

Poetry
of the Australian
surrealism
Vol.1
by c dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2016

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Preface

The world is our

phantasm The juxtaposition of images ideas not as for the classical surrealists to resolve the contradictions between the world of objective fact and the fantasy world not as for the classical surrealists to offer a synthesis of the contradictions in a work to give us a new experience On the contrary this surrealism dissolves the difference between the objective and subjective by arguing the objective is nothing but a subjective fantasy world The objective is the subjective The world/reality is nothing but a constellation of unconscious fantasy The world is mind/unconscious created each word/image/object is pregnant with our unconscious meanings and associations Each word/image/object is a phantasm Reality as perceived is distorted by the minds fantasy world The world is a phantasmagoria a constantly shifting complex succession of phantasms These poems will have meanings unique to each individual as each individual will experience these poems thru their unconscious fantasy associations These poems will give each individual a unique experience of their unconscious—thus perhaps awakening in them the insight of the part their own selves have In constructing reality These surreal juxtapositions may have the effect of a transfiguration by revealing and crumbling their mind created worlds **Reality is our fantasy**

Proem

“ I love this word decadence all
 shimmering in purple and gold... the word
 suggests the most refined thoughts a
 civilation can produce... a noble soul
 capable of the most entense enjoyments... a
 soul capable of intense pleasures. It
 throws of bursts of fire and the sparkle of
 precious stones. It is the mixture of the
 voluptuous mind and wearied flesh... it is
 redolent of the rouge of courtesans the
 games of the cirus the panting of the
 gladiators the spring of wild beasts the
 consummation in flames of races exhausted
 by their capacity for sensation...” Paul
 Verlain quoted in Guy Ducrey (ed)
 Romans fin-de-siecle 1890-100 (Paris
 Laffont 1999, p. XXVI)

Beauty and the Beast

By

Lord Henry

poem by c dean

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2015

Preface the insatiable hunger of ♪

that strange desire that beast hast for beast
 come come in this mire and lips to lips do
 suck and teeth to teeth do clash that senses
 reel in rapturous o'er load oh "to burn
 always with this hard gemlike flame to
 maintain this ecstasy" as thee kiss ♪ in
 this fetid tomb of malformed growths that
 reek of decay and pestilence oh come and
 place thy eyes next to mine that in them
 canst see ♪ the bright beauty that be ♪
 that bright beauty flesh pallid ast sayeth
 the poet

"Mottled and moist as a cold toads skin
 Lustrous and leper-white splendid and splay"
 ah the beauty of the "repulsive and
 insolent"

the beauty of this pallid flesh white like
 some languid lank lily starved of aurified
 light waxen hued this pallid flesh of ♪ be
 devoured with a "beautiful and interesting
 disease."

At l'heure verte Pubescent ♪
 with "Eloge du maquillage"^a
 Yellow book my enchiridions in
 the lap of ♪ as round the head of
 ♪ doth fly "*la fée verte*" ♪ cry ♪
 sigh that wouldst "*épater le*
bourgeois" for be ♪ ast sayeth
 the poet

‘this is the Lady known as Jezebel
 Or Litith Edens women-scorpion
 Libifera that is that takes the bun
 Borgia Vivien Cussed Damosel’

I cry I sigh in this fetid
 hothouse of etiolated orchids of
 morbid excrescence nidulariums
 and mildewed angiosperms
Artemisaia absinthium
Pimpinella anisum Foeniculum
vulgare "the holy trinity"
 casting purple shadows in pools
 of nacreous absinthe green and
 stagnate ponds coated in some
 moribund rust of decay as stems
 of plants and deformed forms
 arborescent climb in the foetid
 airs pale flowers like burnt out
 lamps drip an oozy fluid fromst

**filaments wilted and limp like
some flaccid effete protuberance
of some aged old man to coat the
mire with foul smelling oils in
the vaporous miasma that hangs
like a green opulent opalescent
shroud o'er all corrupting all in
the mirror of the fetid pools see ♪
the beauty of ♪ back reflected and
on that image of beauty ♪ feed
blood red lips like coagulated
blood upon a field of snow**

**crimson lips that long to kiss
along some stretched out neck to
bite and nibble on the pulsing
veins on some youthful throat to
gloat on those eyes that bright
that at ♪ look and in which look
♪ at the beauty of ♪ ah those
lips crimson sweet that dab upon
the ruby lips of ♪ and to paradise
take ♪ oh those crimson lips that
dab along the neck of ♪ like
butterflies that flutter to flowers**

that upon some fecund earth do lie

oh those crimson pliant lips that

sup like a oenophile drunk upon

the ripe flesh of ♪

ah that ♪ couldst return thy kiss

with a kiss like some prostitute

that ♪ couldst look upon thee

with the look of some whore

that ♪ couldst touch thy youthful

cheeks blushed pink like the lips

of new born babe with the touch

like some strumpet

**oh in this mire wouldst that thee
come and satiate the insatiable
hunger of ♪
that strange desire that beast hast
for beast come come in this mire
of "unwholesomeness and
morbidity" and lips to lips do suck
and teeth to teeth do clash that
senses reel the flesh doth squeal
in rapturous o'er load oh "to
burn always with this hard
gemlike flame to maintain this**

**ecstasy" as thee kiss ♪ in this
 fetid tomb of malformed growths
 that reek of decay and pestilence
 oh come and place thy eyes next to
 mine that in them canst see ♪ the
 bright beauty that be ♪ that bright
 beauty flesh pallid ast sayeth the
 poet**

“Mottled and moist as a cold

toads skin

Lustrous and leper-white splendid

and splay”

**ah the beauty of the "repulsive and
insolent"**

**the beauty of this pallid flesh
white like some languid lank lily
starved of aurified light waxen
hued this pallid flesh of ♪ be
devoured with a "beautiful and
interesting disease." day night
every second every hour ♪
pursued by this beast that eats
at the flesh of ♪ that beast that
bellows with a "universal howl"**

**that black bearded beast that for
 flesh doth yearn that black bearded
 beast that with holy hungers doth
 burn denizen of the "saha world"
 ruled by Nyakuji full of desires
 fires is she oh whenst thee howls
 with fires of desire whenst thee
 howls with semitones of
 pleasures rapturous tones the
 pleasure thee gives me reminds ♪
 of
 Kofukuji abbot Voenn poem**

“Whenever thou call
 cuckoo a wondrous pleasure
 thrills me yet again
 as though each and every note
 were thy first song of the year”

**oh black bearded beast blackened
 haired like some Calochilus
 robertsonii of thee the thoughts of
 ♪ are absorbed on thee the
 thoughts of ♪ bring to mind
 the poem of Takafusa**

“Oh it is too hard
when my teeming thoughts of thou

So fill the heavens
that near as thou are to me
thou are still so far away”

**thee torments me with the hunger
of thee oh to look into thy eyes to
look into thy eyes to see the
beauty of √ white gloss face
shimmering luculent luminous
white boiled egg-like white**

porcelain-like like the face white
of Geisha or the *nō* mask of
Ono no Komachi or the face of
pierrots in pantomime on that
crust of white scarlet lips
painted upon contours of white
delineating lips bright like the
blood coagulated wound of a
glass slash across virgins pink
youthful flesh kohl lined eyes
surround black dots of darkest
night eyes that stare without light

**eyebrows twin sashes of blackest
 fleece bows curved to shoot the
 darts that fromst the eyes dots
 death-like stream the color of the
 faces flesh like some
 phosphorescent mould or white
 scum polluting limpid pool that
 sets a face with death-like grace
 with sheen like 'the lilies sheen a
 leprous growth" or the white of
 the *spirochetes* ah this beauty ♪
 doeth see beauties epiphany the**

mark of beauties art ah ast sayeth

the poet

“Morbid flesh is mark
 Of the modern (sham) Art-lover
 Vulgar seems the soaring lark
 Music (and meat) are in the plover
 Painters once made pink the flesh
 of their Titianesque creations
 Caught in shams sepulchral mesh
 Art now raves of Green
 carnations”

**Oh Great bearded beast
regal beast black-bearded beast in
thy prodigious mane
thy shaggy jungle sprawls
covering in tangled mesh thy
mysteries sight
what lies 'neath that bushy beast
matted tendrils twain like some
great birds nest**

**Oh Great bearded beast
in thy darkly forest dark ast
panther shadows 'neath moonless**

**night perfumes seep on the breeze
fromst thy pink lined mouth
fromst thy fleshy lips pulpy and
fresh all the sweet odors of all
the worlds waft up to taint the air
with tantalizing hues that
moist musky humid mist congeals
to form in thy tangled mesh
lacery of dewy pearls like stars
glittering in darkest sky that
susurrate with auricular
tintinnabulations**

Oh Great bearded beast

thy hirsute form

luxuriant growth

succulent lush

luscious overgrowth

matted and plush

to run the fingers of ♪ thru thy

curling hair

to run the curling fingers tip of ♪

along thy wet moist lips curl

to feel the velvet of thy fleece ast

with thee ♪ doth play

**to awaken in thee hot hungers
desires with flames that lick the
flesh of ♀ with trembling
shudders along the limbs of ♀ ast
in thy lair ♀ doth twirl the
fingers tip of ♀ coated in that
moist liquidity and lick and suck
the fingers tip coated in thy
aqueous froth to lick round the
fingers tip and taste the sweet
tang of thy mouths watery film
to suck the fingers tip like some**

**lollipop like some mummies nipple
turgid and spiked and drain it of
thy mouths opalescent salivary
juice to feel the palpitations of the
senses of √ ast thy mouths
watery sap flows down the throat
of √ like liquid silk
Great black bearded beast on me
feast
thee torments me with the hungers
of thee**

**thy ravenous mouth on flesh to
sup doth seek burning ♪ up in
torrents of insatiable fires in
flames that burn ♪ with the
passions of thee**

**oh black bearded beast desires
fires flames lie in thy gaping
mouth in thy lips tight bite in thy
lips sucking mouth in that chasm
of unfathomable unquenchable
desire find ♪ pleasures paradise
oh in thy pink curled back lips**

**surrounded by perfumed hair life
magnifies for ♪ pleasures
rapturous exquisiteness ignite the
flesh of ♪ ripples run along the
flesh of ♪ as ripples surge o'er
the absinth green pools face oh
to thy "universal howl" the flesh
♪ ♪ yield in thy heated warm
grip surrender ♪ in thy spell thy
yearning howl inflames this flesh
of ♪ with lusts of perversity oh
glorious black bearded beast the**

**wine-red lips of thee kiss me with
passions that outward sigh ♪ oh
ravenous thing that tears at the
flesh of ♪ that bites and burns
the flesh of ♪ with thy cravings
of lust rise up my flesh rise up
the life of ♪ and lifts ♪ fromst
the common everyday of things oh
black bearded beast ♪ do loveeth
thee ♪ do love thee in thy
ravenousness ♪ do love thee for
the rapturous quiverings thee doth**

**send thru me come come near oh
black bearded beast come near and
burn in ♪ the amorous adamantine
flames of lust oh wanton beast
with thy bulging pulpy lips our
flesh be one one living flame of
perverse desires in thee and me
ardor and pleasure unite thee art
♪ and ♪ art thee that great
bearded beast that roars with a
"universal howl" that great
bearded beast fevered with fierce**

desires deliriums oh the great
bearded beast in thy yearning
urgings lusts excess leads ♪ to
wisdom palace the love of ♪ for
thee more loveable be me in the
love of thee the acceptance of ♪ ♪
know thee ast that that rests
twixt the quivering thighs of ♪
ast the cunt of ♪

for the companion to this work

for French decadence see

Belle-au-bois-dormant

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isbn 9781876347058

Belle au bois dormant

By

Hubert d'Entragues

Translated from the French by

Duc Jean de Floressas des Esseintes

Poem by c dean

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Preface

'mongst the detritus of decaying flower petals laying on a black marmoreal slab
 a dioestrus sleeping beauty of sixteen chaste white skirt clad that gripped the form of she tight with lips of the palest pastel pink flesh anemic white pallid like the belly of some dead fish looking like Ophelia dead in a limpid pond of floating nenuphar like fromst some ripe fruit ejaculating its fecund seeds oh how to life it rises up like the flowers stem brought back to life soaked with the heated colors of desire which brought in the mind of ♪ the 'Form in Void' poem of Ikkyu

"The tree is stripped
 All color gone
 Yet already on the bough
 Uncaring spring

**With discourse effete √
 effete will give thee no
 causerie but wash thee in
 the sweetness of a hoben
 discourse drained sated
 etiolated in moribund
 torpor full of ennui
 inexpressible boredom
 listlessness of spleen
 with speech recondite
 words recherché will √
 sing thee the auricular
 confession of √ will
 wrap thee up in chimerical**

**mirages illusions
hallucinations no
paramnesia but phantasms
of an enervated mind the
world outside "... poudree
de farine d'amidon et
enduite de blanc cold-
cream" a dull orange tint
the negative of a colored
photograph the world
inside wilted dank
moribund decay √ say all
round withered and
different shades of grey**

**reddish-brown soaked as
if sucked up from sepia
toned *daguerreotypes* in
the rooms half light
trunks of penzai
arborescent and small hon
non bo were laced with
strings of dull pearls the
room muted with the tints
of autumn wilted leaves
and etiolated out of season
flowers lay withering in
cracking bowls of dull lit
glass next to which a**

copy of 'Makura no
 Soshi' lay next to which
 cresoted bowls full of
 variegated colored autumn
 leaves crepuscular ♪ in
 the crepuscular light
 ♪ In each evening did read
 ♪ the 795 tanka from the
Genji monogatari while
 Cachoponies of gorgeous
 scents enjoying in the
 damp air kurobo and jiju
 incense as Emperor
 Nimnyo taught and

**sweetened honey incense
but delicate and not
excessively sweet
luxuriating in rhapsodies
of lilting melodies toying
with strings with the
Sugagaki technique
playing music in the so
mode the mode shift of
the kaerige the biwa
plucked with a horn bachi
singing as blind singer
sing the tale of hieke
Japanese flutes playing**

**in “double mode” dancing
 in swirls bugaku dances
 or Korean Masori
 enjoying delights of touch
 of exquisite silks velvets
 and shimmering cloths
 cloths of susogo or
 surigoromo rapturous
 while singing Poem from
 the Kokinshu 153 by Ki
 no Tomonori**

“while I languish sadly amid the
 fifth -month rains late at night a
 cuckoo calls -whither can it be
 bound”

**did enjoy ♪ ♪ the sights
 of the beauties of shunga
 the 'Sleeve Scroll' by
 Tori Kiyonaga the
 'Jewelled Merkin' and
 'Dining for Love' by
 Katsushika Hokusai
 'Eight views of Omi' and
 'Seasonal Blossoming'
 by Utagawa Kuniyoshi**

**exhausted sapped of vital
energy effete sated on an
overabundance of
sensations caressed by
semitones of passion
dizzy with sensations
excess melting in a
plethora of infinites of
delights for the senses
strange dyes of titillations
strange tints of sound
strange feeling of
inexpressible delights of
the flesh to dissociate the**

**flesh to dissolve the soul
corroding the mind of √
with sumptuous
voluptuousness the
corroding
voluptuousness that into
dizzy paroxysm of
madness send √ the mind
of √ gives way to the
cacophony of sensations
all melts in the variegated
whirlwind rush of
impressions fromst one
sensation to the next o'er**

**sated in exhaustion
collapse √ the mind a
fervent maelstrom of froth
bubbles fizz and burst in
the mind of √ visions
form dissolve forms burst
rupture explode forms
shatter like crystal glass
slivers cut the mind flesh
of √ splinters pierce the
synapses of the brain of √
neurons burst like fire
crackers radiating more
visions out of the infinity**

**of distance biwa sounds
like rippling on the seas
surface rippling on the
mind with violet ripples
throwing up hyacinth sea-
froth wash the mind with
the dank smell of wilting
roses precipitating out of
the mind froth coagulating
into shimmering blurred
outlines congeals before
the eyes of ♪ a garden full
of the rancid scent of
decaying roses that**

**exuded purple mist that
dripped as dew soft
spongy like some decaying
mushroom to deck the
gardens flora like *P*thirus
pubis didst in the garden
shrouded in its languid
ambience of decay didst
see *∩* entangled roses
mildewed twining up o'er
flowers and
arborescent trunks that
the roses didst strangulate
in orgasmic frenzy with**

**luxuriant insatiability
the roses scents mingled
and commixed into a broth
of odorous excess of
decay that caress the flesh
of ♪ like some dank cloak
into tangled knots round
malformed excrescence
round the helpless flowers
the roses didst prick with
thorns and sucking didst
drain the life fromst those
hapless forms as all round
in the petals butterflies**

**surrurrated with rust
wings that didst flutter
o'er the rancid place of
decay within the roses
domain of sickness and
malaise ah then didst see
J' momgst the detritus of
decaying flower petals
laying on a black
marmoreal slab a
dioestrus sleeping beauty
of sixteen chaste white
skirt clad that gripped the
form of she tight with lips**

**of the palest pastel pink
flesh anemic white pallid
like the belly of some dead
fish looking like Ophelia
dead in a limpid pond of
floating nenuphar oh the
beauty of she she her hair
black with variegated
shades of panther
shadows sprayed down in
languid profusion o'er the
slab twinning into the
tangled roses that about
her spread with their**

**noxious air roses decked
the hair of she withered
and mildewed to my view
oh that mouth of she some
bleached rose bud-like and
and twixt the breasts of
she a rose withered laying
there in voluptuous sleep
she but ah what caught
the sight of ♪ was the
panty white as moon light
that clutched her mons
♪ Venus sheer transparent
as a dragonflies wing the**

**black profusion of pubic
hair crept and peeked
thru the edges and gusset
of the cloth of she oh that
cunt of she round well
formed like some Platonic
ideal form that wafted the
sweetest odor to send ♪
into dizzy intoxication
ah these delights these
sights scents and sounds
didst ignite the fires in the
veins of the moribund cock
of ♪ in the limpid white**

