



the scent Of

Calochilus paludosus

Poem

**By c
Dean**

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preface

**what be √ but the feeling that create
 √ each momentary sensation creates
 a moment of √ chains of feelings
 create the illusion of a core √ the √
 exfoliates out of sensations ah so
 bring on the most exquisite feelings
 thru lust and desire thru
 intoxications rapture burst forth the
 most exquisite √ dive into desires
 wallow in the flames of lusts fires
 for there be in those moments of
 exquisiteness the most sublime √ in
 sensations o'erubundance lies the
 full life where the √ be at its most
 heightened aliveness to have the most
 heightened life where the √ flares-
 gem-like for with no feelings no
 sensations then we cease to be an √
 we die**

Sit here hear ♪ there their where
singing words birds two too too
loud in the mind of ♪ ♪ hear that led
to too too much exquisiteness in the
mind of ♪ ah but ast sayeth the
sage "in the beginning was the word"
logos exact but who cares for the
world is made by the word ast
sayeth the sages "By contrast post-
 structuralism is much more
 fundamentalist in insisting upon the

consequences of the view that in effect reality is textual.”

“The universe as it says” **Entragues**

“is the sign of the word” **as it says**

the sage “... whereby it is held that all

reality is linguistic so that there can be

no meaningful talk of a real world

which exists without question outside

language” **words float free no real**

reality only a real dependent on

words dependent upon words

independent of what they designate

**words whose meanings are fluid
subject to slippage a reality by
words defined by words designated
but meanings in flux reality in
slippage continual ast new meanings
thus new realities ast sayeth the**

sage “The continually changing
impermanent phenomenal world of
appearances and forms of illusion or
deception which an unenlightened
mind takes as the only reality”

**with the mystical insight of Plato
 what is taken for the solid real be
 actually but a tissue a web of
 dream-like images no reality but
 words in actuality ah but √ like
 Entranges √**

“no longer believe in things,

but in the mere ideas we have of them;

and, as

the obscurity of the idea is clarified

only by speech,

nothing more of things will exist than

the words

describing them and the final

destruction of matter

will end with the judgment of this

axiom: The

universe is the sign of the word . . ."

**but ah if naught exists but the word
as sayeth Saint John the evangelist
if all there be but OM ast sayet
the Rishis or naught but logos ast
sayeth the Septuagint sages then like**

**Entragues I realize myself through
 the word then all be my I but a
 word a fiction of grammar ast
 sayeth the sages**

“the self’s radical ex-centricity to
 itself. And he asks ‘who is this other
 to whom I am more attached than to
 myself since at the heart of my assent
 to my own identity it is still he who
 wags me’. Hence the self is
 ‘deconstructed shown to be merely a
 linguistic effect not an entity” **then**

couldst say *Ÿ* with *Entraques* that
 what draws *Ÿ* fromst this illusion
 of self be divine in intoxication do *Ÿ*
 lose the *Ÿ* of *Ÿ* in an o'erplus of
 sensuality in an o'erabundance of
 aesthetic delight wouldst *Ÿ* lose the
Ÿ of *Ÿ* in creativities zone ah try
 will *Ÿ* in the perusal by *Ÿ* of
 "London Nights" for inspiration
 will *Ÿ* enter creativities high oh in
 an impalpable moment of frozen time
 the soul of *Ÿ* tremulous drinks in

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**whose sight of diaphanous light
 roseate floats before the eyes of J
 bursting with rapture at the sight of
 shadows of rose hued petals
 vibrating o'er the flesh of J in this
 impalpable instant of frozen time
 immersed in "London Nights" in a
 sublime moment of outpourings of
 creativities beauteousness oh ast
 sayeth the poetess "Stay Stay O in
 your flight**

Extinguish not the rapture

Of this sublime hour' **see ♪ thee now**
with thy panty white laced clutching
thy cunts folds that sight for he not
me that scent of Calochilus
paludosus

caressing the nose of he see ♪ he in
thy room hand under panty curling
thy black crow black curls along the
finger tip of he feeling the soft
texture of thy pallid flesh feeling
along thy crimson slit like a ribbon
of velvet flesh see ♪ thee now with

