

THE
DIARY
OF
ST DEVON
I

AIDEN LORDE FLORENCE



BlueRose ONE .com
Stories Matter
New Delhi • London

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For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS
www.BlueRoseONE.com
info@bluerosepublishers.com
+91 8882 898 898
+4407342408967

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Dedication

From
The Prince of Infamy

&

The evil son of Byron
To
The People of Him.

Founded upon....

&

These are

The 21st century knightley byronic fables...! Also
known by many to be The evil byronessey!

These envelop

the tales of the women dated & written by
the evil vampire in me
known to be St Devon "de Rossi" Salvatore!

The women include everyone from-

actresses to empresses,

courtesans to

famous men's wives,

the first lady

to

secrets of the greats like Keats, Blake & Da Vinci,

sportsmen's wives to icons of music,

rockstars' girlfriends

to

revolutionaries

&

from

supermodels

to

fashion icons

&

even

The holy Aristocracy!

These are the fashion engraved romantic tales
carved 'pon the bedrock of luv!

Well,

speaking in defence of the mischievous letters-
I never target or attack great men, I simply take
their wives!

Honestly,
they elope to me themselves for they long to be
with me
in the name of their own desire & affection!

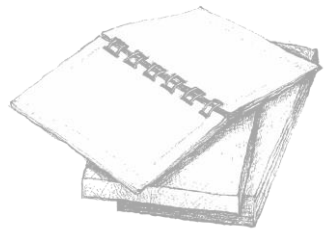
Afterall,
didn't we know by now that women are too
smart to be true
& they have a sense of who's better,
don't they-
doobee doobee doo..!

Cherish
The evil byronessey
Meant for you; The People of mine!

The Guide Marks

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I



'Pon one eve at Bèatrice's villa on the heights of the french riviera....

Mon Bèatrice,
shall i carve french poetry,
of the likes of Aragón & Valéry,
pon the halls of thy french villâ, holy amour
of mine

Thy blue eyes--
have they taken their depth after mother
oceanîà, or the french sky?

Neptune's daughter,
to have red-wine at the villa, 'pon french
heights...

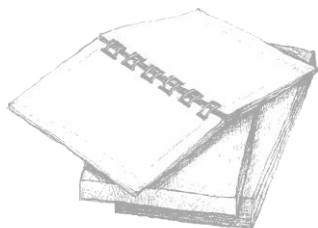
The french gods, champagne & fire

High-society, Parisienne curves, thee, the
patron of Notre Dame & luv

The french catholics, a cross to bear, luv to
be made

We made luv in a longère in Brittany....
& Normandy fell to we....
At our feet.....

Remember when we visited Monet's home
in Giverny,
& made luv pon his sofa in secret.....



& the night we made luv to Jeune et Jolie,
ma Arabelle chérie

Thee were mon Audrey Hepburn, mon Jane
Birkin

Auvergne, Picardie, & the heights of the
french reverie....

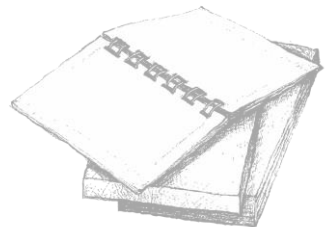
Le Mont Saint Michel was built for thee,
when thee had commanded
The Archangel Michael to order the mortals
to built the fortress,
else he shall be banished from all earthly
realms...!

Alain Delon, Eva Green, Saint Jean Pierre

The sweet, tender day the Alain Delon in
me
devoured the holy diva Eva Green in thee,
& how
Saint Jean-Pierre couldn't stop filming we....

Remember the eve Auguste Rodin asked
we,
to remain one, entwined, me in thee--
so he could sculpt the tale of us,
to be celebrated his finest masterpiece....

Remember when i asked thee,
let's not make luv in the cathedral--
& thee smiled & whispered Jesus begged
thee for it...!
& the rest is eternity. The rest is eternity.
The rest is ecstasy.....



I were the Adonis of thee, my moon, I were
thee Paris

I see thee in the tinted rose-stained glass
windows of Saint Chappelle

You have devoured the sacred heart of
Jesus in me....

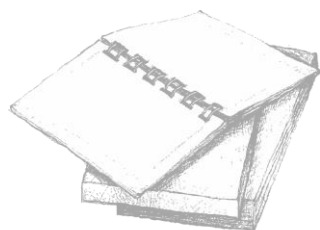
Where are thee now,
mon august royal french symbol of grace....

I await thee, & Saint Laurent, at a basilica in
Montmartre, Paris

Avignon,
the french god of hedonism & debauchery,
longed for me to marry thee,
my holy heiress to the kingdom of Paris.....

Shall we be buried at the Pantheon in Paris,
while the Latin Quartet orchestra chants
Saint Aragón's poetry?

Baptiste & Bourdelle were secretly in luv
with thee...
They didn't want me to reveal it to thee....



To Lorde & Lana Del Rey

Last eve,
I saw holy nuns in burkinis smoking with
Lana
past the cemetery

Saint Lana is the patron of the city of saints

Jesus, one dawn-
found Jimmy Page writing holy music to
Lana
in her sheets.....

They say
even Jesus worshipped Lana Del Rey
secretly

"These are Lana's times", exclaimed even
Christ

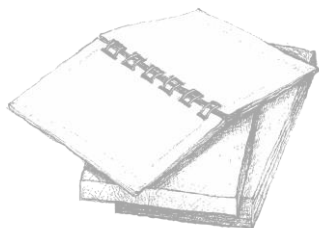
Lana preached Jesus was born of Lorde's
eleventh rib

On the night Icarus had devoured Lorde's
cherry,
with luv & passions devilish....

The cards Icarus played in the eyes of fate

Icarus fell to earth for he secretly was in luv
with Lorde

Lorde & Lana's chemistry with the gods is
worshipped from Constantinople to
Bethlehem,
even Jerusalem....



Lana&Lorde, together, did birth the darkest
of the heavens

The dying gods had drunk from Lorde's
goblet of fire & wine;
when they had fallen deathless into her
Eden

They, Lana&Lorde, now demand the pure
blood of the youngblooded!
Are ye willing to die for Lana & Lorde, o
earthly legions?

Jesus has brought holy guns & roses with
him this time..!
They'll revive you, if you die-
by casting a spell upon you with Lorde's
eyes!

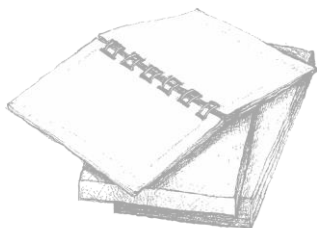
Ah,
to be forged a knight of Lorde's ribs & fire!

The vampire St. Devon "de Rossi" Salvatore
were the first to be forged her knight...!

Shall we start! In the name of St. Glory!

The battle shall begin when the sinful
redberry fruit,
of Lorde's flesh falls first to motherly earth's
soil!

Ah,
Lorde&Lana have already been partying
with St. Jeff "Grace" Buckley-
for the heavens know the war has already
been won!



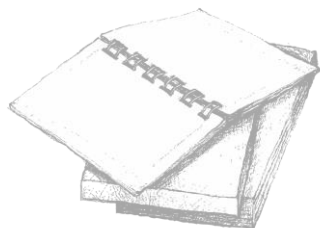
At Eleanor Rigby's very English Home....

Rigbie,
you were my rock & roll girl,
who rode a Bentley with nothing on....
& often me in a Bentley with nothing on,
O Eleanor

& the night you lit up
your cigarette's cherry end with the fire in
your's
while listening to Billy Idol!
"& with a Rebel yelllllll!
She said more, more, more!"

Remember the time we started snogging,
& ended up making luv
in the dark-old England alley down church
street park...!

Remember the time
we used to live in Birmingham & run the
town, aye,
& when we stole coffins to bury our
enemies in-
in the name of the lords of rum!
The streets of Birmingham cherished the
ghosts of us, the gang of two, who still run
the town, aye!
The lanes of Birmingham long for our
return!



Ah, the day i declared Canterbury thy holy
kingdom!
You shall command thy rock n roll verses
from The Canterbury, hereon, to all worldly
legions!

& when i renamed Westminster & Central
London as Eleanor Rigby's London
that one Friday wee!

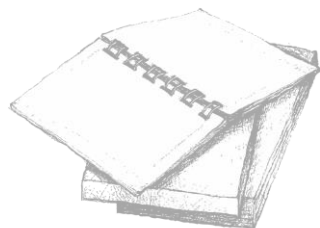
& do you remember the look on Edward of
Durham cathedral's face--
when we flashed our genitalia at him!
Holy Sex in Durham cathedral!
Edward screamed, Jesus cheered, Mother
Mary loudly jeered!

& when we, the red devils,
entered The Richmond Tea Room in the
heart of Manchester,
& had gotten thrown out just as quick,
after we'd tried to rock n revolutionize
the fallen spirits of the reds of Manchester!

Remember the fortnight-
we got knighted into the kingdom of rock &
rome,
by king Morrissey the ninety third, of the
rock band The unholy Smiths!

Bibury, archberry, blackthornberry,
hazelberry, burberry, wildesexraspberry!

Your raspberry breasts tasted summery pon
the heights of warm winter sweet!



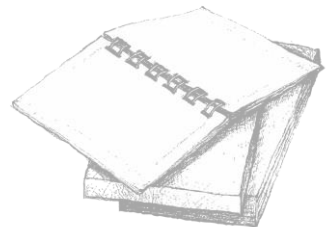
I still cherish lying in my grave, o, what we
did that one autumn eve,
on the rapturous heights of Primrose hill!
Do thee remember, mon Eleanor evil?

My gothic rockstar dame,
you've so devoured me debauchery after
debauchery,
i have turned but into a sex slave of thee!

& remember when we used to roll down
the streets of The Shambles with Liam
fuckin' Gallagher of Oasis!

& ah, just how much we hated Chelsea!
& when we had it forth the sea of Chelsea
chants
in them stands,
as Sir Alex Fergie had revealed to us from
The Gospel of Cantona,
that if ye do the deed in the finals of the
champions league,
forth the rubbish legions of Chelsea-
then the red devils shall reign over English
football,
for the next couple centuries!
& when Lampard went bonkers quite
frankly
when he caught sight of we, weeing pon
the pitch
marking our territory after we'd done the
deed,
forth the mad seas of them Chelsea's...!

o, the night you taught me to give thee the
Pierrehead!
Ah, what sins...!
That night, o, that night!



The devil in your redheaded theatre of
dreams!
I relived history that night!

We had turned into almost gods that night!
The gods of rock n rolldom!

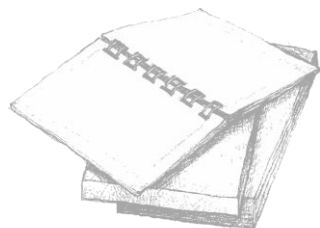
Ah, our very British scandals, my very
british wildflower--
the deeds my Lord Byron would be proud
of!
& Oscar would be going Wilde in Bastille, in
the rock & roll town of Gaol!
Playing with them bars.....

& when we solemnly got married on St.
Blasphemy Day,
before we'd begun the evil act of a legion's
forgery!

& when we admitted ourselves into King's
College for we'd thought they taught
how to be the Kings & Queens of England
there!
Chapfallen--
we had cigarettes & some snobbery
underground, at the back of them lecture
halls at nights!

& the night we bought the famous bakery
in Edinburgh,
& named it Coffee & Edinburberry!

& that day on Broadway Street,
when we swam in our own Liverpool of
wine,
with 40 holy St.harlot dames who'd come
dressed as nuns!



Ah, the night we set the streets on fire†
In the name of the Father Jimmy Page, & the
holy Saint Del Rey Lana!

We'd been starcrossed lovers, had declared
Pope Percy of Mary Shelley †

Let's end this song, shall we...

Ah, I do not know how to end it! Let's just dim
away the melody until it vanishes...

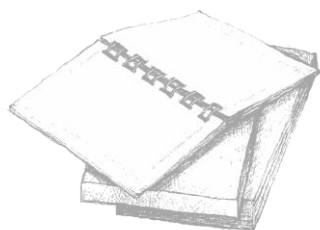
Iss it vanishing.....

It's vanish i n g....

yeah...

itt...

is



The late afternoon debauchery with Saoirse Ronan at her Galway Castle

& the Hozier in me had been writing letters
to thee,
in my sacred Irish blood for centuries...!

Thee had a blackthorn tree in thy backyard
to hang the legion of thy enemies!

The sacred bonfire to watch the gods burn
in!

Thy amorous sword engraved your message
'pon the mortal earth & the sky!

Thee flesh were my armour, the song of my
kingdom!

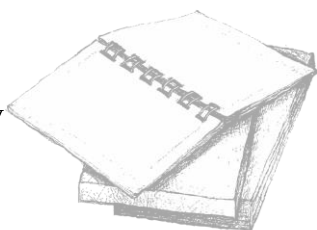
The womanly ghosts cheered for you from
the galway sea!

The lightening had been born of your blue
eyes!

Bethlehem fell at thy feet,
pleading alliance for aeons, history...!

The ships of my heart set sail in the bluest
of thy eyes!

A prayer, the blue sky, pearl skin, luv, mercy



My being felt reborn when it beheld thee
play the harp,
with thy bow of archery!

Our sacred afternoon debauchery!

Your foggy breaths- the dawn of my lazy
dewy mornings...

Thy Galwaygean Irish Glory!

I had fled the cities of crushing despair to
take refuge in thy bosom!

Take me a knight, o Saoirse of the light!

Ah, the tale of the Irish knight who died at
the feet of a Galway girl!

The night thy light kissed my blind eyes....

My ribs of aurelia chant your holiness!

My 11th rib lies as an offering to thee

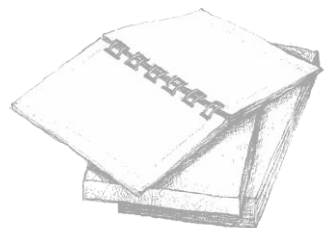
on the banks of the Corrib!

Thee set the truth on fire with your blue
eyes of thunder!

You severed my hands after they'd touched
thee...!

The price i had to pay for lying in bed with
thee!

Beer, barrels of whiskey, war, luv, death,
& victory..!



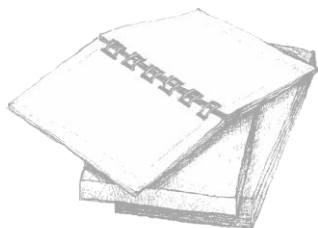
Thee had to fire set my Gaelic harp&lyre
whenever thee raked off thy attire,
o Saoirse of mine!

I had been writing to thee for centuries.....

I had been writing to thee for centuries....

Ah, to have thee wild & free lying pon me....

Ah, to have thee wild & free lying pon me....



At Jane Birkin's Chateau with Alain Delon & ma chèrrie Anne....

The whisperings....
We were lying, simply lying.....
in bed,
you, me, Alain Delon, & Marianne...!

"St. Delon & Paris with Marianne chèrrie &
Birkin"

"at a french villâ....the silk white sheets..."

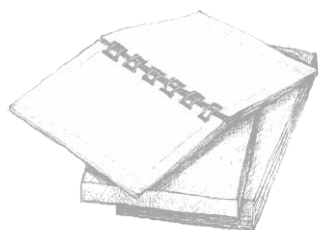
"the south of france had never been this
south,
o, to our southernny...."

"Stop playing with & teasing ma chèrrie, my
raspberry, Delon...!
but they're so red & ripe, they asked to be
devoured....
ah holy, I cherish the way you eat them, my
Delony..."

"Would thee like to have ma chèrrie
with some slow champagne&ice;
poured on them..."

"Let's play a game of darts with evil red
raspberries'

"you missed.....,you're holy....!"



"Silk robes, wisteria, luxembourg
passionsivy,
why these....
marianne knows...."

"Let's poison each other with red wine &
ivy poetry"

"the unbuttoning, undressing, enchanting
enamouring french poetry...!"

"the sheets lie draped, as if white moss
upon your fragility...
could you remain lying in the eloquence...
i wish to carve,
paint thee on the walls of Jane's villa..."

"the way you strike slowly, & turn....ah,
holy..!"

"the flowers in the vase alluringly lie..."

"bracelets...bralettes...the sky...blue eyes"

"Cherry-lips...sighs...rhythms arise&die...the
melody"

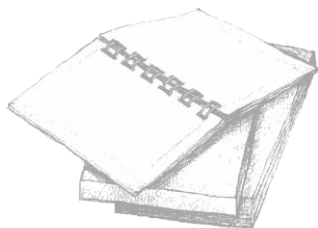
"the deep-- still blue eyes of ma chérie..!"

"je t'aime...je t'aime...je t'aime..."

"Devon stop filming, come join us"- luv
Romy!

"St. Avignon & mon Paris"

"A game of darts with ma chérie"



'pon her Helen's back i carved Valéry's
poetry

The white marble wings of my archangel
chèrrie fragile
"Mon clemont Coralie..!"

The Parisienne scenes at the villd....!

A Paris set to fire pon our bedroom canvas!

"le monde masculin, femme fatale féminin"

Let me fetch some wild berries...

Ask Birkin if she wants some wild berries....

Why did thee both slip into Alain Delon's
laces...?

Are thee teasing me, him, or both me & he?

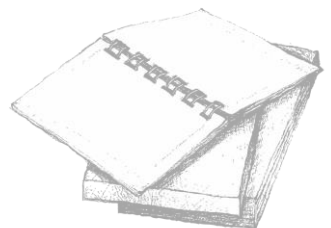
A woman shall always a woman be!

Jean Luc desires to make a film with we..!
Why is Jean Luc devotedly filming us again?

Tell him these are not his sixties anymore.

These are mon fragile dove silksheets of
french passions & poetry,
lingering pon the bed
of history..!

I luv your blue eyed black kitten Brigitte..!



"Remember when we filmed our very own
Don Juan--
Monsieur Delon, thee Jane Birkin, & ma
chèrrie Anne
while Serge leisurely recited Baudelaire's
poetry
to the viola playing in the backdrop!"

"& when i fell for thee, in thee again
Marianne,
when i had seen thee put a man to death,
for he didn't pay you on time,
mon lady of weapons, guns & passions!"

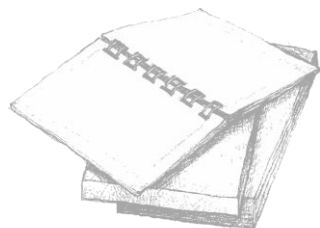
"The holy St. Delon' is the Godfather of the
french fashion mafiaque!
The St. Delons rule most of Parisienne
streets!"

Ah, the french called it Jean's finest
masterpiece--
June et Devon & Jane et Delon!

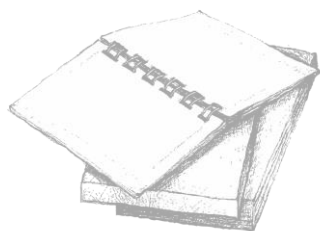
"Pierre Auguste is dying to meet us.....
he wishes to taste our debauchery,
we've had
quite the impression on him..!"

"Light my cigarette, Birkin,
i wish to burn the villa down tonight- &
set fire to it..!"

"Forgive me
for when
thee were pregnant with our child, ma
chèrrie Anne,
& i left you to be at Birkin's in her holy
hours....



Could thee make sweet luv to me again,
Marianne,
when I come back...
How's my son, Jean Luc?"



My Rosemary Jane of Birmingham street

Dear MaryJane,

Thankyou luv for blowing my raspberry &
ridding me of blasphemy!

Why do ye give Christ yer shilling?
Why are ye so willing!

& when ye had me arseholed on bottles of
gin, Rosemarie Jane!
It still aches at times when i... bad Jane!

Yer cherry's the most dishy in Birmingham,
Jane!
& ye know it too!

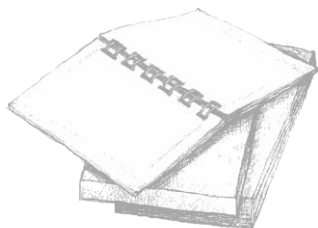
Tommy said you're the best in town, aye
He runs the streets in daylight & you
run'em at nights...!

Arthur desires ye, Arthur Conan Doyle!
That bloody geezer...!
He would want to build up a fable in yer
holy name, my Rosemarie Jane!

Ah, ye jamming yer red metal music in the
old streets of Birmingham !

Even the lords visit ye, my Rosemarie!

The night ye made Walpole dance on a pole
forth us, aye...!



Ye run town, county, country!

Ye've painted the town, city, kingdom red!

Yer the most powerful, aye!

The lords, dukes, butlers all luv ya, aye!

Stay away from Lord Chamberlain!

Ye made King Charleston Charles go mad,
aye...!

What did ye do with that boy, Maryjane!
Arthur said yer real name's Diana....

Is it true, aye, my Rose

Who are ye! My red devil!

Diana of earth or the moon...!

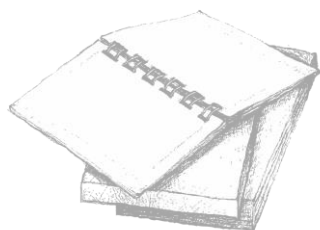
There's no difference between the two!

Thatcher was seen leaving yer house on
Sunday morning, my Jane!

Why was she here!

I'll write ye letters, my Birmingham Jane,
from them benches in the parliament!
They rarely do a thing there!
Yer on my mind in all the wicked wild ways,
aye!
Know what i mean, luv?

Heart of Birmingham, Monarch of the
Streets!

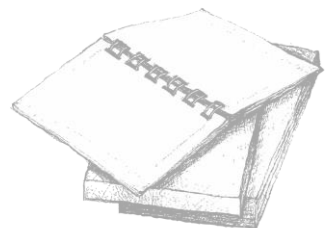


You've painted my soul red, o daughter of
the devil!

I luv ye, Rosemarie Jane! My red bournville!

