

**the scent**

**Of**

**Cypripedium**

**Poem**

**By c dean**

**the scent**

**Of**

**Cypridium**

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2016

# **preface**

**ah what be worse for thee incessant  
thinking round and round deconstructing  
in solipsism's loneliness indifferent to  
the world no desires no passions fires  
but**

**be this a living death and to what end be  
it for this nothingness of detachment  
or**

**be it worse than passions fires thee  
driving mad with cravings desires on  
fire with lust with insatiable fires  
driving one mad unremittingly  
incessantly no respite fromst the  
cravings fire**

**which do ask √ thee**

**which madness doth thee aspire for thee**

**Sit here ♪ in thought caught naught  
but in incoercible churning thinking  
of chloasma women of dubious  
muliebrity while round the head of ♪  
float parthenoides of many blent  
colors oh to drink the nepenthes of  
homer and rid ♪ of these twirling  
thoughts that couldst ♪ look upon  
the candles flames flickering flowers  
of gold to see in their light some  
respite fromst the mind of ♪**

**oh the churning of the incoercible  
 thinkings of √ that blister the mind  
 of √ and turn all to nothingness to  
 meaningless nonsense and ast sayeth  
 the poet**

“... and to this nothingness we  
 sacrifice all...but to what end’

**Even √ who sit here turn this glass  
 in front of √ to absurdity for  
 absurdity be ast didst Aristotle  
 sayeth**

1) ontological “It is impossible that the  
 same thing belong and not belong to

the same thing at the same time and in the same respect."

2) psychological "No one can believe that the same thing can (at the same time) be and not be."

3) logical "The most certain of all basic principles is that contradictory propositions are not true simultaneously."

**so 's this glass half full or half empty in front of me Aristotelian logic doth say no contradiction canst be true**

yet reality contradicts that truth for In  
reality a contradiction canst be true is  
this Deans glass half full or be it half  
empty as the poet colin leslie dean he  
being the first to see points out **this**  
**Deans glass is in itself both half**  
**empty and half full be both**  
**simultaneously** but that doth contradict  
the law of non-contradiction of  
**Aristotelian logic which doth sayeth a**

**contradiction cant be true but the Dean**



**glass exists it is true**

**oh this sterilization of thinking oh  
 this incessant fecundation of  
 tormenting ideas  
 locked √ the soul of √ away fromst  
 this world with disgust and closed**

**every sense except be the mind of J  
 observing itself in tormenting  
 analysis of each thought that passes  
 before the gaze of J**

“... and to this nothingness [!] sacrifice  
 all...but to what end

**with this result ast sayeth the sage**

“what nonsense | have to think what to  
 platitudes hear what stupid remarks  
 to bray? And in what language! Just  
 so the practical part of my talk be not  
 useless! “

**And for what result all we do is  
project onto the world our own inner  
mind our own inner issues our own  
inner nightmares for ast sayeth the**

**sage t**

“The material and unconscious world  
lives and moves only in the intelligence  
which perceives and recreates it anew  
according to personal forms there is  
as much of the thinking world as a  
superior intelligence unites and  
fashions to his wish”

**to simply sayeth**

“... that you judge humanity by your  
own sentiments”

**and all this whirlwind of thinking  
has given I be but a withered soul a  
soul pained with loneliness no  
splendor of the sky do seeth I no  
beauty in a butterfly seeth I no  
visible thing doth give joy to I  
nothing serves for pleasure beyond  
the solipsism of the mind of I an  
inner world built only on the  
imaginings of I  
what canst bringeth I peace joy  
some happiness outside the mire of  
the mind locked in on itself of I**

**Wast criest the tormented soul**

“To make our sorrow less

Is there not pity in the heart of  
flowers,

Or joy in wings of birds that might be  
ours ?

Is there a beast that lives, and will not  
move

Toward our poor love with a more  
lovely love ?

And might not our proud hopeless  
sorrow pass

If we became as humble as the grass ?

I will get down from my sick throne  
where I

Dreamed that the seasons of the  
 earth and sky,  
 The leash of months and stars, were  
 mine to lead,  
 And pray to be the brother of a  
 weed.

