

αἰδοῖον

(aidoion)

Poem by c

Dean



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FP: "Springtime," 1927 Georgios Iakovidis (1853-1932)

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introduction

Ahh **aidoïon** what be thy verse

it be hidden fromst we be it what is

hinted at by κλειτορίδα *kleitorída* ist

all we get hints and lures and allusions

be all we get sweet singing

aidoïon Ahh

aidoïon be thee be to be the

first to write erotic verse before even

delightful Alcman be thy verse perhaps

be the first e'en before ravishing

Lucilius to write humorous epigrams

Ahh *aidoion* what be sure thy

verse be like **Rufinus** perhaps extent in
some lost anthology of erotic

versification by that same named poet
or be perhaps we can glean fromst

κλειτορίδα kleitorída thy verse be like

beauty personified in words and

rhythms thy images be vivid **Ohh**

aidoion thy melodies be

intoxicating we canst glean **Ohh**

aidoion the exquisite play of

sensations flows fromst thy verse thy

words be full of inventiveness thy

words we canst see flowed fromst thy

soul with elations sighs flowed
 fromst thy soul a flickering
 voluptuousness a burning love of the
 cunt that cunt which is hidden by the
 stifling bourgeois by an atrophying
 prudishness Ahh Ohh **aidoïon**
 thee we see was a soul that sung that
 cried out thy desire in words of fire
 thee be like Simonides **aidoïon**
 preaching "art for art sake" like the
 aesthetes' like the imagists thee thee
 turns words into startling images
 images that burn into the mind images
 that explode in the mind ast didst sayest
 Pound and like Pater thy words burn

with a gem-like flame Ahh

aidoion thy words are paintings

we see in the mind of we what thy

words describe ast sayeth Longinus

in his "On the Sublime" "you think you

see what you describe and you place it

before the eyes of your hearers" or again

fromst Leonardo in his "Paragone

"Painting is poetry which is seen and

not heard and poetry is a painting which

is heard and not seen" or fromst thy

lips **aidoion**

cunt be a word of a thousand images

And

cunt be an image of a thousand words

Preface

Ahh **aidoïon** thy breath be sweet
 thy song thrills thy flesh to burst into
 bloom with such delight such
 joyousness in thy sight in thy verses
 thee inspire but **aidoïon** thy time
 to expire be nigh the springtime is short
 and the night be long the springtime
 glow fades so **aidoïon** let us
 smell thy perfume let us recite the
 poems thee inspire let us sup upon thee
 till drunkenness fills our souls with
 delight at thee

Oh κλειτορίδα *kleitorída* how
 beautiful thee looketh how delightful *♪*
kleitorída laying on divan of *Persian*
 saddle-bags coated in purple shadows of
 laburnums honey-sweet honey-coloured
 blossoms with the hum of bees wafting
 thru tussore-silk curtains shadowed by
 birds in flight in the light of *Japanese*
 effects like *Tokio* painters *Ahh*
kleitorída howeth the air is heavy with
 odours heavy of roses and lilac seeping
 fromst summer garden blends with the
 scent of the cunt of *♪* hot moisty
 fromst reading verses fromst *aidoïon*
 more delicate scented than the pink-
 flowering thorn the panty sage-green of

I soaked fromst I imbibing
 Swinburne and water Ahh to feast on
 lilies 'neath Japanese fans flame-like
 wings reflecting in blue China 'neath
 peacock feathers and dados enamelled
 in the decorative arts & craft of
 Morris Ahh that I sing fromst
 aidoion that I singeth with each breath
 singeth back to I nightingales to I
 singeth back to I sweet aidoion thy
 breath be scented- pollen thy words
 honey fromst which weave I my
 dreams thy words sweet aidoion be air
 that doth the cunt of I caress fromst
 thy lips fume perfumes that burst the
 cunt of I into flowers petals that be
 red like dyed scarlet butterfly wings

**where fromst thy lips aidoion sings
cunt be a word of a thousand images**

And

cunt be an image of a thousand words

where fromst thy lips aidoion sings

that cunt with pink tint be ripe grape

upon the vine be ripe fruit that be divine

be ripe bud that pickers canst but not

reach *Ahh* fromst thy lips aidoion

that cunt be like wild hyacinth perfumed

fuming petals fuming the vales scented

bloom bursting pink water-coloured

stains upon flowers petals bursting

blooms incensed with pubes moisty hair

scent emptied out fromst cunt holes

fills the air like pink mist awash o'er
 blossoms bloom scent-lapped flesh
 quivering like murmuring leaves on the
 breeze fluttering like lips of *Lydian*
 women painted with crushed flesh of
 scarlet plums that cunt hole pink-
 coloured moon bejewelled in dew
 sparkling ast stars ast lights flickering
 on lake of fire the lips aflame lust
 enamelled flesh wings of iridescence
 flames around which butterflies
 surround an alter of desire that cunt
 that be more flowing than the river of
Hebrus be more fluidity that floods that
 drowns all the *Thracian* lands than the
 river of *Alcaeus* that cunt that
 liquidity in thy hands that cup of silvery

wetness that amschir that drips syrup
 more intoxicating than melogion more
 breathtaking than the wine of *Kos*

Ahhh aidoïon thee sings thee sings of
 cunts ast *Cydonia* blooms blooms of
Jbycus those cunts that fromst which
 floweth springs flowing nectar fromst
 the secret gardens of virgins those
 streams that wind 'neath pubes curling
 decked like vines with flowers furling
 thee singeth aidoïon thee singeth of
 those cunts like *Agamemnons* shield
 even like the goddess *Jris* those cunts
 that be clouds of flesh clouds of
 perfume and dew shimmering blues
 indigoes yellows violets mere
 rainbows of colour hues Ohhh aidoïon