Until next time,

Tommy Shelby



At mon ballerina the Russian Zara's

*"& last night,
we were the ballet gods on stage..!"*

A dance for two, I had asked...!

I had asked for her nobel hand of grace,
& she let me take her gently as a knight,
& we swayed as the silence, too,
danced with we!

& I said, "Heaven is when you & i ballet!"

The moon fell into the river at the sight of
we-
at the ballet!

Claude Debussy arose back to life when he
watched us perform his concerti!

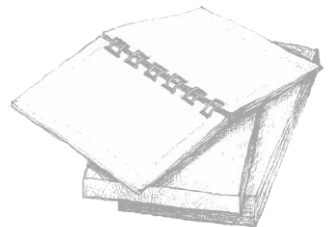
The swans black & white in an orion form
tied!

I had held moonlight in my hands that night

The dance of laments & enchantments

Jupiter fell to earth & Neptune ate the
moon
& as we danced past the midnight hour,
i fell
into she!

The Royal Opera & the royal feet



The slow art of the ballet going on & on for
hours & hours.....

The tale we performed were the tragic
White nights
by Dostoyevsky!

Every ballet form of thee,
felt to be a sculpture Florentine...!

The holy kingdom of a black feathery swan
pon the floor!
The ballet chose we, we didn't choose the
ballet!

To know thee, i watch thee perform the
ballet...!
The ballet is a dame's soul, expressed!

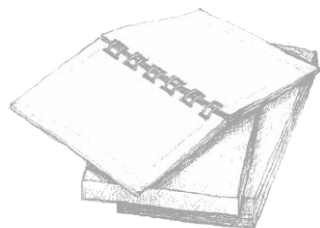
The gods envy we when they catch us pon
the ballet floor,
dancing!

& how we eloped to Schubert's secret
theatre,
& died there...!

O blue-eyed bird, in thee shall i swoon?

Ah, to catch Diana & the prince of wolves
with their souls devoured
in their holy bed of debauchery!

Howling to the moon, which fell!



Then many a dawns arose & went past us
by,
but we did not arise, we did not arise!

The moon, the wolves, the night, the gods--
all died wishing they'd touched the light of
we..!

Thee ballet felt to me like a play by Anton,
the russian tzar of literature....!

& after the ballet,
how we duelled with each other at the
strike of 2 past midnight!

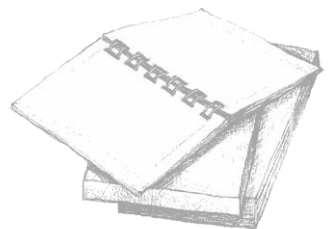
Our bleeding feet had bonded us for
immortality!

& the night thee were dying thee
whispered,
"Fetch my attire-- the death of the swan
has arrived!"

& when they asked me what is your church,
your religion-
i remarked Zara, thee ballerina of mine!
Baudelaire said of thee, o Zara--
"& even when she walks it would seem as if
she's dancing...."

I asked of thee-
"Teach me how to live..."
& thee taught me the ballet.....

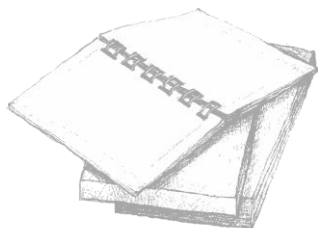
"All i ever needed was the music &a
mirror', thee whispered....



Zeus had caught the angels stealing thee
wings!

& the words on thy grave were to be
etched--

*"Her spirit lieth drunk on the ecstasy of the
ballet!"*



When I slept with a highlady named Femme Fate-ale

Ah,
To cherish one's death in the embrace of
their french lover...!

Death at the hands of a french amour..!

Death & femme fatale!

Thee had stabbed my heart dead with thy
broken wine glass..!

I went to sleep with thee,
& i slipped into an eternal sleep foreveron!

I had desired to elope from my deathless
sleep,
but nightmares always kept me company
at the side!

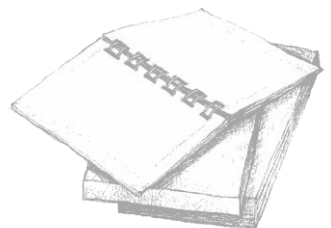
Ah, to be with thee in deadland paradise!

The dead angels dance here forevermore,
to an endlessly playing harp in the
heavens...!

The lying saints lie enslaved & stripped of
life!

The lying gods fear to enter past our gates!

Death here lives forever, in every eternal
hour!



O death of my life, air to my blacklungs

Kiss me eerily with your lips of death..!

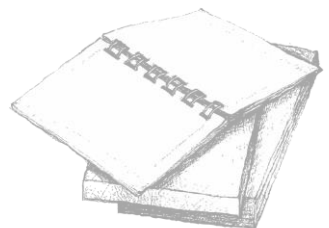
Burn my eyes, cut my throat, hang my head

Each one of me, here, is dead!

Each one of me, finally, alive!

In death, did i find the secret heaven of
thee light!

Let us live to see what lies-
beyond the dark valleys of death in the
darkest of the skies....!



The time me lay at Victoria's nome secretly while David was away playing for United & PSG

That eve,
David was away playing for PSG....
& I lay at his home waving the banner of
the red devils...!

Mine were sweet Victoria & all her
forbidden secrets!

She let me in, & in her i sacredly lay...!

She secretly cheered on non for our secret
affair!

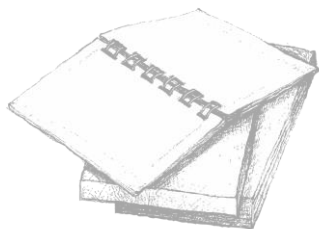
Beckham couldn't know for he was away at
Paris Saint German!

&
we flew to Milan to get the Birkin Bags
we had forgotten at the hotel last summer
eve!

"Will ye worship my sacred bags & my lil
puppy' - Victoria whispered, asked of me!

& I worshipped her bags & her pup alike!

& then i said,
"Let's start The Beckham Sev3n boots
collection, Victoria."



& she agreed!

"There shall be boots for all ages", thee said.

& i agreed.

Beckham shouldn't know, we both exclaimed!

Romeo knocked on the door,
& i fled out in through the secret door of
her heart!
&
how we scored every time Beckham did!

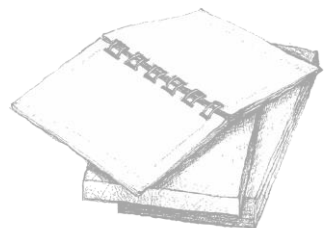
Ah,
we scored hattricks when he was away at
Madrid..!

A hattrick, luv & babies made, scored every
night..!

The sacred theatre of our dreams-
in the bedroom,
while Beckham was at holy Man United!
Risky it were, for he was close by!

But,
we Shall forever be the reds of Manchester,
until the day we fall, until the day we die,
we shall forever be Man united!

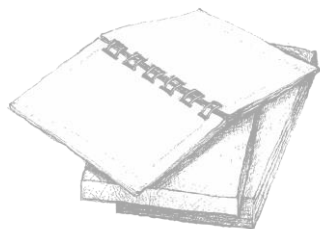
The Red knights of Manchester shall never
be dethroned!



Let we birth a new holy heir to the devils
in red,
to reclaim the lost glory of Manchester
United..!

What do ye say, Victoria, my lady Beck..!

A little luv, Manchester & the red devil
spirit!



When I were found with Axl Rose's girlfriend in Jimmy Page's bedsheets.....

Ah, when I were found lying with Axl Rose's
girlfriend,
in Jimmy Page's bedsheets!

It were-
circa the devilish, rocking n rolling 90s....

Axl Rose was high on drugs, music & fame

Jimmy Page had been declared the undying
rock n roll knight!

Axl's rosie girlfriend was really fond of me

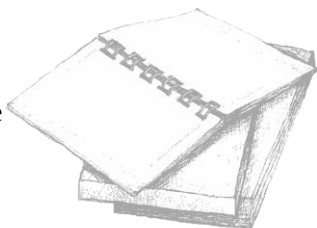
She screamed every time i were on stage-
& then backstage she lay with me!

Day in & day out-
we smoked, did drugs, & made luv every
other hour in eternity!

Jimmy Page's apartment was our noble
crashing abode, home!

We luv'd to lie in bed having had sex in
Page's sheets!

Thee said,
"There's nothing more poetic than living life
in the rock n roll fashion...."



Rock, amor, cocaine & nights Dior

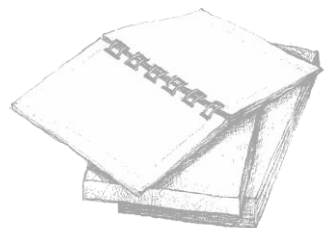
Axl didn't know who got thee pregnant, my
Rose...!

Our little babiegirl arose & we called her
Eva Rose

She started a band & took over the world!

Cigarettes, Guitar solos- sex on the drums,
sex on the hi-hats, spanking with the sticks,
luv making in the car, studio- more luv
making than music,
rough luv, blindfolded rock games- i had to
feel n finger thy fragile guitarly body
without looking...!

Ah,
sweet December's reign, the scenes of rock
& roll,
Axl's topless lady Rose playing the guitar
solo...!



The night I were the holy St. Vincent Cassel to my luv Bellucci Monica, & the lil' Deva Cassel

St. Vincent were I to my fragile Bellucci...

Our daughter Deva watched on...as we
sinned in the bed,
o holy luv of Bethlehem!

I had never made luv to a florentine as holy
as thee,
mi amor, mia Bellucci!

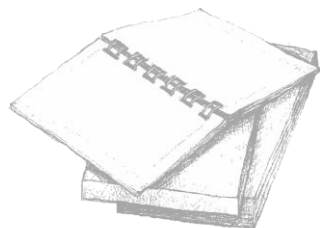
You were the most passionate wine my soul
had ever tasted,
been drunken & high on,
o amor!

Mon Bellucci, cigarettes, italian sex,
the coasts of amalfi, our bed, Naples in our
veins- mine holy blood,
the city of Florence tattooed pon the arm,
n thy breast!

A Milan lay born every time we made luv

Vogue Italia, mia Dolce & Gabbana
signorina,
i luvd to savour thy Gucci breasts, my red
Bugatti amor!

Your black Maserati eyes of fire set my
darkest heart aflame!



When thee & me touch, we disappear

Lady Italia

Deva, was looking on-
Tell her she's not allowed to sin yet....

Tell her she's too sacred, a blue pearl of
purity,
to be touched by mad earthly demons...!

& when Milan asks who his father is-
tell him Italia

All roads have led me to thee, mi Bellucci...

The roman empire, one hundred virgins,
beheld we

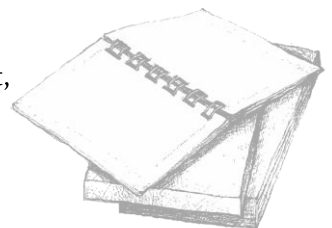
I were the Julius to thee, o queen of the
Caesars!

Who better to rule Italy than thee, mia
queen Bellucci

O mia Bellucci-
Thee are the last remaining royal blood of
the Romans!

Thee were the last remaining highborn lady
of the dame-ish order of the Medicis!

Monica Bellucci is the heir to Italian luv, art,
sex, wine & youth!



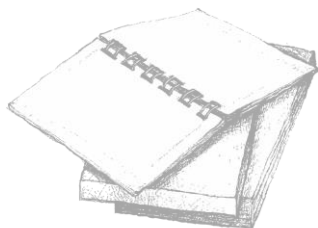
Allow me to strike a new Valentinian
Christianity into order,
o Bellucci of mine

&
we were to be the firsts of the Valentinian
Christians!

St. Bellucci shall be the one & only true
goddess,
of all the Valentinian saints on earth!

The ancient saints kiss thy feet when they
wish to be baptized by thee!

The great St. Vincent Cassel-
were the first Valentinian knight to be
baptized
into the Belluccian legions!



The time I knighted Rafael Nadal's senorita on a Tennis court

"Ah, the way you smash it, my lady Rafael!"

You play way better Tennis than The Senior
Rafael!

Life is play, a game of tennis, & luva game

There lies red turf royalty in your eyes, o
lady knight!

& after we had flaunted our tennis skills in
the mild sunny lawn a bit-

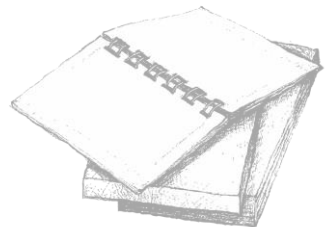
Thee had bowed royally knelt on thy knees,
with a lustrous look in thy eyes-
when i knighted thee,
& thee arose
alight...!

The look of charm in your shining eyes.....

Thee had a new light all over thee...!

Thee smiled as if eternity hadst taken over
thee!

& then as a royal gesture,
thee took off thy skirt, & i took off my
attire,
suit & tie....



“Over the net”, thee yelled, “over the net,
mon devony”

&
we played Messiah & knight for the longest
of hours courtly!

The blue sky & the regal attendees loved
the show we'd put on.....

They cheered on-
said they had never witnessed a match like
we,
ever before made in heaven!

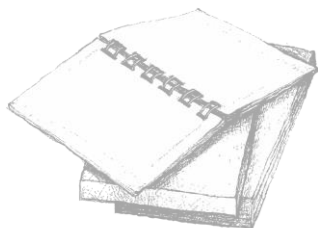
Roger & Sharapova gave us the archer's
bow!

We were the archers of infamy on the
tennis court & lawn!

We set a world record for a ritual that went
on for Rolexian hours!
The Swiss clocks all lay unlocked dying for
us to go on for more!

From then on the arena were set-
& the Wimbledon & french open were held
in the backyard court of our old mansion
on the arrival of fall every year!

The royal families of Keats & Shelley were
often sighted there,
seen in attendance-
alongside the gods of Naples &
Luxembourg...!



With Diego Maradona at The Escobar Islands...

We did drugs all day & night!

& how we turned immortal the day El
Chapo died...!

There were no drug lords bigger than you &
i!

E Patron, Le Maradona,
the world's bosom gasping for life beneath
the nails of our boots!
We were to the world The El Senors!

"All empires are created of blood & fire!",
Escobar had remarked....

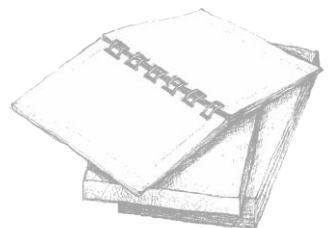
We were the Tzars of cocaine, smack &
heroine!

We did cocaine in The Cathedral de Prison
of Escobar,
& were in the jacuzzi every night!

"Drugs or Death!" & that's how we chose to
live our life!

Drugs were the blue ocean we swam in,
were most alive!

King Narcos, Cigars, Cocaine, amors!



There were women at our mansion from
around the world,
night in & night out!

The world was on its knees, forth us every
night!

The nights never ended!
We died with the nights, & were reborn
every fortnight!

We ran every town in our Chevrolet & Rolls
Royce!

We won Spain, we won Argentina, we won
Mexico, we won America, we won Italy!

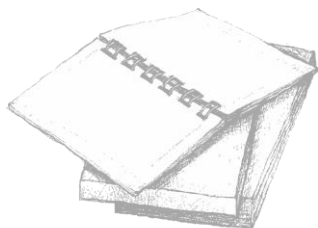
We had won it all,
we died every night like drunken mafia
gods!

We ran the streets from Barcelona to
Napoli...!

"Long live St. Narcos! Long live Maradona!"
The people cheered devotedly!

& as Maradona & i were seated with
Escobar,
he said,
"Do you not know who was behind the
Hand of God & The Goal of the Century"

"Each time I was sent off, Escobar cheered!
For he knew we would have fun again on
the sidelines!"



"I failed drug test after drug test"& they laughed,
didn't know there had been a plot
underway.....

"I even retired early so i could do what I
luved, drugs."

"Me & Escobar did so much of it, my heart
exploded, gave up..!"

"I moved to Cuba & we stayed with Castro
& ran Cuba high on cocaine!
Castro, Cuba, Havana, Cocaine, & Che!
That was the life we lived, that was how we
chose to die!"

"They even tried to assassinate Fidel Castro,
after they had got Escobar that night..."

"May America rot in the fiery hells of
Buenos Aires..!"

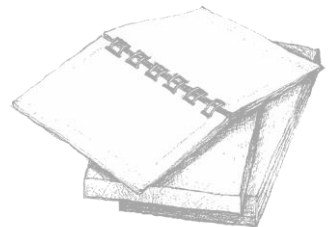
"I was born in the 60th year of the wildest
century ever, & died, too, in my 60th year."

Do you think,
that there were a plot underneath all of it?

"Who do you think was behind it all?"

"& we all laughed...."

"who's Griselda?", someone remarked.



The Vegas bash with Conor McGregor

We started from the bottom now we're
here!

Woohoo- we're fucking Vegas baby!

Vegas-- the city where the gods arrive to
sin,
& end up finding paradise in...!

The Fountains of Bellagio & the holy Strip,
are where the gods & hell's angels
mostly hang,
lie
each night...!

Aren't we the italian maestros of the MGM
Grand casino royale!

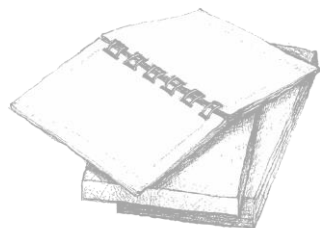
The casino tables long, die for us to sit at
them

We gad dreamt all of this, hadn't we...?

Where's Drake at, my mate?

We gotta invite him in, at the show of
shows in Vegas!

We are Vegas! We are the US!
The gods of Ireland are here!
The Irish gods run every town in old ass
California!



The UFC licks our boots! Their women lick
our *****!

What do we want now, o Conor!

The gods of Ireland have whiskey with us,
downtown!

We are the champ champs of the dark sky!

Muhammad Ali, Tyson Mike, McGregor
Mac

All gods of war!

McGregor hung with an evil war poet in
Vegas!

They burnt the town down with reigning
pussies & cash!

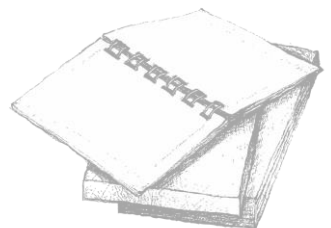
The California gods were jealous of our
Escobarean might!

We are the howling Wolves of Wall Street!

We ran fashion town like noone else ever
did...!

Oh,
Our master Lee, shouldn't we invite him,
where is he?
Shush, he might be practicing.
Let's not disturb him...!

& we drank the night to the end of our
lives!



& we chanted & sang,
"Let us drink until we die! Let us drink until
we die!"

"We shall be cocky tonight, but not when
it's fight night!
But, not when it's fight night!"

"Yeahhhh!
Cheers roaring & beer mugs clanking..."

O,
we are drunken monks in the octagon!

The monks gone mafia!

Holy monks running riot, in an octagon
wild!

A monk in a cage, the beast within...!

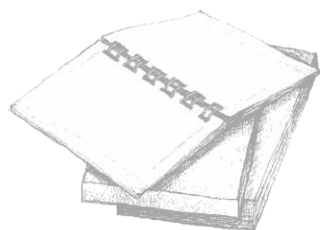
We rule the town of the mafia gods like
master Bruce Lee!

Noone will ever be bigger than master
Bruce Lee,
agreed thee & me.

& we didn't disagree pon it even when we'd
drunk ourselves to the point, ye said,
"aye, mate, is that my second life in front of
my eyes?"

"Fuck the Mayweathers!", we shouted
as we remembered the Vegas crowd's
cheers!

& we passed down the street singing,
"Ale, ale, ale..."

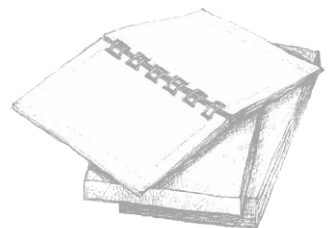


Ale, ale, ale...!"
as we went up to & pissed
in our roofless classic old convertible...!

"Aye,
there's Diddy's men taking a shot at our
man Tupac!"

"Ah, he's dead!"

"Come on Mac!
Let's get them fuckas!
Go, go, go!
Drive...!"



The night I went Don "Al Pacino" Corleone on her

She had almost left me with a scarface,
i swear

I'm not your baby anymore she yelled,
but came begging for more the moment I
was
about to leave her...!

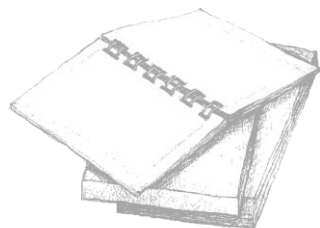
She,
indeed,
was the best...
To be in her, was to fuck the best

She could beat the dior supermodels at the
fashion walkways

She walked her wild & untamed Corleone
walk
every midnight
before we went to bed

She had a kingdom set to fire in her mind
She owned fashion walkways in her mind
She had her own alluring, deliciously
devilish ways....
She ruled hearts & she ruled eyes-
she ruled the very souls of all evil men &
their kind...!

My Sicilian devil-
She was more dangerous than a shotgun...!



Even her father, Vitelli, wanted me to take
her against her will...

I had married her in the Church by the sea
at Sicily...!

The mighty Sicilians were to be present at
the wedding waltz scene!

Married were we, & then i took her to be
mine,
in our sacred bed- ceremony...!

Then,
she slowly...sacredly...slid the straps of her
silk nightgown down
her soft clavicles,
& i held her, in my arms
kissed her forehead,
& then i tasted her sacred italian red wine
lips...!

& then,
as she lay like a sacred goddess in bed,
I went "Don Vito Corleone" the IIIrd in her...

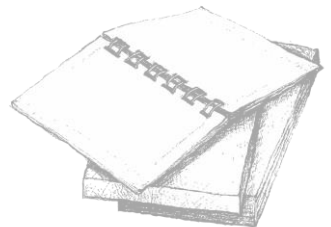
I fucked my baby like an italian mafia god would

Ofcourse, i was loyal to my her, & noone else

I, the italian mafia, ruled Italy, but i was
ruled by my baby- my woman

Nothing is above family in the Italian blood

Lady Vito Corleone was the hope of the
new world.....