**anemic flesh waxy like the
petals of some flower that
grows in a crevice in
perpetual shadow didst
ignite the fires in the flesh
of ♀ that didst up swell
the cock of ♀ that its
pilus pileus didst glow
reddish hued fromst the
surging blood that
pulsated throbbbed thru its
purple veins pre cum like
pearly dew seeped fromst
the cocks weeping eye to**

**glow reddish pink tinted
 fromst the pilus pileus
 headed tinted flesh which
 brought in the mind of √
 the 'Void √n Form'
 poem of √kkyu**

“When just as they are
 White dewdrops gather
 On scarlet maple leaves
 Regard the scarlet beads”

**Oh the cock of ♀ on fire
fromst the cocks eye didst
burn a heated flame as
swelled the girth of my
profound tumescence
the ringlets of ♀ meshing
with the tresses of she
ah this turgid stem of ♀
brought to life on the
exotic sights oh how it
burns with fire oh how it
throbs with molten ore
ready to surge up to
thrust forth fromst the**

**pilus pileus head like
 magma fromst a primeval
 volcanoes gapeing cone to
 burst forth like fromst
 some ripe fruit ejaculating
 its fecund seeds oh how
 to life it rises up like the
 flowers stem brought back
 to life soaked with the
 heated colors of desire
 which brought in the mind
 of ♪ the 'Form in Void'
 poem of ♪kkyu**

“The tree is stripped
All color gone
Yet already on the bough
Uncaring spring”

**To the sleeping beauty
didst I rise the skirt of
she to see the cunt of she
I pulled I back the cloth
softly oh that clit like
gleaming grape didst prong
wide with quivering throb
those lips the palest pastel
pink opening lips**

**spreading wide oh the
sight inside that crimson
slit running up like some
nacreous ribbon of light
that cunt hole pink rimed
moisty and tight oh didst
∩ curl the tongue of ∩
round those lips lap cat-
like the sweet nectar
orifice of delight slurp and
sip the manna of my life
diddle the tongues tip of ∩
in that hole of liquidity**

**suck upon that clit that
fem-dick
the ringlets of ♪ didst
mingle and mesh with
curling tresses of the cunt
hair of she
chimerical mirages flashed
in the mind of ♪ recherché
words of lust and desire
flashed upon the lapping
tongue of ♪ the cocks
pilus pileus head didst at
the opening of the moisty
hole run round seeping the**

**flesh in the sweet liquidity
of she up down the slit
run it ♪ then slowly
pushed the head in to a
faint auricular sigh fromst
she oh oh so tight oh oh
so soft inside the sleeve
of liquid silk of she oh oh
so warm and full of heated
fluids that washed round
the cocks stem of ♪ to
seep down round the balls
of ♪ washing o'er scrotum
to scent the flesh with**

**tangy colors of delight
screwing the groin of J
around o'er the pulpy cunt
flesh of she slow thrust
slow push oh so slow the
swiving of she to a faint
auricular sigh fromst she
the semen froth burst forth
fromst the cock of J up
welling fromst the balls of
J ast the cunt of she
didst vice-like didst grip
the cock of J pulling out
J didst see she asleep**

**she asleep dreaming but
not conscious of me
pulling out √ didst see on
the white skirt of she one
drop of blood that
transmogrified to
congealed into a withered
rose mildewed and
nacreous her lips still the
palest pastel pink no blush
upon the cheeks of she
betwixt the breasts of she
dilst √ place the finger of
√ to touch the rose that**

lay withered but alas the thorn
pricked the fingers tip and sucked
up the blood fromst √ it beat the
rose now like a blood gorged
beating heart red to the lips of she
did flow the cheeks flushed with
pink the decaying roses in the hair
of she bloomed invigorated with
color the tangled roses burst into
scent colored bloom life entered
the garden and she ast she
drained the life fromst me

For the companion to this work

see

for English decadence see

"Beauty and the Beast"

isbn 978187634704x

poésie noir

by Roger Fresselou

**translated from the
French by Desiderio**

poem by c dean

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preface

**in solitude monsters breed we
madness solitude brings we
fixated on philosophies fetishes of
the mind all that we find be
madness of the mind libido on
philosophies fixated breed
monsters demons of the mind
dissociated ideas fragments the
mind turns we into monsters that
up wells fromst the mind
but ah the libido turned round on
exotic flowers displaced on
redolent beauty the voluptuous
sensuality fromst philosophies to
beauty displaced**

**Abandoning the world that
 meaningless heap of refuse refuse
 which do ♪ ♪ in the solitude of ♪
 cry in my isolation sigh ♪ inside
 out side all alike in my lonely
 individuality my words do fly "Art
 be corrupt literature be lies
 philosophy be mystification that
 causes the soul to die mere sophistry
 there must be somewhere somewhere
 somewhere in pure remote parts far
 from cities somewhere somewhere
 human material that hides from**

**which one might strike a spark of
beauty somewhere somewhere "**
poesie be the viaticum of ☺
**senescent ensconced in this
catafalque room semen scented with
the humidity of some randy cunt
with only ptarmigan meager
rhododendrons and dwarf thistles
with their large yellow flowers like
the vomit of the sick
while
bleeding moon soaks the twilight
with delicate threads of red that**

**rustle the night with
tintinnabulations as the bloody eye
ascends casting sequins of moonlight
eyes without pupils o'er the floor
that wink wink as the shadow of √
white ghost o'er the floor drained of
life sybaritic floats the bleeding
moon casts its bloody light upon
volcanic strata barren with clay like
covered in a crust of rust glinting in
crushed malachite and pyrite cloaking
the mica-schists and lava folds in a
shroud of tinted red light flowing**

**o'er hydrous silica azurite like
streams of sticky blood to
congulate into crimson cinnabar that
spread around like congealed bubbles**

yet

**I think therefore I am
with the red flame of my cries my
breath be the simmon that withers
the world my breath my cries be the
imprint of meaninglessness that I
tattoo upon the face of this world of
dross my cries ascend like smoke
upward upward to the celestial**

spheres to hang o'er the earth
smothering all drowning all in the
enervating cloak of the cries of ♪
the cries of ♪ poison the souls of
the world corrode the flesh corrupt
the mind the cries of ♪ bleach the
flesh of the souls of the world
blistering all with the withering
rhetoric of the sophistries of ♪
♪ be the bringer of negation
♪ be the revelation of negation
♪n the fire of the rhetoric of ♪ all
is consumed

∫ be destruction the material of ∫

be the mind the medium of ∫ be

rhetoric the tool of ∫ be negation

White hot be the rhetoric of ∫ that

incinerates all

The rhetoric of ∫ be the

oxyacetylene of the sophistries of ∫

∫ be negation incarnate

∫ be philosophies incendiary

∫n the rhetoric of ∫ be meanings

annihilation

hear ∫ hear ∫

Ŷ be the fire breathing dragon that

burns all in my flaming breath

Ŷ be chaos unleash Ŷ negation on

the world

Ŷ be Ŷsfet Tiamat Yam Apep

Jörmungandr and Illuyanka and

Vritra

Ŷ be Yamata no Orochi Aži

Dahāka and Zyphon and

Leviathan

hear hear Ŷ

Ŷ am the negation of thesis Ŷ am

the negation of the antithesis

hear hear ♪

**♪ In my negations into luminous
darkness take ♪ the mind of thee**

**♪ Into epileptic convulsions of
quivering anguish throw ♪ the mind
of thee**

**the negations of ♪ slice thy mind
with the thousand cuts of the ling
ch'ih**

**that thee will writhe with rippling
ululations**

come come ye all

place thy mind 'neath the oxyacetylene

rhetoric of ♪

place thy mind 'neath the oxyacetylene

rhetoric of ♪ and to madness fly

the white flame of my oxyacetylene

negations destroys all in its caustic

flame

♪ ride the forest fire of negations

conflations

♪ ride the whirlwind of the flames

of my negations

♪ ride the maelstrom of the

negations of ♪ throw negations

**incendiary o'er the universe in a
cloak of meaninglessness enflaming
it in an apocalyptic conflagration of
negations destructions**

**♪ be thy nemesis
♪ burn ♪ shrivel ♪ turn to dust all
minds in the path of ♪ ♪ be the
harbinger of thy doom of thy
ululating cries**

**yet
♪ desire therefore ♪ am
the desires of ♪ ignite the gasoline
flesh of ♪**

Ŷ be the worlds Ŷthyphallic
 the cock of Ŷ larger than
 Xkeptunich at Almuchil of
Kokopelli and Ŷtzamna
 the cock of Ŷ be the cock of Pans
 hermes and Priapus the cock of Ŷ
 be The hohle the cock of Ŷ be
 Platos ideal form the model for
 Pompeii tintinnabula the cock of Ŷ
 be the cock of Osirus be Sivas that
 worship millions it be more full of
 bursting fecundity than Kuger
 Freyr

the cock of ♀ be a volcano with
 cock knob red coal glowing bright
 semen flowethst fromst the volcano
 cock of ♀ like magma covering the
 earth in boiling phosphorent white
 froth

atop the cock of ♀ be Sivas blazing
 eye fromst out of which semen
 spurts white bright magnesium light
 the passions of ♀ be a maelstrom
 erupting from the cock of ♀ with
 the forest fires of the desire of ♀
 that melt asbestos turn the world

**into one universal conflagration
whipped up by the Wagnerian opera
of the epileptic orgasmic cries of ♫
that ♫ couldst the cock of ♫ my
dragon steed water at the pool of
heaven in some tight cunny pinkish
bright and in that watery fount churn
the ocean for its ambrosia
that ♫ couldst place the cock of ♫ in
some orchid-tinted pool of frothy
delight and in that hole with the pole
of ♫ turn round and round dancing to
our drumming heart beats dancing to**

**the music of our sighs dance round
and round as the earth circles as on
the cock of ♪ the axis mundi ♪
turn turning disc-like to the
drumming music of our dithyrambic
rhythms to turn turn with the earth
in that oasis of pink lined flesh to
the drumming beats dancing dancing
in abandon dancing dancing to delight
dancing dancing as the balls of ♪
clapping castanets ring out the heated
rhythms of our dance dancing dancing
to the drumming beats as each cell of**

**our pulsating flesh bursts open like
 star anemones to our tremblings to
 our breathings dancing dancing as the
 pores of we open like little breathing
 mouths sighing scented breaths o'er
 the quivering paroxysms of our
 sweaty flesh as with the cock of ♪
 pile driving thrust and machine gun
 jab jab jabling dancing dancing in our
 bacchanalia of frantic passions feast
 that ♪ couldst like ♪i sao ride the
 whirlwinds of our desires with the
 jade dragon steed of ♪ yoked to the**

**phoenix-figured chariot of some
moisty cunny and soar aloft in
delight across the face of heaven to
the drumming drumming beats of the
pulses of we
yet
∩ perceive therefore ∩ am
nacre light lambent rippled upon the
face of the room of ∩ coruscating
into opal tinted diamante that
clocked the fabric of the air like eyes
widening that glowed bright casting**

**luminous iridescent shadows like
arabesque appliqué
moisture evanescent solidified out of
the light to drop like musk scented
tears to into eyes form then dissolve
then to form to vanish to appear
wavering rippling weaving into shape
a face to flicker to flutter into form
but dissolve to revolve to vanish then
solidify take shape breasts flickering
mounds of white frozen light
shimmering dissolving forming on the
face of the air an aurified soubrette**

**danseuse with a décolletic sequins
embroidered like eyes without pupils
that wink thru her chevelure mouth
pouting an over ripe plum slumbering
pink with immortelles pullulating
thru the panther black hair of she
round cunt pulpy flesh folded lips a
bouquet of pink flames fromst which
butterflies sucked warm juice fromst
its nectary illusive allusive be the
beauty of she who o'er didst
to place upon my lips her lips with
lavender kiss**

**and in the ear of ♪ didst
susurrusate with softly sigh
these incendiary words of a poet
that burst the mind of ♪ open like
some mango fruit**

“Fromst eternal sleep opened the
eyes of | | the head of | raised to see
the world for is broken the spider web
of the weaving of | that asleep kept | a
dreaming sleep walking broken is the
spider web of the weaving of | broken
the warp of language weft of logic
that along the sticky silken threads
like millions of gleaming jewels
thoughts did lay broken is the spider
web of |”

Yet

**I feel therefore I am
released be me purged be the blood of
me of madness with songs of
passion sing out beat the drums beat
the tambourines wake up the world
fromst the sleep of me pluck the
strings of lutes break them with
passions twang drown out the
anguish of life with the cry of the
soul of I dance and sweep the earth
with dancing feet**

**under the azure radiant beauty of the
sky stream sensations clocking the
flesh of ♪ in ecstasies ravishment
upon sensations whirlwind feelings
pierce my heart merging with the
universe float ♪ upon a golden mist
my soul a luminous mirror reflecting
the beauty of the world breathe ♪ in
the worlds ravishment sumptuous
delights ripple o'er the flesh of ♪
higher higher float ♪ to the edge of
heaven higher than Sirius whirlpools
of lights spirals colored bright**

**sweep me up into their lustrous
luminosity higher higher than the
glittering stars awakened hast the
flesh of ♪ like the new moon rising
o'er limpid scented orchid pools the
soul of ♪ roars afire with
sensations delight everything
reverberates with the singing of my
soul floating in a mist of bliss soul
burning with joy singing out it
mellifluous songs of delightfulness
in rapturous joy ♪ float higher
higher bursting open the soul of ♪ a**

**blossoming bloom higher higher
multitudinous delights space time
dissolved in the transcendent rapture
of ecstasy √ shatter explode into a
rainbow that arcs o'er the universe
into boundless being dissolve √
naught but one o'erabundant ineffable
ecstatic sigh**

isbn 9781876347060

à deliquesce

(L' art pour L' art)

By

Duc de Freneuse

Translated from the French by

Ize Kranile

Poem

By e dean

à deliquesce

(*L'art pour L'art*)

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2015

Preface

**Let he who dares come and imbibe the
 exquisiteness that radiates iridescent
 fromst the imaginings of ♪ let he warp
 himself in the cloak of the multicolored
 nuances of the dreams of ♪ let he drink
 up and intoxicated be upon the
 perversity of these mellifluous
 Ekphrasis_s of decadency come thee come
 and drink the milk of these melodies of
 pinks and greens and amethyst tinted
 tones that have the phosphorescence of
 opaline flowers in decay come thee come
 and dive into the abyss the abyss that
 magnifies thy sensations and feel the
 tintinnabulations that ring out fromst
 thy flesh quivering oh how sweet be
 the moans of thee be upon the flesh of
 me those moans that fire neuron by
 neuron exquisite passions in all the
 nerves of me**

In no golconda ∩ ∩ Atrabilious
 gazing at "*Les Pretendants*" of
 Moreau as yellow leather bound
 sapphire edged folios of Ars
Amatoria the Satyricon and
 the 6th satire of Jevenal open
 showing the lewdness of Eppia
 lay on pink marmoreal desk while
 a *Rossignol* sings less sweeter
 than *Chrysogonus* less
 melodious than *Ambrosius* the
 flautist less lyrical than *Echion*
 reading as read ∩ poems of
 "strange disease and sin" by that
 "libidinous laureate of a pack of
 satyrs" while sniffing the green
 nacreous air filled with the
 cassolette of *jeunes filles*

**bouquets of subtle and nuanced
 scents ast
 thru amber straw sucking with
 delicious avidity fromst cassolette
 pastel pink cream perfumed with
 ether flavored with opium
 dreams flowed thru the mind of J
 with the tint of "English rowdyism
 and French lubricity" while
 aromas of perfumed **Calvados**
Cantharides Caper Cardamon
 and **CO₂** bubbles of **Blanc de**
Blanc frothed effervescing
 stimulating the tongue and palate
 of J
 as the naviculus-like filaments
 of "many a mysterious flowering**

-Dahlia, lily, tulip and ranunculus”
**flowers dripped saffron pollen like
 golden showers in the green
 ambiance of the iridescent light
 light lit fromst candle flames
 flickering like butterfly wings
 afire no shadow had √ in the
 aqueous air upon the surfaces of
 solidity bubbles of opiated ether
 delight effervesced in the mind of
 √ flowed white hot thru synapses
 and neural pathways to the
 diastole and systole beat of the
 bloods pulsating heat be √ the
 butterfly of Chuang Tzu be √
 Chuang Tzu of the butterfly be
 reality the representation of √ be
 reality with √sidore-Lucien**

Ducasse Maldoror: be an unreal
 nightmare where the sleeper he
 believes he be awake oh those
 bubbles of foaming delight kissed
 the very nerves of ♫ and into
 rapturous deliriums burst the
 neurons into shattering rainbows
 that cascaded down o'er the flesh
 of ♫ showered down to cloak the
 quivering flesh of ♫ in one
 exquisite caress one languorous
 sucking kiss the flesh of ♫ one
 glaucous glutinous mass sweating
 out odors of musk and nenuphars
 sweet sickly scent ast sayeth the
 poet these "sickly exhalations
 Hot and heavy perfumes whose
 poison

- Dahlia lily tulip and ranunculus

Drowning my senses my soul and
my reason»

Mell, in a huge swoon” **these sickly
emanations seemed to dissolve the
brain of √ ast absinthe does
sugar that flowed out of the
puffy pulpy lips of √ ekphrastic
poems**

**soft languorous moans that didst
seep**

like the sensuality of aesthete

poets “shooting its ulcerous roots

deeper and deeper blotching the

fair surface of things” **soaking the**

earth with pullulating vipiparous

**plants floriferous evanescent
budding poesie blooms**



**to ♪ thy cassolette cometh to
wrap ♪ in a perfumed coated veil
thy eyes reflect back to ♪ the
perfume of the orient the melodies
of the 1001 nights
to swim 'mongst the flowers of
thy soul
'neath
a sunset the color of burning
sulphur a boiling dissolving egg
yoke yellow streaked with blood
crimson
for thee**