**thy words intonations of thy voice hear
 ♪ hear ♪ thy amour sing to ♪ that
 thy words penetrate the cunt of ♪ that
 thee bee around the cunt of ♪ leave
 thy sting in the flesh of ♪ bring ♪ to
 bliss bring ♪ to ecstasies inexpressible
 on the intonations of thee ardent gleams
 burst forth fromst the flesh of ♪ Ohh
 aidoïon Ohhh aidoïon bringeth to ♪
 felicity supreme embrace the cunt of ♪
 in the words of thee bringeth
 sensualities ineffable to me**

**Ahhh aidoïon smell thee the peppery
 scent around the cunt of me smell thee
 the lust accentuated in me that cunt of
 ♪ exhaling fumes volcano like
 voluptuous exhalations lascivious with**

**cunts lips curled back bursting flesh
quivering burning with fires desires
Ahhh aidoïon**

**Smell thee around the cunt of ♪
oinanthinon fromst the mountains of
Kypros**

**Smell thee kyphi incensing the cunts
pubes of ♪**

**Smell thee Ohhh aidoïon metopian
seeping fromst the cunts hole of ♪**

**Thy words rhythms caresses the lips of
♪ like fingernail gold tipped thy words
bite**

**scratch the cunt of ♪ contracts
emotions passions unbridled sensations**

**Ohhh aidoion be the panty sage-green
of ♪ soaked pulled aside the flesh of
♪ moonlight stains the wet cunts lips
of ♪ thee sings to ♪ cum cum 'neath
the springtime trees high cum cum thy
glittering cunt the morning star awakens
desires cum cum thy cunt the evening
star ignites fires guiding thee too ♪
cum cum thee with thy cunt poppy of
intoxicating delights Ahh hear ♪
aidoion panpipes of Pan lilting notes
that kiss that cunt of ♪ those chords
blent with thy words intoned swell the
flesh of ♪ and each note dances to each
heart beat of ♪ Ahh howeth sublime
looketh looketh like Mnasalcaas
kingfisher at the Temple of Aphrodite**

that butterfly sweeps to sip fromst that
 cunt of ♪ that seeps lusts honey-dew
 Ohh thee sings aidoion of indigo
 shadows o'er cunts lips floating on
 morning mist pink thee sings of
 meadows blooms redding like cunts
 lips furling bees dipping in blossoms
 cunts-sun-shaped sipping thee sings of
 narcissi gazing in cunts holes liquidity
 of flowery scents spiralling of lolling
 lilies dewed with cunt dew in
 springtime light whilst violets burst
 into colour ast cunts surge with lusts
 hues Ahh aidoion this cunt of ♪ be
 more beautiful more delightful more
 ravishing than that rose of Meleager in
 his Love song to Zenophila thee

**sings Ohhh aidoion of those cunts
 scarlet hued by the predawn sun copper
 tinted flesh washed by thy eyes caress
 thee sings of those lips those lips Ohh
 mountain folds of flesh tipped with the
 tint of tin by those rays by those rays
 of light glinting off that clit that clit a
 ships mast of throbbing flesh Ahh
 howeth thee sings aidoion of that water
 clear rippling sheets of fire in that cunts
 pool in that cunts pool feathery lapped
 by that tongue of thee that cunts pool
 misted o'er with that breath of thee that
 breath of thee hot furnace of fire bathing
 flesh with thy desires fromst morn till
 dusk Ohh aidoion Ohhh aidoion this
 cunt of ♪ be the honeyed cunt of**

**Philodemus the Epicurean that ♪ could
 reach the clarities of Sapphos songs to
 sing to thee about what thee doth to ♪
 dip ♪ the fingers tip in that cunt hole
 of me a diddle that liquidity that ♪
 doth wade the hand of ♪ in that
 aqueousness and stir that watery
 warmth into froth into foam doeth stir
 ♪ the juices of that cunt of ♪ Ohh
 cunt sweet with the cum of ♪ howeth
 its looks gleaming the flesh of that
 spongy plumpness Ahh breathless
 exhale ♪ my joyousness such
 rapturousness along the limbs of ♪
 bursting with flowery blooms with
 fruited bliss with heated kiss foaming
 lilies moisty violets frothy purpling**

roses *Ahh Rufinus* this cunt of ♪ be
 the better cunt thanst *Rhodepe Melite*
 and *Rhodoklea* judge thee the honours
 fall to me *Ohh Rufinus Ohhhh*
 aidoïon thy verse thy words thy singing
 breath bringeths ♪ passionate delight
Ahh each night be but light fromst the
 glow of the cunt of ♪ this cunt of ♪ be
 lilies pink that be the dream of bees
 that fromst lips to lip doth kiss that
 fromst sigh to sighs doth wing on wing
 let thy words of fire inspire in ♪ my
 cunts lips to fire burn that flesh thin
 veined in pink
 that cup of new drawn wine
 that rim of porphyry and crushed pearl

that flesh of marble fromst *Paros*
 carved by *Praxiteles* Ohhhh aidoïon
 what be this cunt of ♪ be it naught but
 scumbling shadows ast sayeth *Pindar*
 naught but flesh transfused by summer
 light a glow a scent perhaps to burst
 then too wane and fade away but Ohhh
 aidoïon for this brief time of springtime
 let ♪ fiddle with this cunt of ♪ to thy
 languorous verse full of *Swinburne* and
 water and arch the back of ♪ to spread
 those thighs of ♪ to hold open those
 cunt lips of ♪ and gush gush with
 joyous abandon o'er *The Picture of*
Dorian Gray

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