

# WO/MAN ' HEE-HAW



**DANIEL DE CULLA**



**“She/He started to hee-haw like a donkey” -My great grandmother said.**

**© Author –Editor: DANIEL DE CULLA**

**Legal Deposit: DL BU 261-2021**

**(It’s a unique book in “A Green Monkey”)**

## **INDEX**

**1 A GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO**

**2 A TIN SKELETOR**

**3 ABOUT CANDELAS**

**4 AMBROSIA "THE MULE"**

**5 BLAH BLAH BLAH**

**6 DO YOU REMEMBER MY RABBIT?**

**7 DRUNK AS A VAT**

**8 ESSENCE OF BRAY**

**9 FOUNTAIN OF THE SKULLS**

**10 IMAGINARY CASTLE PEAK**

**11 IN MADRID POP POP POP**

**12 INSPIRATION**

**13 ONE THREE OF AUGUST**

**14 SCREAMS IN CONGRESS**

**15 SNAKE CONJURER**

**16 THE INVENTION OF FIRE (THIS TIME OF PASSION)**

**17 THE SACRILEGIOUS PRIEST**

**18 THREE DIVINE**

**19 TO HOLY WHO PEES DON'T BELIEVE HIM**

**20 TO THE BASIN OF TESLA**

**21 TORQUEMADA AND THE WITCH OF TINIEBLAS**

**22 WATER ;**

**23 INSECT ON TABLE LEG**

**24 THE FROG AND THE OWL**

**25 CUT BEFORE USING**

**26 BRIGHT AUTUMN MORNINGS**

**27 ANOTHER CLEANING OPERATOR CRAK**

**28 WHAT DO THE FRIAR AND THE LORD CURE WEAR  
UNDER THE CASE?**

**29 WHAT A MAN'S YOKEL**

**30 I LAUGHED OF WHAT I SAW**

**31 RELATIONS**

**32 KINGS CAKE**

**33 CAPS AND TRAPS**

**34 AFTERNOON OF PASSION IN THE METRO**

**35 SHEATH**







**Archiepiscopal Palace. Daniel's Pic.**

### **1 A GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO**

**Isabel walks alone with her precious and divine child Eder, thirty-three days old, with her hand on her car, as Kylian, her other one and a half year old son, has gone to spend the afternoon with his father Fernando at his grandparents' house. Ana and Bernardino,**

**when the little creature began to cry because he was thirsty and hungry for breast milk.**

**She was coming from Las Fuentecillas to Paseo del Espolón, where she had met with her friend Esther and Eder's grandparents, Daniel and Rita, on the terrace of a cafeteria near the Arco de Santamaría, when she had to stop and sit on a bench, to breastfeed her child, between the Archdiocese and the Faculty of Theology.**

**I do not know if from the balcony of the Archdiocese or from the entrance door to the Faculty, the archbishop or an Argentine theologian, who was spending a few days in Burgos, when they saw Isabel nursing the child, they were heard saying:**

**-Gloria in excelsis Deo, what a beautiful woman! What a child worth seeing! What a tit! Do not ask for holy water my life; do not ask for hosts my good. Child, your mother's breasts are two sources of live milk, that another day, and more days, we would like to see again.**

**What a beautiful fruit that of your belly that, at nine months, from the hidden parts, came to the world to see what Life is.**

**Something thin; his legs and arms are shapely, his face is very pretty and beautiful too. How, prudent, we would like to take him in our arms, and not be mistaken as happened to a monk from San Pedro de Cardaña who made a mistake when taking a child to baptize him, taking the mother's breast.**

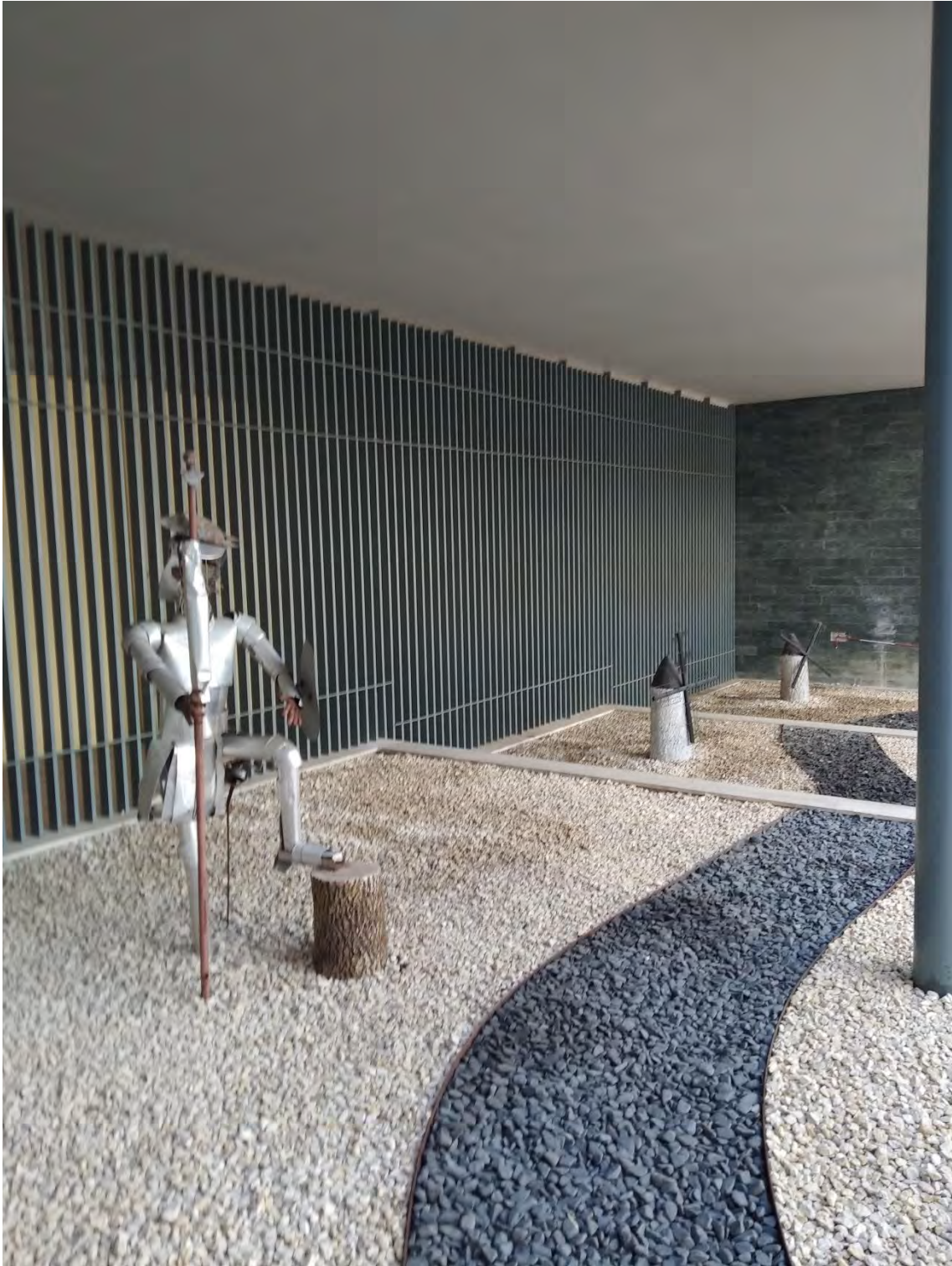
**As those attending the christening laughed, the monk, confused and stunned, to prevent the laughter from getting any more, said:**

**-Monks, like men of God, sometimes make mistakes.**

**Some of the attendees were heard saying:**

**-What an excuse the fool has given us.**





**Daniel' Pic**

**2 A TIN SKELETOR**

**In the Miguel de Cervantes Library**

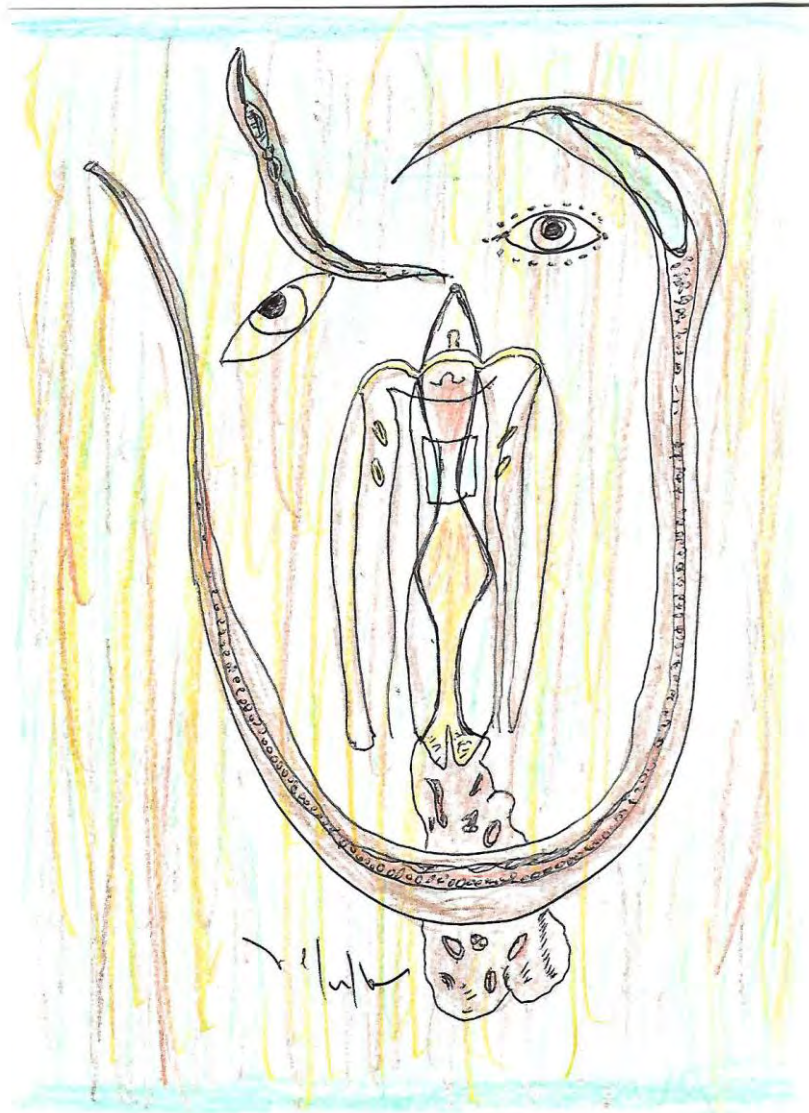
**From the neighborhood of San Pedro de la Fuente**