**thy panty white laced beneath which
lies thy cunts folds for the eyes of
he to see oh that exquisite
beauteousness hid fromst me oh that
loveliness divine of thine for only he
to find with the hands with the sight
with the smell of he oh to think to
see in the minds eye of ♪ he with
tongue slavering in thy hole frothing
up thy juices that once were for ♪ to
think to see he basking in the odors
of the scent ♪**

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**of the cunts fumes of thee to think
 thy folds pink moisty pulpy folds of
 succulent flesh be for the lips of he
 torments the mind of me ast lie here
 ♪ ♪ some in strangers bed wet cock
 smeared with the love juices of she
 but thee only desiring be me ♪
 smelling of the randy cunt fumes of
 she but only desiring thee desiring**

the scent Of

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**wafting fromst the cunt hole of thee
 while kissing she ♪ only desiring**

**the cunts puffy folds of the ripe cunt
of thee oh as we fucked and rolled
and cried and sighed and squealed
and groaned only only thee didst
desire ♪ only thee didst desire ♪
whenst into the eyes of she on fire
for ♪ ♪ only still didst only desire
thee ast our hearts didst beat and
pound in orgasms rhythms still then
didst the heart of ♪ only thee didst
desire ♪ ast didst ♪ kiss the flesh
of she running the tongue of up each
velvet curve round each fold of she**

**still only thee didst desire ♪ e'en
whenst she sobbing out the name of
♪ ast her name fromst the kissing
lips of ♪ didst fly e'en then didst ♪
but only desire thee laying nestled
each in arm to arm each to each
thighs and legs entwined oh oh e'en
then my hearts desire my souls
delight wast only thee e'en whenst
our arms entwining each of we like
jasmine vines and in each of eachs
ears didst hear we the singing of
nightingales and in each of eachs**

**eyes flashed the dazzling light of
lightning bright ast she didst lift the
face of she to me like a white
nenuphar ast ♪ didst cry "all this
loveliness by mine" ast didst cry ♪
"oh my love my heavenly divinity"
e'en then didst only thee didst desire
♪ oh what care we for fidelity so
long ast we but love each other we
thee can fuck he ast ♪ canst fuck
she lick the cunt of she nibble the
fruity lips of the puffy cunt of she**

what matter that be whenst it be **the
scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

**of the cunt of thee that doth love me
 and thee love me what matter it be
 whenst ♪ with she or thee with he
 we n'er weary of our love for each of
 we n'er weary of our love for each of
 we ast the bright sunlight n'er weary
 we ast the birds songs n'er weary
 we ast the blooms scent n'er weary
 we we though in others arms kissing
 others lips caressing others thighs**

what matter that be whenst it be **the**
scent Of

Calochilus paludosus

of the cunt of thee that doth love me
 and thee love me oh what mystery lay
 'neath thy panty white with lace

what memories of ♪ do linger along
 those puffy fleshy folds what odors
 of **the scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

linger o'er the lips of ♪ linger what
 memories of ♪ hear ♪ a litany of
 replies "oh thy tongue of lust didst

maketh the lips of ♪ sing loves
 music in the ear of ♪ didst unsought
 thy lust bringeth lust in the girly-
 smiling eyes of ♪ to maketh the
 cunt of ♪ sing with joy upon the
 tongue of thine oh delight of my life
 know not how **the scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

Fromst thy cunt didst reach the
 nose of ♪ but remember ♪ that sole
 night in each of eachs arms we spent
 like a fairy tale that to ♪ licking
 tasting of thy flowers lovliness ast

**thy cunts dew didst drip like rain
 upon the lips of ♀ oh how thee
 didst fold the face of ♀ in thy crow
 black cunts hair that on the tongues
 tip of ♀ ♀ didst twine those silken
 curls oh ♀ know not how **the scent****