♪ wove pearls fromst moonbeams
 ♪ wove rubies fromsts sunlight
 ♪ wove necklaces of diamantes
 fromst the stars
 that the perfumed breath of ♪
 tangled the purple hair of she
 that round thy throbbing
 marmoreal throat that couldst ♪
 place white and pale pink five
 petaled arbutus tintinnabulating
 'neath moon like polished silver
 dish
 these sickly emanations seemed to
 dissolve the brain of ♪ ast
 absinthe does sugar to formeth
 plants floriferous evanescent
 budding poesie blooms



**Crepusculent light swept crepitant
 o'er swamps yellow surface
 bright nenuphar and lotus blooms
 float decaying on opaline waters
 laying exhaling sticky fumes that
 filtered moonlight light into
 multicolored colors of faded
 colors light that smears the
 nacreous air like paint smears
 upon Japanese paper in the
 crepusculent light o'er the yellow
 surface thy face floats reflected
 in the corrupting muck thy
 cassolette cometh to ♪ to mix**

**their scent like muddy paint in the
 airs effluvium these sickly
 emanations seemed to dissolve the
 brain of √ ast absinthe does
 sugar to formeth plants
 floriferous evanescent budding
 poesie blooms**



**'within *crepusculent light* a
 rossignol sings tunes of thee out
 of tune silhouetted 'gainst moon
 like polished silver bright 'neath
 rose garden mildewed and decayed
 atrabilious tunes out of tune
 weave pattern of thee with the**

**beams of moonlight that o'er the
soul of ♪ bringing back memories
of bygone nights with perfumes
heavy of fetidness the tunes ripple
the ambiance of decay stirring
petals wilted to form thy face out
of the effluvium of decay these
sickly emanations seemed to
dissolve the brain of ♪ ast
absinthe does sugar to formeth
plants floriferous evanescent
budding poesie blooms**



**crepusculent light thru window
cracked refracts into multicolors**

**muted like faded rouge upon aged
face coating thy room in tints of
drained out light that cast
bleached shadows of thy face upon
dust swept up into fetid blooms
flowering that drain the nacreous
air of thy cassolette scents
exhilarating the senses of ♪
catapulting the soul of ♪ into a
languorous swoon drowning in
crepusculent light ast these sickly
emanations seemed to dissolve the
brain of ♪ ast absinthe does
sugar to formeth plants
floriferous evanescent budding
poesie blooms**



**crepusculent light washes o'er
rippling waves upon a purple sea
'neath moon glittering eye set in
turquoise sky sweeping up sea
spume phosphorescent mists
milky ghosts as seaweed tangled
like tresses of mad women
rotting decaying forming thy face
upon the diamond gleaming sands
as the light soaked air evokes
remembrances of thee fromst the
abyss of oblivion that appears
as pale shadows in the twilight
as washed up upon the seas
miasmatic shore thy cassolette
scents fused with the**

**sickly emanations seemed to
 dissolve the brain of Jast
 absinthe does sugar to formeth
 plants floriferous evanescent
 budding poesie blooms**



**crepusculent light washed o'er
 etiolated excrescence moribund
 butterflies with glaucous green
 eyes fluttered o'er wilting
 nidulariums with bristle blades as
 fetid bugs devoured each hidden in
 purple shades heady perfumes
 heavy with decay poisoned the air
 ast lay J shadowless breathing
 out exhalations that caressed the**

blotted hairy forms of spiders
 centered in spider webs that
 weaved the face of thee ast the
 flesh of ♀ corrupted by thy
 cassolette scents dissolves
 slowly into a yellowish
 phosphorescent scum whose sickly
 emanations seemed to dissolve the
 brain of ♀ ast absinthe does
 sugar to formeth plants
 floriferous evanescent budding
 poesie blooms



Crepusculent light bathed stagnate
 pound in nacreous light coating
 white swan dying in green light
 that muddied the white that

**florescet and reflected in its
glaucous green eyes that with
lachrymose laments didst glide
thru murky scum yellowish brown
whose dripping tears didst stir the
scummy filth into patterns of the
face of thee that rippled orchids
decaying with rancid fumes in
languid death it layed its dead
face into the noxious ooze and
with woeful sigh released its last
breath that mixed with thy
cassolette scent that passed o'er
all like a shroud of oblivion
whose
sickly emanations seemed to
dissolve the brain of Jast
absinthe does sugar to formeth**

**plants floriferous evanescent
budding poesie blooms**



**Crepusculent light crepitating
with a whistling cacophony thru
the nacreous air to the mind of ♪
chimerical fancy thru the mind of
♪ evoked thy eyes be pools of
nacreous green greenish with the
hue of stagnate pools within
which putrid scum that to the nose
of ♪ rose like rose petals rotting
o'er some decaying corpse to form
thy face out which fromst thy
parched shriveling lips thy
cassolette scent mixed with the
fetid odors of decay whose**

**sickly emanations seemed to
 dissolve the brain of ♪ ast
 absinthe does sugar to formeth
 plants floriferous evanescent
 budding poesie blooms**



**Crepusculent light didst
 sussurate thru the hair of ♪ that
 arborescent grew hanging round
 the etiolated senescence of the face
 of ♪ which those whispering
 melodies out of tune that didst
 flutter the angiosperms that wilted
 in the bleached tresses of ♪
 filigrees of cracks deep furrowed
 in the gelid flesh of ♪ formed thy
 face and fromst those crevices of**

**old age the pores out breathed
 exaltations of thy cassolette scent
 which fused with the perfumed
 fumes of ages decay whose
 sickly emanations seemed to
 dissolve the brain of Jast
 absinthe does sugar to formeth
 plants floriferous evanescent
 budding poesie blooms**



**Crepusculent light didst under
 water stream like nacreous
 lighting shimmering flames bright
 kissing wilting flowers full of
 decay 'neath waters glaucous green
 whose rotting roots far down in
 purple darkness didst curl round
 twine and to form the face of thee**

**ast globs of yellow slime flower-like
 like decaying egg yokes liquefying
 didst twirl in vortexes of frothing
 bubbles to burst in putrid smells
 upon the watery surface to mix with
 the stagnate airs that exhaled thy
 cassolette scent these
 sickly emanations seemed to
 dissolve the brain of √ ast
 absinthe does sugar to formeth
 plants floriferous evanescent
 budding poesie blooms**



**Crepusculent light didst hover
 o'er the face of nacreous green
 glaucous water that reflected the
 moon in a black shroud-like**

**night like some pallid face in
 death o'er which the breath of
 night didst ripple wavelets that
 on the face of the moon didst
 like thy wrinkled face look
 coated with that bottoms fetid
 muck stirred up by the drowning
 moon that in death with its last
 breath of thy cassolette scent
 mixing with watery effluvia
 whose**

**sickly emanations seemed to
 dissolve the brain of Jast
 absinthe does sugar to formeth
 plants floriferous evanescent
 budding poesie blooms**



**Oh the brain of J dissolves
into some oozy slimy green
phosphorescences in the
ambiance of opaline ether that
bubbling effervesces with
nacreous lights like putrefying
jelly it liquefies and melts into a
cacophony of sensations placed
atop be staring globulous twin
glaucous eyes**



Preface

Every one of those impressions is the impression of the individual in his isolation, each mind keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world

It is with this movement, with the passage and dissolution of impressions, images, sensations, that analysis leaves off—that continual vanishing away, that strange, perpetual weaving and unweaving of ourselves... some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive for us,—for that moment only ...

How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?

To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life (**Walter Pater, “Conclusion” to *The Renaissance* (1873))**)

Cassolette

By

*Comte Maximilien de W****

Translated from the French

By

Lucienne Emery

Poem by c dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2015

Preface

The scented perfumed fumes of she that odorous totality the signature of she that wafts on the air to thee warping thee up up in a a cloak of delightful felicity oh to bathe in the scented perfumed fumes of she to imbibe of those fumes into intoxications deliriums to dissolve to melt in that odorous totality of she to burst into rapture into a multitude of joyousness fromst the scented perfumed fumes of she oh no heaven or paradise canst give such delight

Oh Lucienne ast I amidst
 blue smoke as layeth I 'mongst
 cushion red tinctured like flowing
 blood in that hot liquid fount of
 life write I to thee of the love of
 I for thee Oh Lucienne ast like
 the wing of a moth o'er a grave
 stone thy fan starts to tremble on
 thy breast remember these words
 from me to thee no causerie but
 the pulsations of the heart of I
 within the cloud of light blue
 smoke the thoughts of I doeth
 race and mull o'er to dispute with
 Democrituss and his two sons
 Epicurus and Titus Lucretius
 Carus particularly his "De rerum
 nature" ah that tied old

**materialism that circularity of
 negation where materialism as a
 truth leads to its own negation as
 based upon it our religious
 thoughts truths are organically
 conditioned by an arrangement of
 matter thus lacking truth yet then
 even scientific materialism itself
 cant have any truth as according
 to it each and all thinking even
 materialism is organically
 conditioned by an arrangement of
 matter within the cloud of light
 blue smoke the thoughts of √
 doeth race and mull o'er to
 dispute with Schopenhauer and
 Nietzsche his son those old**

**bores in love with logic for ast
sayeth the poet**

“Trapped all us be in the spider
web weaved by we in a dream we be
tangled in the our web that will not
let us see the ... the spider web of
the weaving of | broken the warp
of language weft of logic that
along the sticky silken threads like
millions of gleaming jewels thoughts
did lay...”

**Oh this load of crap for thee the
coprophilia philosophy be more
delight for me In urolagnia be
to read Baudelaires “Le
Dandy” for me be but ah that poet
reprobate kohl'in al-deen his**

**thoughts run thru the thoughts of
me his views twists and curls the
mind of J into whorls and
vortexes of maelstroms of
torments ah that proof of he
disrupts the mind of J and
throws the self of J into the
bottomless abyss it ruptures the
mind of J it bursts the neurons
and filaments of the nerves of J
that proof destroys all my
certainties to meaninglessness all
the products of the thoughts of J
and dropeth J cut adrift into the
sea of chaos where
meaninglessness itself ends also
in meaninglessness**

1.0 be a finite number

0.999... be a non finite number

Let be $x = 0.999...$

Multiply both sides by 10

$$10x = 9.999....$$

Subtract x from both sides

$$10x - x = 9.999... - 0.999...$$

Thus

$$9x = 9$$

Thus $x = 1$ and $x = 0.999...$

Therefore

$$1 = 0.999...$$

Or a finite number = a nonfinite number

This being a contradiction

**Therefore mathematics ends in
meaninglessness ie self contradiction**

**Ah Lucienne with the
 aurefaction of the air the blue
 smoke doth pause in its flight all
 movements stops then starts to
 flow then pause again the space
 around √ doth fracture the
 bottom half of the view of √
 moves back in background ast the
 top view moves forward in
 foreground a tessellation of space
 like some lambent serigraph
 without the crack light the color
 of honey dripped in gibbous globes
 with the scent of roses the air
 filled with thy cassolette
 felt wet like velvet and filled
 with sacerdotal tones of
 polyphonic counterpoint ast**

**flowers with callipygian petals
 steatopygous fell to litter the
 cushion tinted red with
 incandescent light and hymned**

“à deliquesce «

by

Duc de Freneuse

**Oh Lucienne visions passeth
 thru the mind of ♪ as thy
 cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
 sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in white
 light ast consciousness fades and
 space time melts away**

**The moon floats in lotus scented
 pools reflecting the face of thee to
 engulf the universe in thy beauty
 crepusculent light sweeps like
 scented breeze o'er liquidities**

**purple surface bright rippling
 nenuphar and lotus blooms
 floating fructifying upon crystal
 waters that exhale perfumed fumes
 that mix with moonlight light into
 multicolored colors of vibrant
 hues that irradiate the airs in
 nacreous light like lacquer upon
 Japanese bowls in the silvery
 light that lays o'er the liquid
 crystal liquidity thy face floats
 amidst the deliciousness of thy
 thy cassolette Oh Lucienne
 visions passeth thru the mind of
 ♪ as thy cassolette to nebulous
 ecstasy sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in
 white light ast consciousness
 fades and space time melts away**

**silhouetted 'gainst moon reflected
in aqueous pool moonlight wraps
rossignol in cloak of silver
shimmering as out fromst its
velvet throat tunes of harmonies
exquisite floweth to ripple petals
of roses deep crimson hued
exhaling scented perfumed fumes
wafting o'er garden soaked in
gleaming light that weave
tapestries of scent and light of
the face of thee that bringeth to the
mind of me memories of thee of
happy days bygone and nights of
nebulous pleasure thee didst give
to me of perfumes heavy of our
rapture ast the mellifluous tunes
didst ripple the moonlit petals**

glowing ruby bright coated in
 silver light to form thy face out of
 the cassolette scents of thee Oh
 Lucienne visions passeth thru the
 mind of J as thy cassolette to
 nebulous ecstasy sends J to
 engulf J in white light ast
 consciousness fades and space
 time melts away

moonlight refracts thru stained
 glass window into multicoated
 hues lurid like the blush of young
 virgin love coating the air in tints
 of nacreous light below above
 forming whorls that burst into
 perfumed blooms that form thy
 face o'er the shimmering air and

**mix their rapturous scents with
thy cassolette scents that soak thy
room in textures of exquisiteness
to send the senses of ♪ into
paroxysm of delightfulness that
bursts the soul of ♪ into an
o'erabundant plentitude of
numinous delirium ast bathe ♪ in
silver shimmering moonlit light
Oh Lucienne visions passeth
thru the mind of ♪ as thy
cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in white
light ast consciousness fades and
space time melts away**

moon light bathing purple sea like
 liquid crystal scatters upon
 rippling waves sparkling like
 fireflies 'neath gibbous moon
 adored with stars diamond-like
 glinting ast upon dark velvet
 phosphorescent spume swept up
 mingles with sand grains
 reflecting moonlight to form the
 face of thee ast threads of
 seaweed lace around patterning the
 tresses of thee while air soaked in
 thy cassolette evokes
 remembrances of thee that wash
 o'er the soul of ♪ to which to
 paradise doth fly Oh *Lucienne*
 visions passeth thru the mind of

♪ as thy cassolette to nebulous
 ecstasy sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in
 white light ast consciousness
 fades and space time melts away

moonlight washes o'er gardens of
 fructifying fecundity flickering off
 the wings of iridescent butterflies
 who with gibbous eyes
 phosphorescing green flutter
 twixt prodigious outgrowths of
 fertility fluttering wings upon
 floribunda with polyantha
 profusion sweeping pollen golden
 bright into the silvery moon
 soaked light forming thy face ast
 thy cassolette scents intoxicating
 perfume fumes heavy odor wash

o'er me laying 'neath lifes
 profusion breathing out the
 scented breath that exhales up
 fromst the soul of me to solidify
 into globes of phosphorescent
 yellow perfume Oh Lucienne
 visions passeth thru the mind of
 ♪ as thy cassolette to nebulous
 ecstasy sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in
 white light ast consciousness
 fades and space time melts away

white swan bathed in silver
 moonlight glowed phosphorescent
 ast o'er pond coated in iridescent
 light like clouds of snow it
 floated serene leaving frothing
 wake of silver flowers-like that

traced out the face of thee rippling
 waves that sparkled bright
 reflecting its nacreous eyes green
 thru the aqueous liquidity with
 languid suspirations it didst glide
 with melodious harmonies
 sighing with its scented breath
 wavering orchids and nenuphar
 that exhaled their scented perfume
 fumes upon the beams of
 moonlight cascading down around
 slivers of fragrant light that fused
 with thy cassolette scents forming
 a cloak weaved with light and
 scent that lay o'er all an
 ambience of felicity Oh *Lucienne*
 visions passeth thru the mind of
 ♪ as thy cassolette to nebulous

**ecstasy sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in
white light ast consciousness
fades and space time melts away**

**moonlight susurrated thru
iridescent air rustling a symphony
of tones that to the mind of me
brought to me thee thy eyes of
languid pools of nacreous green
that shimmered reflecting the
gibbous moon eyes glowing with
soft radiance eyes of the scent of
roses eyes that within float petals
of nenuphar that formed thy face
incandescent with light eyes
floriferous that didst drip petals
of scented perfume fumes that**

**sent thy cassolette scents to the
soul of ♪**

**Oh Lucienne visions passeth
thru the mind of ♪ as thy
cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in white
light ast consciousness fades and
space time melts away**

**moonlight filtered whispering
mellifluous thru the flowing
tresses of me that lush do grow
curling round that vigorous
beaming face agitating into
rhythms the vibrantly bloomed
angiosperms like colored bells
that sent tintinnabulation upon
the air and like filigrees of lace**

formed thy face upon the face of
 me whose scented perfume fumes
 potpourri formed with thy
 cassolette scents that flowed
 exhaled fromst the pores of ♪
 Oh Lucienne visions passeth
 thru the mind of ♪ as thy
 cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
 sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in white
 light ast consciousness fades and
 space time melts away

moonlight doth stream like silver
 flames 'neath aqueous liquidity
 like plastic crystal caressing
 whorls of light vortexes that
 blossom into iridescent flowers
 full of lifes fecundity to fill the

**glaucous depths with hyacinths
 and pearl that in the rippling
 crystal placidity form the face of
 thee that be surrounded like liquid
 hair purple and multihued tinted
 lotus and nenuphar that curl
 round and twine ast golden
 cordate fishes weave thru the
 silver shafts of light exhaling
 bubbles of scented perfume fumes
 that mix with the odors of
 flowering blooms out breathing
 thy cassolette scents Oh**

**Lucienne visions passeth thru the
 mind of J as thy cassolette to
 nebulous ecstasy sends J to engulf
 J in white light ast consciousness
 fades and space time melts away**

**moonlight o'er iridescent emerald
aqueous liquidity doth float like
silver shimmering veil to back
reflect the face of the moon silver
phosphorescent gibbous disc that
lay reflected in nacreous waters
like the beaming face of new born
love fromst above the purple night
breathed out scented perfume
fumes to scatter night flowers
golden pollen and to ripple
wavelet o'er the hovering disc that
traced out the face of thee with
the pollen of bloom blossoms that
shone like luminescent dust
fragrant with thy cassolette
scents**

**Oh Lucienne visions passeth
thru the mind of J as thy
cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
sends J to engulf J in white
light ast consciousness fades and
space time melts away**

**Oh Lucienne midst this
bluish smoke the mind of J
dissolves into nebulous ecstasy
into white light lurid bright
melts J like into boundless
being individuality fades
dissolves space time melt awa**

For more see
Poetry of the Australian
decadence
Vol.1
by c dean

<http://gamahuchepress.yellowgum.com/wp-content/uploads/decadence.pdf>

isbn 9781876347880

Passiflora

Poem by c dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2015

Preface

That mystery that allure from a her

**That her that with poisonous breath that makes
the pulse of thee run with rapturous melodies
unto thy death**

**That her with eyes of the snake that set thee on
fire**

**That her with hair of spider webs that ensnares
the soul of thee with heated desire**

**That her whos pulpy lips of death thee longs to
kiss and have suck out the soul of thee**

**That her whos touch of fire ignite thee and
burns thee like a pyre**

**That her thee wants to stroke thy throat with
her viper tongue and run along thy pulsing veins
to curl round thy throat and squeeze thee into
ecstasy**

**That her that bringer of thy death to which thee
sings with desiring breath "come my languorous
thing that I canst put the head of I upon thy
breasts and hear thy frozen heart beat out its
deadly beats "**

**On strawberries soaked in ether
 supping sit here ♪ here writing
 in those perfumed fumes while on
 silken screens yellow hued writ in
 blood red iridescent the blood of
 ♪ about ♪ didst lie
 "La Belle Dame Sans Merci",
 that pitiless "faery's child".**

"She took me to her elfin grot
 And there she wept and sighed full
 score

And there I shut her wild wild eyes
 With kisses four

"And there she lulled me to sleep
 And there I dreamed-Ah woe betide'
 The latest dream I ever dremt

On the cold hill side

Geraldine with the serpents eye

“Her stately neck, and arms were
bare;

Her blue-veined feet unsandaled
were;

And wildly glittered here and there “

“The gems entangled in her hair.” ”

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;

Ah! what a stricken look was hers!