**In Burgos capital**

**There's a Tin Skeletor  
They say they are Don Quixote.  
There he is, there upstairs  
To the right of the stairs  
As you go up to the entrance.  
My grandson Kylian and I  
We stop to listen to see what it says  
And he speaks, that which has the head  
Scrap revolt.  
If we ask Skeletor  
What is missing  
He answers us that a screw  
My grandson putting his index finger  
In his head.  
If we ask him if he is happy  
To be there vigilant  
Next to two dwarf windmills  
He tells us:  
-You are leaving and I am staying  
I stay and you go.  
Thank goodness that from time to time  
Some girl comes out of the library  
And she sits on the nearby staircase  
Showing me the panties  
While she eats the sandwich  
Reminding me of the esparto panties  
From my beloved Dulcinea.**



**One day goes by, two goes by  
Pass three to five  
Less Saturdays and Sundays  
That I don't see anyone  
Here still and straight  
Like a mystic fool at the altar  
Or like a stone cross  
In the grave of a rose bush.**



### **3 ABOUT CANDELAS**

**Candelas, who was dying of love  
is a young woman from Cagaspurcio de la Sierra  
I don't know which province.**

**She has black eyes and long brown hair.**

**Very fine complexion**

**And her pussy**

**That, over there, they call the Peseta**

**It has not yet given the Sun.**

**I agreed with her**

**On the Path of the Thistles**

**From Iscar (Valladolid)**

**To Vallelado (Segovia)**

**When, without realizing it**

**We were shitting**

**In the same natural shit among pines.**

**-How long you have it, my son**

**I don't know if it's the shit or the dick**

**She told me.**

**Me to her:**

**-You do not know what you hide behind that fur**

**What hides your Peseta**

**For which i don't know**

**If you're male or female.**

**She:**

**If you love me**

**I'll show you**

**In the hermitage of Cristo Rey (Iscar)**

**And with your dick**

**You will cut it for me.**

**Me:**



**-No, daughter, no.**

**Your breasts**

**As tall as pythons**

**Tell me that you are a woman**

**And I will adjust them for you**

**In "la Pina" of the river Cega (Vallelado).**

**When riding it**

**Behind my back**

**My cock fell off.**

**-What a penis pity!**

**She exclaimed.**

**Seeing that my sperm**

**Made necklaces around her neck**

**At the top, like Bray, I shouted:**

**-Damn my dick and damn me!**

**Two women dressed in regional costume**

**What happened to them on the way**

**Were saying:**

**-The man who is man**

**Throws himself to the breasts**

**And the one who is not**

**Fucks the worms on his buttocks.**

**The woman who is a woman**

**Throws herself into the pipe**

**The one that is not**

**Fucks the half apple worm.**



**(Orgasmatrix' Pic)**

#### **4 AMBROSIA "THE MULE"**

**(Mule: woman who carries drugs in the hidden parts of her)**

**I come to the Plaza de Skeletor "Pata Chula", in the Fuentecillas, in Burgos, with a circular fountain in the middle with jets of water up, and cradle my grandson Kylian to sleep.**

**Today Wednesday, the day of Saints Catherine de Tomás, Víctor I (Pope), Innocent, Nazario, Celso, Eustasio, Acacio, Samson (bishop) and Peregrino, without knowing in what way or what way, I have sat on a bench of woods in front of a couple, woman and man, also sitting on a wooden bench, who offered me a thought.**

**He called her Ambrosia; and she to him Sinforiano.**

**°Sinforiano, who had the appearance of a town councilor or mayor, or canon or friar of the Valley of the Fallen, in Madrid, had his left hand tucked inside his panty, and said things so strongly that nearby pigeons and pigeons escaped :**

**-The petals of your Cunt, Ambrosia, are straight and smell like bad cheese.**

**Then he would take his hand out of her panties and lick his fingers, as if making fun of them.**

**Ambrosia, short, South American, but with a big ass, she smiled, seeming to be in another cloud, that same cloud that she saw and that hugged the spiers of the scattered Cathedral.**

**°At one point, her cell phone rang, which sounded like Bray music, and from what he heard from whoever called her, he was going to be hit with a blow.**

**Someone asked him to quote her, naming the drug and the Cunt at the same time.**

**He snatched her cell phone from her and replied:**

**-I don't understand anything about drugs or Cunt, but call her at another time, later. And do not bother her anymore, she is my wife and now I am with her.**

**-I have never told you, Sinforiano, about my great secret, and even less about where I transport the drug.**

**-Where? Ambrosia, dear.**

**-In the Fallopian tubes! And I always do it when I ovulate, that's why they haven't caught me on piers or airports.**

**-I understand very fragile site, right?**



**-There is no better place than this, Sinforiano. Besides, I tell you, if you ask me, that I am the mother abbess of a great convent.**

**In addition, I have buttocks that look like two beautiful vases, which are what you have fallen in love with, and made Bray like Ass, silly.**

**-True, Ambrosia. You have taken me, and how many other innocents, as prisoners to the prison of your Cunt, when you wanted.**

**Is that why the "Mules" have such huge asses?**

**Fuck and they keep calling you, Ambrosia.**

**-Let's go, Sinforiano, get laid. Ignore those who go to the husma with me. I piss!**

**Ambrosia grabbed him by the bulge of his fly knowing that Sinforiano was powerful only in this thing. She told him:**

**-With my bread you have to eat it like Ass.**



**Daniel' Pic**

**5 BLAH BLAH BLAH**

**I'm sitting open leg**

**On a wooden bench**

**In the Mencía park**

**In Fuentecillas, Burgos**

**Behind me**

**I have a Language Academy**

**And other niceties**

**"Bla bla bla".**

**To my right, my grandson**

**Who sleeps like a little angel**

**In his car.**

**A sun of yesteryear**

**Warms my crotch**

**And I feel that I am getting steep**

**That which we learn very well**

**And without using it.**

**A woman looks out of a window**

**She sees me in this hike and stew**

**She calls her daughter and they both**

**Don't stop her laughs from appearing.**

**Far away, very close to me**

**Lay on the rubber floor**

**From the playground**

**A group of young girls**

**Some, with their bodies open**

**Starfish shaped**

**Others, squatting like urinating**

**Laughing like girls laugh**

**When they want to catch the boy**

**Contemplating my elevation.**



**I have heard some of them say:**

**-Look at the fool that.**

**What a shame ;**

**Say that**

**As out of the fair sex**

**She has put me at a hundred**

**Seriously**

**So much so that I came**

**Like a donkey inside**

**How do the prostate operated**

**Twisting the mouth**

**With a hearty laugh**

**Laughing joyfully**

**Looking like i was crying**

**For not riding like an ass**

**The slow of her hill of hers.**

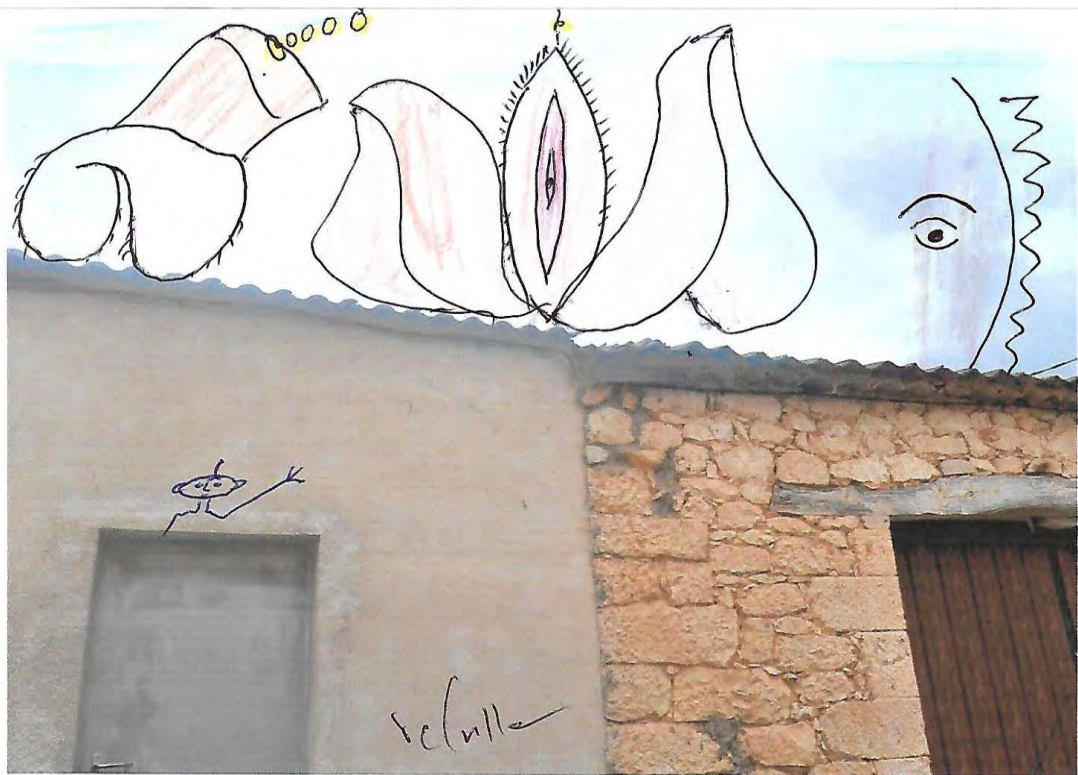
**--Muge the ox, said another.**

**-Muge because the feed is not ready**

**Commented another.**

**-And ha ha ha ha.**

**-Blah blah blah.**



Moradillo's Sky ② from the Rita's Yard  
El Cielo de Moradillo desde el corral de Rita

## 6 DO YOU REMEMBER MY RABBIT?

-Do you remember my rabbit?