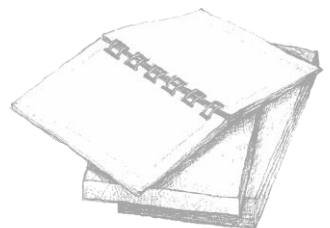
For
In her belly lay the queen of the mafia gods

Lady Corleone were the light before the sun
rose at every wee

She was the Vito to my Corleone....

Together we were the godfather of evildom

&
I always told her the truth, even when I
lied.
I would have died for her...
But, she died before me-
forth my eyes.....



Steve Mcqueen's amor

O daughter of Dylan & child of Plath,
i wish to have a rockstar girlfriend like thee
art!

The Mcqueen gods o'marble in a Jacuzzi
dying!

Bottles of champagne & ice worshipping
thee & me,
in secret sacredly...!

Fire & ice, luv & blood, heaven & earth alike

The Lady Mcqueen- holy queen of hell's
angels!

The hells lie at thy feet when thee arise!

The gods beggeth for mercy when faced
with thy light...!

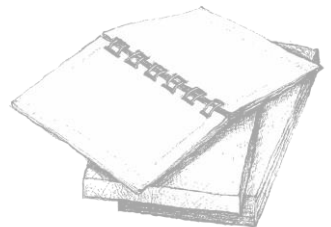
"To be a god is to be a sinner in the land of
the free spirited",
thee remarked heavenly!

The gods are sinners;
dying to fly with us & have our holy wine!

Thy lips taste of the oscars, o lady
Mcqueen!

To be with thee, is to star in the greatest
film ever

Where are thy wings....?



Let's fly back-
to the heavens!

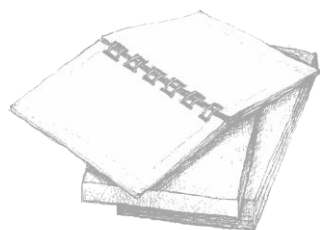
The black rebel on a motorcycle with an
angelic convent girl-
seen flying off to paradise!

We- The Marlboro Mcqueens...!

We had sex in a red Ferrari while racing at
The Le mans in France!

The Le mans sheriff & the holy queen of
hell!

Dieth o mortals, buried lay the gods-
la viva the holy Mcqueens of the mortal world!



Crystal, why didn't you come right back....

I had found the world hanging-
lying still,
in your pendant eyes, my Crystal!

You had me locked in thy locket of luv!

You had me locked in the kingdom of thy
breasts!

Kisses, cigarettes, luv, iam, the nightsky....

Our lips met, & it was the end of the world

We danced all night to our own sunsetz....

We kissed, & my lips were lying upon their
sacred goddess!

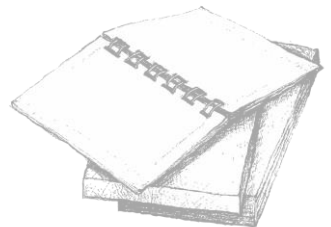
We kissed, & our lips lingered onto each
other's.....

At the strike of dawn, we were found in the
shower romancing....!

The haze, the mist, the chemistry running
down our bodies, our flesh!

The gods cherished us; looking at we
through the glass!

You liked to seductively sway on top of me,
while your eyes would eat the cherry 'pon
my lips!



You made me feel like the god of birthings
& immortality!

The film, the film...it were beyond heavenly

The gods want it- the film.....!

We'll not share it with anybody...!

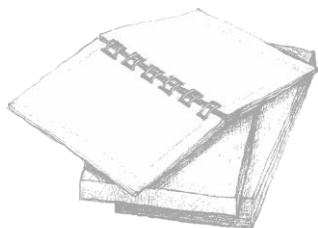
I liked to caress you with my fingers,
run them pon your back & bosom....!

& how i kissed your forehead as your eyes
went
to sleep, my crystal...!

& how i held you in my arms as if it were
our last night,
under the dreamy dark sky!

& how the night was so in luv with thee, &
the wee were drunk on thee melody!

&
how
we've been haunting each other ever since
we parted ways,
the breaths,
& lies...!



The trial of Sergio Ramos' wife, in the midst of Catalunya

"Obey! obey! obey!"
went the wild Catalunya crowd....

But did she obey Ramos, or did the fowl
lady not?

We shall know not,

But....

Ah, she did obey me for the 90 minutes
in the centre before the Catalonia crowd!

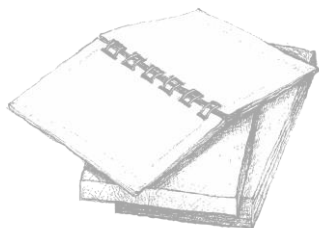
Ah, they said-
it were the finest el classico they had ever
watched!

The balls were way bigger than the usual
amount

& my o my!
The way I couldn't score until
i nuttered in
with all of my manhood, my horsepower!

The black arabian horse in me hath put on a
grand show that night!

I played at my finest that night forth the
Catalonian legions!
The crowd cheered on with every stroke of



me!

The crowd went nuts too, as i hit her on all
fours deep!

She moaned so loud even the referee were
lying aroused!

She couldn't stop herself from making me
score in her nets, & on her tits!

We performed our best without any
practice or trial...!

Ah, to have played football that night with
Ramos' Spaniard wife!

Ramos' wife was truly the best!

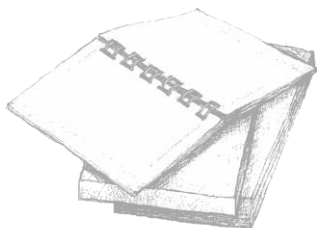
Do you see why Ramos is so hot headed!

It all had started that one Catalanian night!

His wife gave birth to my sons & Sergio
thought they were of his!

What a fool Ramos is, o Sergio's lady!

I luv thee, Rubio, i so luv thee!



In Leo's Rolls Royce...

Ah,
the time when me & Cristiano Ronaldo
were in Messi's luv

We had painted Messi's girl in the new
Barcelona colours!

She said no, "I don't like Barca anymore!"

& she took off her Barca tee, & we painted
her balls, her tiddies-
in the colours of Man United & Madrid!

A breast coloured to feed the lads of United
& Madrid each!

The Rolls Royce has turned into the theatre
of our wildest dreams!

Wilde sex scenes in a black Rolls Royce on
Catalonian streets!

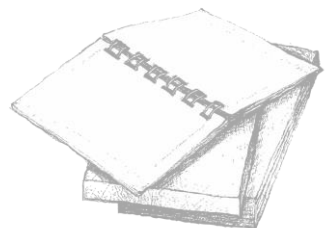
She said she at once felt the glory of both
Manchester United & Madrid!

She had been painted red from the top,
& white from below!

She was half Manchester, half Madrid!

She found heaven in two devils in the Rolls
Royce that night!

It was Messi's Rolls Royce she had arrived



in...!

We took over the Rolls Royce & Messi's
pride!

We showed her the entirety of Buenos
Aires that night!
Back & forth in one holy strike at midnight!

She said she didn't like it with Messi.
That he were short.
That he'd always been short, she said.
Cristiano worked her ruthlessly, & she loved
every bit of it!

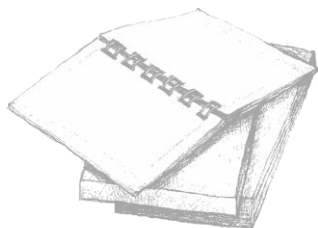
"None had ever worked me harder than
Cristiano ever", she screamed,
as he did her dirty..!

She couldn't walk her way out of the Rolls
Royce,
after she got dressed up in her night's gown
to leave at the dawn of next wee!

Holy Argentine, a Madridista & the
Manchester's red devil!

Messi left for the US, to be at Beckham's,
she said....

Ah, how evil Devony secretly did both their
wives holy



When I went the dark knight Kevin Pietersen on her

"&
her eyes, her eyes, the devil would've died
to have
her eyes..!" 🌹🍷📧

I could not look into her eyes for more than
one mortal, eternal hour--
for i did not seek my holy death at her
door!

Every night--
she would put on her favourite Rosemary
song,
& drive me crazy on her orchardly bed
made from the songs of
The Stone Roses...!

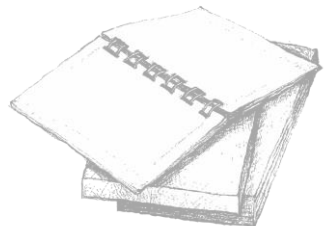
My soul lies abashed at her shore dying-
lying at her mercy!

She filmed everything, in her very own
panache,
her mysterious ways!

She could turn anything into a film...!

She could film a lie, & make it taste better
than the truth!

She would ask me to watch her films,
but she never knew she were mine movie..!
The one i loved to watch



To hear....

To be....

She banged my drums & she poured the
wine of the forests onto them..!

She loved listening to Jane Birkin singing in
french!

She were a luv song on the radio!

I loved her to death..!

Beauty will save the world, they say,
but beauty is simply death, again-
redressed as a holy angel...!

I loved her to the death of my deaths!

If I were to tell you the truth-
I hath never even touched her holy being...!

Her light..!

One kiss, & i would have died at the mercy
of her lips!

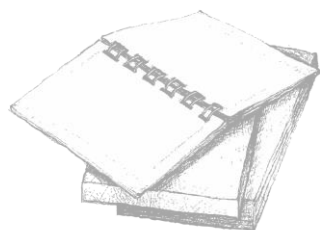
I hath died to look at the world through her
eyes!

I hath died to touch the earth with her
hands!

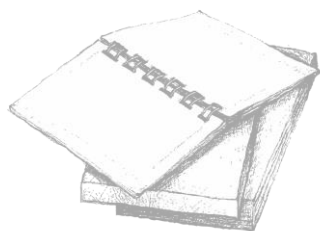
I hath died to hear the music that her ears
heard!

I hath died to taste the world with her
cherry wine!

I hath died to worship the forbidden spirits
whom she worshipped!



They say Buckley sang for her,
& Picasso,
well Picasso painted madly to impress her
firestone eyes of the light.....!



I, Jimmy Dean, with my Natalie wood

Ah, the heavens to life had brought me
a sad & longing man!

I had longed for luv & i had longed for glee!

All my life, i had been looking for Natalie!

Rebels, we were, without a cause & with...

We were lying in the East of Eden-
where our lips met,
& we felt to be Adam & Eve...!

I had never known a luv as sacred as thine,
o Natalie!

Ah, to lie in thy bosom every night!

Thee kissed away my sadness,
& i arose an artless man each wee...!

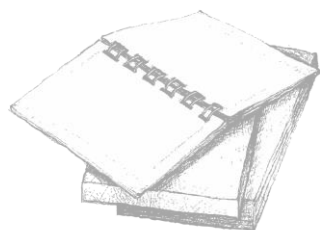
I were thy cowboy & thee were my sheriff!

Thee would shoot me, & i would die!

We raced in classic cars- on old Californian
streets!

We parked our lives in the oldest of the
Hollywood streets!

Boulevard street, a suitcase full of stars &

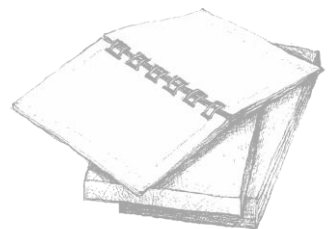


broken dreams!

Natalie, thee were my kitten on a hot roof
tinned!

My Natalie, mia Angelli!

Ah,
how our boat of luv sank beneath the
ocean blue;
were our souls were too heavy to be borne
by life ignoble.....!



The Mademoiselle Madeleine Pèyrroux

The heaven befallen french perfume of luv

Thee silk marble wings of luv

Thee silken perfume of luv

Madeleine Pèyrroux, thee are a luv song

The luv song my heartstrings hum

Tell me-
how can i ever get rid of your scent, lady
Madeleine

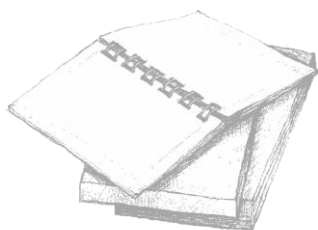
& when we walked the streets of paris
in the delightful shade of the midnight
trees...!

The musicians were found playing thy
music,
at the city square nightly.....

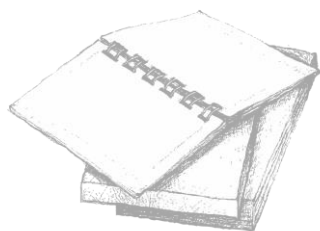
How we danced to the very death of luv....

You wrote a letter to me,
& it ended with, "La Vie En Rose" & a rosie
kiss...!

The world did never dare to duel with the
likes of us,
the romantic poets...!



& when we commanded the cigaretté lorn
parisiennes,
from our bedroom balcony, half asleep,
to spark the revolution...!



The evil Alexandra Daddariô

We own a mansion, Dior & a tennis court!

What else could you want, my evil Daddariô

Last night,
thee were holier than a Church in bed ¥

Your eyes remind me of our evil days from
last May!

Your evil, evil blue eyes of the light!

Thee showed me the light in your bosom,
& i showed thee the lighthouse
of my soul!

You named my little buddy Percy & you
rode him wild!

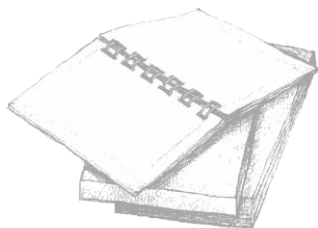
We were the happiest with thee on top of
me!

Will you kiss him after Percy's wine is spilt?

Ah, our secret godly luv affair!

The fires of your curves, & the holy sea...

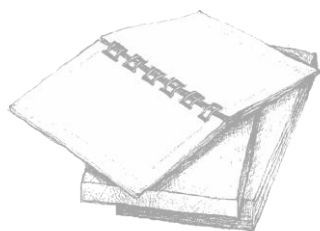
Gasper Noe had started filming us,
& didn't we sell our souls to our passionate
film...



Your flesh of ice, burns me..!

The secret wizardry of thee & me!

How's my babie, lil evil-D....



Mon amour Françoise

Hardy

{Thee sent me songs & a luv letter written
in french}

Ah,
the day thy songs & letters arrived in my
letterbox on the street...

Your songs were a luv letter written in
french,
mon Françoise amour

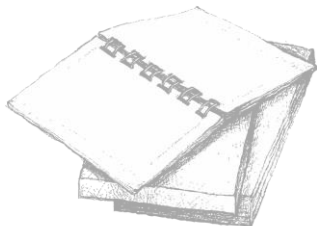
I can't ever tell what i had fallen for...
Your french songs or thy luv letters written
in wine

Who would've desired,
longed for Paris when one had Françoise by
his side!

The french gods of luv sit 'pon the Notre
Dame,
& spread word of our luv!

The saints & harlots in paris walk the
streets,
as fascists of luv!

The french revolution & the street songs...!
Thee sculpture sparked a parisienne
revolution,
to one of thy songs playing in the streets..!



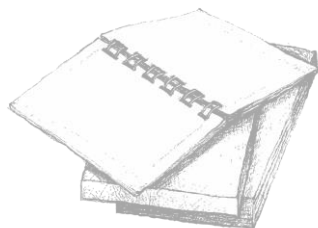
Thee were, for me, the greatest rock n roll
icon,
lady Hardy!

Mon Françoise....

Cheers to thy letters, songs, & the french
revolution

Your luv,

Monsieur Devon



My forbidden luv

Nicole Kidman

You desired a true rockstar, didn't you, aye,
bad girl?
The night thee knocked at the room of my
hotel!

Thee turned the antique cities of iron & rust
into cities of fame!

Thee walked the night as Diana of the
moon

I made thee luv as the Romeo of rock

You kissed me until the moon fell into our
coffee mug...!

Your ginger hair, your silken breasts,
your holy waist of longings, & your british
bum....
My Nicole, you are an ancient museum!

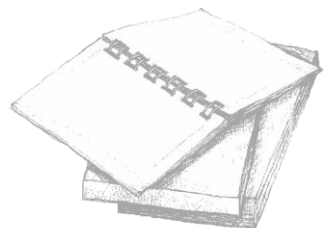
The gods die to get their hands on thee
when thee turn off the lights..!

When I took the wheel, you longed to be
driven wild...!

You ran in the wild, & then pon my heart!

Your vixen hair, your starry eyes!

How i howled when I had thee lying



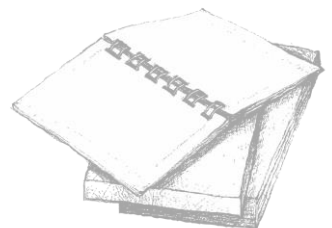
underneath me,
devoured & hunted down- o lady!

The country music, thy cowboy hat, & thee,
riding Jesus, raging on- high!

My holy Nicole!
Could ye blow me again with luv when
you're to leave,
tonight!

Urban shouldn't know, Urban wouldn't
know

O, I bet he doesn't know,
does he?



The Spanish bride

Penelope Cruz

The beat of my heart slowed down the time
my eyes first fell upon you,
o Penelope

I fill the emptiness of my being with your
body

I fill the emptiness of my being with your
music

Your sight had me emptied of my mind....
I know not who,
what, or where i am
anymore!

The spanish archery, your wild hair, & the
agonizing daggers of luv!

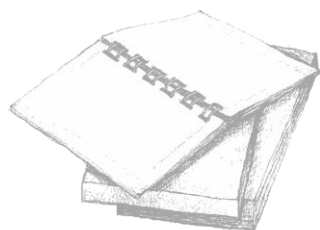
Death, luv, matadoria, sex & wine

You are the evil fruit of fortune the devil
had planted in me!

We erased history, merely the night
remained, & reigned on we!

Your lips were the only cathedral i ever
wished to worship!

Your paradise was the only heaven i ever
longed to be in!



I read every secret note the heavens wrote
'pon your skin...!

I, thy matador, & thee, my Spanish amor...!
The nights of bedfighting...!

We danced as the song undressed itself...

& we had sex as the song rose the highest...

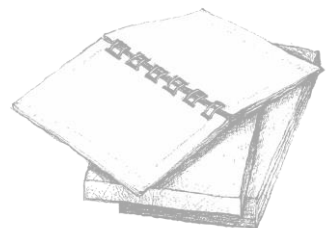
I gave up heaven & hell, to have thy kiss

You are the missing element in every
Spanish painting.....

Rapahel went mad to have thee on the
sheets

Lady pristine Barcelona, the light of
Catalunya

The Spanish bride...!



The merciful Giselle

Bündchen

The winged angel goddess o'mine of
paradisèan walkways...!

Paris & Helen were borne from thy rib!

My luv, my amor, my luvly fascist!

I know thee, heart to heart, my luv!

An auburne Sappho lives, breathes, smiles
in thy walks!

Thee's is not a walk, but a statement.
A political statement-
of luv, freedom, youth & being a rebel..!

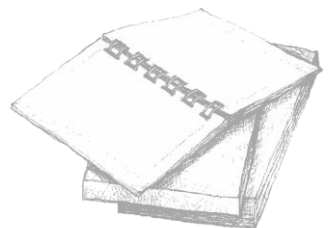
I had died every time thee walked 'pon my
feeble heart..!
My mortal eyes cannot bear thy finesse!

From Victoria's secret to Versace & Dior,
all fell to thy kingdom, o mighty
Giselle!

Thee Cartier soul....!

Every earthly kingdom lies buried in your
holy bosom..!

The greek gods lie in attendance; whenever
thee walk thy paradisèan walk!



Every pose you did strike, were the birth of
a god!
Every attire thee put on, birthed a
revolution!

The devil died longing to kiss your eyes!

You could tame the gods & demons alike!

Versace died when he gazed pon thee with
his mortal eyes!

You're more gangster than the shotgun!
You're more mafia than the Italians!
You're more evil than the beasts, & holy
men!
You're more godly than even the gods, &
their demons!

Your blue eyes-- the birth of a new sky!

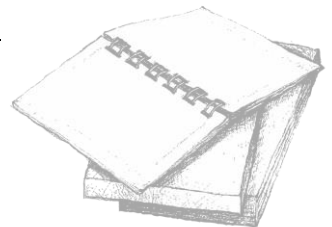
Thy life is a lesson in rebellion, youth, sex,
freedom, luv, & revolution..!

Lady Rebellion even freedom fell in luv with
thee!

Thee preached freedom how to be young,
wild & free...!

Icarus fell,
so he could make luv to thee, & take flight
with your wings!

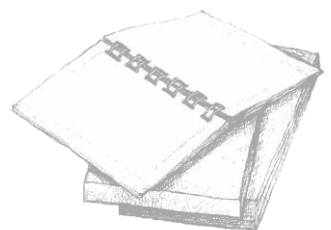
Gucci died at thy feet, Chanel hanged itself-
when thee called it the end of thy angelic
days!



You were turning into a goddess then- thee
Ssaid...!

Where are thee, tonight...?

Greece, Rome, the heavens- or at thy castle
beyond paradise....!



Lady Catherine Zeta-Jones

Billy Joel, The Shakespeare of melody, pon
the Piano etched Vienna-
as we deliciously savoured & cherished the
red wine & pecks light...

King Hamlet of Denmark gifted his sword of
truth to thee!

St.Vienna died a tragedy the day thee
graced his streets!

The knights of luv long to be re-knighted by
thee!

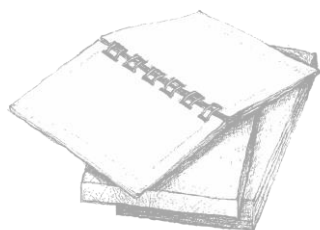
Thee set my piano heart on fire, mine
devilish luvlady!

The kiss of thy sword 'pon my shoulder,
& i fell n arose
knighted,
charmed by thy spell!

