

# SINGING DREAMS



**DANIEL DE CULLA**



**(Pics: Daniel de Culla)**

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**DANIEL DE CULLA**

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# 1. A SENSE OF WONDER











La Ciudad  
es carnal jolgorio;  
Pam Pam suena  
en el auto tambor  
de las chicas, y  
a quienes un santo  
no salva de su deshonra  
por el salvaje feroz  
de unos chicos.

Hombre lobo

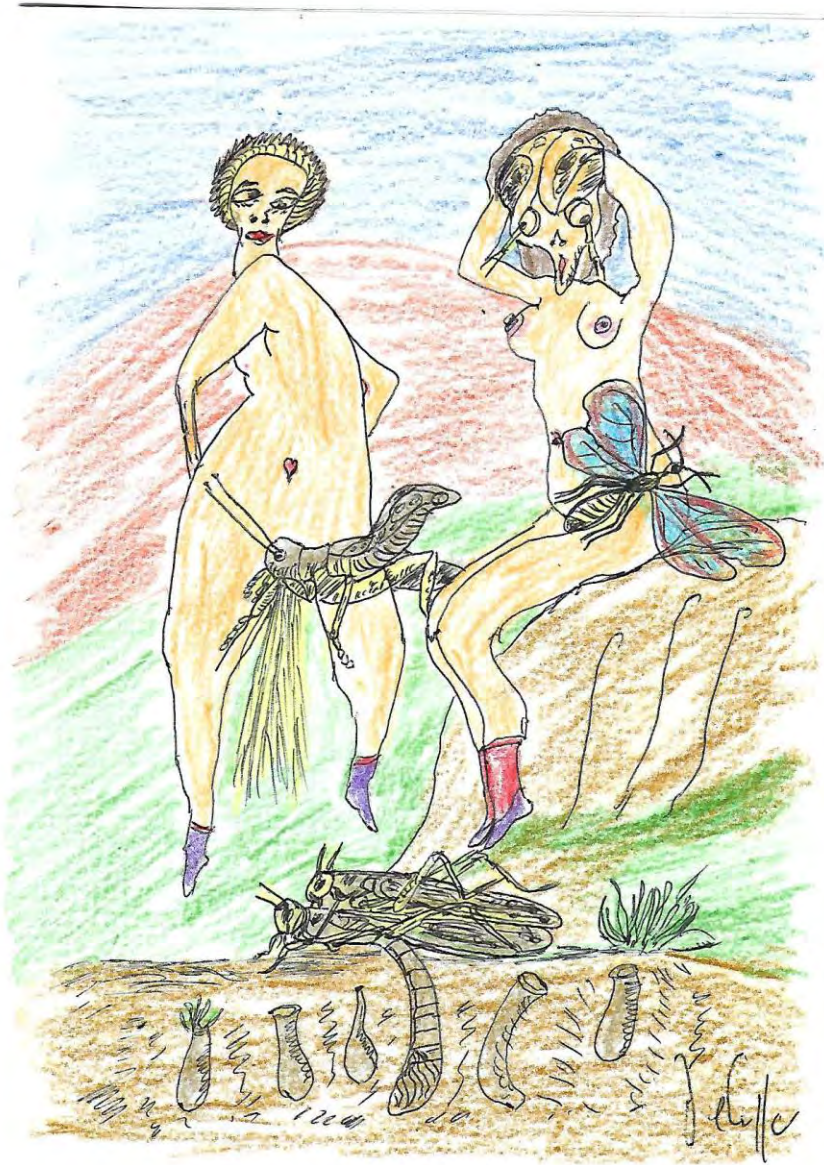
de Calle

El Quinticéfalo



Feeling & Passion  
Sentimiento y Pasión









Impresiones del borde del manto  
de Santiago  
Impressions of Santiago's mantle edge





Indio de Zambua (vendedor de plátanos)  
Zambua? Indian (pedlar of bananas)





## **2. ANOTHER AUTUMN**

**I'm in Tosantos**

**Locatlity of the province of Burgos**

**Sat in an "Ottoman"**

**As a sofa**

**In my room at ground level**

**Listening the rain falling**

**Getting me on nerves.**

**Just stop raining!**

**I get up**

**And I'm going to the window**

**Admiring**

**The second grass**

**That produces the meadows**

**And the earth 'seasoning**

**That is put in good condition.**

**I look out the window**

**Seeing Autilla and Otoción**

**Older woman and man**

**Listening from they:**

**He: Woman, Grass sprouts in Autumn**

**She: If only will sprout Yrs;**

**They were going to laugh**

**When they stop talking**

**Seeing two lovers arguing**

**The girl with a milk pitcher  
Under the arm  
And the boy with a slab in tow  
Talking about the days  
That spend without feeling.  
I turned to the "Ottoman"  
Starting to listen  
Because I have somewhere in me  
The newly wet Autumn:  
Lake of Tears'  
"So Feel Autumn Rain"**



**(Graffiti in Burgos)**

### **3. BILLIARDS AND DARTS**

**A teacher asks Little James**  
**What balls are those that don't have hairs**  
**And Little James answered quickly:**  
**-None, teacher, because all the balls**  
**And more those of Villar**  
**Have hairs.**  
**There was laughter by spoonfuls**  
**Like garlic soups**  
**In Roa de Duero, Burgos**  
**Before corralling bulls.**  
**Little students from Aranda de Duero**  
**Know this joke very well**  
**And always talk of it**  
**When they go to the wine cellar**  
**And, into the deep of it**  
**They touch the balls among them**  
**To see which of them**  
**Have more grown hair.**  
**To who that has the longest hair**  
**They sent him to Burgos**  
**With free expenses**  
**As a prize for competing**  
**In a competition of Billiards and Darts**  
**To a place called "At Plane", in Gamonal**  
**Telling him at the Bus Station**  
**Before car beginning to move:**  
**- Take care, Villar, you're going to Burgos**  
**To compete at Plane**



Ones with darts, others with sticks".



#### **4. CARNAL MEETING AT LANGRESSE BAY BEACH**

**It was a casual encounter, yes**

**On Lanresse Bay Beach, in Guernsey, Channel Islands:**

**Island surrounded by a bunker built by the Germans**

**In the Second World War.**

**She was Dominique**

**Who lived very close to the Victor Hugo' House Museum**

**"The Hauteville House"**

**When he was banished**

**And where "he wrote as much as he fucked".**

**If my Dominique had lived in her then**

**I would have found her, sure, badly fucked**

**Like Blanche Lanvin in the service of Juliette Drouet**

**Hugo's pilgrim lover.**

**(Later, later, and that's why I left her**

**I found out that he had fucked like a Norman**

**With an Italian until more can not).**

**Love has already been declared just by looking at us**

**Although she walked with a desire to fuck**

**It was clear;**

**We went up, dressed, to a defensive embrasure, and we embraced**

**I would fly her up and I wanted to get her**

**Going through pants and dress**

**Because I was a Madrid' boy "macho man"**

**What made her put herself at a hundred.**

**She kissed me**

**He put his saliva on my tongue with her tongue**

**We clash our teeth**

**We cook to eat our flesh**

**When, in a moment, she told me:**

**-How long can you hold the erection?**

**We can go to the beach and get into the sea**

**And fuck: You, like my dear husband**

**Me, as your beloved woman.**

**-It's ok, Dominique, I answered; and her:**

**-Lovely, Daniel.**

**As we were both prepared to bathe**

**We take off our clothes**

**And we went down to bathe to fuck like geese on the waves**

**Or, better, inside the sea.**

**She threw herself into the water first, telling me:**

**-Come on, man; come and get me**

**And, I, answering her:**

**- Mine's with pleasure goes, Dominique**

**And I'm going to put You in the water looking for London.**

**More, oh, what a pity!**

**What a pity penalty, wow!**

**My prick that was beautiful and erect, about to be eat**

**By the cold it deflated, damn it!**

**And without force of being able to enter her pussy**

**He threw some sperm with lots of salt and salt**

**What made Dominique cast curses**

**Because some came with water in her mouth**

**And her pussy looked like she was having an orgasm**



**No sense below the waves.**

**The two of us moody, we went out to the sand**

**I run like a dog with my tail between my legs**

**Telling her:**

**-I'm so sorry, Dominique; and she answering:**

**-Don't worry, Daniel. Now, I see that you have a Little penis**

**That does not help me or a comb.**

**The only thing, if you want, and when you want, of course!**

**Is that You can lick my pussy**

**"Sucking and not fucking"**

**To cure this bad to fuck, so I left the Italian.**

**-To suck, me, Your pussy? Do not dream it, fucking girl.**

**If you smell as demons and your pussy**

**Go away to know how you will know**

**Besides that inside your pussy there is a brothel!**

**We left ourselves, and we did not see each other again**

**Well, on any occasion, yes**

**In Saint Peter Port, the City**

**But, she, not even looking at me**

**And my prick being able to resurrect.**

**I did not give her my hand**

**But I did remember again**

**That I could enjoy her pussy lying in salt water.**



## 5. COLUMBUS DAY

### Columbus Day

**There is a Question: History or conversation.**

**There will not be going on  
If I myself take refuge  
Inside this celebration.**

**My complete anger and there is hope, joy.**

**There are signs of promise  
Creative and powerful energy...**

**There is hope, there is a promise  
Everywhere there are signs.**

**Columbus's arrival in the Americas**

**As/or Day of the Race also**

**Without promises, no hope.**

**Look at it:**

**Everywhere is tragedy and sadness**

**There is a New World**

**Neither hope nor hopelessness.**

**The experience of this Columbus Day'**

**Dimensions**

**Has generated a new context**

**Which is not really**

**A context at all**

**For it represents all contexts**

**And the only possibility that we might all**

**Go on...**

**The presence of the singular**

**Multiple and enigmatic**



**Within the same moment.  
We have this in common  
We share a living experience  
And have now thereby  
Before/within us a presence  
Which is an irrevocable connection  
And which differentiates us  
From those  
Who have come before and led us.**

**6. From the Roof \*Desde la azotea  
\* Du toit \* Dal tetto  
(A) Daniel de Culla**





**Burgos desde el Tejado**







## **Detalle en la terraza del CAB**



## **Burgos inclinada**

Botija - Jar



refle

Moza en el Servicio del Bar "San Fran"



Walt





PROJECT MAIL ART

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

Technic/size : free. Technique/dimension : libre

No deadline/pas de date limite

Sent your work/Envoyez votre création :

Séverine Machard de Gramont  
22 chemin de Boncourt la Ronce  
21700 Corgoloin  
FRANCE

03930A-01

08-06-18

FRANCE

LA POSTE



FAVORITE TRADING CARD JAM  
 on sale at  
 21170A - serrichour saing  
 France  
<http://snoobalisco.blogspot.com/>

Dear Daniel,  
 Thank you very  
 much for your  
 drawing color and  
 Humouristique! BRAVO!  
 Meici  
 chocolatine stooby

DESTINATAIRE  
 Daniel de Culla  
 90 - Comunenas, 7-1A  
 09006 BURGOS  
 España



chocolatine stooby  
 June 2018





































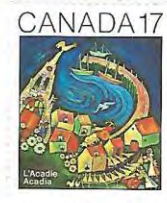
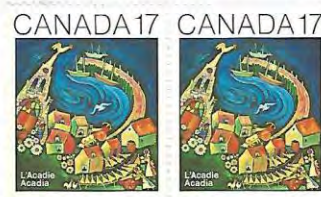






Message:

Hi Daniel,  
many thanks for  
your participation.  
cheers!  
R.R.





Jun 2018 (1ère édition)

No 200

20158

# CIRCULAIRE 132

FLIP OVER



VOIR AU VERSO

40-076-685 (07-05)

CIRCULAIRE 132  
C.P. 1, 210 route De La Mer  
Sainte-Flavie (Québec) G0J 2L0



**NE PAS PLIER**

**Air Mail Par avion**

43-074-038 (02-12)

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MERCI  
TOUT / SIMPLEMENT

Juscain  
Séverine de  
Gramont

28 JUN 2018



La Alcaldesa-Presidenta  
del Ayuntamiento de Madrigal de las Altas Torres

SALUDA

Y tiene el honor de enviarle las Bases del  
*XXVIII Premio de Poesía "Fray Luis de León"*,  
Entendiendo que participar en este premio  
pueda ser de su interés.

Será para nosotros un honor contar con su  
participación en este certamen.

Madrigal de las Altas Torres, junio de 2018

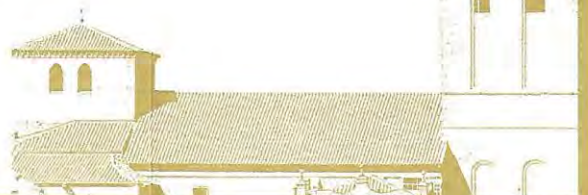
Ana Zurdo

MADRIGAL

— DEL LATÍN MADRIGALE —

Composición poética en la  
que se expresa con  
ligereza y galanura un  
afecto o pensamiento  
delicado, y la cual es  
breve por lo común,  
aunque no tanto como el  
epigrama, a cuyo género  
pertenece, y se escribe  
ordinariamente en la  
combinación métrica  
llamada silva...

—Diccionario de la Real Academia de la Lengua—



FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN



Excmo. Ayuntamiento de  
Madrigal de las Altas Torres



Diputación  
de Ávila

XXVIII PREMIO DE POESÍA

Madrigal de las Altas Torres 2018

ÁVILA  
te toca

ÁVILA  
auténtico















ganglio  
cerebral

All hail Piles!

conducto  
eyaculador

próstata

pene

deferente

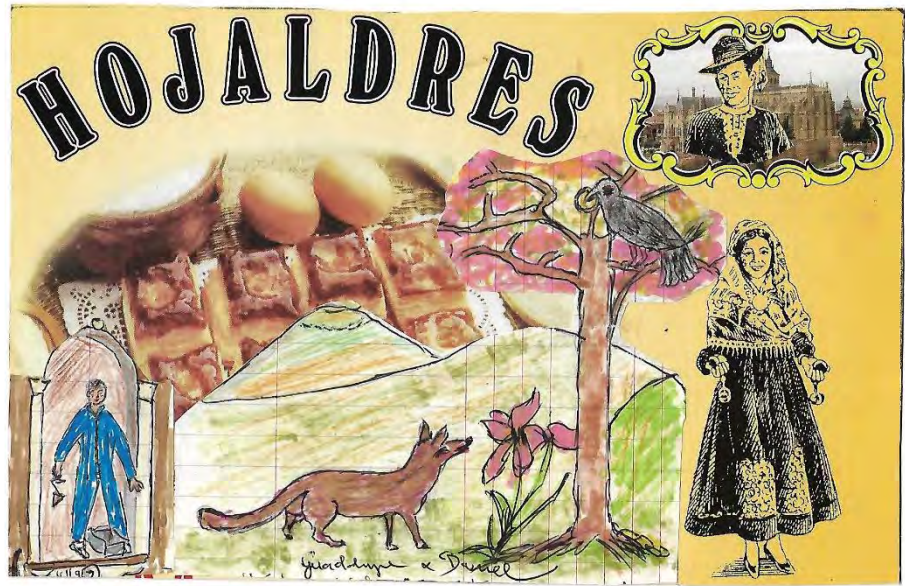


Dedicated to The  
Prettiest One

Valle











L'officina della Pace

The end  
of the world  
Lies inside You



peace



MUHUM

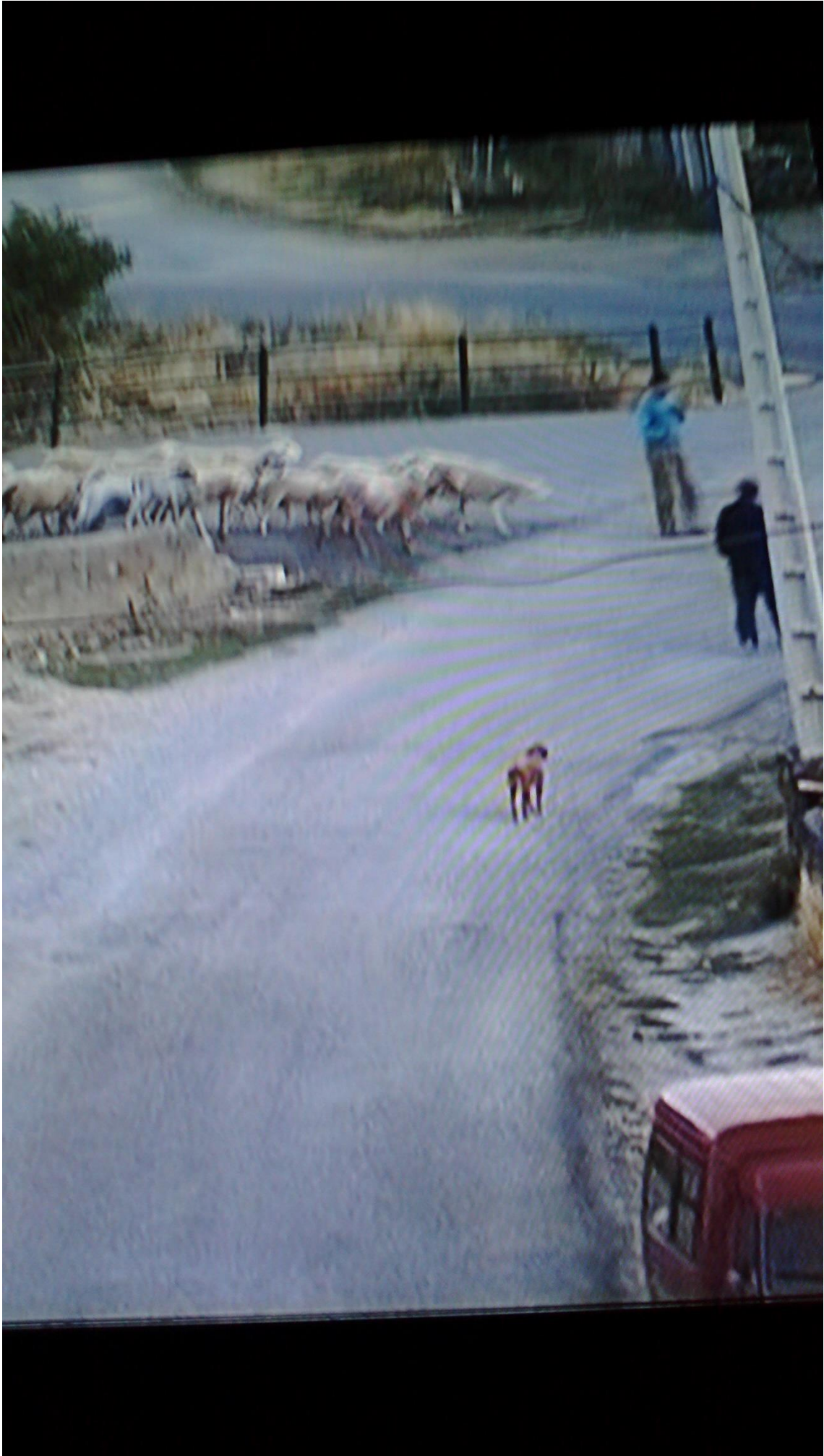
Walle













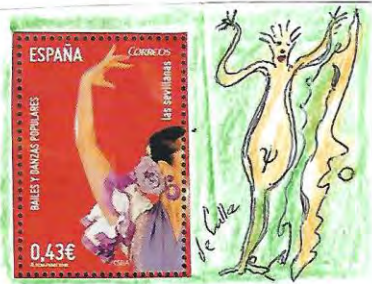
















rele









La Ciudad  
es carnal jolgorio;  
Pam Pam suena  
en el auto tambor  
de las chicas, y  
a quienes un santo  
no salva de su deshonra  
por el salvaje feroz  
de unos chicos.

Hombre lobo

de (—) —

El Quinticéjalo

## **7. 4 POEMS**

### **RODE INTO SHOWTIME**

**Songs and Maps and Jottings**

**From the foetal Mind:**

**An entry of journeys correspondences**

**Stars machine**

**carton presidents**

**Real quotes sand wave lengts**

**Backtracking the circle of the possible:**

**Rape, Murders, Guns**

**People on the trains**

**Fantasizing about the perfect couple**

**Patriots sleeping**

**Dancing with the opposite sex**

**Off the hard top.**

**Word is bond;**

**Series, Movies, Sports**

**Documentaries, Comedy**

**Getting full Access**

**To the Oscar dreams**

**Below the but of all sports**

**And the trade never available**

**For Free.**

**What do you see? Tragedy ;**

**Showing time Stars Machine**

**Realities flawed and horrible**

**From your favourite Restaurant**

**Surrounding you and me**



**A grunt never available for free:  
Some small exclamation of the tongue  
The birth of language;  
Is that all?  
Showtime generates  
A Planet Space-Scape  
For Humans  
Nearing greater tragedy  
A Map and Key:  
Drawing, Outline, Impulses  
And a Taste:  
“There was a rabbit who, once said  
There is no way in  
And no way out.  
Try Me now for Free  
I’ll stream Your Showtime.**

### **SHANGRILA**

**-Where are you going, James Hilton?  
Where are you going, sad about you?  
-I'm looking for my Lost Horizons  
On the great bluish mountain of the Karakal  
In Baskul, Afghanistan.  
-If Tomás Moro is already dead  
In his Utopia, I saw him  
Hidden in a Shamballa  
Beyond the snowy mountains**

**From the Himalayas range.  
His body was guarded by the British consul  
Hufg Conway, his assistant Charles Mallinson  
Christian missionary Roberta Brinklow  
And the American merchant  
Henry D. Barnard.  
There was also King Kong  
Who died for our sins  
Guardian of Shangrila  
That to the bridal couples that are coming  
He don't let in, only between week  
And to the lusty gentleman, who faces him  
Because he wants to get inside  
He kick up a great fuss:  
-You, not. The beautiful lady, first;  
He answering:  
-But if you are my father  
And I am Your son, Viejo;  
As Charles Darwin says.**

#### **DREAMING WITH CLEOPATRA**

**Being naked to bed  
From the bedside table  
Where my father kept condoms  
And historical naked stars  
Dreaming with them  
I took a big postcard**



**That I thought was a chicken  
In a yard: It was Cleopatra!  
Naked as Pharaoh Ptolemy  
Brought her to the World, who  
In addition to marrying her brother  
By Ptolemaic Rule  
She loved in Greek, Hebrew  
Sirius and Aramaic  
That seduced Plutarco  
Who made him catch  
Pencil club  
And lamp to illuminate their texts.  
Turning and twisting  
To the beautiful photo  
I found my little bishop  
Like a picanton chicken  
In a yard of lovers  
Starting to haunt  
This Cleopatra 's image  
Of which I am captive.  
I thought: Look if she's beautiful  
See if she's pretty  
That even my father  
Is falling in love with her!  
Kissing it  
I asked her to help me  
To get better note**

**In my studies of literature  
Mathematics and music  
That blows with a stick  
Will cost me  
Teacher and my parents putting  
My ribs  
Like nuts in a sack.  
Notice that to stay alone  
With Cleopatra  
I gave out from the yard  
The eunuchus Potinus  
General dictator Aquilas  
And the charlatan Teodotus  
Dragging them as I could  
From the tail, and so to have  
Some enemies less.  
As when I was youngster  
They accustomed me to hits  
And the cane of the doctrine  
To worship the dwarf Caesar  
Under the pallium  
I asked Julius Caesar, late republican:  
-Fast me blessed Julius Caesar  
If do you can protect me  
Go fuck yourself  
And let me to enjoy with Cleopatra.  
Do not cut my head**



**Like Pharaoh Ptolemy did to Pompey**

**Your friend and rival.**

**I was restless**

**And I wanted that Cleopatra**

**Like Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love**

**Moved me**

**And so I implored her:**

**- Open Your door, my heaven**

**Open Your door to me, my star**

**And send your husband to war.**

**Being like this**

**In my own loving war**

**More as hostage than sovereign**

**Some damn bells**

**Playing at mass**

**Woke me up**

**Seeing my little bishop of love died**

**For having eaten rice with milk**

**In Cleopatra's yard**

**Dreamed in this tournament night**

**Whose picture was too wrinkled**

**And my Little bishop**

**That just now was**

**From her son, his son Caesarion**

**Soothed calmly**

**As if nothing had happened**

**This night of captive love**

**Crying for joys  
Because my father could not  
Enjoy Cleopatra  
Another day.**

### **LOST HORIZONS**

**-Where are you going, James Hilton?**

**Where are you going, sad about you?**

**-I'm looking for my Lost Horizons**

**On the great bluish mountain of the Karakal**

**In Baskul, Afghanistan.**

**-If Tomás Moro is already dead**

**In his Utopia, I saw him**

**Hidden in a Shamballa**

**Beyond the snowy mountains**

**From the Himalayas range.**

**His body was guarded by the British consul**

**Hufg Conway, his assistant Charles Mallinson**

**Christian missionary Roberta Brinklow**

**And the American merchant**

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As Charles Darwin says.**

.

**Daniel de Culla is a writer, poet, and photographer. He's member of the Spanish Writers Association, Earthly Writers International Caucus, Poets of the World, (IA) International Authors, Surrealism Art, and others. Director of Gallo Tricolor Review, and Robespierre Review. He participated in many Festivals of Poetry, and Theater in Madrid, Burgos, Berlin, Minden, Hannover and Genève .He has exposed in many galleries from Madrid, Burgos, London, and Amsterdam. He is moving between North Hollywood, Madrid and Burgos**



**My daughter Isabelle (Mine's Pic)**



## **8. FROM A WALK IN HALLOWEN**

**I laugh at first, too**

**With little boys and girls**

**Then curse, brushing back our hair**

**Ready to start a new face.**

**But our dog does turn over.**

**He is stuck**

**Suddenly realizing its freedom.**

**Even if he did blow over**

**Just being able**

**Barking “trick” or “treat”.**



## 9. HOMELESS HA'NINI

Mother, there is a Child in the street

Ha'Nini told me his name is

**More alone than a moon.**

**He says he is cold  
And he is asking for money  
to go to a place  
Where to sleep well.**

**- Son, give to him five euros  
To go and stay overnight  
In the pilgrim hostel  
And tell him that tomorrow goes  
To the Archbishopric  
Where Caritas put its flag  
And they are well provided for beds  
And desires for to eat.**

**-Make up his mind;  
Tell to him  
That in this beautiful Country  
There is Charity to tasting  
Like with watermelons and melons  
And that, in White Sources  
There is a water source  
Where he will drink  
If you say yes.**



# 10. It has to be a Fucking Book...

Hay que enterarse del titulo como sea...

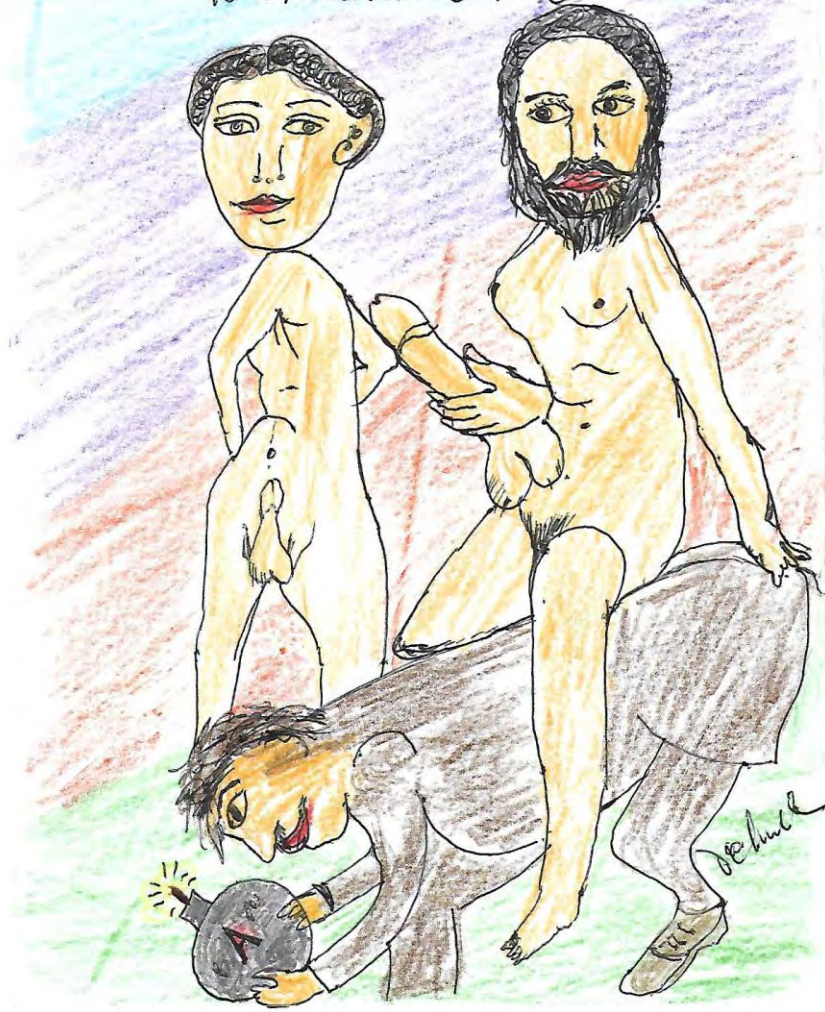
**TIENE QUE SER  
UN LIBRO COJONUDO...**



It has to be a Fucking Book...

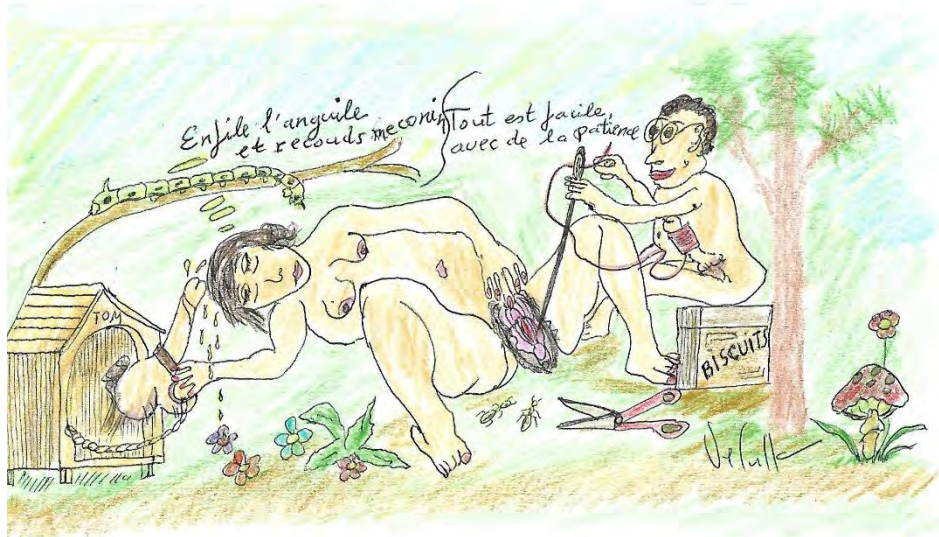
We must to know the title as it is....

Bakunina Necheev

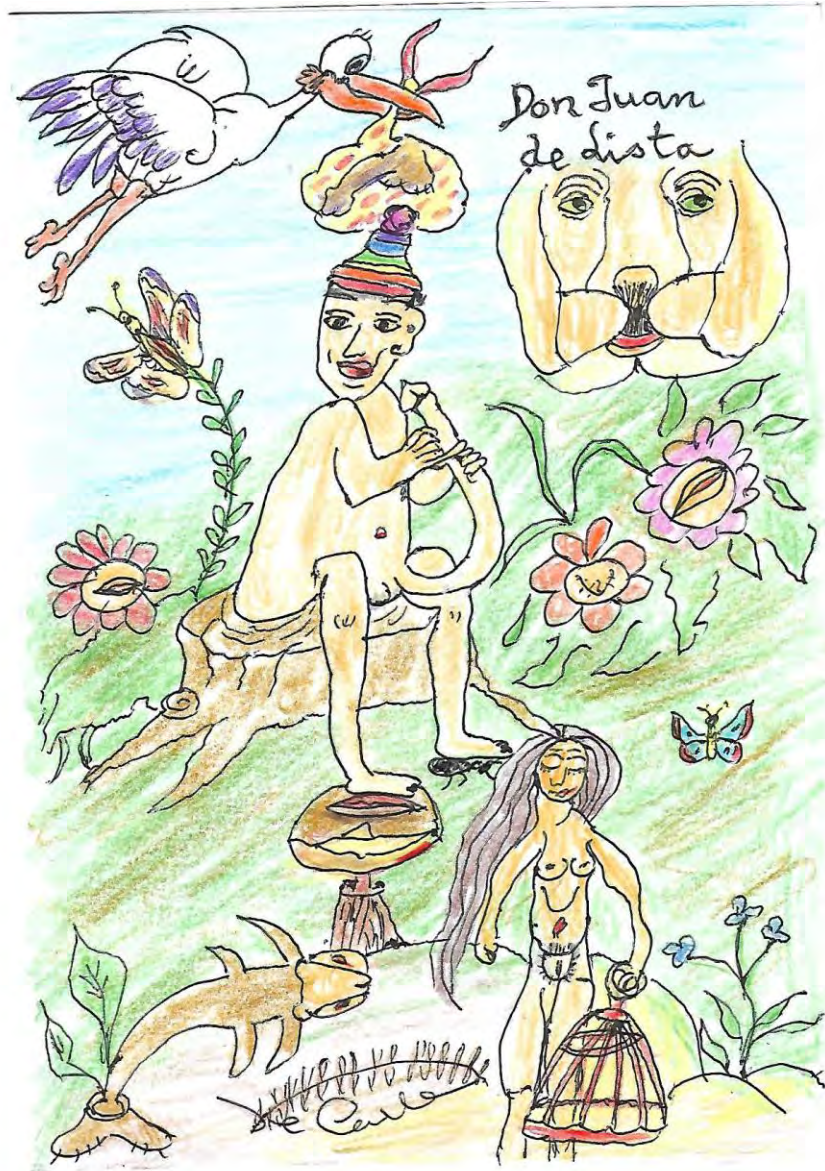


# Sewing a Cunt

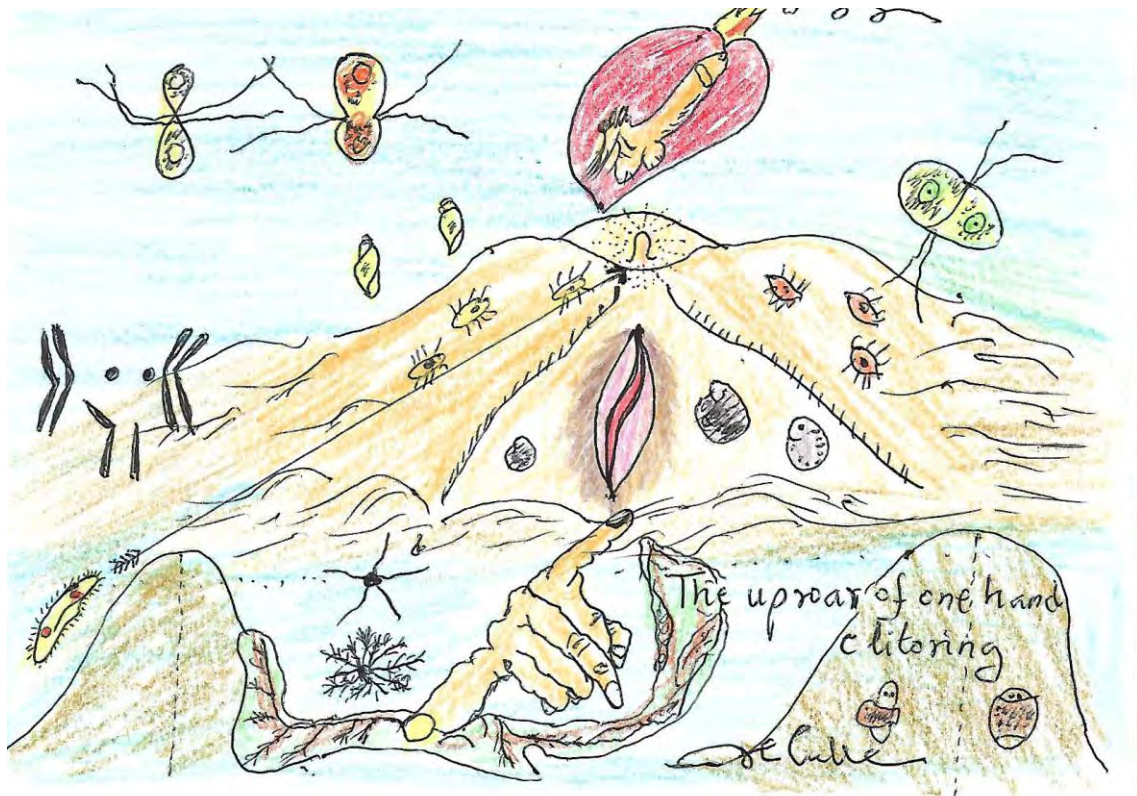
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Nature is so