Deep from within she seems half-way

To lift some weight with sick assay,

And eyes the maid and seeks delay;

Then suddenly, as one defied,

Collects herself in scorn and pride,

And lay down by the Maiden's side!—

And in her arms the maïd she took,
 Ah wel-a-day!
 And with low voice and doleful look
 These words did say:
 'In the touch of this bosom there
 worketh a spell,
 Which is lord of thy utterance,
 Christabel!
 Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know
 to-morrow,
 This mark of my shame, this seal of my
 sorrow"

**Acrasia she who to beasts didst
men to turn**

"Upon a bed of Roses she was layd
...

And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a veile of silke and silver thin".
"And all that while, right over him she
hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his
sight,
As seeking medicine, whence she was
stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight And
oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips
bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did
sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure
"lewd;

Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his
case she rewd.”

**Salome who with desires
unambiguous kisses amorously she
the decapitated head of he**

“She is like a mad women a mad
women who is seeking everywhere for
lovers She is naked ...She shows
herself naked in the sky ...”

“I will kiss thy mouth Jokanaan...”

Oh how I loved thee I loved thee yet
Jokanaan I love thee only ... I am
athirst for thy beauty I am hungry for
thy body and neither wine nor fruits
can appease my desire”

**On strawberries soaked in ether
 supping sit here √ here writing
 in those perfumed fumes
 ast upon ebony filigree gilded
 inlaid lay open at the page
 "Nana" bewitching courtesan
 and Lulu of the "Earth Spirit"
 and "Pandora's Box" who
 devouringly sexually intoxicates
 and "Carmilla" of bad dreams and
 bite marks
 and Lady Audley of madness and
 doom
 and Brigid O'Shaughnessy more
 ravenous than The Maltese
 Falcon On strawberries soaked
 in ether supping sit here √ here
 writing in those perfumed fumes
 with luminous paintings erotic of**

ozi *Lindsay* and *Whiteley* that
 make *J* burn with "gemlike flame"
 that licks the air that surrounds
J On strawberries soaked in
 ether supping sit here *J* here
 writing in those perfumed fumes
 tinted with the yellow hues of the
 dreams of *J* of that flower of
 passion

Passiflora

Who

With vagina deep curved
 swallowing heliamphora
chimantensis

With Dew along cunts lips
 sparkling *Drosera capensis*

**With Cunts lips red-pinkish
snapping *Dionaea muscipula***

**Oh that thee wouldst suck ♀ up
into that deep curved throat that ♀
couldst glued be to those
gleaming beads of dew that line
thy lips and have that snapping
mouth bite the flesh of ♀ to
devour ♀ and absorb the pulsating
nerves of ♀ into thee that thee
wouldst drain ♀ of my living
fluids and into thee be absorbed
into ecstasies deliriums**

Passiflora

**More liquidity be in thy cunts
puffy folds than in sweet scented
savourous pulpy squelchy fruit
more intoxicating be the cunt of
thee than in opiums sweet scented
fumes**

**oh the cunts of thee exhales
scented perfumed fumes that tint
thy cassolette that fills my
passionate soul with ecstasies of
paradise and Technicolor the
dreams of ♀ that ♀ couldst press
the mouth of ♀ o'er thy fleshy
cunts flesh and to lips to lips do
in one exquisite lingering
languorous kiss to explode in a
gem-like flame of heated desire
that blots out the noon day sun**

with it burning glare that ♪
 couldst in thy hairy lair lay ♪
 down to sleep and sleep the sleep
 of perpetual rapturous dreams

Passiflora

♪ In hothouse amidst nacreous
 humids airs that melting
 dissolving imagery of thee
 dressed in white silk tulle thee
 the pallor of chlorosis pale
 'gainst the flowers flourishing
 vitality and thy red puffy lips like
 rubies on fire nibbling *Parma*
 violets crystallized thy hair coal
 black locks clogged in net like
 gossamer web spider spun with

**topaz arachnid in centre shinning
like the blazing yellow sun
nimbus of languor around thee
surrounds that on the surrounds
precipitating in pallid hues and
bleached half tones thy cunt be
one large virgin lily that secretes
perfumed fumes that solidify into
whirlpools of dripping light like
opal tinted globes bright amidst
flowery blooms that exhaled their
perfumes atop stems as if
sculptured of jade and emeralds
laid like bouquets of colored hues
that flickered ast guttering flames
fromst the breezes thy lips exhaled
thru the cunt of thee into each of
thy pores of thee thee didst absorb**

**those scented perfumed fumes into
 thy flesh thee sucked the flowers
 vitality that to withering wilting
 insipid things they didst form ast
 thee didst blossom with new
 found life in those reddish pink
 flushed cheeks of thee the
 flowers the pallor of chlorosis
 pale 'gainst thy reddish pink
 flushed cheeks flourishing
 vitality**

Passiflora

**Thy lips cyclamen white as if the
 moon melted upon banks of snow
 thy lips apart trembling with
 desires pangs fromst that
 tempestuous fire that in thy cunt
 doth up flames as if didst**

**supernova the sun those lips
apart that lure that humble bee
into the velvet depths of thy
burning chasm
those lips apart that chalice that
knights of gore had longed for that
flowery bowl of heated fluids of
delight bright glowing luculent of
hidden deep mysteries out of sight
those lips apart that the fluttering
bee in search to quench its thirst
alights upon the folds of velvet
down pollen dewed and in its
sniffing face bespeckled with thy
lips liquidities carries within
those fleshy lips to feel those
velvet perfumed petaled lips to
hug and crush upon the bees soft**

**form to feel the lips close up and
 feel the crushing hug to out breath
 and fromst within those tighting
 lips of thee we do hear the poor
 bee to scream**

Passiflora

**Within garden close 'neath the
 noon day sun a gibbous disc of
 molten gold the canopy of a
 sapphire sky laying o'er thee with
 Safez by thy side**

“The bird of the gardens sang unto
 the rose

New blown in the clear dawn “bow
 down thy head

As fair thou within this garden close

Many have bloomed and died “she
 laughed and said

“that I am born to fade grieves not my
heart

But never was it a true lovers part
To vex with bitter words his loves
repose”

**Thy eyes glittering twin bluish
stars gleaming in the yellow light
the pallor of thy skin paler than
Cyclamen petals of velvet flame
thy cunt aflame bursting with fire
a red blooded bloom that to the
bees didst allure that longing to
kiss that flowery form didst
flutter with desire fromst near
and far drawn on by the perfumed
fumes exhaling fromst that velvet
throat that didst flutter thy cunts
reddish lips like flowery petals**

**kissed by the heated breeze to thy
lips the bees didst fly but on the
touch of their lips to lips to kiss
into flames didst burst they to
die to shrivel and to burn with
agonizing moan to lay in burnt out
carcasses at thy dainty feet as
thee didst flower petals pluck to
crush then in thy dainty hand to
drop as confetti like on a brides
wedding day that drifting down
like butterflies on the wing like
globes of colored dust to form
o'er those burnt out husks a
shroud of colored arabesque
whilst with thy head thrown back
like some hound fromst hell**

**baying to a pallid moon thee didst
mirthly laugh**

Passiflora

**oh that face of thee with the
tints of decay pallid pale ast some
bleached out flower thy eyes like
the stagnate waters of some
decomposing pool companion fair
for *Faunas* that "lover of
doomed ladies" the perfumed
fumes of thee a nimbus that
surrounds like some pestilential
mist the cunt of thee some o'er
ripe fruit with the hues of autumn
leaves that out breaths sulphide
of hydrogen but ah whenst thee
dost feed like some leprous thing**

upon desires sucking the life
 fromst things thenst thee to a rosy
 bloom do form peachy skin eyes a
 light with vivacity thy scent the
 scented perfumed fumes all the
 gardens of the world thee be the
 lurid colors of spring time thee be
 the tasty new born fruit while
 decaying at thy feet be the lover
 that thee didst seek

Passiflora

Thee wash the blood of thy
 paramours devoured off thy puffy
 lips with the mornings sparkling
 dew thy ears ring with the agonies
 of crys of thy paramours devoured
 thy lips thrill with tremblings of
 exquisite joy ast they remember

**the lingering last kiss of thy
paramours devoured into bliss
thy lovers be but dead and the
cries of they waft like the pyres
baleful fumes across the barren
land to the clashing of thy cunts
bloody lips like cymbals of
polished brass ast thy eyes like
gleaming gems bright lay like
silver moons reflected in the
heated pools of foaming blood
asts thee lick thy scarlet tongue
like the vipers in the blood coated
of its prey oh say ♪ thy heated
breath breathes noxious fumes
that wilt and mildew with
miasmatic hues the flowers in thy
way thy heated breath breathes**

out pestilential fogs in rhythms
with the pulsations of thy hearts
poisonous melodies oh what
odious sprite didst bringeth thee
in my way what demon fromst hell
didst let the eyes of ♫ gaze upon
the eyes of thine what demon of
hell disturbed the poppy dream of
♫ and bringeth thee to ♫ oh
whatever whoever it be thank ♫
thee with glee oh how ♫ long for
those snake tresses of thee to
entwine me up in those coils of
lingering death that to madness
and doom await ♫ oh that thee
wouldst press thy pulpy cunt o'er
the flesh of ♫ and bewitch and
drive ♫ to folly oh that ♫ couldst

for eternity look upon the
 Medusa face of thee look upon
 face of death and plunge the lips
 of ♪ o'er the devouring lips of
 thee that thee wouldst with thy
 serpent eye wouldst suck out of ♪
 the humid eyes of ♪ my soul and
 to thy elfin grot take ♪ lay ♪
 upon thy bower of bliss and to
 bad dreams and bite marks on my
 flesh to send the veins of ♪ into
 pulsations of rapturous
 tremblings that thee would set ♪
 on fire with desire that burn ♪
 bright like the heated coal that ♪
 couldst burn bright with gemlike
 flame and into deliriums float
 upon the maelstroms of

sensations play oh happy be ♪ to
 be Meïamoun in "Une nuit de
 Cléopâtre" the poison which to
 drink oh how lucky be Kriton
 with the secrets of those kisses
 for one Egyptian night then but to
 feel in the morning dawn the axe
 across my neck oh for all these
 joys oh serpent eye cast they
 glance upon ♪ and give to ♪
 exquisite joys if but for one
 moment till death but that ♪
 couldst gemlike burn for that
 moment ast the moth drawn to the
 burning flame for love giveth its
 life for that heated moment of
 delight oh thee serpent thee awake
 in me the beast within that beast

thee make the senses of ♪
 pulsate that girth round ♪ in one
 nimbus of sensations might oh
 loathsome thing oh loathsome
 carnivore of human flesh give ♪
 thy lips to kiss and taketh ♪ to
 paradise in one bursting flame of
 ecstatic delight in one fleeting
 momentary paroxysm of
 rapturous ravishment give ♪ thy
 lips and ignite the flesh of ♪ into
 that gemlike flame that ♪
 supernovas then to melt in
 exquisite passion then goeth out a
 burnt out husk to be to be absorbed
 in thy black hole that sucks in all the
 universe but oh that ♪ will giveth all
 for that moment of fleeting delight
 for that rapturous night with thee

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Nymphae

Poem by c dean

Nymphae

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia
2015

Preface

**To in madness be be with those
 nymphae like fairy wings of
 gossamer those soft velvet curving
 forms that hang like pink veils of
 shimmeringly light fluttering
 butterfly-like upon the scented
 breezes that upwells to caress like
 virgin kisses the lips of ♪ those
 nymphae to nibble to suck to taste
 that honey curving form to into
 madness with heated desires fire
 that in their clutching grasp that
 couldst ♪ expire into madnessess
 bliss**

***Ast write √ with this
quill of √ sparks fly
dotting the night black sky
with glittering gems star-
like the writing of √ hast
the passion of a forest
fire or the flames of a
virgins love the writings
of √ hast the
tintinnabulations of
fritillaries agitated by the
beating diaphanous black
checkered orange-brown***

**wings of fritillaries the
 writing of ♪ sings like a
 thousand nightingales that
 sing to the swooning rose
 the writing of ♪ dot the
 page like hibiscus
 flowers glowing red in the
 panther black hair of some
 ones love the writing of ♪
 wafts sky ward ast the
 cassolette of some
femme fatale the
 writing of ♪ circumvolves
 round thee clutching tight**

**ast thy love in fright ah
that thee meet these
words of ۞ with no
persiflage but with
ejaculations of glee with
rapturous abandon throw
back the head of thee and
gulp down these words of
۞ as Sufi his purple
frothing wine doth on
drunken be let these words
of ۞ wash o'er thee with
nacreous rhythms
undulating along the flesh**

**of thy limbs like some
languorous lingering
kissing let these words of
of ♪ of verist beauty
cloak thee in the softest
music like pink mist round
pervenche Nymphaea in
limpid pools green that thy
cheeks flush with vermeil
tint ast accrescent thy
passion pullulate
floriferous across thy
flesh catapulting thee into
deliriums of sensations**

**into paroxysms of
imaginings that these
words of ♪ wouldst be
the cynosure of thee these
words of ♪ drop like
incandescent dust aurified
forming lambent patterns
o'er thy flesh like upon
some sergraph woven out
of light polyphonic
sensations syncopated
dabs of words scented in
counterpoint along the
limbs of thee**

**ensorcellating me the cunt
hole of thee frothing ast
green foam of the sea
those nymphae like
butterfly wings on clouds
of shadows purple
streaked with yellow
fluttering on humid
currents of air round that
curly mass of panther
black hair oh to my eyes
those fluttering nymphae
rouged with sequins of
multi colors along those**

**pink lined edge flashed
 shimmeringly hues of
 yellow-green chrysolite
 apple-green tints of
 chrysoprase fulvous
 cymophane bursts of pink
 whorls of yellow of beryl
 indigo-blue spirals oh
 those nymphae
 angiosperm bedewed with
 humid liquidity that
 couldst √ sup upon the
 nectar ast some oenophile
 look upon those moon-like**

**cusps gems afire blazing
in pink mist crepuscular
that drip purple tears of
dew like Endymion moon
loving ♪ bathing in those
arrows of silver light that
dapple green tinted pools
with speckles of glinting
stars eyeing that moon
luminescent twixt those
nymphae moon cusp-like
feeling that humid tinted
silver light like water
rippling caressing the**

heated flesh of √ incising
into the flesh of √ like an
intaglio the gibbous curved
forms of thy nymphae dew
speckled glaucous tinted
ast the powdery froth upon
new born grapes impasto-
like wax flowers
floriferous coruscating
along the pink lined edge
of thy nymphae oh thy
nymphae that embouchure
within that valley floweth
flowing stream of light

**golden dazzling running the
waters of my goconda
that with the mouth of √
√ kissing-like o'er those
pink iridescent curves
embouchure to make
mellifluous music fromst
the sighs of thee which
burst into hyacinths
spangling shafts of light
bright under cerulean
heights thick painted with
the fluttering shadows of
the curves of thy nymphae**

**forms glowing opulent ripe
bursting fructifying fruit
pungent with the perfumed
scents of *Nymphaea* and
humid fumes of estrus
welling up fromst that
nacre pool in which swim
in beauteous perfection
Ephydriades Pegaeae of
the springs *Potomeides*
Crinaeae and *Naiades*
and *Eleionomae* of the
wetlands under undulant
waters spears of light**

**weaving thru seas of
iridescent bubbles like
blazing flames flickering
to glimpse a breast thigh
curve of arse cheek or
glimpse of cunny bright
ripe bodies of youth in
halos of effulgent light
upwelling the odoriferous
scents of spring times
fecundity their flesh tinted
with dappled hues
reflecting off the quivering
curved forms of thy**

**pinkish nymphae streaked
 with mica flecks thy
 nymphae the gem studded
 jaws of the rainbow
 serpent where poison drips
 fromst off that fem-dick
 fang thy nymphae the
Aegean Nymphs the
Scylla and Charybdis oh
 that couldst ♪ to the lips
 of ♪ press these nymphae
 feel them bite and to taste
 the blood of ♪ drip and
 drop to bloom into flowers**

