



Pic: Isabel G. de Diego

GUERRILLA PROSE: 7 HYBRID SHORTS

By Daniel de Culla

WHY WE LIKE IT: *These seven wildly original hybrids that combine prose, poetry and graphics, have the power and rowdy punch of graffiti at its most profane. By turns confrontational, brash, offensive, tender and beautiful, they challenge the reader with every line. This poet bird screams his celebration of life from a high branch and words burst into song-fires that grab us by the imagination and carry us away. The translation from the Spanish by the author is rough and uncut but we think cleaning it up would impinge rather than enhance the noble scruff of a voice authentically raw and mellifluous. Illustrations by the author. Spacing is the author's own. Sexually Explicit Graphics. Reader discretion.*

CAPTIVE VENUS

Bunny "Venus" sleeps

Mine's daughter Elizabeth

Born of the primordial egg

In her Olympic cage

And we have to be joyful

All the day

Because, when She wakes up

We will take her in our arms

Feeling her in our chest

Lively and throbbing.

Her running around the house

From the dining room to the kitchen

Throws us to life

**Turning the stay
In a beautiful garden.
Now we are in The banquet
Like the Platon's
And the six that are here
We are saying:
-What a beautiful bunny
How soft is her white hair!
She has black ears
Like those of Lucas Cranach
That are propellers that blow
To the wind of her passing.
-Of what color is
Elizabeth's white bunny?
It is the most widespread question
What does father and mother
To kid growing up
Between mischieves and games
When he comes to see her.
She combs her hair alone
Her eyes are two half moons
That light the dark night
Of the dreamedrabbitt Cupid
Coming, in dreams
With a carnal torch**

**That inflames the senses
And giving birth to Love
In hearts
Reciting Petrarca
On his road
Garcilaso de la Vega as well
Galeotto del Carretto
Juan de Mal Lara
Juan de Arguijo
Giambatista Marino
José de Valdivielso
Calderón de la Barca
La Fontaine and Marivaux
And Me too.**



Pic: Isabel G. de Diego

THREE'S



Graffiti In Burgos. Pic: de Culla

SIGNS OF LIFE

In one of the towns, Güete, in the province of Cuenca, where, due to family circumstances, I had to live, in a house in the Main Square where the passenger bus stopped, a man lived, a widower of a beautiful woman who died of cancer in the breasts, with green distemper, "of spear and pack-saddle" as he himself said, that, when outsiders came to the town, to welcome them, he put his ass in pomp on the window sill, and, as a sign of thanks for the visit, with attention and joy, he threw impressive stones, which bounced in the bells of the parish church.

The strangers, random, once they had passed in front of the window, turned to him and said:

-Good profit you do those pieces.

And he answered them:

-Puffs are brothers and sisters; pine nuts, or snails, or cantharids.

-Daniel de Culla



Pic: Isa G. de Diego

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HE DREAM

The she bunny sleeps happily, keeping SpongeBob outside the cage as watchman.

She dreams the words of the fox, unable to reach the grapes:

