictures
thy beauty doth stamp upon my brain
that ♪ doth sigh andst moan in
exquisite pain but my grief be but my
joy that doth o'er this barren world
doth take flight drowned absorbed
by that noble beauty that ♪ doth see
that doth amaze andst like a dart
hot tipped slays ♪ till my sighs
that be but my tears that doth ♪
bleed andst my mouth be but that
reede that sings my pains that n'er
cease to ease that beauty of thee**

Each time blink I andst a moment of
darkness taketh I e'en then see I
that face of thee that storms thru my
mind painted in pictures seared upon
my flesh to breed to feed on this
brain of I Ahh what e'er may be
let I on thy beauty to die for eternity
give I no rest for thy favour hast
brought delight to each thought
andst so my mind be thine andst on
my breath thy beauty doth I praise
e'en though all the earth thee doth
raze My mind be thine
My soul be thine all of me be thine
as tears flow down my breast for
thee be but my only joy

**Andst sayeth J " all joy is mine
 e'en that it doth cause my death" Yet
 Yet gladly giveth that life of J to
 thee upon my breath Ahh feel J
 this brain of J heated ast if to melt
 like bronze Ahh the brain of J
 shatters like stone lightning hit by
 that beauty of thee Ahhh**

**Joy is mine that thee may take my
 mind in exchange for thy beauty fine
 andst with all the lovers of all the
 worlds to sit in worship andst upon
 thee gaze to gaze to GAZE upon
 that beauty that thee hath andst doth
 take fromst all those shes that Haha
 scream out their wrath**

**Andst the earth sends up a scream
 ast Gaia in rage doth the earth rake
 with earthquakes andst shudderings
 whilst Zeus lets lose lightning
 bolts that thunder thru the sky andst
 Oceanus engulfs mountain tops with
 floods fromst the surging seas all be
 enraged with me at earths desolation
 brought on by me with all the beauty
 of she Ahh EEEJ throw back my
 head andst shout out that beauty of
 she fromst frothing mouth andst hair
 that wild flies thru the air on the
 tongue of J babbling cries
 outlandish sound around the world
 surround HaHa the stammering lips**

of ♫ beat out my brains blissful
pains whilst ast my eyes do roll
andst my mind doth rage fromst
impulses that surge up in spasms of
sighs andst frenzied cries "give ♫
that beauty andst fromst the earth
drain " andst now do doth appear
Megaira with all the Eumenides
clutching ♫ with those viper nails
while VEE whilst dance ♫ with
Ajax swirling wrapt in the tangled
hair of ♫ do cry do cry my beauty
giveth it all to ♫ andst leave the
earth parched andst dry Eiiiiii