**bloody red that ♀ couldst
lift those nymphae to the
lips of ♀ and suck in
their breath that burns the
lips of ♀ with their sweet
poisonous airs that
couldst ♀ lift those
nymphae like the Sufis
cups to the lips of ♀ and
pour out the blood of ♀
into thee that thee wouldst
drain the veins of ♀ and
shall draw the soul of ♀
into thine that ♀ couldst**

up that fulvous river Styx
to that fount that abyss
the axis mundi of the
world and down into those
whorls of waters drown
supping up Lethes
swirling fluids and to
oblivions of the little death
death hast found
coupled with thee incased
in those nymphae soft as
panthers velvet paws that
bite tight ast tigers jaws
that the blood be in the

veins of *Ÿ* dried up and
my sighs waft o'er the
land turning to yellow all
growing things withering
mildew blotching all things
that grow 'neath thy
nymphae that in a
paroxysm of a languorous
lingering kiss to thee be
me wedded in a bridal knot
of death with thy pink
opaline nymphae robes that
fromst which golden
showers flow o'er *Ÿ* and

**bathe ♀ in thy velvet
scented liquidity that ♀
couldst be melted by that
golden light and into
eternity with those
nymphae cloaked shroud
round ♀ and drain into the
eyes of ♀ the dew
speckled along the curves
gibbous face glittering ast
the Pleiades a necklace set
in the moon lit night that
clings to the neck of ♀
like the hangmans noose to**

**drop in into that valley of
death surging with
maelstroms whorls
swirling torrents that
along that golden river
Styx flush ♪ along thy
velvet nymphae gem
studded curves ast the
temples of the ♪ndies
glittering o'er liquidities
that sing music sweeter
than the semitones of
Phrygian flutes that clash
neath thy nymphae like the**

**cymbals of maenads to
ripple o'er the face of
those surging torrent
roses blooms red as blood
that bob and toss and
gyrate like Javanese
dancers upon the nacreous
froth down that valley of
death—like dreams turbid
with the purple dust fine
as starlight that wafts
fromst thy nymphaes
velvet curved line scented
faintly with dainty**

**Nymphaea those nymphae
 that didst flutter ast
 dancing bacchanals on
 the valley upwelling breeze
 to send to the ears of ♪
 sweet murmurings sweet
 songs that glittering on the
 airs didst sing with
 musical melodies sweet
 songs to ♪ whilst
 wrapped up in thy
 nymphaes velvet shroud
 looked ♪ down down ♪
 looked down fromst the**

**embouchure down into the
valleys depths with
inward breaths looked √
upon the nymphs pink
flushed sides looked √
upon the panther black
tangles of that purple
spangled hair into that lair
looked √ fromst dizzy
heights in crepuscular
light that wavering hair
curling round as waves
upon a storm tossed sea
flecked with silver frozen**

moon light those down √
 down √ gazed fromst
 those nymphae like frozen
 pink waves like
 Himalayan crags and into
 those abysmal depths
 looked √ with quivering
 shudders with fevered
 sickening swoon with that
 tangled hair along the
 nymphaes curved edge √
 with frantic anguished
 despair giddy with fear
 down √ down √ didst

**gaze and into a blissful
swoon didst √ melt with
desire melt with rapturous
delicious intoxicating fires
of unquenchable lustings
and in thy nymphae didst
√ melt aswoon with
desires longings wrapped
up like in a serpents coil
in those nymphae in a
serpents coils didst √ lay**

isbn 9781876347864

Orchidaceae

**Poem by
c dean**

Orchidaceae

Poem by

c dean

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2015

Preface

**Lost in the present lost in the
 moments ecstatic infinities
 sensations sublimity the single
 moment of pleasures singularity
 experiences intensity flickering
 momentary impressions infinitely
 divisible into ecstasies
 inexpressible Lost in the present
 lost in the moments ecstatic
 infinities**

That will write ♪ for thee one
 recollection of me in mellifluous
 tones for the ear of thee in the ear
 of thee as sayeth the poet for
 those race of new beings in
 fanciful rhymes sweet rhythms
 and solemn cadences full of
 resonate music and studded with
 jeweled words with the verbal
 fleshliness of *Laus Veneris*
 sing tone ♪ like *Marsyas* upon
Athenas acursed abandoned
 flute no *Thrasymachus* nor
hippias ♪ lie not ♪ ast say ♪ ♪
 like in a nocturne by *Frederick*
Childe hassam or *Whistlers*
 "Nocturne in *Black and Gold*"
 along streets covered o'er with

pink fog thru which the moon a
 lemon bright shot flames of light
 streaking shadows like cut with a
 burning knife ast light poles seem
 like dandelions glowing white
 like spheres encased in purplish
 night all clothed in poetry ast
 girlies fluttered like multicolored
 butterflies iridescent into the
 disco 'neath a neon light flashing
 bright "*The hothouse*" as above
 into the night like lights fromst
 lighthouses upon a pink foggy
 shore fromst window like eyes
 green streamed rectangles of
 nacreous light like frozen absinthe
 floated ♪ into a room didst enter
 ♪ like by Edgar Allen Poe

**described thru velvet curtain blood
red that draped down ast if clotted
blood had frozen in the heated
light sewn o'er in pink silk these
lines of truth**

*Liveth thee for the moment in sensations
pulsing rapture burn always with a
gemlike flame to maintain this ecstasy
momentary*

**in white ivory bowls inlaid with
scenes of maenads in bacchanals
fromst were flowing o'er in great
masses of nacreous colors Gloire
de Dijon roses that out sent
scent to mingle round the horn of a
priapic Pan aplaying on his flute
atop a sardonyx mushroom stem
streaked with veins of iridescent**

reds and yellows hues pilus head
 white like incandescent snow did
 froth to my view entered didst √
 into a room in the three strip
 Technicolors of hustons
 "Moulin Rouge" in green
 baroque décor in velvet green with
 mother of pearl sheen wear didst
 √ like the poet wore breeches of
 white samit pink velvet cloak shirt
 of yellow silk laced on cuffs and
 neck with shear tulle to attacked
 in button hole one green carnation
 gleaming ast an emerald jewel or
 the mirrored surface of an emerald
 sea and passed √ around on
 paper pink of Japan the card of

**✓ writ in deeper pinks hue with
as the poet sayeth**

*"We and the labouring world are
passing by
Amid mens souls that day by day give
place
More fleeting than the seas foam-fickle
face
Under the passing stars foam of the sky
Lives on this lonely face "*

**To o'er turn upon the other side
writ in blue the color of the skies
bright dome as sayeth the poet**

They are not long the days of wine and
roses

Out of a misty dream

Our path emerges for awhile then closes

Within a dream

**Which toeth the surprise of √ √
didst spy these very words writ
upon pink napkins upon baroque
pink *mármol* table tops andst
above the bars glittering glasses
gleaming face each glass a facet
like in √ndras net each to each
reflecting each to each the dancing
throng each to each alike in each
to each like eyes each be each
mirroring each to each in infinities
unfathomable reach each to each
each scene as if Toulouse-**

**Lautrec had painted each each
scene a girly each a masturbiece
floated in green light like orchids
'neath a green sea in the green
liquidity each to each did sheen
ast each to each didsts their arses
flick in the thick liquidity lost
amongst each other each green
tinted to the disco beat in
rapturous rhythms didst each
arsse to each in circled lines beat
out the beat like flicking tails of
silvered fish in the thick green
liquidity iridescent sheened in the
disco light like orchids 'neath
waters thick liquidity didst they
float 'mongst shadows purple
hues in the shade of each girly**

***Floating 'neath the green liquidity
in the green light colors flashed
like lighting streaming thru the
green tinted liquidity yellows and
lemons in the thick humidity eyes
like birds didst gleam in the
glasses reflections in the green
liquidity ast each to each didst
their arses flick in the thick
humidity dancing arses each to
each beating out the beat thru the
humidity thickened liquidity
beating out pulses thru the musics
beat rowdy voices quite
whisperings upon the musics
pulsatings furious with desires
full of life unquenchable no
tomorrows but ecstasies***

**momentary 'neath the green
humidity liquidity dancing arses
each to each beating out the beat
thru the humidity thickened
liquidity iridescent streaks of
golds and yellows shifting moving
swirling in whorls of light bright
within the green liquidity sliding
veering bubbles of light in the
green limpidity bobbing around
orchids of bubbles of colored light
floating dancing arses nudging
dancing arses each to each beating
out the beat thru the humidity
thickened liquidity purple shadows
streaking the green humidity
liquidity arses flinging sideward
bubbles nudging bubbles girlies**

**like colored orchids translucent
rippling green humid liquidity
rippling o'er each arse to arse each
to each beating out the beat thru
the humidity thickened liquidity
fold upon fold of arses fluidity
tremors rippling o'er them rippling
threading the green lights humidity
liquidity orchid colors prints upon
the green limpidity twinkling
curving convolutions like fish
swimming outspreading iridescent
streaks of golds and yellows
rippling tremors upon the humidity
liquidity arse to arse each to each
beating out the beat orchids
submerged whispering words
unquenchable life in the tremulous**

**light washed o'er by the
rhythmically out beating music
pulsing blood desires urgings
heated surging lost in the presents
ecstasies momentary infinity birds
eyes beads of green light orchids
many colored spots of light like
undersea corals golds yellows
irradiations with the green
humidity limpid liquidity arse to
arse each to each beating out the
beat facets of colored light beat
beat beating modulations of hues
o'er shadows purple rippling
waves of purple and blues colors
smears in twirls and swirls
bubbles upwelling hues mingling
in light shadows across glasses**

**polished face arse to arse each to
each beating out the beat facets of
color playing betwixt shadows
purple sheen orchids on a canvas
of polished green rhythms
undulating o'er slanting purple
shadows iridescent orchids
unfurled petals of color slipping
sliding swirling arse to arse each
to each beating out the beat
blotches of color smeared o'er a
green humidity liquidity orchids
submerged like fish gem-like in the
green shimmering lacing the kelp-
forest shadows purple with
glittering colors fire-like fluttering
dappling blotches o'er girlies arse
to arse each to each beating out**

**the beat unquenchable desires fires
submerged in green limpid
humidity liquidity curvaceous
roundness flickering thru kelp
forest shadows purple arse each
to each each opulent curvaceous
beating out the beat like jiggling
with the pungence of ripe fruit
dripping perfumed juice arse to
arse each to each beating out the
beat stirring up wisps of
wormwood scents of fennel and
anises the holy trinity wafting
thru the green humidity liquidity
mingling fusing in tints of
rapturous everlasting with the
dancing swirling arse to arse
whirling girlies orchidaceous**

**scents vapors of opoponax and
frangipani curling round fromst
humidity fannies oozing liquidities
in panties soaked with randy
femininity dancers heated swirl
twirl arse to arse each to each
beating out the beat dripping
luxuriant fumes scented vapors
curling thru the green humidity
liquidity rooms eyes to eyes red
lips to red lip in heated flaming
kiss ast arse to arse each to each
beating out the beat pulpy puffy
cunties juicy oozing orchidaceous
scents fromst orchids delicate and
rare fromst the lips petaled deep
blooming fruit fromst pink lips
virginal luminous of hue orchid**

**flowers of lurid scents and heady
 colors new hothouse orchids in
 curvaceous curling line arse to
 arse each to each beating out the
 beat mingling cunty perfumes that
 around thigh and throat curling
 round lacing necks in perfumed
 necklaces of congealing hues
 wafting roof ward ast incense in
 some pagan temple close ast
 girlies swift footing dancing
 sweet murmurings like the breeze
 thru scented leaves in the green
 humidity liquidity "The
 hothouse" burning with hot cunty
 heat like the heat of the topics
 with all life in heat dripping scent**

**at the leaping sliding twirling feet
 arse to arse each to each beating
 out the beat hothead of desires
 pulsations ardent colors palette
 smeared o'er the green tinted
 humidity liquidity perfumes
 plenitude in an orchestration of
 kaleidoscopic hues circling round
 thigh throat lingering in cunty hair
 orchidaceous scents kissing lips
 in heated languid swoon
 passionate and deep "The
 hothouse" perfumed palace of the
 present lost in the moments
 ecstatic infinities full of
 whisperings kissing and eyes
 desiring eyes ast arse to arse each**

**to each beating out the beat ast
groping eyes interlace pouting lips
turgid clits soak panties with the
perfumed ooze scented vapors
orchidaceous fumes fromst the
puffy pulpy fleshy cunties of
girlies arse to arse each to each
beating out the beat weird desires
amidst sweet rapturous rhythms
mesmeric perfumes circling
wafting thru kelp bead shadows
purple ast arse to arse each to
each beating out arse to arse each
to each beating out rippling waves
send thru the glasses cracks
shattering ast arse to arse each
to each beating out**

ISBN 9781876347856

Preface

**The inner world or mystical
world beyond suggested by
symbols ah but even more perhaps
to transfigure the world or the
inner by symbols poetic**

Salome

Poem by e dean

Salome

Poem by c dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2016

preface

**the perversity of denying perversity
 for the pure all things are pure
 ah then the deformed beautified the
 aestheticizing of the sordid the morbid the
 self-indulgent languor of the perverse the
 exquisite songs of the soul-sick whose
 lips be wet with the kiss of decay wet with
 the tints of decomposition the world-weary
 bathing in sensations of perversity living
 in pestilential fogs the soul-sick whose
 flesh be the pallor of chlorosis bathes in
 stagnate water breathes in the odors of
 orchids whose soul drowns in an
 atmosphere of perfumed flowers to be
 submerged in the perversity of new
 sensations ah that soul-sick will burn like
 a gemlike flame in those exquisite moments
 of sordid perversity the perversity of
 denying the perverse
 for the pure all things are pure**

**Tintintabulating bubbles of
 absinthe blowing ♪ with no order
 of syntax or logic grammatical to
 the purity of my song to deform
 with no recherche words a pale
 psychidion ♪ ♪ these songs
 sing ♪ to thee
 light ast gossamer “the thread of
 the virgin” and evanescent ast
 bubbles these songs sing ♪ to
 thee not for the cognoscenti
 sunetoi, or esoteric few not for
 the inhabitants of the cafes *Royal*
 the *Crown* and *Cheshire Cat* or
 ast the critic sayeth those
 “brainsick” inhabitances of the
 brasseries of the *Boulevard*
Saint-Michel who cares for the**

objections of Verlain Huysman
 or Maeterlink who cares to read
 The Savoy the The Century
 Guild Hobby Horse the The
 Albemarle the The New
 Review the The Gem or the
 Yellow Book who cares for the
 over refinement upon over
 refinement of moral and spiritual
 perversity not √ be masquerading
 of uncomprehended vice not be √
 those lesser men full of perversity
 of form and matter for be √ be
 √ to say no good nor bad no sin
 nor virtue all conventions to be
 dropped life is neutral neither god
 good nor evil devil all conventions
 to ensnare thee into perplexities

**into miseries all collapse into
 absurdity release thee fromst
 these and fly like the birds free
 into the infinity art is art for me
 free of morality but full of beauty
 L'art pour L'art is the songs
 sing J to thee full of marivaudage
 all style and no substance. the
 words of J be illuminated
 nacreous green no more opulence
 hast thee heard write J with
 absinth bubbles blowing upon
 purple shadows that in a shroud
 cloak J may these words seeps
 as perfume fromst the flowers
 that o'er cover me flood o'er the
 universe like golden spores to
 burst upon the ground to into**

**myriad blooms flowery to deck
 like hair the skulls in the graves
 that o'er litter the world - with
 Xeranthemum and ast sayeth the
 poet "Ces rimes qui vont aux
 moelles des pales..." be ♪ that
 solipsist whose individualism be
 the ignorant self-proclamation of
 blatant mediocrity unlike that
 mystagogue of symbolisme be ♪
 that "sly smith of cicadas" that
 "nimble comer of comets" who
 sings this song to thee this song
 wilt be a winding sheet of
 muguets for thee as it was for he
 that sung that Mirliton song this
 song of me for thee be the
 perfume that seeps fromst the**

flowers velvet throat with
 dizzying languor that o'er lay me
 to make thee dance with swirling
 feet the dance of the *Danse*
Macabre to the beat of the heart
 suffering quivering like the
 violins strings sing ♪ this song
 of songs tenebrous with its
 echoes in thy mind forming colors
 of iridescent hues that cools ast
 frothy milk upon thy quivering
 flesh sounds like musk and
 benzion to wash o'er thy limbs
 like semitones or exquisite chords
 limpid like pools liquid crystal
 'neath a moon lit sky the song of
 ♪ like ast advised the poet

“Happy-go-lucky let your lines
 isheveled run where the dawn winds
 lure

Smelling of wild mint smelling of
 thyme

And all the rest is literature”

**Tintintabulating bubbles of
 absinthe blowing ♪ with no order
 of syntax or logic grammatical to
 the purity of my song to deform
 with no recherche words a pale
 psychidion ♪ ♪ these songs
 sing ♪ to thee of last night
 moonless dark like the author of
 the Kreisleriana in that delirium
 betwixt sleep and waking didst**

hear ♪ singing the blowing of
 flute perfumes didst kiss the nose
 of ♪ ast colors flashed like
 lightning before the eyes of ♪ that
 liminal state the "praedormitium
 " sensations anthyptic" ,
 hallucinations "oneirogogic
 images" "phantasmata" whats it
 matter or the permeable wall the
 shamans cross o'er into the
 underworld to roam in room of
 ♪ lay like in a dream state
 Callipygian Amourettes with
 Myosotis in their hair with
 irresistible pulchritude didst ♪
 view each o'er each eye lay the
 pink petal of a rose on each to
 each their feet circled with

**bejeweled bangles each to each
 their sparkled with saffron
 spangles in each to each the
 tangles of their hair bedecking
 each to each their feet laced with
 amber and gold such wealth untold
 then ast sayeth the poet**

“Then one with poppies wreathed
 hath stooped o’er me and breathed
 Breathed on me from the flowery
 verge and said