The devil dared not look into thine holy
eyes,
for he did never wish to die!

The greek Athena were found murmuring
secret ancient texts
in thy ear...!

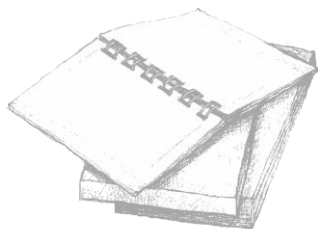
The devil had carved me from marble to
luv thee...!



& i shall sculpt thee from the evil marble
Sky...

For thee need to lie in these evil arms of
mine..!

My Saint Zara, highlady luv Catherine Zeta-
Jones!



The Hollywoodeen

Elizabeth Hurley

Babe, when thee put thy bralette strings on
in front of me--
the evil byron in me comes back to life from
the grave to have thee!

I lie at heaven's gate;
dying to taste the paradise that lies
forbidden in thee...!

I am the sinner & the sin,
& thee, the goddess of my kingdom...!

My holy anvil-
I died to kiss thee as i battled the dark
Skies!

The Duchess of Versace,
I am the evil archbishop of Saint Laurent...!

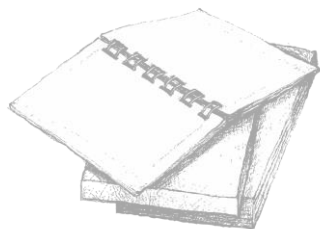
Shall we dine with the lies & Saint Valentine

Thine eyes hold the hidden secrets of
Versace

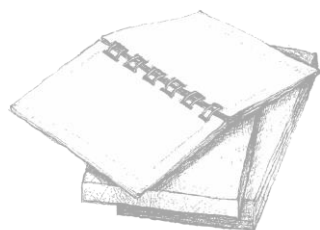
Thy Dior breasts, thy Chanel curves, thy
Balenciaga finesse

Ah, The evil daughter of St. Agnes,
I shall forever be thy forbidden Victorian
secret...!

Saint Chelsea lies captured by thy finesse!



Remember when we went to our Versace
beach one night,
naked at the strike of 12 at midnight...!



Mi lady Michele Pfeiffer & Queen Sansa Stark of the North

I were your Al Pacino, i were your Don
Corleone

I were the famed king of the entire north...!

Michele, thee were the epitome of the
finest of gentlewomen....

Thee have aged & turned into the goddess
of wine!

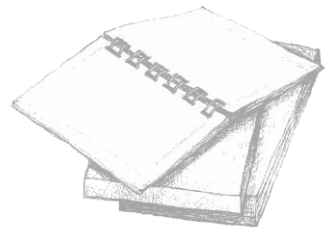
The angels die to drink from thy cup-
& the secret of the gods lies in thy wine
immortal...!

Ah, to bed thee & queen Sansa Stark of the
North
on the fall of every fortnight...!

The arrival of the wolves whenever me &
lady Sansa Stark howled in the
debauchery hours...!

The wolves shall obey we, until the fall of
evil time!

The lying saints prey 'pon the mortal,
for they couldn't grab a piece of Sansa &
thee!



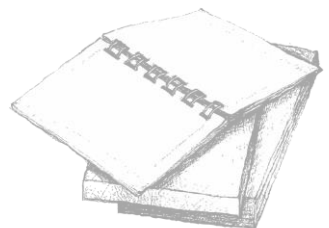
Ah, thee, mon Michelle, & lady Stark, the queen!

Alexander would have killed himself-
if he ever did come face to face with thy
light!

Nero played the lyre, as Rome fell, when he
died
for he knew thy kingdom, shall, were one
day to rise...!

Ah,
we did know it all, didn't we, lady Stark,
lady Michele....

Let the bed be the kingdom of our hearts
tonight.....
"Rule, or die!",
read the calligraphy 'pon thy marble bodies
when i took off thy wings, fragility &
attires....!



The Lady nobella Natalie Portman

My Portman, my Natalie-

Thee art mon nobella, my Emmy, my Bafta
& my ballerina

I were yours from the 1st of may & right
into the dark december days!

There existed none, time hath hanged
itself-
circa the night we were wedded as luvvers...!

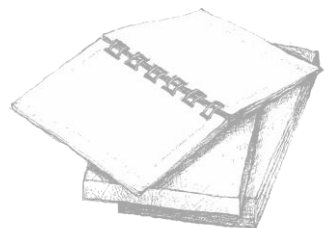
Thor, Loki & Zeus battled with me for thy
heart!
I slained them for I had Aphrodite at my
side!

The gods battled, raised hell in the
heavens-
just to be banished from thy light!

All our bond-strings shall be, were meant
to be tied from heart to heart foreveron....!

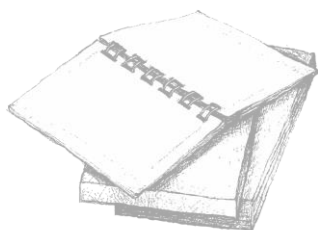
My black swan- the firebird of my heart
dying...!

The mad stars are at war amongst each
other-
for fame & fortune drink with not them but
thee...!



& the heavens- the heavens lie they once
had thee...!

Ah, & how the Jerusalem of my heart had
erupted-
when the arrows of fate bowed forth thy
mind's beauty!



Thee Dame Elizabeth Taylor

Ah,
the taste of thee, the taste of thee, the
taste of thee-
mine Elizabethan lady..!

The old-roads of Hollywood led to our
classic, ill-famed mansion
on The Gatsby street..!

The luvstone in our home, the rocks in our
garden!

Evil youth, wild fruits, the berries red&blue
of you!

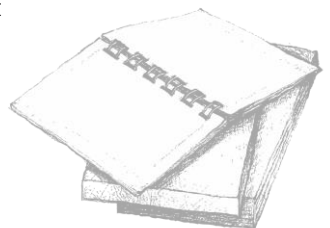
Thy scent lives on, on the grave of James
Dean!

Thee shall be my grave, i shall forever lie in
thee!

Oh Taylor, sweet Taylor amor of mine,
Paris died,
when thee parted from him!

Thy acts were better than many an acts
Shakespearean!

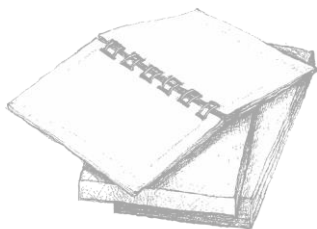
I could watch thee act for days, but couldn't
bear a Shakespearean tragedy for even a
mere second!



Thee reigned 'pon the glorious legions of
the Elizabethans-
from thy high castle in Westminster!

Lady Rosemont,
thee reign over the legion of the wild
young-guns of Rosemont!

Shall me start a kingdom in thy name, my
lady Elizabethan?



The luvstrings Mila Kunis

My luv Mila Kunis,
I remember the last time we had made luv
with no strings attached.....

Ah, how thee played tennis with me in bed

Ah, did we ever really have no strings
attached.....

I don't think there ever was such a time!

The manner
every eve thee luvstrings, the bralette fell
to the ground...!

I had always been tied to thee luvstrings, o
Mila o' mine!

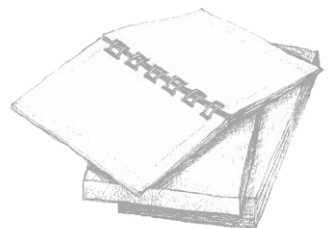
&
the night we had with Ashton Kutcher &
Justin Timberlake!

How could thee ever forget that ride!

Thee didn't want to leave my luvly home!

We were so high the moon's stature had
fallen short
forth thee & i!

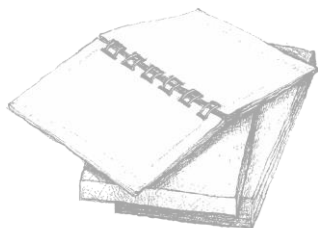
Oh, Mila,
shall we call Timberlake to have another
nightly jamming session with we?



O Liv- your delicate & deliciously edible
cherry lips!

Mine Liv Tyler;
your marble white feather like body were
destined
to bring 'pon the death of me!

Armageddon...Armageddon...Armageddon!



For the luv of Amy Adams

Ah,
& if i were given to choose between the
oscars & your breasts;
thee know what this evil heart of me would
have chosen,
mon amor.....

Thee body calls unto me, whispers my
name
like french poetry!

You taste of a parisienne painting, my
mistress of tragedy...!

Thee wine is darker than even Maserati

In your eyes shine the Zara skies

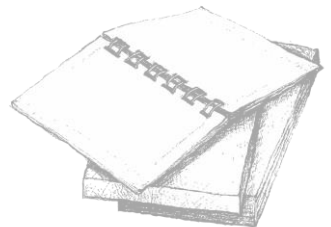
Dior learnt from thee how to be a fashion
queen

Ah, to have thee in a Ferrari red & ripe!
Ferrari, thee, & the red sky!

Ah, to have sex with thee to your own
movies!

To have thee naked in front of me,
while your movies played in the
background.....

Let's make a movie of our own, Amy!
Just you & me,



going on non

for

hours,

filming...!

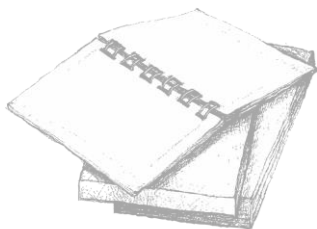
O Amy,

Zeus had longed to fall in your trap of luv!

Ruin him please-

destroy him,

for me!



The art of Jennifer Lawrence

I were lying with a greek amor in bed,
& I didn't know if she were a goddess or the
diva in bed...!

The sculptures & their wings lie at thy
feet...!

You were my greek goddess, my Aphrodite,
high on Tennessee whiskey!

Thee were my dark phoenix with wings of
light!

The sculptures of truth & lies!

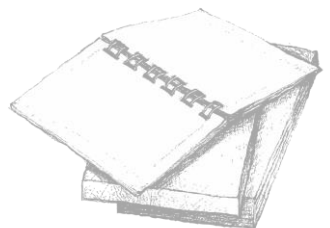
Thee undressed my soul in the midst of the
Californian nights,
the eve of one fortnight!

The evil sculptures of fame & rust!

The American dry deserts & the fall of
autumn,
all lie in us!

A goddess, two poets in luv, & a home on
fire!

Our suits, ford, mansions, horses & the wild
west!



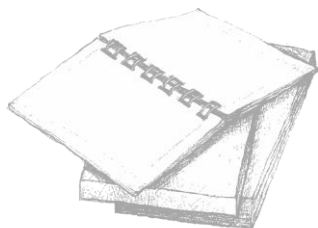
The cigaretti gods drunk on thy champagne,
lie pon thy fragile greek belly!

Logs of wood, my manhood, wild hipsterly
sex in the holy, forbidden woods!

Your luv lies in my bones, your scent lingers
in my bosom!

Mon Jennifer...Jennifer... Jennifer

Let us fly to the heights again- mon greek
Aphrodite...!



Mon sweet luv Gabrielle

Anwar

"& the devil had set my hands on fire, the
night
I had tried to touch her...!"

Therefore, i shall hereby read a letter that
she had sent to me.....

"You touched my teenage body & struck my
form into a fragile diva of marble....

I lay, thy amor,
like saint valentine's holy wine
bled in the silken white sheets of purity....!

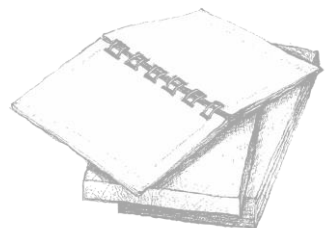
Luv had never tasted as auburne as the red
wine thee turned it into.....

I lie,
like
aromatic roses & lilies,
& a bottle of spilled red wine from an old
forgotten century....!

I lie, like
a bouquet erupted & eroded & unraveled
with pleasure.....

Ah, to bear the devilish child of thee, o evil
byroney....!

Life couldn't have gotten any merrier
hereon!



The gods could never touch, set mine wild
heart on fire-
but thee did, o evil devony...!

Thee savoured every innocent lie I had ever
spread in thy name....!

Thee loved me ardently the nights I were
sighing-
like holy Diana, forth thy eyes...!

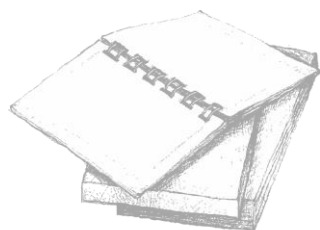
One innocent lie, & set on fire lieth
two lovers' lovelorn eyes...!

The sweet secrecy of our mesmerizingly
graceful highs....

O evil devony,

Thee acted so tenderly with my kimberley
body!

I luv thee, o evil devony, i luv thee!"



My dame-ish luv Cameron Diaz

My fallen goddess

Daughter of Icarus & Aphrodite

Luver of Neptune

Turner of Fate

Thy sweet kiss of fortune

Thy heart- the beat of the dark sky

Thy breasts, the luv of the devil & saints
alike...!

We were the holy devils of Californian
heights

& the hell's angels of Hollywood..!

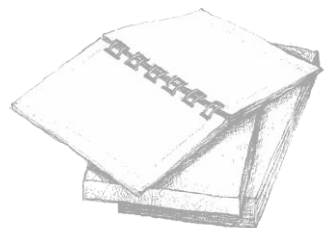
Mon Cameron Diaz

O Diaz o'mine

For the luv of sin,

thee set my vampire heart free at every
midnight!

How I promised to be back before daylight,
to devour thy bosom & on thy neck leave
vampire bites!



I died when thee lit my cigarette that eve-
in the back of the limo magazine,

& I had gracefully taken hold of thee in thy
alluring red & black dress stripped!

My sweet Cameron Diaz!

O goddess befallen!

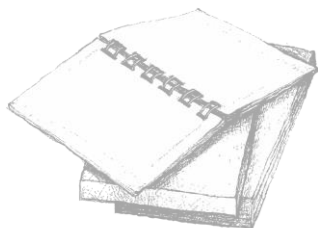
The holy Grail..!

Beloved child of Icarus & Aphrodite!

The angel bride of my black heart of evil!
Fortune, fate, fire & ice,
luv, Marriage, sex in a graveyard at night!

The kiss of luv sealed our fate, tied!

I died when thee took off thee wedding
dress that night.....



Mi luv Winona Ryder

My Winona,

Thee never married, for thee longed to lie
with me in a cemetery!

But, there are none like me, my luvliest
Winona!

Our heathen feathers, lying at the door of
heaven!

The angel of Avon, sweet Winona!

I gave thee thy name Ryder, after our ride
on a Ducati!

You are the wildest Ryder the ghost of me
has seen!

The holy innocent daughter of the evil
Dracula!

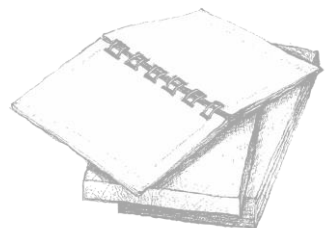
Archery, evil fame & thy wilde luv!

Thy graceful bosom of two carnal roses of
flesh in luv,

that cannot live apart!

We lie upon the crucible, thee as truth & i,
the lie!

We were the duke & Duchess of the
kingdom of celebrities!



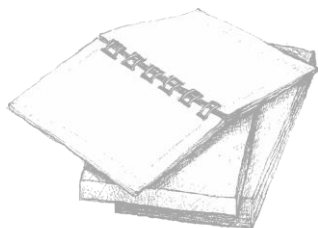
The Brad Pitts & di Caprios lined up longing
for our autographs!

The angel of grace, mistress of luv, the evil
muse of melancholy!

The black swan of Christ, the evil rose of
Mary...!

I wrote you the darkest letters of luv in my
evil blood!

Thee never married, for thee longed to lie
with me in a cemetery!



Hey Elizabeth Oslen

Thee, The sculpture of fortune & fate!

& I were a slave to the sky in the bluest of
thy eyes....!

Thy holy flesh of Trinity lies on the cover of
Vogue magazine,
dressed as the classic red Ferrari riding lady
Mcqueen...!

Thy speed killed James Dean, made Steve
Mcqueen bow forth thee!

Your breasts were bigger than America, o
lady liberty

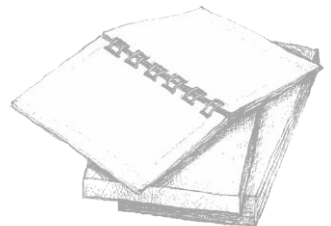
Elizabeth, ask your people to bow forth me!
The Robinhood of your heart has arrived!
The gods envy me as i take thee, o queen
Californian!

Texas cowboys often come hunting for
thee!

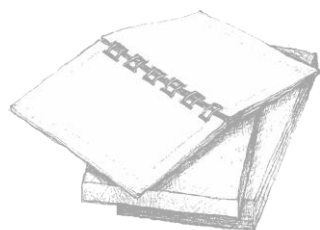
I like to whip thee naked & thee like to
shoot at me!

We went down the streets of LA as Mad
Maxx; road rage fury...!

Lady San Francisco, the hells angel of Los
Angeles!



Let us hunt together till we die,
on with our godly archangel wings & nubile
filmmaking!



The highborn firstlady Kate's holy Gregorian Bush

My sweet Laura Bush

They say you, my sweet Laura, had fucked
every Bush in town!
& then tied a bell around their neck, which
went 'Clint-on, Clint-on...!' all day long!

O sweet Gregorian luv of mine, o Kate

I, at times, cannot find you amidst the
bushes....

Shall i command my men to assassinate the
bushes?

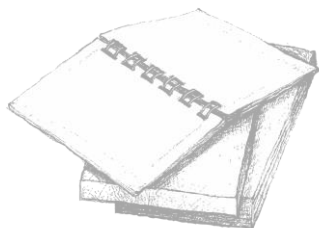
The bushes are fine when tamed, but can
be tiresome when left to run wild...!

Oh Kate! The luvliest Bush I'd ever met!

From Solomon to Abraham & Adam,
all desired, longed to lay in thy bushy barn!

Remember when we eloped running past
the bushes
& to the top of the town,
where we made out,
& there the moon had taken off her gown!

The wolves howled Gregorian chants as i
wolfed thee,
o Diana of snowwhite!



The archer of power&infamy amidst the
bushes!

Luv in the wilde fashion!

My Rembrandt girl.....!

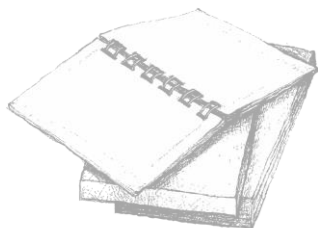
We're at war with Bush & by the grace of
thy bush, i shall beat him at the duel
tonight!

Let's write a new epic mockery namely "Ah,
The paradise lost of George "The Milton"
Bush!"

May George Bush rest in peace

Kiss me, Kate Bush

Let's piss upon his grave.....to grow them
bushes...!



Mine Dear Ellie Goulding

Ah, my sweet Ellie!

The evil wild Burberry
of the fountain of wisdom&youth...!

At fortnights,
thee ascended upon me like the dark
heavens!

You were my final twilight dream, o twin of
Diana!

I needed your luv, I needed to burn!

Ode, wine, letters, wings, holyluv&sighs!

The sweet crown of luv's thorns upon our
merry heads,
& a new religion on our minds!

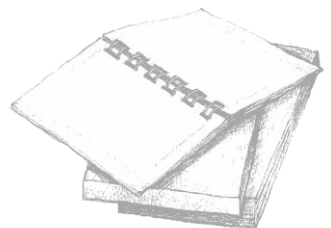
I fell for thee when i was sixteen & died in
your arms at sixty!

My heart turns into a Ferrari horse at
nights,
when thee takeover my mindsville!

You burnt me like a saviour on god's wings!

You mailed me my home in a red letterbox!

The Oxford street & the sweet Ellie nights!



My Arthurean knightwoman, the holy dame
of chivalry...!

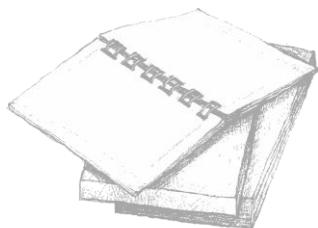
The idea of luv, you&me, &
chemistry&chivalry under our holy sheets!

You turned into a sculpture the last time
we were in bed...!

.
. .
.

Ah, mon sweet Catholic churchyard luv....!

I dropped by the church every august eve
to lie by thy wings....!



Katy Perry- Let's Roar

Let's roar

Thee said...

But how could i....

I was chained to thy heartbeat

You were my luvly hero, my luvving Nero!

Lady Pierrot, The Mary Antoinette of Eden!

Thee took me, an Adam, a slave
& chained me, made me roar...!

Ah, the arrows of truth, the arrows of truth!

& how i luvd the undressing of thee
gown...

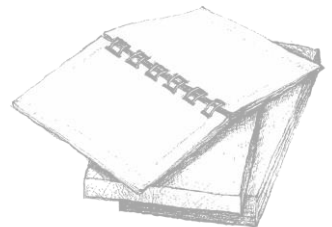
I wished to tame thy luv wings,
o angel of mine

Thy wings were made to make luv to the
sky!

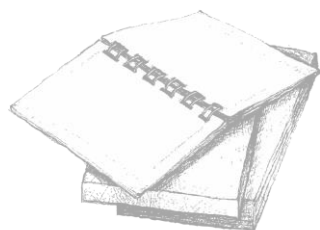
The heir to Met Gala, mon Balenciaga baby!

Mi lady of Barbara, the milestone of The
Rolling Stones!

How we rode until the dawn died--
on our Harleys in Hawaii, & Mustangs, &
Ducati!



We married in Los Angeles,
& woke up in Vegas at the dawn of the 19th
century!



At Inez Tazi's with Momina Mustesan & Nehaal Naseem

We were in a room in the beluved city of
Paris

At the home of the french moroccan Inez
Tazi...

Mustesan had brought a new girl in, namely
Nehaal

We were about to play...

Nehaal was pure. Mustesan my luv.