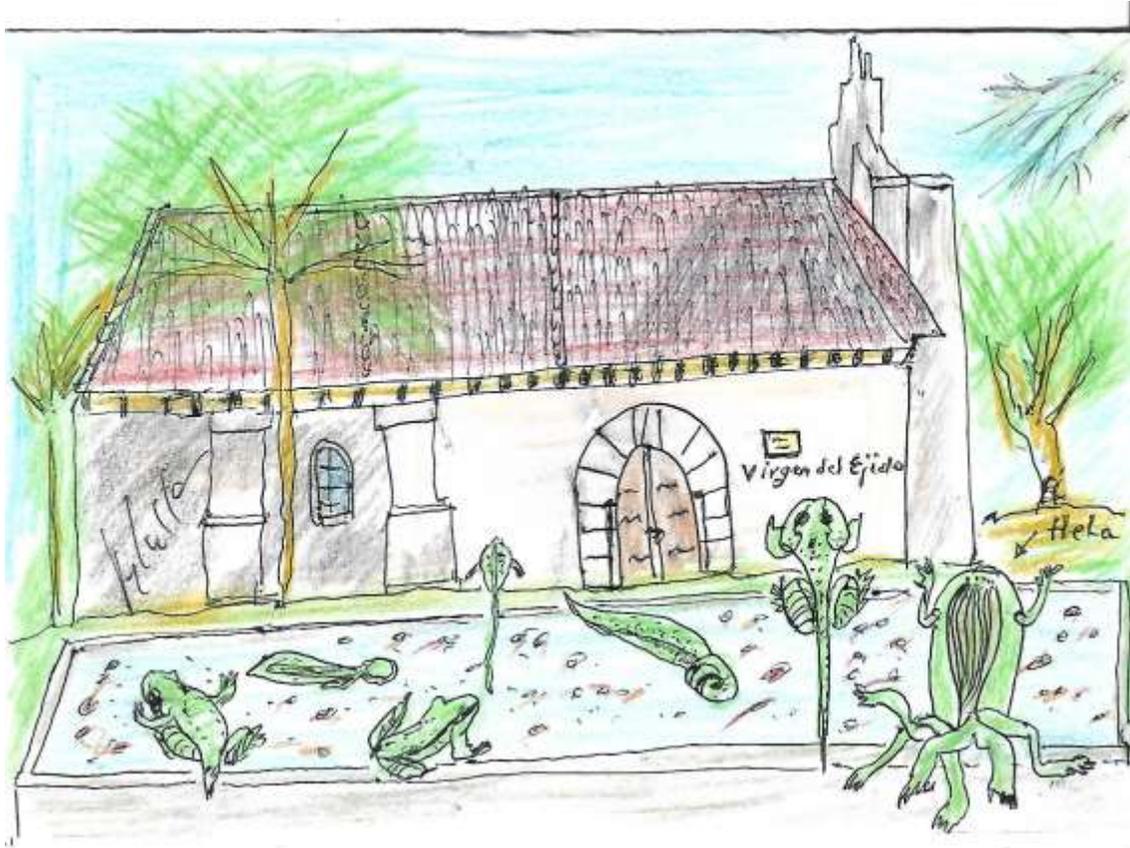
-Acid are, and besides, I don't feel like.

-Daniel de Cullan Isabel G. de Diego

TRUMPET NURSE FLOWERS

Now the bumblebee that has this flowering bush of orange pink chalice will be happy to be able to free and have sex, without having to climb like the pigeon on the dove grabbed by the legs with its beak.

-Daniel de Culla



THE FROG THAT CREATED HAIRS

**Gods shaken by an inextinguishable laugh
An Homeric laugh as Homer sang
In the song I of his Iliad
Made my frog Hela stop talking
From "Here she is"
That I had left at the waterhole
That there is
At the foot of the Moradillo de Roa' hermitage
From Burgos
Dedicated to the Virgin of Ejido.
I had brought it, the frog
From the "Puddle of the Frogs"
At the road junction that goes to Fuentenebro
Badly mounted on a winged donkey
Endowed with a golden tail
Thinking that a goddess lived in it
The one I would try to force, later
Although unsuccessful
At the foot of the trough
Experiencing a violent desire
Spiller of my sperm on earth.
From this sperm,
On both sides of the air
Drops fell on Hela's body
That made her hairs born**

**Without mediating loving union.
One day, furious, I grabbed her leg
Throwing it against the trough stone
Being half dead.**

**I kissed her later, skinned her
And I put it to fry wrapped in flour
Eating it with real pleasure
Knowing that I was going down
To Olympus from my guts
From where I still hear it croaking
As the young people
Who have come down listen
To feel my sumptuous weapon
Of adulterous loves
My zoology, its object and my parts.**

-Daniel de Culla

RODE INTO THE MOUNTAINS

**In the middle of Spain
Yin Yang in a Journey in Spring
The sun with its tide home going
Over ground with seed and hands.
This is a place where we must stop:**

Ears to earth under frosty
Rotating nebulae, seeing
Old women, Young girls
Babies crying and a few men.
All is unintelligible inside the ground
That yearn for eyes a heart in the center
Aflame with smoke and desire.
Clouds, clouds, clouds
Hazes of the eternal
And ephemeral beyond
Over imposible but almost feasible
Zigzag up never abandoned cliffs
Where the rivers began
Roading toward blank areas of stark madness
Suddenly realizing its freedom.

-Daniel de Culla

- Oh, my prick hulls! He said. Although he liked to rub it more than take it to the lining of a vagina. It pleased him as much or more to see the pieces of white of his scattered eggs, than the fragments of artillery when a grenade exploded at the Shooting Range between Madrid and Guadalajara, where he saw his captains and generals as soliped animals, as they came and went. mounted on horseback.