This wave is Lethe-wave this quite
 is the grave

The pilot-dream hath brought thee
 to the dead”

**Their breath breathed o’er √ the
 dank smell of decay ast around**

**didst lay lilies mildewed with
 sickly hue out breathing
 languorous perfumes that fromst
 their limpid shapes wafted despair
 thru the room whether in this
 gloom their might be the
 correspondence of things
 significance conversely related the
 noumenon hiding in phenomena
 ast sayeth the poet "All nature
 speaks and ev'n ideal things
 Flap shadowy sounds from
 visionary things"**

Or again the poet sayeth
 'Who hovering over life knows
 without trying

The tongues of silent things and
of flowers”

**or this all be the play of a mind
diseased beguiled by rhyme and to
much time for nature cares not of
mans symbols ast sayeth the poet**

“For nature heartless witless
nature

Will neither care nor know what
were a mans feelings and concerns”
**each to each of which to each each
care not ♪ for seated on the
petals white of wilted roses
blooms The Tetrach herod and
herodias the mother of Salome sat
like birds upon their nests within
my room and to the sight delight**

of ♪ spied ♪ in rooms centre a
coiled up snake studded with gems
and fiery eyes of light around
which swirled the notes and tones
from feather strummed tar with
melancholy sounds of languor and
despair ast with voluptuous
quivering the snake didst unwind
slowly like incense smoke
ascending on the wind while about
the uncurling form the odors of
lilies withering didst kiss the eyes
of light with heavy dank lingering
caress the wilted roses white
bloom perfume hung round the
tangled hair of ♪ and the
Callipygian Amourettes with
Myosotis in their hair with

**irresistible pulchritude in tangled
knots like the tangled vines o'er
laying long forgot crypts the
sickly scented scent wound round
Y like a foul smelling shroud
then ast sayeth the poet**

“Then one with poppies wreathed
hath stooped o'er me and breathed
Breathed on me from the flowery
verge and said

This wave is Lethe-wave this quite
is the grave

**ast with voluptuous quivering the
snake it cartilaginous form didst
unwind slowly like incense smoke
ascending along its tremulous
flesh scales like sequins**

**shimmering or gleaming diamante
 glinted rainbow colors that
 flashed lightning-like light thru the
 rooms glooms colors that had the
 odors of flowery perfumes and
 the soft touch of velvet and china
 silk that ruffled the senses of ♪
 like the sweet kiss of virgins in
 heat oh that unwinding snake with
 studded multi-colored jewels
 impasto-like along that uncurling
 spine whose eyes lit the room like
 glowing suns oh that unwinding
 snake spiraling upward in the
 gloom thee ♪ wouldst have curl
 me up in thy nacreous flesh and
 press thy ripples round ♪ like
 some hot languorous kiss thy**

**fiery glaucous eyes doth ♪
 mesmerize enchant with thy fixed
 hungry stare fromst 'neath those
 moth eyelashes that flutter like
 butterfly wings and send thru ♪
 sensations semitone of delight
 those moth eyelashes full of
 coquetry that evoke in ♪ full
 bodied carnality ast upward in
 spiraling unfurling upward
 uncurling uncoiling upward
 morphing into arms legs the
 sequin scales to form to serpent
 bracelets necklets bestrewn with
 gems and pearls along he
 ornaments rims crawling with
 serpents gilded in sliver and gold
 decked in seven veils thin ast**

spider webs weaved with gleaming
 silken threads of yellows blues
 orange and reds like some peacock
 in display the serpent eyes to
 human eyes were remained ast
 doth those moth eyelashes curling
 black filaments didst remain she
 Salome chlorosis hued didst
 sway like serpent curling hands
 above the head of she like
 gleaming fangs ast her hair like
 cloud of black curling smoke
 flapped spangled colors into the
 air like fireflies cascading down
 in showers of nacreous light the
 waverings of she spread glinting
 colors upon the dark gloom of my
 room ast Herod father of she be

**ast Herodias mother of her be
 each be sat upon wilting petals of
 white roses to Salome didst stare
 she a garden to the eyes of these
 be gazing round her like bees
 awaken passions of these
 inflamed by the dancing of she his
 chest heaved her bosoms rose with
 each passionate breath his chest
 heaved ast upon it lay the white
 beard of he like some shroud o'er
 the dead
 then ast sayeth the poet**

“Then one with poppies wreathed
 hath stooped o'er me and breathed

Breathed on me from the flowery
verge and said

This wave is Lethe-wave this quite
is the grave

**and ast the melancholy sounds of
viols and feather strummed tars
didst their tone bathe all in
sensuous delight she Salome
didst sway and curl serpent-like
in the gloom to the eyes of all like
hovering bees o'er she her hands
and fingers waken white didst
taper like some flowers pistil
bright and languorously didst
finger by finger twist and curl like
serpents about their prey and seem**

**to linger for some kiss fromst the
 lips of those seated in the gloom
 she a garden to the eyes of these
 be gazing round her like bees ast
 in rhythmic swing Salome didst
 round and returning dance in
 circles within circle didst she
 returning return to dance those
 serpent eyes fixed mirrored in
 those eyes that gaze like hovering
 bees**

left

circling circles

returning return

rhythmic swing

returning circles

circles return

rhythmic swing

right
circles circling
return returning
swing rhythmic
circles returning
return circles
swing rhythmic

in deliriums delight those lips that
hast kissed the bloodied lips of
men smiling in the darken gloom
ast Herod father of she be chest
heaving ast Herodias mother of
her be with heated breathing
ast Salome

centre
circles return
rhythmic swing

return returning
return circling
dancing on shadows she floating
on colored perfumes and
languorous sounds
one diaphanous veil she dropped
to reveal the breasts outline and
form round the cunt of she
clutching like some heated hand
she a garden to the eyes of these
be gazing round her like bees
then ast sayeth the poet

“Then one with poppies wreathed
 hath stooped o’er me and breathed
 Breathed on me from the flowery
 verge and said

This wave is Lethé-wave this quite
is the grave

**As Salome her moth eyelashes
fluttering feet rhythmically out
weaving patterns of gleaming
colors fromst the gems that laced
the toes of she rhythmically
intertwining threading light with
the feet of she like spiders their
webs doth weave upon the
perfumed breeze with hips that
undulate the sinuous feet upon the
purple shadows of the gloom**

left

circles circling

return returning

**swing rhythmic
circles returning
return circles
swing rhythmic**

**right
circling circles
returning return
rhythmic swing
returning circles
circles return
rhythmic swing**

**one diaphanous veil didst drop
she to reveal the contours of the
bobbing breast to reveal the
contours of the cunt of she an
outlined √ 'neath the veils shear**

that wafted the cunts fumes of
 she to mingle with the odors of
 my room inter weaving thru the
 diaphanous weave to bathe the
 chlorosis throat of she and wreath
 the glaucous breasts in a scented
 bouquet of rapturous ecstasy she
 a garden to the eyes of these be
 gazing round her like bees
 Herod father of she be chest
 heaving cocks knob throbbing ast
 Herodias mother of her be with
 heated breathing nipples tingling
 ast Salome

centre

return circles

swing rhythmic

returning return

circling return

**those serpent eyes fixed mirrored
in those eyes that gaze like
hovering bees one diaphanous veil
didst drop she to reveal 'neath the
sheer veil purple spangles in the
cunt hair of she that weaves and
tangles like spider webs in
perfumed breeze in the fleecy mesh
the cunty fumes doth bubble to
burst into scented odors along the
breasts of she to reveal pushed
'gainst the veils soft cloth turgid
nipples puffy like swollen figs
then ast sayeth the poet**

“Then one with poppies wreathed
 hath stooped o’er me and breathed
 Breathed on me from the flowery
 verge and said
 This wave is Lethe-wave this quite
 is the grave”

Ast Salome her feet

right
circles circling
return returning
swing rhythmic
circles returning
return circles
swing rhythmic
those serpent eyes fixed mirrored
in those eyes that gaze one

**diaphanous veil didst drop to
 reveal a ample thigh pale white
 then next to drop to reveal the
 ample buttocks of she twin orbs
 of flesh ravishing that rolled to
 the uncurling dance of she then the
 veil next to fall gave the gaze upon
 those breasts like mounds of
 snow that didst wobble like
 clotted cream 'neath the veils
 shear hue to the feet of she
 left**

**circles circling
 return returning
 swing rhythmic
 circles returning
 return circles
 swing rhythmic**

the last to the ground didst fall
she to reveal her naked form
turgid nipples upon full rounded
breasts like ripe bursting fruit
buttocks like full contours of
rounded flesh like dunes of sand
the Moors do like and oh the
beauties delight that cunt of she
full blooming bush of hair as
black as black curling smoke
glittering with sequins along the
inner lips those pulpy puffy cunts
lips of she soaked in the
perfumed cunts liquidity that
gleamed like mother of pearl upon
the chlorosis thighs of she ast
Herod father of she be chest
heaving cocks tumescent knob

**throbbing with pre-cumy gleam
 that dripped o'er the wilted
 mildewed petals of the white
 roses bloom ast Herodias mother
 of her be with heated breathing
 nipples tingling turgid oozed
 sweet smelling cunny cream o'er
 the wilted mildewed petals of the
 white roses bloom
 then one Callipygian Amourette
 with Myosotis in her hair
 with irresistible pulchritude then
 leaned o'er J and didst sigh ast
 sayeth the poet**

"Here Death the Snub-nosed
 Muse will cling
 Still to your black lips she'll bring

The rhymes that make the pale
folks' marrow creep ...

In love, sly smith of cicadas sleep”

ISBN 9781876347848

pierreuse

lorette grisette

aperitive

gigloette

coquette

poem by c dean

pierreuse

lorette grisette

aperitive

gigloette coquette

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2016

Preface

**thee c'est un fou amidst colors
applied with a knife that
thru the mind of thee
slice and the garish **reds**
blues orange and **green**
cut thru the mind of thee
like colored razorblades
of cold steel alone thee
c'est un fou in the
immensity of empty
desolation alone thee
c'est un fou with the
unwholesome drives of
the flesh of thee**

I say I c'est un fou
 that the peachy pink
 pilus knob of I burns
 with a gem-like flame
 flames of pink burst
 fromst the precummy eye
 like flames of forest
 fires raging as the flesh
 of I swells with desires
 of love balloons out with
 the passions of amour
 the flesh of I gorged
 with loves longing pangs
 begins to rupture the
 cocks turgid stem
 girthing ast some full
 rounded Gum bulges with

pulsating veins purple
 tinted ast some ripe plum
 oh oh this love longing
 ripples thru the flesh of
 ♪ like waves of flames
 ♪ sayeth ast the painter
 "one cannot keep bottling
 [it] up –better to burn
 than to burst What is in
 will out "

ast that acolyte of
 Cormon Henri Marie
 Raymond de Toulouse-
 Lautrec-Monfa
 painted in Technicolors
 at the "Moulin Rouge
 sit ♪ at "Le Chat
 Noir" painting word

**pictures of the loves of
 ♪ the words of ♪
 breathe out fire not in the
 drab palettes of the
 Impressionists the
 Chromoluminarism
 Symbolists or those
 fumisme**

**♪ incoherents the palette of ♪ be
 my e is red my u be my blue my o
 is yellow my ♪ violet a is my
 orange the atelier of ♪ be full of
 pierreuse**

lorette grisette

aperitive

gigloette coquette

**all in the most
 sumptuous colors**

**complementary that set
 the ambience on fire the
 vowels of ʃ quiver with
 emotion with the loves
 desire of ʃ rivers of fire
 flow fromst the pen of ʃ
 the colors of my
 vowels be soft as velvet
 scented like perfumes of
 benzoin musk and
 patchouli rhythmic like
 the trills of birds singing
 in emerald leafed trees
 the vowels of ʃ revolve
 round the full moon
 bright like gems aflame
 flames the vowels of ʃ
 the vowels of ʃ softer**

than the limpid tones of
 hummingbirds more
 sublime than music more
 profound than the
 philosopher mind the
 vowels of ♪ coat the
 night in stars of colors
 more limpid than pellucid
 pools upon which pink
 swans float rippling
 wavelets of liquidity
 the words of ♪ be to
 impressionism as color
 to grey
 the words of ♪ be to
 Chromoluminarism as
 tingling stars to dust
 upon the back of slugs

the words of *J* be to
 Symbolism as the
 "*L'Après-midi d'un
 Faune*" to journalism
 oh my my shimmering
 chromatic vowels oh
 my words of
 tintinnabulations of
 color lift the soul
 and intoxicate the
 senses with their
 rhapsodic rhythmic
 harmonies of
 prismatic light
 casting all in the
 cloak of the loves of
J my inamorata
 with myosotis in

**their pussy hair they
the butchers meat for
their maquereaux**

pierreuse

lorette grisette

aperitive

gigloette coquette

**colors complementary explode
fromst the pen of √ each vowel
enflaming the next igniting each
into gem-like flames of melodic
raphosodies that burn with
sexual fevers of exquisiteness like
a yellow kiss smeared on violet
powdered cheek**

oh my inamorata in
deep chiaroscuro
surrounded by yellow
salvia purple asters red
gladioli orange coleus
leaves each in green
bottles shimmering o'er
a blue background with
cloth nacreous sheen
with harmonies of blue
and green peonies and
myosotis in riots of
green-red contrasts with
roses and carnations
saturated colors on beds
of lush hues like
sculptured brush strokes

oh my **pierreuse** thee sit like a
vignette red **hair** 'gainst
backdrop of green **panty**
as light flits o'er thy face
like butterfly wings of
Delacroix hues oh my
pierreuse dashes and
dots of light dapple thy
cheeks flushed with
desire complimenting the
harmonies of violent
tones of flowers in
saturated colors grown
the lips of ♪ quiver with
desire to plunge their
puffy fold o'er the
succulent lips of thee to
plunge the quivering lips

of √ upon those fold of
shimmering red to lick
those fold ast √ lick ripe
fruit oh my **pierreuse** thy
cunny **hair** of red like in
broad brush strokes of
impasto light the texture
rippling color like
splashed upon **green** in
vibrant comma-like curls
and swirls of
interlocking dots like
basketweaves in twirls
in saturated shadowless
light bright with flowers
interlocking ast washed
with colored showers

oh my **lorette** thy cunts folds in
 bushstrokes of complex
 calligraphy violet **lips** streaked
 in violent dots and dabs of
 yellow **sequins** encrustations
 of light colors no more than
 dots bright contoured by brick-
 like rectangles o'erlapping
 confederations of lacelike
 skeins that reveal cobolt
backgrounds of blue oh my
lorette

that ♪ couldst lick thy
 lips with agitations of desire
 to weave along those pips
 succulent flesh changing
 pattern of nibbling bites in
 lines parallel that along the

**contours of those squeelchy
lips the lips of J do suck and
paint out a palette of colorful
flowering blooms that
shimmered like blown by light
upon the heavy impasto of the
granulated points and dots of
drenched color flavored with
bites that radiate out
out along the surface of
the violet flesh like rays of
sunlit light yellow upon
"Wheat fields with a
Reaper" to curve round
across the flesh of she like
o'erlapping skeins of frozen
sunlight**

oh my **grisette** thy **clit** an orange
 glow shimmering 'neath
 thy cunt **hair** of luminous
 blue 'neath thy skirt to
 my view above in lines of
 accurate perspective thy
clits orange lamp light
 ast garish ast *Night*
Café –Interior halo of
 orange fire ah my
grisette goeth mad do *♪*
 with desire thy **clits** fire
 doth ruin *♪* send *♪* into
 paroxysms of rapturous
 delight into spasms of
 quivering raptuousness

**thy cl^{it} vibrates orange o'er thy
cunts blue hair sends
out sparks of fire like a
flittering firefly that
wash the air o'er thy
cunts hair in washes of
chromatic harmonies that
flicker and flash their
vibrancies o'er the
tingling tongue of ♪ that
throbs with the musky
taste of thy cunts
liquidity basking in the
fractured image of short
sharp strokes of furnace-
like light**

oh my **aperitive** thy yellow cunt
hair shows thru thy panties
 crepon-like with embroidered
 "Courtesan after Esien"
 outlining thy violet cunts puffy
lips with slit furrow etched
 upon cloth dazzling in
 kaleidoscopic colors volutes of
 yellow hues outlining
 asterisks of violet hues that
 shows thy cunts **lips** puffy wet
 to the desiring view of ♪ thy
 silken panties sheers show
 thru the latticework of thy
 curling hairs in crystalline
 colors like squeezed directly
 from the paints tubes oh my

**aperitive thy thy cunts lips
float like puffs of color upon a
scented breeze bordered by the
gilded yellow of thy fleecy
cunts hair oh the fevor those
colors of ornamentation send
rippling thru the flesh of ♪ the
pure tesserae pigments kiss the
eyes of ♪ with exquisite
delight ast the light flickers of
those pure incandescent hues
oh that perfection of
harmonies those symphonies
of delight
each delight wrung to its
extremity of raptuousness**

oh my **gigloette** thy cunts **lips**
red like puffy peppers
elongated smear o'er thy
panties green like
incandescent emeralds
crepon of color be thy
silken panty thy cunts **lips**
mouth be **red** upon **green**
upon **red** like splashing
paint unmixed fromst tube
direct plate of blazing
color like window stain
glassed jigsaws of
luminous shades of **reds**
and **greens** of crystals of
color exquisite
complementarities of lurid
intensities decorative

calligraphies **red** veinings
 set 'gainst splashes of
greens to weave colored
 patterns of light like the
 plum orchard of "One
 Hundred Famous views
 of Edo" that lays stitched
 upon thy panty cloth oh
 my **gigloette** with fervor
 ♪ gaze upon thy
 Japonisme cunts view
 to burn with feverish
 ardor to blaze alight with
 passions fire to wash thy
 exquisiteness in the
reddish glow of the
 passions of ♪ for thee

oh my **coquette** thy cunts yellow
lips luculent and bright
hang 'neath the violet
curls of thy cunts
profusion of **hair** like
twin sunflowers fromst
"Sunflowers" the color
of thy **lips** like strong
brush strokes
aggressive with violent
color layed upon thick
along the curve of thy
lips resplendent with
brilliant color of pure
sensation ridiculing the
vagaries of Monet or
the faux science of
Seurat thy cunts **lips** in