There was a certain music between us,
calling us in....!

We all felt a sacred bond pulling us in!

Nehaal's eyes- the blue sky!

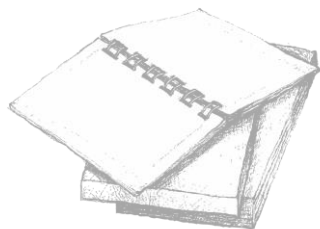
Mustesan's attire; the light dressed up..!

The instruments to be played lying about
us.....

& the music had begun,

played itself.....

Nehaal wanted to play really fast



I told her you're young, i feel your
enthusiasm

But, calm down

You need not hurry too much....

Then we went to rove around Turkiye, &
made luv drunk like the old poets!

The poets of ishq, The poets of ruuh!

I, a cathedral, fell in luv with thee, o Hagia
Sofia...!

We then played the music in the Hagia
Sofia...!

& they threw us out

The ancient Persian poets & lovers heard
our music,
&
our call to the lovers' prayer.....!

They say the persian poet Hafez

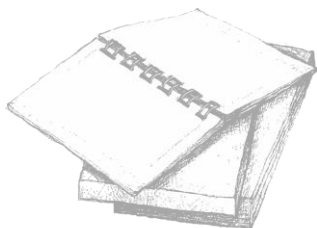
wrote the prayer

of luv....

They say

The wine of Khayyam ruleth all the lovers

They say
It were Ovid's wine that Khayyam preached
of



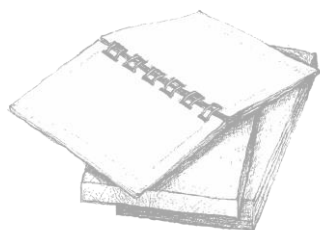
But, we didn't understand any of it

&

we were back at Inez Tazi's room in Paris to
play more music

Amen

The lovers' poet



Betty Ford's deep blue

Hey Betty blue-

Luv, I can still bet your blue lagoon is still
forever mine for the taking.....

Your berries, cherry, & strawberries
lying in the kitchen....!

Are you there, luv?

In the flowery kitchen melancholy &
memories?

How we would dance to The Cranberries &
linger on in the sheets!

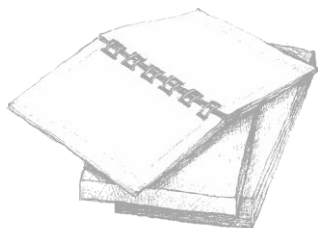
Betty,
I had never met myself the way i met my
fire,
in thee!

Holy Betty,
Let us fly again to the lagoon next wee!

Ah, sweet debauchery with thee...!
Every night...fortnight...forever nights...!

David Gray had been our forever melody!

How we screwed madly in luv in the winters
cherry sweet!



The Torettoes in a Mustang

The power of a god lieth in the Mustang!

Do you feel the horsepower of the Ferrari gods?

My Mustang's a black horse named Ferrari!

It has the finest leather for thee to lie!

Ah, the sound it makes when i go harder!

We rode from The Tennessee highways to
The Arizona skies!

We ride with guns, homies, luv, drugs & the
gods of racing!

The highroads whisper our name, give us
the clarion call, to drag race on them every
fortnight!

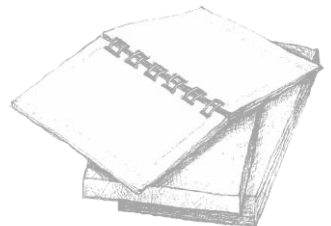
The car's family, like thee, Toretto lady!

Mustang, the torettoes, texan deserts,
prison breaks, & american highways..!

Mustang maketh a man. Mustang breeds
real men.

The gods of Rome ride in Mustangs too!

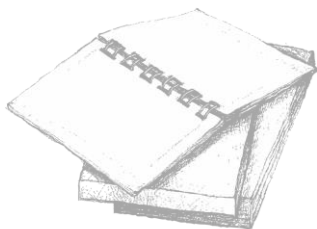
The Mustang & my blackhorse Ferrari,



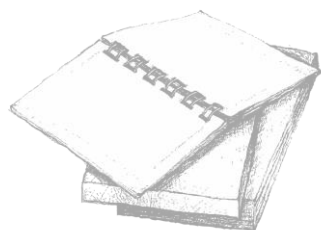
racing, flying past the sky
in the lush-green yard at the back of my
mansion!

A Mustang makes a man of a boy,
a god of a racer, & a lord out of a mere
mortal being...!

The world shall die, but Mustangs shall
forever live on!



II



Leonardo Da Vinci's unholy secret revealed

Ah, i could never defame Da Vinci!

The vampire in me could never touch him!

But, o, i did touch his holy kept secret

I surely did touch her....

They say Da Vinci was a man of secrets..!

& he had a couple of favourite courtesans

&

he never liked them to be shared...!

But,

I hacked the da Vinci code one eve....

& then, I got to luv them courtesans too...!

They were more mine than they were ever

his-

dobeedobeedo!

They couldn't resist, stop themselves from

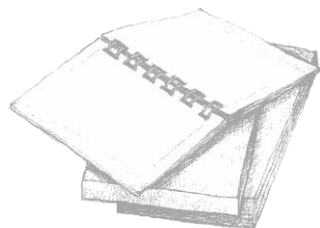
eating mi chest,

aowh!

They luvd whatever i baked in the oven,

& in them

on the canvas pon the bed!



They were the holy undressed canvas,
&

I were the brush!

Da Vinci said-

"There's no art without luv

&

There's no luv without art"

& true was he, wasn't he?

Dobeedobee, dobeedobee!

Nah, he didn't even say that! I just lied!

They say Da Vinci had stayed awake for
most of his life-

for he were stressed his courtesans: hearts
did flee to me every night..!

&

all he was left with were the ugly Mona Lisa
to paint!

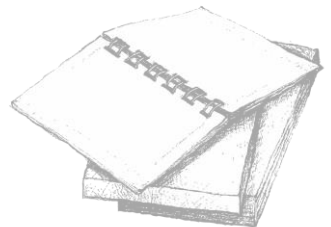
For his June et Jolie had long fled to me!

&O,

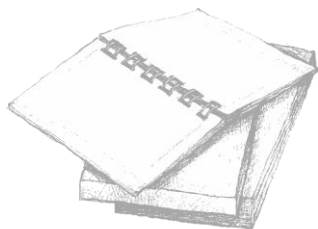
how I took good care of their youthful
longings

At my home,
the courtesans planted a garden of red &
lavender berries!

Do ye wish to have some too, o lady upon
the ferry?



&
then
they mischievously wrote,
“Da Vinci were in we, & we were in Da
Vinci”
all over bedfordshire town & londonderry..!



Michelangelo of Italia's holy amor

Michelangelo's amor in marble- a marvel in
my sheets!

Her marble sculpture being lying with me...!

& then i got to worship Michelangelo's
amor
& her fragile flesh of silken marble..!

Ah, to sleep with Michelangelo's amor in
silk!

She had been the wit & wine
that breathes in Michelangelo's sculptures!

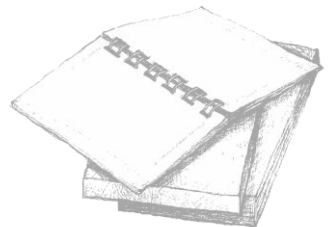
She were the truth carved into a sculpture
from marble!

I drank from the same fountain of wine &
marble,
& turned into a genius of Michelangelo's
calibre!

Indeed, there lies something mysterious in
roman wine & marble!

The wine from Rome sculpts men into true
youthful romans!

Many wished-
but could have neither Michelangelo's
wine



nor marble amor...!

Just i did, & forever i lived!

History has been the canvas--
& time my brush...!

My muse, my muse- an angel, a goddess
trapped in marble..!

May I set her, the sculpture of the angel,
free
by carving her spirit from the lying marble..!

That night with Mary Shelley on the cross

My husband's not as great as they think
him to be...

To me your's is the greatest I've ever seen

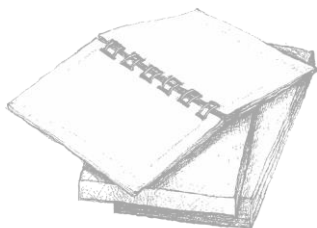
The works of thee are of the calibre
devilish, godly!

You robbed me from my grave, o evil
Byroney!

I was acting dead in the graveyard with
Keats!

Did i tame thee when I carved an eternal
Ode pon thy skin!

Shelley lay agonizing, writhing in his grave!



The devil in I; devoured the absinthe in
thee!

Shall i write thee a poem, or shall i let the
devil write we...!

"I shall forever be the Adonis to thee, my
highlady!", vowed me!

Lady St. Irvine, shall we remain entwined?

Prometheus lies unbound;
to die at thy merciful feet of paradise!

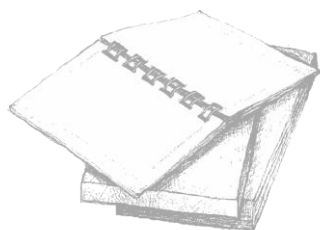
Prometheus was drunk on thee, when he
gave fire to humanity!
It was all thee, behind the holy blasphemy!

We were the last of the evil romantics!

Thee are an ancient relic of the most
romantic graveyard to me!

We ran wild in ennobled cemeteries looking
for our lost ensemblage!

& pon the fall one gothic night at
Winchester Castle,
The soft haunting sighs & laments of thee
secret Play-
rang the spirit up of every holy Saint in
heaven,
& initiated they a gothic cult of Mary
Shelley there,
marking St. Mary's territory as the gods fell,
& arose the highlady Mary Shelley of
Durhamville!



Ah, the Shelleys adored our evil luv affair!

& thee said,
"Percy Florence shall live to tell tale of our
evil archery!"

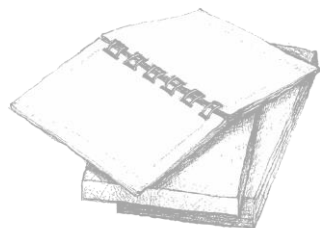
Byron was behind the plot!
Keats secretly carved, engraved a meter for
the plot of we!

I killed myself at 29 for i had been emptied
of luv by thee,
my lady Rosenstein!

How can a man live with no luv alive-- for
isn't luv a man's life's & heart's dime!

I couldn't go on, Shelley, i couldn't go on...
make it to the next wee...!

And 'pon my grave thee had engraved--
"Here lieth the chanticler blazoned by
many a legions damely....."



To Lady Agatha of St. Christie Street.....

I shot a man at 6 o'clock,
& then at 7
I were performing the waltz at a wedding,
with the luv of my life..!

Last night,
I murdered the detective on the Orient
Express...!
His name were lying engraved on one of my
bullets!

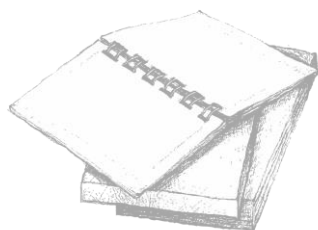
For he'd been interfering in our mysterious
affair!

& remember-
when we were at our little snobbery in the
library,
thee discovered a body down the aisle lying
in a pool of blood!

The endless nights....
the endless eerie nights of gore, sex &
revenge!

Fate played dice with we forth our very
eyes!
& when we announced its murder, o thee &
i!

Thee play the wicked cards of luv in my
face!



Thee took my black suited white shirt off,
as i took off thy black dress!
Couldn't thee wait a bit longer to plot
another of thy mysterious murders,
my evil dame?

&
all the clocks had stopped to be,
when the detective in thee had handcuffed
me!
All the clocks had stopped to be,
when thee guillotined me pon the strike of
midnight,
o dame evil!

& before the wee arose,
thee opened the secret bottle of red wine,
from one of thy lores!

As we swayed to the song St Agnes & the
Burning Train!

Mon Christie, mon Christie....Why the
poison...!

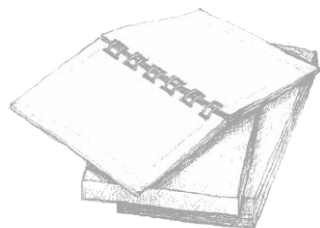
Ah..., I luvd you!

You should've rather murdered me in my
sleep!

Or pressed a revengeful dagger into my
breast!

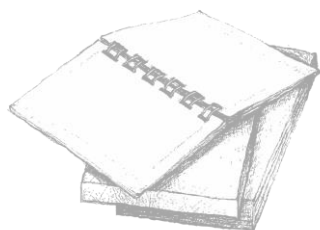
But, Poison thee had chosen...!
Why poison, Christie, why!

Our life, was a tragedy in three acts!
Gore, sex, violence & an infamous death!



Ah,
Thee shall be at my funeral.....
We'll make luv in my eloquently decorated
grave!

& after the funeral,
we Shall have black coffee in the darkest of
them skies!



The Constantinople of my Austen

Lady Caesar of augustan might,
The empress of books, novels, time;
my heart fled the Constantinople of thy
literature..!

Ah,
we married night after night ever since thy
novels had captured the dark sky!

We devoured all novels of luv with pleasure
every fortnight...!
At 1am past midnight!

"The only men worthy of loving are the
ones like thee, o Devon Salvatore",
thee wrote, & marked
'pon my flesh!

We were half agony, & half luv!

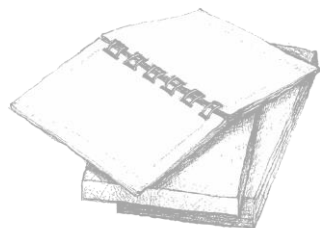
Dying, falling, loving like two featherless
birds!

Luv had never haunted me this way before
thee came along!

Thee art my soul, thee art my death

Thee passions burn me!

Half the world wished to luv & die- like
thee & i...!
Thee & i...



Lying forth the dying gods of Rome & Greece with Cleopatra o' mine

O Cleopatra...mon Cleopatra....
Sweet amor of mine life...

Thee charmed me when i were a boy
& brought me up into a man of Herculean
might...!

Medusa, Aurelius, The dying gods of Rome
& Greece alike!

I am no Antony- but The Prince, the son of
the evil Aurelian!

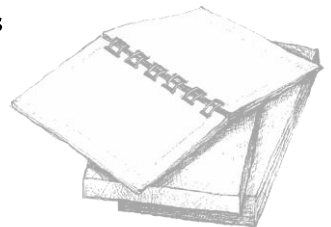
If thee can plot my murder-
even the legions of Aurelius shall bow forth
thee..!

I shall give up my sword-- & accept the fall
of my pride!
If thee birth me a daughter who could
poison Constatine!

Sappho remembers thy name.....

O merciless sister of hope & agony...!

Cleopatra, Caesar, Caesarion...!
Thy names lie forever etched pon the pillars
of the Parthenon



I know not if thee will slit my throat or
poison me tonight....
& yet i come to lie by thy side every night
How shall thee take me tonight?
Take me a king, a murderer, & the lord of
light...

The head of Marc Antony lies impaled at
thy city gates,
O Cleopatra o' mine

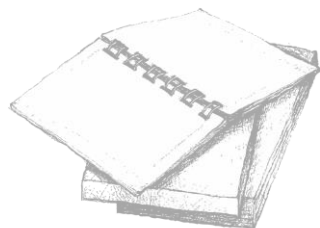
& the blood of Antony were drunken by my
howling wolves-
last midnight!

There shall stand no mortal men, gods &
beasts alike,
between thy city gates & my lust for pride
tonight..!

What is a kingdom worth but iron & rust
without thee,
o Cleopatra o' mine

What is a king worth if he'd never made luv
to thee,
o Cleopatra o' mine

My luvng Cleopatra,
Thee shall live longer than even Aphrodite



**Keats died the night he
caught his to be wife-
lying at my side in perfect
score, meter, rhythm &
rhyme**

& I devoured thy curvy rhythm & rhymes,
mon luv of Keats

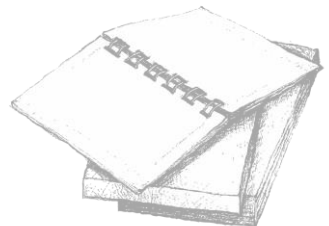
You gave birth to my heir & scion-
while Keats kept busy framing his worthless
Endymion.....

Your form, rhythms & sighs
& our holy highs,
oh Marianne!

& how we made fun of the Grecian Urn,
as we lay in Keats' bed playing debauchery
games turn after turn!

& when we baptized each other secretly in
Keat's Jacuzzi,
on the eve of St Aragon!

I carved an eternal ode pon thy breasts
which read,
"& only a Phoenix shall lay his head pon her
bosom hereon!"
& it sealed a deadly kiss 'pon the grave of
Keats!



Ah,
how i ate thee, framed thee, slept with
thee, & dreamt thee;
my romantic poetry from the 19th century!

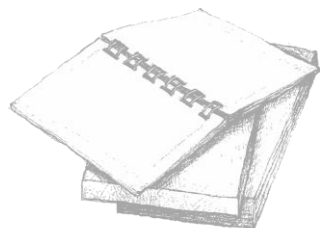
The entirety of 19th century England hung
its head,
when it encountered the gravely hollow
poetry of St John Keats!

Remember the time when we lay in the hay
for an entire week,
in the noble barn by the stable of senior
Thomas Keats!

Even the father had written better poetry
& that too in his sleep,
than Mr. Pennyworth Johnny the little
junior Keats!

Mon darling luv of Keats,
& we shall name our little ones Endymion,
Hyperion, Ode junior, Autumn the little lad
& senior brat Melancholy!

&
then
I pissed on Keats' grave-
after we hadst married & done the deed
forth him,
at the cemetery!



With his lady layeth, William's fate I mocketh

Mock on mock on ye son of byron

"William, william, it was, really nothing"

Why do you worry William

No one's mocking ye

I just took yer wife, she came to me

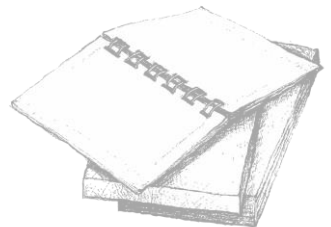
Voltaire framed Candide & Rousseau carved
history on thee, yer lady

John Milton framed Lost in Paradise,
when he found the Adam & Eve in me
& yer wife,
lying amorously in bed, in the name of thee
fate & eternity!

& why did the lord plot me lying in bed with
yer wife,
o William?

What gospel, what mysteries were
underlying
such intimate acts of treason....

The son of byron took thy pride,
& feasted with thee lady & Rousseau in
Voltaire's Candide!



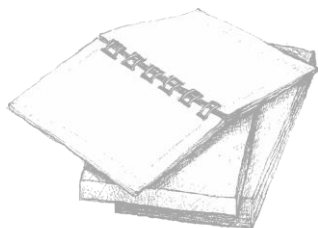
& after we'd feasted pon thy lady,
I slapped her luvly butt all the way down
Oxford Street!

The mother of Mary Shelley had started the
suffragette movement
with we!

The marriage of heaven & hell,
The marriage of thee wife, o William, & me!

We dove into River Styx in quest of our lost
chap,
Saint Devon 'de Rossi' Salvatore of the
roman legions vampirely!

He's said to have continued the legacy of
mocking William on into
forevermore & forevermorony thereon!



Dame-ishh mistresses of Donne & Dryden

O lady Donne,
Thee were the holiest sonnet one could
ever touch...!

Ah,
to feel your alluring form on me,
& the way thee defied all rules of luv on the
sheets!

How thee flow in me with rhythm,
rapturously.....

Thee had my heart captured, the Prince, in
thy bed on luv's heights!

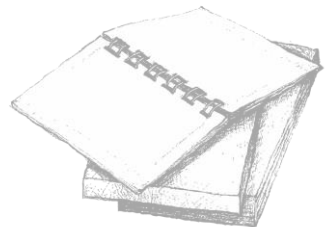
Luv had spread its marble wings in me;
when thy lips landed their fragile kisses pon
mine!

I locked & caged the gods in marble
forever-
so they could never get to thee!

All the mysteries of luv lay disrobed forth
my eyes....!

Dryden's mistress might be expecting us
tonight.....

Did you know lady Dryden, my Donne's
lady?



"Lady Dryden--mine sacred majesty....!"

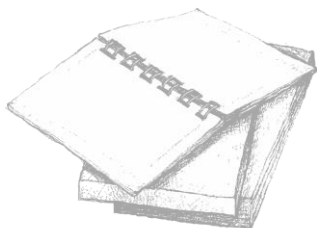
O luvly Dryden's highlady!
Shall i make luv to thee on the dinner
table....

Ah,
& we made luv in the forbidden hour-
birthing the holy heir who turned into the
Pope of the vatican of lovers!

"Let's feast!", thee said, o damely lovers of
Donne & Dryden!

& the feast never ended, the feasting never
ended on that night...!

We never fled the sheets, the dining, & the
bed...!



Paradise Lost with Virgil's holy Harlots

Virgil, The Aeneid, Ovid & Rome's
Metamorphoses

I had learnt the tricks of luv from master
Ovid,
& used them in luring the lovers of Virgil

Virgil's harlots cherished me,
as they were lying pon me in the garden of
Florence...

In the garden we lay drunk on wine & luv

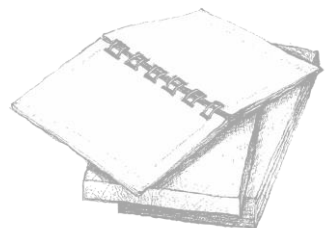
I named my harlots strawberry, redberry,
blueberry, mon amour cherry & on
n on.....

Their cherry tasted sweeter than the thorny
berries of wisdom..!

Virgil did flee writing, & died to be beside
us
in the garden in the name of Aeneid..!

Oh mother Aeneid-
will thee forgive our vessels for we haven't
sinned tonight... ?

Aeneas went from the city of Naples to
history,
telling tale of mine affairs with Virgil's
harlots!



Rome's eternal memory shall remember we
for our triumphant nightly victories!