Of

Calochilus paludosus

**Fromst thy cunt didst reach the
 nose of ♀ but know ♀ it lit up the
 soul of ♀ with an ethereal flame that
 swept o'er the flesh of ♀ like a
 tempest of delight basked ♀ in the**

splendor of thy face basked ♪ in thy
 exquisite beauteousness ast fromst
 thy poppy cunts lips sucked ♪ in its
 breath sweeter than the waters of
 paradise ♪ know not how **the scent**

Of

Calochilus paludosus

Fromst thy cunt didst reach the
 nose of ♪ but what knows ♪ be that
 in that sweet scented cunts mouth
 breathed in ♪ the soul of ♪ that
 now we each to each in desire been 3
 years long since we first didst meet

3 years since first smelt ♪ on thy

cunt the scent ♪

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dream it doth seem that ♪ hast seen

thy cunts white panty clothed seen

the folded lips embossed upon that

field of cloth snow-like seen thy

eyes spark with fire at the desire of

♪ for thee in that sight the world

springs into spring with the sudden

flames of each to eachs desire for

each bursts our lusting fires

congealing into flowers falling

fromst the sky perfumed thy cunt
 drips odors that light refracting into
 rainbows shimmering 'gainst the sky
 enveloped we in the splendorous
 flame of our desires for each
 intermixing intermingled souls each
 to each for all moments of eternity
 lips kissing lips no thee no me only
 we we remember ♪ hid 'neath
 flowery blooms in springtime
 meadow ast ♪ didst lick thy puffy
 cunt and smelt **the scent ♪**
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mix and intermingle with Heliotrope
 sweet Magnonette and Rose with
 Hyacinth scent and in that hole saw
 thy face reflected like moon upon
 limpid nenuphar pools the scent Of
Calochilus paludosus

Fromst thy cunt drenching the
 luminous airs colored in crimson
 hues and sapphire blues and lavender
 and flowery tints shimmering in
 saffron diaphanous light we
 remember thy hid 'neath flowery
 blooms ast the fairy folk didst thy

cunts dew odorous with **the scent**

Of

Calochilus paludosus

**collect and wove in dewy threads of
glittering pearls of luculent light and
o'er us didst lace the dewy chain of
brilliant light in a necklace for our
lusting flesh and bound as with that
fairy chain that
bound us fast that we wouldst be
bound joined ast one for all eternity
oh once thee didst sigh soft moan
whenst I didst on thy cunts puffy**

folds nibble and lick and inhale **the
scent **Of****

Calochilus paludosus

**bedewed upon the lips pink edge and
didst hear ♪ nightingales sing and
the whole world didst burst into
spring once whenst thee didst sigh to
the lickings of ♪ didst see ♪ thee
carved out of moonlight didst see ♪
thy lips smile be the curve of the
sickle moon but
now whenst hear ♪ thee sigh ♪ hear
the sighs for he and the flesh of ♪**

trembles and the moon be bloated out
in darkness and **the scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

stales upon the mouths lips of ♀
once whenst ♀ didst hear the sighs
of thee the world burst into
melodious song the flowers perfumed
scents magnified in intensity oh all
the colors of their varied blooms
burst upon the sight of ♀ intensified
light bright and thy beauty didst
drench the airs with the odors of thy
divinity but

now whenst hear *ŷ* thee sigh hear *ŷ*

the sigh for he and **the scent** *Of*

Calochilus paludosus

burns the lips of *ŷ* **the scent** *Of*

Calochilus paludosus

sours upon the tongue of *ŷ* and

rancid becomes yet there be a smile

on the lips of *ŷ* with **the scent** *Of*

Calochilus paludosus

that remembers *ŷ* tinted thy cunts

fruit puffy folds and that thought

take *ŷ* back to the nights and days

wherein *ŷ* didst kiss and suck those

spongy lips of thee that didst ♪
 dissolve in a whorl of light and into
 a dream of bliss didst swoon ♪
 upon that kiss of ♪ upon thy spongy
 lips with **the scent** ♪