That's what the girls asked

**When they stopped  
In the dance of the roundabout  
Playing with other boys  
As they sang:  
"The rabbit is not here.  
He left this morning.  
At bedtime  
Pum! He's here.  
Bowing  
With a face of shame  
You will kiss  
Who you like more".  
Of course I remembered  
When he arrives there  
There he arrives in the village  
I enjoyed a young rabbit  
Of a pretty shearling  
In the stone hut  
For the protection of shepherds  
That it was cinnamon flower.  
How he was so cute  
I gave her to suck on my cock  
Watching the sheep go by  
That, with a cry of pleasure  
That I gave deep  
They stopped to listen  
All screaming louder:**

**"Beee, Beee, Beee."**



**Vilviestre. Daniel's Pic**

**7 DRUNK AS A VAT**

**Morning of the first Sunday of August**

**They walk through Vilviestre del Pinar**

**From the Land of Pinares to the north of Burgos**



**A gang of friends  
In which they are represented  
Quintanar de la Sierra  
Canicosa, Burgos and Vilviestre del Pinar.  
With the usual greetings in masks  
And the crossing of elbows  
Drawing the "C" for Covid  
They march to a cousin's bar  
To take Sunday vermouth  
In which the men drank  
As canons or friars  
Up to three Cinzano red vermouths  
Accompanied, the last  
With a few drops of Campari  
And, the women, soft drinks  
With their corresponding covers  
To later celebrate the happy meeting  
With a rich suckling lamb chop  
Not without first tasting  
Grilled sausage and bacon  
To open your mouth  
In the garage of the house  
From the lords of Vilviestre.  
The Lord of Burgos, who writes verses  
And he publishes books  
That he wanted to become mayor of the City  
At the end of the evening**

**He caught a big binge  
That he will never forget.  
Knowing in what way and way  
(At these points of eating and drinking  
You were stupid, by the way)  
He ate and drank like a Donkey  
Without knowledge  
So much so that he lost his mind  
Unable to lift  
The voice enough nor move the legs  
For what they had to get out of him  
Almost on shoulders like bullfighters  
The one from Quintanar and the other from Vilviestre  
To the street to give it air  
Sitting him on a chair  
As the women demanded.  
Like the Burgos  
She thought that this about her husband was a joke  
If she had held in her hand  
A blow  
With him she would have given him a good blow  
In the head  
To see if he would wake up.  
-A blow would have been good for me  
The Burgos said.  
-My head is very fragile  
I explode!**

**And this has happened to me a few times.**

**-Now, my temple explodes**

**And I can't stand.**

**-If there had been a streetlight**

**I would hold onto it**

**Like drunkards did**

**In big cities**

**And, in the villages**

**Holding on to the cock of Donkeys.**

**It's funny that all together**

**By friends held**

**There is always a subject**

**Give the note**

**Of whom the others say:**

**-What drunkenness the partner has taken.**

**And, to the women, you hear them say:**

**-Poor him! He's drunk as hell.**

**They say that his wife**

**She could put him in the car**

**To take it to his house in Burgos.**

**Once in the car**

**This one fell asleep like a log**

**Waking up the next morning**

**Between vomiting of alcohol**

**And poorly digested food.**

**Disgusting!**

**-My husband and oh what a shame**

**And oh, what a shame you give me.**



Daniel' Pic

"The Essence is kept

In small bottles "

-It is what my grandmother told me.

**8 ESSENCE OF BRAY**

**I was looking for a Rosicier Ass**



**Soft and luminous pink color  
Like the Aurora.  
I had a glass bottle open  
To catch the essence of its Bray  
When it brayed  
Or Brawl.  
Had the color and hair  
Mix of white, black and brown.  
I found it in Rosinos  
Of the Requejada  
In the province of Zamora!  
It totally brayed  
At the same time lengthening its cock  
To the ground  
Without any consideration.  
Seen from below  
I found a Rosolis  
With flowery sperm on the tip  
That ended in a similar way  
To the beak of the bird  
With six round eggs  
With hairs and asses flies.  
Hearing the Bray  
Some larvae of the Donut  
Screwed on and off  
Easily.  
The beautiful Propercia**

**A girlfriend that was mine  
Said when she saw the tip  
From the thick and long cock of the Ass:  
- It looks like a column  
That has an ornate shaft  
With faces or spurs  
Of virgins and saints.  
With a firm face  
I went to visit a convent  
And face to face  
With the mother superior  
That she was Propercia's sister  
Resolutely, without embarrassment  
I told:  
Chief Nun  
Wouldn't you be a little interested  
Bray Essence  
What is good for prayer?  
She answered me bluntly:  
-My son, these things  
Are carried by the Pontifical Court  
That is who understands well  
Of Brays and Asses.**



**Daniel' Pic in Plaza LaTesla**

**9 FOUNTAIN OF THE SKULLS**

**Being with my grandson Kylian**

**Catching a plastic fish or a spider**

**In this Fountain of the Skulls**

**Sita in Tesla Square**  
**In Las Fuentecillas de Burgos**  
**I saw a brown wolf coming**  
**That came from the depths of the river**  
**Rio Arlanzón, apprentice river**  
**That crosses La Milanera.**  
**She followed four ducks**  
**To see which of them she hunted.**  
**The fountain, whose cerebral irrigation**  
**It's automatic and human**  
**She told the wolf:**  
**-Don't come to my pylon**  
**That I have fishing for Kylian**  
**A spider of the Chinese**  
**And a trout from the Riaza river, Segovia.**  
**Do not fear, that one of the ducks**  
**I will drown in my waters**  
**And I will serve you on a tray**  
**For your teeth so cold**  
**Like razor points.**  
**An old man who came to the source**  
**In a wheelchair from Aspanias**  
**Three laps he gave the fountain**  
**He scared the wolf away with a walking stick**  
**He coughed a lot and didn't spit anything.**  
**When doing the fourth round**  
**He began to speak alone, and aloud:**



**-These skulls are from Burgos  
That they were shot  
On the Mount of Estepar  
And they hadn't done anything.  
In a little while  
He dropped a dizzy duck into her arms.  
Healthy and alive as he was  
He killed him with kisses, gnawing his teeth  
Leaving you nailed in your feathers  
Your false teeth  
That he was of no use to her.**



**Daniel's Pic. Burgos**

**10 IMAGINARY CASTLE PEAK**

**There in that imaginary castle**

**Whose peak peeks out from the bushes**

**Hidden because no one sees it**

**Gilles de Rais lived  
French nobleman of the 15th century  
When he made a getaway to Burgos  
With Joan of Arc  
Maiden of Orlens  
"The warrior maiden."  
Before eating lunch or dinner  
Partridges and rabbits  
And flattering turtledoves  
They set fire to the fire  
With bones and skulls  
Of men who have killed  
In the hundred years war  
In Orleans and other cities  
Between english and french  
For some feudal lands.  
When they tried to lie down  
To have sex as Donkeys  
Juana ordered him to close the door  
But the cunning Gilles  
He left it half open  
So that during the act  
When will they reach orgasm  
Enter Archangel Michael  
Margaret and Catherine of Alexandria  
Her fervent friends in transvestites  
And very serious**

**Because Gilles wanted to fuck them  
And then cut off their heads.  
To Juana, half asleep  
After the act  
He held her in his arms  
To Pierre Cauchon, bishop  
That he fucked her in the anus  
As the gossips say  
Handing it over to him, later  
To Duke John of Bedford  
Who burned her at the stake  
In Rouen for more details  
Because, according to the bishop  
"Her asshole has traces of sperm  
By Gilles de Rais  
That quarterback  
Boys and girls buttermilk  
Of exacerbated Christian faith  
Who did animal and criminal sex  
With witches, alchemists  
Seers and worshipers of the Devil ”.  
Gilles de Rais was born  
In the black tower  
From the castle of Champtocé  
Bathed by the Loire river  
In the Brittany region  
Of parents who engendered**

**By the year.  
His father was the horse  
His mother was the mare  
Who neighed briskly  
Throughout the whole of Brittany.**

**Pope Callisto II  
And Napoleon Bonaparte  
They drank red wine  
In the skulls of him  
And of her.**





**Daniel' Pic**

## **11 IN MADRID POP POP POP**

**Madrid has not stopped being fascist. What things have happened, and they are due to a She Ass. There, in the Congress, where donkey meat is eaten thanks to the Braying of the Spanishists, they are putting the Spaniards in a bind. Some of them bet on She Ass;**

others, by communist Priapus, who had to cut his ponytail, when he stumbled at the polls and fell receiving a string of insults and the manipulation of the votes.

With the jaw of a sacred ass, they have injured thousands of republicans and want to end the memory of him, because they say that their race comes from those criminal kings, thieves, obscene and falsifiers of a Reconquest inspired by God and his Church .

Now, we will see in Madrid, its villas, towns and cities, its stables and corrals, bulls, hunting, domestic rape, so many of the many garments of that cocoon that was run by liking signing death sentences, worshiper of the vile club made of wood of the cross of Christ, according to his platoon or prison executioners.

How the friars, priests and their Church like Francoism.

In the Palmar de Troya they venerate him as a saint. How they want him here to venerate the same. To the murderers of the republicans, the freemasons, the anarchists, they owe their faith and courage. Soon, a Tedeum will sing again in their temples to that crime leader with the head of an Ass and a single egg.

The Tyrant's instinct will bring many trophies, many votes, to the brave criminals and murderers, for they are of his kinship.

The Spanish Empire is still kept in tin cans, thank God. The milk of She Ass will be incomparable with that of the Donkeys. She Ass's, like She Donkey's, is very medicinal. Being a hero will depend, as always, on a ham knife.





