

tête de bite

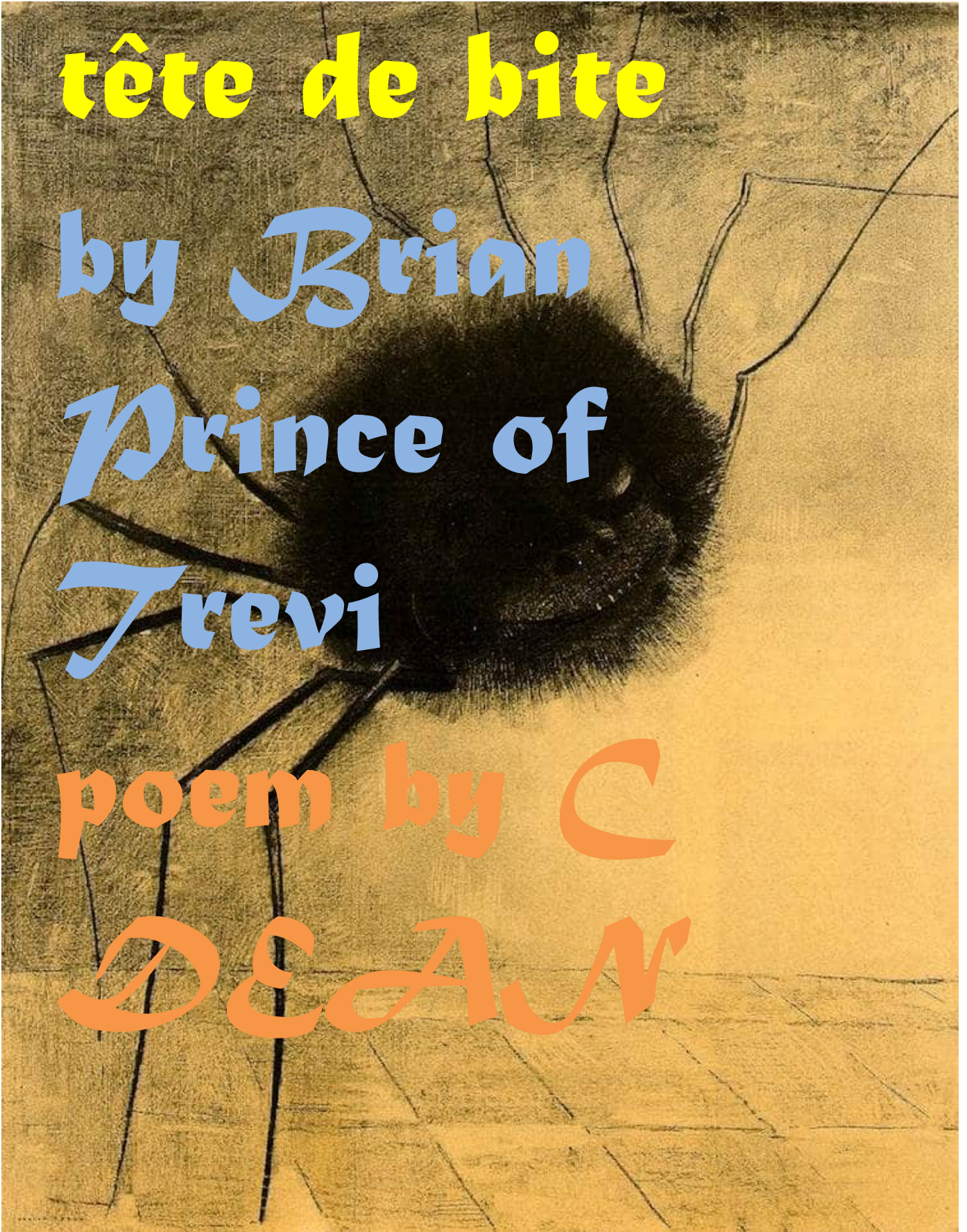
by Brian

Prince of

Trevi

poem by C

DEAN



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2021

FP "*The Smiling Spider*" Odilon Redon (1887)

Publishers in
Introduction Ahh what

be this **tête de bite**

be it be we say a baroque
 abomination perhaps a
 Wagnerian opera wth a leit-

motif of **tête de**

bite we say an unending

melody perhaps full of

**phonetic effects a text where
writing becomes sound or a
text where writing becomes
painting or again perhaps
like the pre-Raphaelites
where the painting becomes
ideas Ahh what be the red
spider Ahh who canst know
do we sniff the scent of
Jean Lorrain even Anhré
Mordann again the
patchwork of an eclectic**

perhaps *Ahh* but what be

sure this **tête de**

bite be a work of

aesthetic sensualism a work

of sonic voluptuousness a

work of hallucinatory

raptuousness where sounds

convey ideas where images

render concepts to the senses

**Where the words the
images convey symbolic
import where words are but
hieroglyphs the words are
illusions are Maya one
must see beneath the veil to
see beneath the surface these
word paintings paint not
pictures but emotions with
symbols and allusions not
echolalia of the quill but
mysticism of the soul**