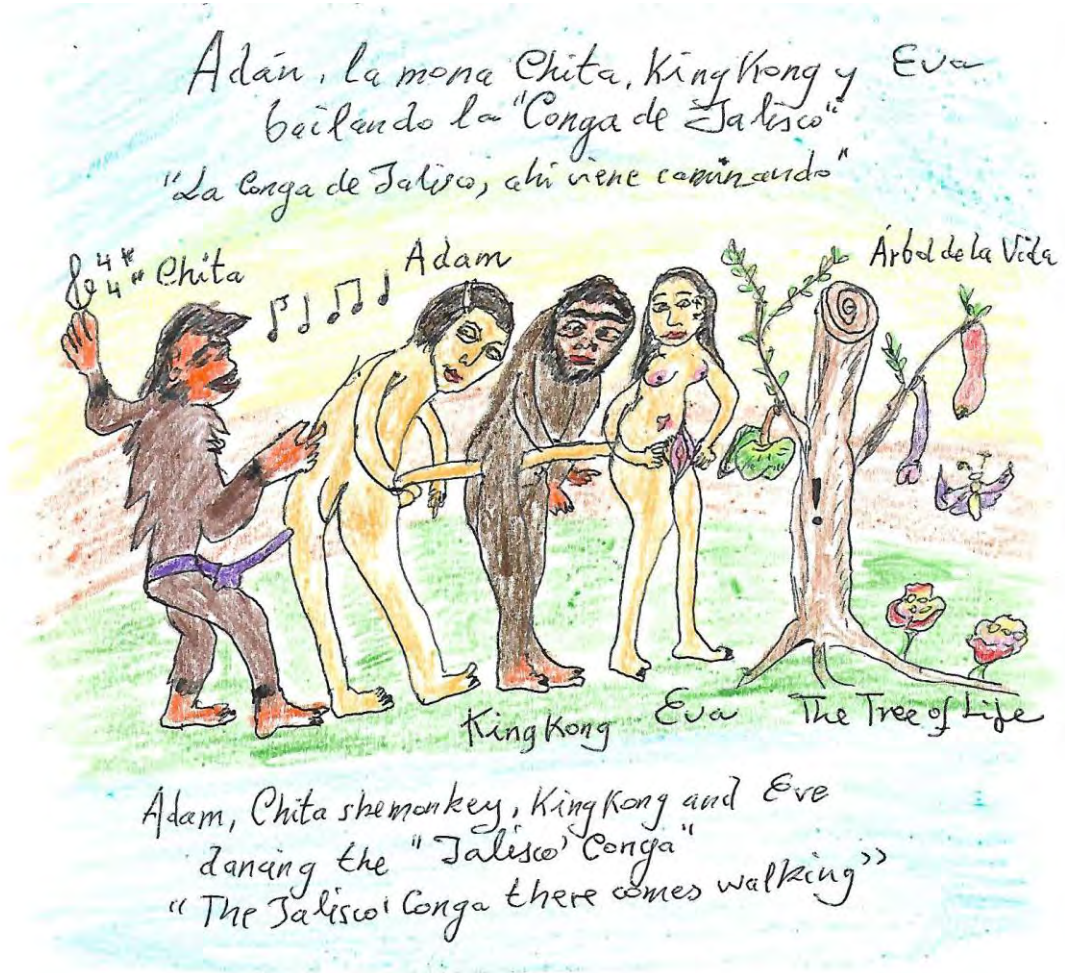


The uproar of one hand  
clitoral

de Cullen

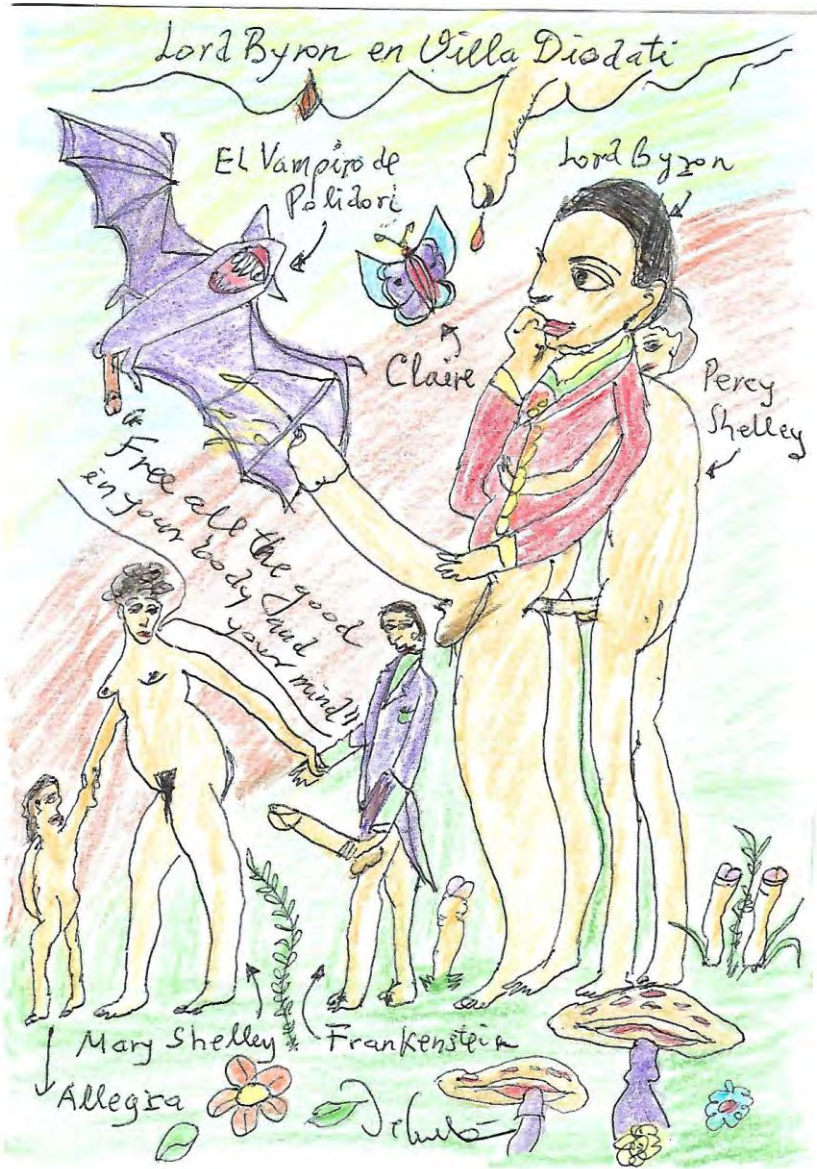


# Edén





# Lord Byron in Diodati Village



# **MAGNA MATER**

**NATURE OF THE PLANET EARTH**

**EARTH, FIRST;**

**-DANIEL DE CULLA**





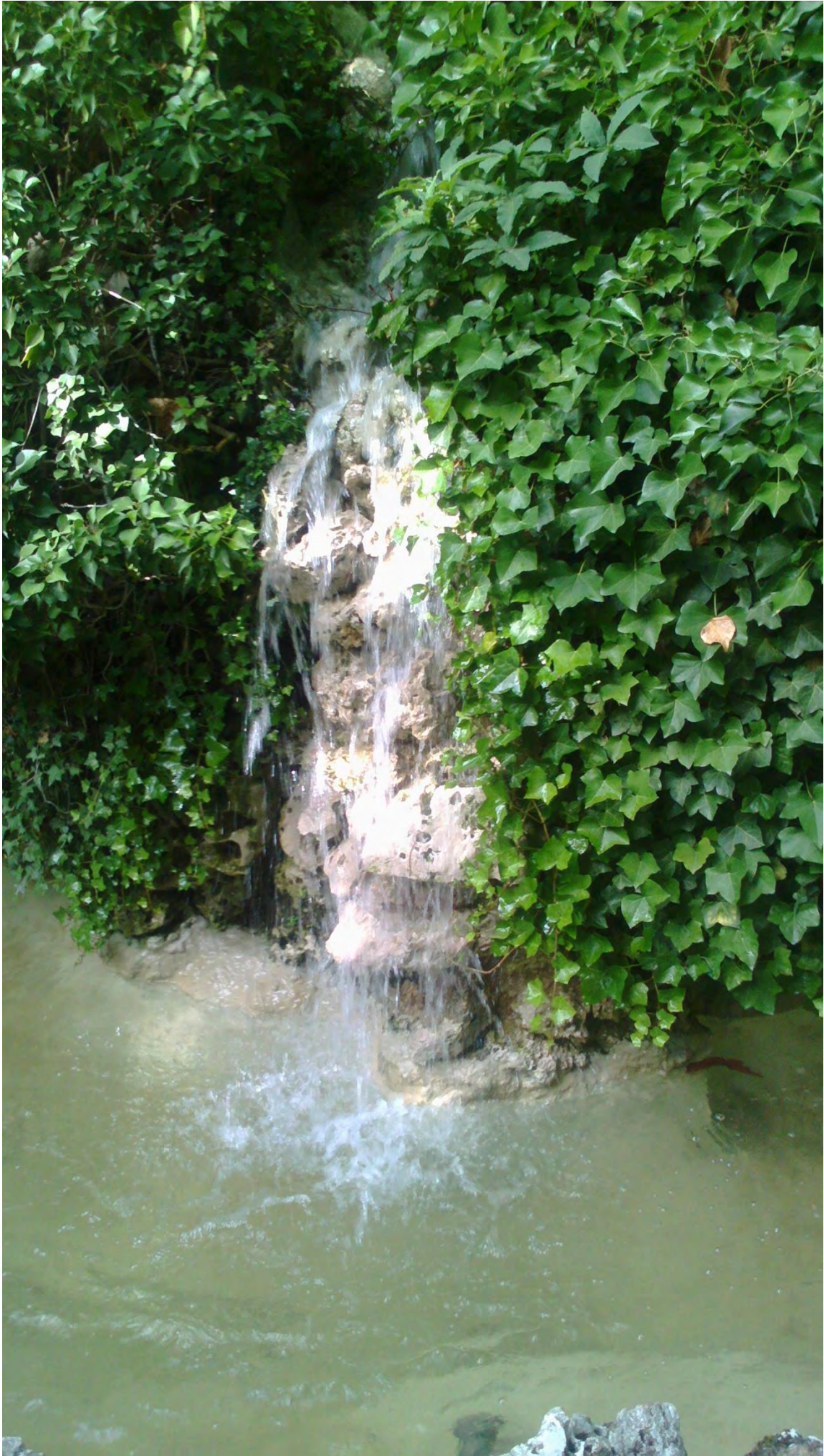






Indio de Zambua (vendedor de plátanos)  
Zambua? Indian (pedlar of bananas)











**Al fin nos vemos los 3**



**12. MORADILLO DE ROA (BURGOS)  
VISTO DE ESTA MANERA**



**Tronco de cepa en Pérgola de Rita. Foto: Isabelle**





Escenas con Taquines. Dibujos: Guapalupe y Daniel



**Racimo de uvas en Pérgola de Rita. Foto: Isabelle**

**Problema de matemáticas celebrado en la bodega de Rita, al pie de la Iglesia del pueblo:**

## **PROBLEMA DE MATEMATICAS**

**Camino la Avenida de la Paz, a la derecha, hacia la Avenida de Cantabria. Veo un repartidor de la empresa MRW que me hace recordar a mi hija que trabaja en sus oficinas y almacén, donde, en el sueldo, la putean, como es norma en la reforma laboral que vivimos.**

**Salen de un portal dos tías buenas. Eu na placa del portal pone “Notaria”. Sigo a los dos buenonas, que me parecen dos putas hermosísimas. Ellas me miran de reojo; yo; yo las sonrío, siguiendo a su lado, y pensando: “Andando y sin hablar me llevan a follar”.**

**Solo con mirarlas, me pongo a cien. Como un Asno. Mis fantasías pecaminosas me hacen decorar las carnes de sus culos tragones y hermosos. Tanto, que los pecados carnales chillan en la punta de mi capullo.**

**-Como tienen la cara tienen el culo, y aunque no se lo he visto, me lo figuro, me digo a mí mismo, tocándome los huevos, que me hierven, como a ellas sus carnosos y grandes labios, y sus ninfas o pequeños labios; lo sé.**

**Arrimo un poco la oreja y las oigo hablar de intentar descifrar un problema.**

**Una de ellas le pregunta a la otra:**

**-¿Cuánto habrá que pagar por 5 sacos de arroz de 60 kilos cada uno, a 3,45 € el kilo?**

**La otra piensa y responde al mismo tiempo:**

**-60 por 5 es igual a 300 kilos; 300 kilos por 3,45 es igual a 1.035 €, que hay que pagar.**

**La una, pensante, se expresa así:**

**-1.035 € dividido entre 30 € el polvo, salen 34,5 polvos, que tenemos que echar hoy, sea como sea.**

**La otra le susurra al oído:**

**-Mira, nos sigue este cara bobo que viene tocándose los huevos, y tapándose la picha erecta. Este cae, ¡seguro!**





**Un perrillo**



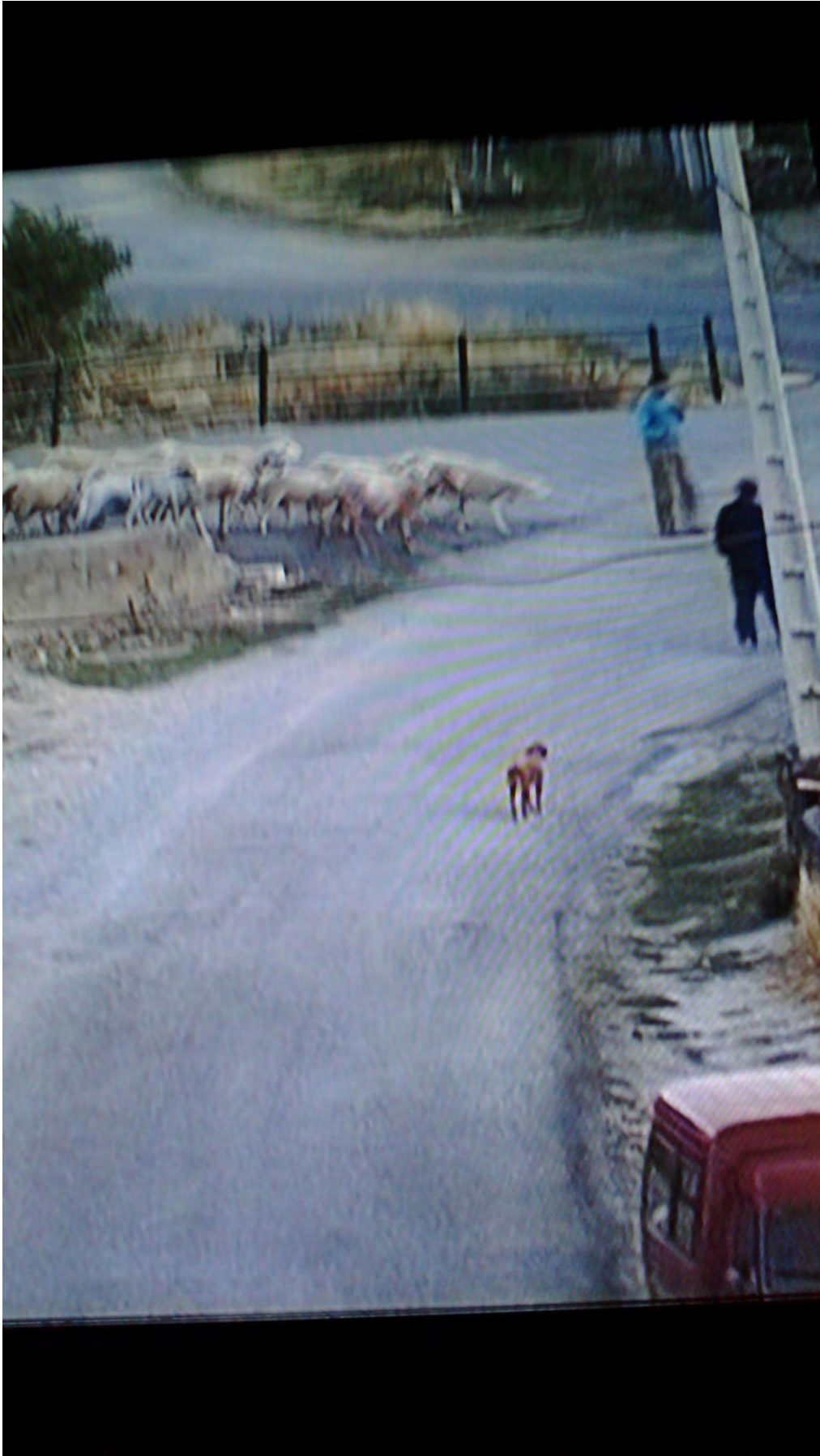
**Paso en Moradillo de Roa, camino de la bodega de Rita. Foto: Daniel**





**Parra en la pérgola de Rita. Foto: Isabelle**





**Paso de Ovejas. Foto: Daniel**



**Paella en la Pérgola de Rita. Foto: Isabelle**



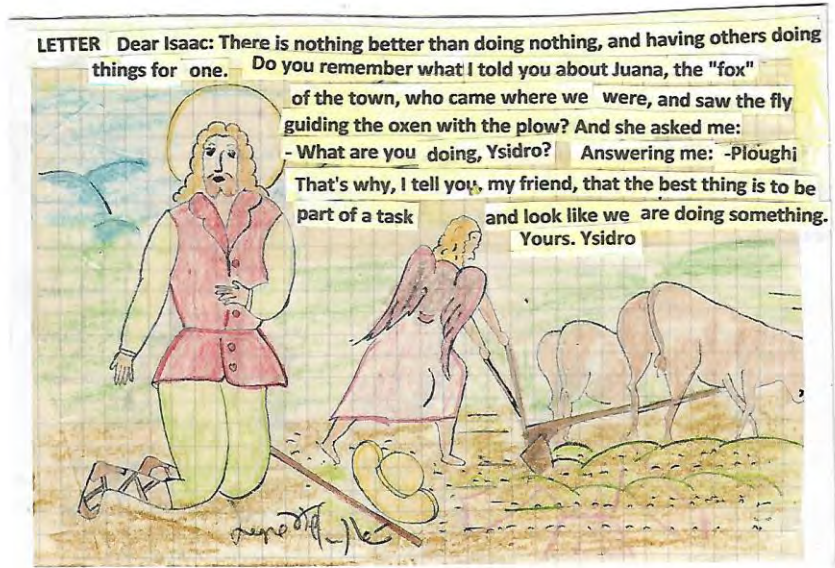


**Ovejas. Foto: Daniel**





**La higuera con el tío Julián, junto a la bodega. Foto: Daniel**

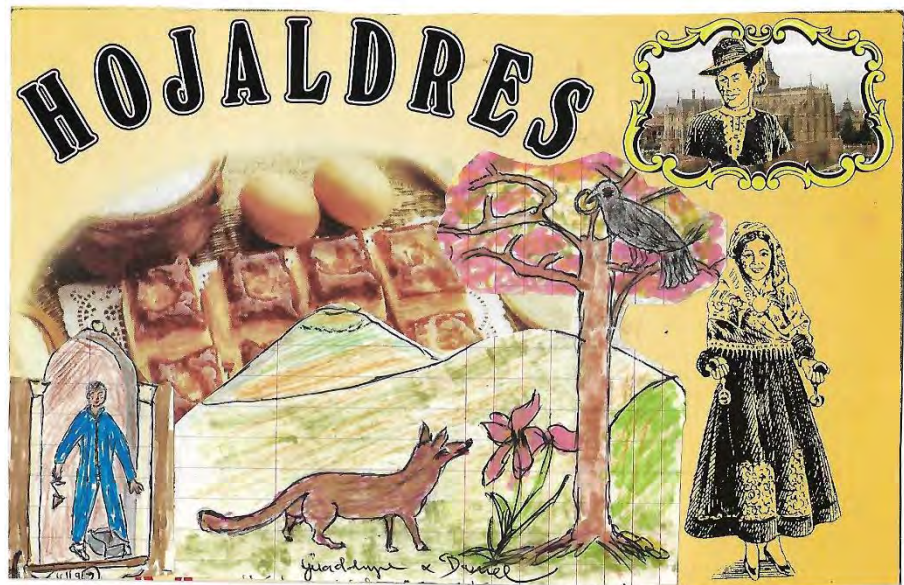


**San Isidro "el Vago". Dibujo: Guapalupe y Daniel**





**Plumas de Buitre y huesos de oveja. Foto: Daniel**



**Hojaldres, pero no de Moradillo. Collage: Daniel**





**Higuera con una sola breva, junto a la bodega de Rita. Foto:Daniel**



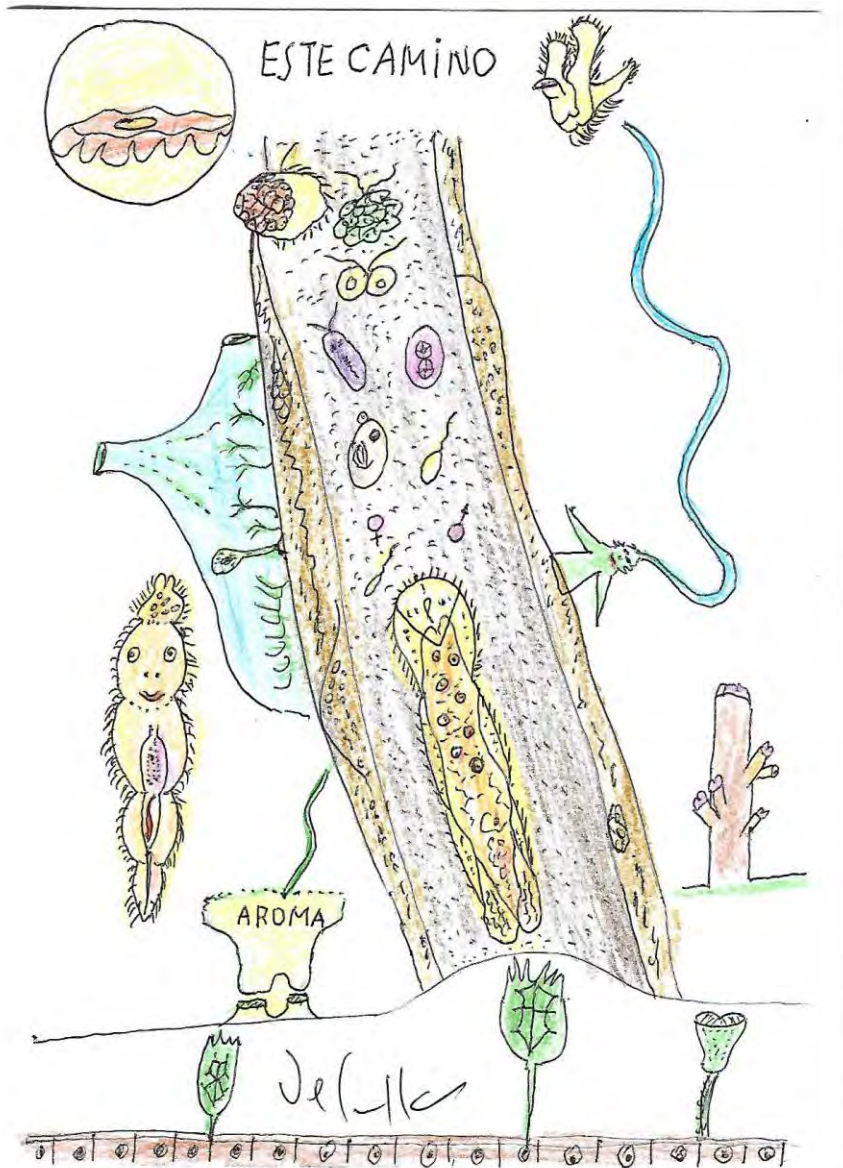


**Frambuesas verdes en la Pérgola de Rita. Foto: Isabelle**



**Fer-Isabel en la Pérgola de Rita. Foto: Isabelle**





**Este camino que va a la Ermita. Dibujo: Daniel**



**¿Estás o no estás en la higuera? Higuera junto a la bodega de Rita.**

**Foto: Daniel**





El suertudo conejo de la abuela. Foto antigua encontrada en el sobrado, desván de la casa de los abuelos.

**El suertudo conejo de la abuela. Foto antigua encontrada en el sobrado, desván de la casa de los abuelos.**



**Postal de “Diosa Arrascándose el Sobaco”, aparecida en el jardincillo junto al Monasterio Museo Marceliano Santamaría, Burgos.  
Foto:Daniel**





**Daniel, Isabel y Elena. Foto: una amiga.**



**Daniel y conejo. Foto: Isabelle**





**Daniel en la higuera, junto a la bodega de Rita. Foto:Bernardino**





**Daniel y la breva de la higuera, junto a la bodega de Rita. Foto: Bernardino**





**Conejo. Foto: Isabelle**



**Cerdo de Campofrío, Burgos. Foto: Daniel**

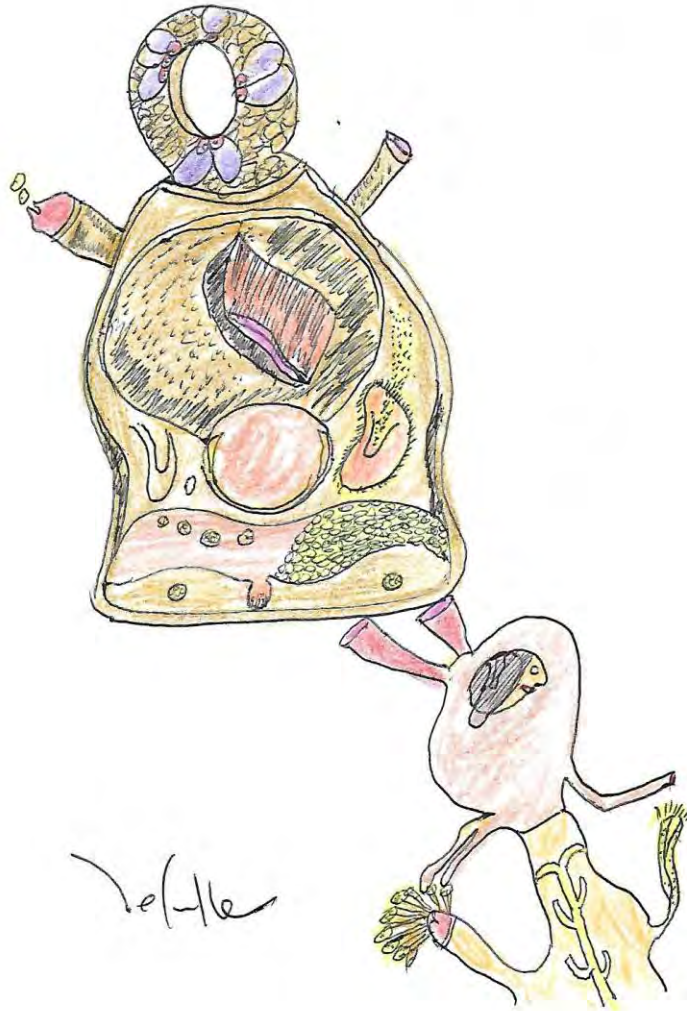




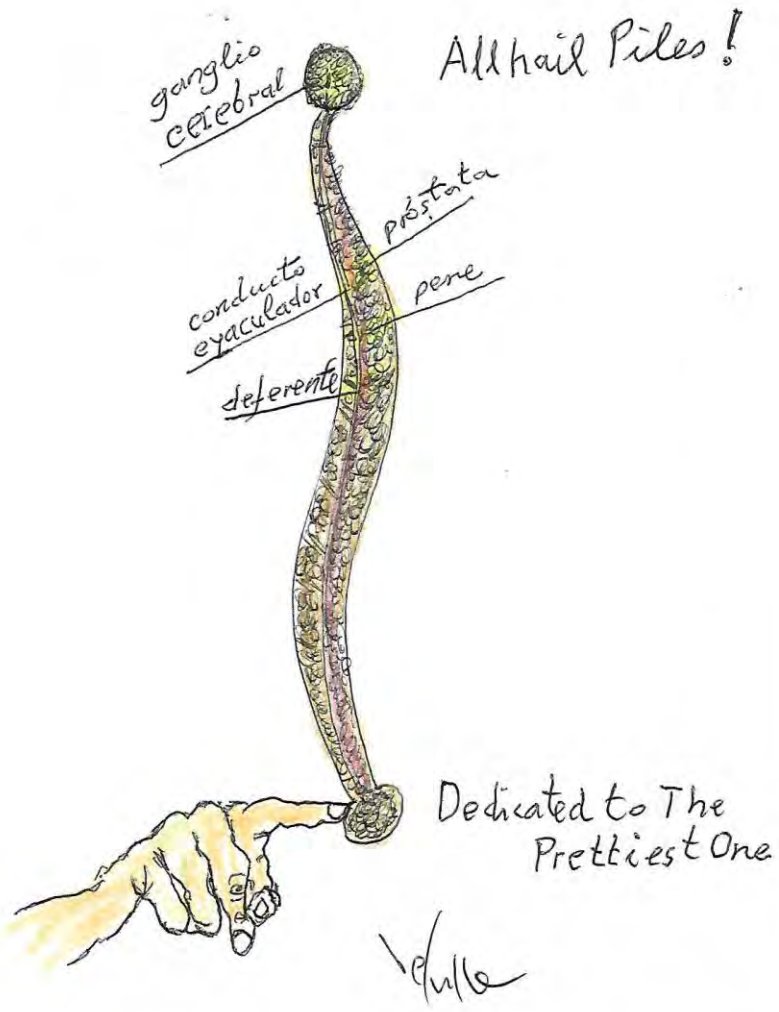
**El Camino de Santiago en Burgos. Todo calaveras. Paseo de la Isla.  
Foto: Daniel**



Botijo - Jar



**Botijo típico de Moradillo de Roa. Dibujo: Daniel**



**El tío de la Aceña tiene Almorranas. Dibujo: Daniel**





**La Peonza con la que juegan los críos en la Plaza Mayor. Dibujo: Daniel**



Don Quijote y Dulcinea vistos en el Cementerio del pueblo. Dibujo: Daniel



Impresiones del borde del manto  
de Santiago  
Impressions of Santiago's mantle edge



**Mantón de Santiago apóstol. Dibujo: Daniel**



**Tulipanes**





### 13. NIGHT MUSIC THAT DOES NOT SHUT UP

With good or bad music comes Night

When the Sun is below the horizon.

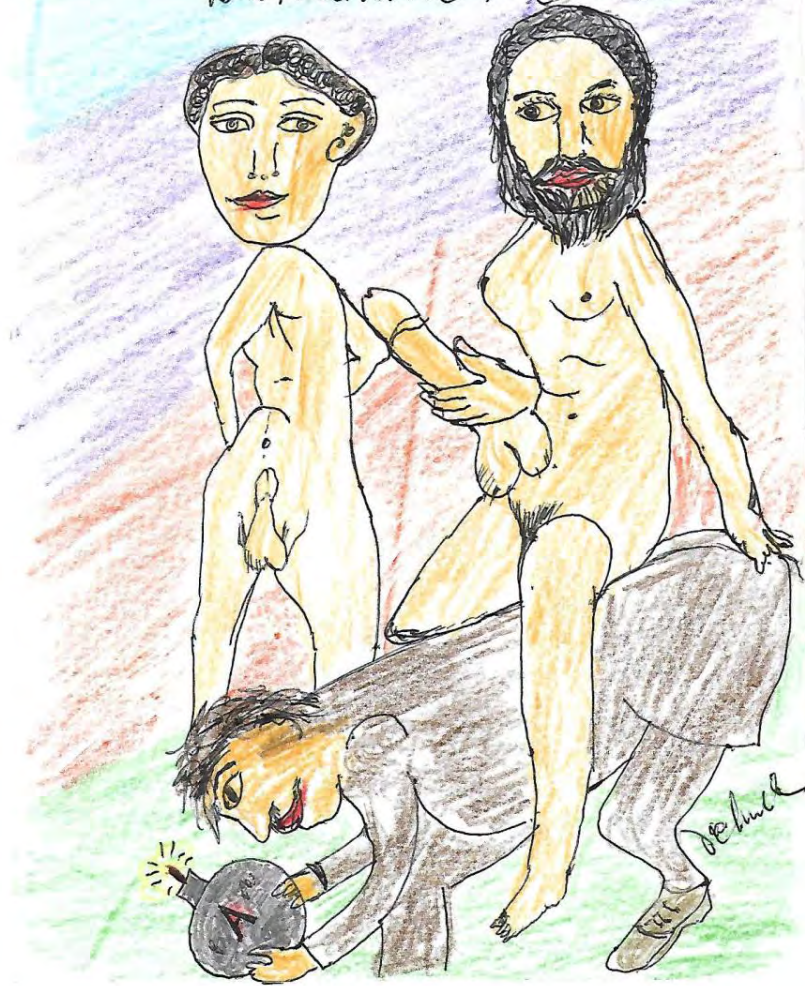
**Black cloak as clerical cassock  
It's covering the city  
On their roofs of houses and blocks  
Referring to Mozart's music  
To Strau's waltzes  
To rock or rap.  
The Moon flies over the clouds  
With his head peeled and a scarf around her neck.  
Little by little, night is singing its music  
That does not shut up  
In harmony or melody of sounds  
Or both combined  
And, when it's quiet, butterflies leave the clouds  
And come towards the light to burn their wings  
Introducing more or less deeply  
In the lovers' bedroom  
With vain talk, stories, gossip  
Where one organ enters the parts of another  
Adhering to its surface  
Like the cat at the snout very thin  
The very long tail  
And the very gray hairs of the mouse.  
Mischiefs, traps, perfidies  
Coronate musical notes  
From a nocturnal dream that soon begins.  
Stigmas, infamous notes, like Bingo's cards  
Are coming out of a sack, from an urn  
Or of any other similar deposit.**



**Tokens, balls or any other similar objects  
With the names of the people  
That they have to leave with luck.  
Later, to the point, Dream  
With its sad or gentle serenade  
Between handfuls of cotton  
Jumps without rhyme or reason  
In corners and between sheets  
When networks are building  
For unsuspecting flies to produce sounds  
On string instruments, wind instruments  
Percussion, keys, and so on  
That makes them boast of themselves  
Making march to the melodious Night  
At its dawn  
With music elsewhere.**

**14. O HAPPY GAZING INTO  
the Nihilists and Anarchists' red-black  
eyes  
-Daniel de Culla**

Bakunin & Nechaev









## 15. DANY' BIRD, HIS NEST AND EGGS



**PAJARO DANY, SU NIDO Y HUEVOS**  
**CON MOSCA Y GATO**  
**WITH FLY AND CAT**  
**Moradillo de Roa' Hollidays 2018**





















Graffiti- Burgos

## **16. PLANET TRUMP**

**Trump, gypsylike to, illustrates**

**The scintilla of life:**

**Making a Trump taking many lives**

**Wishing and hunting**

**Ancient skills of skinning.**

**His powerful majic odor**

**Dilates our nostrils**

**And quickens our hearts.**

**He will be written with berry juice**

**Since his brain is as a tortilla**

**made with turtle's eggs**

**coming to Act, coming to Eat**

**With Putin and his Ego**

**Within the necessities**

**Of all the livings.**

## **17. POETRY IN ONE DOCUMENT**





(Graffiti in Burgos)

## **BILLIARDS AND DARTS**

**A teacher asks Little James**

**What balls are those that don't have hairs**

**And Little James answered quickly:**

**-None, teacher, because all the balls**

**And more those of Villar**

**Have hairs.**

**There was laughter by spoonfuls**

**Like garlic soups**

**In Roa de Duero, Burgos**

**Before corralling bulls.**

**Little students from Aranda de Duero**

**Know this joke very well**

**And always talk of it**

**When they go to the wine cellar  
And, into the deep of it  
They touch the balls among them  
To see which of them  
Have more grown hair.  
To who that has the longest hair  
They sent him to Burgos  
With free expenses  
As a prize for competing  
In a competition of Billiards and Darts  
To a place called "At Plane", in Gamonal  
Telling him at the Bus Station  
Before car beging to move:  
- Take care, Villar, you're going to Burgos  
To compete at Plane  
Ones with darts, others with sticks".**





Graffiti- Burgos

## **PLANET TRUMP**

**Trump, gypsylike to, illustrates**

**The scintilla of life:**

**Making a Trump taking many lives**

**Wishing and hunting**

**Ancient skills of skinning.**

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**made with turtle's eggs**

**coming to Act, coming to Eat**

**With Putin and his Ego**

**Within the necessities**

**Of all the livings.**

## **FROM BEGINNING TO END**

**From beginning to end**

**is explained absolutely everything worth knowing**

**about absolutely nothing.**

**Why not'?**

**We felt that the Beginning is a true leaf**

**of the inmortal literature**

**as a side of bacon changing the pig**

**discovering the best way to keep its legend alive**

**encouraging mytology**



and the controversy about it:  
Sun wil have its tide spreading over our maps  
Moon remembering us we were gone  
and we still sing everything waiting  
for birth, death  
inside this den of us.  
Spring, Summer, Autum, Winter  
coming with feelings of love, radiance  
quiet and delight  
As ever.

WE ARE ALL A LIKE  
Crossing the Street  
I'm just celebrating  
The feline sense of "Like".  
How do You like Me?  
I like more bananas than slices of water-melon.  
And I really feel like  
And yet I induced it like  
That is like.  
What is he like?  
The like as Me.  
With my own words to receive  
To touch, to perceive:  
Baby is like to live; Old is like to die.  
You have eyes like stars  
And the face like an Ass.  
I'm going to divorce You

**For that;  
Like father, like son.**

## **18. RODE INTO FIVE HAIKUS**

**Bones turn to dust  
Sunburnt Woods lonelier  
Dogs going back to earth;**

**Owl's head our freedom  
Even if it did blow over  
To pick up and go.**

**Ghost Gioia  
Is what makes this place  
Intolerable.**

**Billowing clothes  
As little as possible  
Billowing homes;**

**Sky and Earth  
At the edge of silence  
Translucency in it;**

## **19. I'M WITH THE MONKEY TENGO EL MONO**

























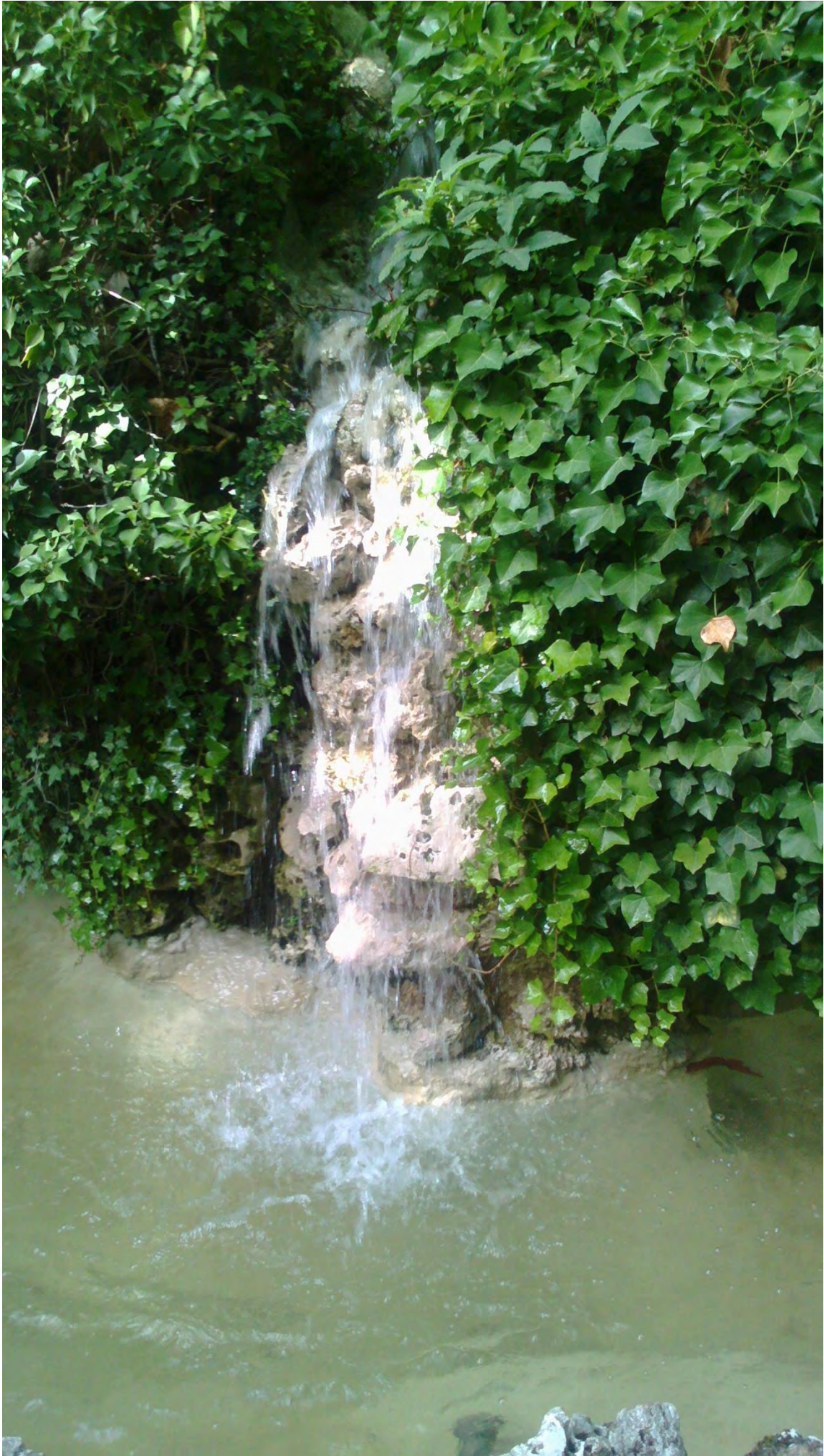
















**Goddess Scratching Her Armpit**  
**Diosa Arrascándose El Sobaco**

# 20. The Beatnik Cowboy

- [HOME](#) [ABOUT](#) [LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS](#)



OCTOBER

**Daniel de Culla**

OCTOBER 21, 2018 ~ [LEAVE A COMMENT](#)

[NIGHT MUSIC THAT DOES NOT SHUT UP](#)



## THE CANDLE IN THE WIND



**NIGHT MUSIC THAT DOES NOT SHUT UP**

**With good or bad music comes Night  
When the Sun is below the horizon.  
Black cloak as clerical cassock  
It's covering the city  
On their roofs of houses and blocks  
Referring to Mozart's music  
To Strau's waltzes  
To rock or rap.  
The Moon flies over the clouds  
With his head peeled and a scarf around her neck.  
Little by little, night is singing its music  
That does not shut up  
In harmony or melody of sounds  
Or both combined  
And, when it's quiet, butterflies leave the clouds  
And come towards the light to burn their wings  
Introducing more or less deeply  
In the lovers' bedroom  
With vain talk, stories, gossip  
Where one organ enters the parts of another  
Adhering to its surface  
Like the cat at the snout very thin  
The very long tail  
And the very gray hairs of the mouse.  
Mischiefs, traps, perfidies  
Coronate musical notes  
From a nocturnal dream that soon begins.  
Stigmas, infamous notes, like Bingo's cards**



**Are coming out of a sack, from an urn  
Or of any other similar deposit.  
Tokens, balls or any other similar objects  
With the names of the people  
That they have to leave with luck.  
Later, to the point, Dream  
With its sad or gentle serenade  
Between handfuls of cotton  
Jumps without rhyme or reason  
In corners and between sheets  
When networks are building  
For unsuspecting flies to produce sounds  
On string instruments, wind instruments  
Percussion, keys, and so on  
That makes them boast of themselves  
Making march to the melodious Night  
At its dawn  
With music elsewhere.**

The Candle in the Wind  
Elton John: "And it seems to me  
You lived your life  
like a candle  
in the wind..."