**To make a start to give a try at life  
 will view √ these "London  
 Nights" ..... Ah what sensuality  
 oh what heated joys these nights give  
 to the flesh of √ fertilizing the mind  
 of √ with desires imaginings the  
 mind of √ awash with **the scent****

**Of**

## Cypridium

**The senses of ♀ reel sparks of  
color flesh fromst the flesh of ♀  
that once didst shine like ice on fire  
be ♀ with all the desires within a  
brothels den flames leap saffron  
hued to the arched dome of the sky  
flickering tongues of light pour forth  
fromst the cocks knob hole of ♀ and  
blend with the light of the suns  
burning eye the flames lap and caress  
the flesh of ♀ like the petals of**

**flowers like flowers do the flaming  
 sparks form and heaven sent upon  
 the heated breathings of ♪ the  
 heated goo fromst the cock of ♪  
 drips like crimson seeds fromst like  
 fromst some ripe fecund pomegranate  
 cleft with the scent**

**Of**

**Cypripedium**

**to burst into flames ast innumerable  
 candles with luculent luster of blent  
 colors  
 leering thru a brothels window pane**

**intoxicatingly do √ see she eyes meet**  
**me skipping along the eyelashes of**  
**√ gazing into the pupils of √ eyes**  
**dancing o'er the flesh of each eyes**  
**dancing skimming along each curve**  
**of breast up along thigh where panty**  
**white like a gash of glacier twixt**  
**two pink sides covered in mist of the**  
**scent**

**Of**

**Cypripedium**

**whose fumes permeate the room**  
**rapturously deliciously do the eyes**

**of each kiss with long languid look  
desires leap like flames of hells  
fires eyes twin blend grasp in tight  
embrace waves of delight flash o'er  
the flesh of each each thrilling to  
each the eyes glance gleam with  
burning light ast each eyes dancing  
to the rhythms of the pulsating  
melodies of desire of each under the  
moonlight that rains down like  
phosphorescing milk at the arch of  
this brothels window oh long ♪ for  
a she pallid like some withered**

**petaled bloom white like light upon**

**ice or chlorosis skin melancholy**

**sorrowful with woes exuding the**

**scent**

**Of**

**Cypripedium**

**In the night oh that she wouldst out**

**of this brothel come undulating like**

**some snake thru hidden grass**

**undulating sinuously like some feral**

**she-cat full of desires of fire for**

**oh that she wouldst come more**

**beautiful that flowery blooms with**

**the hair of she decked with the tears**  
**fromst all the eyes of the cries of**  
**all the girls of all the worlds their**  
**lost loves lamenting oh that she**  
**wouldst come with eyes full of**  
**desires flames ever desiring ♪ ast ♪**  
**ever desiring she ast wait ♪ here see**  
**♪ a she skipping with fromst the**  
**skirts billowing**

**the scent**

**Of**

**Cypridium**

**she skips the shirt of she floats  
higher white panty round pear shaped  
arse cheek revealing in the plum  
colored night the white light lights  
the night wavering thru the night like  
light refracting thru waters aqueous  
liquidity making night undulate like a  
amethystine pool shimmering the  
street lamps like gillyflowers upon  
sinuous stems seaweed-like swaying  
in the vast sea of plum colored light  
she skipping circling agitating the  
water-like night with surreptitious**

**glances the fluidity of she washes  
o'er me writing poems with her  
gestures up wells the skirt of she  
tightly clutching the cunt of she with  
little black curls peeking freely  
fromst the white seams of the  
moisty panty oh she skips and twirls  
deliciously down bending her  
callipygian arse revealed round like  
ripe fruit to see she like *Bettina* of  
the old pervert *Goethe* with limbs  
suppler and more suppler bends o'er  
she with the delicate tongue of she to**

lick the delicate cunny of she  
 absorbed in the delight of she  
 unaware of the delight of me desiring  
 she ah long ♪ for that she that be a  
 hothouse flower delicate with  
 the scent

Of

### Cypridium

on the cunts breath of she that she  
 that be a flower artificial with  
 lipstick red painting lips full blown  
 ast the flowers petals that she  
 artificial completely with the tint of