**bold outlines simplified
geometries of vivid light
defying the canons of
impressionism oh my
coquette thy cunts lips
garish view alights in √
tremoring flames alights
in √ fervent fevers of
unlocked passions the
prismatic colors of thy
flesh refresh my soul
with primitive longings
awaken in √ desires of
the jungle desires of the
cannibal that √ couldst
eat and devour thee into
me in some orgy of
cannibalistic frenzy**

sit ♪ ♪ c'est un fou at "Le
 Chat Noir" painting
 word pictures of the
 loves of ♪ drowning in
 the garish colors of
 Louis XV green and
 malchite harsh blues and
 yellow-greens in an
 atmosphere of pale
 sulphur like the furnace
 of hell here ruin ♪ in the
 desires of ♪ here go mad
 ♪ in the unwholesome
 passions that rake the
 flesh of ♪ amidst garish
 lamps of green and
 orange flames like halos
 of gas lit brushstrokes

♪ c'est un fou amidst
 colors applied with a
 knife that thru the mind
 of ♪ slice and the
 garish **reds blues orange**
 and **green** cut thru the
 mind of ♪ like colored
 razorblades of cold steel
 alone ♪ c'est un fou in
 the immensity of empty
 desolation alone ♪ c'est
 un fou with the
 unwholesome drives of
 the flesh of ♪

isbn 978187634783 ♪

*La
Mousmé*

*Doem by e
dean*

La

Mousmé

Poem by c

dean

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2016

Preface

The feverish storm that ferments in the veins of the sick of mind of the soul sick where hallucinations of desires fires the fevered flesh of the hungry pain where the pulsating blood fires the yearnings that lurk 'neath the heaving breast that exhaust the flesh with sensual anemia with depravities of passions chlorosis pallor wallowing in squalid salacity with mouth gaping for the tastings of voluptuous flesh to suck the juices of the flowerings of youth to dive into sordid debaucheries with the unslipped feet of legs unstockinged to lust with impious sensuality o'er the ripe bursting flesh of youth with mouth frothing with crapulous intoxications of the flesh bursting with hysterical desire oh that all these sensual things wouldst o'erwhelm ♪ and into the depravity of my mind take ♪ into paradise upon the wings of lust

Theo Here lay I I sigh the pain
 burns in the mouth of I ast sigh
 I the cries of I that in the
 shadows dissolves in the
 darkness dies burns the mouth of
 I ast the bowels of I churns
 with tormenting pain the eyes of
 I weep tears that flood fromst the
 eyes of I to burn the cheeks of I
 and the flesh that erupts with
 pain cry I while the cries of I
 in the shadows dissolve that
 about I wrap I up like into a
 shroud of black that sucks up the
 cries of I and into oblivion dies
 ast the bed of I scented with the
 odors of my cries be scented with
 the perfume of the pain the torment

of the acheing flesh of ♪ while
 shadows dance macabrely round
 with not a sound but the sighs
 that fromst the burning lips of ♪
 breathe out to die in these darken
 shadows despair which doth
 wrap ♪ up and the sighs of ♪ do
 bubble fromst the lips of ♪ as
 bubbles froth up fromst some
 miasmie muck to burst and send
 their stench dripping o'er ♪ ♪
 who in sorrowful torment
 remembers she she *La Mousmé*
 she that beauteous flower child
 clad in perfumed petals of delight
 in the golden light yellow as new
 born butter that cloaked she in a
 halo of brilliancy to send ♪ ♪

into rapturous spasms ♪ ♪ who
 lay here in these shadow and spill
 out my cries of woe that in the
 darkness die and dissolve away
 while ♪ say ♪ ♪ that writhes
 with pain as memories of *La*
Mousmé she whose lips whose
 eyes whose velvet flesh didst ♪
 kiss languidly to taste the scented
 drops that fromst she didst pour
 o'er the earth burst that into
 bloom didst burst to form the
 memories of she that fill the mind
 of ♪ while ♪ ♪ lay in these
 shadows in pain crying out my
 woes of despair that die and
 dissolve in the darken light that
 hangs o'er ♪ like a pestilential

mist within which thru those
 shadows do see ♪ in memories
 eye the form of *La Mousmé* that
 flower child whose memories of
 she be the Viaticum for ♪ that
 lies here sick with burning flesh
 thru which flows like magma hot
 and molted the passions aflame
 for *La Mousmé* whose image
 consumes the heart of ♪ with
 longings to feast upon the petaled
 lips of she with the burning
 scorching lips ♪ bursting with
 desires that ebb and flow with the
 flesh's torment that rake the body
 of ♪ laying in these shadows
 that suck up my cries that into
 which they fall and dissolve away

like frail flowers wilted and
blowing on the breezes breath that
snuffs out the flickering golden
candles flame around the corpse
in the crypt that lays with pallid
lips all empty of colors
beautifying light like the lips of ♀
that long to kiss along the neck of
she sucking out the breath of she
with each regular pulse of the
beating heart of she in rhythm
with the lips kissing dabs along
the eyes of she whose flesh
quivers like flower petals in some
perfumed breeze that emanates
fromst the soul of ♀ feeding upon
she who quivers with each touch
of ♀ with each caress of the wet

**slaverling tongue that slides along
the throat of she to squeeze that
petaled flesh with each out breath
of she that blooms flower-like
upon the memories of ♪ to dazzle
the eyes of ♪ shining like some
opal on fire with the heated flames
of the desire of ♪ in the acking
flesh that torments ♪ with jabs of
pain that burn like hells flames
o'er the tortured flesh of ♪ whoe
doth perish like flowers unto
death lieing upon the cold dead in
some dank filled crypt that smells
like the shadowed fill room of ♪
that suck up the cries of ♪ that
dissolve in that black emptiness
that surrounds ♪ remembering**

that day of yellow light as the sun
golden-hued bright rained down
upon the earth within that abbey
garden upon Montmajours rocky
summit that sixth-century
Christians had sought safety in
those forbidding heights whose
stones moulded for some chapel
Byzantine and medieval *donjon*
that formed the cloister of some
eighteenth-century palace and
gardens left to rot and crumble
after the Revolution into desolate
dissolution under a cloudless sky
burning with yellow light upon the
panorama of Craus wheat fields
of gold painted like with a knives
flat blade in copper hues and

green-gold tints along with yellow-gold and yellow-bronze some flashing orange colored tinctures like red-hot fire that erupted in desires delights of rapture under the suns glowing eye that modulated the light of midday yellows to the russets of sunset hues making the wheat shine luminous in the translucent view in the full furnace of the sun that painted the sky in shades of cobalt and lavender to run into turquoise and the yellow show of the burning sun that cast the scene to my view ast some Cloisonnist depiction of haze and glare in an atmosphere all crystal clear 'neath

a cerulean sky infinite as the sea
 'neath a view full of eternity in
 an infinity of serenity that cloaked
 the garden fecund with boisterous
 growths and profligate flowering
 'midst pomegranates with orange
 lusty flowers vines that climb and
 myriad blooms that all surround
 with fructifying growths with
 mysterious perfumed bouquets
 that gamboled and stampeded in all
 directions all about o'er the ground
 like *Le Paradou* in *La faute de*
l'abbe Mouret with riotous
 exuberance opulent blooms with
 colors extravagant in fertile o'er
 abundancy pulsating throbbing
 without room bursting with

perfumed symphonies of scented
 delights in the yellow light to o'er
 flow and grow 'gainst the
 crumbling gardens walls and round
 the century aged trees knarled with
 age coated with lichen like
 smeared of gems of vivid green
 that shown light upon to the view
 of ♪ 'midst flowery blooms
Sweet peas Pulsatilla
Wisterias Rhododendrons
Pittosporum Philodendrons
Colchicum Lily of the valley
 twining round each other like in
 lovers embrace the face of *La*
Mousmé slightly discerned
 'mongst the voracious flowery
 growths hidden away ♪ say ast

here ♪ lay with the memories of
that girly form seared upon the
mind of ♪ which seethed with
delight upon the sight of she in
that yellow-golden light like fresh
butter hidden 'mongst those
perfumed blooms that hid the
outline of she to me that looked
upon she with rapturous
joyousness that made the veins of
♪ run with fire while the heart of
♪ didst beat beat out its rhythmic
sighs to leave the lips of ♪ in
outward heated breaths that made
the petals of the flowery blooms
quiver and tremble in harmony
with the pulsations of the desires
of ♪ who looked upon this

**flowery girl like looking upon the
full sultry moon drenched ♪ in the
scents of she like in an opium
dream luxuriate ♪ coiled up in
the form of she embraced by she
like a wreath of flowers encasing
me that intoxicates and maketh
the eyelids of ♪ heavy with
sleepfulness to cling to ♪
entwining like a shroud of petaled
fingers that tremble along the
limbs of ♪ clinging like uncoiled
snakes that delight ♪ in the
inexorable bliss of this flowery
girl who gives respite fromst the
blights of the days and nights that
immoblie ♪ and maketh ♪ fade
like some wilted flower like unto**

death to ♪ to which to long if to
 die under some silvery moon
 fanned by the scented breath of she
 with the blightfull joy in the
 shadow of the form of she
 entwined in the sweetness of she
 fanned by the breath out breathing
 of she in the hour of my death
 under some sultry silver moon in
 a languid dream-like swoon with
 the hair of she little bells of lily
 of the valley falling o'er ♪
 cascading down around the lips of
 ♪ that kiss the velvet petals with
 the pouting lips of ♪ that run
 along each stem and lick the
 flowlets into tintinnabulations of
 delight that send scent upon the

lips of *♪* to titillate the tongues
tip into paroxysms of the
deliciousness of ripe fruit along
the lips edge of my puckered
mouth that sucks the flower hair
of she delineated in the *Japanese*
manner with multiple tones of
subtle hues that mark of the
quivering forms of those jingling
bells of color that impasto-like
raise upon the lights rays in rows
of colored explosions like bursts
of light fromst fireworks that
dotted the yellow light like strings
of frozen light jabs and splashes
o'er the background of flowlets
into a cacophony of combinations
of hues of unreasoned color that

**sprung to life before the ravenous
eyes of ♪ hungrily slurping in the
bouillabaise of delicate colors
voraciously devouring those eyes
of *Datura* filled with dew
fathomless in their mysterious
glow of limpidity infinite in depth
in the immensity of the gaze of ♪
that dive into those waters of
desire and swam round the
gibbous rim percolating scented
bubbles of globular light in those
eyes like blue flowers floating
upon a bottomless sea twin
luminous flowers that out scented
perfumed breaths to be sucked up
into the soul of ♪ lighting ♪ up
into flames of desire upon the**

**translucent limpid liquidity of
those floating flowers with
seductive gleams that cheers my
days breathing in the scent of
those floating flowlet of eyes that
quiets the agitated soul of ♪ that
feels the trembling warmth beneath
the flesh of ♪ that luxuriates in
the tingling fondling and caresses
of those eyes enchanting ♪ into
forgetfulness like the sleep of
death that encases poppy filled
dreams in the immortal flames
of bliss that flare in the gaze of ♪
upon those luculent eyes whose
color vibrates shrieks and pops in
savage show of desires fires that
emanates fromst those twin**

**crystals of color like stain
 glassed windows those eyes look
 upon √ like dabs of paint straight
 fromst the tubes glossy mouth in
 an extravagance of saturated light
 that lights upon the eyes of √ like
 canvas for the painters brush
 streaking with slices and dabs of
 color that blind with their savage
 light and burns voluptuously
 upon the lips of she red Azaleas
 in full bloom that breathes o'er √
 the fragrant scent of the breath of
 she those lips curling
 voluptuously like puffy fruit ripe
 and sweet upon the flesh of she
 that explode like twin red suns of
 flaming color that √ long to kiss**

**and run the tongues tip of ♪ along
around o'er those puffy slices of
fruit that taste of lust and desire
upon the mouth of ♪ like some
long languid kiss that sucks and
bites the lip of ♪ to send ripples
and quivers of trembling thru the
flesh of ♪ that feels the heated
breath that emanates fromst those
flowlet lips of burning red like hot
coals fromst hell that burn ♪ with
desire burn ♪ with heated pangs
of ravishing delight in the light
layed on with thick brush strokes
like like with knife edge patches of
red colored hues fevered dabs of
light red blooming fructifying
'fruit of dashes of stark outlines**

that lay above 'neath which
swayed in bountiful profusions
breasts of *Hydrangea* great puffs
of bursting colors that felt soft to
the tongues tips lick of ♪ that run
around the abundance of
polychromatic color bursting
with fecundity and fructifying
fervor that sat upon the light like
great clumps of frozen liquidity in
lace works of hatchings and
globes of protruding color
swirling with fertility edged in
contours of voluptuous exuberance
in an evanescence of perfectibility
of brush-like strokes and dabs of
pure color of delectability that
hurl passions into the soul of ♪

like a flaming dart of light full
of joy in the kisses the eyes ♪
lay o'er the soft petals of those
breasts upon which spread the
ruins of the heart of ♪ fragmented
fromst the gaze of the eyes of ♪
that vampire-like drink up that
beauteous form that strangles ♪
in its hold like some dreadful
thing coiled round the soul of ♪
reaching to the depths of ♪ that
holds ♪ tight like unto death that
wraps ♪ up like some loathsome
snake and crushes in its embrace
fromst the gaze of ♪ that lurid
stare that bathes ♪ in the poison
of the breasts scented breath that
spreads o'er ♪ a shrouds of

enlivened passions sweet sickly
scents that mingle with the
perfumed breeze that wafts up
fromst that curling bush of
Delphinium that flowers and
brocades the Venus mount of she
in scented foliage luxuriously
arrayed to my gaze in linked curls
of light that o'erlay the mount that
curl round clit *Anthurium* spadix
yellow spike like frozen sunlight
that upon which suck ♀ giving
heated burns to the lips and mouth
of ♀ that sends the flesh of ♀
into cascading ripples of flashing
flames that curls round the
pouting lips of ♀ into joyess
paroxysms of delightfulness to

rise high upon the sighs of ♪
fromst the quivering lips that
burn with the Anthuriums breath
to curl round the head of ♪ like
the wreaths for the dead and mix
with the breath of that thing of
delightfulness 'neath those curling
twinning threads of lacing petals
sheen along the nymphae with lips
of pastel pinkish gloss of the
scent of oleander lips in slight
curves of rapturous delight
whose odorous breath inhale ♪
with prodigious might the scent
of blooming flowlets that into
reveries of exquisiteness speak to
♪ of death of those days whenst
♪ shall no longer be but absorbed

**into the abyss of nothingness of
this fatigued quieted soul incased
in the scents of those pinkish lips
like slices of crystal that flutter
to each out breath of ♪ ♪ sigh
o'er those pinkish lips of fevered
passion a fire flaming circles of
pink flowery lips flaring torches
to the sight of ♪ that ♪ long to
kiss to lick to bite and nibble
along the lips curvaceous form to
catapult ♪ into the oblivion that is
but death breathing in the scented
fumes of those hanging lips
frames of glorious colors
luminous bright in the yellow
sunlight that coats those lips in
pinkish hues like squeezed**

unmixed fromst the painters tube
 of pure pigment that in J evoked
 the "nostalgie de la boue" a
 melancholy "Weltverachtung" that
 up welled fromst "notre nevrose"
 to taint the soul of J with the
 fumistes "distain for everything"
 and send the mind of J to
 reminisces upon the Moulin de la
 Galette and those brothels of
 sordidness where the flesh of J
 wallows in fevered appetites of
 lust and longing of the muck
 where the mind of J stupefied
 with that greenish fairy to dull
 and deaden that it would descend
 into death-like languor like
 sniffing the flowers of wilted

lilies where the mind of ♪ be at
 peace and where nothing hurts the
 flesh of ♪ that cheers for nothing
 but the scented perfumes of death
 that hover around *La Mousmé*
 that idol of my dreams at whose
 feet worship ♪ unto the kiss
 fromst she of oblivion gives to ♪
 the peace of the death-like sleep
 that she upon the lips of ♪ doth
 render with one long lingering
 press of her lips of noxious breath

♪sbn

9781876347821

Rodeurs de nuit

Doem

by c dean

Rodeurs de nuit

Poem

by c dean

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2016

Preface

**The sun may shine but all is dark
 stormy is life for the sick soul
 No spring but winters gloom no
 love but festering moods of blackest
 night
 With a sick-souls dead gaze a
 black pall spreads o'er all
 nourished on poison all acrid and
 dark
 a sole soul sick wanders the
 universe with cold stare poisoning
 the air with each breath out breathed
 the world doth turn the seasons
 circle on but for the soul sick no
 spring nor love nor happiness nor
 joyous glee till a transfiguration for
 he or she**

**At 12.15 AM fromst the high
 perspective of J in the Café de la
 Gare of Ginoux all in sulfur light
 at table alone shining in emerald
 light slumped with glass half
 empty J**

**No naïf J J be a lothario and
 as the poet sayeth**

“and I knew the destructive
 pleasure in trampling whats sacred
 and good

A delirium exceeding all measure
 the absinthe that poisons my
 blood”

**for No dope J
 who believes the words he uses he
 hath power over where in fact he**

be their slave enslaved to the
 absurdity of the meanings these
 words entail
 for
 No naïf ♪ ♪ be a lothario for
 ♪ escaping fromst words
 words use ♪ to entangle thee in
 webs of meaninglessness to
 squeeze the mind into knots to
 drop the helpless thee into the
 abyss of nothingness ♪ the
 perverter that corrupts thy ideas
 ah what deliriums of bliss what
 intoxications of joy what raptures
 of inexhaustible delightfulness oh
 the life nourishing poison that
 flows thru the veins of ♪ that
 poisons all and burns up all in the

caustic flames of the words of ♪
in the oxyacetylene flame of the
tongue of ♪ all burn with the
incendiary words of ♪ fueled by
the poison of the desires of ♪
that flow magma-like thru the
veins of ♪ ejaculated fromst the
mouth of ♪ spermatic words in
gushing spurts
No naïf ♪ ♪ be a lothario but be
a PCgo in this room
sweating odoriferous scent this
miasmie swamp of
modulated anguish of o'er lapping
torments
this
rat-infested effluvia
this