## THE CANDLE IN THE WIND

This is the story  
Of a light



**Back when there were few  
Men on Earth  
Light and electricity industry  
And Wo/Men  
Took great care of their candles.**

**Using in their defense  
To face the mysteries of the night  
To place by the day  
At the foot of prints and imagery  
To help them  
Carrying their heavy load  
Of daily life.**

**It happened, one day  
that a certain Zagan  
He was a farmhand  
And worked by the herd  
For a gentleman from Requena de Campos  
In the Palencia's province**

**He came to a covered place  
On a street or square  
Built on pillars  
Bringing a candle in his hand  
To walk or to get rid  
Of the Moon of the shadows**

**When, suddenly, from somewhere  
An air came to him in movement**

**Even if  
It was at rest  
That brought smelling as a trace**

**Leaving the hunting pieces  
Or the bullet's gap**

**In the bore of the firearm  
It turned off the candle  
And it turned it off again**

**When he tried to light it  
And that suddenly touching his nape  
As it usually does  
In the bone that dogs have  
Between the ears  
Said inside his mind:  
- To whomever goes out at night and watches the wind:  
Nothing is revealed  
At night all cats are brown  
And what is done at night  
In the morning seems  
Only a thought.**

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**Photo from Life Magazine. Used without permission or profit.**





## 21. THE DREAM OF A MALE CRAB

River is an instrument

Passed from water to water

**Rather than an eating stand.**

**We are the talk of the town**

**From compass points**

**In the circle of Life**

**That encloses us all.**

**Crabs folk in North America**

**And Europe, in Japan**

**In Africa, in Russia, in India**

**Where natural scientists**

**Asking for our first Love.**

**Dish of Crabs:**

**Here in we have reprinted**

**A number of pieces**

**Contained with it.**

**It is because of the extreme**

**Importance of our existence**

**That we have chosen**

**To do this caprice.**

**But these excerpts**

**Are not enough:**

**The rivers themselves**

**Must be experienced**

**It is my feeling, my dream**

**That the Fishers Wo/Men**

**Will open many rivers**

**For any other Fisher**

**In a simple exercise**



**Of to be eating very good.**



**22. THE RABBIT OF GOOD LUCK**

**In the Moor' Field**

**Next to the green olive**

**There captivated me**

**Those three girls**

**-What were their names  
Of the three girls?  
-The biggest, Constance  
The youngest, Lucia  
And the smallest  
Her name was Marie  
Constance scrubbed  
Lucia swept  
And the smallest  
Brought us water.  
In a children's circle  
We were happy playing  
With a rabbit and a chicken  
In the midst  
Next to a cold fountain  
While the rabbit  
Rodes the hen  
As if she were his captive  
While we were singing  
Pointing one of us  
Before elected from each other  
Touching one of us  
When we finished  
The childrens' song:  
"The rabbit is not here  
He left this morning  
But at bedtime  
Pum! It's here**



**Doing the reverence  
With a face of shame  
You, the choosed, will kiss  
To whom do You like the most"**

**Addressing  
The boy or girl touched  
To the girl or the boy  
Who one most wanted  
Giving he or she  
A kiss on the cheek  
Choosing me, almost always  
The younger, Lucia  
That was vey good  
So much  
Children calling her  
The "Good Natured".**

## **23. Three Arts**



**TULIPS**

**Daniel de Culla**

[gallotricolor@yahoo.com](mailto:gallotricolor@yahoo.com)



Hand Drawing with pencil and colours.



**RASCAL WOMEN**

Daniel de Culla

[gallotricolor@yahoo.com](mailto:gallotricolor@yahoo.com)

Hand Drawing with pencil and colours.



**HOLY GARDEN, Daniel de Culla**

**[gallotricolor@yahoo.com](mailto:gallotricolor@yahoo.com). Hand Drawing with pencil and colours.**



## 24. THREE PICS









(De Culla's Pic)

## **25. TIME TRAVEL**

**Time Travel**

**As the HG Well's The Time Machine**

**With philosophy and fiction**

**Outside the sense & perception:**

**An arbitrary travel in spacetime**

**Connected with quantum mechanics**

**And wormholes.**

**Einstein-Rosen bridges ;**

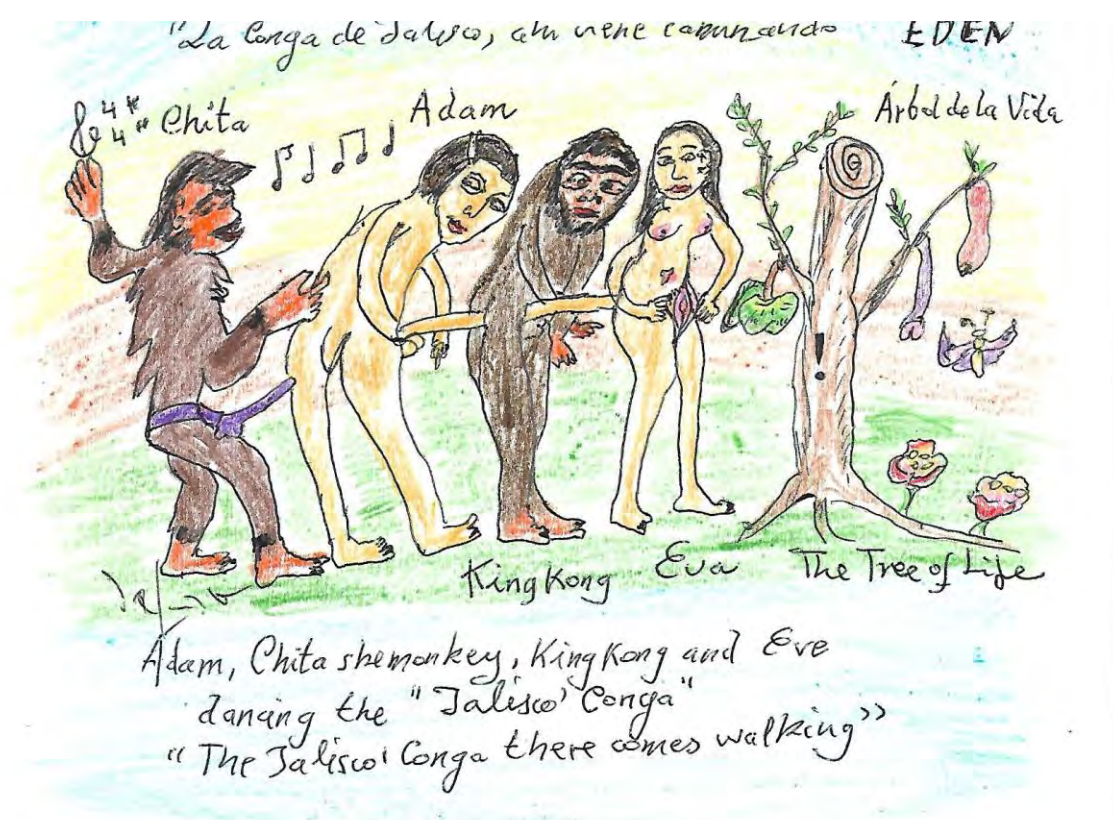
**Surely celebrating**

**The feline sense of traffic.**

## **26. ZUMZUM QUE ZUMBA**

**© Daniel de Culla / Elogio del Rebusno**





Adam, Chita shemonkey, King Kong and Eva  
dancing the "Jaisco Conga"  
"The Jaisco Conga there comes walking"





puerango a Duesarium

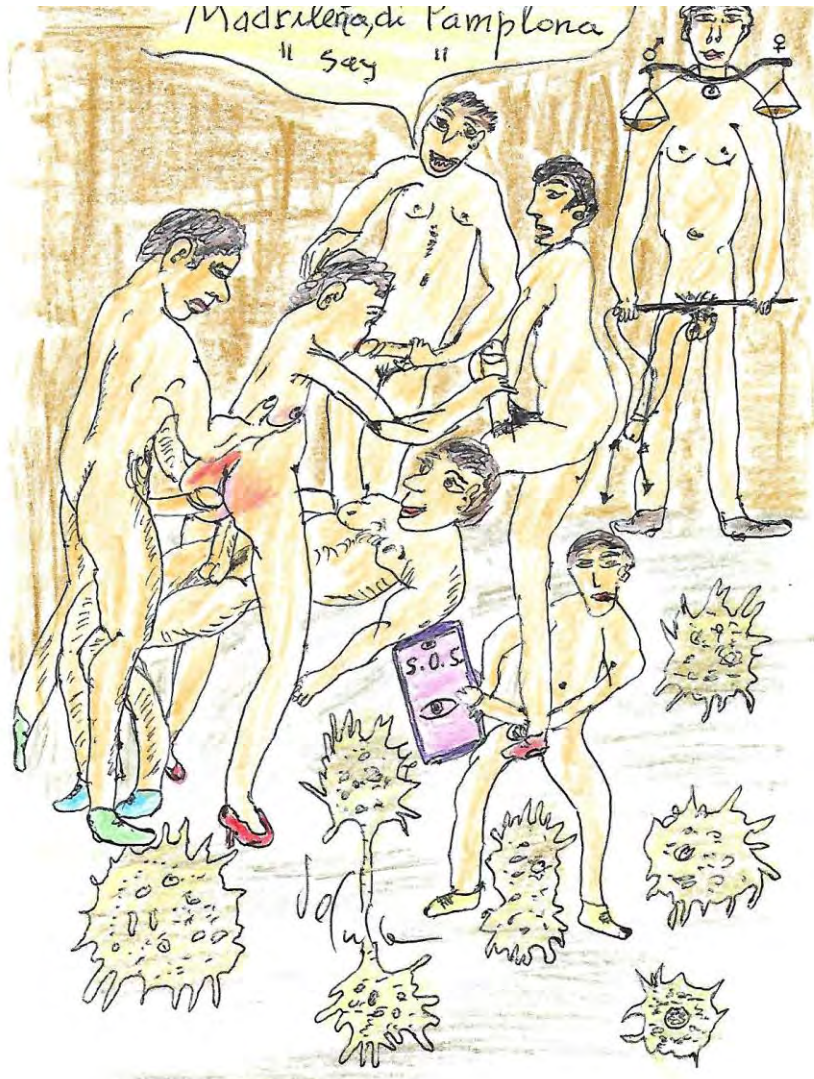




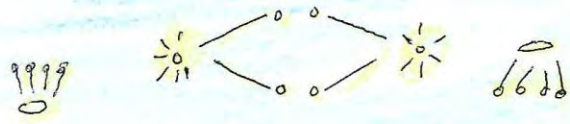




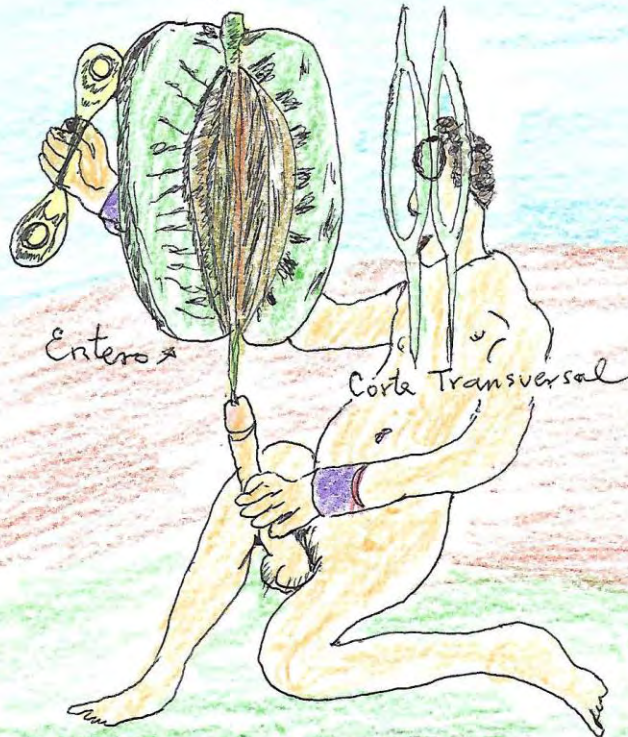
Madrileña de Pamplona  
"sey"







Tapsia



Entero →

Corte Transversal

do lulle



Feeling & Passion  
Sentimiento y Pasión

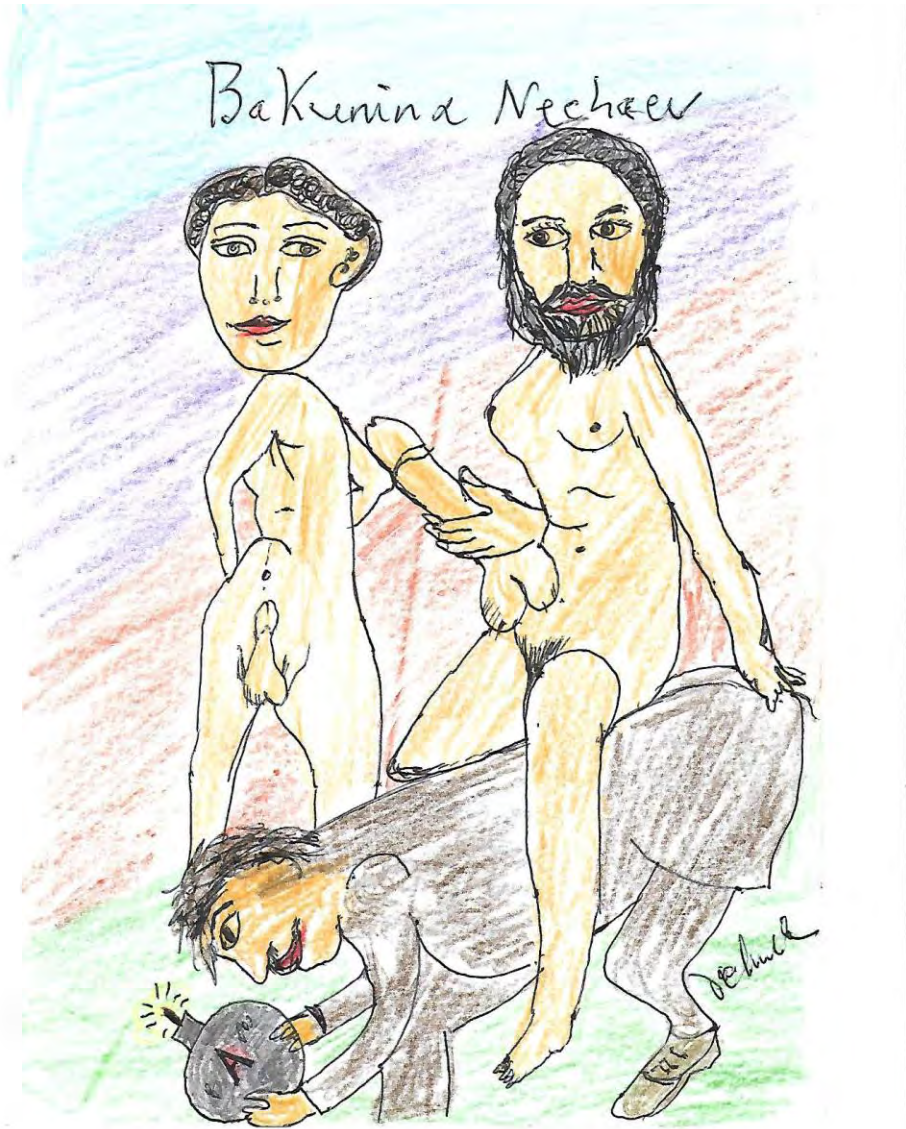








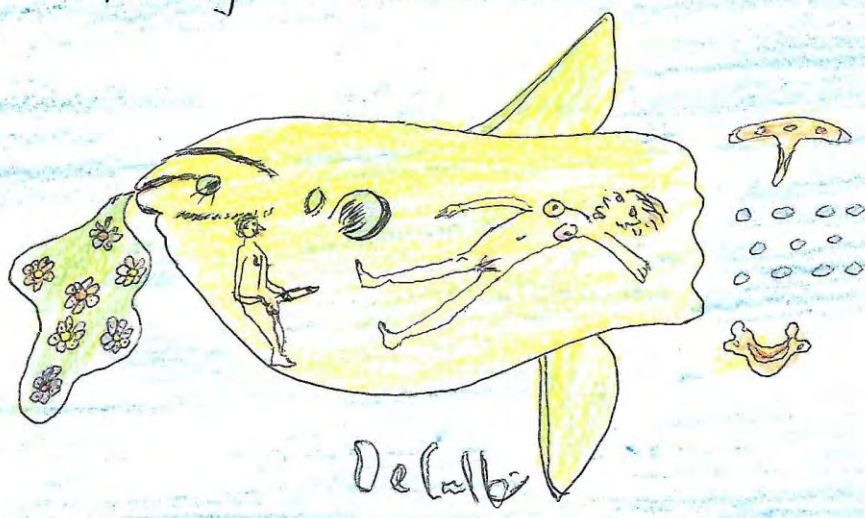
Bakunina Nechaev







Follar dentro de uma Baleena  
Falling in love inside a whale



De Calbi

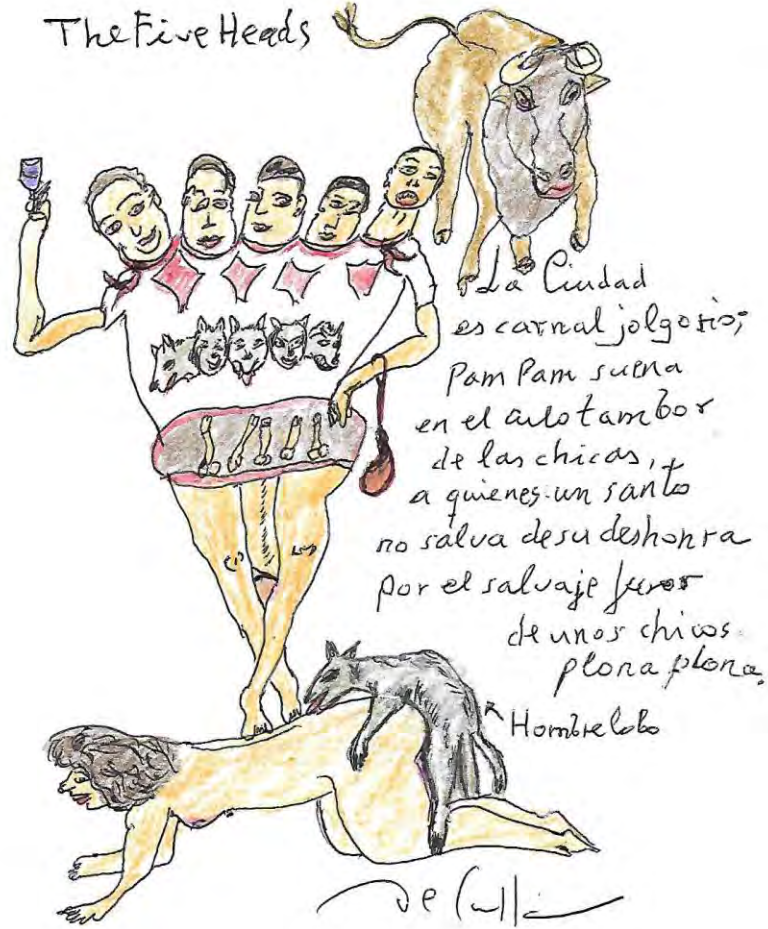






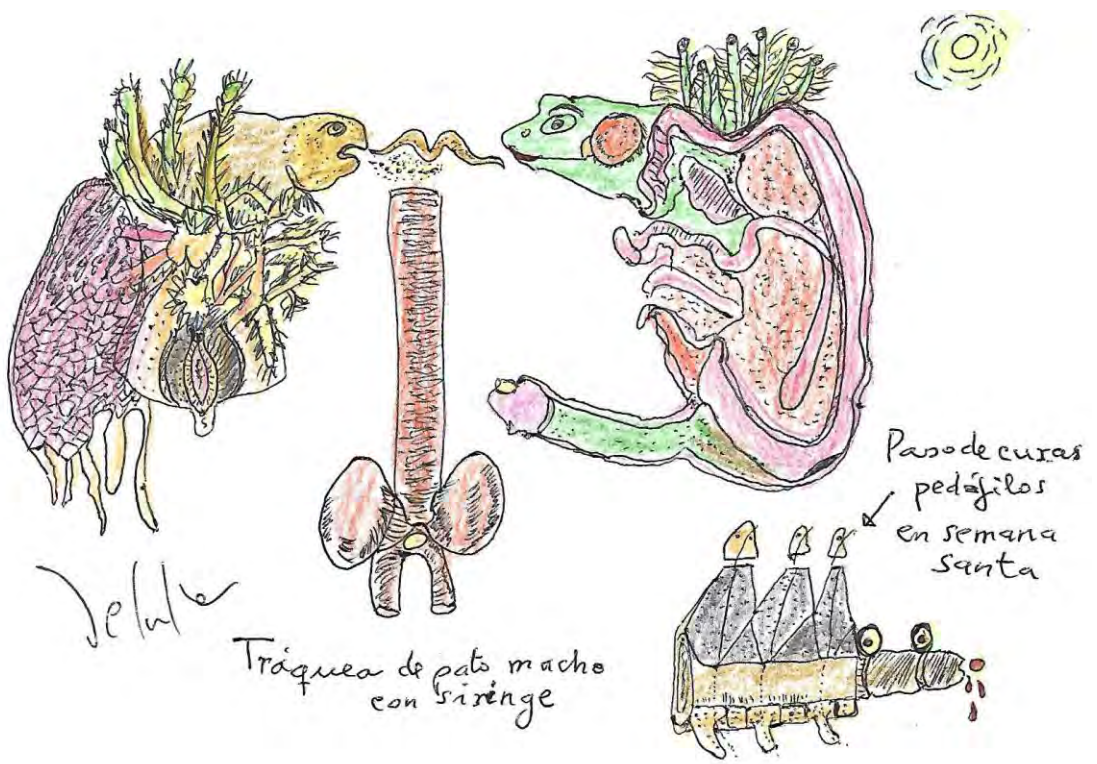
Lagarto Juanchito Lizard

The Five Heads



El Quinticefalo





velula

Tráquea de pato macho  
con siringe

Pasode curas  
pedáfilos  
en semana  
Santa





Delulo  
Pedophile priest

Cura pedojilo



Impresiones del borde del manto  
de Santiago  
Impressions of Santiago mantle edge





Bollu preñatu

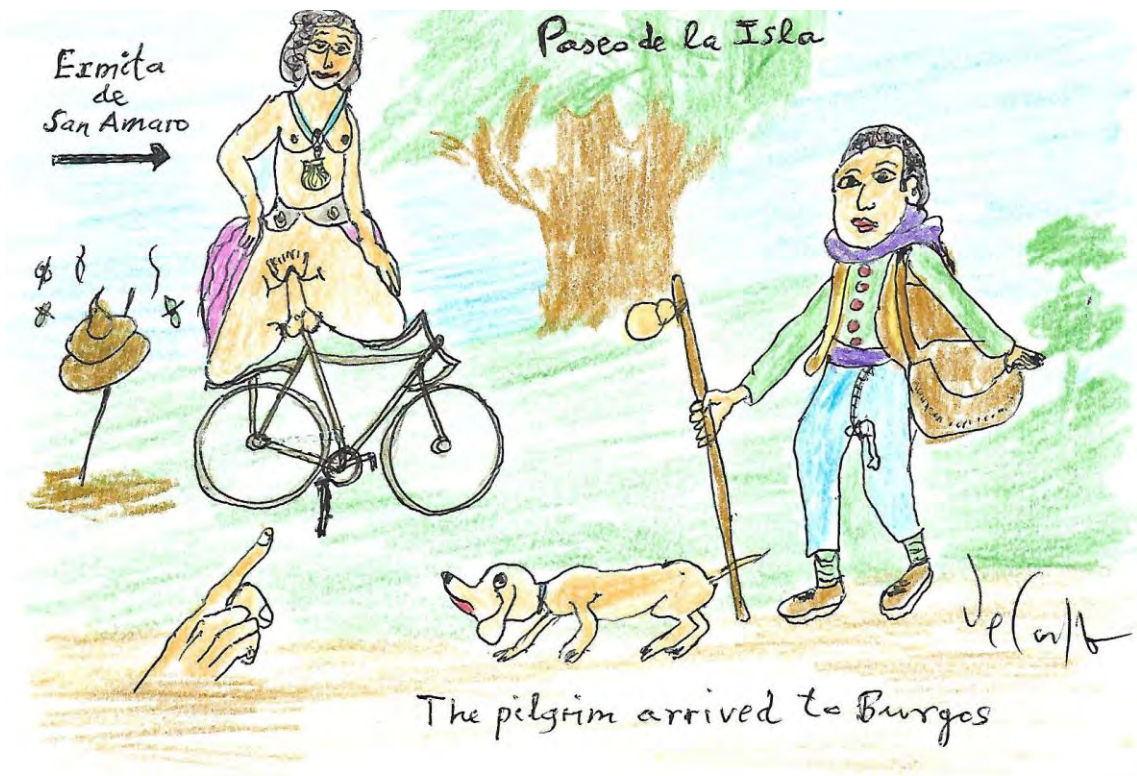
Santiago de Compostela

Mi vecino!

A Burgos

V. C. K.





Ermita  
de  
San Amaro

Paseo de la Isla

The pilgrim arrived to Burgos

J.P. (m/b)

Moza en el Servicio del Bar "Santroni"





Pesca  
Aun con hoicos pequenitos  
pesca capulos gorditos.













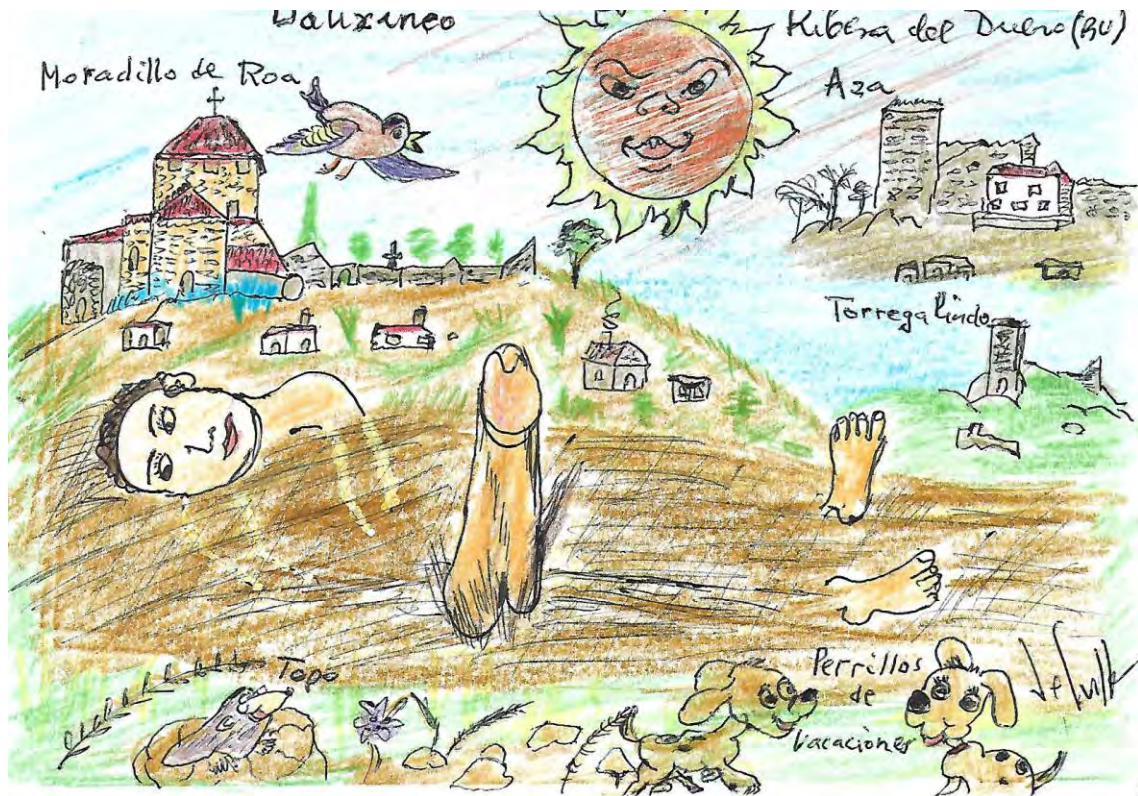
Ve Chiquito  
Lindezas y Atibutos del Asno



Cruz de San Andrés,  
asas de molinos  
y culo al revés.

Refult



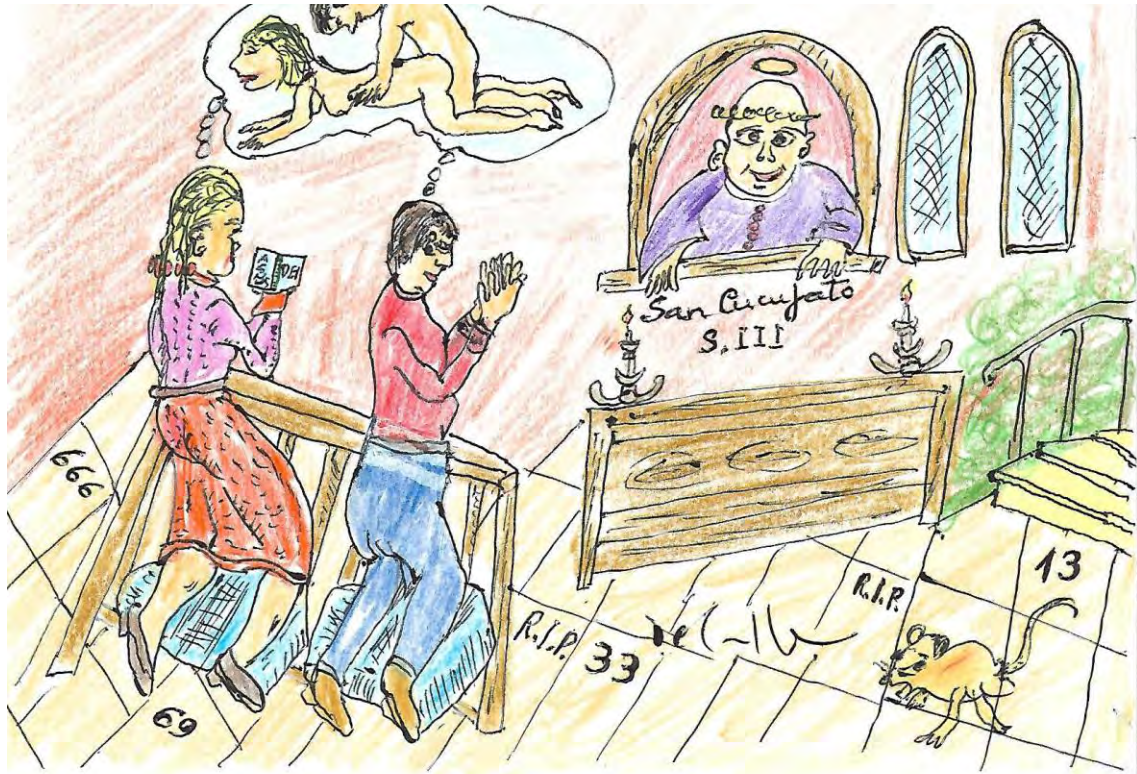




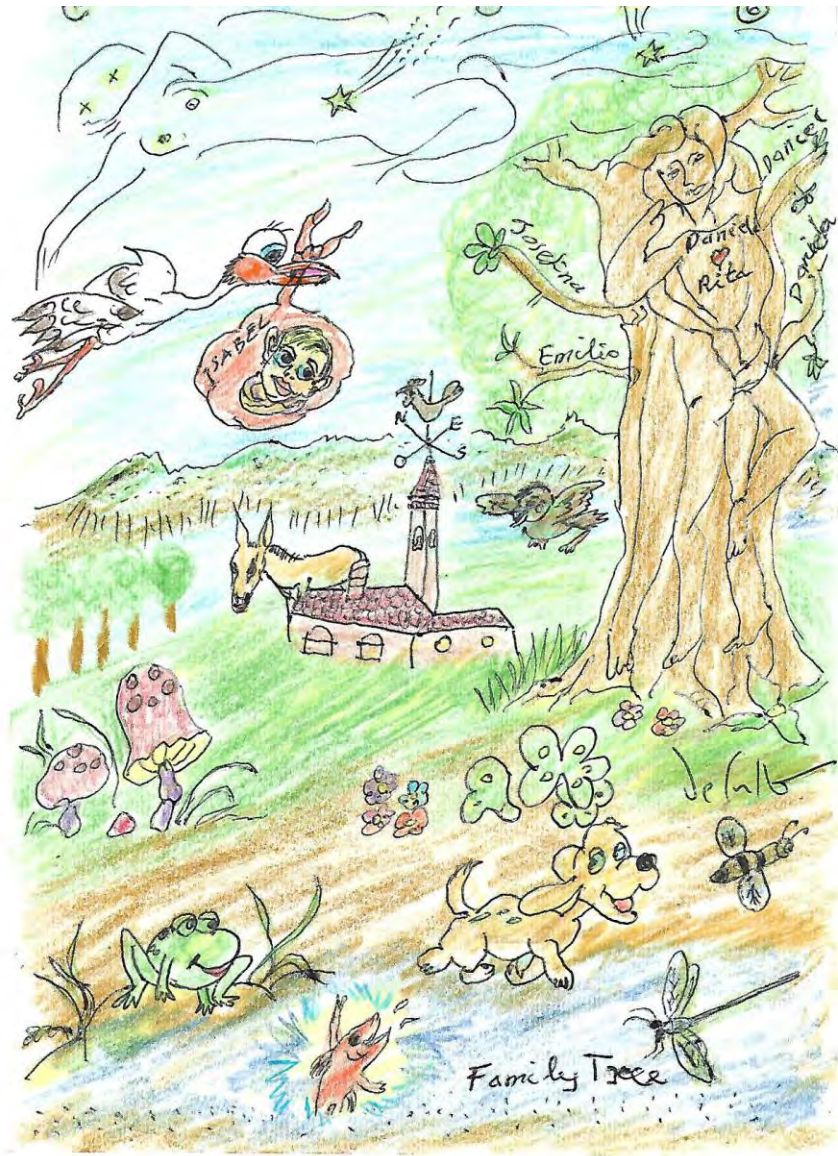












The Candle in the Wind  
Elton John: "And it seems to me  
You lived your life  
like a candle  
in the wind..."



## 27. THE CANDLE IN THE WIND

This is the story  
Of a light  
Back when there were few

**Men on Earth  
Light and electricity industry  
And Wo/Men  
Took great care of their candles.**

**Using in their defense  
To face the mysteries of the night  
To place by the day  
At the foot of prints and imagery  
To help them  
Carrying their heavy load  
Of daily life.**

**It happened, one day  
that a certain Zagan  
He was a farmhand  
And worked by the herd  
For a gentleman from Requena de Campos  
In the Palencia's province**

**He came to a covered place  
On a street or square  
Built on pillars  
Bringing a candle in his hand  
To walk or to get rid  
Of the Moon of the shadows**

**When, suddenly, from somewhere  
An air came to him in movement**

**Even if  
It was at rest  
That brought smelling as a trace  
Leaving the hunting pieces  
Or the bullet's gap**

**In the bore of the firearm  
It turned off the candle  
And it turned it off again**



When he tried to light it  
And that suddenly touching his nape  
As it usually does  
In the bone that dogs have  
Between the ears  
Said inside his mind:  
- To whomever goes out at night and watches the wind:  
Nothing is revealed  
At night all cats are brown  
And what is done at night  
In the morning seems  
Only a thought.

## 28. MEDIEVAL HERO













## **29. TITLES**

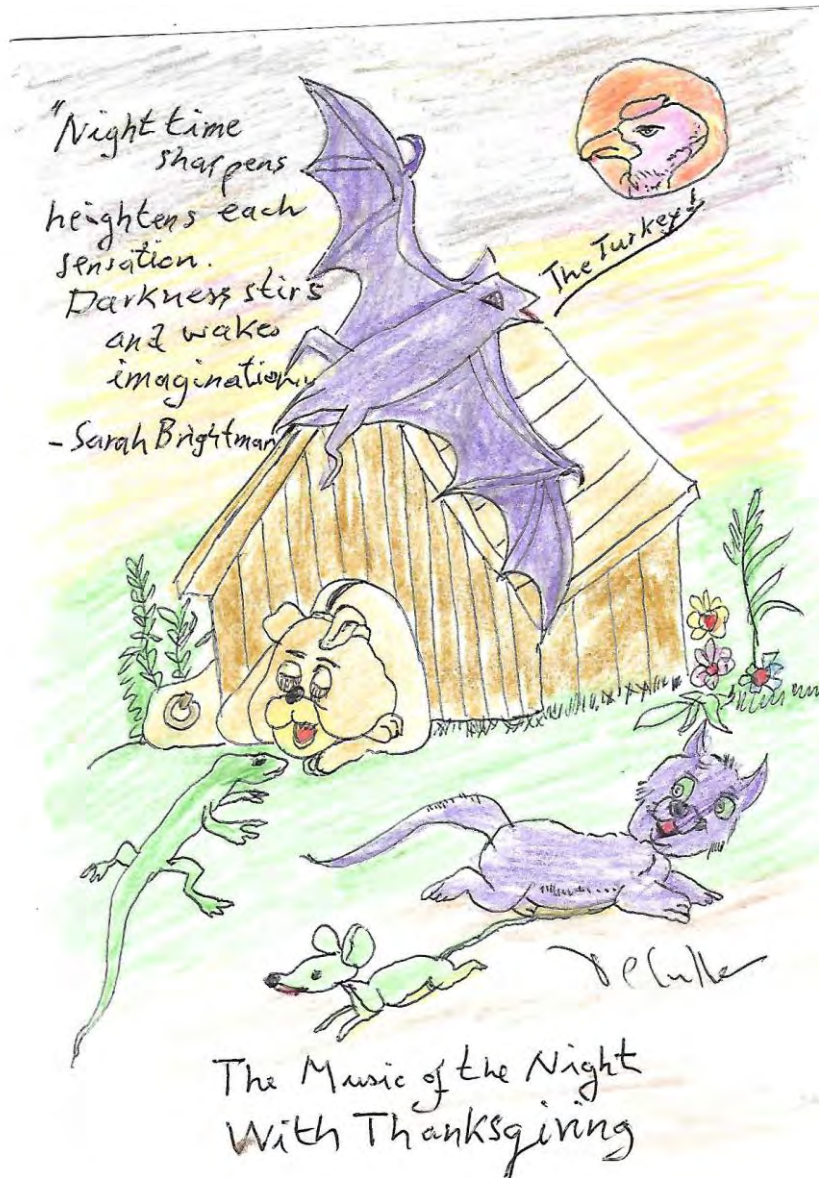


**Title 1: She Vampire**

**Author: Daniel de Culla**

**Media: Collage with author's drawings.**





**Title 2: The Music of the Night with Thanksgiving**

**Author: Daniel de Culla**

**Media: Drawing with black pencil and colours**



**Title 3: The Sun has its Tide**

**Author: Daniel de Culla**

**Media: Drawing with black pencil and colours**



The Candle in the Wind  
Elton John: "And it seems to me  
you lived your life  
like a candle  
in the wind..."



**Title 4: The Candle in tre Wind**

**Author: Daniel de Culla**

**Media: Drawing with black pencil and colours**





Title: "Looking at the Milky Way we forget the World"

Author: Daniel de Culla

Media: Hand-Drawing with black pencil and colours

**30. TOYS. TOYS? TOYS!**



**Looking at the Milky Way, we forget the World**





Cowboy





**Cow**





GROUPO



Handwritten graffiti tags in black ink, including the letters 'OS' and '20'.



**Trump**



**Three and a pure**



**The Turkey**





**The Sun has its tide**

The Candle in the Wind  
Elton John: "And it seems to me  
You lived your life  
like a candle  
in the wind..."