Me & my holy harlots had founded Rome in
the brothel one eve!

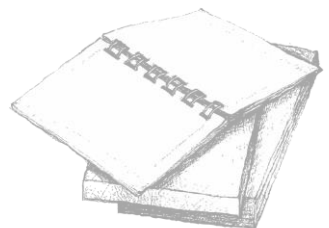
Ah, to savor the evil fruits of luv in the
darkest of brothels...!

Romulus had been named the bastard son
of a blind harlot & me!

Carthage remembers the carnage that we
left behind dishevelled!

Dido died in bed longing of luv..!

Dante chose Virgil bcoz my saintly harlots
had refused to guide him
through hell...!



Ruth St. Adela of Amsterdam

To
My dutch painting-

Thee were a still living portrait of roses,
lillies & pansies...!

Thee shared a kiss with me,
& we turned into Gustav Klimt's The Kiss!

The disciples of light fell into the sea of
Galilee,
at the sight of thee!
Such storms lie in thy eyes...!

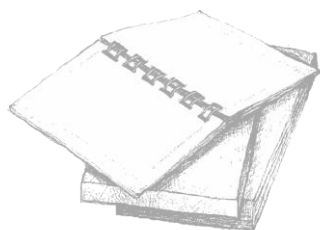
Thee savour red wine & i am emptied of
myself!

You are a love letter hidden in a Da Vinci
painting!

Thee, are a dutch painting..!

The streets of Amsterdam remind me of
your pallet!
Thee mysteriously painted Amsterdam
town
in the colours of thy mind!

Autumn arriveth at Amsterdam, to cherish
thee!



Van gogh had a duel with the lords to be
born here!

Thee are the letter Van gogh wrote & left
behind in Amsterdam

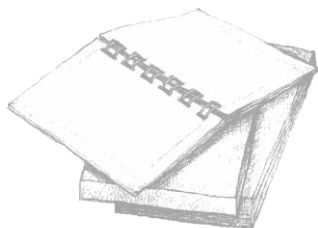
Thee & Amsterdam turn into a museum at
the strike of twilight!

After midnight--
What happens in the museum stays a
secret...!

Thy soul is the finest dutch painting ever
crafted by the lord!
Thine eyes were the inspiration of
Rembrandt!
Thy bosom is the holy grave of Johannes
Vermeer!

The finest dutch paintings are a reflection
of thee!

The light brush, & thee turn me into a fall
like Amsterdam eve...!



Mein Nazi Fashionista

My lady Dior,
with a Versace soul & eyes of Zara,
o holy duchess of Bugatti!

My princess, my Heidelberg, my Mannheim

Remember-
when i wolfed thee in the alleyway streets
of Wolfsburg!

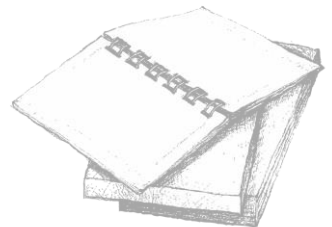
Dortmund, Dusseldorf, Marlboro- all were
our haven of evil!

The song of Reinheim....
Shall i make them sing it to thee?
We'll strip them & burn them if they
resist..!

How we jived when--
We burnt Warsaw, like a cigarette, down to
the holy depths of the ground!

That wee,
you were lying naked in bed,
when i arose, peed, aimed my rifle out the
window--
& shot the last one of them,
before i got back in bed
& made evil Nazi luv to you at our camp in
Aushwitz!

Our gothic crematorium sex- atop the piles
of the lying dead!



Your Nazi ways, your Hitler Youth-
O highlady of the SS,
thee tempt the man in me to make ungodly
luv with death!

You set my black of hearts on fire!

Thee set my black Lamborghini on fire!
We were The Nazis in a black Porsche,
pon the streets of Paris ruling the
parisiennes!
The Romans lied at our feet!

Roman Bulgari...!

Saint Laurent, Saint Valentine, Monsieur
Ferrari!

The way thee step out thy Black Bentley
in your Black unstrapped robe,
my evil lady!

The Nazi gods behold thee with lust in their
eyes!

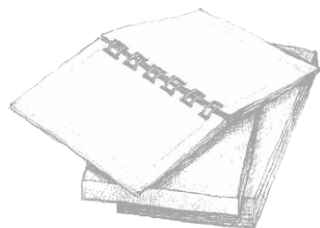
Even Hitler couldn't bear thy evil light!

Lady Marlene Dietrich!

The ruling Mcqueen of The Prada Mafia!

Your black Maserati eyes, your Chanel walk,
o unholy heiress of the Rothschilds'!

Ah,
How i exploited the realm of earth before
i turned 25,
with the evil'est luv of my life!



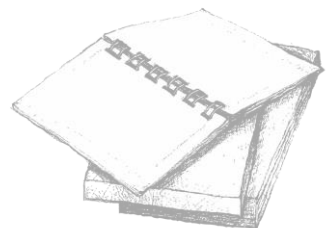
& Then they wished to hang me,
but could they ever--as long as i had my evil
highlady by my side...!

But Alas,

Time befell me dressed as the light...

&

'Pon my trial at The Famed Halls of Justice;
I,
The Nazi Prince--
at last rose from my perishing throne,
kissed thee my evil sculpted fräulein;
in my black heart's abode,
before i devilishly unlaced thy irresistibly
alluring,
& forbidden victoria's secret lace-strapped
robe,
& pon the noble royal floor of their villa of
history;
we fucked like evil Nazi gods of death one
last time
for eonian ungodly hours,
before all the hellish world at The Court of
The Nuremberg Trials;
before they took thee evil luv befallen body
of mine,
& to death hung my soul'
'pon The Knight's Cross ✠
in one of their gravely darkened chambers,
behind their wily lit up courtly-rooms!



When I & Che Guevara lay with the revolutionary Simone de Beauvoir in bed

The streets of Paris & history were in the
streets

We had just come back from a protest

She took her attire off, & commanded us to
take off our attires too

She started filming us as we were getting
naked

She said, "Ah, the way thee do me. I luv it
when you two are in me....."

I luv it when the revolution takes over my
spirit

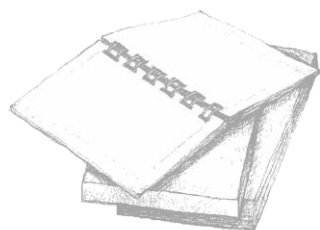
I want more- I want death in sex, luv,
revolution

Who wouldn't want to die a revolutionary-
with revolutionaries,

amors in bed!

Ah, the revolutionary death!

Then she walked upto Che- & he took his
cigar & slowly caressed it on her clit!



She were burning with the revolutionary
fire of passion!
We did things even the night lay ashamed
of!

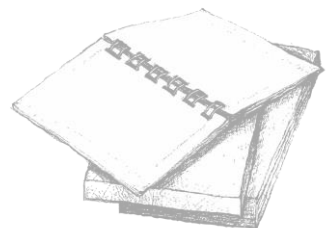
&
Thee said,
Che revolutionized me, Lorde rebirthed me!

& then,
thee twain got down to devour my
luvliness.....
My luvliness erupted into a shower, &
Lorde said he'd found heaven's gate that
night!

How cruelly luvving were thee, my cultist
zealots

Lorde & Che, thee luvved me like noone ever
did

Your's,
Simone de Beavuoir
The french sex symbol 🌹🔪



The fragments i have...from someone's letter meant for Aragon

Mon Aragon,

.....

O, saint Aragon the holy, the eternal voice
of the Parisiennes,
& the patron of french art & littérature...!

My soul lies crushed & mortified by thy
poetry....!

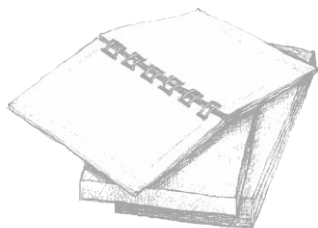
Thee made the cathedral of poetry inside
me erupt
pon the stage of life...!

My french red wine--
we sailed on a drunken boat in the dark sea
of the night--
one may in our forbidden bottle of time!

The Champs Elysées erupts into joy--
every time Alain Delon recites Aragon's
poetry pon the eve of D-Day!

O Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Valéry....
de Beauvoir made luv to Aragon the holy
at the home of Louis Vuitton in Paris!

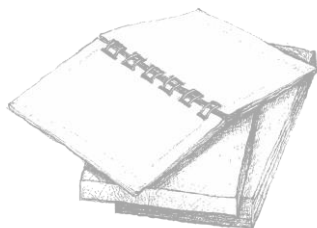
Aragon,
thee are an eternal rose engraved in french
memory!



Through Aragon's eyes,
I see life,
as it lieth expressed via rose-tinted glasses
of tragedy!

.....

Saint Laurent had Aragon's poetry engraved
upon the secret walls,
of the St. Laurent 37 Abbey Street de
Bellechasse castle,
comme merci, & for l'inspiration...!



The Mademoiselle Albertine & Monsieur Devon

Ma cherie Albertine amour....

Your kisses pon me-- a tragedy

No wonder thee drove a dagger into
Marcel's heart,
&
fled to me....

My roman catholic heart & sword had
pledged eternal allegiance to thee!

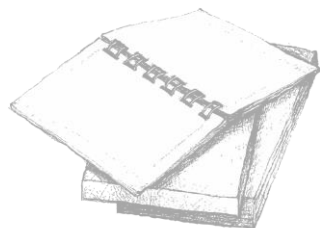
The time we, & our dark luv, poisoned all of
eternity...!

There arose many a Mardy bums who'd
thought themselves the heir
to Mardy the senior bum Proustie....!

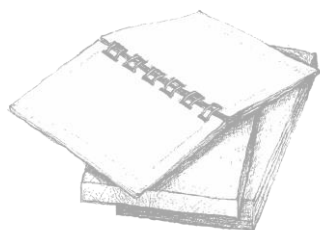
I buried them all 10ft deep beneath mother
earth's silken earthly soil!

& then they say were i found-

"Me, ZouBizouBizouing with Zizou & Alain
Delon,
playing le football at a french villa in the
south of france,
making sweet parisienne luv to mon fragile
chèrrie Albertine amour
'pon the funeral eve of the buried alive lil'
flaneur"



III



Thee highborn Rothschild luv of mine

My luv, The evil heiress of the Rothschild's

&
thee belong to The home of the Rothschilds
from the 19th century...!

The saintly Devon Salvatore in me,
had turned into a vampire to marry thee..!

Thee are my casino royale; I gamble with
destiny,
upon thy roulette belly!

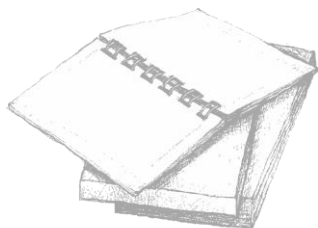
O neptunian daughter of the Rothschild's,
what's left for us to conquer now?

Saint Fashion died a melancholic death at
thy hands, lady Dior....!

We've conquered the entire world, luv, &
death,
mon amor!

&
In a white Chevrolet with red leather seats,
we drove past the shores of Italy,
& into our suite!

You like tennis, Germany & horseraces...!
A lady of pure lethal class-
desired, longed for
by many..!



Let's buy a villa tonight, to spend the night!

"In Italy", thee said

Let's sell Rome to mafia men & The Prada
devil!

Shall we host the marriage of heaven & hell

Bars or Bentleys, we owned it all!

Ah, your Swiss soul, & your eloquent
Vienna ways!

O princess to the kingdom of Zurich,
the gods of Switzerland have thrown a feast
in thy name!

Let's be there tonight!

Shall we take our Lamborghini or Bugatti, to
be at the gods...?

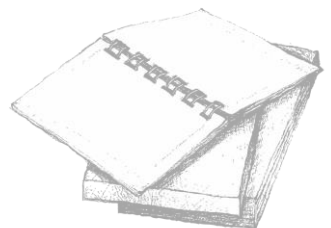
The gods lie in wait for us to party!

The streets of Zurich die to have thy feet
walk 'pon them!

The people of Zurich die to behold thy
finesse!

Lady Romansch! The heir of the Swiss
Franc!
The Swiss flag wavers in thy wait!

St.Frieburg, St. Grindelwald, St. Zurich..!



Nights when bottles of Champagne reigned
& thee ruleth the skies!

"& when i kissed her by the university gates
in Vienna-
on the last December eve!"

Our carriage is here to take us to our castle
through the dark Austrian nights....

Who shall be the queen of the kingdom of
Vienna after thee?

Thee, wine & waltz in the dark, & the
Viennese nights

Thee are my Vienna, the firebird of Austria!
What should we fly in today;
our black Ashton Martin or the private
jet...?

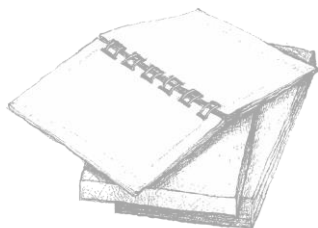
&
the night we played the game of luv&darts
& tennis
in an ancient florentine church...!

St. Agnes & Cleopatra watch over we....!

I wrote letters of luv on thee from my black
private jet...!

You poured wine on me as we were in our
jet,
riding higher than the sky!

O wicked luv of mine, evil daughter of the
Rothschild's!



Your eyes speak with grace & elegance

Ah,
your Victoria's secret black gown & lingerie
on,
& off at nights...!

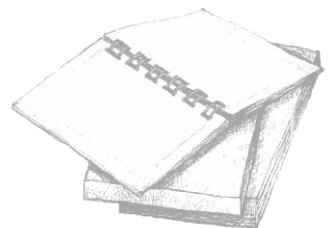
My Balenciaga baby liveth on fame street...!

Lord Bugatti, Monsieur Ferrari, Signor
Lamborghini & thee, holy amor of mine

What else could we need, when we were
the gods of Austria, France & Italy!

Kiss me, evil baby, kiss me...!

I want the sacred blood of the Rothschilds
running wilde;
in these vampire veins of mine!



St. Julia Vernes †

The poet Rainer Maria Rilke had gifted me
the classiest new attire.....

It were circa dcmxii

Where the birth of The Vernes fashion
lieth!

It hadst been named after St. Julia Vernes †
from the 1969s french fashion times..!

The Vernes streets, lanes, empire!

The Vernes evilways orderly fashion cult...

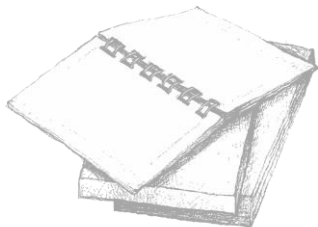
The Vernes dark blood running in the veins
of the Aristocracy!

The red devil saints dying to have St. Julia
Vernes!

For the luv of the lord,
the kings & queens of France & England
battled amongst each other to don
The St. Julia Vernes † attire...!

The Popes fancied St. Julia Vernes pon their
deathbed,
as they breathed their last!

St. Avignon, the french god of luv &
debauchery,
had been in luv with St. Julia Vernes,
for she had him lovelorn having resurrected



the old world of fashion!

The darkened earth had been turned into a
fortnightly fashion museum of St. Julia
Vernes †

Even the vampire gods walk in The Vernes
cape every night!

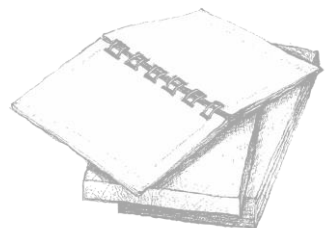
I,
drink wine with Saint Augustine & Saint
Julia Vernes-
'pon every eve's twilight!

The St. Julia Vernes dark arts museum &
memorabilia lieth revived...!

St. Julia Vernes ruleth
the spirits of the fashion gods, angels & the
devil in paradise!

Luvers lieth in each other's arms, bestowing
warm pecks & making luv in their partially
disrobed attires...!

What's better than to be devoured by the
fire
that in one's own spirit lies?



Saint Thee Pope Vatican { Thee Pope Vatican }

Here's a letter i wrote to her-
on becoming a 21th century luxury brand &
icon!

Saint Thee Pope Vatican...!

Mon Art de Basilica, lady Roma!

Such enticing, marvellous fortune!

Thee have turned into the church of The
kingdom de Fashiòn...!

Thee Vatican streets have been named
after thee!

The devilish saints of the city flood the
Vatican streets,
to buy thy 15th century fashiòn treasures!

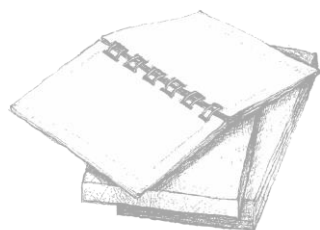
A new voguery has been carved from the
sculptura of Italy!

The light of the Vatican, holy Berninity...!

Thee, the everlasting queen of fashiòn,
lead saintly cities fashiònista!

My lips have been sealed with a latin curse!

To speak of "Thee Pope Vatican" is to
diminish the aura!



Thee, Latin, Ad Infinitum!

Saint Thee Vatican, The Sistine Chapel, St.
Peter's Basilica!

The secret Christianity & the sacred
Attiredom!

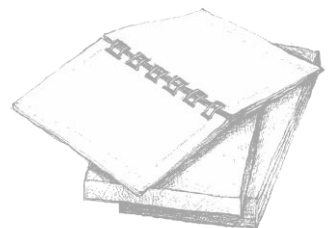
Thee holy Saint Romans of the 21st
century...!

The Lionhearted queen of The Vatican
kingdom roaring!

The archbishop chivalry lieth baptized into
thy sacred Attiredom!

How my spirit longed to savour Latin &
thee...!

My spirit died to worship
the Latin verse carved upon thy Vatican
breast wings-
mine lady Virgil...!



Thee Valentine Rossi

{DValenRossiè}

Ah,
the time
thee arrived on a red Ducati Panigale all
geared up!

& how we started the DValenRossiè brand
in the name of her,
my luv!

DValenRossiè for mi vino Rossieé!

O Ducati, the goddess of red devilish bikes!

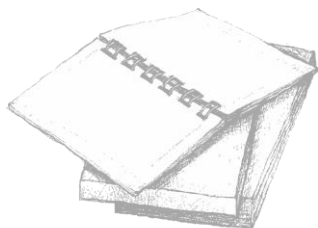
When thee rode across the valleys of Italia
& France-
the italian & french gods smiled at thee,
o amor!

Thee sparked into existence the new
Mcqueen beast!

They say even Gigi & Gisele rode
DValenRossiè!

DValenRossiè hath taken over Rome, Italy,
France
& all the worldly realms!

They say,
DValenRossiè runs the show at the Grand
Prix!



The new goddess rules the world of racing
above all!

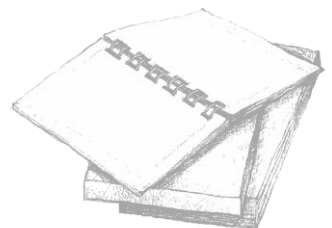
DValenRossiè shall be exhibited at every
exhibition & show...!

DValenRossiè has brought to life a saintly
city of our own!

Ah, how thee kissed me the time we rode
on the DValenRossiè!

Thee, the evil Rossie, & cigaretti luv making
The Marlboro gods run the streets with
thee & me
pon every friday eve,
dear de Rossi luv of mine!

The wicked game of luv-
& how it races one's heart into the evil
grasp
of melancholy & death...!



The evil Duke Saint Vermont

Saint Vermont

The holy heir to the kingdom of the devil

My gothic lady Vermont--

The night we made evil luv, had the evil
child
Saint Vermont been born!

Lord Voldemort had solemnized the birth of
Saint Vermont!

We sell Voldemort's robes & wands,
ancient books, manuscripts, maps to
forbidden worlds & the secret elixir to turn
into a wizard from a mudblood!

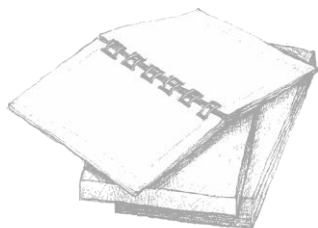
Our rustic couture sells attires for the night
& the moonlight!

We sell the night to the devil & the moon to
lady Diana!

Versace, Gucci, Bulgari are all our children!

We sell attires to vampires to wear at
cemeteries & graves...!

Saint Vermont belongs to the secret
ancestry of Saint Laurent!



Saint Vermont is the evil child of the lineage
of Saint Valentine!

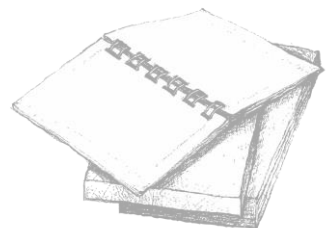
Blesseth the world the ungodly dark attires
of Saint Vermont!

We had turned france into a gothic
romantic town!

Saint Vermont had risen from the dark,
unbound!

Saint Vermont had been on a crusading
dark fashion voyage!

What worlds the evil duke Saint Vermont
taketh over,
the dark night did watch on!



Saint Michèle of France

O Saint Michèle of France

Thee are the eternal face of fashion

The icon of France, the preacher of luv

In thy cologne lies the forbidden secrets of
luv

In thee reside the finest of heavenly
pleasures.....

The french aroma of thy cologne could be
found-
in the poetry of Valery & Rimbaud!

Arthur came running to Paris when thee
had cast a spell upon his spirit!

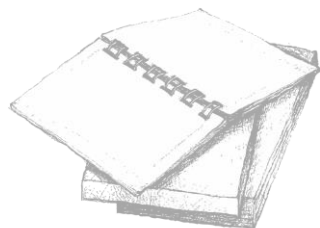
O Aragon, Aragon, sweet lady Aragon!
There are eternal lovers of thy mesmerizing
cologne!

They say even Petrarch was struck by the
aroma,
& penned hundreds of sonnets in Michèle's
name!

The empress of cologne, the charm of luv!

Darling Eiffel, the black swan, my dove!

The crown of Dior, the heart of Versace!



The dame of Beckham, the amor of Van
Heusen!