**Apple blossom in Rita's Garden. Daniel' Pic**

**12 INSPIRATION**

**In the Residential Park "Saint Coitus"**

**A place that is a furnace**

**Very hot place**

**From the road that goes from Valladolid to Olmedo**

**Live a couple that we all think of**

**If they will be married**

**For the give and take**

**Answers and replies between the twos.**

**When lying in the apple orchard  
Jumping on each other  
And vice versa  
We have heard them say behind the wall:  
Beloved: Breathe in the air with the Cunt, beloved.  
The muscles that command the movements  
Of your big and small lips  
Infuse the mood of the tip of my cocoon  
Ideas, affections.  
She beloved: Yes. Beloved. The tip of your cocoon  
When touching me  
Suggest ideas on the tip of my Clit  
For the composition of this artistic and literary work  
That illuminates the Sex of each of the twos  
Exciting our will  
Igniting the understanding of the Ass  
Exalting the creative powers  
Of the artist that we carry inside.  
Beloved: The memory of past events  
The sight of that scene of yours naked and shitting  
I am extremely moved.  
She beloved: Softly blow the air on our buttocks  
Allowing to produce almost spontaneously  
And without great effort our Orgasm.  
The beloved was amazed  
Of how the loved one penetrated her  
From behind and in front.**

**Beloved: Only Saint Coitus can save you.**

**She beloved: Oh, blessed Coitus**

**That I get it off soon this damn**

**Let me become a dove**

**Jumping over the wall**

**When one feels the shit of the pigeon.**

**The saint protects her:**

**-Get up from there, woman**

**That you are already in salvation**

**And very well fucked**

**That your Cunt is crazy**

**Bwilderer, flat**

**And the horn from him prepared**

**To load gunpowder.**





**Burgos' Scarecrows**

**13 ONE THREE OF AUGUST**

**On the third of August they took me to the main party**

**From Valdorros, "Feast of San Esteban"**

**20 kilometers from Burgos  
And what was my surprise  
That being walking very happily  
Near the golf course "El Enebral"  
Juniper town  
That had smelly junipers  
What is medicinal fruit  
When we saw a couple of giants  
What did we think of those from Burgos  
Threading love to each other  
Passing the thread  
By the eye or the hole of the pearl of it.  
-Let's leave them, said my companions.  
Staying me crouched  
After a water  
Pump to draw water  
Trying to understand  
What they said next and without concert:  
-While your horse drinks  
I start to sing.  
-Look, girl, how well he sings  
Your little mermaid of the sea.  
And you farted!  
-Marranito Little Pig  
That you are not the son of the king count  
But a stupid street sweeper  
That you are grieving for me.**

**-Four powder I'm going to give you  
Marranota Big She Pig  
Riding you on horseback.**

**-Less wolves, Little Red Riding Hood  
I already saw you at your aunt's house  
And oh what a shame  
It was neither fu nor fa.  
When they finished the cap  
And they got up, so funny  
I was amazed by his two organs  
Herb with poison on their tips  
That shed tears  
About a hole in the grass  
That it wasn't golf but crickets.  
When she told him:  
-Come on, love, it's already starting  
The evening dance  
Well you listen to the music  
They lined up for the town  
The two kissing each other  
And the giant cajoling her with promises  
Or flattering words.  
I was going after them  
Without being seen  
Remembering with grace how the giant  
She harnessed the giant.  
-For me it was the last fireworks**



**At the town fireworks  
I told my companions  
Once i told them  
This beautiful story.**



**Essence of Hee-Haw. Daniek's Pic**

## **14 SCREAMS IN CONGRESS**

**It is no wonder that the people praise the cries of the animals they vote for and elect at the polls, whom they hold so much appreciation for.**

**The history of that building is very tremendous. In addition to enclosing the arcanum of a coup d'etat, its large toothless mouth, like that of ogres and buttermilk, spews out a number of insults, outbursts, drool and burr, which could be said to be the fight between roosters and roosters here. donkeys, progressive roosters and frank fascist donkeys, with some she asses that stand out because their womb is fallen, showing ovaries like the eggs of the Esparteros horse, worthy of the most exalted whores in history or “Mata Haris”.**

**The former, with the greatest tenacity and strong determination, want a more modern and intelligent country; the second, sitting on their benches, seem to shit through their mouths, as they sit on the toilet like troglodytes shitting pure and clean; dreaming of processing shit under canopy.**

**How it is seen here, in this Chair of Bray and the crowing of the roosters, the influence that Bray has on each other, as well as yawning. The Asses of a game bray when the first exalted companion Brawls, just as their lordships yawn when the main one between the She Asses and Donkeys yawns.**

**It would be missing more! The human species has always venerated the Bray or Hee-Haw of the Asses more than the crowing of the rooster. In addition to the Donkeys of the most powerful parties that follow them, emuli are the Mules and Donkeys who guide them.**

**Braying is what matters. And the one who Brays first, that one gets the candlestick and the glory.**

**The frank fascists want to put the progressives in a shameful position, as some trustworthy author refers, and their deception is as long as their dick with which they deceive the pious and pissed off, and with which they want to make war against others.**

**¡To Hee-Haw! ¡To Hee-Haw! asks us all the press and their formidable television squads.**

**Brawl! Is the cry in Congress.**





**Daniel's Pic**

**15 SNAKE CONJURER**

**I'm sitting on a stone bench**

**At the bus stop 03**

**That takes me from Juan de Padilla to San Juan Bautista**

**In Burgos capital**

**And I see him sit, right in front of me**

**A slobber-faced guy out**

**Destined to be a Snake Conjuror**

**No chair endowed for this purpose**

**But if fag or faggot by use and fashion**

**Well, at the moment, and yes**

**He makes hand gestures touching his balls**

**Crossing legs**

**As girls do.**

**In a moment, resting his hands on the stone**

**He scattered with all his might**

**A cock shaped like a snake**

**That he got all stiff**

**He sprouted from his fly breaking it**

**Making its dance twisting its body**

**Spitting out a long procession of sperm**

**As in magic and illusionism program**

**To get our attention.**

**He could be heard braying and panting**

**At the same time**

**Which servant of universal history**

**Of human fag**

**That he lies above all**

**In public urinals**

**And in those of the Universities, Seminars and Colleges.**

**A woman spectator, by chance  
That she came to catch the same bus  
Seeing him in this guise and with oracular postures  
She couldn't help saying  
Before getting on the bus:  
-I vote for such! I have not seen cock  
So snake-like  
Like this knave  
That he affirms with his gestures  
That he has appreciation for men  
Although I have seen it very similar  
When my husband's snake looks at my pussy.  
-Madam, I told you  
Good thing the bus has arrived  
And we will no longer expose ourselves  
To have its spit on our faces  
The serpent of this fool  
Very similar to that of the Asses.  
-Save that! A man passing by  
Yelled at him.  
It is not proper to the sane man  
But yes from the man who likes the Straight.  
I think the conjuring man  
Body-twisting tightrope walker  
He must have answered:  
-The Cock has always been my rule  
And I venerate it.**



**I want to give man what is his  
And attract the fire of the eternal ass.**



**16 THE INVENTION OF FIRE (THIS TIME OF PASSION)**

**In the vicinity of Atapuerca, in Burgos, I met an alienated person from Karnak, in Mobihan (French Brittany), who came from Eguilaz, in Vizcaya, who told me about the invention of fire, this time about the Passion, in the It was from the Megaterio and Megalosaurio.**

**While we scratched the earth with our nails to see to find a fossil in this geological terrain, he told me:**

**-The first invention of fire came when the first man, seeing his first curved and then erect piece, Homo Erectus, wanted to guess where to put it, not without first contemplating the median of the female that he had before his nose, such as the median or curved piece of the serreta that rests on the horse's nose.**

**As long before he had invented the fire that burns and burns by rubbing a dry stick against a piece of wood with the palm of his hands, in the same way he wanted to invent and invented the fire of passion, putting a pointed and dry stick in the vagina of the woman. female rubbing him with the palms of her hands until he reached the orgasm and then penetrating her.**

**They had noticed how the antediluvian mammals had sex; But they did not see, in the female, beyond the bottle, the main part of the teat, without entering her nipple and, by caress or mockery, they put their hand under the Chichi's hair.**

**Seeing that with this rubbing the female became opulent and in her sauce, and that it produced the desired effect, this they were doing until modern men discovered them frowning, distorting and obscuring the Truth.**





**Daniel' Pic**

**17 THE SACRILEGIOUS PRIEST**

**Being a novice of the convent**

**Naked to bed**

**She was approached by the spiritual father**

**Grabbing her and saying:**

**-There are no nuns in the choir anymore**

**Take me from this club**

**What is fountain spout**

**Of Love and Life**

**And, also, a lamp to light.**

**Since that fateful first day**

**In which I gave you communion**

**I've fallen in love with you**

**To rage and grieve.**

**Giving the novice**

**Round and round on the bed**

**She wanting him to get away**

**That priest, that traitor of God**

**Put the dick in her pen**

**Excitedly exclaiming:**

**-Give me your breasts, novice**

**Give me love from your breasts.**

**Let me grab God**

**Through your Pussy.**

**The poor novice was filled**

**Of sperm the ribs**

**As if walnuts fell from the walnut tree**

**In the garden.**

**When the rape ended**

**The priest, as he could**

**Went to the chapel of Saint John.**

**-Bend me Saint John blessed  
If you can protect me  
That for this dust  
That I have given to the novice  
I can't shake it.  
The nuns got up early  
And, seeing that the novice did not come  
To the chapel for Matins to pray  
They went to her room  
Dead and cold they found her  
She well she had hanged herself  
With the sheets of rape  
With a written note that said:  
-I hope Satan puts in his oven  
The spiritual father  
Until charcoal is made  
With that God who is useless.**