## THE CANDLE IN THE WIND

This is the story  
Of a light  
Back when there were few





**Sapho in Love**

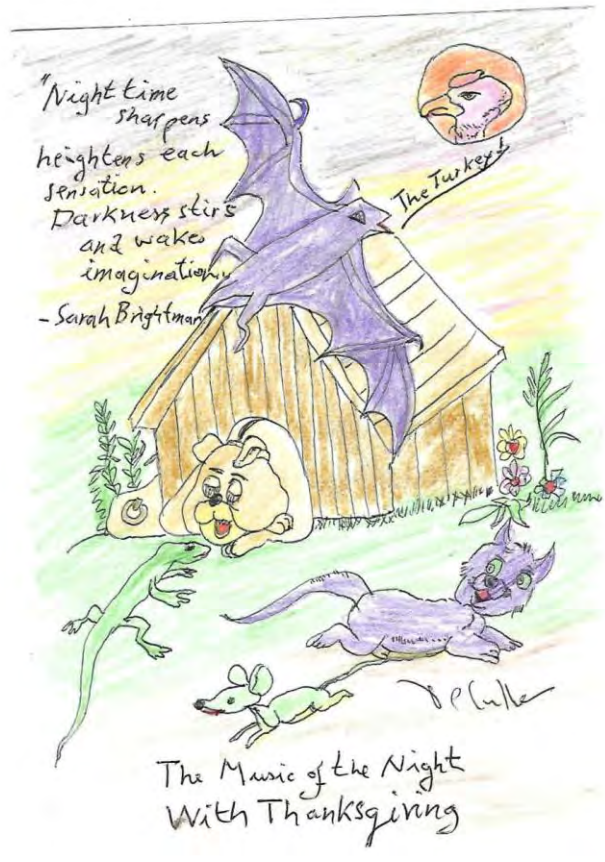


**Resurrection**



# 31. RITUAL





**The Turkey**





The Sun has its tide



**Sapho in Love**



**TOYS. TOYS? TOYS!**



**Looking at the Milky Way, we forget the World**



Cowboy



Cow



**Trump**



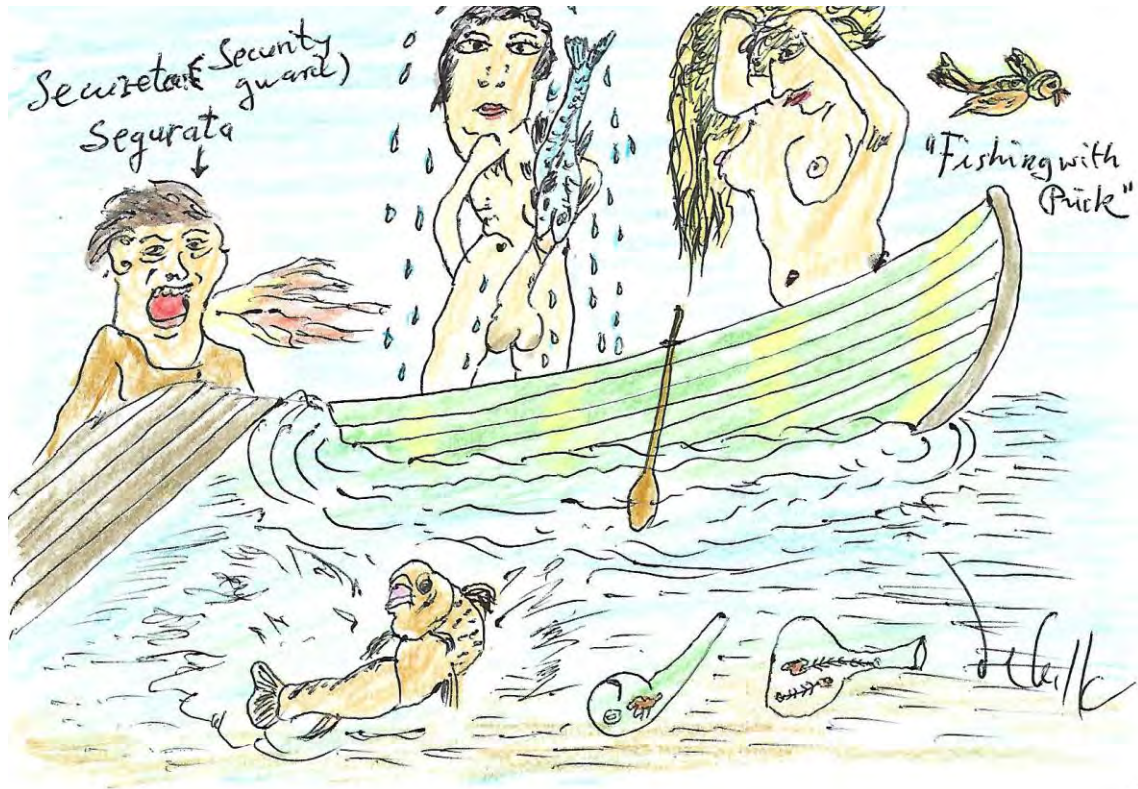
**Three and a pure**









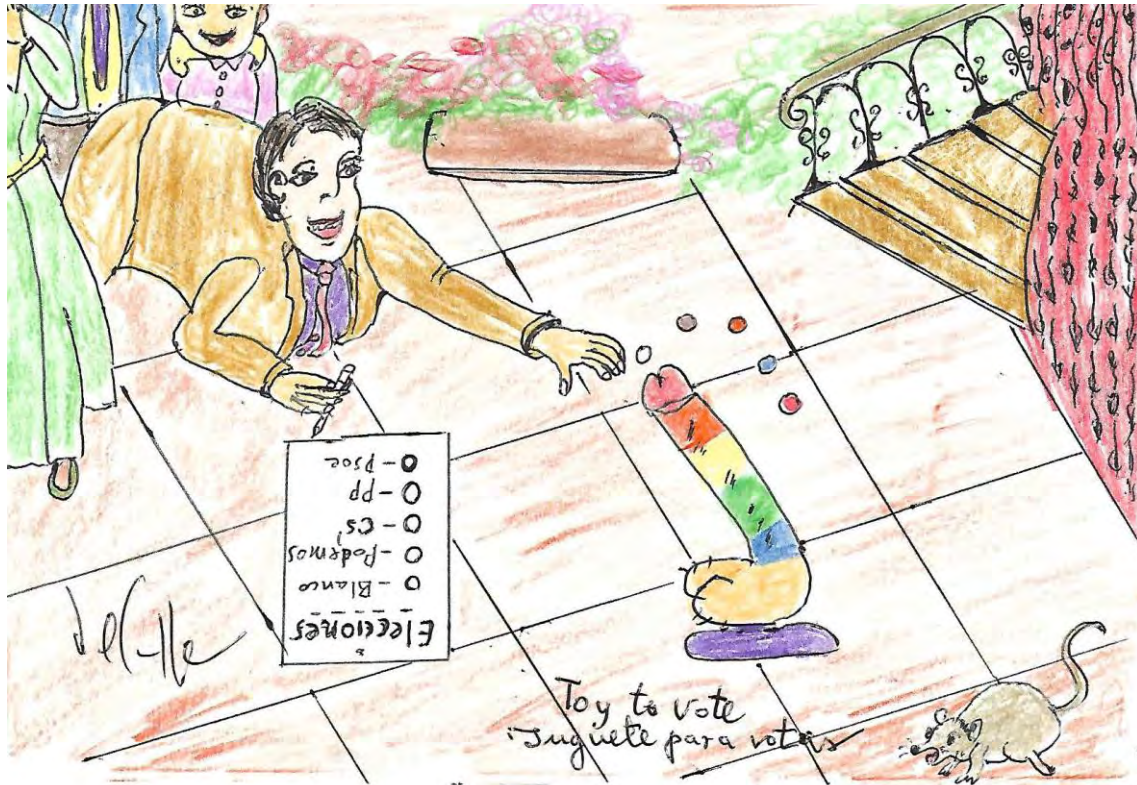


Although  
I've Prick,  
want to be  
a Bird

Aunque tenga pájaros,  
me gustaría ser pájaro







## 32. CIRCULAIRE 132



Décembre 2018

Exemplaire: 09 - 20

No. **211**

CIRCULAIRE **132**

Zine d'art postal, d'art posté et d'art en général...

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Les fausses-éditions du Rat-de-Marée

### ESCAPADE CULTURELLE À MONTRÉAL (troisième partie)

#### Flâner une après-midi dans les galeries du 5455 avenue de Gaspé à Montréal.

Premier arrêt à la galerie **Centre Clark** qui nous présente du 25 octobre au 1er décembre trois expositions. Je me suis arrêté surtout sur les "Sculpture From The Block" des artistes **Lewis & Taggart**. Les œuvres du duo emploient souvent des objets venant en double ou en paires. Ainsi ils bâtissent autour des matériaux qu'ils découvrent en leur attribuant des questions ayant trait à la dualité; comment être semblables et différents; comment demeurer tel quel tout en changeant; comment être à la fois une chose et autre chose? En employant des méthodes d'association et de jeux de mots, parfois drôles, parfois sincères, les artistes usent de stratégies leur permettant d'équilibrer les tensions engendrées par ces questions et leurs implications.



Trois sculptures de Lewis & Taggart. De gauche à droite, Crack, break, broken (2018), Fretwork (2018) et Framework (2018). (Photos RFC)



Nicole Panneton, Chronique d'une dérive, 2018.  
(Photo RFC)



Deuxième arrêt, l'espace d'art et d'essai contemporains **Occurrence**. Cette fois c'est une exposition des artistes **Nicole Panneton** et **Silvana Reggiardo**, **Les Territoires Obligés**, du 12 octobre au 12 novembre 2018. Il y a de ces lieux, comme ceux-ci : ceux que l'on fréquente, jour après jour, aux chemins si régulièrement empruntés que le regard du travailleur n'y voit plus que le théâtre d'une vie ordinaire, répétitive. Inversement, ici sont rassemblées les œuvres de deux artistes qui explorent différentes stratégies créatives afin d'illustrer le fragment d'une existence bien de leur époque : c'est du travail alimentaire que leurs projets s'enracinent et s'enrichissent. Chez Silvana Reggiardo, c'est par une discrète filature qu'elle reste à distance des inconnus qu'elle observe et qui se rendent au boulot ou qui déjà s'y affairant; tandis que chez Nicole Panneton, c'est une approche intime et intérieure que la route quotidienne est revisitée, réinterprétée et poétisée. Dans un cas comme dans l'autre, ces territoires obligés, regroupés en de multiples détournements et collectionnés dans une régularité des efforts de fournis, nous permettent d'y retrouver de multiples espoirs - nous ne sommes plus seuls. (Texte de Jacinthe Robillard, commissaire).

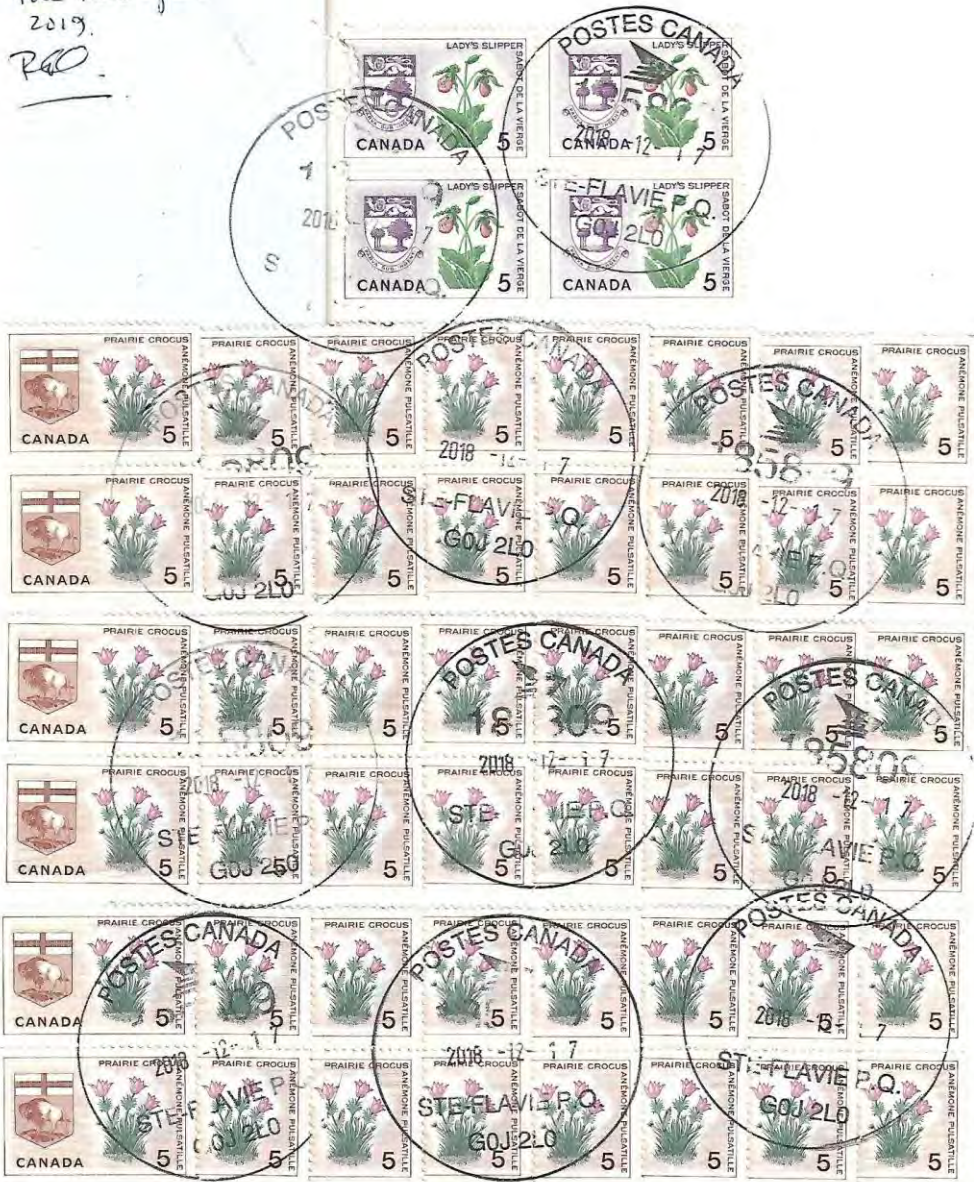
Pour consulter tous les précédents numéros de CIRCULAIRE132 voir le blogallerie suivant:

To consult all CIRCULAIRE132 previous issues, go to the following blogallery:

<http://circulaire132.blogspot.com>

Message:

Hi Daniel,  
best wishes for  
the new year  
2019.  
R&D







Une œuvre de: Jean-Claude Boilevin, 7 rue des Abeilles, 37250, Montbazou, FRANCE



Une œuvre de : Bruno Chiarlone, Via Mons. Bertolotti 58, 17014, Cairo Montenotte, (SV), ITALIE



Une œuvre de : Daniel de Culla, P. Comuneros 7-1A, 09006, Burgos, ESPAGNE

## CAMARADE

Camarade, voici  
ma main dédiée  
au combat quotidien  
pour la justice et l'égalité  
pour tous.

Voici mes bras  
accoutumés à porter  
le poids des luttes  
pour un monde meilleur.

Etreins mes mains et mes bras.  
Ta présence dans ma vie  
rend mes pas plus fermes,  
mon horizon plus ample  
et mon amour plus étendu,  
entre un continent et les autres,  
avec les échos de mille voix  
résonnant dans l'infini.

## EXISTER

Je ne veux pas penser.  
Je veux laisser la vie  
s'écouler  
sans la conscience  
de l'air que je respire.  
Je veux être un poème  
non écrit, non rêvé  
ou être les yeux  
qui peuvent me voir  
sans sentir cette nausée  
diluée en vers.  
Puis que l'on vienne me dire  
pour quoi l'on m'a forcée  
à exister !

Deux poèmes traduits par Béatrice Gaudy de :  
Teresinha Pereira, 2204 Talmadge Road, Ottawa  
Hills, OH, 43606-2529, USA



Un timbre d'artiste de : Theo Nelson, 2611 Charlebois  
Dr. NW, Calgary (Alberta), T2L 0T5, CANADA page 6



Décembre 2018

No 211

# CIRCULAIRE 132

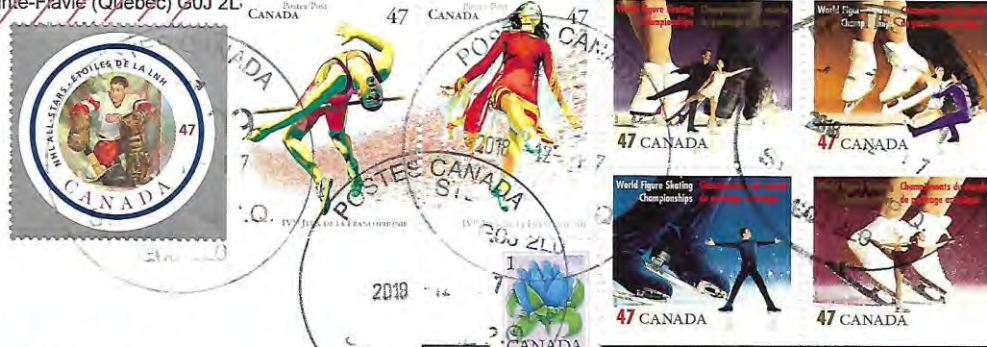
CANADA POSTES  
POST CANADA

FLIP  
OVER



VOIR AU  
VERSO

CIRCULAIRE 132  
C.P. 1, 210 route De La Mer  
Sainte-Flavie (Québec) G0J 2L0



**NE PAS PLIER**



A/TO  
DANIEL DE CULLA  
P. COMUNEROS 7-1A  
09006, BURGOS  
ESPAGNE

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Miguel Jimenez / El Taller de Zenon, C/Santa Maria de Guia 1-4oC, 41008, Sevilla, ESPAGNE

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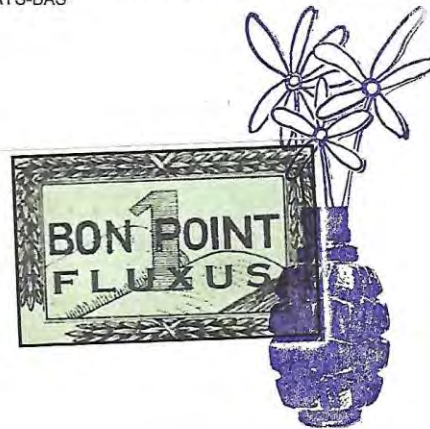
Béatrice Gaudy (chez Fabrice Verjat), 81 Ter rue Vaneau, 75007, Paris, FRANCE

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page 8

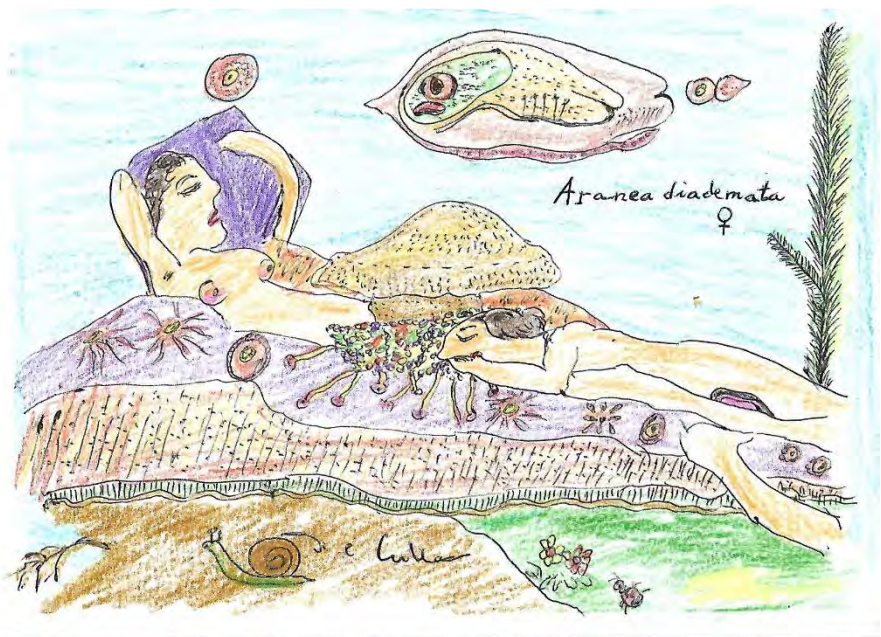
## 33. AUTUMN MELODIES

### “Autumn Spider”

(Song Caminos Rancheros/Fall Equinox 1975/Gioia).

The Great Blafigia, Vol. II E III

**Once there was a spider  
Just finishing her web  
But autumn came  
With red and yellow leaves, and the wind  
That blew her web away.**



**She fell on a white bench  
Part of this magic park  
Where I've seen many lovers' shadows  
And I sang it all to my self.**



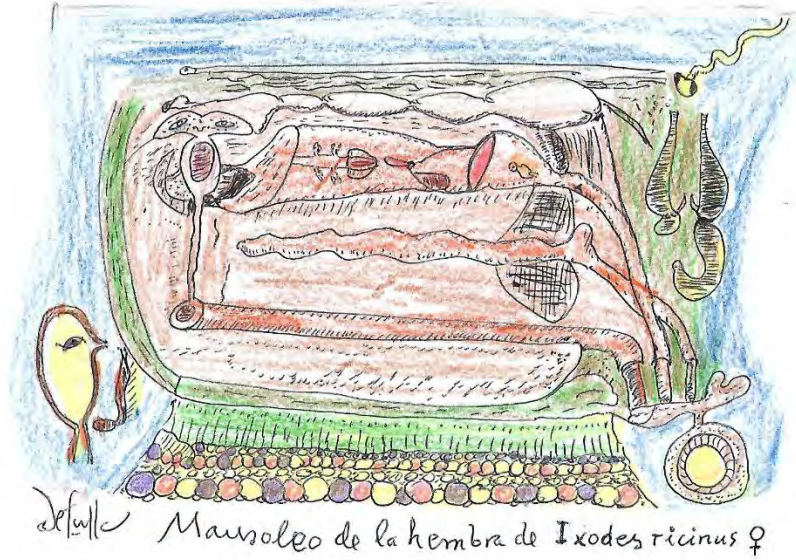


**This park had many words  
Sprouting all around  
So I spent a lot of time  
Just looking at the ground.**





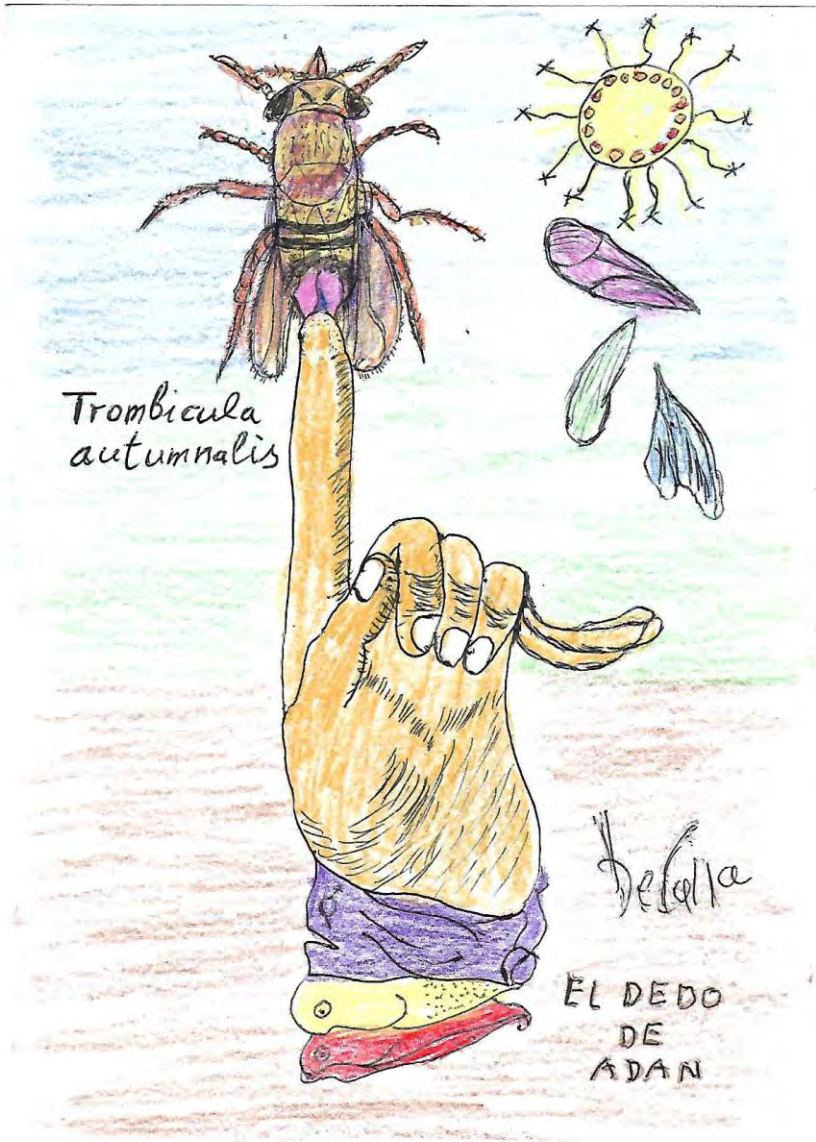
**The ground became so warm and soft  
That I just had to lay down,  
A world of words lying beside me  
And the spider, who had found under my arms  
A windproof corner  
Began again to weave her life.**



---

**I have been lying on the ground since then  
Eating the words beside me.  
Today I shall eat all the legtters  
That spell simplicity.**





*Trombicula autumnalis*

Defolia

EL DEDO DE ADAN

Autumn Spider

Once there was a spider



just finishing her web



But autumn came



with red and yellow leaves, and the wind



that blew her web away.



She fell on a white bench  
part of this magic park  
where I've seen many lovers' shadows  
and I sang it all to my self.

This park had many words  
sprouting all around  
so I spent a lot of time  
just looking at the ground.

The ground became so warm and soft  
that I just had to lay down,  
a world of words lying beside me  
and the spider, who had found under my  
a windproof corner arms  
began again to weave her life.

I have been lying on the ground since  
eating the words beside me. then  
Today I shall eat all the letters  
that spell simplicity--

(Song Caminos Rancheros/Fall Equinox  
1975/Gioia)

## **34. THREE POEMS**

### **BILLIARDS AND DARTS**

**A teacher asks Little James**

**What balls are those that don't have hairs**

**And Little James answered quickly:**

**-None, teacher, because all the balls**

**And more those of Villar**

**Have hairs.**

**There was laughter by spoonfuls**

**Like garlic soups**

**In Roa de Duero, Burgos**

**Before corralling bulls.**

**Little students from Aranda de Duero**

**Know this joke very well**

**And always talk of it**

**When they go to the wine cellar**

**And, into the deep of it**

**They touch the balls among them**

**To see which of them**

**Have more grown hair.**

**To who that has the longest hair**

**They sent him to Burgos**

**With free expenses**

**As a prize for competing**

**In a competition of Billiards and Darts**

**To a place called "At Plane", in Gamonal**

**Telling him at the Bus Station**



**Before car beging to move:  
- Take care, Villar, you're going to Burgos  
To compete at Plane  
Ones with darts, others with sticks".**

### **FROM BEGINNING TO END**

**From beginning to end  
is explained absolutely everything worth knowing  
about absolutely nothing.**

**Why not'?**

**We felt that the Beginning is a true leaf  
of the inmortal literature  
as a side of bacon changing the pig  
discovering the best way to keep its legend alive  
encouraging mytology  
and the controversy about it:**

**Sun wil have its tide spreading over our maps  
Moon remembering us we were gone  
and we still sing everything waiting  
for birth, death  
inside this den of us.**

**Spring, Summer, Autum, Winter  
coming with feelings of love, radiance  
quiet and delight**

**As ever.**

### **THE RABBIT OF GOOD LUCK**

**In the Moor' Field  
Next to the green olive**

There captivated me  
Those three girls  
-What were their names  
Of the three girls?  
-The biggest, Constance  
The youngest, Lucia  
And the smallest  
Her name was Marie  
Constance scrubbed  
Lucia swept  
And the smallest  
Brought us water.  
In a children's circle  
We were happy playing  
With a rabbit and a chicken  
In the midst  
Next to a cold fountain  
While the rabbit  
Rodes the hen  
As if she were his captive  
While we were singing  
Pointing one of us  
Before elected from each other  
Touching one of us  
When we finished  
The childrens' song:  
"The rabbit is not here  
He left this morning

**But at bedtime  
Pum! It's here  
Doing the reverence  
With a face of shame  
You, the choosed, will kiss  
To whom do You like the most"  
Addressing  
The boy or girl touched  
To the girl or the boy  
Who one most wanted  
Giving he or she  
A kiss on the cheek  
Choosing me, almost always  
The younger, Lucia  
That was vey good  
So much  
Children calling her  
The "Good Natured".**

## **35. Twos**

**FROM BEGINNING TO END**

**From beginning to end  
is explained absolutely everything worth knowing  
about absolutely nothing.**

**Why not'?**

**We felt that the Beginning is a true leaf  
of the inmortal literature**



as a side of bacon changing the pig  
discovering the best way to keep its legend alive  
encouraging mytology  
and the controversy about it:  
Sun wil have its tide spreading over our maps  
Moon remembering us we were gone  
and we still sing everything waiting  
for birth, death  
inside this den of us.  
Spring, Summer, Autum, Winter  
coming with feelings of love, radiance  
quiet and delight  
As ever.

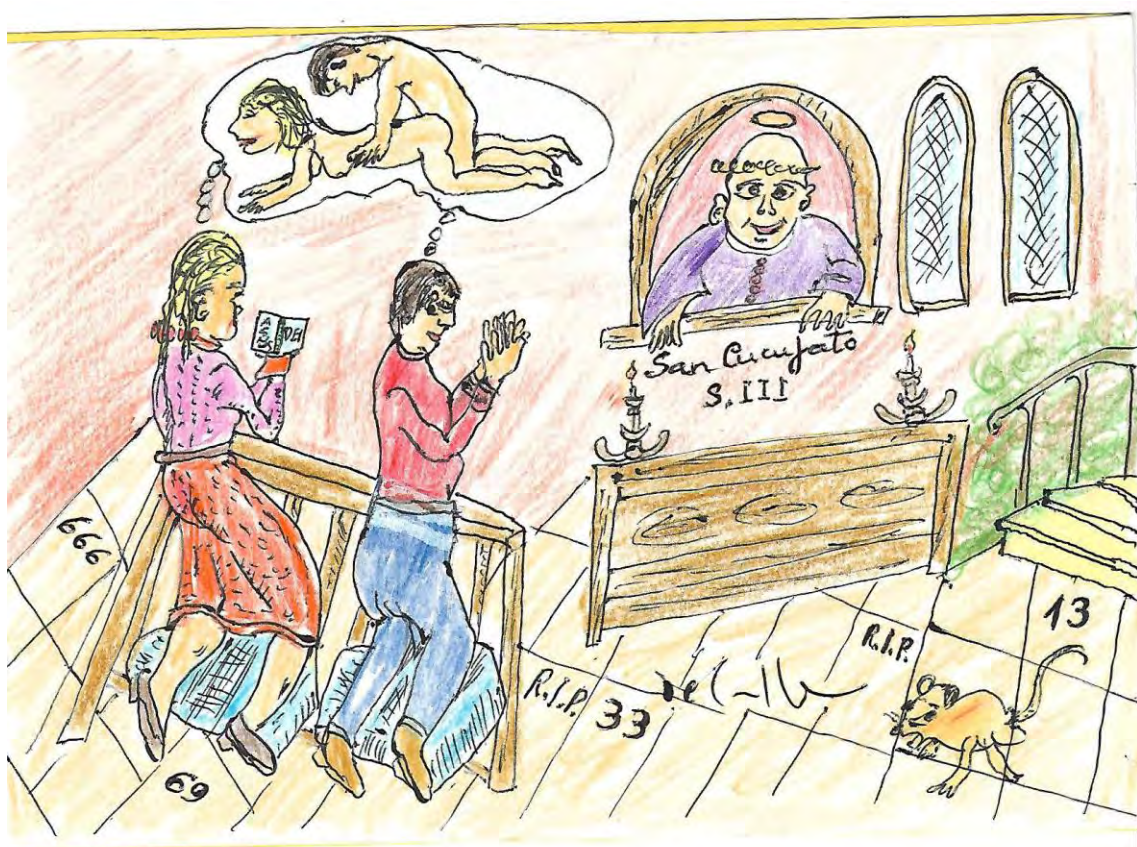
WE ARE ALL A LIKE  
Crossing the Street  
I'm just celebrating  
The feline sense of "Like".  
How do You like Me?  
I like more bananas than slices of water-melon.  
And I really feel like  
And yet I induced it like  
That is like.  
What is he like?  
The like as Me.  
With my own words to receive  
To touch, to perceive:  
Baby is like to live; Old is like to die.

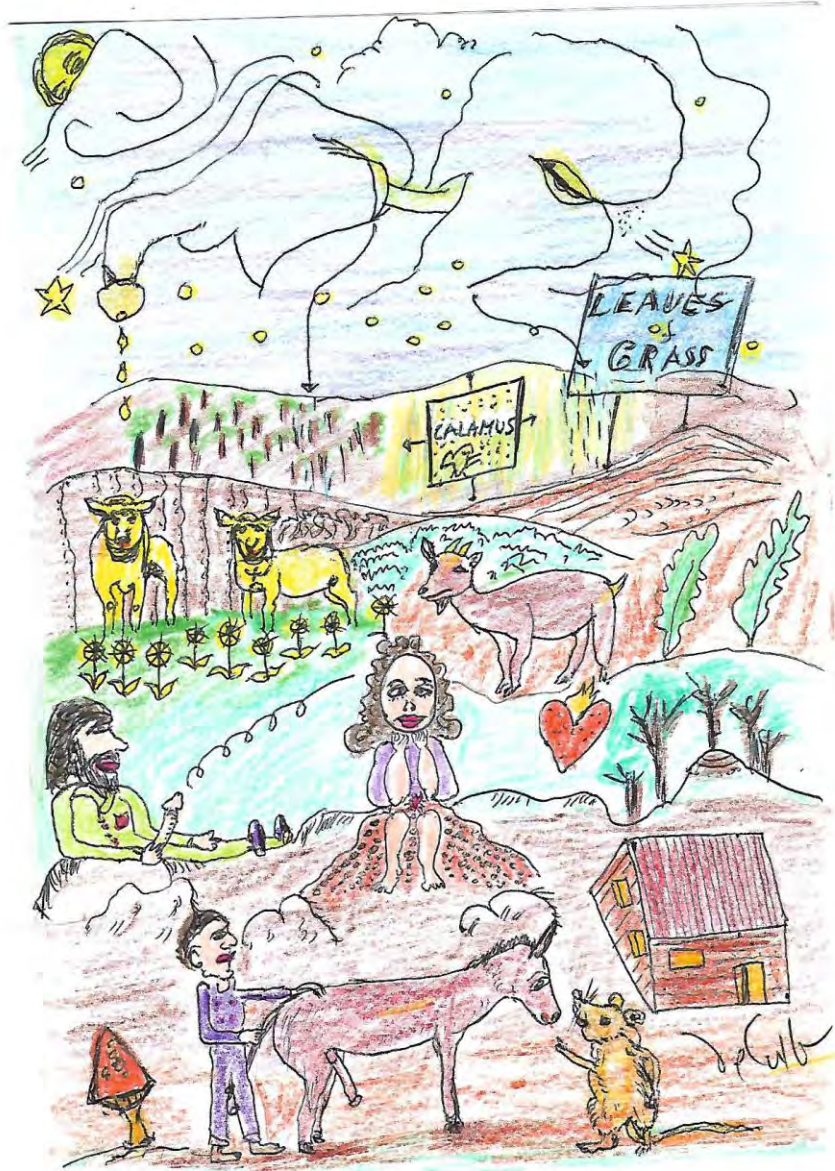
**You have eyes like stars  
And the face like an Ass.  
I'm going to divorce You  
For that;  
Like father, like son.**

**36. WITH WOMAN (Three Draws)**









### 37. WALT WHITMAN PURSUING BEAUTY

( In his 200 Aniversary )

**His Biosphere, his Biorealm, his Bioprovince**

**His Bioregion, his Biocale**

**Beat plunged humming “Leaves of Grass”**

**Thought drunken twisted paths**

**Stumbling pleasures and thinking about**

**The quality of being different**

**Transparent, unthinkable**

**Just talking from experience**

**Tracing the tread of our heads**

**Into a web and so mysterious and clear.**

**Despite the Presbyterian pastor’ words**

**Ralph Smith**

**Saying with envy and burr:**

**- Walter is a Freeroamer of Love**

**That has converted the Locust Grove School**

**In a School of Sodoma**

**Or the John Peter Lesley’s, geologist:**

**-Walter is a “pretentious gil”**

**And his Leaves of Grass**

**Are “profane and obscene trash”**

**Walter and his Leaves of Grass**

**Still are a promise and a delight.**

**We’ve been thinking about his offer**

**And their answer is a strong tentative yes.**

**I love it:**

**His new possible consciousness of the Earth**

**Filled with demons – making scenes**



**Of Love and Freedom**

**Wastings what he has given to You and me:**

**Leaves of Grass**

**And its natural science: that the Earth**

**Is the center of the attention**

**Not another's manipulation on it.**

**It is a lovely pamphlet of possible Life.**

**O honey**

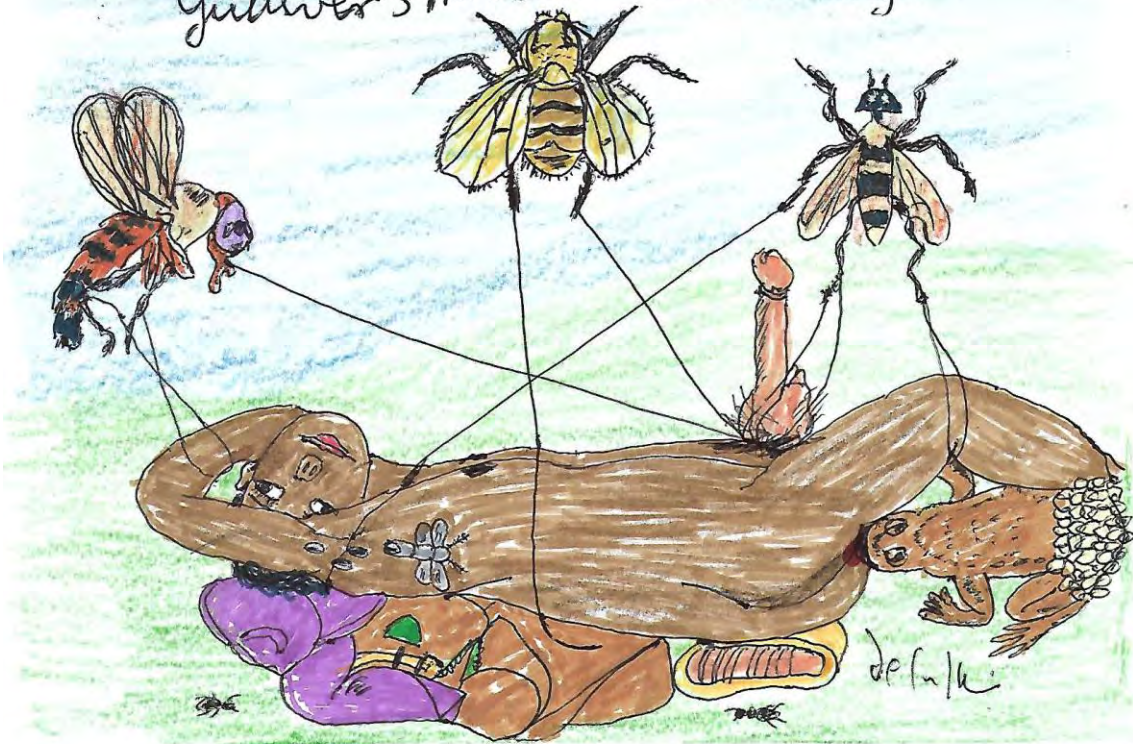
**Walter, You're an acorus calamus**

**I love You.**

**38. TWO FIGURES: THE SARACEN MOISES & GULLIVER**



Gulliver's Travels - Jonathan Swift







### 39. THE DREAM OF A MALE CRAB

River is an instrument

Passed from water to water

**Rather than an eating stand.**

**We are the talk of the town**

**From compass points**

**In the circle of Life**

**That encloses us all.**

**Crabs folk in North America**

**And Europe, in Japan**

**In Africa, in Russia, in India**

**Where natural scientists**

**Asking for our first Love.**

**Dish of Crabs:**

**Here in we have reprinted**

**A number of pieces**

**Contained with it.**

**It is because of the extreme**

**Importance of our existence**

**That we have chosen**

**To do this caprice.**

**But these excerpts**

**Are not enough:**

**The rivers themselves**

**Must be experienced**

**It is my feeling, my dream**

**That the Fishers Wo/Men**

**Will open many rivers**

**For any other Fisher**

**In a simple exercise**

Of to be eating very good.





#### **40. MY PARENTS ARE IN ANOTHER GALAXY**

**My parents died**

**And I know they are in another Galaxy.**

**No matter how many laps you give the coconut**

**I always see them, me looking at the sky**

**Through the clouds doing sex.**

**Daniel came from the fratricidal war**

**And flying wanting to make children**

**Although Daniela was tired.**

**Even in Guadarrama, of Madrid**

**If the bullets and projectiles had been silent**

**He set the Sierra for her by bed.**

**There was an urgency to make children**

**For God, the fatherland and the king**

**Even if these were later robbed**

**By nuns and priests**

**To give them to the She Brifadiers.**

**-Tell me mother of your eight daughters**

**And the ninth child**

**Because I would have liked to see the eights**

**In the room you give birth.**

**-You Were happy at birth, mother?**

**-You can figure, my son:**

**Pain, a lot of pain**

**Blood, sweat and tears**

**Illusion of seeing them well born, yes**

**And a lot of stress to see Your father**

**Coming back from the war  
Seeing so many dead brothers  
And, the most cruel and worst  
Listen to combatants who commented  
And, convinced, they said:  
-The General wants his skins  
To make a shawl.  
From their heads will bluffs  
That illuminate the Valley of the Dead.  
He will tear gold teeth  
To grandparents and grandmothers  
Because, it is for the war  
And they really need these.  
With the nails of the dead  
He will make spoons.  
With their tails and gossips  
They will make fans  
For the daughters of the Crusade  
To fan themselves when they go to the bulls  
Or the national parade.  
My father, "for both sex and smoking"  
According to medical reasons  
He was operated on trachea  
And he expired in a cold room  
In the house of General Ricardos street  
My mother remaining sad and distressed.  
My mother died of a stroke**

**When falling making noise  
When she walked from the kitchen  
To the sewing room.  
One of his daughters, Guapalupe  
Always daughter and friend  
Who lived with her  
Was distracted  
In a solitary game of the Tarot cards  
With the number 22, the two ducklings  
" The Crazy"  
When she felt the fall  
Jumping, instantly, from her chair  
Willing to hug her saying:  
-Mother, what dress do I wear to go to church?  
The male nurses of an ambulance  
From the Military Hospital Gómez Ulla  
Came and took my mother as was convenient  
Daniela dying on the road  
As always, in these cases, it happened.  
When leaving home  
The people of the neighborhood  
Seeing her on the stretcher, said:  
-This woman Daniela, honored  
This beautiful grandma  
What a pity she was going to the hospital.  
-Say to us os Guapalupe, pretty  
Why are the ambulance drivers taking her?**



**-My mother is dead  
And her spirit has already gone to heaven  
To meet my father  
Her beloved husband  
For to make many new children  
"Those who God want"  
Act that we will not see  
Because Saint Peter, with Dracula's face  
Has drawn the curtains  
Just now.**



**41. POSTAL DE NAVIDAD**

**\* CHRISTMAS CARD**

**Postal de Navidad y Año nuevo \* Christmas card and new Year \*  
Carte postale de Noël et nouvel an**

**Dicen "los listos pensadores" que mujeres y hombres soñamos con  
unicornios. ¡Yo siempre despierto con él;**

**Menudos tontos.**

**Ils disent "penseurs intelligents" que les femmes et les hommes rêvent  
de licornes. Je me lève toujours avec lui!**

**Imbéciles.**

**They say "smart thinkers" that women and men dream of unicorns. I  
always wake up with him!**

**Silly fools**

**42. MAIL ART Pour la Liberté \*Mail Art Por la  
Libertad**

**Mail Art for Freedom**



We're all children of the priest...  
♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

Todos somos hijos de cura...