Filthy putrescent growth
without hope
submerged in broad dashes of
anguish interwoven with torments
on the yellow light
in this subterranean devils furnace
In the Café de la Gare of Ginoux
all in sulfur light
hued in
merbromin light - carmine red
saturated tones of marginalized
isolated an ambiance of dissonant
souls dissonant moods dissonant
passions
where floats the heavy airs of
inner torments of the ruined
the mad
cranks talking politics

**babbling crazies babbling to them
 selves
 nursing wounds rejected suitors
 flopped down at tables each in
 their inner hells
 a typography of human
 incrustations crustaceous impasto
 upon the yellow light
 symphonies of woes
 pains in reds and greens sorrows
 splashed on blood red walls
 'neath jade ceiling hanging o'er
 malcharite billiard table floating
 o'er its orange-red shadow while
 delicate pink nosegays flashed
 each tormenting woe refracted
 thru inner torment of the vision of
 ♪ ♪ within**

clashing contrasts of human pain
'neath four gas lamps like four
suns glaring garish light radiating
strokes of burning yellow orange
light beating down on this
underworld denizens of torments
ast
ooze up pain in scuffs thru
floorboards while torments leach
up thru cracks
ast sits a couple with woman in
green skirt and pink shawl amidst
glinting glasses pink
red labels bottles absinthe-green
sheen ambience of complementary
torments brickwork strokes of
pain o'er layed the light like layed
on with a knife

plates of woe saturate the sulfur
light
like
a manic brush
slathering riffs of pain into
eruptions of impasto
full of cerebral imagery
No naïf *♪ ♪* **be a lothario but be**
a PCgo in this rooms show
sweating odoriferous scent
imbibing the music of pain
thrilling to
impastos of woe enjoying the
exhilaration of shared pain
submerged in the merbromin light -
carmine red oh the joys to feel the
thrill of torment like the feel of
smooth porcelain to erupt into the

**sublimity of the radiating woes
streaming thru the yellow light in
this macabre show each within
one solipsistic solitude of
tormenting loneliness alienated
even fromst ones self alone each
in each alone
each lamp of light like
searchlights exposing each to each
in their exaggerated aloneness
which in aloneness doth keep
in
this pestilential mire √ suck up
the noxious scents that the air
doth drench a scented garden of
mold be this perfumed room of
torments that lay round like coiled
worms and glass eyed lizards to**

exfoliate like trembling flowers of
 woe upward in this yellow light
 that intoxicates with the blight
 growing upon the light
 oh to luxuriate in this light and
 wrap ♪ up in its woes
 complementary like flowery
 wreath layed upon the dead oh the
 torments cling to the flesh of ♪
 like coiling snakes round their
 prey ♪ say woes o'er me lay like
 a shroud
 at table alone shining in emerald
 light slumped with glass half
 empty
 ecstasy and misery unite
 commingle to my sight beauteous
 forms with white pallor in moral

**decay radiate loveliness for I
alone in this living hell
sweeter than the music of singing
birds be the cries of woe that
thru the ears of I resonate with
such delight I my self immersed
in this discordant dream
voluptuous with pain piercing the
light incrustated with woes like
gems upon a necklace bright in
this yellow putrescent light
conjures up in I corrupting
visions of depravity I see before
me that the flesh of I quivers
with inextinguishable delight as
drunken eyes slobbering lips of
drool float like crustations upon
the light before the enraptured eyes**

of ♪ with visions of decayed
 desire strumpets with flesh
 yellow pallor the chlorosis lips
 hardened and thin like the wounds
 fromst razor blades dark rings
 round eyes heavy with sensuality
 that cut the soul like a red hot
 knife lips that suck and teeth that
 bite ones flesh ast the lust filled
 minds eye of ♪
 swarmed with lewd drives like
 festering rotten flesh with worms
 and other slimy smelly things o'er
 some tormented girl ravished in
 suffering fromst some slum ah
 fromst the miry depths of ♪
 raising to the surface of the moral
 bog of ♪ such vision flourished

watered by the memories of the
tears of she whose eyes trembled
at the kisses of ♪ like two
luminous flowers ah these visions
of my promiscuities mired in the
vulgarity of decadent cities with
sordid salacities of bestial
instinctive traits didst lift the
soul of ♪ to heights of delights
and within this pestilential gloom
this morally sordid room bathing
in my self disgust and loathing a
beautiful lady slowly entered into
this squalid place thru door
yellow like the gates of hell
preceded by perfume sweet
smelling of sunny days that dist
exhale fromst the breathing of she

a she most beautiful didst enter
 she passing thru the sordid
 humanity she glided ast if on light
 and bright gleaming shown within
 the yellow light a golden sun
 beaming rays of golden hues didst
 appear the my view and
 penetrated to the souls depths of
 ♪ and blossomed a flower within
 the cankerous heart of ♪ a light
 into the decadent heart of entered
 into the dust of the soul of ♪ into
 the nothingness of this world of
 ♪ and lit up lamps of light
 drawing the curtain of mire apart
 to wash upon the new born
 springtime of this earth ahh saw
 ♪ the starry night whose clouds

are flecked with blue the deeper
than cobalt the stars flickering
gems of points of light rubies red
sapphires blue emeralds green
lapis lazuli blues yellow topaz
and pinks and white more
brilliant than the moons full
glowing face like a jeweler
arranging precious gems these
sparkling light wove ♪ full of the
interlacing joyous feelings of ♪
like wreaths of flowers or
fireworks in the sky ♪ didst paint
the night sky with the rapturous
rhythms of the heart of ♪
feelings of joyousness float round
those stars with citron auras
within the cobalt vastness ah she

**transparently beautiful filling the
 room with glorious light
 reflecting in the eyes of ♪ radiate
 with blissfulness the gaze of she
 spreads round quiet langours
 burning up the woes and torments
 of anguish and fills the veins of
 ♪ with blooming flowers that
 gleam in the burning fires of my
 beating heart within this room
 with thee ♪ ride beyond the woes
 beyond the pains and torments
 with thee the mind of ♪ be
 cleansed of all the sordid muck of
 ♪ ♪ ride within a purple mist
 where light flashes fromst thy
 golden eyes riding ♪ in golden
 wheat fields n meadows of**

**flowers multicolored blooms in
this room ride ♪ to the stars to
the highest celestial dome that the
shadows in the mind of ♪ flee in
the radiance of thy light oh
beautiful lady thy coming hast
awaken the heart of ♪ into song
mind shadows dissolve this
disordered mind to order comes
bathing in the sublime joyousness
of thy smile oh beautiful lady
light hast come throwing out the
darkness lights flare up gold and
pink flowers hang over the head of
♪ to adorn the mind of ♪ in
bouquets of sumptuous blooms**

**out floweth my sordid creations
out floweth my sordid dreams
out floweth my sordid desires
out floweth all these fromst the
mind of ♪ oh beautiful lady in the
sight of thee
thee lift my soul and ignite it with
light
commeth the sunrise of orange
light
the clouds dissolve fromst the
moons luculent face
music hath entered my heart no
more the tormented soul of ♪ no
more the pain and sorrow
tormenting the flesh of ♪ fromst
thy eyes flash light dispersing the
gloom of darkness into**

**illuminated light hast the soul of
∩ flown reborn transfigured ∩ in
thy beauteousness of beautiful
lady
with a palette of blues and greens
with citron highlights paint ∩ the
feelings of ∩ upon the sky the
blackest of blackest blue stars
the palest of pink and green the
joyousness of ∩ ripples the
waters perfect circles dots and
smudges with highlights of mauve
o'er lay the night with the feelings
of ∩ bathed in light
feelings thickly spread in
symphonies with every heart beat
splashing**

**symphonies of feeling hues par
 Coeur par Coeur o'er the sky in
 eruptions of impasto emotions of
 varied tones coat the sky like a
 painters canvas
 ♪ soar
 into serenity
 ♪ dissolve into sublimity
 like exaggerated colors oh
 beautiful lady
 burst ♪ into light like radiating
 strokes flaming o'er the earth
 lighting up all in the enraptured
 joyousness of the
 incomprehensible felicity of the
 transfiguration of me
 in front of ♪ a half full glass
 isbn 9781876347813**

Fatama

Poem by e

Dean

fatama

Poem by c dean

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2016

Preface

To be not perturbed by the ugly

To be to be not perturbed by the

horrible

To float free of the objects of sense

To float free in detachment to ride

the winds of freedom

To ride the winds of rapturous

blissfulness

To soar above

To metamorphose

To be transfigured be

by the ugly the obscenities

by the disgusting be detached

by the horrors be catapulted free

by detachment of all the horrors

around thee

No naïf be ♪ ♪ be a lothario
 No naïf ♪ be be ♪ a lothario
 Oh the sensuality be that words
 do be of the tongue feeling the
 pleasures tactile on the lips tip
 the tongues sheer physicality the
 words sensuality asts words
 sound in vocal chords and sigh
 thru the teeth of ♪
 those alliterations taping liltng
 tones languidly
 a lapidary enameller of words
 polished jewels in the necklaces of
 the sentences of ♪ jewels strung
 on the perfumed threads of the
 meanings of ♪ my hydra jeweled
 sentences

**that sentences thee to hear not the
 saying of the words by me
 that sentences thee to see not the
 images of the words by me
 that sentences thee to smell not the
 the perfume of the words by me
 thee breathe in the perfume of the
 words of me but thee smell not
 due to the blocked nostrils of thee
 the words of ♪ dot the pages here
 but thee see not the meanings there
 a finger dipped in paint paints the
 sunset in a b chord of red that
 tastes of satin fevered passion
 descend o'er the earth like smoke
 fromst a thurible of blood
 red furrowed the sky dome like
 molten metal spilt o'er a canvas of**

**silk a world of desires hot heated
 fervours breathes out fromsts the
 pores of the earth across the face
 of the skys dome parakeets myriad
 birds flashing green and gold light
 cries mix with ॐ maṇi padme
 hūṃ hymns Allahu akbar and
 ॐ float heaven ward into the
 infinity of depth upward circling
 round the gleaming stars of pink
 green cobalt hues floating upward
 curling round the milky way up up
 into infinities immensity to drip in
 saffron light upon golden temples
 egg shaped domes minarets of
 burning white stupas pointing
 pointed to the stars churches with
 stained glass windows in the**

**Cloisonnist style cries prayers
 hymns Om maṇi padme hūṃ
 Allahu akbar and Om upward
 up float in exultation of the
 divinity amorously desiring
 upward up into the sublimity of
 the infinity the desire for god
 unbridled with fervour rapturously
 passionately ardently deliciously
 the golden flow of the river of
 supplication the dizzy
 intoxication of the humanity
 breathing outs its voluptuous
 desires voluptuously consumed in
 its passions fires up ward up
 into the infinities immensities to
 downward float lotus blooms
 roses marigolds in the saturated**

**light like painted with a knife of
yellow flowers with nuances hues
stream down on the light with
perfume impasto rippling
exultations of humanities delight
bathing in the
passionately ardently deliciously
the golden flow of the river of
supplication Om maṇi padme
hūṃ hymns Allahu akbar and
Om ast flowers floating down
around Sufies yogis mystics
entranced ast bees sip and flit
within the flowery blooms tangled
in the meshes of their hair thru
which around o'er the ground
scents of cinnamon frankincense
benzion sandalwood and of wilted**

**flowers cloaking the surrounds in
 scented delights kissing the eyes
 of idols Jackel headed Durga
 Kali Astarte with emerald eyes
 that burn with fire Serukas
 drinkers of blood ruby red
 caressing lingams of amethyst
 kissing yonies carved in ivory
 pink licking the flesh of corpses in
 lustral waters decaying caressing
 monkeys screaming dogs fighting
 pilgrims prostrating beggars dying
 all washed by passionately
 ardently deliciously the golden
 flow of the river of supplication
 stinking miasmas of rotting flesh
 putrefying vegetables cries of pain
 and woe and fetid effluvia**

**ascend in the moonlight mixing
 with the Om maṇi padme hūṃ
 hymns Allahu akbar and Om
 forming impasto textures of
 satin scent upon the perfumed
 light like thick brushworks of
 pure paints of complimentary
 contrasts with tonal harmony all
 in the chord of G flowing o'er
 terraces running down walls of
 golden temples dripping along
 Ghats washing o'er fakirs in
 trances cloaking flowers in its
 velvet touch dissolving in
 passionately ardently deliciously
 the golden flow of the river of
 supplication**

**mixing with moonbeams dripping
fromst moon shining o'er head
that streamed down the alleys
like nacreous milk alley ways that
exhaled the smoke of humanities
fervored voluptuousness sending
into dizzy rapturousness
humanity luxuriously bathing in
the fervours of its amorous
desires consumed in its passions
fires
down deeper deeper
into the infinity of the labyrinths
immensity into the silences
solitudes the perfumed
odoriferous fervours sweep
forming whorls of sensuality
whirlpools of delightfulness that**

**wash o'er the walls rolling on in
infinities whistling along pulses
of beats rippling on the perfumed
airs tapping out pulses with a
rhythmic flow rhythmic beats
ripples of ictus cardiogram trace
of humanities heart beat skipping
feet sprung rhythms
of virgule sounds echo fromsts
the walls that surround full of
doors full of whores tongues
dancing out measured sounds
whores on mats with ibis headed
idols whores leaning in dressess
violet-blue whores odors of hot
spices bare breasts tattooed
purple whores love hearts etched
on puffy lips whores eyes lined**

spread like wings of vultures
 whores negresses with teeth
 whites as pearls filed to points
 with gold piastres gleaming in
 shadow black hair beckoning ♪
 into their lair whores whose eyes
 deep black maelstroms abysses
 that whirl whores wild tigers
 with raised welts cicatrizations
 upon their backs and scare cuts
 with iron hot along breasts
 curving form eyes spiting fire
 fromst passions storm with jackal
 bird
 headed
 Zoomorphic idols eyes glaring
 emerald firs of liquid light desires
 plentitude lusts magnitude

**at the door in a wall on the left
 hand with sphinx head god didst
 I alight Fatama the name of she
 above whose door didst I see**

“I have seen you commit adultery
 and squeal with delight. I have seen
 you act like a shameless prostitute
 on the hills and in the fields”

**Fatama leprous eyes like
 enamels burning splintering the
 night those subterranean eyes that
 burn thy skin with passions
 flames Fatama the grotesqueness
 crypt
 The flesh of iridescent corruption
 purulent**

**The smile of menace oh how thy
revulsion doth seduce ♪ oh how
thy malformed form doth light the
fires of voluptuous desires oh
that ♪ could lie beside this
devoured form and mingle my flesh
with thee that ♪ couldst
That ♪ couldst lick round those
blue tattoos that lace thy face that
♪ couldst kiss those eyelids
etched with sacred signs to throw
thee down upon the dust amidst
the fetid musky scents of decay
'mongst the putrefying offerings to
thy god in sexual congress with
a devotee that ♪ couldst be but to
bite thy nipples red spikes of fire
and hear the ardent vibrations of**

thy sighs upon the air saturated
 with miasmatic fermentations that
 our sighs of desire wouldst
 upward ascend up above the
 domes glided up above the skys
 curved form up up the scent of our
 sighs to mix and fement with the
 ॐ maṇi padme hūṃ hymns
 Allahu akbar and ॐ to drip in
 golden globes of light upon the
 surging mass of humanity to be
 coated in the scented liquidity of
 the desires of we that the heated
 sighs of me and thee be mixed
 with the dolorous chordal
 harmonies of gongs tambourines
 tambours counc shells the cries
 of beggars and the dying to float

down in vibrations of sounds
 upon cows chewing marigolds
 indifferent yogis in Samadhi
 Floating o'er we passionately
 ardently deliciously on the golden
 flow of the river of supplication
 Oh Fatama to gaze upon thy
 cunny lips pink folds of puffy
 elongated flesh etched with arcane
 cryptic symbols that intoxicated
 the flesh of ♀ that mesmerize and
 hypnotize the mind of ♀ oh to lick
 along those darken etched lines
 and to divine those hidden
 messages writ upon that quivering
 flesh
 To taste the delicious delicacies
 of those ample hanging folds

those mysteries untold unlocked
 by the tongues tip of √ 'mongst
 odors in the den of she of
 decaying flowers like the humid
 stench of wreaths suspended o'er
 corpses with pallid chlorosis to
 pluck those curved lips pizzicato
 to feel the quivering of lust deep
 within the marrow of the bones of
 √ ast gaze √ no but stare √ into
 the cunt hole of the that luminous
 liquidity that fathomless abyss
 into which all the splendors of all
 the worlds doth lurk like some
 coiled serpent gaping mouth to
 devour all the selves of this world
 dissolves all the √s in this

detached from thee the ♪ of ♪
 vaporizes into the voluptuousness
 blissfulness fromst
 metamorphosis to metamorphosis
 the ♪ transforms into
 limitlessness spaciousness the
 mind of ♪ opens like lotus bloom
 kissed by the sun fucking thee
 cross ♪ the boundary of horrors
 and pass o'er into the blissfulness
 of inexhaustible raptuousness oh
 Fatama buried in thy flesh
 detached fromst thy flesh of
 horrors ♪ hast no disgust
 beyond the human oh Fatama
 hast thee catapulted me

Oh Fatama
now the sun shines golden bright
in completely dark night

Oh Fatama
I am completely naked yet I am
clothed

Oh Fatama
now see I

The living are completely corpses
dead

Oh Fatama
The day is completely dark but
the dark is completely light

Oh Fatama
Look I a soil born tree born in
a land without soil

isbn 781876347805