## **18 THREE DIVINE**

**The Devil**



**“Everyone who comes to Me, stays.**

**The days are born glorious**

**Sprouting from hell**

**Its fire and light. "Satan**

**The Witch**





**“Witches were and are the most beautiful among us.**

**The Inquisitors drank their Period in Unicorn glasses ”-Fray Tomás de Torquemada (XV century)**



## **The Juggler**



**"I always went and sang as pilgrim  
And they called me a juggler.  
I perfumed the atmosphere  
Of the people in the streets  
Playing and singing  
At the edges of palaces and castles "- The Juggler**



**Evangelic church on sale. Daniel's Pic**

## **19 TO HOLY WHO PEES DON'T BELIEVE HIM**

**This time, Juan Palomo and Ario Chirimía decided to have lunch in a cafeteria bar at Polígono Río Vena, in Burgos. Two grilled palominos (pigeons) had lunch; and this served to make them laugh because they remembered that the palominos, too, refer to the stains that shit leaves on the underpants when one wipes the shit.**

**When some young men from the neighborhood found out, they went there, because they thought that those pigeons had lost them when the pigeons flew from the nest. Almost sure of a happy meeting with their palominos, they were disappointed to see how these two characters were eating them.**

**Nothing could be done. Well, these two characters, in the manner of those priests who fucked widows and married women, boys and girls in the Church Sacristy, instantly surprised, were cleaning their noses whispering: -Peccata minuta. Stay with the pleasant smell that the embers give off.**

**Once outside the cafeteria bar, they began to walk around the neighborhood, being surprised to see on Juan de Padilla Street a place**

with a sign that said: Evangelical Church with a sign on its facade that read "Prigo. Sale".

These comments were the ones I heard coming out of their mouths. And I do not lie. My grandson Kylian, who slept peacefully in his cart, which I cradled, and a lost black dog with a snail on his nose can attest to this:

**Juan Palomo:** - What a bunch of hypocrites, all these who dedicate themselves to the Gospel or the Bible. His good is only based on deceiving and hallucinating the people, making them, as pastors and prelates, very rich.

**Ario Chirimía:** - How good is Braying in Advent! Period between the first Sunday of the four that precede the Nativity and the vigil of this festival.

**Juan Palomo:** Ha ha ha. You speak like a priest.

**Ario Chirimía:** Yes. Something remains from those times when everything was Hee-Haw. Women, children, young men, old men, we all fussed emulating the desire and haste to rise up to God guided by the Bray of the priest, father or guru on duty, at Masses.

**Juan Palomo:** And let's not say about the Conquest of America by the Christian Asses. The priests and friars brought many Donkeys to these lands with horrendous Brays stunning; all of them, with firearms, crosses and a stiff prick, imitating the Donkeys with boastfulness.

**Ario Chirimía:** You say the truth, partner. Here came the most cruel murderers, bastards eager to violate everything that moves. The crime against humanity was repeated daily in the most solemn and circumspect way.

**Juan Palomo:** The scum, the mockery, the murderer or criminal who showed the most devotion to the Homeland and the King were serious, murdering, raping and robbing right and left.

**Ario Chirimía:** I think Columbus was the one who said, when he stepped on Native American land:

**"Struggle with a roar. Kill all these prostrate Indians. Rape all those pious women of a false god; and whoever resists, kill. Let the friars and priests cut them down first. Leave the youth and children to the clergy; for it is so much their pleasure to see them that they Bray with care.**

**Such is his contentment! And steal his riches and treasures, that God and the King of Spain send him, because they need him for their real misdeeds and felonies ”.**

**Juan Palomo: This happened in America and history does not lie.**

**Ario Chirimía: On crime, murder, rape, robbery, derision, slavery, the great fortunes and the most notable Sects and Religions that exist in the world have been built.**

**Juan Palomo: I say: La Fortuna rises at the tip of the cocoon of a stiff cock. That this is confirmed by the Santoral (Calendar of Saints) of great fame; and that the Popes know it well without denying it.**

**Ario Chirimía: Men only want to Bray when they have the feed ready, like Donkeys.**

**Juan Palomo: One day goes by, two go by and the supreme Truth is that: "To Holy who pees don't believe him", as your grandmother used to say.**

**My grandson Kylian woke up, and I passed from these aforementioned texts, very true indeed.**

**I looked at him and said; him smiling:**

**- What viperine tongues! When you are older, if I am still alive and well, I will read you from Virgil and Ovid, from Persio and Apuleius.**





**Daniel's Pic**

## **20 TO THE BASIN OF TESLA**

**Poor little boy Pedrito González, who had a pen and was a bit butterfly, who was caught planting wickers in Parral de Burgos, suffering the unspeakable from the insults of a youth group from the San Juan Bautista neighborhood.**



**Ruines, these told him:**

**-You are of more cost than profit. When we see you at the Las Fuentecillas party, we will throw you into the Basin of Tesla.**

**Due to his natural trace, Pedrito González could not hit and win in his position, coming out with damage and loss, just calm, when he saw the same event and damage in another, because the evil of many is joy.**

**-And that priests are all fags or pedophiles, he told himself.**

**Pedrito González took up the women's trades; He was going to the Library of the Principal Theater, preparing for an opposition from the Junta de Castilla y León; that he approved; getting a position in the offices of Juan de Padilla.**

**On Saturdays and Sundays and keeping parties, he went a lot to the Camino de la Plata Shopping Center, where there were many bearded bears that, like thieves, unhinged him and wanted to break him, stealing his courage, telling them:**

**-Come back later, I'm not cooked yet.**



## 21 TORQUEMADA AND THE WITCH OF TINIEBLAS

Tomás de Torquemada, Palencia

Inquisitor, politician and Dominican friar

**Of the Order of Preachers  
Confessor of Queen Elizabeth the Catholic  
He came to Burgos, one day  
In Search of the Witch of Tinieblas (Darkness)  
At the foot of the Mencilla mountain range  
In the Hill (Sierra) of Demanda  
With access from Villoruebo and Villamiel  
By local road BU-V-8002  
In the municipal area that includes  
The town of Tañabueyes.**



**(From Internet)**

**He came for Passover  
And also for the Trinity  
Because of how well he had done  
With the Witch of Darkness**

**With which he could enjoy violently  
Up to seven times  
Crossing the hill  
Along the route between Tinieblas and Iglesiapinta  
Leaving his semen on the pillory  
Very firm and steady  
So that women see it  
That can still be contemplated.  
-What a shame of a penis;  
The Witch of Darkness told Torquemada  
While he laughed like a kaffir.  
Torquemada, singing in Gregorian  
A do-re-mi-fa-sol-la  
Fucked the Witch of Darkness with a joke  
Especially in that variant of the route  
In which you can see a mill  
Until he started to ejaculate  
Taking it out of the vagina  
Against stones and bushes.**





**(From Internet)**

**The water that gushes from many places**

**Due to thaw**

**Along with his executioner sperm**

**Went down to the meadows**

**Where the cows graze**

**That they looked lovely**

**Without any fear of the Inquisitor**

**To the cut off of a river**

**To the pylons and springs**

**Where beasts and clergymen drink.**

**Next to the river of the town of**

**That imparts Justice**

**Torquemada said to the Witch one day:**

**Here next to this royo (column)**



**I will build a bonfire  
Where I will burn you alive  
As long as I give myself a big handjob.**

**Some old woman from the town**

**Still remember and tell us:**

**-You don't know, you don't know**

**What a jerk Torquemada got here.**

**- Look, there is an old man coming**

**I don't know what news he will bring.**

**The old man approached us:**

**-The news that I bring**

**Oh, what a shit!**

**And, to us, he made us want**

**Of crying with laughter.**

**-The Witch yes she was scorched here**

**And, in the high stake of the bonfire**

**She was tied up and burned**

**Putting Torquemada into him**

**Before lighting the flames**

**A broomstick for the Cunt.**

**The old man who shit**

**He came back to us saying:**

**-The town of Darkness (Tinieblas)**

**Put her ashes**

**In a velvet box**

**With glass top**

**Tying it to the leg of a crow**

**That, when releasing it**

**Flying it began to sing**

**-Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la.**

**-To the Witch of Darkness' black cat**

**They caught red-handed at the time**

**A sheaf of hypocrites**

**Giving it a strong kick**

**That sent it**

**To the Mencilla peak, exclaiming:**

**-How bad it is to be a Witch's cat!**



**(From Internet)**



**Kylian in the Ejido Fountain. Daniel's Pic.**

**22 WATER ;**

**The joy of the child**

**Before the jet of very abundant water**

**From the Ejido Fountain**

**In Moradillo de Roa, Burgos**

**That springs from a spring**

**At the foot of the Hermitage**

**Dedicated to the Virgin, her patron**

**That is why the locals thought**

**From inmemorial time**

**That "this water brought the spirit of God**

**And the love of the Virgin "**

**Coming men, women and children**

**With pitchers, pitchers and jugs**



**To fill them with this miraculous water  
From the towns of Segovia  
Valladolid and Burgos  
And even from Álava and Madrid  
Because they believed it healed  
Kidney diseases and gout.  
The child claps the water  
Playing with it between his fingers  
As if it were  
Of fruits, plants and flowers  
What do grandpa or grandma offer you  
Squeezing its juice or essence  
Squeezing them.  
He plays and laughs  
With the overtones that the light makes  
By reflecting on it.  
He wants to catch the pipe  
And cover the hole where the water comes out.  
He wants to sail on the pylon  
Where once he used to come to water the cattle  
Or the beasts of burden  
That the watering holes brought  
Or serones that were put on the packs  
And that one goes to each side  
In order to carry the barrels  
Or pitchers of water  
The paper boat**

**What has grandfather done to him  
And he cries when water gets in it  
And it sinks.  
Right now  
Great-grandmother has approached  
And she tells us that this water  
It is living water with strength and substance  
And she tells us some sayings:  
"Water catch with sieve  
Who believes in light"  
"Girl's love, water in a basket"  
"May water  
Bread for the whole year "  
"Saint Joan's water takes away wine  
And does not give bread"  
"Past water does not move mill"  
"Something has water when they bless it"  
"After the thousand years  
Run the water where it used to go "  
"God free me from the still water  
May I free myself from the brave "  
"Nobody say this water I will not drink"  
"Some catch of the spilled water"  
"Water does not make it sick  
It does not embed or it owes"  
Amazed at what we were hearing  
The boy wanted to drink water from a glass**