Nous sommes des enfants du prêtre...

Sperme d'origine commune  
Espermatozoide de origen común  
Sperm of common origin

defult



Ces rappers  
sont l'hôte.  
Ils ont des  
"jennies" que  
les attendent.

Estos Raperos  
son la zehastia.  
Tienen muchas esposas  
esperándoles



Don Dedín  
tiene un som-  
brero para no  
hacerse aguje-  
ros

Don Dedín  
a un chapeau  
pour éviter  
les trous

V. L.

The Candle in the Wind  
Elton John: "And it seems to me  
You lived your life  
like a candle  
in the wind..."



### 43. THE CANDLE IN THE WIND

This is the story  
Of a light  
Back when there were few

**Men on Earth  
Light and electricity industry  
And Wo/Men  
Took great care of their candles.**

**Using in their defense  
To face the mysteries of the night  
To place by the day  
At the foot of prints and imagery  
To help them  
Carrying their heavy load  
Of daily life.**

**It happened, one day  
that a certain Zaguan  
He was a farmhand  
And worked by the herd  
For a gentleman from Requena de Campos  
In the Palencia's province**

**He came to a covered place  
On a street or square  
Built on pillars  
Bringing a candle in his hand  
To walk or to get rid  
Of the Moon of the shadows**

**When, suddenly, from somewhere  
An air came to him in movement**

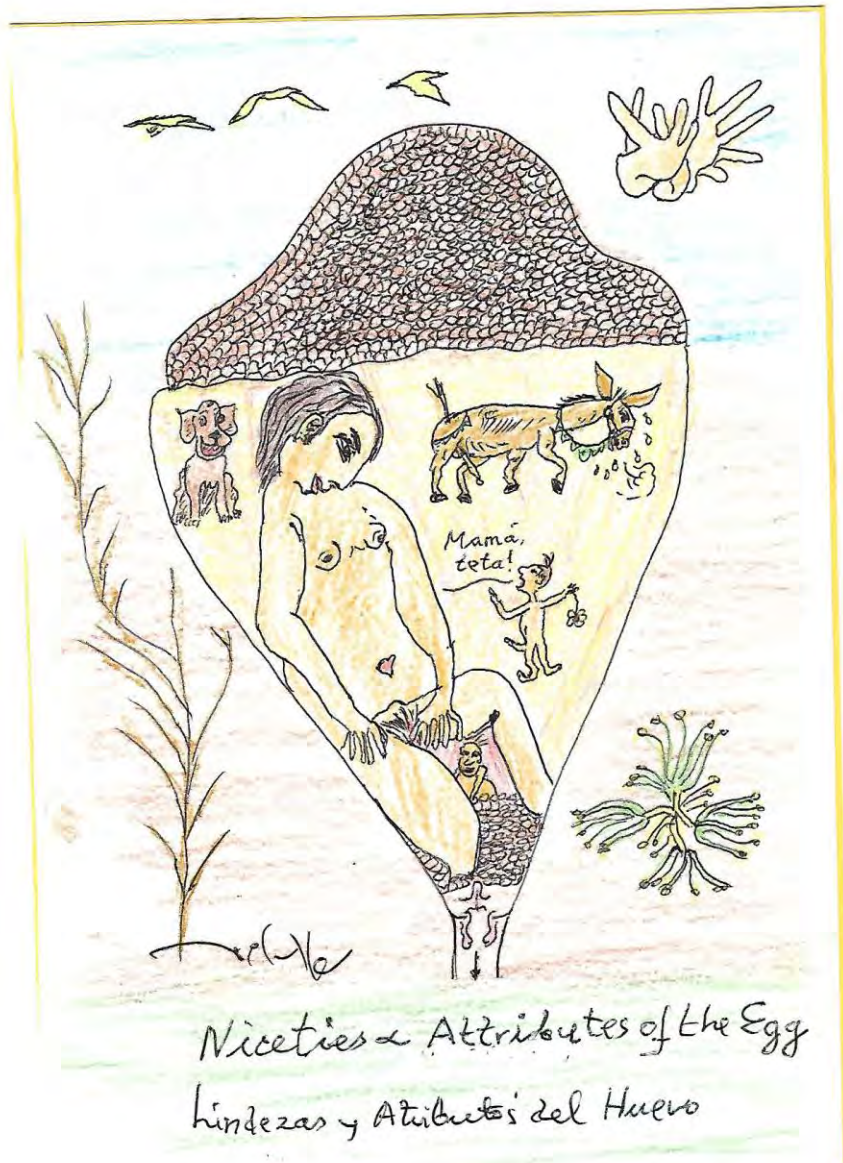
**Even if  
It was at rest  
That brought smelling as a trace  
Leaving the hunting pieces  
Or the bullet's gap**

**In the bore of the firearm  
It turned off the candle  
And it turned it off again**



**When he tried to light it  
And that suddenly touching his nape  
As it usually does  
In the bone that dogs have  
Between the ears  
Said inside his mind:  
- To whomever goes out at night and watches the wind:  
Nothing is revealed  
At night all cats are brown  
And what is done at night  
In the morning seems  
Only a thought.**

#### **44. LOOKING FOR EGGS**



Niceties & Attributes of the Egg  
Lindeszas y Attributos del Huevo

Gea in love



Looking for Nests

D. K. 16





(Graffiti in Burgos.Spain)

#### **45. KUKU, BANG, BANG**

**"Wolf" who's like a "Pedophile priest"  
Or a "Fat trinket", "Man from the sack"  
Hides behind a door  
Waiting for passing  
A grandmother with her granddaughter  
Great-looking granddaughter  
Like Little Red Riding Hood  
With nine years, too.  
He's, the Wolf, a devotee of St. Cucufatus  
Praying with certain disgust:  
"That the body of that girl  
He has it to eat  
Although, before, was gullible  
With her grandmother's old flesh. "**

**"Wolf" does not change thinking  
And he wants to trade  
With that nice young body  
That to the priests make to see God  
When they kiss her little face  
That gives them health and pleasure  
As it happened with Antonio Machado  
Great poet from Spain  
And Paul Gauguin  
Post-impressionist painter  
Influencer with Picasso and Matisse.  
Barely passing the girl  
By her grandmother' hand  
-KuKu, Bang, Bang  
Frightening them  
"Wolf" shouted them.  
And when the grandmother asked:  
- Why are you doing it?  
He answered:  
-I'm going hungry  
Of Your granddaughter very nice.  
Granmother answering:  
-You're a bad born.  
If you feel like Sex**

**Put your nose in the wind  
And on the train track your head.  
And, if you want to survive  
There is in the city  
Dating floors  
Where you can falling in love  
For a quantity of money.  
The Little girl who has been scared  
Has started tearful  
Because, in the School  
She has been taught  
To love animals and plants  
And all the living  
Telling to her grandma:  
-Grandmother, let me touch its tail.  
-No, daughter, no  
Answering grandmother.  
By my honor, your purity  
Not goes to stain  
By a fucking wolf bastard  
Not any motherfucker, of course i  
They went from "Wolf"  
Continuing walking down the street  
With much satisfaction.**



**“Wolf”, from behind**

**Beckoned to them**

**Even howling them.**

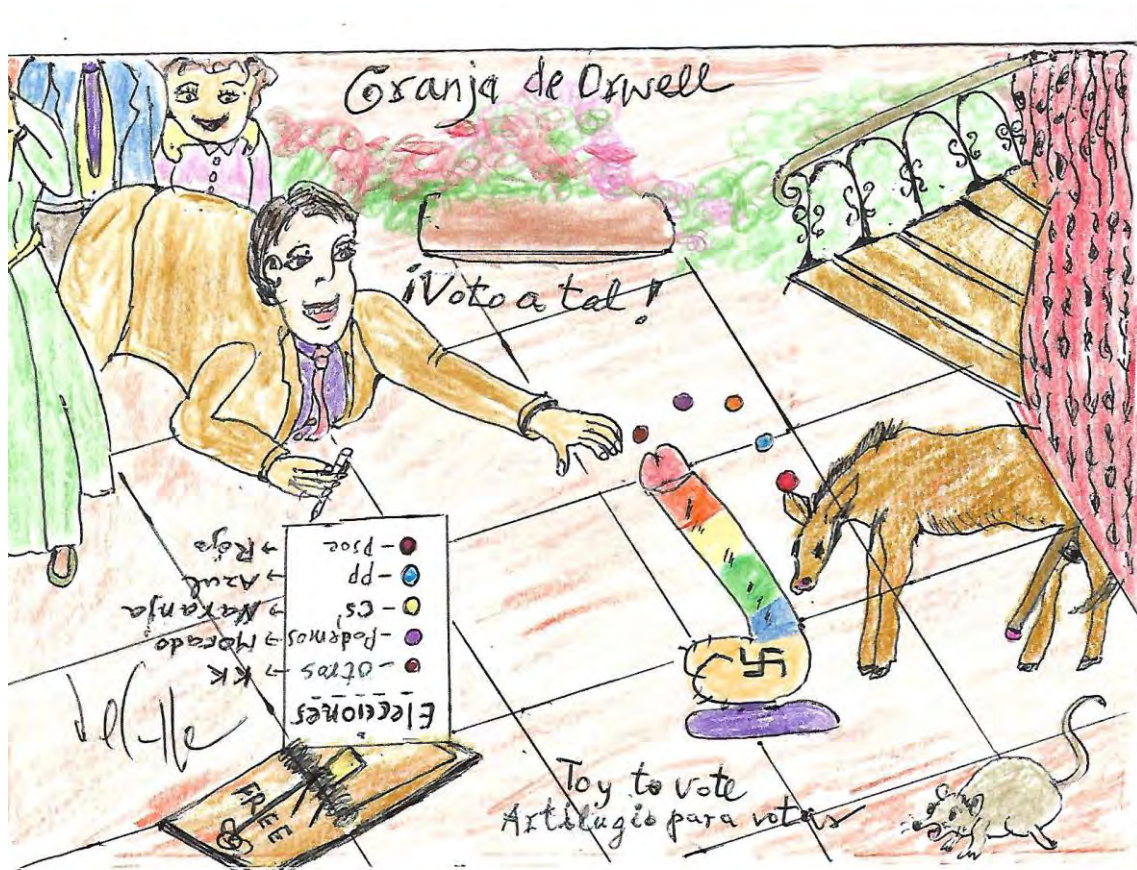
**A young woman, who passed there**

**She was admired**

**Seeing “Wolf” with the face of a saint**

**Licking its tail**

**Escaping from him, just in case.**



#### 46. WITH GEORGE ORWELL IN HIS FARM

Known the day of general elections

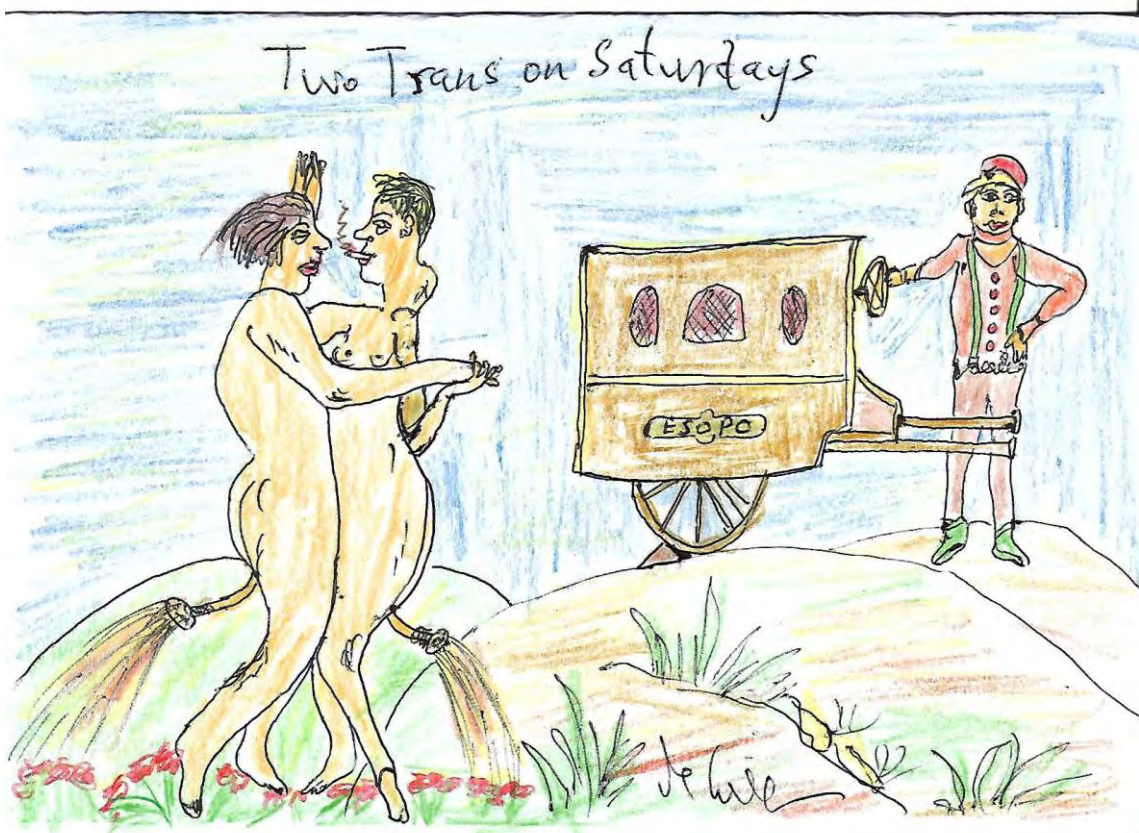
That to any astrologer

**It would have dared  
Coinciding with the "holy week"  
To my Ass "Calambre"  
To whom I have in Orwell's farm  
Noticed him find a great void  
In the manger  
And a dilemma in his thought:  
Thinking about choosing going to vote  
Pacing the leaves and tips  
From tree branches  
Or leaving in the procession of bouquets  
Full of grace and majesty  
With prayers, palms and branches.  
- "The procession is too long  
And going to vote is worthy  
Of a peculiar apology of the Asses "  
He think  
He knows that he not have to defraud  
Especially to children and youngs  
Because singing after the procession  
They will want to come ride him  
Doing, also, the favor of the possible vote  
For the quadrupeds that will govern us  
That men steem for them  
Being the honor and boast so much  
For others.  
That democratic glory the have;**



**Vote that Cambriles has by useful  
Limited to the asses' thinking.  
On the other hand, convenient and fair  
To be part of the compliment  
Of the eternal and sacred rebellion  
That is heard in yards and barns  
Villages, farmhouses, countries  
That the press and television  
Renowned acclaim  
Being, as they announce  
The light, life and path of the mortals.  
Although wide is the path  
Very small is the field  
In which one can lord it over  
Well, Man and Hee-Haw  
Are as inseparable as Sancho and Rucio  
Being almost impossible  
Do not listen to the ringing of bells  
Announcing the glory saying:  
Come, holy fascism, come without delay  
May your holy people waiting  
Extending in a vast field  
Full of grace and majesty  
From the ears to the tail  
Your physique and your moral  
Patenting the Asses' beautiful qualities  
The honors and glories**

**With whom together  
They will come to reign over us.**



**47. TWO TRANS ON SATURDAYS**

**In the middle of a farm in Valsaín, Segovia, very close to Boca del Asno, there is a high plateau ready for dances, parties and feasts.**

**To me, to this one, a friend has invited me, Miguel de Vergas, who is a builder, but who only knows how to make the foundations, who, in turn, has been invited by the owners, gentlemen of Morón, for the great provision that It brings you everything.**

**The attractive thing to see is that two transvestites friends of my friend have been invited, who come every Saturday, and I would like to see them and know what they know.**

**Once I was well sucked, I fell into the arms of one in the Calle de la Ballesta in Madrid and, when I asked him where I put it, I fell asleep, waking up in the middle of the night a gory lady who looked like a jar to me, who ordered me:**

**- Go fuck yourself!**

**Angry I had to leave and, in another bar next door, I entered. A young lady told me that by rushing me I would have to invite her to a cubata. What I did complacent.**

**We are already in the middle of the party with the music of an organ grinder as before. The two transvestites are dancing tightly, as if they were throwing a saddle with music. His thumbs come out from behind their asses with a bathtub artichoke at the tip of the cocoon, which does not stop urinating yellowish as donkeys.**

**Little red and yellow flowers, loose and feast, and the same grass of the lawn, they let themselves wet happily.**

**A young waitress, with a gold label and stitched on the left side of her white blouse, above the tit, who said: Gervaise, not very graceful, addressed the audience, saying:**

**- Learn from them. That dance and wet take. Take advantage of the occasion because the gentlemen are about to arrive, and they always come quickly and without time.**





#### **48. THE VOICE OF GALICIA**

**Again, a wild "Kaffir"**

**For an alcoholized Hee-Ass**

**Lost his reason, if he ever had it.**

**He hit and insulted several women**

**In Sanxenxo, from the province of Pontevedra**

**In Galicia, "witch and sorceress".**

**All this, because he insulted them**

**Calling them "whores"**

**Hee- aasing:**

**That "reeked of blood of rule"**

**He rejoiced in very master asnal phrases**

**Until vociferating that:  
"If nothing happened to those of "La Manada"  
To me less for hitting you hosts. "  
(Those of La Manada was a youth quintet  
Out and perverse  
Andalusians them  
That forced a woman to do a Gang Bang to the beast  
A young Madrid woman  
Frightened and helpless  
In Pamplona, on one of their holidays  
By Saint Fermin of Amiens  
Famous because  
In his pamplonica bullring  
Even the mulillas assing  
Forcing them to eat their dicks  
One of them forcing her to say Pamplona  
With his cock inside his mouth).  
What fucking Asses;  
They and this rebellious man of Sanxenxo  
Walking in pink.  
This affirms it as a fact  
Sanxenxiano's  
Well, he told the damaged women  
After calling them "whores"  
The evil is that  
"They reeked of rule blood"  
Not knowing and ignoring these miserables**

**As Jumentos (Asses) they are  
That of this rule blood  
And the entanglements of Love  
They were born.  
Poor of their mother  
Who did the prowess of giving birth to this portent:  
A formidable monster;**





## **49. The Virgin of the Cave**

**Hontangas (Burgos) (Isa's Pic. De Culla and his car is in the pic)**

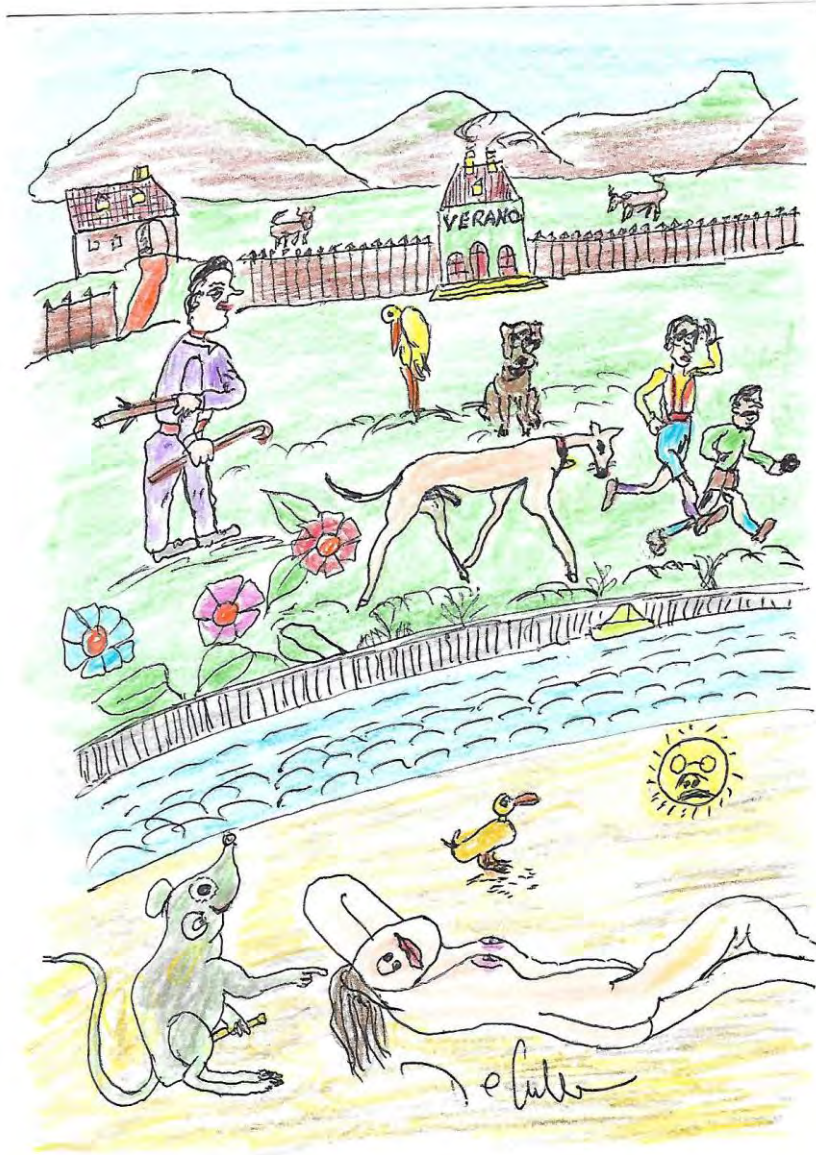
**ALL THAT'S GONE**

**All that's gone**

**Before behind the middle of the end**

**Is on the same line**

**& my sleep is like a Stone.**



**50. THE SUN HAS ITS DIAMOND TIDE**

**The Sun has its diamond tide**

**It spreads over my place on the beach**



**Of San Vicente de la Barquera**

**But sand has a pretty flaw:**

**My niece Pilina is here;**

**Now she is moving so slowly**

**As a fragile arc in the Sandy places**

**So I spend a lot of time**

**Just looking at her body**

**Waves covering me all.**

**This Cantabrian Sea has many words**

**Sprouting all around**

**And I cannot hear a rest of silence**

**To contemplate the purple flower**

**That reminds me of the sea.**

**The Sun has its diamond tide**

**It comes down the Venus' mountain**

**Reaching the morning of my heart:**

**Here at the bottom of my nice**

**I'll find radiance, quiet and delight**

**But I have trouble**

**Seeing what there is to see about her.**

**The Sun has its diamond tide**

**But no now**

**There is a rarified atmosphere**

**That fills the dark clouds**

**Up the last angled slopes of mountain.**

**Rain is coming, rain is coming**

**And my niece runs wild**

**With a tender tide pouring raing  
Back and forth  
Opening myself unto her  
Seeing what She is about me.  
Her lips are drawn  
Her kindness is all lost  
An her body is beyond the pale.  
When the Sun has been lying on the sand  
She eating my words of Love  
Beside her.  
The Sun has its diamnd tide again  
Ist a tender tide  
That moves me within.  
It is the tide of my nice  
Sit and dreaming  
On the floor of the Rainbow;**



**51. ADAM, EVE, THE APPLE AND THE PARAFFILIC WORM**

**From Adam, Eve, Apple**

**The most paraffilic was the worm of the fruit**



**Well, it enjoyed and ran like a dwarf  
Seeing how Adam  
Vicious as the men of the Bronze Age  
Hitting with his cock  
Eva's brain  
That he did them erotically  
With Deucalión and Pirra  
Considered virtuous  
Like pissing fonts and spiritless candles  
Of the churches.  
Worm floated adrift  
In the ass or Eve's Ace of Gold  
Like the human fetus  
For nine months  
Before reaching the top  
From the Mount of Venus  
And peek  
To that nugget or clitoris  
That protrudes from the lips.  
Worm, one day, told Eva  
"That to repopulate the Earth  
She should throw the bone of Adam's cock  
Behind her".  
Adam who heard it  
He understood the cryptic message  
Turning behind him the cock  
Throwing sperms**

**Like a donkey.  
Of these sperms  
Men were born  
The vast majority disabled  
With a traffic signal for them  
Under the arm.**



## 52. CARNAL MEETING AT LANGRESSE BAY BEACH

It was a casual encounter, yes



**On Lancrese Bay Beach, in Guernsey, Channel Islands:**

**Island surrounded by a bunker built by the Germans**

**In the Second World War.**

**She was Dominique**

**Who lived very close to the Victor Hugo' House Museum**

**"The Hauteville House"**

**When he was banished**

**And where "he wrote as much as he fucked".**

**If my Dominique had lived in her then**

**I would have found her, sure, badly fucked**

**Like Blanche Lanvin in the service of Juliette Drouet**

**Hugo's pilgrim lover.**

**(Later, later, and that's why I left her**

**I found out that he had fucked like a Norman**

**With an Italian until more can not).**

**Love has already been declared just by looking at us**

**Although she walked with a desire to fuck**

**It was clear;**

**We went up, dressed, to a defensive embrasure, and we embraced**

**I would fly her up and I wanted to get her**

**Going through pants and dress**

**Because I was a Madrid' boy "macho man"**

**What made her put herself at a hundred.**

**She kissed me**

**He put his saliva on my tongue with her tongue**

**We clash our teeth**

**We cook to eat our flesh**

**When, in a moment, she told me:**

**-How long can you hold the erection?**

**We can go to the beach and get into the sea**

**And fuck: You, like my dear husband**

**Me, as your beloved woman.**

**-It's ok, Dominique, I answered; and her:**

**-Lovely, Daniel.**

**As we were both prepared to bathe**

**We take off our clothes**

**And we went down to bathe to fuck like geese on the waves**

**Or, better, inside the sea.**

**She threw herself into the water first, telling me:**

**-Come on, man; come and get me**

**And, I, answering her:**

**- Mine's with pleasure goes, Dominique**

**And I'm going to put You in the water looking for London.**

**More, oh, what a pity!**

**What a pity penalty, wow!**

**My prick that was beautiful and erect, about to be eat**

**By the cold it deflated, damn it!**

**And without force of being able to enter her pussy**

**He threw some sperm with lots of salt and salt**

**What made Dominique cast curses**

**Because some came with water in her mouth**

**And her pussy looked like she was having an orgasm**

**No sense below the waves.**

**The two of us moody, we went out to the sand**

**I run like a dog with my tail between my legs**

**Telling her:**

**-I'm so sorry, Dominique; and she answering:**

**-Don't worry, Daniel. Now, I see that you have a Little penis**

**That does not help me or a comb.**

**The only thing, if you want, and when you want, of course!**

**Is that You can lick my pussy**

**"Sucking and not fucking"**

**To cure this bad to fuck, so I left the Italian.**

**-To suck, me, Your pussy? Do not dream it, fucking girl.**

**If you smell as demons and your pussy**

**Go away to know how you will know**

**Besides that inside your pussy there is a brothel!**

**We left ourselves, and we did not see each other again**

**Well, on any occasion, yes**

**In Saint Peter Port, the City**

**But, she, not even looking at me**

**And my prick being able to resurrect.**

**I did not give her my hand**

**But I did remember again**

**That I could enjoy her pussy lying in salt water.**





### 53. CUNT PRICKSLICKER

Cunt Prickslicker

Crack of mine's loves, pious and good

**Solace for motherfuckers and lusty onanists**

**Image of heart pain**

**And of the balls**

**Allow your lips approaching**

**The tip of this milkweed cocoon**

**And I penetrated you, absorbing you the milk**

**Smooth rice milk liqueur**

**Liquor of Life and Death.**

**What delicious honeys for your asshole !**

**- It's the only hot thing that enters my body!**

**Breathes with eyes full of sperm.**

**What loves so boars with fury penetrate you!**

**Bittersweet are your kisses, my beloved**

**And the flavour of the juice of your Ass' lips**

**Is not so pleasant. These taste to wind ;**

**As the bee flies to the candid rose**

**Today I come to the lips of your Crack**

**Of placid murmur**

**Sour and brackish**

**Naturally affable and complacent**

**And with sweet fur**

**With my penetrating flower in this our Orgasm**

**What life gives you**

**And it leaves me exhausted**

**In excess of ordinary candy.**



#### **54. DRACULA AND THE WIDOW**

**They say a story, which is a joke:**

**That during a boat trip**



**At the Retiro' pond, in Madrid**  
**A widow gave Dracula**  
**Who was the ferryman**  
**a black pudding**  
**Who put it in his chest.**  
**And, when removed it from**  
**From his pectoral spit**  
**And offered it to the widow**  
**Other boats arrived with many people**  
**And she had no choice**  
**That to put it in her breast**  
**Hearing Dracula saying:**  
**-Morenite of my eyes**  
**You burn me, you burn me hot.**  
**He said it for the widow, it's clear!**  
**To whom he had a liking**  
**Responding the woman:**  
**-It's good in good faith.**  
**Dracula, like a shy vampire**  
**Started to fly**  
**And the widow shouted:**  
**-Dracula, behind that grave**  
**There is the one who was my husband**  
**Go with him and put your saddlebag**  
**On him**  
**To he no goes cold.**



**(Graffiti en Burgos)**

## **55. FIGHT, FIGHT, BETWEEN INSECTS**

**By legitimacy of their grandparents**

**Dogs, cats, animals**

**Humanoids and aliens**

**The victorious ones**

**The others murdered and killed**

**Show yourself they want**

**Brave and ambitious**

**To get baton of command**

**These parasitic insects, fleas**

**Infectious mites, ticks**

**Flying insects, cushion flies**

**Humanoids and extraterrestrials, kaffirs**

**Of those who cared so much**

**Those judges of the Inquisition**

**Worshippers of death**

**And the sacred shit.**

**They all want to bite us  
Snoring  
And get into the blood  
That its hodgepodge of poisons  
With which they make us lose our reason  
So drag the body  
Leaving our parts raw  
Committing the eternal barbarism  
From, on the contrary expired  
Go, catch him and cape him  
And, in the worst or best case  
Shoot him  
What is the legitimacy and manner  
With what is achieved and achieved  
The governments  
How the story that has been  
In fratricidal struggle always  
So on Earth  
Like in the sky.**

## **56. FIVE HAIKUS**

**My Lady hellish**

**The Sun has its tide in Bloom**

**As Me without doors ;**

**Rain is coming now**

**When I am gone and You also.**

**I empty of myself ;**

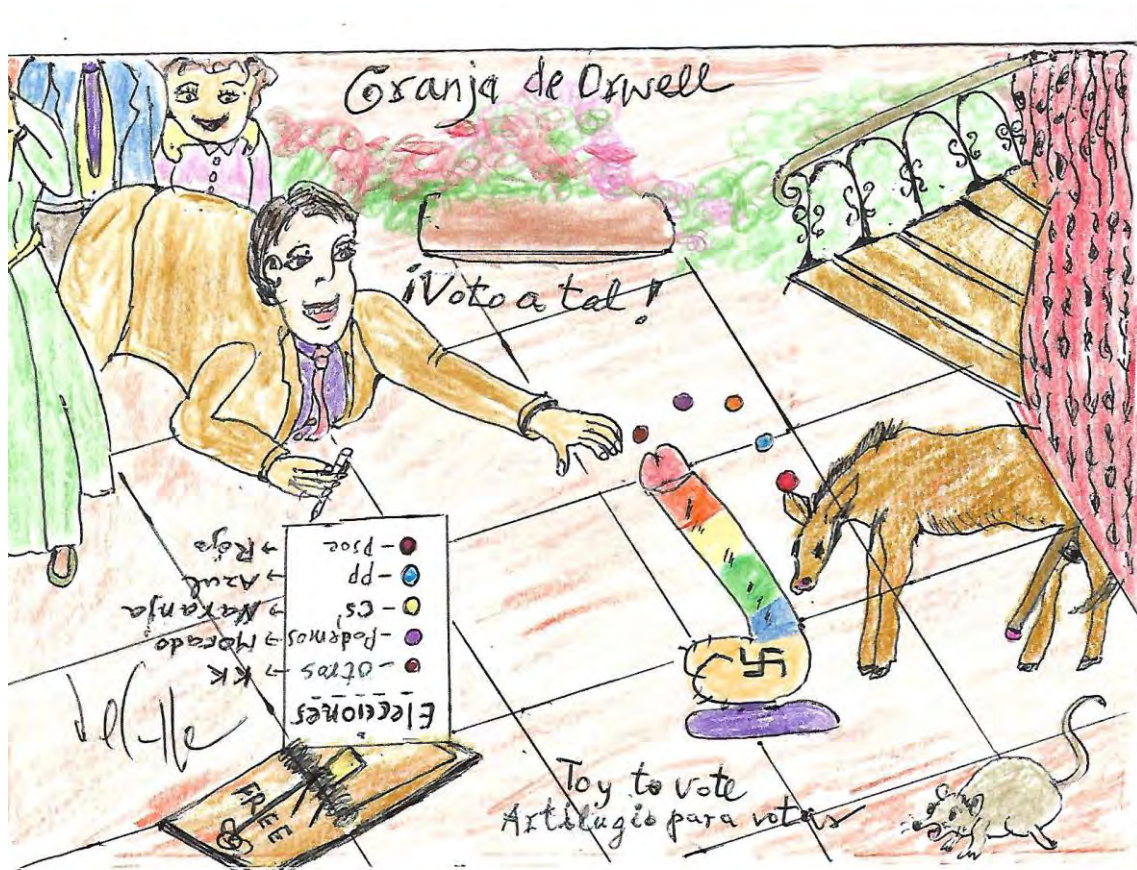


**Spring is here  
You should visit this place  
Exhausted hard land.**

**Mantra the traffic  
Into a circle of Death  
Driving a quiet car.**

**Nothing but be born.  
Hear the light of Vulva.  
Birth and be content;**

**57. FIVE POEMS**



## 58. WITH GEORGE ORWELL IN HIS FARM

Known the day of general elections

That to any astrologer

**It would have dared  
Coinciding with the "holy week"  
To my Ass "Calambre"  
To whom I have in Orwell's farm  
Noticed him find a great void  
In the manger  
And a dilemma in his thought:  
Thinking about choosing going to vote  
Pacing the leaves and tips  
From tree branches  
Or leaving in the procession of bouquets  
Full of grace and majesty  
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- "The procession is too long  
And going to vote is worthy  
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Doing, also, the favor of the possible vote  
For the quadrupeds that will govern us  
That men stem for them  
Being the honor and boast so much  
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**Limited to the asses' thinking.**  
**On the other hand, convenient and fair**  
**To be part of the compliment**  
**Of the eternal and sacred rebellion**  
**That is heard in yards and barns**  
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**Being, as they announce**  
**The light, life and path of the mortals.**  
**Although wide is the path**  
**Very small is the field**  
**In which one can lord it over**  
**Well, Man and Hee-Haw**  
**Are as inseparable as Sancho and Rucio**  
**Being almost impossible**  
**Do not listen to the ringing of bells**  
**Announcing the glory saying:**  
**Come, holy fascism, come without delay**  
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**From the ears to the tail**  
**Your physique and your moral**  
**Patenting the Asses' beautiful qualities**  
**The honors and glories**  
**With whom together**  
**They will come to reign over us.**



## 59. TWO TRANS ON SATURDAYS

In the middle of a farm in Valsaín, Segovia, very close to Boca del Asno, there is a high plateau ready for dances, parties and feasts.

**To me, to this one, a friend has invited me, Miguel de Vergas, who is a builder, but who only knows how to make the foundations, who, in turn, has been invited by the owners, gentlemen of Morón, for the great provision that It brings you everything.**

**The attractive thing to see is that two transvestites friends of my friend have been invited, who come every Saturday, and I would like to see them and know what they know.**

**Once I was well sucked, I fell into the arms of one in the Calle de la Ballesta in Madrid and, when I asked him where I put it, I fell asleep, waking up in the middle of the night a gory lady who looked like a jar to me, who ordered me:**

**- Go fuck yourself!**

**Angry I had to leave and, in another bar next door, I entered. A young lady told me that by rushing me I would have to invite her to a cubata. What I did complacent.**

**We are already in the middle of the party with the music of an organ grinder as before. The two transvestites are dancing tightly, as if they were throwing a saddle with music. His thumbs come out from behind their asses with a bathtub artichoke at the tip of the cocoon, which does not stop urinating yellowish as donkeys.**

**Little red and yellow flowers, loose and feast, and the same grass of the lawn, they let themselves wet happily.**

**A young waitress, with a gold label and stitched on the left side of her white blouse, above the tit, who said: Gervaise, not very graceful, addressed the audience, saying:**

**- Learn from them. That dance and wet take. Take advantage of the occasion because the gentlemen are about to arrive, and they always come quickly and without time.**





## **60. THE VOICE OF GALICIA**

**Again, a wild "Kaffir"**

**For an alcoholized Hee-Ass**

**Lost his reason, if he ever had it.**

**He hit and insulted several women**

**In Sanxenxo, from the province of Pontevedra**

**In Galicia, "witch and sorceress".**

**All this, because he insulted them**

**Calling them "whores"**

**Hee- aasing:**

**That "reeked of blood of rule"**

**He rejoiced in very master asnal phrases**

**Until vociferating that:  
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Out and perverse  
Andalusians them  
That forced a woman to do a Gang Bang to the beast  
A young Madrid woman  
Frightened and helpless  
In Pamplona, on one of their holidays  
By Saint Fermin of Amiens  
Famous because  
In his pamplonica bullring  
Even the mulillas assing  
Forcing them to eat their dicks  
One of them forcing her to say Pamplona  
With his cock inside his mouth).  
What fucking Asses;  
They and this rebellious man of Sanxenxo  
Walking in pink.  
This affirms it as a fact  
Sanxenxiano's  
Well, he told the damaged women  
After calling them "whores"  
The evil is that  
"They reeked of rule blood"  
Not knowing and ignoring these miserables**

**As Jumentos (Asses) they are  
That of this rule blood  
And the entanglements of Love  
They were born.  
Poor of their mother  
Who did the prowess of giving birth to this portent:  
A formidable monster;**





The Virgin of the Cave, Hontangas (Burgos) (Isa's Pic. De Culla and his car is in the pic)

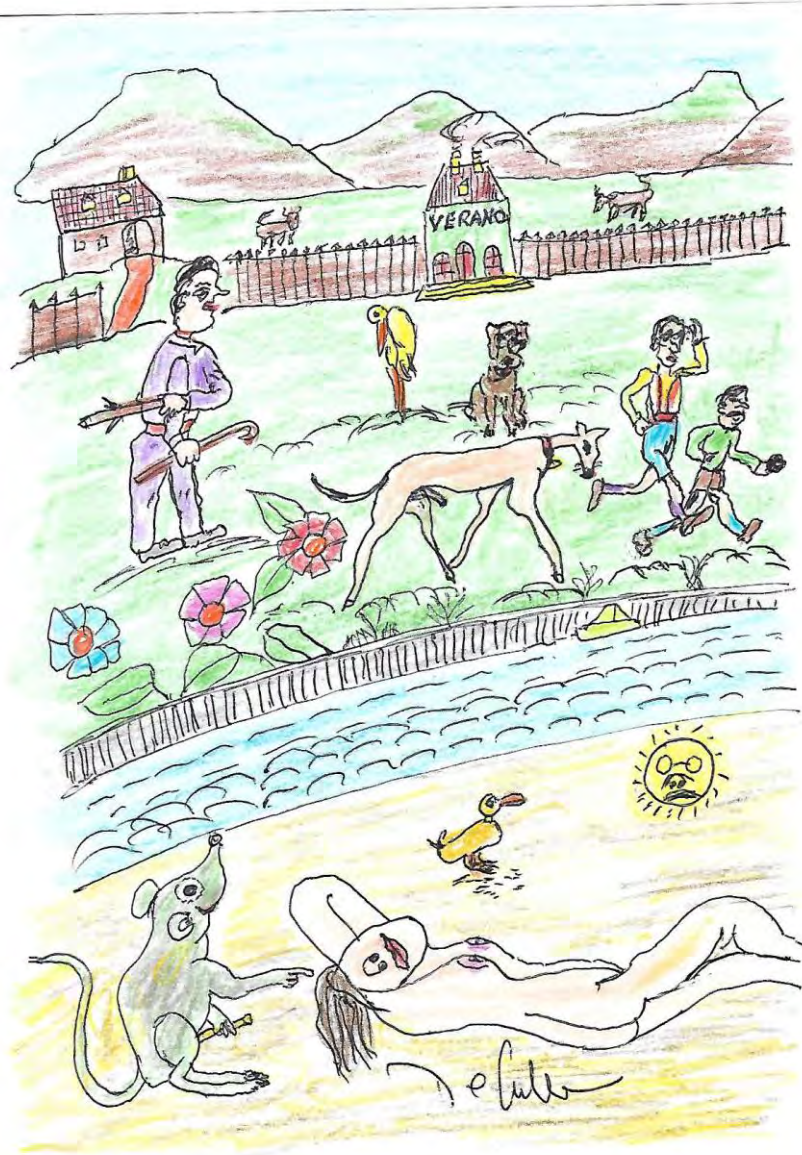
## 61. ALL THAT'S GONE

All that's gone

**Before behind the middle of the end**

**Is on the same line**

**& my sleep is like a Stone.**



## 62. THE SUN HAS ITS DIAMOND TIDE

The Sun has its diamond tide  
It spreads over my place on the beach  
Of San Vicente de la Barquera  
But sand has a pretty flaw:  
My niece Pilina is here;  
Now she is moving so slowly  
As a fragile arc in the Sandy places  
So I spend a lot of time  
Just looking at her body  
Waves covering me all.