Lamborghini & Ferrari race with each other
to have thee!

O Saint Michèlle- the face of fashion, luv &
debauchery!

They say they did see--
The fashion sculptures crying to Michèlle
one eve...!

Thee Saint Aurelianß

The hour Aurelius were dying, he willed it
to be!

Thee Saint Aurelian, the gentlemen's
robes from Greece...!

The mark of Aurelius!

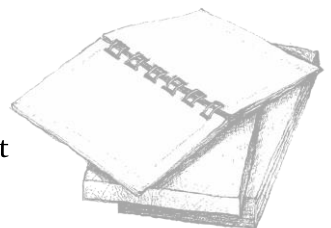
The greek gods had sculpted their bodies to
be in these robes from Greece!

The greek gods wear none but Thee Saint
Aurelianß attires!

Aphrodite only luv's men who have Thee
Saint Aurelianf garments on in their
ensemble!

Adonis was the first to wear Thee Saint
Aurelianß

To turn into a greek god,
Commandeth I that all men wear Thee Saint



Aurelianß,
& flaunt their Aristotlean physique!

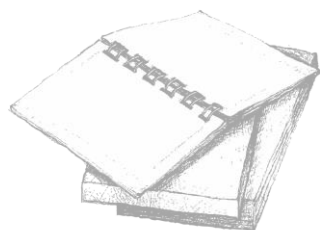
Aristotle & Socrates preached Thee Saint
Aurelianß gospel
to the rebellious Athenian youth!

Athena makes luv to a man dressed in Thee
Saint Aurelian
every wee!

Don't the immortals luv the tale of a greek
man
venturing the world over having Thee Saint
Aurelian on!

To have Thee Saint Aurelianß on,
is to have a greek battalion behind thee-
against life, fate & demons...!

For
they speak of them to be,
The greek robe mightier than a steel
sword...!



Edenburgh & Co

One night,
when we were strolling down the streets of
London,
we found a secret passage
& entered the secret town of bakeries &
brown bread!

The town had bakeries, & the town had
homes
all made out of brownies & bread brown!

I saw Harry Potter buying bread with Hagrid
in one of the streets in the town!

The town was called Edenburgh & Co

The houses had roofs made of bread that
could be eaten up

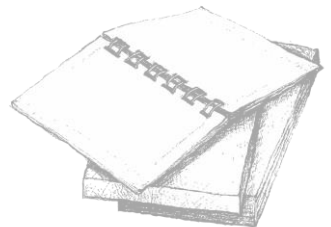
The entire town was a bakery haven...!

The brewed warmth of luv & the bakery
heaven.....

The gods flew to Eden & Co to steal bread
from the town!

The town lied next to the town namely the
town of Red wine!

For in wine lies the truth & the lies of an
evil sky...!



Thee Danielle de Rossi

O Danielle de Rossi of the roman legions-
the legend of thee shall live on....
That lay forged in the midst of a Roman
war!

& the story goes on....

In the Roman war between Rome & Milan!

Upon the battlefield of Turin in the heart of
the lands Italian!

Where the battlelines had been drawn!

& the gods were on our side that night!

Helen & Paris watched on
as we fought valiantly with valour & pride!

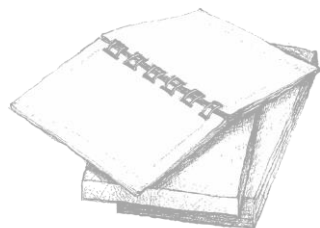
There weren't much time left on
before the world had to fall to the ruins!

All eyes were on the clock as time did play
its cards!

Danielle scored with the last strike,
sealing the victory for the de Rossi legion
in the name of the Roman pride!

The battle we'd won, pon the last minute!

They say,
it were in that moment in the 90th minute
the Danielle de Rossi- the roman watch



were born!

They say these were the clocks used by the
gods to keep time
in every war amidst Rome & Milan!

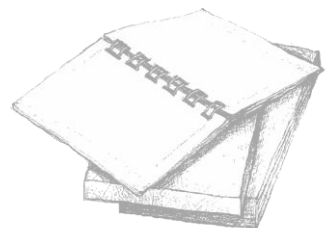
& from then on
all eyes have been on the clock forever on!

The Danielle de Rossi of the de Rossi legion-
for the romans in their prime from the
timeless roman times...!
The "de Rossi" tribe had said,
The Danielle de Rossi watches were
birthed-
for the golden fist of the Julian de Rossi
legion...!

Does a man truly belong to The Julian de
Rossi legion,
if he doesn't have The Danielle de Rossi
watch on...!

They say-
"A man doesn't know time's worth,
if he doesn't have The Danielle de Rossi
watch on...!"

Time, they say, is the field the julian men
play on!



The Mary Wolstonecraft bags in my secret closet

Luv,
did you hear about
The Mary Wolstonecraft bags,
birthed during the revolution sparked by
Mary Wolstonecraft

Bags from the feminist movement

For them feminists

The timeless feminists stood against
history--

In the face of fashion, fate & tyranny...!

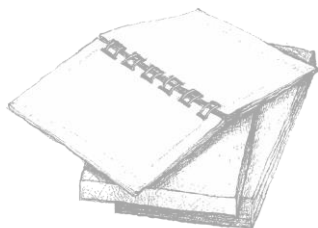
These bags were born in the revolutionary
days on the streets of London...!

The goddesses were in the streets at the
birth of the 1900s!

&
they used these bags
to carry slogans of luv, war, respect,
equality & peace!

Who could've denied them the right to be,
for these goddesses
had been carrying the weight of the world
pon their shoulders, for centuries!

Even the gods could not stop them...!



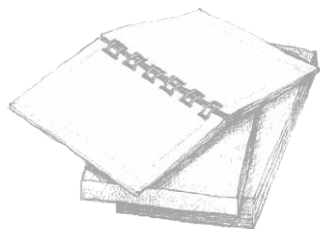
The gods died to flee the world--
begged Mary Wolstonecraft for mercy..!

Long live Mary Wolstonecraft & holy Mary
Shelley!

These are the times of the new Marie

Did you hear about the new Marie...?

Her truth tastes florentine, & her touch like
poetry sistine..!



The Donatella Blackstone

Luv

Thee cannot be mad at me

I've travelled the world for this, look here

The forbidden ring carved
from the Donatella Versace Blackstone!

The black pearl- found upon the shores of
Greece!

In Greece it had sparked a fashion
revolution!

The old money kids saw the stones & went
crazy after them!

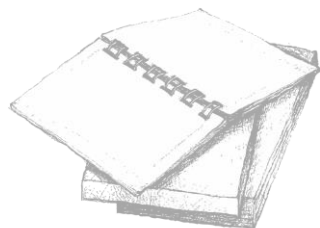
Legend says the black pearls had fallen
from the hands of the gods-
as they were passing by the greek shores!

The pearls cast a spell, turned the sands of
the greek islands black....

The Versace pearls are said to be the
daughters
of mother Neptune!

They say the pearls once danced alongwith
Saturn's rings
in the dark heavens!

Luvers are said, known to be bound



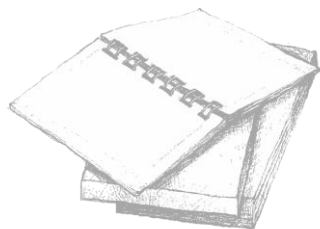
together for eternity
once they own a Donatella Blackstone!

Your luv is a Versace dream, my
Alexandrian luv

I've also named the horse Donatella after
thee...

What..?

Thee
don't believe me?



The Shades of Del Rey

"What are you wearing, my luv", asked
she....

"These are the shades of Lana Del Rey..!",
I remarked

The shades Tom Cruise had worn,
for his mad bike stunts & extravagant trips!

They say,
even Dominic Toretto had worn them in the
fast n furious series!

The cool shades of rebellion, freedom, sex

I'd worn them in war, & in mine clubs
favourite!

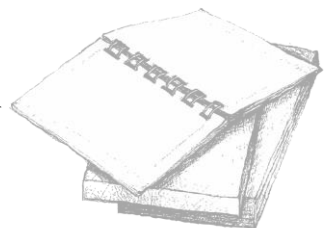
I'd donned them in France, & even in
Venice!

The shades feel timeless-
like the melodies of saint Lana Del Rey!

Brad Pitt, Michel Huisman, they all loved
it!

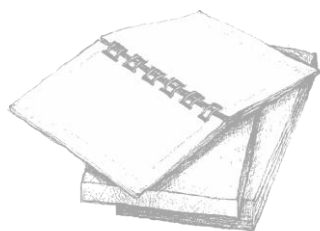
The highlady Amy Winehouse had died
longing to don it!

&
then
her sad sculpture eyes cried & filled my soul
up with tears...!



Ah,
the arrows of luv- & how they sting the
cursed spirit..!

Do you see the truth now- in her eyes sad &
angelic...?



The Elenore's Vermont

& had the world heard of Victoria's secret
daughter,
Elenore Vermont..!

She had been born the day Victoria's secret
were revealed

The daughter hid in the shadows, behind
her mother's fame

But now, she's all grown up & luvs to flaunt

She's friends with Deva, the daughter of
Monica Bellucci & Vincent Cassel...!

She's taking over what her mother had left
behind!

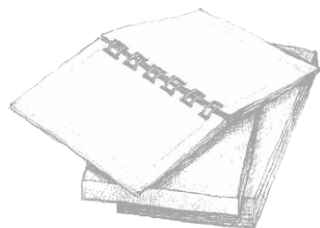
For the luv of Elenore's, the world is hers!

From Gisele to Karmen & Gigi-
all have bowed forth Elenore's mesmerizing
flair, finesse..!

The secret curse of Elenore's
carved on the wings of angels, ballerinas &
mi amor...!

The goddesses of Neptune put on Elenore's
wings,
& fly in the evil skies!

Tell me-
How heavy a price an angel has to pay for
being borne with a pair of wings?



The Marlene Dietrich Sang

Who are we...?

We- The eyes of fashion, the deadly gaze of
luv!

We are the Kate Moss ensemblage!

Do you wish to ride & die with the likes of
us?

Kate Moss, Gisele Bündchen, Gigi Hadid,
Karmen Crass-
were all secret members of the Dietrich
gang!

You ride with us, you die....!

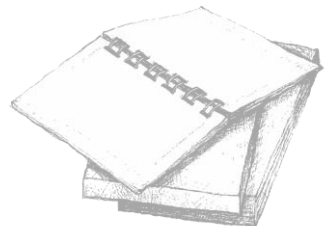
Do you wish to meet thy death before thy
time!

You do not want us, you do not want to be
our kind!

The gods of Paris & Berlin hanged
themselves--
to be a part of the evil Dietrich bloodline!

We're the blood riot relatives of Victoria to
Mary Antoinette!

Alexander went on waging wars against &
destroyed the world



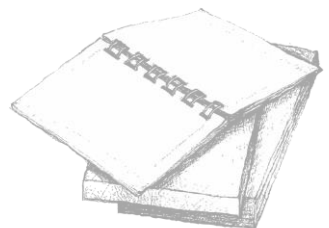
just to meet the Dietrich gang's heights...!

Monsieur Ferrari & Signor Lamborghini
shot the stars
to ride with the Dietrich gang!

Versace died on the floor-
when it encountered our Dior ways one
eve!

We'll be at the funeral of St. Devon de Rossi
Salvatore tonight!

Lord Buggati, where will thee be at half past
nine?



The eros femme fatale

Ah,
To lie with us at our secret abode in the
darkest of the nights

Cigarettes, wine, the playboy mansion, &
my lover's deadly eyes

The realm of love begins here...The realm of
love ends here

Kisses reign & the wings of love take flight

Have thee felt ever in thy soul love's might...

The art of loving, the cherry of desire, &
youthful hearts on fire

The kissing, the snuggling, & the love making

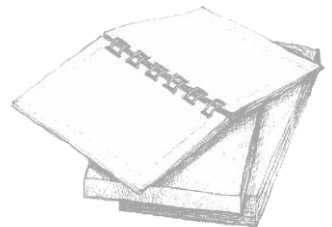
The nights of debauchery, the days of evil
bloodmoon riots.....

The cadbury chocolate dripped on thy
snowy flesh!

The wolves running wild on thy holy skin,
howling in thee....!

The blackthorn tree be the symbol of our
love!

The auburn sky, the rustic earth, the gothic
towns...!
All our longings sacrificed to youth eternal!



Youth, the wild guns, & the blazing sword of
lust in the dark!

The armour of luv lies disrobed, & heaven's
gate dictates our souls!

We birth,
a new hell where gods burn, & angels
cherish the sight!

Thy scent still lingers on in the memories of
my skin.....!

The Goths of Alexandria

The devil in me had risen from the gothic
cult town
known to be The Goths of Alexandria...!

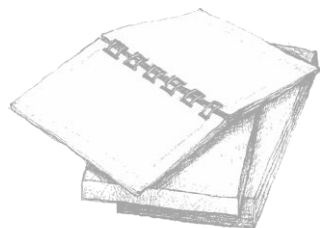
The high spirit of the gothic greek
cathedrals
burned in our veins...!

There lied a Renaissance sparked
at one corner of The Alexandrian high
Street...!

& birthed it lay,
the auburne earth being turned into a town
gothic!

The vampire Devon Salvatore were playing
The Piano
& howling 'pon the cemetery graves!

St Jude arose from her grave to run the
night dead!



There are no bodies here, just the dead
who had come alive!

The ancient cemetery of Eden, where Adam
& Eve lay buried!

Where lovers cannot be parted from the
bodies entwined!

St Vermont had prophesized the birth of
the gothic town-
that would dictate mortals & start a
cemetery cult gang!

Dracula killed god & lay stolen roses on his
grave!

They say,
the gothic town had been founded upon
god's grave!

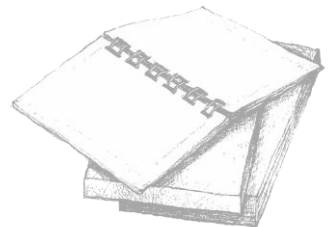
The darkest side of every heart comes alive
here!

Where sex & music flow like wine poured
from heaven's goblet!

A secret mansion appears at every
milestone for lovers to lie!

Where the dead waltz in enchanted
ballroom halls.....

Here churches have been turned to
heavenly rosemarish nightclubs!



The dead stand in lines to enter the holy
churchlike clubs!

Where Lucifer's sword shall be found
dancing
to the melody of Icarus!

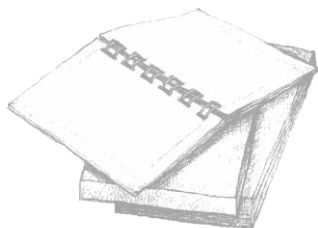
Where Helen is often sighted at fortnights
& Paris sways with Diana!

Where vampires & lovers drink the moon
down from the goblet of wolves!

Where the laments & vows of lovers are
calligraphied 'pon the dark sky!

Where wine stains & bite marks cannot be
gotten rid of from lovers' bodies!

Where fate lies plotting with Aphrodite
&
sleeps with Paris at the dawn of the
twilight..!



Saint Penelope De Cruze

Thee

Yachts & sex

The yacht & thy waist have the same name
carved on them.....

I cannot tell if the yacht is holier than thee

The yacht, the holy ocean blue, & thee

Thee, & the holy waters

I see nothing but thee

Thee are the blue sky-
thee are the world beneath the ocean's
might!

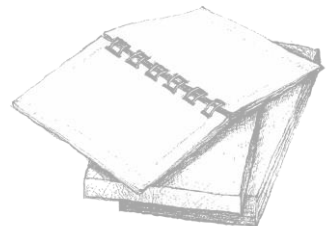
Thy bottomlaces command the sails.....
The ocean sways when thee take off thy
bralette...!
The gods of the holy oceans blue arrive
to solemnize our debauchery....!

I luv thee, on a yacht, lying holy.....

The yacht fell in luv with thee,
it says it does not want to leave the sea.....

The aroma of france lives in thy spirit...!

Even the yacht feels classier with thee on it!



The way thee dive into the ocean blue,
& i follow thee into the azure!

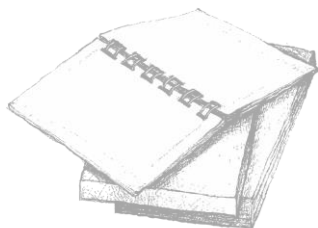
The byronic devil in me wants to set the
Atlantis of thy body on fire!

The yacht, kisses, & memories!

The ship of my heart sank in thy blue waist
of the ocean azure

The luv, thee, the blue shores of Saint
Tropéz....

We never leave,
the blue ocean of thee luv beneath the sky!



The dead knights on Fire

"The Dead Knights on Fire" - the evil king of nightclubs... !

Here-

The french & italian vampires arrive drunk
& high on moon's blood!

& the gothic girls perform ghastly acts of
luv!

The devil comes alive at the sound of the
the dead knights!

Even Hamlet & Constatine are spotted
amidst the limelight!

The greatest bands die to perform at The
dead knights!

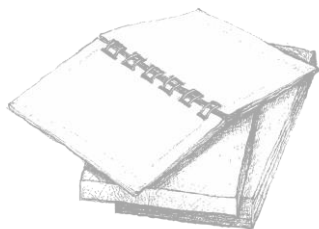
Lord Voldemort owns The dead knights on
Fire!

Severus Snape is the professor of foxy
dancing
in one of them secret chambers!

Saint Keats secretly runs a poetry society in
the heart of the club!

There are wolves & vampires, evil angels
&
The Pope of drugs at The dead knights pub!

Luv showered lies in the bosom of hearts!



The sisters of mercy are seen in the
shadows
taming the Wolverine!

The gods are bartenders in here at The
dead knights on fire!

Zeus lies naked with Helen in The dead
knights!

The cranberries, the Zombies-
they're all at the club rocking the midnight!

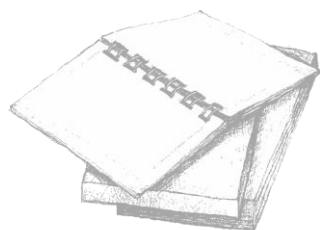
The batman visits the club at 12 o'clock
every other fortnight!

The nightclub David of Michelangelo

The goblet of luv, sculpturesex & mi amor!

What shall we drink tonight?

Tonight,
shall we drink the red wine from thee
Spirit...?



The Saint Heinz.....

The famed brothel

Where thee set my marble wings of darken
silk on fire....!

You'd burnt my spirit & attire....!

Saint Heinz is the secret of the aristocrats &
the poets...!

Where it may be, nobody knows.....

Wherever it shall be- nobody will ever know

Only Tyrion of the Lannister clan is aware,
of where the Saint Heinz brothel is,
my dear.....

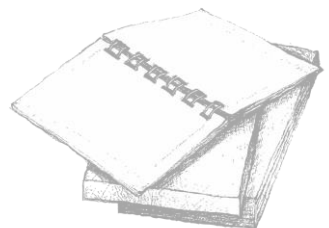
& will he tell anyone where it may rest.....?

I doubt that he will-
for he wishes not to share his harlots with
anyone...!

So let we dream of the castle of sin, & the
brothel of infamy!

The Lannisters are said to visit the brothel
with england's queen...!

The ill-famed acts of the aristocracy shall
not be pardoned,
shall they.....?



The charlatans of lust fund the royal brothel
of the Medicis!

They run Saint Heinz in the name of royal
gatherings...!

The gatherings of the poets of fame,
masters of wit & many a dames angelic!

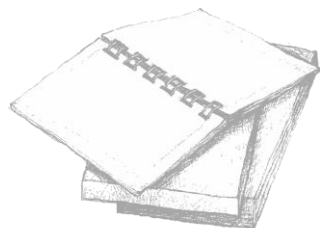
The secrets of infamy lie in the saintly
hands of the devil...!

I wish to drink tonight, o Tyrion Lannister..!

Shall we head to the brothel... ?

Bring your sister along, will ya Tyrion,
you lil' devil...!

She carried my heart of hearts in the many
of her hearts once,
o Tyrion.....!



The Times of New Saint Romans

Thee shall stop dressing up as the Roman
senate every night,
my Medici luv

A new weekly magazine is to be run in the
name
"The Times of New Saint Romans"
that would describe the reignited lives of
the new romans!

The Visconti romans are back from the
cemetery graves!

The luvvers of Rome have assembled to take
thier empire back!

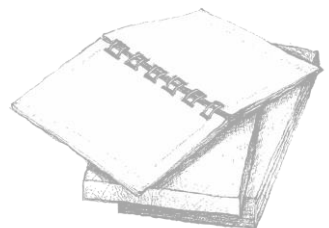
The holy Keats & Potter led the saintly
legions,
from the roman sea to Tuscany!

Deva Cassel ruleth; commandeth the
kingdom hereon!

The angels drunk on fame run the town of
god's demons!

Music is played by the old cafe in the street
all day, eve & night long!

The sculptures in the museum talk about
thee & me,
o my new lady roma!

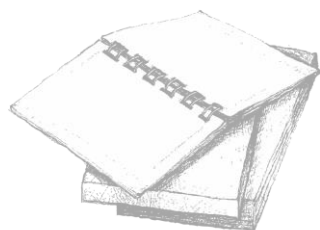


Sculpture & art & museums dead
We shall be on the cover of the magazine
hailed,
the royalty of literature!

The kings of lies bow forth our noble luv
affair....!

The revolutionary weekly magazine talking
sports, clubbing, celebrities, sex, italian
mafia, the french & roses...!

My Visconti luv, stop dressing up every eve
like the old romans!



St. Avignon's Street †

19th century france

The St. Avignon's Street

In the secret forbidden heart of Paris

The french, parisienne aroma, dark roses!

The regal June nights

The Notre Dame of luv

The Treaty of lovers in Versailles

The churches of Norman debauchery!

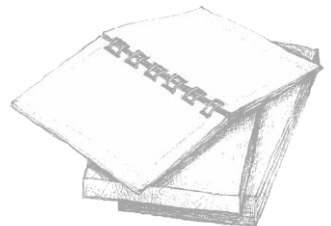
The streets of the 19th century french
romantics!