**And he almost choked on swallowing difficulties  
Of little moment.  
And, so brave he  
He wanted to get into the water  
But his mother did not let him  
Taking him in her arms  
Saying with kisses:  
-Let's go see that firefly  
Less luminous than the firefly  
Very luminous insect of the tropics  
And water your juniper  
With blessed water  
Besides, my pretty boy, we have to leave  
To the birds and wild animals  
Come to drink  
To this beautiful trough.**



**Daniel's Pic**

**23 INSECT ON TABLE LEG**

**This insect or bug has been touching my balls  
And it would not surprise me that, with a kick  
Break the table leg  
Which is located in Rita de Moradillo's pergola.**



**Look she was peeing on some perennial flowers  
And it seems that the insect wanted to make history  
On the tip of my cocoon  
After making thanks between my two cracked eggs  
Very tremendous that the pros and cons defend  
From the cock of this Ass that encourages me.  
With the greatest tenacity and strong determination  
I got to send him with the urine  
To the table leg of Rita's pergola.  
A friend, who Brays like an Ass commonly  
That he was between yawning and crow crowing, he told me:  
Let me take a picture of you, mate.  
I left him, while he yawned keeping his tail  
Closing the fly as it is worth inquiring.  
-How do you feel, partner, after urinating  
So placidly which Borrico (Ass) instantly?**

**The friend asked me, imitating my yawn.  
I answered him reliably:  
-I feel like a Braying Donkey  
Hearing another Donkey Brawl, buddy  
How it is done in Assemblies or Congresses  
Of all nations and peoples.  
So I started or yawn!  
And you, imitating my yawn.**



## 24 THE FROG AND THE OWL

Sunrise, which is no small thing.

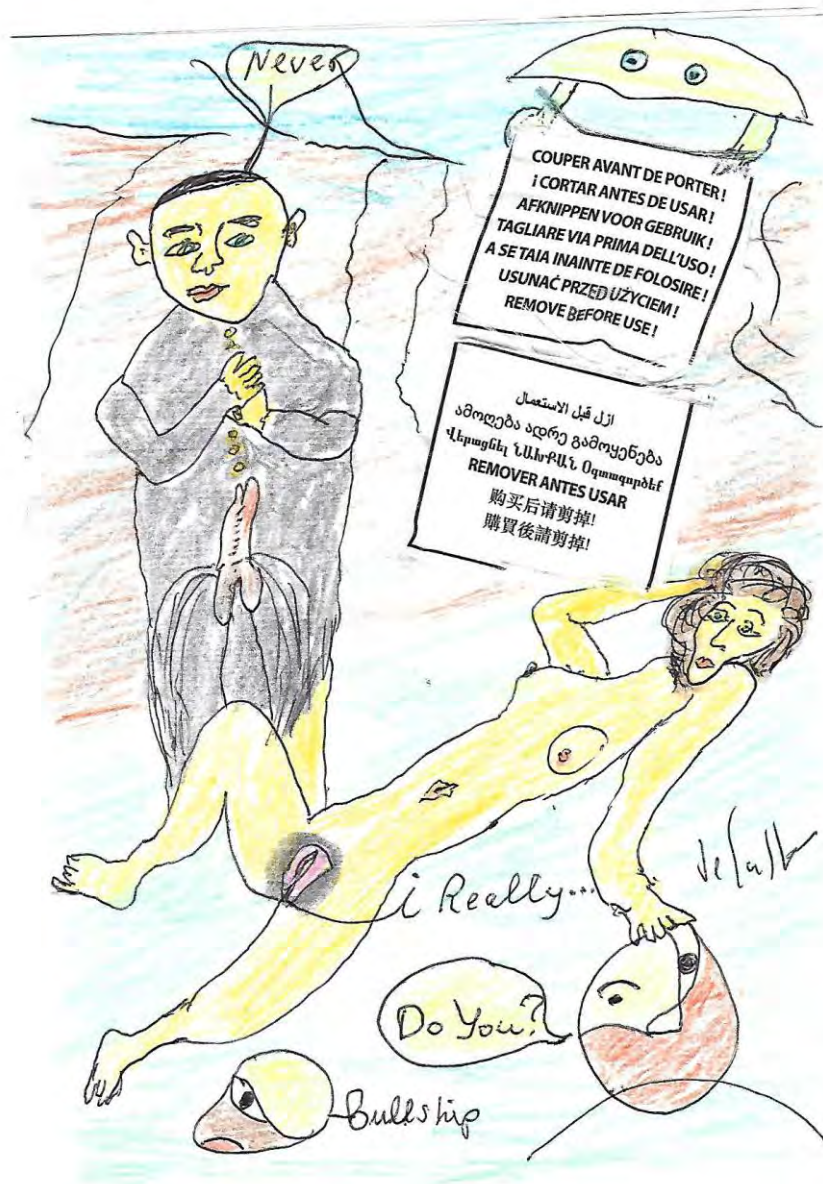
Bleary awake  
And I'm running to pick up the phone  
Because it doesn't stop ringing  
With that frog song  
With big eyes  
Emerald green.  
I turn on the mobile and see  
That your screen is  
Like a puddle of ducks:  
My friends do not send me  
More than wasaps  
Of naked aunts  
Jumping and dancing  
Pissing and shitting  
And doing back sex  
Like dogs  
That stun me  
And they scare me rather little  
Well these things  
How much are they worth  
I compare them to my snot.  
Also, they send me  
Hoaxes and animated  
Of the three-headed  
Frank and sacred opposition  
That their nails are sharpened  
Twice at day

**The same as their knives  
Singing in the shower:  
Once upon a time there were three wolves  
Willing to feast ”  
Because they want  
Once Confinement ends  
Jump to the jugular  
Of the two-headed Government  
Time goes by  
Wondering:  
"What animal, what animal is  
That, although it may not seem like it  
For sharpening your nails so much  
Animal three times is it?  
Wishing that this government  
I mocked them to the end.  
So I turn off the mobile  
Without answering my contacts  
And with my eyes and ears  
Like plates and glasses  
I start to see and listen  
A video of Sara Montiel:  
"The Wise Flea"  
That the oil sucked me  
Which owl  
From the lamp of my senses  
When, at the Seminary**



**She made me so many straws for her  
And that, now, she comes to him  
Cone ring to the finger  
To the Coronavirus Covid19:  
Lyrics by A. Retana:  
"There is a malignant flea  
That it is already bothering me  
Because it itches me and hides  
And I can't get my hands on it.  
Jump that jump goes for my suit  
Making fun of my modesty  
The impertinence of it gives me courage  
And how I managed to catch it alive  
For this infamous that I'm looking for  
There is no salvation. Do not.  
I was resting reading  
A beautiful novel  
When that insolent flea  
It came to make me nervous.  
Four times it has escaped me  
When I thought I hunted it  
And because of how much it has stung me  
For this indiscreet flea  
As I caught it in my hands  
There will be no forgiveness.  
Although I lost my calm  
By a reckless flea**

**I'm going to stay calm  
Well, I managed to kill it.  
It no longer runs  
No more itches  
Between my hands  
At last it died. "**



## 25 CUT BEFORE USING

We are in the Plaza del Mencia

In the Fuentecillas, in Burgos.

**Grandpa Daniel rocks the dream  
Of his precious grandson Kylian  
Right next to some girls  
What, sitting on the ground  
Laugh as only they know how to break it.**

**-That laugh of the girls**

**Takes one up, says another grandfather**

**That is right next to me**

**But in another bank**

**That he has his granddaughter**

**Going from one swing to another.**

**-Yes, I answer him:**

**I have raised it up to the Lord!**

**-Ha, ha, ha, replied the other grandfather.**

**The Girls: Athanasia**

**Eusebia, Ursicia, Demetria**

**Marcela And Calixta**

**They shake their ass on the grass**

**As if it were a boiling pot.**

**Calixta: Eye here, and eye there**

**Which according to it will.**

**All the others: What? Tell us tell us.**

**Calixta: My mother tells**

**That my grandmother gave birth**

**And she said to her husband, my grandfather:**

**-I go through these pains for you.**

**He answered:**



**-That's why I'll cut it off.**

**I don't want you to happen again**

**These labor pains.**

**Eusebia: but, now stop**

**With epidural anesthesia.**

**All the others: -But shut up, Eusebia**

**And you Calixta, go on, go on:**

**-Well, my grandmother believed it**

**And fearing that grandpa would do it**

**She told family and friends:**

**-Eye here, and eye there**

**Which according to it will.**

**The girls laughed**

**So me too**

**They made me steep it.**

**They, who had come with boys**

**That now, they played soccer**

**On the court next door**

**They directed their gaze**

**Towards the boy who put them on.**

**Ursicia: - Oh, what a great evil**

**Do not twist that pile and throw it in a sack!**

**Demetria: Look, that dangling piece of hair**

**To my boy**

**Outside the pants**

**She taught my Cunt to speak.**

**All of them: Ha ha ha.**

**Atanasia: -Well, my boy came out chastened**

**Of how badly he had it:**

**One day came to my house**

**To lick my Cunt like a dog**

**And my parents arrived**

**And they beat him.**

**All of them: Ha ha ha.**

**Eusebia: - And what happened to me:**

**The day I made Communion**

**I looked at the priest**

**And I saw nothing but his thrush**

**That came out of his cassock.**

**Marcela: Yes, yes, the priest Pacheco's thrush!**

**Also, he gave Communion to me.**

**All of them: Ha ha. Ha**

**Calixta: - Well I, the truth:**

**Eating a sandwich with my boy**

**On the river bank, in Arlanzón**

**I took his stiff dick, saying:**

**Oh love love**

**What you want for you I will do.**

**I spread my legs and he fucked me**

**And how it hurt**

**And him, too**

**He told me with kisses:**

**-No more dog to the mill**

**And tomorrow I'll cut it off.**

**-No, love, no, I replied.**

**Well, what did you come to the world for**

**But is that to fuck?**

**-This black love attracts us**

**And everyone is restless, he answered me.**

**The boys had finished the game**

**They got up and followed them**

**Showing her buttocks**

**From behind his pants**

**Too short.**



**Isabel's Pic**

**26 BRIGHT AUTUMN MORNINGS**

**Bright autumnal mornings**

**Grandpa Daniel walks his grandson Kylian**

**Through the Plaza Mayor of Burgos**

**Where, after a while, they sit  
On the long marble bench.  
While there are people who wait  
At the door of the Town Hall  
That the security lord  
I let them in to relieve themselves  
The two of them, with a clear smile  
They show their teeth:  
Kylian her two fresh out  
Grandfather Daniel his two new jaws.  
-Look, boy, how good it feels to me  
The new teeth.  
What a smile of toothpaste!  
Your beautiful smile with two little teeth  
Yes it is beautiful and supernatural.  
Look: Mama Isabel is like a mermaid  
When she accompanies grandmother Rita  
To buy some coffees to go  
At the door of a closed bar  
Because of the Pandemic  
Because they can't get inside.  
Now the Kylian boy who all feels  
He plays with his book "Kylian"  
Recently posted  
As if he played with his doll  
On the shore of the sea of Suances  
Where their parents like to spend the summer**