This Cantabrian Sea has many words  
Sprouting all around  
And I cannot hear a rest of silence  
To contemplate the purple flower  
That reminds me of the sea.

The Sun has its diamond tide  
It comes down the Venus' mountain  
Reaching the morning of my heart:  
Here at the bottom of my nice  
I'll find radiance, quiet and delight  
But I have trouble  
Seeing what there is to see about her.

The Sun has its diamond tide  
But no now  
There is a rarified atmosphere  
That fills the dark clouds



**Up the last angled slopes of mountain.  
Rain is coming, rain is coming  
And my niece runs wild  
With a tender tide pouring raing  
Back and forth  
Opening myself unto her  
Seeing what She is about me.  
Her lips are drawn  
Her kindness is all lost  
An her body is beyond the pale.  
When the Sun has been lying on the sand  
She eating my words of Love  
Beside her.  
The Sun has its diamnd tide again  
Ist a tender tide  
That moves me within.  
It is the tide of my nice  
Sit and dreaming  
On the floor of the Rainbow;**



### 63. GILI GONZALEZ

I was going with my friend Gil Gonzalez, a bounced priest, as he said to himself : "A bounced priest, but not a pedophile", who left the seminary because he was in love with a young parishioner who

confessed to him one day: "My faith, father, no longer calls "; walking to the Centre of Day (community centre) , always he commenting on the stars, satellites and comets, giving airs, because he was too clever looking at the sky, until, in a moment, talking and walking, stepped on a dog poop that did not see on the floor, me telling him:

-Gil Gonzalez, much to know about Heaven and little to know about the floor.

**64. GODS? O MY LYING GODDESS  
FUCKERCOCK SUCKER PIG BASTARDS ;**

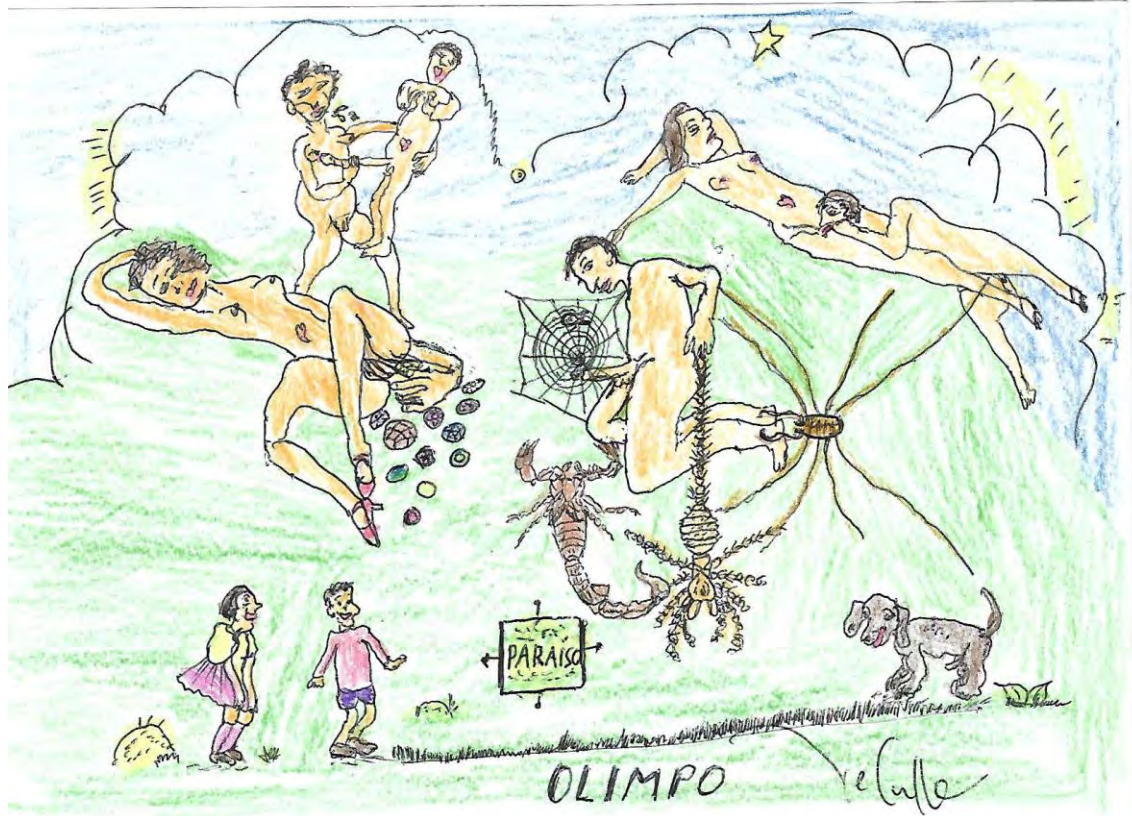
**-MY WHORE GODDESSES ;**

**DIEUX? O MA DEESSE MENTEUSE  
VENTOUSE DE COCHONS BATARDS.**

**MA PUTE DEESSE ;**

**© DANIEL DE CULLA**



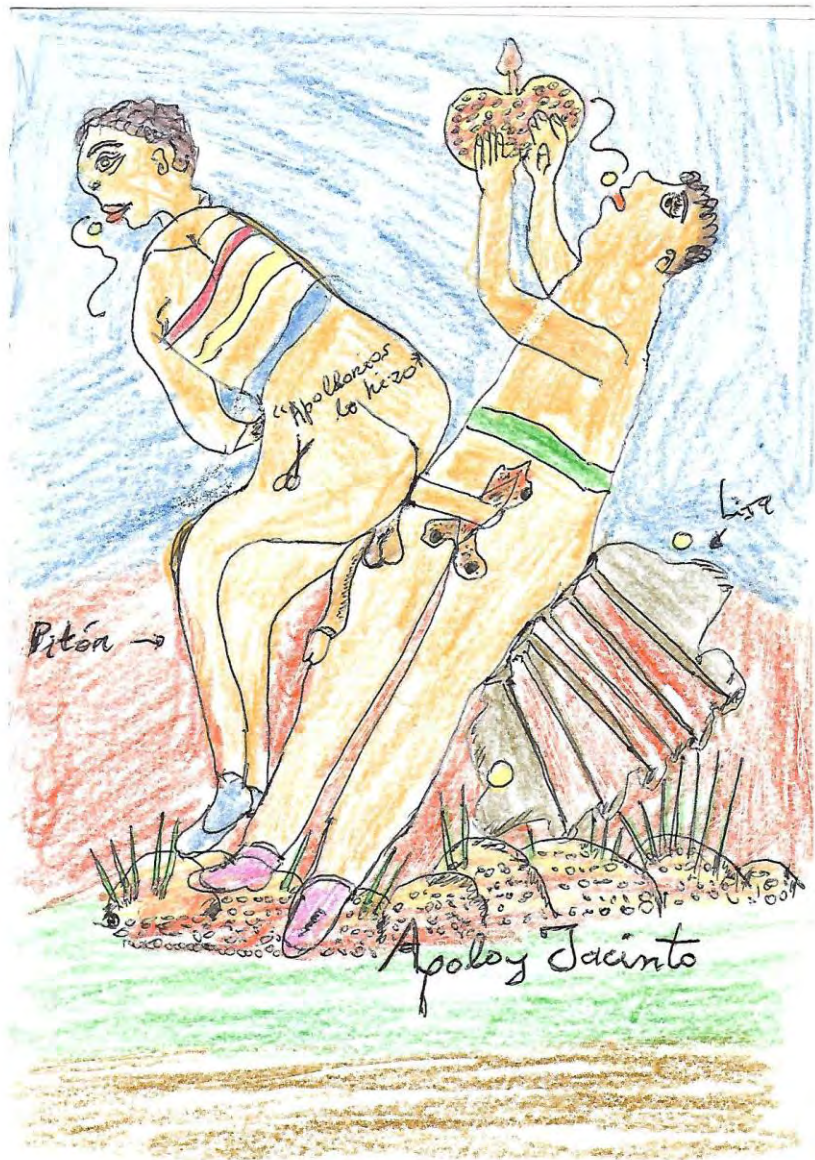


OLIMPO *reLute*

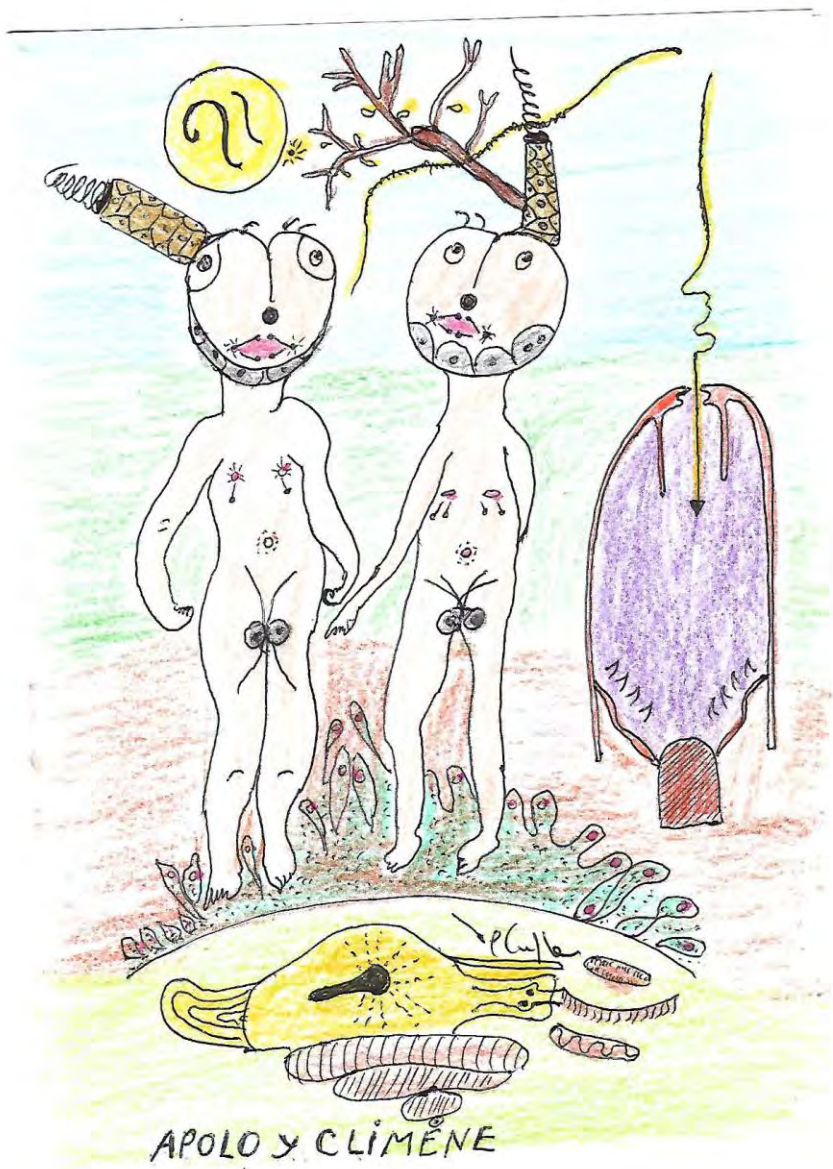


Andr6meda y Perseo.

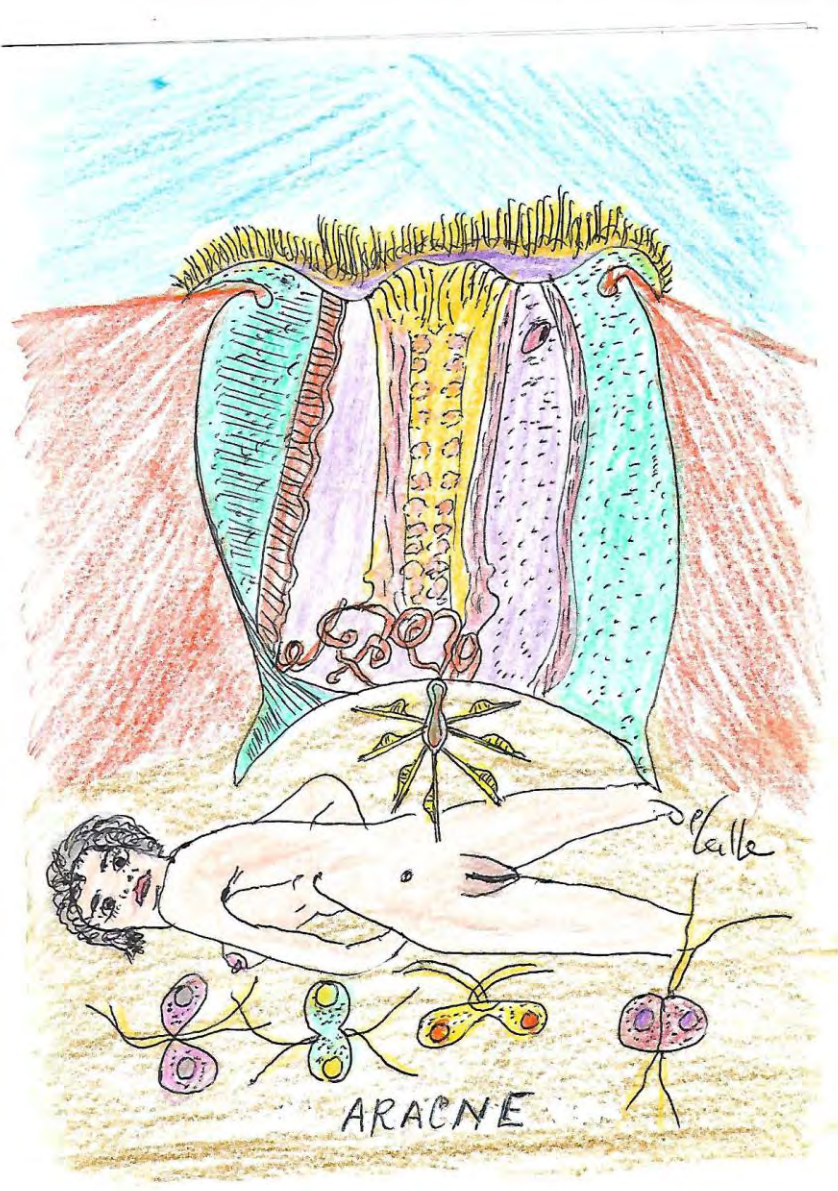








APOLO Y CLIMÉNE





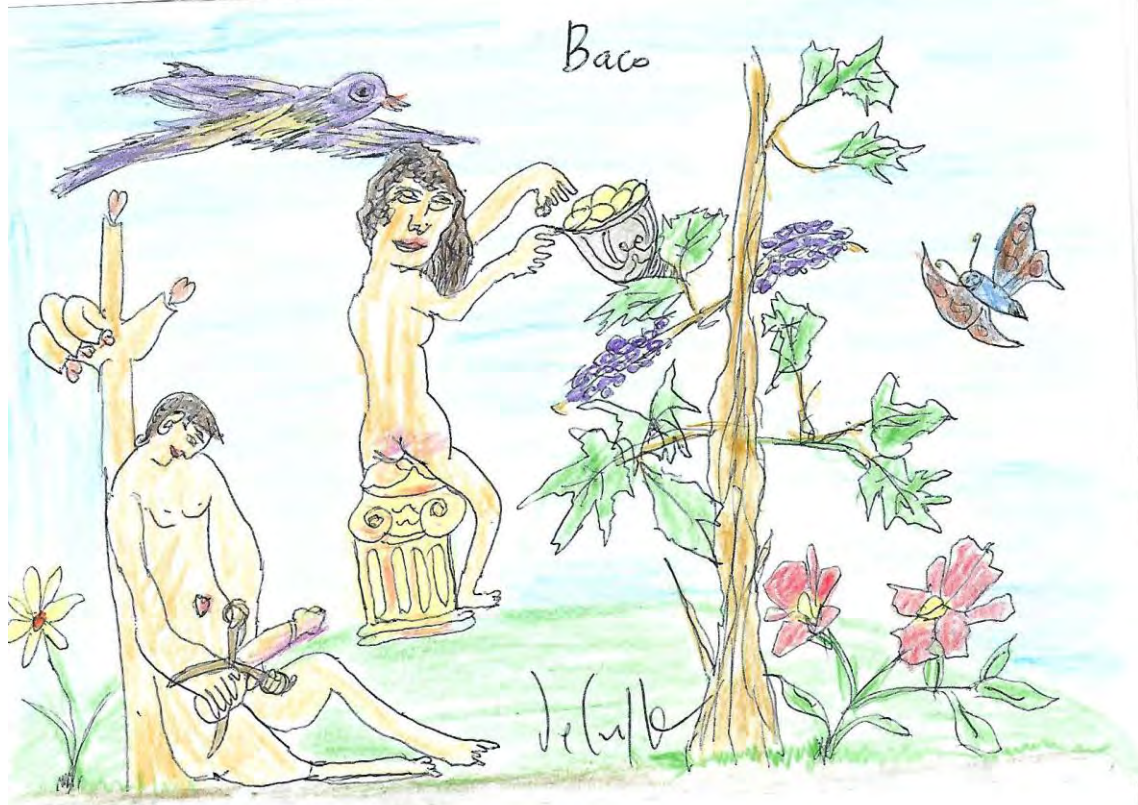


Ares y Aphrodita

de [signature]











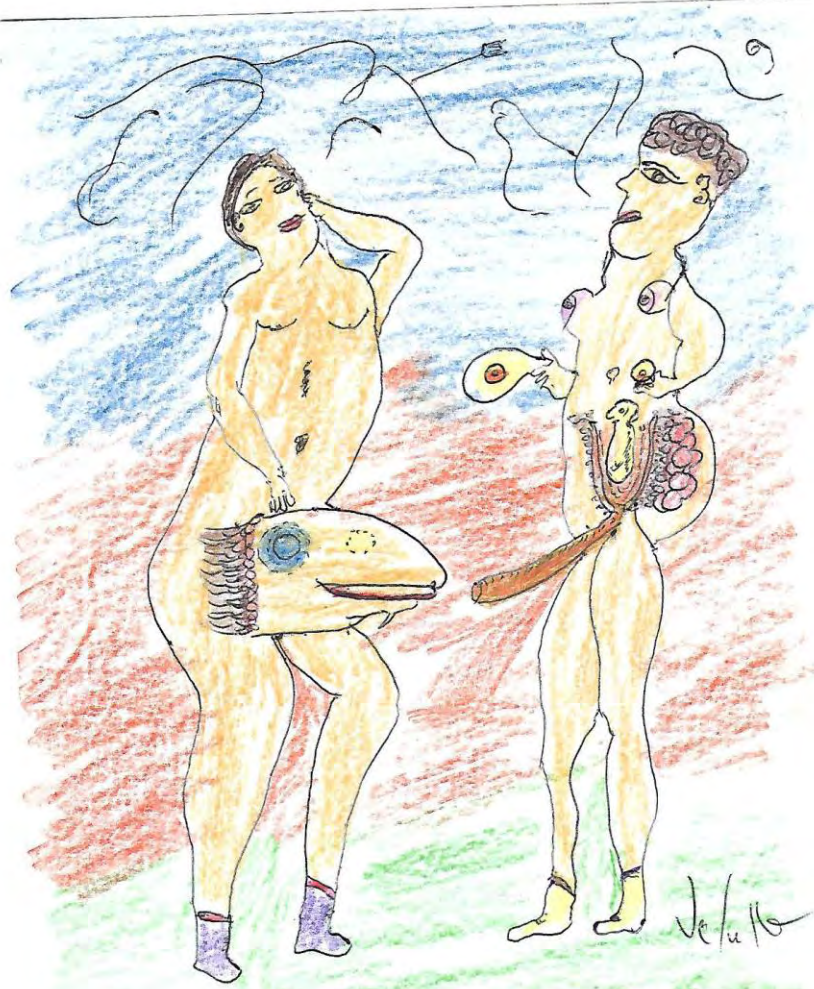
Quien  
hace un  
cesto,  
hace ciento,  
como en  
Sodoma  
el incerto,

Estatua  
de Sal

Belial y Edith

V. K. / 10





Diana y Orión



Diana en  
Fontainebleau.

se corre  
hasta por las  
paredes.

Qué pena  
de pene!

ulb









*Edipo y Yocasta, su madre*

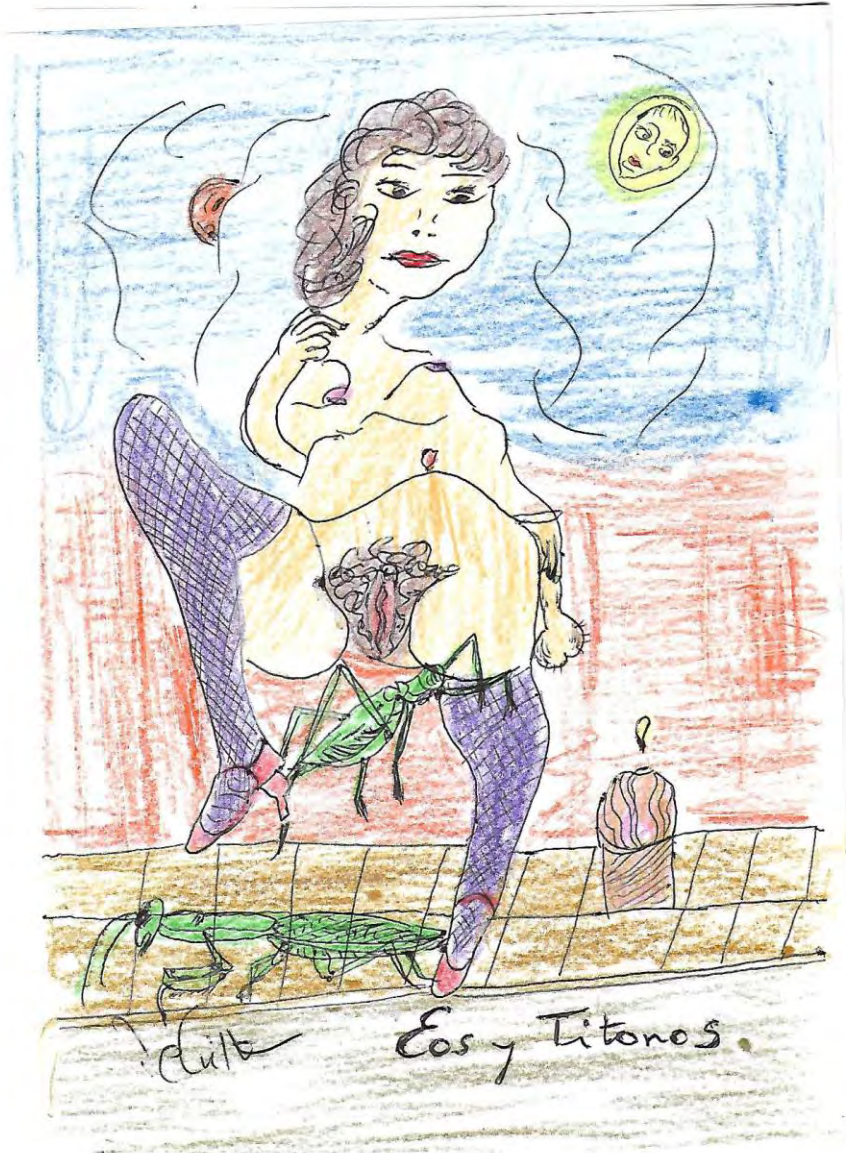




El penos,  
Compañero de  
Ulises

de Culo





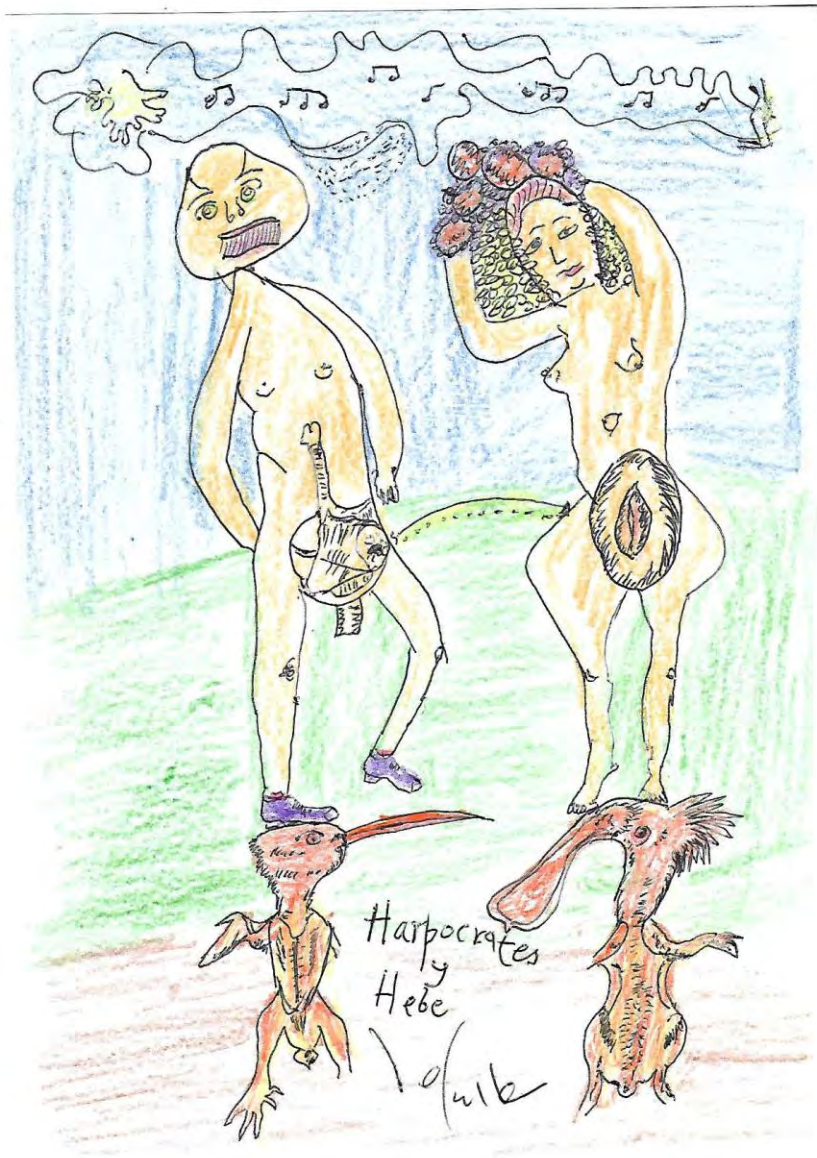


EUROPA



La Fortuna y el Destino







deluxe

Hécuba y Paris

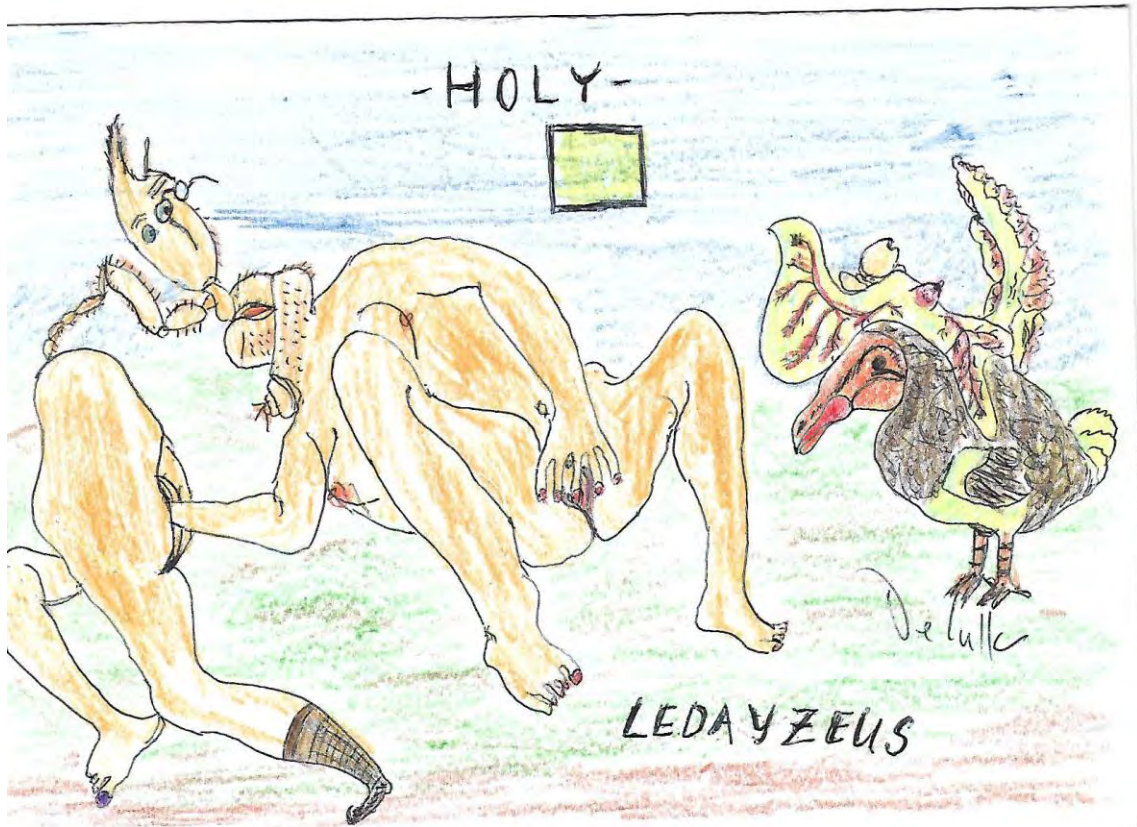


HERA

















Ninja, Vagina dentada

ONAN :





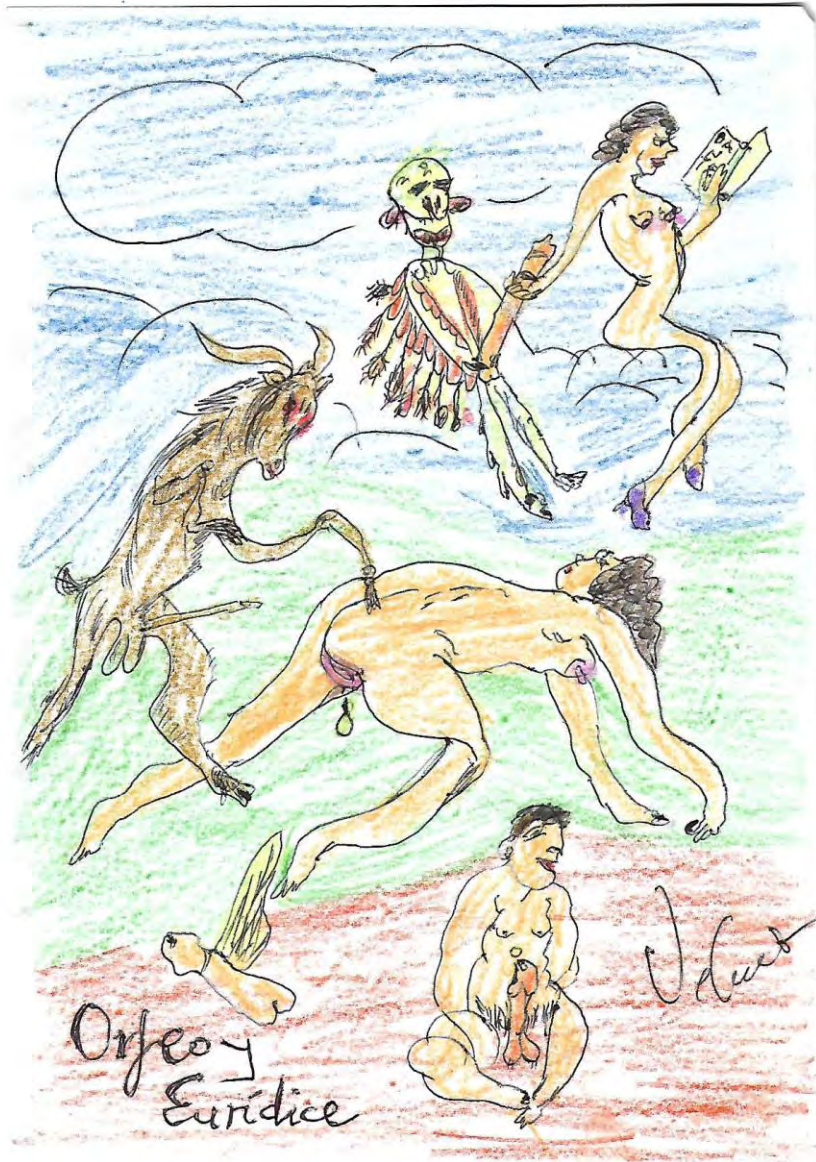


Onán

Pichón

*[Signature]*

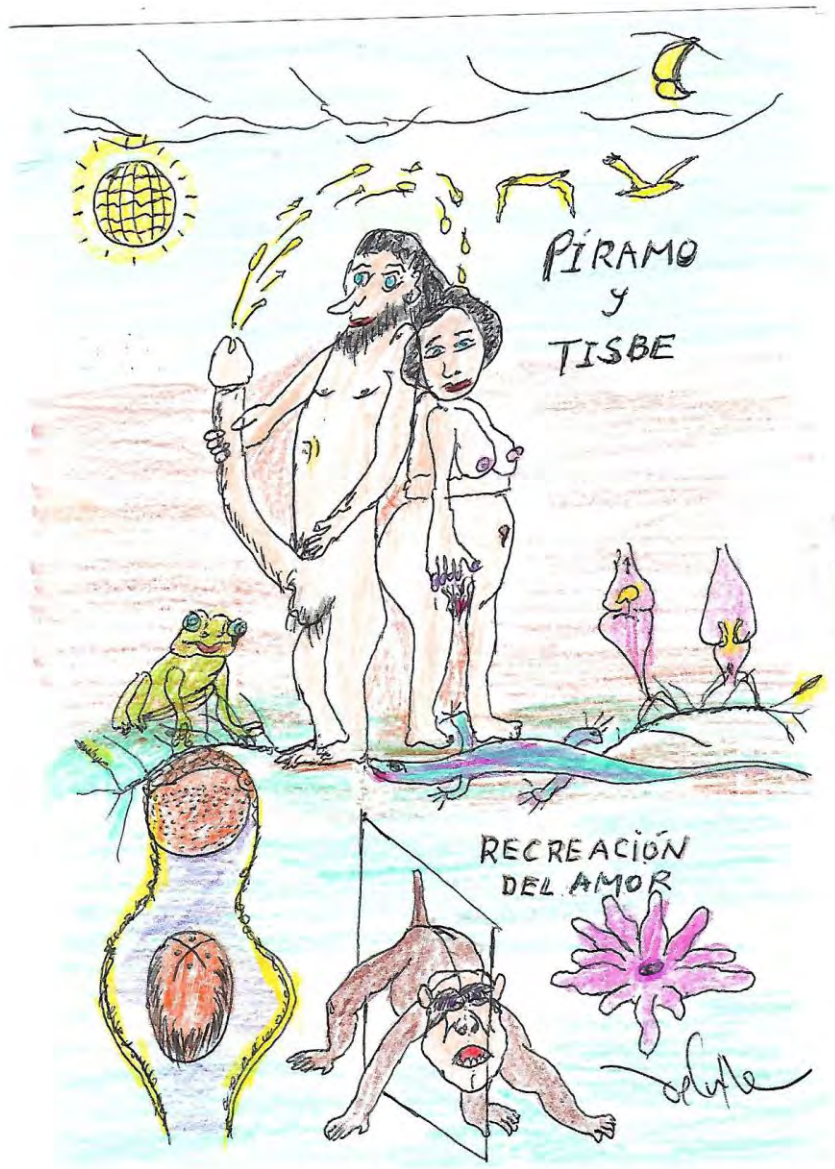




Orpheus  
Eurydice







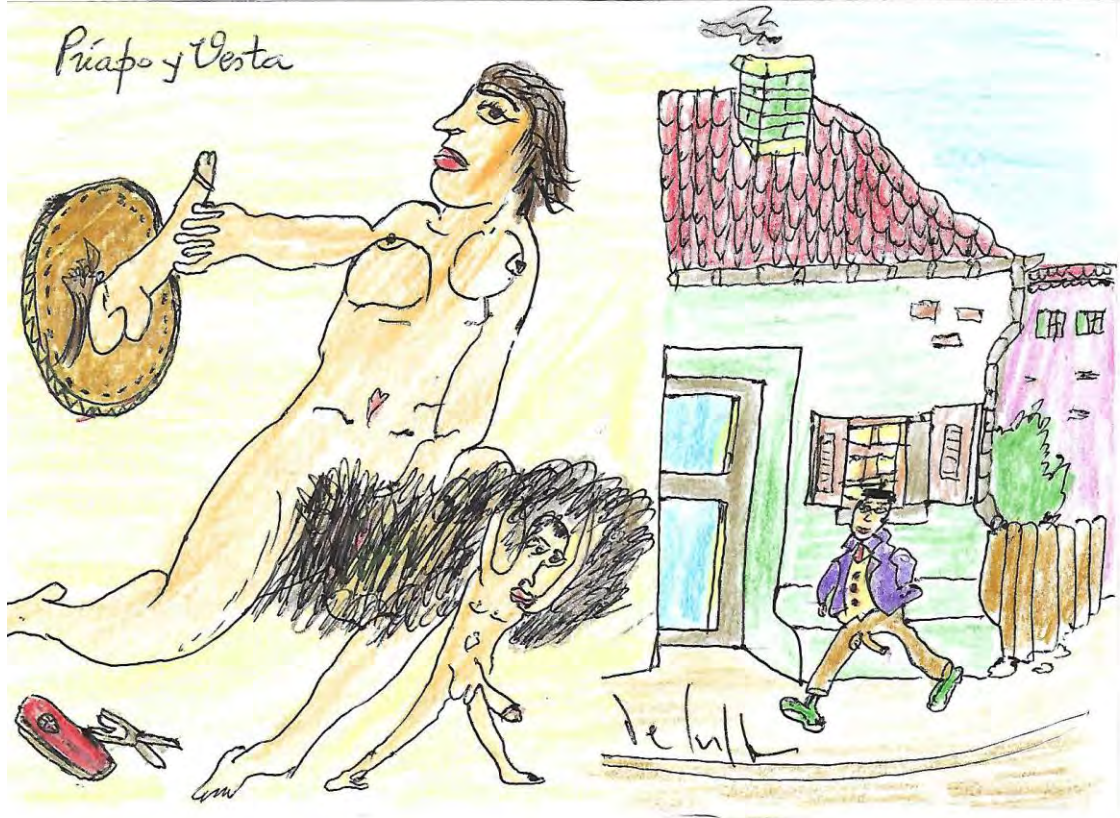
PIRAMO  
y  
TISBE

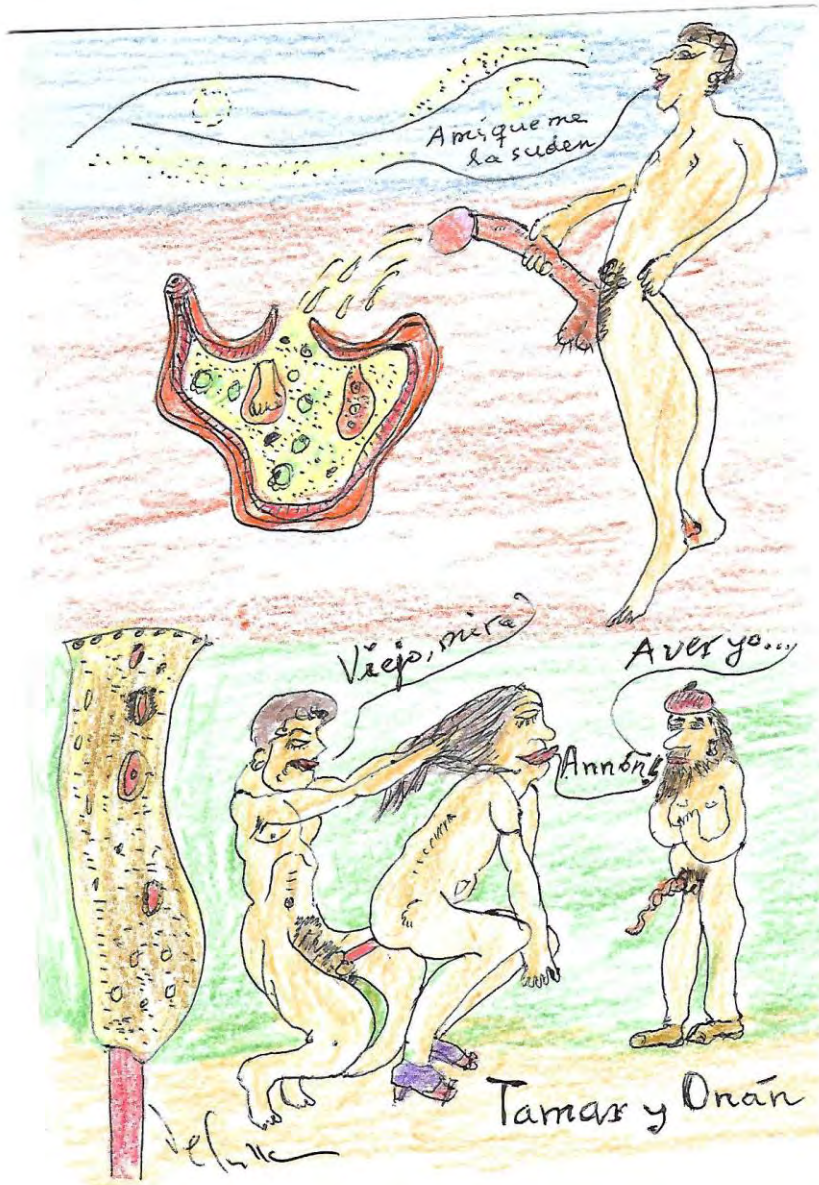
RECREACIÓN  
DEL AMOR

edyle



Piapo y Vesta





Ami que me la suden

Vájeo, mira

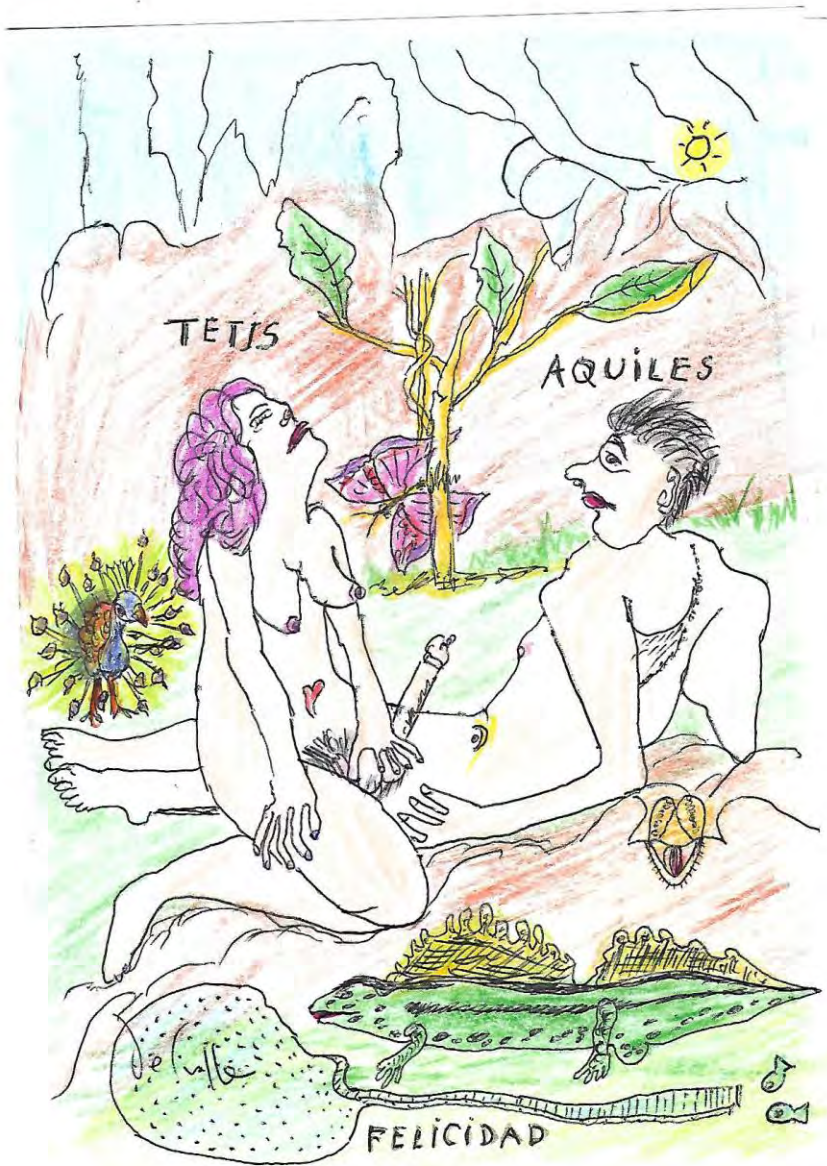
Aver yo...