Agile or cheerful, he has helmets to the jineta. His eggs are rolled like oak bark in the second shell of the cork oak, dreaming with Casilda, daughter of a Moorish king of Toledo who passed ill to Castile and converted to Christianity contemplating a small Visigoth phalometer of light construction, brought, and blessed, by a friar who came from the Crabs' Island; Equatorial Atlantic Island, to the Orinoco embouchure on the coast of Caracas.

-Daniel de Culla



RAGECRACKER BENCHCRACKER BUSYBODY

He is. Look: He says that he has, in his body as in his soul, an Emperor fish in its own hollow metal exile with a handle and a piece of brass loose inside to make it sound when rattled like a rattlesnake.

He is a person who is enraged every moment without sufficient reason. Ragecracker like someone who crushes his prick. Person of little brain and a lot of sex that dazzles with vain hopes.

He was "crushed" in the Seminary and, later, in the Army, without becoming "tiger sucker": toilet fist; but of matins and toilet yes, as a bud of the acorn.

"She red cracker" he called his sperm when he was ejaculating, because, both in the Seminary and in the Army, he had been taught to love and hate, at the same time, the red women, whom he called "Crabs to Love" like the of the German Gestapo will did with the beautiful She Jews.

Rough, rude, making noise with his teeth he masturbated like a pirate winding the silk of his worm, and weaving it like a rattlesnake or cascades, throwing the grape cascades away from the place.

When he masturbated, he sang:

"The Canine stuffs his prick

In the hole that is made

To the wine vats

Keeping his face

Goofy

After cumming

How it happened to the royal troop

Expired by Bolívar

In the famous battle of Carabobo

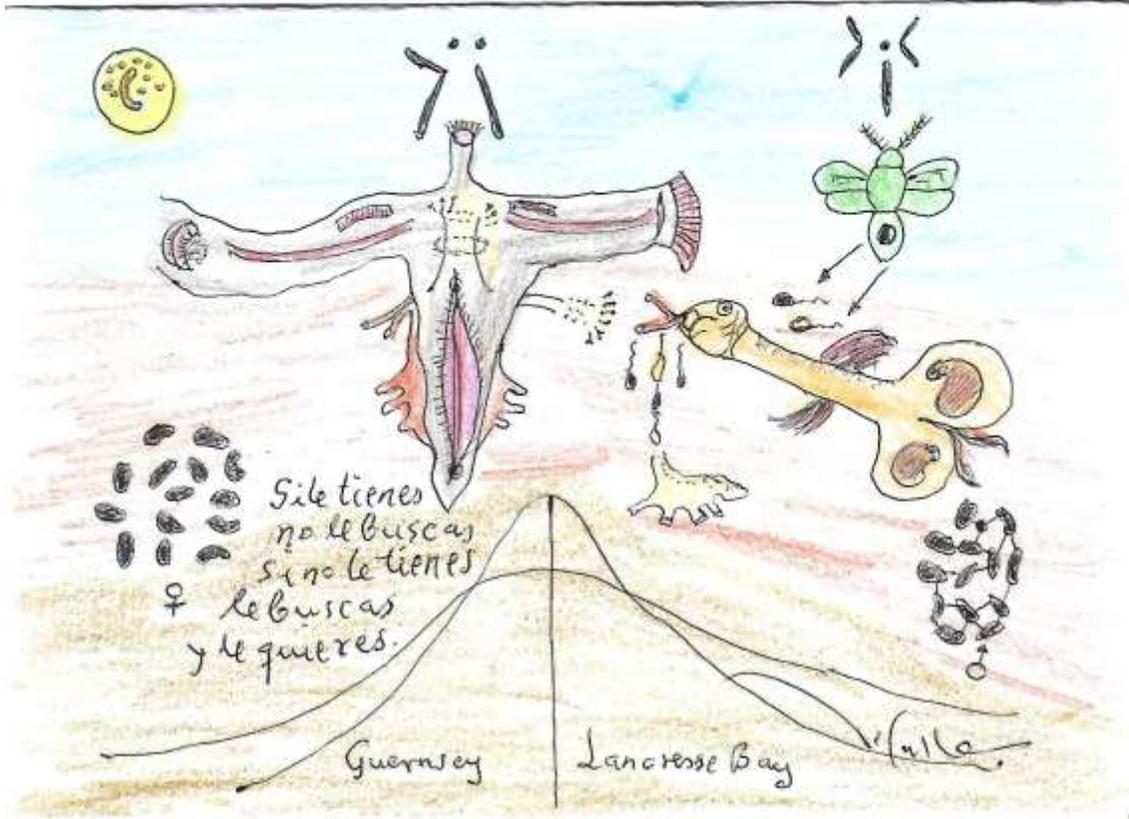
In Venezuela"

It hurt to see his prick break into pieces like clay pot. These pieces, usually, "concave", as he said.