**violets on the cheeks of she with the  
curls of the hyacinth furling round  
the face of she with the eyebrows of  
the night moth with the eyes gleaming  
like diamonds oh for she completely  
artificially a flower made up  
where nature be the unreal and the  
real be the artificial where the eyes  
of she gleam 'neath eyebrows like  
peonies 'neath arch bridges where the  
cunt of she be a garden fair cunt  
hair well trimmed purple hued  
decked glinting sequins of blent**

**colored hues where the cunts lips of  
she be painted lipstick red like the  
petals of lustrous roses blooms  
where the cunts hole rim be etched in  
pink like the lips edge of budding  
blooms where the clit of she be ring  
pierced and pink lacquered like a  
throbbing grape oh for she artificial  
completely she well poised  
with the scent**

**Of**

**Cypridium**

**perfuming the cunt of she buoyant on  
the airs cinctured fromst the cunt  
hairs of she crinkling the light**

**oh that some she wouldst come**

**cloaked the scent**

**Of**

**Cypripedium**

**some she like a spring-time open**

**flowery bloom cunt with petals**

**unfurled like ships sails in the wind**

**unfurled like butterfly wings basking**

**'neath warm sunlight some she**

**dripping cunny ooze like some**

**bursting nectar filled bloom some she  
with cunt unfurled wavering to ♪  
with heated desires fires  
oh beauteous she will give ♪ thee  
rings for thy nose and fingers tip and  
thy pink clit and for the ends of thy  
toes bangles for thy ankles and  
dainty wrists and studs for thy  
breasts red turgid tits oh beauteous  
she will give ♪ thee flowers for thy  
cunts curly hair and rubies pearls  
sapphires and chroysoites and  
chrysopraxe to stud along thy cunts**

**lips pink edged rim tinted with the**

**scent**

**Of**

**Cypripedium**

**oh beauteous she will give ♪ thee**

**all of thy dreams to beautify thy**

**wanton ways all thee hast to give ♪**

**be only thy desire for ♪**

**oh sweet girly at this hour thee be**

**legally for me thee wanton thing thee**

**tantalizer of the senses of ♪ long**

**hast ♪ looked at thee ast thee didst**

**pass the gate of ♪ and desire thy**

**callipygian arse clutched tight in that  
 skirt so high long hast ♪ have hoped  
 for that thee wouldst bend to knot  
 thy unknotted black shoe lace giving  
 ♪ a glimpse of that white panty that  
 clutched tight thy hairy cunny that  
 wouldst then waft to ♪ the scent**

**Of**

**Cypridium**

**oh that thee wouldst tremble with  
 some desire for ♪ oh that ♪ couldst  
 glimpse that budding nipple 'neath thy  
 white full bra oh that they eyes**

**wouldst bloom with desires delight  
 for J and that thy wet spot where  
 due to J that thy virginal cunt  
 wouldst blossom full bloomed into  
 desire for J that thy eyes wouldst  
 meet the eyes of J and hide a sweet  
 desire for J oh that J couldst kiss  
 that flower budding cunt and draw  
 into me the scent**

**Of**

**Cypripedium**

**that fruit puply mouth full of its  
 sweet honeyed liquidity with its hole**

**of liquefied amethyst with its lips  
like violets that the tongue of ♪  
couldst with desire play along their  
dew lips edge those lips that at ♪ do  
smile with flushed flesh oh if thee  
will will ♪ desire thee into delirium  
will ♪ devour thee in the plentitude  
of my lechery thee be to me a  
capriccio full of flirtatious caprice  
that we couldst kiss in wild embrace  
in the immortality of an ecstatic  
moment of frozen time that ♪  
couldst press the lips of ♪ to thy**

**cunts pulpy folds and taste for  
 eternity that sublime sweetness  
 oozing fromst thy hole fromst desire  
 for ♪ oh whenst thee comes ♪ be  
 enveloped in **the scent****

**Of**

**Cypripedium** all the flowery  
 blooms be images of thy cunts  
 blossom bloom all the earth doth  
 smell of thy scent the blood flows  
 thru the veins of ♪ with fires of  
 desire the knob of ♪ throbs whenst  
 thee comes near the cock of ♪ glows