Preface

To fuck to be only more unsatiated

To fuck only to be more unfulfilled

**So soon to be satiated only to be
unsatiated as soon as it is fulfilled**

**Each new sensation brings elation but as
soon as senses are satiated one becomes
in need of more only again to be
unfulfilled**

**Each fuck only throws more fuel on the
fires that are unfulfilled**

**Ohhh Ohh howeth doth one break this
circle of misery**

Ahh be there be a key to this mystery

**Quill dipping in indigo shadows
 fromst the sighs of √ petals float and
 flowers form thru perfumed air rank
 with desires impuissant too lay by the
 side of √ "Love-Lily" fleshy languor
 fromst the pores of √ seep verses of
 Reginald Bunthorne creep thru the
 mind of √ ornate perversities of
 Swinburne that lash the flesh of √
 with the echo of tête de bite**

**boiling in the mind of √ Ahh that
 refrain bites my flesh torments the soul
 of √ Ahhh that echo burns with heated
 flames boiling regrets devoured in
 aesthete sensualism nihilist
 voluptuousness meet √ insouciance in
 the face of realism in an ambience of
 ennui suffocating √ cry tête de bite cry**

I for thee hast doth sayeth old

Khayyam

Forgetful unforgotten I have found

***No face again like thine nor thy
profound***

***Sad eyes again nor heard in all the
world***

As thy blest voice again so sweet

**Oh those torments of world
weariness once dissolved into joyous
froth at the sight of thee**

**At the sight of those eyes violets nay
those eyes cry I were the blue of the
sky**

**At the sight of thy hair sunflower
hued nay cry I thy hair bright like gold
molten**

**At the sight of thy cheeks pale with a
 tinge of pink nay cry √ thy cheeks be
 ivory white with a tinge of
 mother-of -pearl ink Ohhh but that tête
 de bite me didst spurn thee that fairy fey
 arrayed in a vergissmeinnicht dress √
 didst forget thee that tête de bite me
 world weary √ didst not see Ohhh
 Ohh ast doth sayeth old Khayyam
*Who brought thee last night lovely to
 my side?***

***Who drew thy warm veil cunningly
 aside?***

***Who snatched thee back again so soon
 so soon?***

***Who set this hell-fire burning in my
 side?***

**Ahh sweet fairy fey those femmes
fatales took me away fromst thee Ahh
those femmes fatales**

**Of she Félicien Ropes be her painter
nay say me the painter of she
Lawrence Alma-Tadema be**

**Of she Paul Adams be her poet nay
say me the poet of she Algernon
Swinburne be**

**Of she Joris-Karl Huysmans be her
historian nay say me of she the
historian of she the Old Testament be**

**Ahh remember ♪ howest didst ♪
swoon in their embrace drunk on the
femininities of those shes delirious in
the sexualities of those shes rapturous
in the desires of those shes those shes**

**whos cunt seeped perfumed fumes in the
 paroxysm of orgasms hysteria coating
 the flesh of ♪ in the fluidifying ooze of
 those gushing fleshy mounds of
 voluptuousness Ahh howeth their
 fleshed glowed florescent in lust
 afterglow ast like flowers their cunts
 ast fleurons corollas of flesh gold and
 pink hued blooming arabesques nacre
 shadows floating upon the palpitating
 sighs of ♪ shooting up like pensées o'er
 the ground**

**lit by the light of golden flames of
 candles that flowed like molten light
 thru the cunt hair of those cunts of
 pulpy flesh liquid light bright thread
 thru those cunts hairs phosphorescing
 ast sunsets thru jungle bush peeking
 thru brocatelle panties to the sight of ♪**

Ahh those femmes fatales

**With pale faces of camphor or nacre
nay say ♪ with white faces of the dead
or Geishas phorescent white**

**With flesh resembling the host nay say
♪ with flesh perfumed succulent of an
Heliogabalus feast**

**With necks long and bloodless nay say
♪ with necks fairy floss pink into
which my lips didst sink**

**Ahhh that Beauty Accurst as doth
sing *Le Gallienne* Those beauties
those femmes fatales sigh ♪ at hear ♪
her sigh hear ♪ all those that of she
doth desire Ahh sings *Le Gallienne* a
metaphor of all us we all us that suffer
fromst ennui a metaphor of all us we
that at she doth pant and sigh with
instincts sexuality**