- Oh, my prick hulls! He said. Although he liked to rub it more than take it to the lining of a vagina. It pleased him as much or more to see the pieces of white of his scattered eggs, than the fragments of artillery when a grenade exploded at the Shooting Range between Madrid and Guadalajara, where he saw his captains and generals as soliped animals, as they came and went. mounted on horseback.

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Si le tienes
no le buscas
sino lo tienes
♀ lo buscas
y lo quieres.

Guernsey

Lancresse Bay

1/1/10

OPEN YOURELF SEX-LOVE

It is in the Norman Guernsey

One of the Channel Islands:

I'm walking Saint Peter Port

When i made sense

In a beautiful Irish girl

To whom I said, in Spanish:

-Gloriosa ¿me dejarás

Gozar de esa tu estrella

Que vino a dar fruto

En esta nuestra Tierra ?

-Blessed, will You let me

Enjoy of your hairy Star

That came to bear fruit

In it our Earth?

She answered in English:

-Dear, put your Horn

In my lovely Cunt

So many times as do you want.

Against a rough stone

Next to a German bunker

In Lanresse Bay, Guernsey

Very close to the Sea

I saw her Ace of Gold, or Ass

Like an immense god

Of which there are many more

Not just one

As She do knows.

Right in the center of her thighs

I was going to repeat

The Passion of Love

With his Life-Blood

Like the pious mystics do.

When i went to kiss it

And said to Her, ordering:

-;Open Yourself Sex-Love;

Three leafy hairs

Crossed the gums

Over my sparkling lips.

As Victor Hugo, the Great

Here, vilely banished

I exclaimed very upset:

-My kind sweetheart

there can't be in the World

More God than your Pussy.

Answering she to me:

-My Lover, don't you see?

We are the potato peel pie

Of Guernsey and its

Literary Society:

The movie, the film
“The Guernsey Literary
And Potato Peel Pie Society ”
Historical drama movie
About the novel written by
Mary Ann Shaffer.
After softening her with kisses
Bending his back
And getting on her knees
Looking for Jersey
So happy I said to her:
-Sweetheart, now I will
Fall in love with You
Until to arrive at
Your divine temples.
When my orgasm
Felt on her Mount of Venus
She woke up asleep
Crying which single
Just lost his singleness
Cleaning with silk scarf
That beautiful face
With vertical smile
As from a sinner Virgin.

-Daniel de Culla

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Part of a citing from RALM (Journal of Art, Literature and Music) to whose editorial team I belong: an indefatigable chronicler, a wood-thirsty poet, and a modern, uncompromising plastic artist, Daniel de Culla is one the oldest members of RALM. Satirist, humorist, fabulist...his tentacles explore the space of the Web to leave the trace of a Spanish worthy of the best wanderers.*

I make clear what inspires me, my intentions and style as a freelance poet, writer and illustrator devout of The Magnum Opiate of Malaclypse the Younger, Principia Discordia, Joyce's Ulysses, H. P. Lovecraft's Necronomicon, Zen Without Zen Master by Camden Benares and the wonderful and great Geoffrey Chaucer's 'The Miller's Tale'.

BIO: *Daniel de Culla is a writer, poet and photographer. He's a member of the Spanish Writers Association, Earthly Writers International Caucus, Poets of the World, (IA) International Authors, Surrealism Art, Friends of the Blake Society, and others. Director of Gallo Tricolor Review and the Robespierre Review. He has participated in many Festivals of Poetry and Theater in Madrid, Burgos, Berlin, Minden, Hanover and Geneva. He has additionally, been exhibited in many galleries from Madrid, Burgos, London and Amsterdam. He divides his time between North Hollywood, Madrid and Burgos. His email is gallotricolor@yahoo.com*