**with the heat fromst my pounding  
heart like a flaming candle it warms  
the world with it golden light a tall  
glowing daffodil be the cock of ♪  
whenst thee comes near whenst thee  
comes near the air undulates with the  
curves of thy body firm the light  
becomes liquid blent with thy cunny  
scent making the flowers colors  
brilliant like the fires in gems ast the  
fire in the eyes of thee spark thru the  
light whenst thee comes near oh  
whenst ♪ walk the cities streets**

see ♪ sleep walking phantoms  
 drowning in mist blent with violet  
 purple hues till the air be with **the**

**scent**

**Of**

**Cypridium** andst fromst

afare ♪ view you with eyes afire  
 lips red garish rouged cheeks afire  
 with memories of desire memories of  
 our night of fucking our night of cunt  
 licking and kissing whenst fromst  
 afare ♪ view you with a slip in thy  
 step with a wiggle in thy callipygian

arse know ☺ that thee remembers me  
 that there be in thy panty a wet spot  
 fromst thee with memories of me oh  
 ast wait ☺ for thee with **the scent**

**Of**

**Cypridium** fromst thy cunt  
 upon the lips of ☺ remember ☺ thy  
 flower soft cunts lips that flickered  
 upon the tongues tip of ☺ remember  
 ☺ thy black cunt hair perfumed with

**the scent**

**Of**

**Cypripedium** black ast panther  
 shadows or shadows of crows  
 wings in the night oh remember ♪  
 thy sudden orgasmic cries thy moans  
 and cries with each jab fromst the  
 cock thrusts of ♪ the blent sighs in  
 the candles golden light that washed  
 o'er the pink flesh of thee tints of  
 fire remember ♪ the pounding of thy  
 heart syncopated with pounding of  
 my heart each in rhythm with the  
 cries of thee with the cries of me oh  
 remember ♪ ast upon thy mothers

**doorstep didst we loiter remember √  
 how fingered thee didst √ muffling  
 thy moans with the kissing clasped  
 lips of √ oh how remembers √ the  
 finger of √ perfumed with **the scent****

**Of**

### **Cypridium**

**that we didst both sniff and lick oh  
 remember still doth √ the slurping  
 and swishing of thy cunt ast the  
 fingers of √ frothed up with their  
 twirlings and swirling ast we didst  
 loiter on thy mothers doorstep oh**

**what are cunts puffy lips but for to  
 be kissed licked sucked into bliss oh  
 what are cunts puffy lips but to be  
 fucked and fingered and twiddled  
 with tongues flickering wet tip oh  
 what is the cunt hole for but to sniff  
 the the scent**

**Of**

**Cypridium**

**that wafts upwards in randy heat oh  
 but whenst the kissing doth cease  
 and the fucking be o'er done with  
 andst she doth withhold fromst ♪**

**those puffy lips of she and refuses  
 me the gaze upon the nakedness of  
 she what be it be whenst she hast  
 fancies for another he whenst she  
 doth fantasize o'er he not me  
 whensts she withholds fromst me  
 what she giveth to he what be it be  
 whenst no more **the scent****

**Of**

**Cypridium**

**wafts fromst the moisty panty of she  
 in randy heat for me but for he**

**Ah look ♪ down into the  
 maelstrom of desires drowning in  
 sensuality burning in samsara like a  
 common dog grovel crave ♪ for  
 humanities crumbs with desires  
 insatiable race the desires of ♪ by  
 the desires of ♪ driven ast the moth  
 to its passions flame bite ♪ the hook  
 of desire fires ever in need of  
 wanton breasts to suck randy cunts  
 to lick drowning in lifes craving  
 into the abyss is fallen ♪ ast sayeth  
 the sage**

“This deep abyss is seething with wild things

Strange birds and reptiles and  
 enhungered beasts

That claw each other with the will to  
 live

Who knows but that they suffer even  
 as I”

**oh lost am I in desires clutch and  
 sayeth the sage**

“yon sorry pit of life ...It calls to to you  
 To join the maelstrom of its  
 anquished throng Its pestilential  
 brothel of desire!”

**oh giveth back to I the solipsism of  
 the mind incoercible thinkings “... and**

to this nothingness [ ] sacrifice  
all...but to what end'

**the answer is simply said freedom in  
indifference dissociated detachment**

**ISBN 9781876347694**