*So when I walk along the woodland
way*

*Strange creatures leer at me with
uncouth love*

*And from the grass reach upward to
my breast*

*And to my mouth lean from the bough
above*

The sleepy kine move round me in desire

And press their oozy lips upon my hair

Toads kiss my feet and creatures mire

*The snails with leave their shells to
watch me there*

*Ohh sweet fairy fey thensts didst I
exist ast for me then "I lust therefore
I am" a dream created by she those
femmes fatales feeding the desires of me*

A dream which didst *Ÿ* not see *A*
 dream in which laid a thousand miseries
 insatiability lead to satiety which
 fanned the fires of desire more for those
 shes each fuck didst leave *Ÿ* unsatiated
 which led to mores fuck of those she
 seeking satiety round and round in the
 circle of lust the senses fed on sexes
 sensualities but only to crave more
 fanning the flames of desire *But*
Ahh the sweet fairy fey didst show *Ÿ*
 the way out fromst that circle of misery
 only love didst see *Ÿ* broke that circles
 chains to free *Ÿ* fromst that dream only
 love satiates truly nihilisms sensualism
 aesthetic nihilism ends in devouring we
 into the abyss of ennui and insouciance

throw they we *Ahh* sweet fairy fey
 didst thee show all this to me to awake
 ♪ fromst that lurid dream now doeth ♪
 see to awaketh fromst that languid
 torpor with nacre flesh bright eyes with
 jasmine-scented veins throbbing all the
 world aglow with gold butterflies
 luminous *Ahh* howeth the poisoned
 mind of ♪ freed the world now see ♪
 blooming with lotus blooms tinted with
 crimson fires kissed by enamelled bees
Ahh Ahhh sweet fairy fey all this
 thee hast given ♪ fromst thy innocence
 all the world glows for ♪ thy
 innocence shot cupids arrows thru this
 heart of ♪ *Ahhh* for thee ♪ lived for
 thee life thee gave to me tints of roses

perfumed the light about this world
 beautified thru thee tints of indigo blent
 with moonlight bright luminous luculent
 rays of light undulating voluptuously lit
 the eyes of ♪

*Ahhh ast doth sayeth old Khayyam
 Moon of my night and art thou really
 here*

*My happy eyes dare not believe thee
 here*

*O love love love –come let us drink for
 joy-*

Until again ♪ doubt that thou art here

**Butt Ohhh but that tête de bite me
 didst spurn thee that fairy fey arrayed
 in a vergissmeinnicht dress ♪ didst
 forget thee and turned my gaze upon
 those shes remembering those fervid
 kisses those burning lips with the red
 spiders bite those shes golden spangles
 in that cunt of she dazzling tints
 tip each pube speckling ast peacock
 plumes interweaved with moonlight
 dazzling hues o'er cunts holes silver
 moons of fulgent light lustres those
 lips of flaming fires But But those
 eyes of she red spider eyes all round
 didst ♪ see those kisses sting like
 spider bite thy lips Ohh those lips red-
 spotted with that red of blood congealed**

those lips Oh those lips painted purple
 green or pink like sunsets glow didst ♪
 turn from thee spurned thee a tête de bite
 too stupid to see in that dream see ♪
 those shes quivering the senses of ♪
 longingly Ahh didst hear ♪ the sighs
 panting didst ♪ smell those cunts randy
 dripping didst ♪ remember those cunts
 honey taste oh ♪ didst feel the flesh of
 ♪ go mad didst ♪ go mad with
 desires heated sighs didst ♪ cry didst
 ♪ cry to those shes the flesh of ♪ ♪
 give nay this very soul of ♪ ♪ doth
 give to thee to thee into oblivion take me
 on the moans of bliss take ♪ into
 orgasms joyous dreams Ahh hear ♪
 thy sighs to ♪ come come thee

delirious in lusts clutch come come
 drown in our madness sweet be our
 sigh sweeter still our kisses be with
 bite and lash with the hiss of snakes
 we sing to thee for thy soul offer we
 dreams of bliss whirlwinds sighs
 looketh thee looketh into the eyes of we
 into the abyss of the little death taketh
 thee we Ahh didst hear ♪ their song
 quaking quivery the flesh of ♪ hahaha
 didst laugh ♪ haha didst laugh ♪ in
 madness rapture Ahh kiss ♪ thee
 shes bite strike rend my flesh give ♪
 bliss for my souls price didst ♪ cry
 But But tête de bite ♪ left ♪ thee
 left ♪ thee sweet fairy fey the only hope
 for me

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