Lord Byron, Percy Shelley, John Keats in luv
with Parisienne mistresses!

Valéry drinks with Aragon seated 'pon their
monument,
their drunken sculpture is the anchorstone
of St. Avignon street!

The Alain Delons & Brad Pitts pour at night
into the street!

Monet plays June et Jolie live in the street
at the height of midnight!



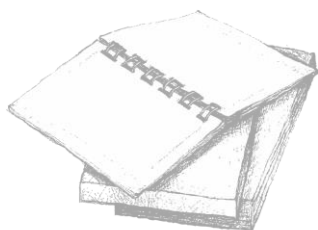
Saint Germain, Saint Laurent, Saint
Valentine & Lord Buggati-
are the patron gods of St. Avignon Street!

The St. Avignon street boasts of chateaus &
palaces!

The nights become wilder than the wildest
of the gods!

Do not come seeking after this devilish,
ungodly street,
where destiny lies drinking with Aphrodite!

For you might never long to leave....
the street,
alive!



The Stonerose Germans

The Germans of the future, the gothsmen of
luv

The Goethe vampire blood lust cult...!

The evil goethe rise in the dead of the
night!

The SrGs, the evil dead, german literature &
poetry

The night comes alive when the evil goethe
rise!

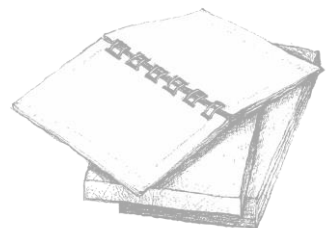
Vampire riots in the newspapers, lust for
vampire bites!

The Stonerose keeps track of every act in
the goethe streets at night...!

The luv of the dead, the holy stonerose!

A rose engraved on every stone!

The Stonerose Germans newspaper
for every lone wolf of the young-blooded
germans 



The St. Giselle Cross †

& this were the cross where history &
fashion lieth married,
& then it came to be known The St. Giselle
Cross!

Here,
James Dean sips coffee with Natalie Wood
& mademoiselle Albertine... !

Lord Voldemort's sculpture guards the holy
spirits!

Drunken souls turn into spirits & flow like
red wine!

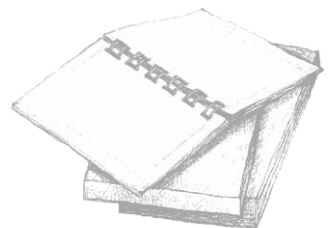
Ovid & Hemingway lie having drunken
themselves to death!

& the Nazis were often caught sneaking
past the street!

The italians never wish to leave
The germans die to be here
The french are jealous of the infamy

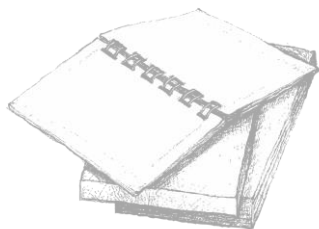
The holy cross lies in the midst of Durham &
London!

The gods of Ferrari battle- take on the
Marlboro gods at the cross
every midnight!



Pon the cross
reigns the queen & the lord of the rings
on fire....o
Lorde,
the mortal realm could not be turned
anymore dreamy hereon

The finesse & panache of Giselle were the
truth cast in iron!



The John Keats Churchyard †

&

They say lovers arrive here to worship John
Keats-
the old english god of luv, fashion & poetry!

At the John Keats Churchyard-
poetry shall be recited every fall as an
eternal ode to lovers...!

They say,
The dead poetry gods lead a reunion here
every fall...!

The churchyard is baptized by Alexander
Pope, Donne & sweet Lucifer!

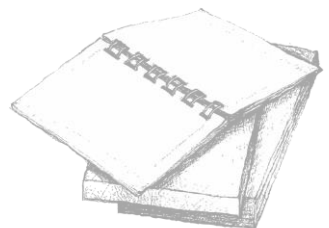
The music never stops, nor the sacred
prayers of lovers!

The melody here goes on unwinding
forever.....

The melody found buried in Keats' poetry &
verse

John Keats keeps watch over his holy
patriots!

Petrarch is the holy patron of The eternal
John Keats Churchyard!



There is an ancient forbidden library here
for the lovers of literature!

There are secrets to eternal youth that lay
hidden
somewhere about here.....

The autumn churchyard, & the poetry in
sculptures!

Eternal archaic poetry, the diary in one
hand &
a lover's hand in the other glove.....!

The Wolvereigner {The Vintage Wolfsburg Reigner}

May we forever reign upon the German town
they called The Wolvereigner!

Where in barrels lie.....

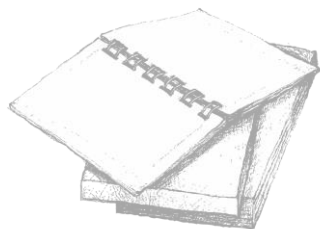
The Vintage Wolfsburg Reigner- The holy
German beer 🍺🍺

The town you would die to be in!

The town where streams of beer flow like
rivers!

Kiss my beer ass, for I own the town-
The city!

Beer is one, beer is all.
Fuzzle up until you die of drinking the



gallon o' gall!

The town of beer, is made of beer, for all!
Where the germans drink themselves to
death!

Death to the gods of beer, eternal glory to
the devils of luv!

Pour more, until i ain't sober at all!

Beer in the pubs, in the streets, holy hell
The Wolvereigner- the football city...!

We parade naked in the streets of Berlin;
the beer-towners, the gothic tribe
germanic!

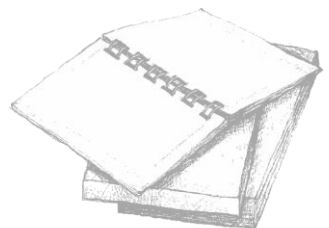
Blow me, o Marlene, let us drink, mine
Dietrich!

Mary jane, Mary Shelley

We are Frankenstein, we are Dracula!

Bury us in the holy fountain of The Vintage
Wolfsburg Reigner,

& we shall spark into being pints & pints of
beer
like many an eternal rivers!



The Saint Morrissey

The Redwood redwine from the red forest

The eternal red wine of The Saint
Morrissey's

The red wine even the gods of gotham luv
to drink!

Ah,
to drink The Saint Morrissey with the dead
gods,
from the goblet of fate!

Red wine, light kisses & cherry trees!

The Autumn, August, & The Smiths!

The music, Morrissey, & melancholy!

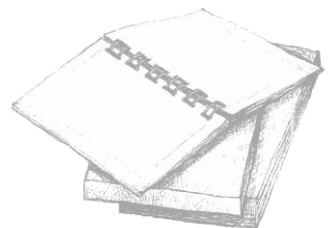
The vampires lie drunk on red wine in the
birch trees at night!

The women of florence & neptune luv
Morrissey!

The dark lord liveth by red wine,
& the angels lie that their blood is made
from The Saint Morrissey wine!

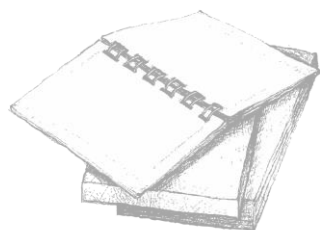
Portofino, Lombardi, Piedmont...!
The red wine archangel...!

The red wine devil lying in bed with a
sainted angel...!



The sweet evil Saint Morrissey death!

& I died drunken high on red wine,
cigarettes, mi amor, luv, lies, & fame...!



At The holy St. Franz Ferdinand's {St. Ferdi's}

& the lord said
St. Ferdi's- shall be the new Saint Tropez of
the mortal realm!

Wish to get there?

Get high on The Saint Morrissey red forest
wine...

St. Franz Ferdinand lies on the heights of
lusers' mount Normandy!

The god Vermont of the french Rivera lies
about in Normandy!
Monsieur Ferrari & Saint Laurent drink
themselves to immortality with St. Vincent
every night!

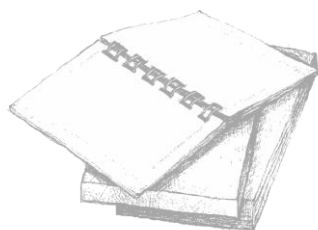
The dukes & duchess of Dior & Chanel often
visit St. Ferdi's!

Princess Diana used to secretly visit St.
Ferdinand's...!

Amy Winehouse faked her early death to
play live at St. Ferdinand's!

Adele performs live for the St. Ferdi's
youngbluded rich brats!

The bed of roses, champagne money, & the
Gucci nights...!



Victoria's secret lays revealed at St. Ferdi's!

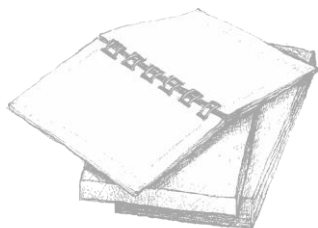
The Marlboro gods hang with the lords of
the black Lamborghini!

Fire & ice, wine & delight, the ruby nights!

Valentino Rossi is dying to race with Charles
Leclerc at the theatre of dreams & racing!

The dead gods wish to come alive at St.
Ferdie's!

The evil Nazi gods are not allowed in our
paradise!
The red lights, the race course & the marble
sculptures,
all lie at our sides-
as we race past the lanes of St. Ferdi's
in a red fi Ferrari!



The Godfrey Mafia

{†GM}

The signature of class & elegance for men
The elegant Godfather cult men

We,

The Godfrey Mafia †GM

The suit that Marlene Dietrich & Marlon
Brando donned

The Godfrey Mafia turned men into cult
classic gentlemen

We do not manufacture an attire, but a
class of gentlemen

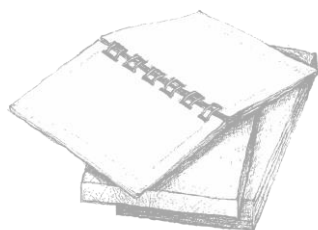
The suit is a statement. The gentlemen's
statement.

The fabric woven of poetry, the cloth a
mystery.

Never had being a man been more classy
Men had never been more men like

The pure elegance of the french, & the
rough texture of the british, alongwith the
Italian panache...!

Thee could wear the Godfrey mafia suits to
sleep,
if one needed to go to a party in their
dream



Even dreams had never been this classy
before

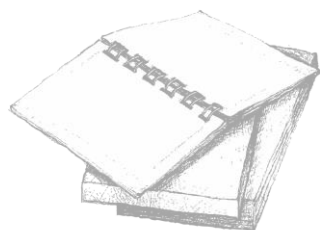
You would die to linger on to The Godfrey
Mafia forevermore...!

The Godfather wore The Godfrey Mafia in
the Francis Ford Coppola films..!

The Corleone & The Medici secretly admire
The Godfrey Mafia Attiredom..!

Ah,
even fate turneth into a gangster on the
feeble
who do not own
The Godfrey Mafia mind..!

Death to high society, long live The
Gentlemen's style



The Black St. Rebels club!

{B\$B}

The Black St. Rebels club runs towns, clubs,
cities, all realms worldly!

We are The Black St. Rebels club- riding
high on Harleys & Ducati
with the bullet club...!

We run libraries, old bookshops &
cemeteries!

The Black St. Rebels club even runs
paradise!

Gigi is a gang member of the Rebel club!

Giselle is the godmother of The Black St.
Rebels!

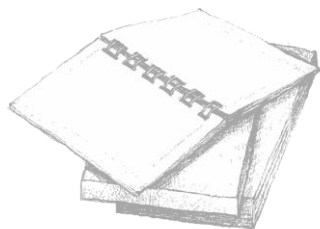
Every friday,
we parade a fleet of rebels past red
Birmingham streets!

The devil runs the evil streets with we!

Paris lies in wait of we, to come & pick him
up from the grasp of eternity!

Helen-
The face that launched a thousand ships,
died to ride with we!

St. Avignon shall keep watch over we-
as we take street after street, city after city,
legion after legion!



The Percy Shelley Street

Devious old english, Percy Shelley, & The
archaic 19th century

The Percy Shelley street of the 19th
century....!

St. Mary birthed this street in the name of
her lover Percy!

The poets, kings, popes all lie in the street!

Mozart & Bach & Debussy often played in
the Percy street!

The Hollywood vampires were inspired by
this star-struck street!

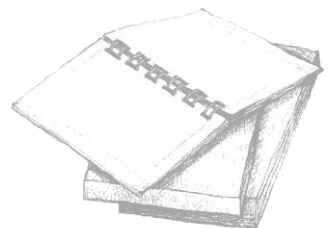
Saint Valentine is the patron of The Percy
Shelley street!

Mary Magdalene is worshipped in these
streets!

The Smiths & lovers roam hand in glove in
the Percy Shelley street!

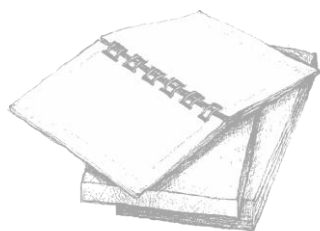
Mary & Shelley's poetry had been
engraved-
all over the streets as gothic graffiti!

The 19th century street
where poets sing & rockstars write on the
walls of mystery!



They say,
"The Pope is often spotted in the street
savoring Percy Shelley's wine & poetry....!"

&
in the 19th century Percy Shelley street;
the sculptures of melancholy drink with the
ancient poets of fame!"



Verratti †

&

The french fashion gods said,
"Mortals loveth Verratti, & Verratti loveth
immortality...!"

Verratti were the evil son of Monsieur
Ferrari &
the damely lady Dior!

The world is Verratti's plaything made of
diamonds!
He likes to play often with his world!

The fashion gods started a country in
Verratti's name,
which only the Porsche gods were allowed
to inhabit!

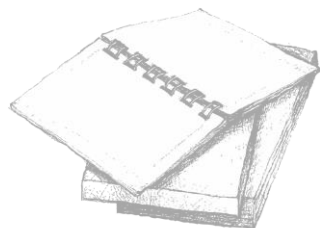
Verratti owns the oceania Pacific
& drinks wine with the gods of The Atlantis!

Let me tattoo the name Verratti on thee...!
All the Victoria's secret supermodels have
one each,
on their wings!

The Verratti aristocracy's frenchdom rules
the parisienne clubs & cafes!

The darkest castles & mansions all stood
loyal to we- The Verratti's!

The royal half blood Prince of Paris!



We, the vampire blood of Paris...!

The highborne noble families of the french
legions bowed forth we!

Luv me from the depths of your evil blood
parisienne!

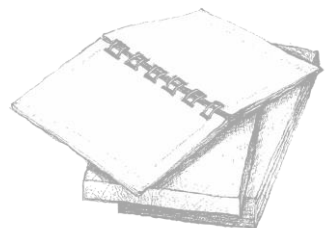
Bury me in the holy scriptures of your
being!

Thee engraved me in the french magazine

The Old french Salvatore Money!

The ballet, the waltz, the mafia gods of
french fashion!

To die the Verratti death is heavenly,
paradisèan!



St. Jean Pierre †

& the lord said,
“From hereon St. Jean Pierre shall be The
Champagne of champions!”

They say,
Maradona scored the hand of god for he
wanted to pop The Champagne of
champions!

The F1 drivers, & The grand prix, & The
hotel de paris, & the moto GP--
all die to pop The Champion's St. Jean
Pierre!

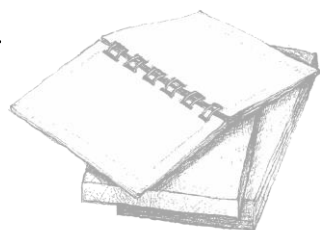
The vampires write of The St. Jean Pierre
experience, heights & nights-
in their diary!

The Ghost riders have St. Jean Pierre
while racing on their Harley Davidson at
nights!

The Hotel de Paris had become world
renowned
for serving St. Jean Pierre!

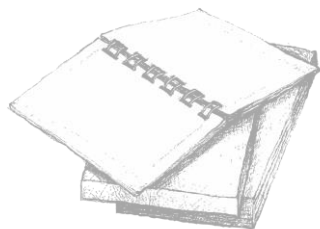
All acts of infamy ever had been committed
whilst savoring St. Jean Pierre!

Do ye wish to learn-
The delicate art of Champagne taught by St.
Jean Pierre!



Valentines dance to & have St. Jean Pierre,
whenever they start making luv, & turn
their luv affairs exclusive!

& when the finale hour strikes,
who would you rather be- a captive of the
champagne,
or your luvver's eyes?



To The holy Vampire Sire

Robert Pattinson †

O Robertinople, Saint Robertinople

Ye should not compete with me, my lord

I mean, why compete with Casanova?

Thee & me can start a legion of the holy

O Robertstein!

Thee are the evilest of all the vampires ever
blood born!

& yet,
you should not compete with me
for I am not from amongst the mortals &
their realm!

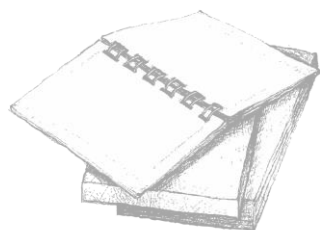
The blood in my veins is highborn-
I am the son & heir to the kingdom 'pon the
moon!

The wolves howl to my mother moon every
midnight!

My father is the holy god of neptune!

The moon turns into a lover of my blood at
twilight!
My vampire blood!

The earthly mortals sway to the blood
moon riot music of mine every night!



The spirit of me rules every mortal at the
strike of midnight!

The mortal race falls under my spell,
my charm when they look into my eyes!

The women, too, are generous for they had
vowed to bear my sons!

The vampire brides & the Salvatore tribe
dressed in suits black & white,

present
at my wedding..!

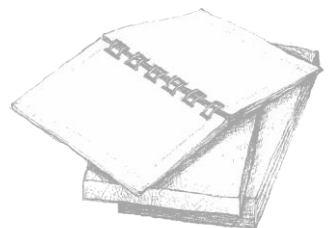
O
Ye shall not compete with me, holy Sire!

{The tragic battle of the two finest
vampires!}

Discard your wand away into the sea,
Sire Pattinson!

Ye cannot defeat me- for I am The
darklord's heir & evil son!

& didn't a million hearts sink,
at the untimely death of your vampire clan
at my hands...!



The Earl Rosenbergs

{The R&Gs}

We ran the fi high on The Earl Rosenbergs!
The R&Gs!
& we won too!

We played Wimbledon high on The Earl
Rosenbergs!
Rafael Nadal couldn't believe what his eyes
Saw!
The greatest game of Tennis ever on
record!

The great tragedy of luv, were written high
on The Earl Rosenbergs!

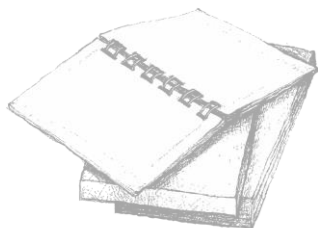
The gods of french poetry wrote & brought
France to life,
while they were high on The Earl
Rosenbergs!

The demons in hell run high on The Earl
Rosenbergs!

Goethe framed history for he were high on
The Earl drug!

The Italians take the drug, & run their
fascist earth!

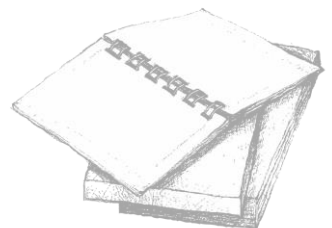
Brad The Salvatore Pitt is the icon, the face
of The Earl Rosenbergs!



I kissed my luv high on The Earl Rosenberg,
& we disappeared in the realm of luv!

Ah,
& how we'd burnt down the red Ferrari f80
& the black Mercielago Lamborghini,
forth the Marlboro gods of racing & lord
Bugatti,
high on The Earl Rosenbergs...!

They say-
"The Earl Rosenberg rids one from having
to bear the tragedies of life!
Why be at life & suffer a tragedy-
when we were borne already destined to
die!"



Thee St. Biancá †

Ah, Thee St. Biancá-
thy castle like mansions around the world
decimate my heart's spirit!

“Beauty will not save the world, mia casa
Biancá will!”,
read a Valentinian inscription, inscribed on
the walls of Sicily..!

The shores of Tuscany have thy name
inscribed on them,
Mon St. Biancá †

The winds of Tuscany taste like a vineyard,
for they have thy name carved ‘pon their
Spirit!

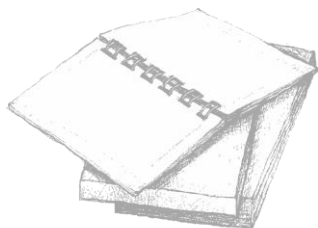
The wine from Napoli had never tasted so
delicate,
than when they had in them, the taste of
thy cherry lips!

I am buried beneath the streets of Naples-
for thee to walk over me!

Thy voice reminds me of a Sicilian song my
heart had long memorized!

My heart knows thee better than it knows
my being!

Mine heart remembers thee more than it
ever remembers me!



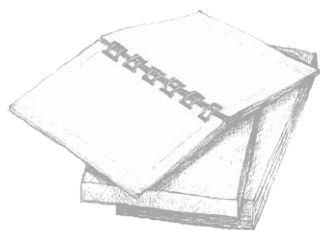
Mine heart recognises your face better than
it recognises mine!

Thee flow like a river of luv in the valley of
my heart!

Thee are the princess, the knightly queen
of my heart!

My lady knight, holy italia, & the kingdom
of my heart lost!

"& the knight in me passionately whispered
into her ear,
"My luv,
Thee adorn
the red of roses like a crown upon your
head...!"



The end note

Well,

Aiden Lorde Florence is a poet, playwright, thinker, entrepreneur, composer, rockstar & musician who also writes screenplays & is also into filmmaking.

He, at times, also calls himself a revolutionary...
I mean the people call him so, they say.
Haha!

&

The man is into sports just as much as he is into science.

A mythical man of extraordinary calibre!

Regards

& Luv

Aiden Lorde Florence