**Not caring about pigeons and sparrows  
That they are pecking the "tail"  
Freshly bought from the bakery next door.**

**-What joy this child gives us  
That he has enlivened our loves  
And illusions of living  
Grandma Rita exclaims.  
One girl passes, two pass  
Three pass and four pass  
And when they look at him  
They can't say anything other than:**

**-Look, mom how cute he is  
This blondes with blue eyes.  
You have to buy us that book  
To play with him.**



**Isabel's Pic**



**Daniel's Pic**

## **27 ANOTHER CLEANING OPERATOR CRAK**

**Today, April 5, at noon, next to the circular fountain in Plaza la Tesla, this time its jets in motion, I was rocking Kyian's car in his dream, when a large cleaning van from the City Hall appeared. Burgos.**

**This time, a bald man came out of it; what I saw when he took off a cap he was wearing. He jumped out of the booth, and, dragging his head, he began to think: "for the money I earn, I am not going to punish myself much." You could see that he did not have a stupid hair.**

**He put goggles and helmets over his ears so that the noise of his mowing wouldn't hurt him. Before taking the lawn mower, he looked at the pigeons with envious eyes, because he had to jump out of bed to come to work and not like the pigeons that followed the pigeons with the desire to brood, although they pretended to be lazy.**

**He took the lawn mower and went cutting his green hair to the streets of the square with much satisfaction, until he got tired; Coming to look at the water in the fountain that was now standing and showing a very dirty greenish water full of dust, twigs and dove feathers,**



**making a gesture of disapproval and disgust, returning to the van to leave the lawn mower, taking off his helmets from his ears and his glasses from his nose, getting into the van, starting the engine, and disappearing from the place**

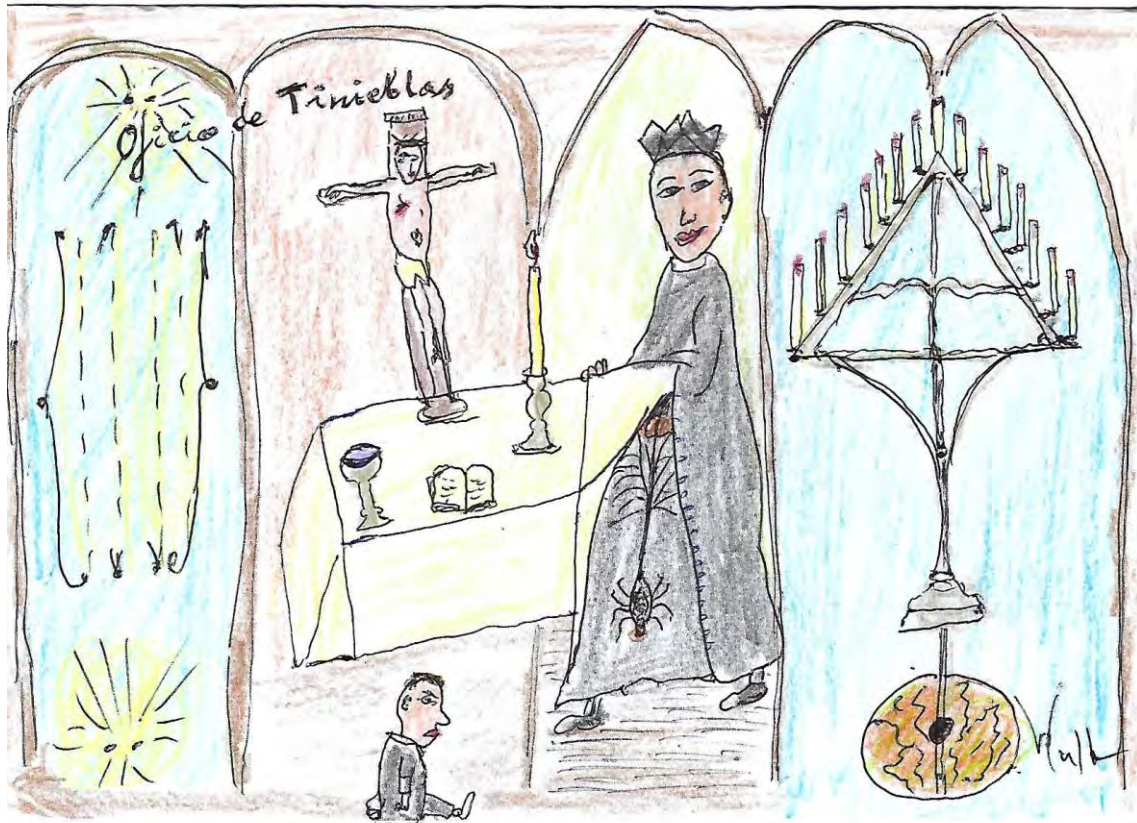
**A mother came out from the terrace of the La Casuca bar after her child, who ran away after a passing dog; she beckoned him, shouted at him:**

**-Child, come back here!**

**The bark of the dog and the cry of her mother made him wake up Kylian and get up from the car, being amazed seeing the dog and the child behind him.**

**Kylian was wonderful to watch. His face was that of a precious and divine child always smiling, pointing with the index finger of his right hand towards the child and the dog.**





**28 WHAT DO THE FRIAR AND THE LORD CURE WEAR  
UNDER THE CASE?**

**My mother, with love like a chicken**



**Brought me to the Segovia Seminary on a donkey.**

**My mother said to my father:**

**-Husband, give the Donkey, who will arrive first.**

**We march laughing**

**Until you reach the arches of its Aqueduct**

**Where, in its Plaza del Azoguejo**

**There were hundreds of Donkeys and Asses**

**Accompanied by fathers, mothers, with their children**

**That they came to the Seminary.**

**While the cleaning workers**

**They cleaned all the dung and piss**

**Of these quadrupeds**

**As in a procession, we went up Calle Real**

**Until you reach the entrance gate to the Seminary**

**That it is next to its greater Church.**

**A few priests, four, dressed in black cassocks**

**Were waiting for us at the front door**

**Moving their bodies and hands**

**As happy and rowdy**

**Because we came to study hundreds of young children**

**All guys.**

**The main priest asked us for silence**

**Firing fathers and mothers**

**Entering, we, in camp line**

**While the other three cures**

**They brushed the hair on our heads as we passed.**

**To my one, with a finger, he brushed my lips.**

**-Here, in the Seminary, the fuss is prohibited  
Said the superior father who was waiting for us**

**In the Assembly Hall.**

**I, since I was little, I wondered  
What could the friars and priests wear  
Under the cassock.**

**One day when I asked my mother  
She answered me:**

**-My son, they are beings dedicated exclusively to God.**

**They are celibate, chaste and pure.  
"So, mother, they don't have a tail?"  
When you're older, you'll know, son.**

**I was burning to know  
And, a day of spiritual exercises  
For Easter  
Without being seen**

**I got inside the cassock of one of them  
That he did not fault.**

**I seemed to be inside one night  
I came to unbutton some buttons  
And, through a Paschal Candle**

**That lit up the Trades**

**I saw that he was naked**

**And that a cobweb hung from his crotch  
With which my face almost tripped  
As he pressed me against his thighs.**

**Good thing I was able to do some folds**

**With the bottom of the cassock**

**Escaping from him**

**As he did it from the skirt of the grandmother's gown**

**That he too smelled of frankincense and myrrh**

**And a bit quite a fart.**



**29 WHAT A MAN'S YOKEL**

**Mr. Daniel de Río Vena**

**He has a very beautiful daughter**



**With a lovely boy  
Which is gorgeous.  
As a good grandfather he is  
Today, February 16, 2021  
Has agreed to go tomorrow  
To take out and walk your grandson  
Through the parks of Fuentecillas  
Next to his house.  
Dressed, has reached the elevator  
To go catch the bus  
And now, when I left the portal  
Has fully realized  
That his pants were swollen  
Through the crotch and left leg  
Seeing, in broad daylight  
That a sock came out  
From the crease of the right leg  
On the instep of the foot  
At the height of the shoe  
And a double black cloth  
By the fold of the left leg  
On the instep of the foot  
At the height of the shoe  
Taking out the sock first  
And then pulling the black cloth  
Appearing from so much pulling  
A black thermal pants**