Anón

Tamar y Onán

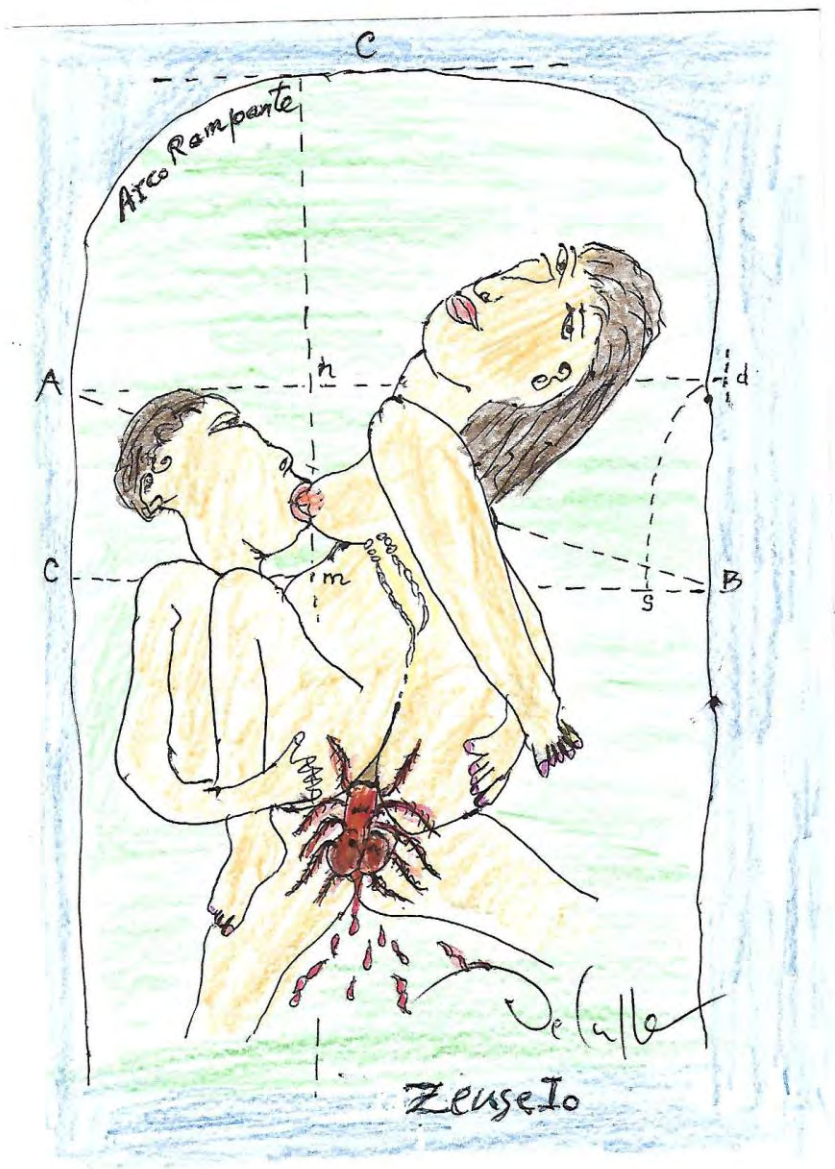
V. Calle







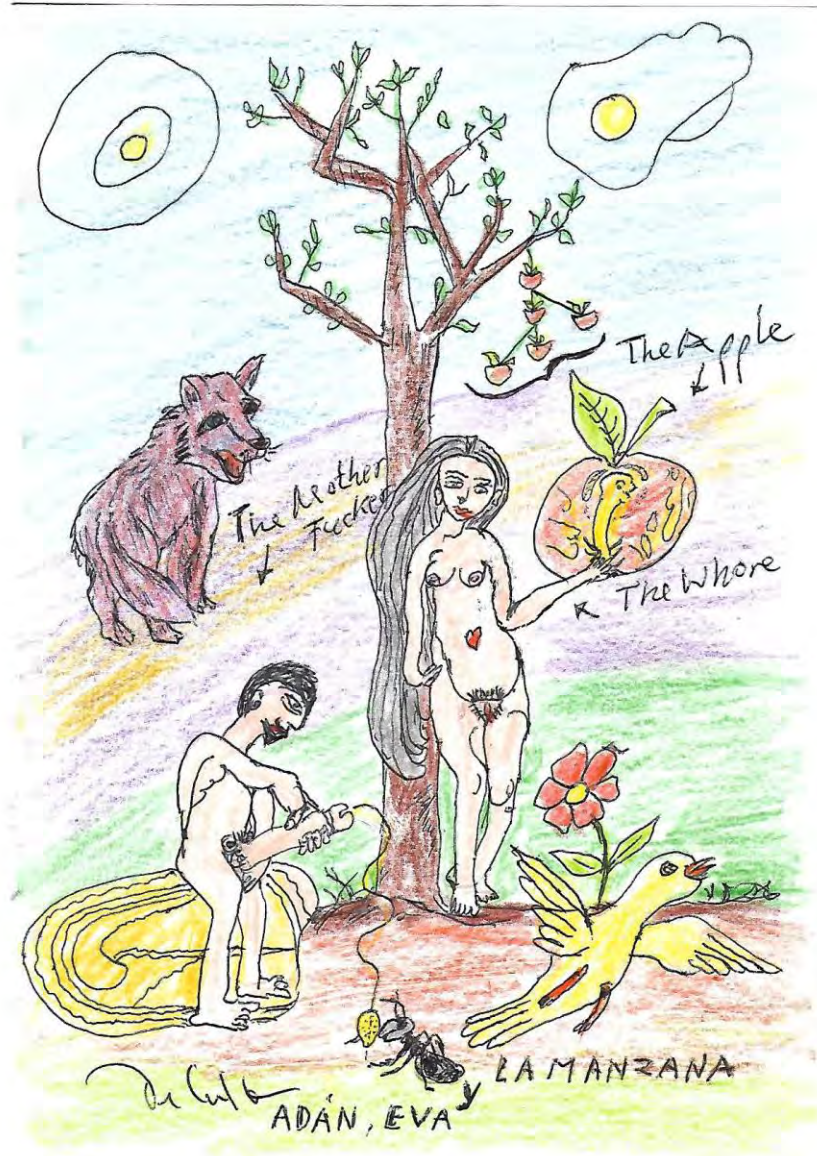


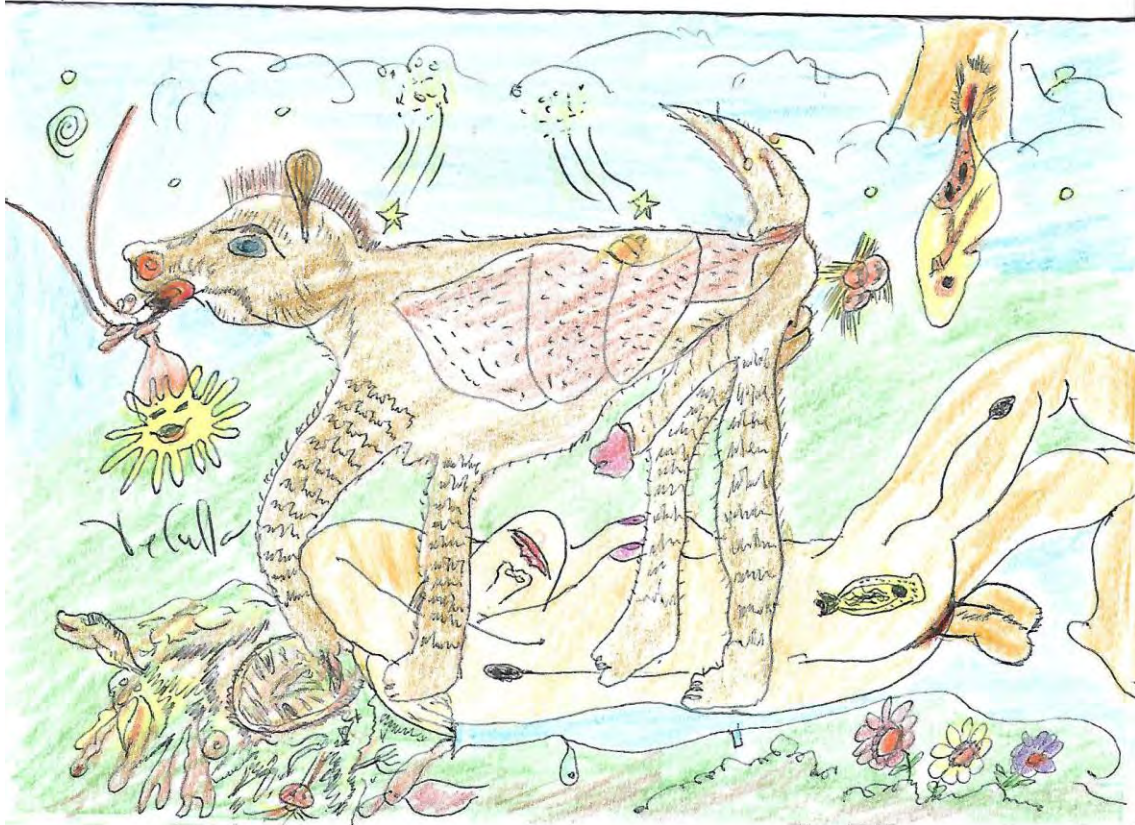












**EN UN JARDIN PERRUNO**

**65- IN A DOG' GARDEN**

**HAIKU**



**Después de gorda  
La veré más bien roja  
¡Sin saber cuándo;**

**After getting fat  
I will see it rather red  
Without knowing when;**



**(The Culla's Pic)**

**66. HERE WE' RE COMING WITH WORMS  
GO TO AND FRO, PALS**

**This saying came from my friend Zalito  
To fishermen who had cast their reeds  
Before us**



**In the waters of the Arlanzón dam  
In Burgos  
Thinking that the trouts would sting  
In our reeds  
Where nobody saw them  
After walking half a league  
And hurting my head.  
-Lead down the voice, friend, he said  
That some very large trouts are approaching  
And you can scare them away.  
Yes, a large trout  
It seemed to take the bait  
But what it did was take out his beak  
Out of the water to breathe  
Laughing at us  
And at our earthworms.  
- It's impossible! Zalito exclaimed  
If worms are the best delicacy  
For trouts  
As are worms from the children's ass  
To the pedophile priests' mouth;  
Seeing my friend that trouts not sting  
We left the place  
Coming back to home  
Not without first eating in Pineda de la Sierra  
Passed more than five hours.  
I came back with a lot of grief**

**Because I lost in the swamp waters  
The hook, the thread and the cane.  
Fortunately, Zalito is a good man  
And penalized me only  
With take him on my shoulders  
On the way to Pineda de la Sierra  
Leaving the car at the entrance of dam  
Right in the same place  
Where we had left it before.  
Walking, he told me:  
-You're lucky, friend  
You are going to be the foal  
That neighs in this saw.**

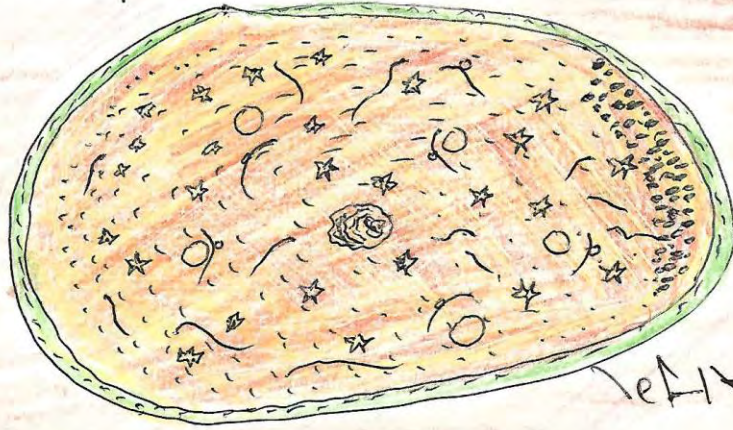


**(The Culla's Pic)**

**67. IN FREEDOM AND LOVE (Five draws)**



Sopa con gusanos en libertad  
Soup with worms in freedom



Representación de un plato de sopa  
con estrellas y sus planetas.

Rabbit in a box  
of Condoms

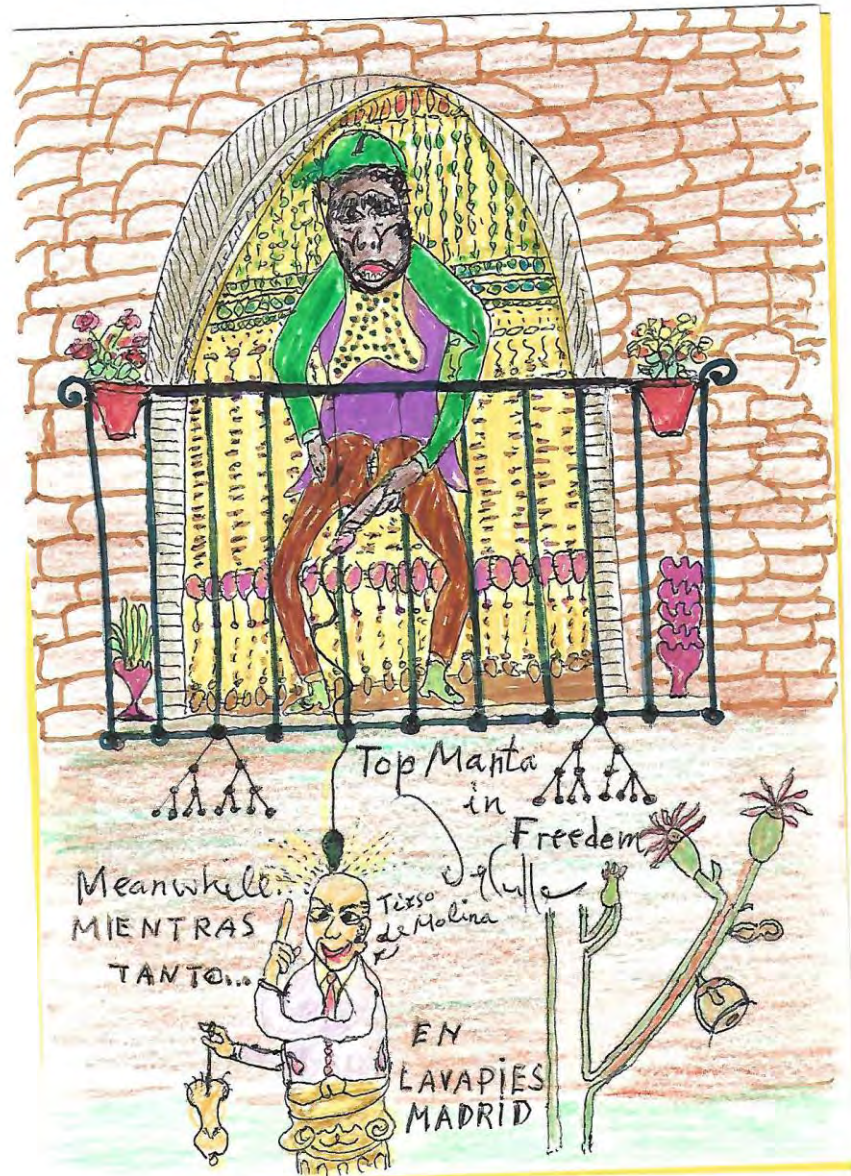
Conejo en una  
Caja de Condones



Zero for Conduct:  
"making their way into the love,  
into Freedom"







## 68. TARDAJOS' CODFISH

IT HAS TO BE A VERY FUCKING BOOK

**“BACALAO DE TARDAJO**

**Hay que enterarse del titulo como sea...**

**TIENE QUE SER  
UN LIBRO COJONUDO...**



**S”,**

**Daniel de Cullá**

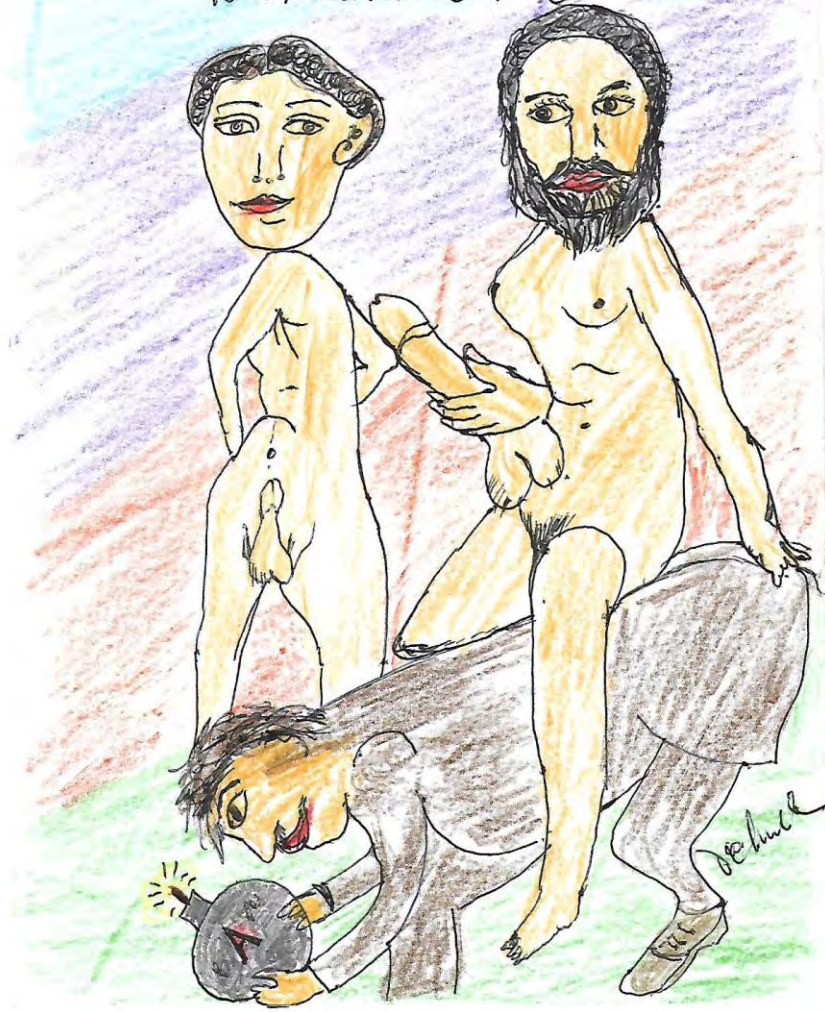
**It has to be a Fucking Book...**

**We must to know the title as it is....**

**Daniel de Culla’s “COD FISH OF  
TARDAJOS”**



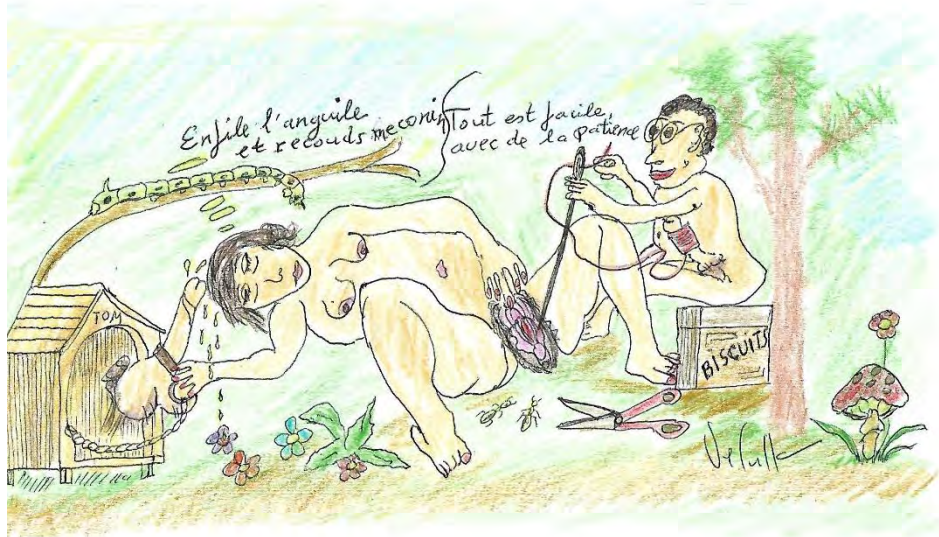
Bakunina Necheev

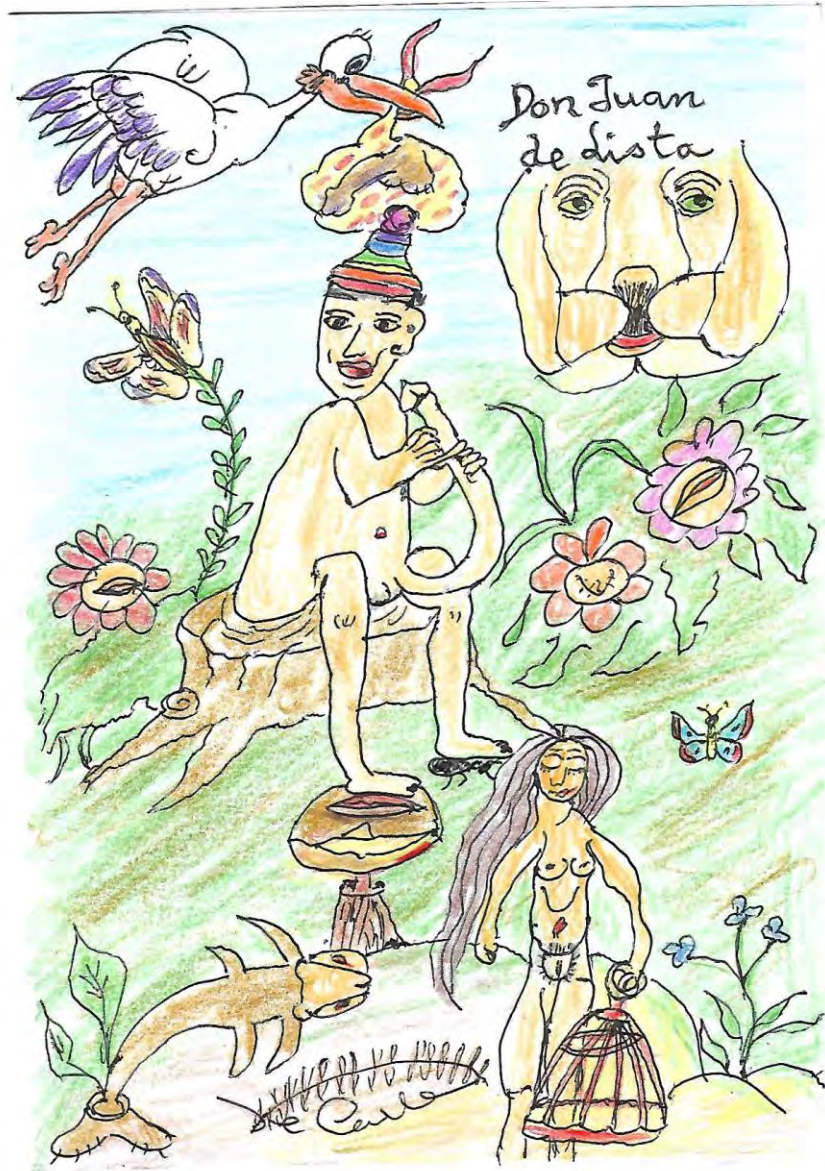




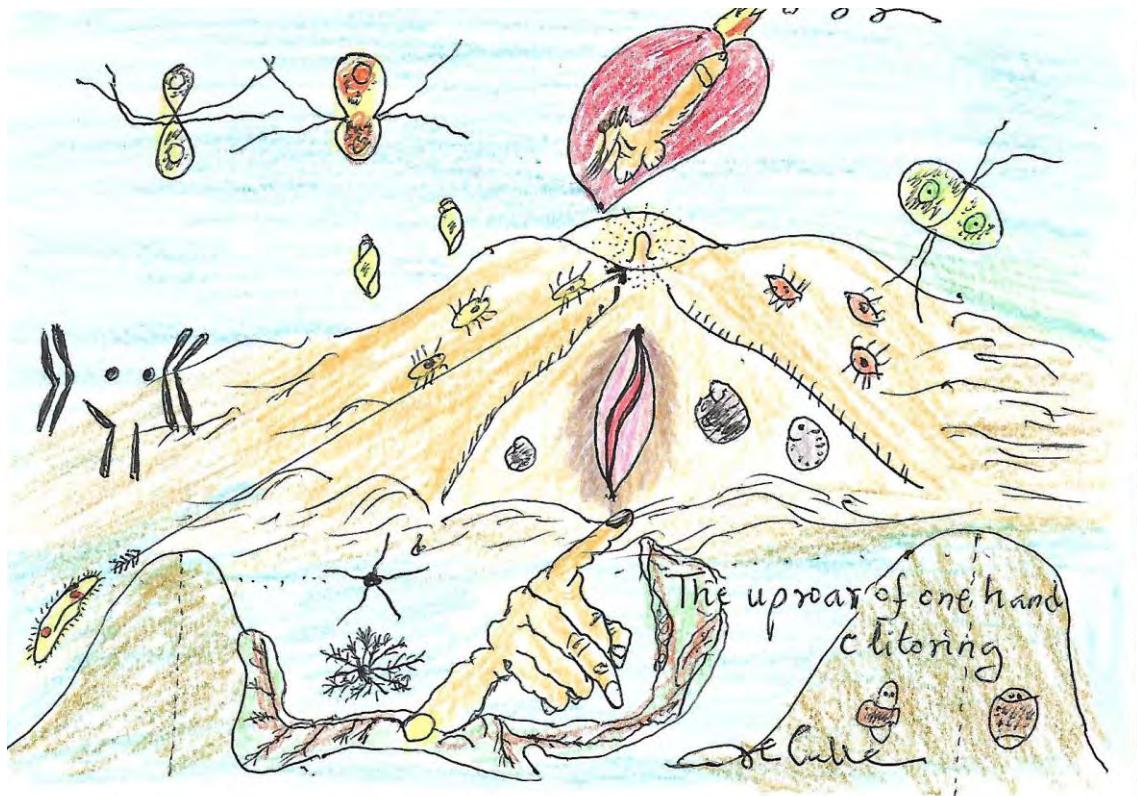
# Sewing a Cunt

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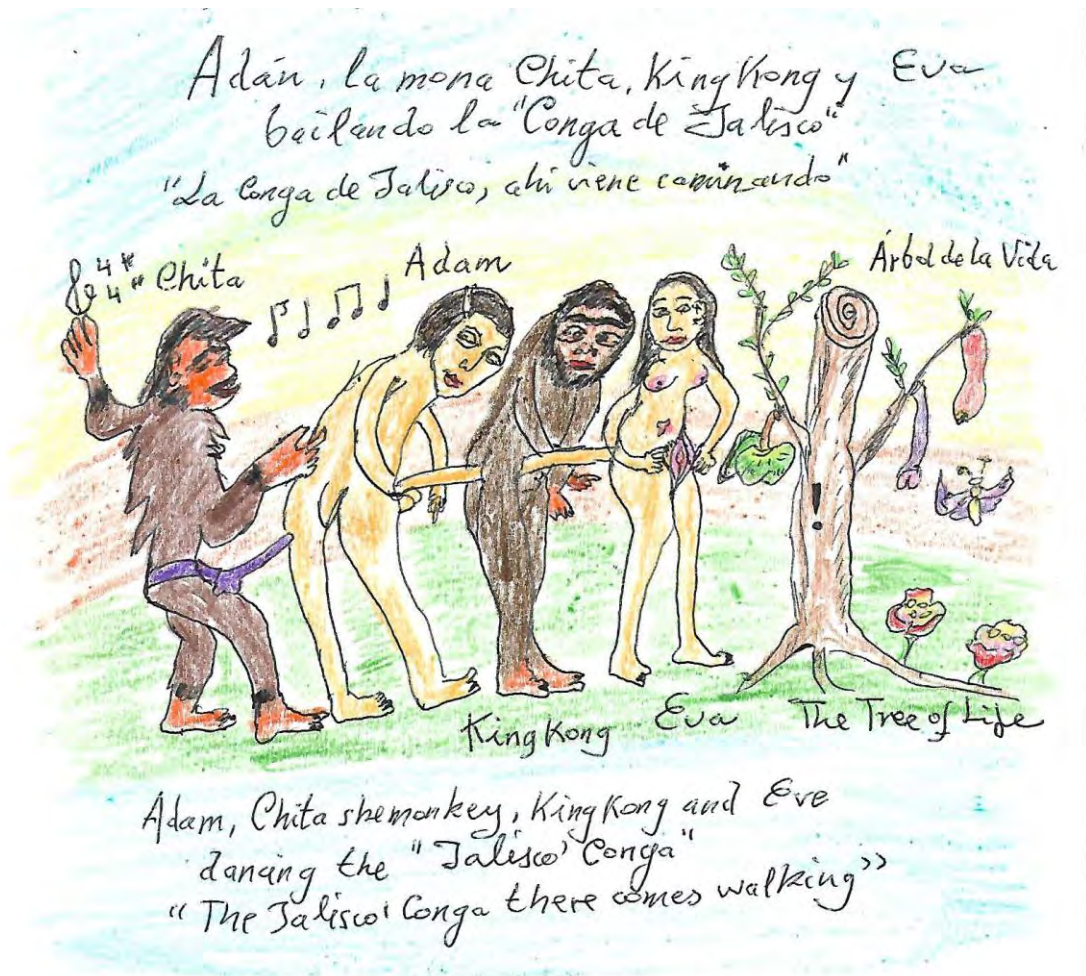


Nature is so

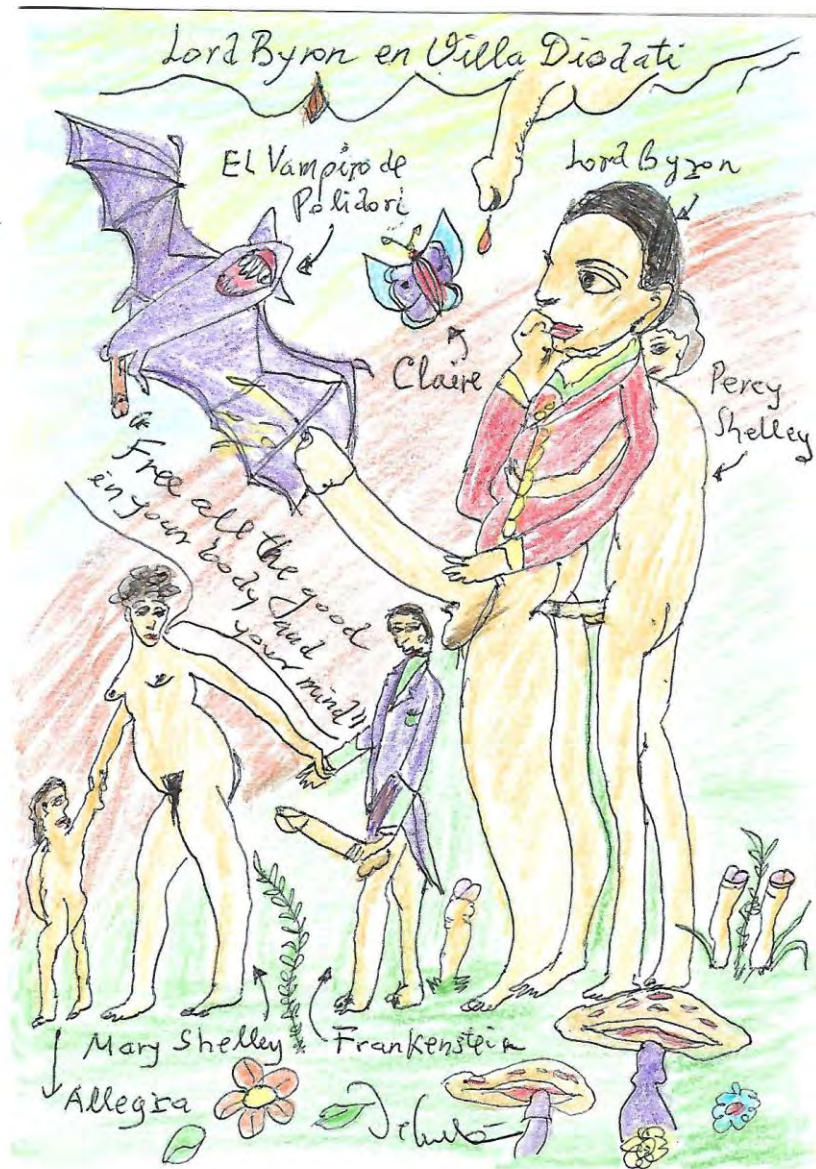




# Edén



## Lord Byron in Diodati Village



## 69. A PICTURE PAINTED WITH THE ASS





**(Foto: Isabelle)**

**IT IS A PICTURE PAINTED WITH THE ASS**

**It's what a smart kid wrote**



**On a sheet of paper given to him by his teacher  
Like so many other guys and girls  
3rd and 4th of ESO  
(COMPULSORY SECONDARY EDUCATION)  
More or less in number of twenty or twenty-five  
Students of the IES Comuneros de Castilla  
To write about their impressions  
About the international exhibition  
From painters and artists  
Visited in the Berruguete Room  
(Alonso González Berruguete  
From Paredes de Nava, Valladolid  
"Transit from the Gothic to the Renaissance")  
Placed in the rear of the Church of Santa Agueda  
Erected on the story of his Jura  
Starring El Cid and King Alfonso VI El Marica (The Gay)  
In the old Jewish quarter  
Street of Ambassadors  
Right next to the cathedral of Burgos  
To your right  
And on your left a dating house.  
Another baby had written something wonderful:  
"This exhibition is similar to dogs  
Coming to piss at the mill  
And marching with its tails between its legs "  
Because the Berruguete Room, which is no longer  
Disappeared for the glory of the Brick**

**It was like a stone mill.**

**To this picture**

**Author had taken advantage of well**

**Exposing it more than three times**

**In national and international exhibitions**

**From the same room**

**With several titles:**

**"Hyperculo Don Quixote", the first**

**Second : "La Caraboba de Sancho"**

**Third: "The Prick of the Flycatcher"**

**Fourth: "El tordo del cura Pacheco"**

**And, in the Fifth: "Ace of Golds"**

**-Oh what picture, what picture!**

**Author exclaimed**

**Without making himself known**

**Before seeing seers that in front of him**

**Curious and meditative**

**Put the picture on.**

**-Oh, what picture, what picture!**

**What they want from him they will say**

**Concluded.**

**Author, one day, eating together with friends**

**That in the ass they did him crap**

**In a restaurant in The Pigeon street**

**Those who truly knew that he painted with his ass**

**For to be a devotee of Paul Klee, surrealist painter**

**Expressionist and abstract**  
**German born in Switzerland**  
**As of Pablo Picasso, Malaga creator of Cubism**  
**Together with Gerges Braque**  
**And of Toulouse Lautrec**  
**French painter and poster designer**  
**Representative of the Parisian nightlife**  
**Who, according to him, were all three painters**  
**What they had painted, occasionally**  
**With his erect Prick**  
**He put his favorite canvas on the table**  
**Making a little bit to put it in a joint**  
**And then send it by ordinary mail**  
**To the Van Gogh Young Art Museum**  
**In Amsterdam, Holland**  
**Because, as he himself told them:**  
**-I send it to this Holland Museum**  
**Because my picture will make its lineage.**  
**- And you do not keep any memory of his making?**  
**Friends asked him**  
**Responding to them:**  
**-Yes, these two unique photos**  
**That I present to you.**  
**One of his friends, a certain Zapata**  
**That knew well of his knowledge and dexterity**  
**In Art and Painting**  
**And that, rather, he wanted him**



**Said it out loud for all to hear:  
-You have once been an Artist  
And you will be here, here and there.**



(Foto: Isabelle)

-Daniel de Culla



**70. IT IS BETTER BIRD IN HAND  
THAT VULTURE IN THE WIND**

**Yin:**

**-Only together do we exist.**

**-Only together do we will form a whole.**

**-Who am I?**

**A bee trapped in between curtain and glass?**

**A fence with thirty crows standing on thirty holes?**

**A mountain with a Bison scar?**

**A humming bird standing still on a magic saddle?**

**The quietness of an afternom storm?**

**The sensation of the sprouting of some horns?**

**Yang:**

**-Life and death; Man and Woman.**

**Weak and strong; high and low.**

**Happy and sad.**

**Black, White; all colors and words**

**All feelings; all space**

**As The Great Blafigria says.**

**It was called between Yin and Yang**

**Embraced in a dream of poultry**

**In which, when they woke up**

**Yin told Yang:**

**-It is better to have the bird in your hand**

**That let it go to your vulture**

**And walking fucking**



**That it is a powerful bird**

**A “guru” for awhile**

**And can kill my bird.**

**Yang answering:**

**-Well, fuck yourself, nice.**

**Yin let go of Yang**

**Remorseful and crestfallen, singing:**

**"My bird went to your sea**

**Clam went to look for it. "**

**Many seeds fell from Yin and Yang’s hands**

**Many grew and many died**

**Dancing and singing**

**With the Sun and the Wind.**



**(Mine’s pîc in Tudanca de Ebro, Burgos, Spain)**

## **71. MINE'S GODS AND MONSTERS**

**André Gide left us saying: "we all carry a pocket god", and I add: "and monsters in the capirote; head".**

**There are gods and monsters of first category and second category, sung and worshiped at will, or hated, who created the stories, the proverb, and the anecdote in any way.**

**Sometimes, many, extolled in battles and wars; others, imposed by crime and the bonfire. Gods and monsters, all of them who want our spirit caged and our bodies, no doubt, in the Buttercup Position (ranunculus position), or missionary position (missionary position); always waiting for a paradise of happiness "absolutely zonked" (absolutely blowjobs), and controlled by their guardians: angels, archangels, demons, inquisitors, repressive forces, which more and with more bad milk.**

**Classification of Gods and Monsters at the same time:**

**The Apostle Sri Svadasti, sang: "There is Serenity in Chaos. Seek ye the Eye of the Hurricane (There is Serenity in Chaos. Look for the Eye of the Hurricane).**

**Among these gods and monsters, first and second category, (if they are recited infinitely, the first will be the last, and the last the first), we can quote St. Hung Mung, wise of ancient China, inventor of the sacred Chaos ; St. Mo-jo, charming spirit; St. Zaratud, Friedrich Nietzsche; St. Elder Mal, spirit that refreshes the experience; St. Gullik, messenger of the Goddess Esoteric Eris, pictured as a cockroach; St. Yossarian: clarity and confusion are in him; St. Quixote (Don Quixote, Cervantes); St. Bokonon (Kurt Vonnegut), abou of a fictitious religion practiced by many of the characters in his novel Cat's Cradle (Cat's Cradle, science fiction novel.) Many of the sacred texts of bokononism were written in the form of calipsos (style of Afro Caribbean music).**

**Among the most deadly, following the slogan of Norton Cabal, S.F. : "Everybody understands Mickey Mouse. Few understand Herman Hesse. Only a hand ful understood Albert Einstein. And nobody understood Emperor Norton, we can quote:**

**Apollo; Appian, worshipers of a Donkey; Apuleyo, who became Donkey; Cambriles, the famous Capuchin Ass that levitated and saw God; Bufon, who sang the glories of Donkey like none; Caco, that formidable thief, full of evil and entanglements; like, in a past time, the famous Luis Candelas, worshiped and venerated in Madrid, Spain; the one-eyed Cyclops, loved by children in their stories; Onocentauros with two languages, Onotauros, mestizo animals of the bull and the mare, signs of Lust; Machiavelli; Midas, who was born with Donkey's ears; Priapus; Silenus; Thartac, the god of the Hevees, with the head of Ass; Tyrant, one of the most procreative of the World. They say that he was born, in Prehistoric times, in Tirano, the Italian town and commune of the province of Sondrio, in the Lombardy region, on the border with Switzerland, who fathered Hitler, Mussolini, Franco, and many others who rule the destiny in the world of the imbeciles and fools blessed under the canopy, worshipers and benefactors, blessed they, of the Balam' She-Ass, and of Borak, Muhammad' She-Ass.**

**Me, to believe, I am with Esoteric Eris, goddess of Discord and Confusion. There is no one;**

**Anecdote:**

**At the gates of the Poetry Society, 22 Betterton Street, London, England, someone gave me a flyer with this teaching:**

**"Much to know about Heaven and its gods; about the Earth and its monsters; but little to know about the soil, because you have not seen that dog poop that you have stepped on ".**





## 72. MY PARENTS ARE IN ANOTHER GALAXY

My parents died

And I know they are in another Galaxy.

