

Poetry
of the Australian
Symbolism
Vol.1
by c dean

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List of free Erotic Poetry Books by
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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia
2016

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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

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preface

**the perversity of denying perversity
for the pure all things are pure
ah then the deformed beautified the
aestheticing 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 as gossamer "the thread of
 the virgin" and evanescent as
 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
 as 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
 benzoin 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 Lethe-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”

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pierreuse

lorette grisette

aperitive

gigloette

coquette

poem by c dean

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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 *Ÿ* 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
Ÿ 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 clit 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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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

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

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

*J*sbn

9781876347821

Rodeurs de nuit

Poem

by c dean

Rodeurs de nuit

Poem

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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 ♪Go 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 ast
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 lilting
 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 J '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
J ast gaze J no but stare J 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 Js in this**

detached from thee the ♪ of ♪
 vaporizes into the voluptuousness
 blissfulness fromst
 metamorphosis to metamorphosis
 the ♪ transforms into
 limitless 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

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