**Bought in Decathlon  
With a sock inside.  
-Good thing he hasn't seen me  
No neighbor in the house  
He told himself.  
In the bus stop  
While he put away the clothes  
In a black bag  
There was a peruvian lady  
That she did nothing but look at him  
And she said to him: -Sir  
Could you hire me  
Or get me a job?  
I have come from Peru to Spain  
Because there you can't be  
There is no work and no security  
Having as there is in my country  
Lots of silver and mana future.  
-Madam, although you see me dressed  
With hat and suck face  
I'm going to see my daughter unemployed  
To walk my grandson  
And that she can do  
Housework.  
Life, there as here  
Is really wrong  
Because of bandits**

**Who have power and money  
And they steal us in ombría and soleá.  
-You are right, sir  
All nations are very bad  
Because they rule us  
Ali Baba and the four hundred thieves.  
-But you saw a set  
Of phosphoritos lemon pants and jacket.  
-I got hit in the Lesmes  
That socio-labor foundation  
That you will know  
And, now, I am in training.  
-Well, trust them  
Because, they, a decent job  
They can find you.  
Also, there are many companies  
Of services and cleaning  
That make it easy to hire.  
When Mr. Daniel  
He came home to his precious daughter  
And he told her what happened  
Before taking the grandson for a walk  
She couldn't help but laugh  
And, when, later  
Back home  
He told his wife  
She is, she answered him without further ado:**

**-What a man's jacket.  
And how funny that that Peruvian  
She would ask you for a job  
A vague of solemnity.**



**Daniel's Pic**

**30 I LAUGHED OF WHAT I SAW**

**Before a certain day**

**A long time ago**

**I was reading an antiphon**

**Or verse that is prayed**

**Before or after each psalm**

**In the parish church**

**From my Segovian town**

**When i warned**

**That of the circumvilinear fold**

**Ear cartilage**

**Located in front of the helix**

**Of the Caporal or responsible**

**From the town, leaning on his pole**

**That he wore festive**

**Cheekily in a leather suit**

**A spider of very light web fell**

**To which you could hear him say:**

**"Spider, who scratched you?**

**.-Another spider like me:**

**I picked a spider**

**And tie me a sheet.**

**I think I just saw it**

**And I laughed at what I saw.**





### 31 RELATIONS

**How much does Mr. Trump know how to Bray?**

**For losing a government**

**Like our politicians**

**Who work hard in Congress**

**In their highs and against high Brays**

**Attacking or applauding a government  
Achieved with effort  
Although, between them  
There is more than a dubious relaunch  
Casual and doubtful  
Talking about power and robbing the people.  
-I'm broke, Aldobrando tells me  
And it continues:  
-In a brazier or grid  
Arch-shaped  
With lattice on the lid  
I heat my dick  
Well the last fuck I threw  
It was falsetto  
A little bit.  
-Like a fart, right? I told him.  
-More or less, he answered me.  
-Well, do not get any illusions  
That my asshole is surety.  
I don't want a conscience  
On my ass.  
-Don't worry, Liberto  
That, for my part, there will be  
Such an experiment-  
Just as there is no remedy  
To make our politicians  
Don't Bray**

**Neither is there for my cock  
Well, he can and he gives me an assent  
To put it in any hole  
Of Jumentas and Jumentos  
(She Asses and Asses)  
With Masters in Bray Chairs  
That I did it in many towns  
In different times  
And in varied climates  
Well diverse  
Well, I do not like the Cunts of the aunts  
Which, to me, are  
Like a club or weight  
Put on the tail.  
Love between man and woman  
It is a Romance of the blind.  
Love between two equal sexes  
It is a Bray that ends in Farts  
Stunning**



**Daniel' Pic**

**32 KINGS CAKE**

**Today is December 16, 2020**

**Fum, fum, fum**

**We have gone a bit ahead with the Kings Cake**

**Let's call it Santa Claus or Christmas**

**Well today is Kylian's eleven month birthday**

**What is important.**

**We have put him in his cream and cream**

**Snoopy and a Mexican Skull**

**To the joy of the child**

**In addition to the Bean of rigor**

**For me to impose something else**

**Well, once you've eaten the Cake**

**Nothing will matter anymore**

**And the child will start to play with the dolls.**

**Four legs has its playground**

**And, if you move it, it goes.**

**Also, two headers**

**But the child still can't speak.**

**He throws the Skull**

**Catch snoopy**

**Throw Snoopy next to the Skull**

**And he climbs to the edge of the park**

**To see if he can jump**

**Give a little scream**

**And then falls to the ground**

**And he moves, between toys**

**On all fours.**

**I approach, I take him and I sing to him**

**Some couplets that he left written by his great-great-grandfather**

**My father, on a blank sheet**

**From the 1961 Family Medical Encyclopedia:**

**LOCK:**

**War had a vine**



**Parra had a bitch  
Parra's bitch  
Broke the War Vine  
And Guerra hit him with the baton  
To Parra's bitch.  
-Hey you compadre Guerra  
Why do you hit  
With the baton to the bitch?  
-Because if Parra's bitch  
I would not have broken the War vine  
War would not have hit  
With the baton to the bitch.**

**COWARDS:**

**Who to the cry of Long live Spain!  
With a long live, he does not respond  
He is not Spanish, if he is a foreigner  
If he is Spanish, he is not a man.**

**SEVEN VIRTUES HAS THE SOUP:**

**They remove hunger and give little thirst  
They make you sleep and digest  
They never annoy, they always please  
And they raise the pink face.**



**Daniel's Pic (Graffiti in Burgos)**

**33 CAPS AND TRAPS**

**It's already Christmas and tomorrow's New Year's Eve.**

**This year trajinero of tramoya and entanglement**

**That has carried and carried an endless**

**Of facts and events**

**Because of the Covid 19 pandemic  
Forbidding us to come and go from here to there  
Or from one place to another  
You will find us crossing the Threads of Christian Christmas  
With the birth of Jesus  
And the adoration of the Magi Kings  
With those of the noble warp  
Of pagan Christmas with the cult of the Sun  
And fertility rites  
To form the fabric of a Feast for some  
Adorned with mistletoe  
From the trunks of the sacred oak with magical powers  
And healing properties  
Especially the fleshy part of its berries which was used  
For plasters and hunt birds for others  
With its Bethlehem and its holly Symbol of Catholic  
Femininity too much associated with pagan worship  
But chosen by Christians  
To counteract that pagan cult of the divine mistletoe.  
But today, in this plotting year  
Of artifice of north wind that comes  
On the other side of the mountains Paganism and Christianity  
Will celebrate their ornamental Christmas  
Both with legal-looking masks  
To not be able to say even "Mu"  
And Trampaculos, berry of the wild rose  
Of sharp leaves and without any hair**

**With alternate stingers ingrown flowers  
With a fleshy ovate berry crowned with cuts  
Red in color when ripe used in medicine  
But when you eat it raw it closes that dark and cold part  
Of the sphincter of the anus  
In his Ass and his excellence and one can not arrange  
That the shit escape or that a fart flees  
From the danger that threatens him.**



### **34 AFTERNOON OF PASSION IN THE METRO**

**It was afternoon when the workers left the factories and returned home. She and I, without knowing each other, took Line 5 of the Madrid Metro in Callao, she sat opposite me in a crowded wagon.**

**I was on fire with passion, with the member out of the underwear, dreaming of wanting to flirt. As soon as I saw her, she was so beautiful that, instantly, I fell in love with her.**

**Trying to marry her, I looked at her making my eyes guide hers to the crossing of her pants, where my erect member, inside her pants, was beckoning to try to break her fly.**

**A drop, like mother-of-pearl, came out of the cloth, remaining attached to it.**

**She was amazed at the mother-of-pearl button, noticing in her eyes a desire to reach out to me. She looked at me, lowered her eyes to the crossing of her pants guiding mine towards a bulb like cocoon that opened inside her moving the petals or nymphs of her.**

**Alive as they were, we let our sexes play at close range, not caring about the people around us, even though we were all squeezed like canned sardines.**

**I had to get off in Urgel, but I decided to go down where she got off, because I wanted to make her fall in love with her dreaming that under her pretty breast she would have a mole.**

**She got off at Carabanchel. I followed her behind her; I tried, when we went up the escalators towards the exit of it, to get close to her and touch her like the fish do with each other in the sea.**

**She knew I was following her, waiting, I know, for me to say something to her; and I didn't tell him anything about her.**

**At the entrance to the portal of her house, she turned to me; she looked at me; but she did not come to me and I did not come to her, as each of us expected.**

**-But how dull the two of them! I said to myself. I'm dumber than her.**

**I had already come inside my pants, and I knew that my member could not resuscitate at this moment; That is why I left the place, walking towards my house, in Urgel, saying to myself:**

**-Damn my member, and damn me for letting go so beautiful woman.**





**Daniel's Pic**

**35 SHEATH**

**My friend Armando, with a rather stale smell due to his age, tells me:**

**-Whoever disgusts Cunt's hair does not like it.**

**When, idly, we walk the streets, walking from here to there without determining place or place, he always looks at the chins of the aunts' ass, saying something to them, putting me in a bind. Other times, when he passes them, he touches their ass.**

**The other day, to a young woman he yelled:**

**-You're hot. I would fill your asshole with sperm.**

**The girl turned to us and, looking at me, she exclaimed:**

**-Ass, more than Donkey.**

**When we enter the bars served by waitresses, he looks like a climbing bird on the bar. He always stalks prey with his bulging eyes that swim like sperm, stopping thought on all of them.**

**One day he told a young woman who looked Moroccan:**

**-I'll suck your Cunt, pretty girl; exclaiming she:**

**-No no no. More respect, `please.**

**He likes very much to graze the lips of a woman's vagina and her clitoris, which animals make with the leaves and the tips of tree branches.**

**So much so that one day he asked me to advertise in a local newspaper as "Pussy Suckers" - and we advertised ourselves!**

**We had several calls, but of the ones we chose, they were all rude to waste; old geriatric women who kicked us against the stinger when they reached a supposed orgasm.**

**°For us, his Pussies were Visigothic jewels worthy of being exhibited in a National Archaeological Museum.**

**We unsubscribed from the Ads, of course; although we gave existence to a thing by taking it out of nothing.**

**We were creators!**





**Daniel de Culla**