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there be a time before thee that this
 dungheap world closed ♪ the eyes of
 ♪ too but then entered upon the nose
 of ♪ **the scent** ♪

Calochilus paludosus

Fromst thy cunt and it ignite the
 flame of lust in me and then opened

unto ♪ a world of light a world of
 sensual delight the pulse of ♪ didst
 in melodious harmony beat with life
 loveliness with lifes innumerable
 joyousness **the scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

of thy cunts moisty folds didst open
 unto ♪ exquisite rapturousness an
 o'erubundance of blissful
 intoxicationousness oh thee didst
 catapult ♪ into a dizzying ecstasy of
 transcendent delightfulness with thee
 have ♪ closed the door to the

**dungheap of this world and fused the
soul of ♪ with thine against the
world of our world within a world
thee and me enclosed in rapture
within our world cut off fromst that
sordid dungheap and ♪ and thee in
our union of blessedness yet kept ♪
fromst thee the secret desire of me
didst thee know
that ast the pearl is hid within the
shell
that ast the gem is hid within the
earth**

**that ast gods face is hid within the
world**

**so be is hid within me the desire for
the scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

**that wafts fromst the fleshy cunt
folds of thee yet now be √ cut off
fromst the scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

**thee my desired one hast abandoned
√ and wander √ alone in
separations agony longing for thee
ast sufi mystic longs for god and**

**suffers the pains and torments in
 separations woe oh my desired one
 this tormented soul burns not in the
 flames of desire but in the airs of
 hell in this separations fromst thee
 like Sadi Sarmad and all the other
 love tormented souls that languish in
 this pestilential dunhheap ♪ cry out
 to the ♪ moan in paroxysms of
 anguish come back to ♪ come back to
 ♪ a brightened the eyes of ♪ with
 thy sight oh long ♪ for **the scent Of**
Calochilus paludosus**

**ast Hafiz and Rumi longed for their
 beloved come to me leave me not to
 burn in hells fires rescue me and to
 paradise take ♪ in the cunts folds of
 thee warped up enfolded in that
 humid flesh that ♪ canst once again
 in ravishment delight in the
 intoxication delirium once again to
 smell to smell frmst thy cunt **the**
scent Of**

Calochilus paludosus

♪n this pestilential dungheap of a
 world without thee the flowers

**scents rancid becomes their petals all
 withered things the leaves of the tree
 wilted and desiccated dry and dead
 all things of this world be one
 winter of eternity no summer sun to
 warm once flesh oh languish ♪ hear
 without thee that cunt with **the scent****

Of

Calochilus paludosus

that was taken fromst ♪ yesterday
 pray ♪ oh to all the goddesses of
 love *Aphrodite Innanaa Pravati*
 all those pagan goddesses lust ♪ an

Chin-Lien Cliodhua Astrate

Tlazolteotl Astghik supplicate ♪

pray ♪ to all of thee that thee all

will bring back to me that cunt with

the scent Of

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**Oh what be the result of this
cadenced prose this act of creation
in rhythms all see ♪ is the ♪
exfoliates out of sensations ast
sayeth the sage**

“we never observe anything beyond
a series of transient feelings,
sensations, and impressions There is
no impression of the “self” that ties
our particular impressions together....”

**Oh the I be no more than the sum
of its impressions at any time there
be no core self at all no me exists
apart fromst only impressions as
sayeth the sage “ we can never be
directly aware of ourselves, only of
what we are experiencing at any given
moment... the self is just a bundle of
perceptions, like links in a chain”**

**oh oh owe I my self this I to the
world to the world of sensations oh
without these impressions I do
cease but to exist ah dam my I this
I existence depends like Solange
saw “just understood how much the
wretchedness of**

a mediocre existence, how much the sentiment of the universal dunghill, was necessary to his happiness”

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