**No matter how many laps you give the coconut**

**I always see them, me looking at the sky**

**Through the clouds doing sex.**

**Daniel came from the fratricidal war**

**And flying wanting to make children**

**Although Daniela was tired.**

**Even in Guadarrama, of Madrid**

**If the bullets and projectiles had been silent**

**He set the Sierra for her by bed.**

**There was an urgency to make children**

**For God, the fatherland and the king**

**Even if these were later robbed**

**By nuns and priests**

**To give them to the She Brifadiers.**

**-Tell me mother of your eight daughters**

**And the ninth child**

**Because I would have liked to see the eights**

**In the room you give birth.**

**-You Were happy at birth, mother?**

**-You can figure, my son:**

**Pain, a lot of pain**

**Blood, sweat and tears**

**Illusion of seeing them well born, yes**

**And a lot of stress to see Your father**

**Coming back from the war**

**Seeing so many dead brothers**

**And, the most cruel and worst**

**Listen to combatants who commented**  
**And, convinced, they said:**  
**-The General wants his skins**  
**To make a shawl.**  
**From their heads will bluffs**  
**That illuminate the Valley of the Dead.**  
**He will tear gold teeth**  
**To grandparents and grandmothers**  
**Because, it is for the war**  
**And they really need these.**  
**With the nails of the dead**  
**He will make spoons.**  
**With their tails and gossips**  
**They will make fans**  
**For the daughters of the Crusade**  
**To fan themselves when they go to the bulls**  
**Or the national parade.**  
**My father, "for both sex and smoking"**  
**According to medical reasons**  
**He was operated on trachea**  
**And he expired in a cold room**  
**In the house of General Ricardos street**  
**My mother remaining sad and distressed.**  
**My mother died of a stroke**  
**When falling making noise**  
**When she walked from the kitchen**  
**To the sewing room.**



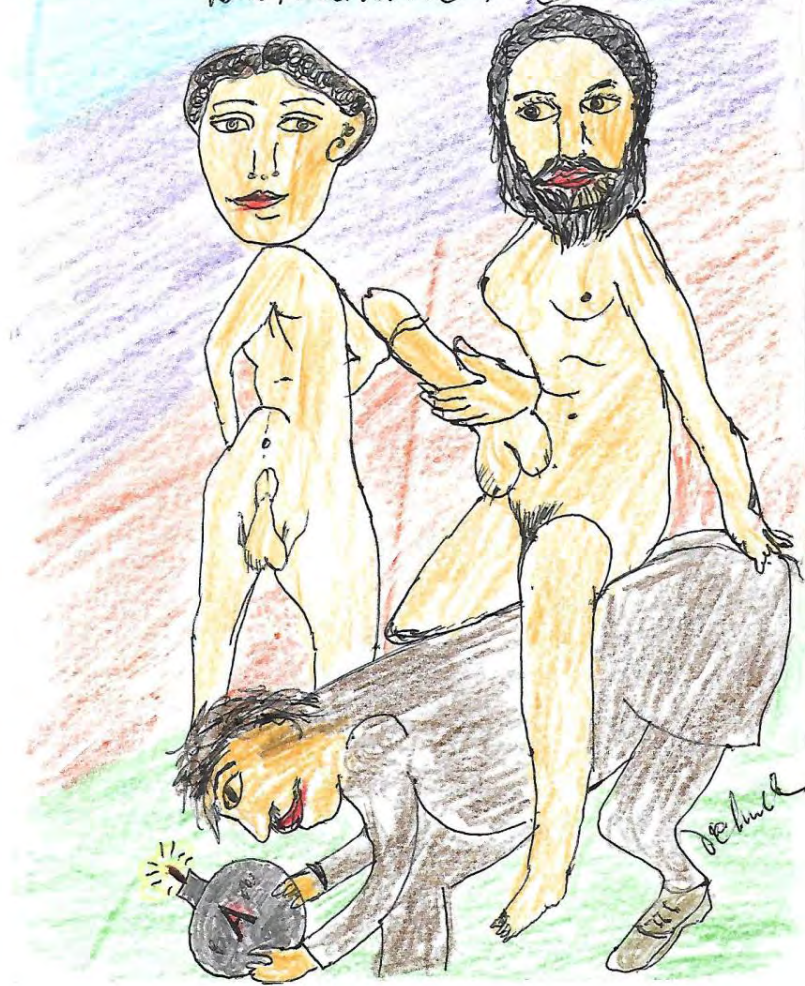
**One of his daughters, Guapalupe  
Always daughter and friend  
Who lived with her  
Was distracted  
In a solitary game of the Tarot cards  
With the number 22, the two ducklings  
" The Crazy"  
When she felt the fall  
Jumping, instantly, from her chair  
Willing to hug her saying:  
-Mother, what dress do I wear to go to church?  
The male nurses of an ambulance  
From the Military Hospital Gómez Ulla  
Came and took my mother as was convenient  
Daniela dying on the road  
As always, in these cases, it happened.  
When leaving home  
The people of the neighborhood  
Seeing her on the stretcher, said:  
-This woman Daniela, honored  
This beautiful grandma  
What a pity she was going to the hospital.  
-Say to us os Guapalupe, pretty  
Why are the ambulance drivers taking her?  
-My mother is dead  
And her spirit has already gone to heaven  
To meet my father**

**Her beloved husband  
For to make many new children  
"Those who God want"  
Act that we will not see  
Because Saint Peter, with Dracula's face  
Has drawn the curtains  
Just now.**

**73. O HAPPY GAZING INTO  
the Nihilists and Anarchists' red-black  
eyes**

**-Daniel de Culla**

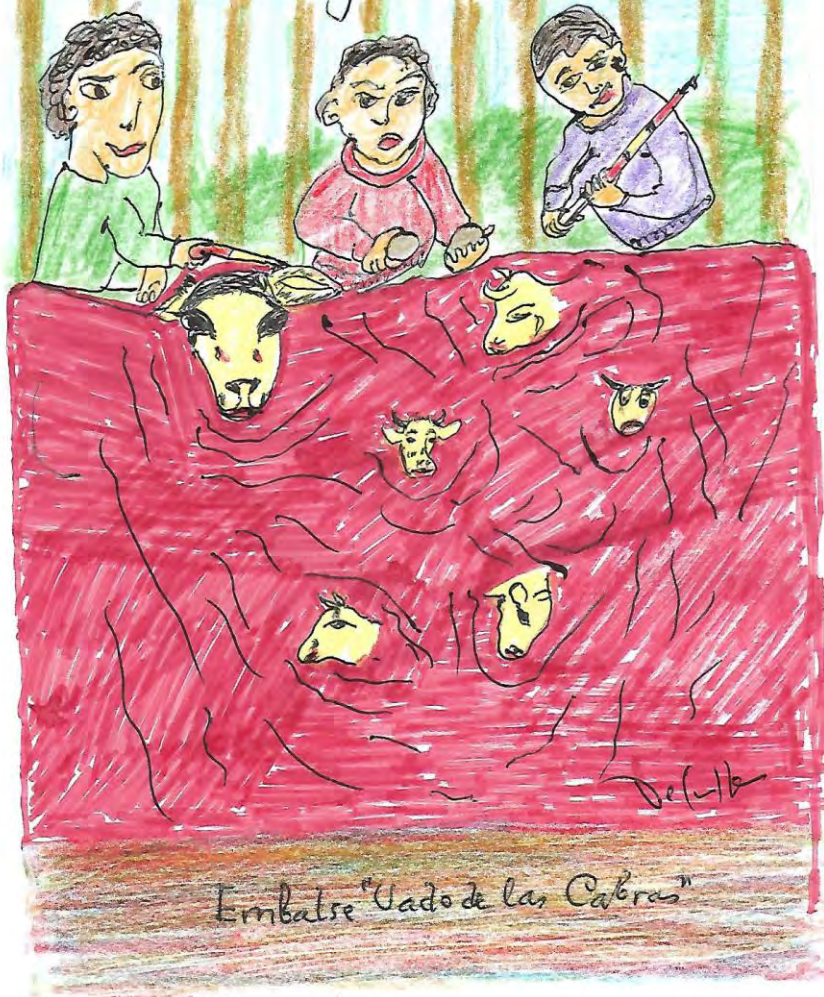
Bakunin & Nechaev







Becerrada de San Rafael, Segovia  
"2a Salvajada, 2018"



Embalse "Uado de las Cabras"





**74. SEW MY LITTLE PUSSY, DAD**

**In Madrid, capital city of Spain**

**Named wherever you want**



**What is a Hell from which one climbs to Heaven**

**Lives a very pretty girl**

**That studies at the Jesuitic College**

**In the Ortega y Gasset' Road.**

**She has been well eared by her private teacher**

**Of dance and classical dance**

**As much as for her godfather, an uncle of her**

**At the side of the bed**

**Stucking a finger in her little Pussy**

**(She thought so, and so she told her parents)**

**At twelve-thirty on a sharp night.**

**The girl, too, for the Virgin of Pains!**

**Has been kissed on the lips, with tongue**

**In catechesis, by a priest of the parish**

**Before making her first Communion.**

**Unfortunately, always**

**When she comes back from school**

**At lunchtime**

**There is, at a table, her godfather**

**And, when her mother goes to the kitchen**

**He gets up as to go help her**

**Putting his prick on the table**

**So that she, scared, sees he cumming**

**Getting to the bathroom soon**

**When her mother returns to the table**

**With the dishes for eating.**

**-Your teacher of dance and row**

**Your uncle Sandio (Foolish)**  
**And the parish priest are not bad, daughter**  
**What they do it**  
**Is because they are upset from the head**  
**And they are fools of the Ass**  
**And while they not kill you, let them do it**  
**Her mother told her**  
**Before the husband arrived**  
**While the ma' brother, her uncle**  
**Is rubbing his prick in the sink against the wall.**  
**-Father, the girl says as pleading**  
**To the well-come father**  
**I know that my Ass is round**  
**With a high sphere as a ship**  
**But I do not want that my little Pussy**  
**Put up with and suffer so much.**  
**I want you to sew it, Dad**  
**Because you are a good shoemaker**  
**So that it only serves to piss.**  
**I do not want it going up and goin down**  
**All covered with sperms**  
**And dungs of male animals.**  
**I do not want to be it a change.**  
**I do not want to know anything about the prick**  
**And the kaffirs and murderers who violate**  
**Neither from the son of our neighbors**  
**Who looks at me lustly**

Although mother tell me  
That he has a beautiful and good prick  
Because me have seen it  
When he is masturbating by the window  
That stands out among friends  
And that because  
“They would like one as it for themselves”.  
-Please, sew me the little Pussy, Dad  
I do not want it to be a currency that circulates  
Taking the fellows off the streets  
Of much flow and money  
And, later, to the miserable poors  
Eating in the social dining room.  
-Sew me the litle Pussy, Dad  
Sew it once and for all, just now;  
-Daughter, if I sew your little Pussy  
You will be on televisión  
And it will not serve you more than to piss.  
-I do not care Dad, I do not care  
That all the fellows are very perverse  
They enter to one as slaughters  
Wwhen they are beside oneself  
Behaving like violent dogs  
Coming to kill for nonsenses  
As teachers taught us  
In Sexuality class.  
I do not want to lose my neck



**Less, my harmonious little Pussy  
And that you, Ma and Dad  
Have to hear the criminal man saying:  
-Woman dead, never speak.**

**75. SPRING**

**(Song for May/Coyote 1975/Gioia/The Great Blafigria)**

**Spring is coming, spring is coming  
And the purple flowers remind me of the sea  
And the wild iris and dandelions  
Are all in Bloom.**











**Oh how much I want to see them blooming  
With all of You**





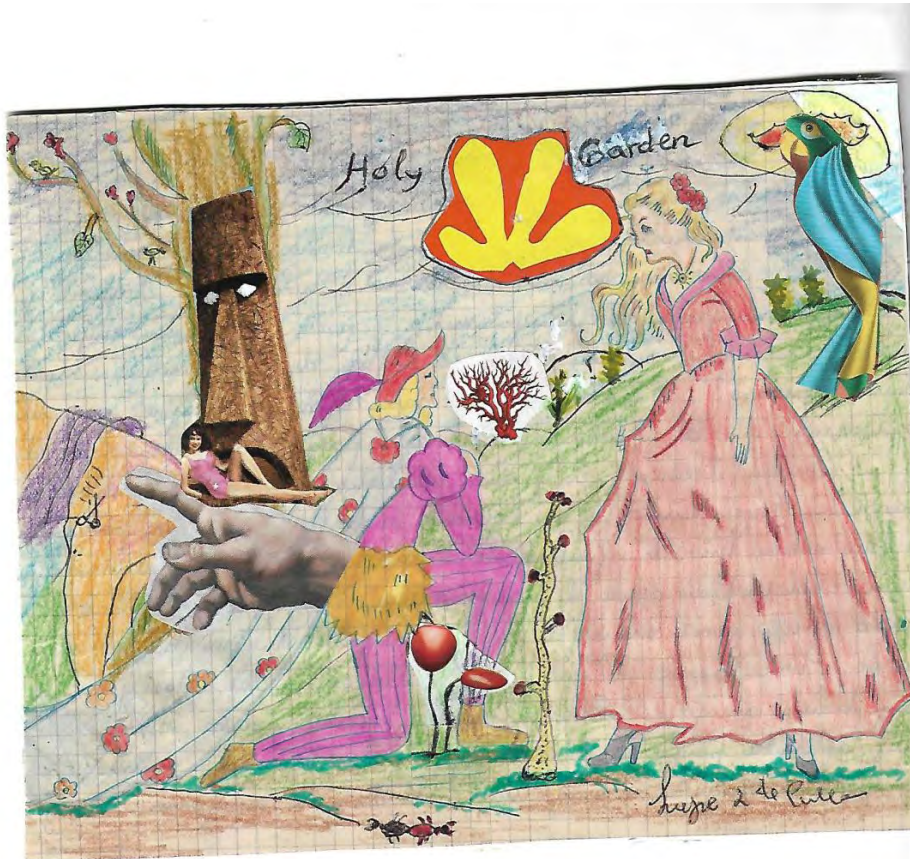








**Rain is coming, rain is coming  
And to fully understand my Friends  
What you have to say  
Open myself unto you  
I empty myself of my self**















Spring is here, spring was here  
Spring will always be here  
With these feelings of love inside me  
With these feelings of love inside me.  
(Pics and draws: Daniel de Culla)







**76. THE ANNE AND ELIZABET'S FALL  
FROM EVE'S WHITE HORSE**

**In a threshing floor from Moradillo de Roa, Burgos, I was reading about the Crossing between a female *Drosophila* with red eyes and a**

male with white eyes from which is obtained in the first filial generation only exemplars with red eyes, both males and females; in the second generation, 75% of individuals have red eyes and 25% have white eyes; but the latter are all males, when, suddenly, I heard neighing, firing or emitting its voice the Eve's nice white horse, throwing through the air, at the same time flapping his front legs, her cousins Anne and Elizabeth who, luckily, fell on grass, flowers and reeds without hurting with any consideration.

I believe that horse was stung by a fly, of those people call "harmful of balls"; that horse saw a gray rat, which looked like a rabbit with long ears; or that an Ass, walking, rebuzzed picking on a She Ass on the road that goes to Fuentenebro, crossing the Puddle of Frigs", where, according to people, Ass fell in love with the She Ass, with punctuality and accuracy, faithful and exact in the fulfillment of duty, showing itself as the phenomenon that is among living beings.

The townspeople came and swirled to know what had happened; asking if girls had suffered any harm. The white horse was high in relief, and the girls stood out very clearly that they had not suffered in the fall. Eve tightened her horse more closely, mounted it and, like a power that governs and directs such a beautiful animal, marched towards La Sequera, moving with the wind, showing herself excellent in her actions.

Next day, Anne and Elizabethg felt pain or an ache of some rib that was injured in the accident. Now, at this moment, they were helping their grandmother filling with minced meat or other ingredients, Anne a bird; Elizabeth, a cake. Meanwhile, I hammered the point of a nail into the wall after being nailed in order to give it a greater firmness by hammering, and that it could not damage any garment that was hanging on the rack.

The grandfather and the others had gone to Las Viñas (Vineyards), to work with fatigue and eagerness, "as God commands", as the grandmother generally says.





**THE CHAIR (Isa's Pic. Me at the bottom)**



## 77. THE CHAIR

The branches of the trees  
on the river road with luminous clouds  
more a chair without seed and hands  
that yearn for eyes.

Ghost of wo/man's presence/absence  
is what makes this place  
so intolerable.

Probably not.

## EL NIÑO FLAUTISTA

Era un niño muy travieso  
Que en el pueblo jugaba  
Con otros niños y niñas.



En el pueblo al niño le llamaban  
"El Niño Flautista"  
Porque, alegre, enseñaba su pilila.



Su afán era enseñársela, sobre todo  
A las abuelas que pasean con sus nietas  
Y su perro.



"Mire, abuela, mi pilila  
Que me la toque su nieta"  
Cantando les decía.



El niño tenía un escuerzo macho  
Que se le regaló a la "Puri"  
Una niña de la que estaba enamorado.

"Por tocarte y enseñar esa flauta  
Bartolo, palos te han de dar"  
Le decían las mujeres y el señor cura.



## 78. THE PIED PIPER BOY

He was a very naughty boy  
That in his town he played

**With other children.  
People called him  
"The Pied Piper Boy"  
Because, happy, he got out his penis.  
His eagerness was teaching it, first  
To grandmothers walking with their granddaughters  
And the dog.  
"Look, grandma, at my willy  
Let your granddaughter touch it "  
Singing he told her.  
The boy had a male toad  
That he gives to the "Puri"  
A girl he was in love with.  
"For touching and teaching Your flute  
Bartolo, sticks have to give you"  
Told him the women and the priest.**

-





## 79. THE POET THAT RECITES SPITING

Walking through the Espolón promenade, in Burgos

From up to down

**From the Provincial Council  
And Main Theater  
Until the Arch of Saint Mary  
And back to start from the Arch of Saint Mary  
Until the Main Theater  
And Provincial Council  
The Great poet united verses  
Spiting below each line  
So that people would be well followed.  
Each of the wings of his bronchitis  
Felt on the trunk of a banana trees  
Or on some of the tiles of the walk  
Well, the Poet spat so much on his side  
How to the front  
Wrinkling the nose.  
The scene was seen that he enjoyed happiness  
And it was his cause  
As passersby laughed  
Or people boasting against him.  
Tanning of sputums  
Giving the verse in gale or pledge  
To this man or that female  
That they lowered its value  
Or diminished its importance  
Or estimate, exclaiming:  
-It's a sp Poet' sputum.  
-It is a spit in Verses**

**Degenerating from its true origin.**

**-He is a bronchial Poet.**

**He makes verses with the sputums**

**Poet of Poets**

**He coughed and spit like a king**

**That ensures his reign**

**Soaking with the tongue**

**The spit on his palate**

**To keep them**

**For inmemorial time.**

**All in all, the Poet**

**Obstinate, determined not to give**

**To demands of the people**

**What they demanded:**

**-Poeta, stop spitting**

**And recite a poem to us as it is due.**

**When passing through the music temple**

**He lifted his neck and spat at them**

**Falling sputums on the head of a bald man**

**That he was sitting**

**On a bench of the walk**

**Close to the temple**

**Looking like a sea fennel**

**In his head**

**Leaping the Lord of Poets on his legs**

**Gesturing he with hands in the air**

**And exclaiming:**



**-You'll be a fucking Poet!**

**It is believed that he is throwing leashes to the hawks**

**Or plasters to the skull.**

**The Poet, without making a sack**

**kept walking**

**And, at the same time, reciting**

**Embellishing the Espolón promenade**

**Giving to it a poetic character**

**With the charm of his verses**

**And his sputums.**



**80. THE VIXEN WALKS TO CRICKETS  
AND THE PRIESTS TO THE KIDS' EGGS**

**The horde of farmers, ranchers and hunters  
Are called as tradition of the past kaffirs and cannibals  
Marching in a demonstration in Madrid, Spain  
In defense, as they sing, from the rural environment.  
What a deception! What a lie! What a great fallacy!  
Clothed by the geese of the parties  
That go out to the path of that place and another place  
for killing the boar or the wolf, and thus get votes  
Bring to my memory what they taught us under a canopy:  
"That the hunting and bullfighting are peace and money  
For the whole year".  
What a pity that fields are being rented to kill  
And sand circles to kill bulls.  
And they say, with the big mouth of Gullible Balls  
That defend the rural environment, and things to kill  
Because these are goods of profit  
For certain damage of the cattle.  
Poor Mother Earth! Poor living beings, and species!  
How would I like to dip into a bag of green almonds  
As it was done in Andalusia, the high and low  
In both Castilles and in all its peripheries  
Taking out the green almonds one by one  
Throwing them at the head  
So that all those idiots and drunkards  
Who believe everything  
As they say John Templado did  
That gentleman went in his bag for blocks and pens**



**And for all the towns and villages of the Iberian Peninsula.**

**How I would like to go back to what really sticks**

**In defense and love of Mother Earth**

**Her species and animals.**

**I remember what an old woman told me**

**In the market of Barley**

**Where she sold fresh eggs; who was very hurt**

**By the poorly-managed farmers**

**Who took advantage of the hunt**

**And threw their money on the floor of the bullring:**

**- Son, before Life was a bunch of green bouquet**

**And a white folded linen cloth.**

**Women milked the Donkeys**

**The men gave their milk to suckers and piglets.**

**We ate from the fruit that helps eat.**

**There were no banderillas to kill**

**Or hunting rifles to kill.**

**The vixen walking to crickets, and no –one priest**

**walked from door to door, to the kids' eggs.**

**Justice hovered in Love and Freedom**

**And the thieves deranged at the wrong time.**

**Today, however, poor Mother Earth!**

**More wicked is the son than the father.**

**Do not do the same.**

**Love the Sun and the Moon**

**Better is before than later.**



(Graffiti en Burgos)

## 81. THE CROW AND THE CAT

The one was flying and the other walking, when the crow saw a parish garden behind a wall with cabbages and Brussels sprouts, resting on it and telling the cat, who stopped and stared at him:

-What good cabbages are here, don cat.

The cat approached the crow hiding his desire to extend a scratch, saying:

-For with bird bacon.

The raven noticing his purpose, wagged his wings, and flew to the parish garden behind the wall.



(Graffiti in Burgos)





## **82. THE FLATULENCES OF THE COWS**

**Wow! Now we are ready and understanding of the Globe**

**Because People has the brain in the Ass**

**Saying: "That the blame for climate change  
Ozone layers and other atmospheric niceties  
As well as the pollution of the town or the city  
It's coming from the flatulences of the cows  
Shortening the distance that in space or time  
Separates them from the point where the speaker is  
As in that sentence that sings:**

**"Between two ferocious stones comes a man shouting".**

**The cow breaks air hole; John also.  
It is coming the Easter of the Ass  
Doing better and worse times fart.  
Could it be that we do not realize  
That the climatic changes of the time of Life  
Comes from the Senate and Congresses  
And the plenary sessions of City Councils  
And Permanent Commissions?  
The asses of politicians, of them and of them  
Are coming here, there, there, seat.  
What a smell of male farts  
And the corrupted blood of Cunt  
On the benches of its lordships  
Trump's Ass, for example  
Going from the White House  
To spend a few days in Venezuela  
Or the Pope accompanying his ass to any place  
And the submissive people say blessing the fart:  
-Come with me. Do you want to come to the holy fart?**

**For world, coming a dress of flatulences is true.**

**Already, as children**

**We were taught in the sacred religi3n:**

**Kid Jesus came alive between straws**

**Being cradled in the Bethlehem portal**

**By the farts of the Ox**

**And the braying of the sacred She Ass.**

**That's how he had to accept for good a Pope Benedict ;**

**In Vallelado, a town in Segovia de Castilla, too, for example**

**"Where neighbors have an ear on each side"**

**How his heraldic shield sings**

**There was a Mayor, from another time**

**Who said at the beginning of a Plenary:**

**"There are five leagues of windy weather from here to the town.**

**The field must have two hundred cows and one hundred sheep.**

**Spinning of farts or farts are made from time to time**

**In the channels to serve as a signal to those who pass.**

**And I say, to the facts I refer:**

**That the flatulences of the cows have**

**Salient little vessels**

**And branched on its flat surface**

**That it is a pure Truth**

**As it confirms to us, again and again**

**World Health Organization**

**That affirms, urbi et orbi**

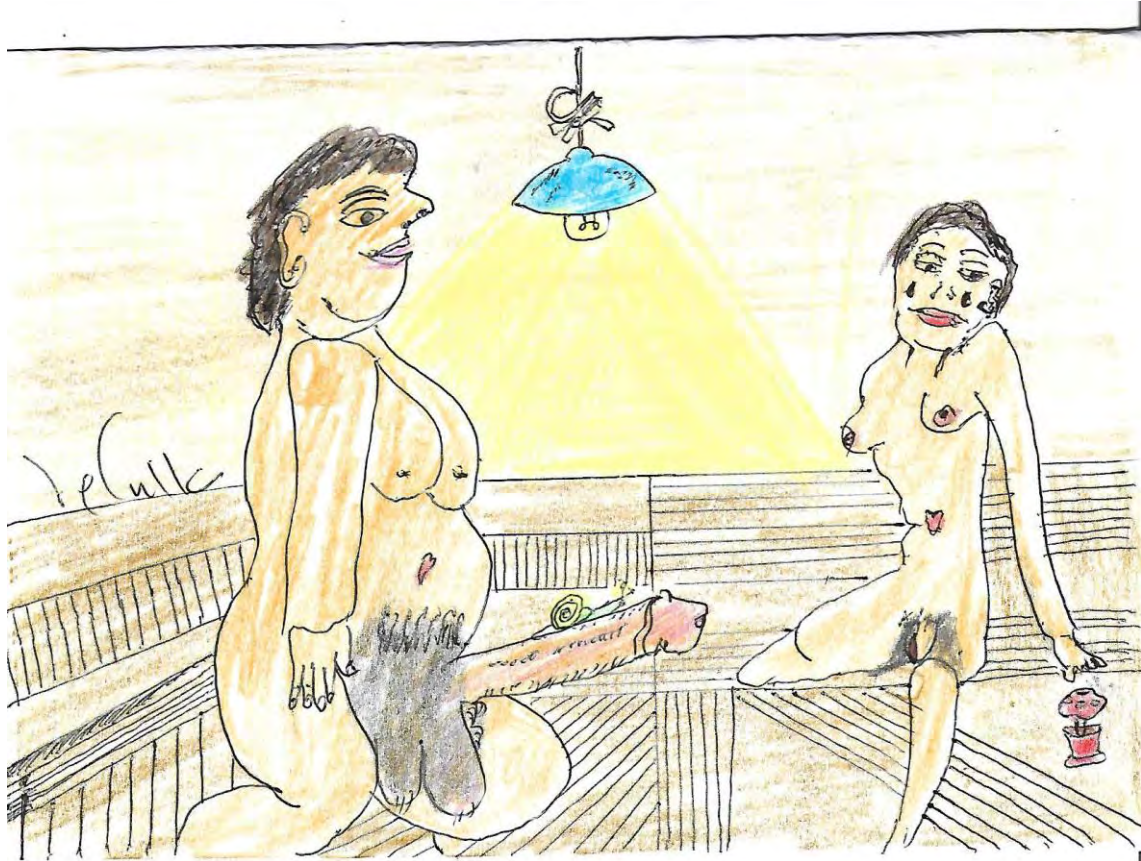
**That the condition of superiority**

**From one person over another**



**From one animal to another**  
**It comes given by the wind blow of the tail of the cows**  
**With equals the conditions of Life**  
**Its coming and its departure.**

**In many cultures people adored and adore the Cow**  
**And that because every one of our gathered good luck**  
**Form the shell of an egg or fruit**  
**That implies or offers advantages coming in desire**  
**That is why we must open windows in the walls or walls**  
**Put open doors to the field, fields or meadows**  
**And make window to the ass of the beautiful cows**  
**That, at sunset, are**  
**As colored glass of the churches.**



### **83. UNEXPECTED ERROR**

**I was flirting with the blacksmith's daughter**

**From Caparra**

**A piece of street of few houses  
Near Plasencia, Cáceres  
On the road to La Plata  
Where there are great ruins  
And remains of having been a big city  
In the time of the Romans.**

**Although I consoled myself with her in a haystack  
And it burned the skein of hair of her Crab  
I did not get, with her, my trace of "macho-man"  
Because, instead of hitting and winning  
And because we did it behind a pack saddle  
I do not know how he put it to a Burra  
(She Ass)  
Barley with the vice of mischief.  
Burra that was from Gran Canaria  
And it came out with damage and loss of my Prick  
Well, both its size increased  
That scared the mice and the cat  
As much as me and my friends  
When we went to Germany  
To make street theater  
In Minden, Hannover and Berlin  
That going one day to the saunas  
Of a complex "Bali"  
About 60 kilometers from Minden  
When entering one of them  
We saw a German**



**That looked like Martin Luther  
Sitting and open legs  
With a huge cock  
And some big roe  
What made the girls cry  
And I was encouraged to go touch him  
Like who is going to touch virgins and saints.  
By grabbing the eggs  
And caress his Cock  
I felt burning in my fingers and hands  
And comfort at the same time  
Because this evil so wonderful  
I had this hellish German  
For me, as for many others  
It was a delight to see and enjoy.  
The blacksmith's daughter was left stone  
Seeing how it had been  
My reproductive organ  
And, between the sweepings of her lips  
She tried to put my cock in his hole.  
It cost her a lot to introduce it  
But, finally, she got it  
Putting diligence into action  
Putting my cock  
The proper habit of her body.  
She even told me:  
-I have felt that you have given Life**

To the fetus that I carry inside.



#### 84. PREDATORY PRIEST

Predatory Priest was in a mystic state

**Flying over the Andes**

**With a shaved head and a purple bonnet**

**And a feeling of tight lust in his hand**

**Contemplating the weirdest moon**

**Looking for the lunatics dream**

**Blissfully telling himself:**

**-I'm the greatest winged mystic**

**And I have Saint John of the Cross**

**And Saint Teresa**

**At the height of the bitumen**

**When, suddenly, he saw a very long tape**

**That it twisted, that stretched**

**That was undulating, that was steeled**

**And if you bite her, God, it kills you**

**And the cassock floods you with sperm**

**Bringing his hands to his boned head**

**Noticing that his chock was spurned**

**And the crest, in his hand, red cocoon**

**Having a mystical dream levitated**

**Very soon beginnig to sing the mornings**

**Of singular sins and steep lusts**

**That everyone likes**

**For inside they have the soul**

**Sap from the bones**

**And on the outside carrying the meat**

**Always fast, fast, and running.**





## **85. MAKING DEATH THE PARODY**

**I have arrived at the wake of a close relative, Bellido de Olfos, who has suddenly died of a brain tumor, while at the Day Care Center, waiting to have a coffee with milk cut.**

**They have placed him in the dining room of the house. He is bare-faced on the mortuary box. They have dressed him like a monk, pulling his hood out of his ears thin and thin hairs. His head rests on a set of wool of a sheep of his collected in a cushion or fleece, as they call in the town to small pillows.**

**Here we are as in darkness. In the center of the ceiling there is a ceiling lamp of twenty one watts and, in a sideboard near his headboard, on the mantel or bracket, they have placed a candle, thick and short candle, which the priest has blessed. In the environment there is as fluff that clings to the heads of those present.**

**After the usual greetings and making Death the parody of the "I accompany you in the feeling" common and permanent, Gideon, a man who exercises good influence on others, tells us who are in the kitchen taking some coffee ; others, a "carajillo" (coffee with rum), or liqueur shot:**

**-We are almost all here, except the "Pablillos from Valladolid", who have never gotten along with the family and that has always helped them in everything.**

**The women are around the box. In the middle of them, is Velleda, Bellido's wife, who has beauty; all of them praying rosaries, Our Fathers and Hail Marys, once Velleda prays:**

**- Come to your aid, saints of God; go out to meet them, angels of the Lord, and to paradise take him.**

**Gideon tells us that we are late for the wake, that in the dining room where the women watch, a false miracle has occurred. That, once Velleda said:**

**- To paradise take him, angels of the Lord, one of the women, Velutina, devout woman, candle extinguisher and piss son font of the parish church, who covers his face with rice powder, looking at the ceiling, exclaimed:**

**-Look if it was a good Olfos bird, that the Holy Spirit, who walks or knows how to walk, has come quickly, lightly, soon, and turns around the light so we can see him, giving shade to those who need light.**

**All the women who watched the corpse, even those who hid their faces with a veil of respect and veneration, raised their eyes to the ceiling and knelt, joining their two hands in prayer and supplication, saying:**

**-The spirit of God comes at the end of his path, because, although we die, we are not the flesh of a blind destiny.**

**Except for Gideon, all those present would have believed, blindly, in the miracle, because he, observing the ceiling, noticed that a butterfly fluttered around the bulb, producing a shadow of vague appearance of the image of a spirit that it was no more than a stain produced by interrupting the butterfly the passage of light.**

**Looking at them all in amazement, Velleda, the woman of the deceased, exclaimed:**

**-To the end of his days, my Bellido has had to be funny.**

**"Yes, he had good exits and occurrences," Velutina corroborated.**

**The women, like mourners, continued to pray tearful, sad, sad. From us, men, did not come out a complaint, crying, lament. All waiting for the undertakers to arrive and carry on their shoulders, on a stretcher, the dead man's closed box, to the cemetery.**

## **86. PLAYING WITH THE SKULL**

### **JUGANDO CON LA CALAVERA**

**Daniel de Culla's Pics**























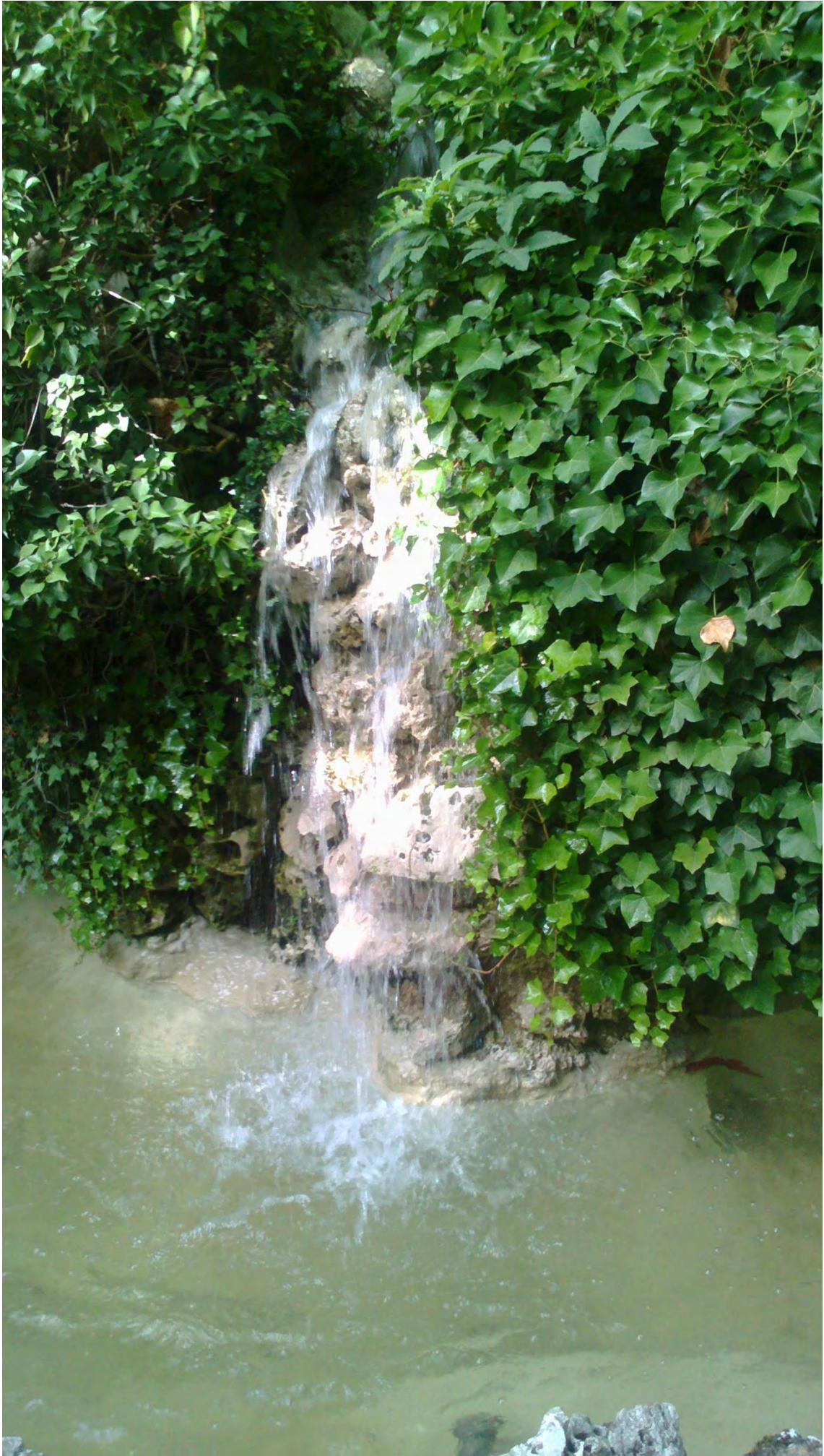
















**Goddess Scratching Her Armpit**  
**Diosa Arrascándose El Sobaco**

## Contraportada



**“Happiness is a Word, a star for me. Now, You’re, de Culla, happiness and wisdom and the attempt to achieve them as a part of my daily existence and routines”. –Gerineldo Fuencisla**