

# **ODONTOLOGIA POETICA**



**DANIEL DE CULLA**



**Mi nueva dentadura - Mine's new Teeth**

**Nota: Esta "Mi nueva dentadura" está en:**



**Tristan Da Cunha Permanent Exhibition Supporting Group**

**International Union of Mail-Artists – IUOMA**

**© Autor Editor: DANIEL DE CULLA**

**Depósito Legal: DL BU- 157-2021**

## **INDICE**

**1 V FERIA DEL LIBRO DE ARTISTA EN CASTILLA Y LEON**

**2 UN CHIP EN LA COLA**

**3 A CHIP IN THE PRICK**

**4 DOS IDIOTAS PEDIENDO POESIA EN TIEMPO DE  
CORONAVIRUS**

**5 TWO IDIOTS LOSING FOR POETRY IN QUARENTINE TIME**

**6 LOS AMANTES DE GILIPOYAS**

**7 GILIPOYA'S LOVERS**

**8 DIA INTERNACIONAL DE LA POESIA**

**9 INTERNATIONAL DAY OF POETRY**

**10 JOURNEE INTERNATIONALE DE LA POESIE**

**11 PELEA DE VACUNAS COVID**

**12 UN HAIUKU – ONE HAIKU**

**13 EN CASA DOÑA JUANA**

**14 COVID VACCINE FIGHT**

**15 AT DOÑA JUANA'S HOME**

**16 CHORUS**

**17 WATER, GOD, AND COME MAY**

**18**

**19 DIVINE CUNT PRECIOUS AND INSUBMISSIVE**

**20 THE DEVIL, THE WITCH AND THE JUGGLER**

**21 MERRY CHRISTMAS**

**22 FILOMENA**

**23 MY NIGHT OF SENSE**

**24 BLACK PUDDING OF OUR JOY**

**25 OH, AFRICA**

**26 OH JOYFUL LIGHT!**

**27 ELOQUENT STONE**

**28 GENERAL ZOOLOGY**

**29 BEHIND THE VINEYARD**

**30 ASI SE CONSUELA QUIEN A LA VACUNA NO LLEGA**

**31 ¿OS ACORDAIS DE MI CONEJO?**

**32 CON UN TINTERO VACIO JUEGO CON LA PLUMA**

**A ESCRIBIR**

**33 TRES SON TRES**

**34 ABIMAEEL Y STEVEN**

**35 DESDE LUEGO, HACE OSCURO Y HUELE A QUESO MALO**

**36 OF COURSE, IT'S DARK AND SMELLS LIKE BAD CHEESE**

**37 CLIT, CLIT, CLIT**

**38 HAIKUS**

**39 OIGO VOCES**

**40 HEARING VOICES**

**41 AHÍ ES EL REBUZGAR**

**42 THERE IS THE HEE HAW**

**43 ENCIENDO EL ORDENADOR CON MI DEDO GORDO DEL  
PIE**

**44**

**45 POBRE DE SOLEMNIDAD DE ALTO STANDING**

**46 ME QUITO EL SOMBRERO**

**47 A PESAR DE LA POLUCION**

**48 DESPITE THE POLLUTION**

**49 TARDE DE PASION EN EL METRO**

**50 AFTERNOON OF PASSION IN THE SUBWAY**

**51 EL PASO DE AGAPITO POR LA IGLESIA, LOS SINDICATOS  
Y LA POLITICA**

**52 EL SUPERHEROE**

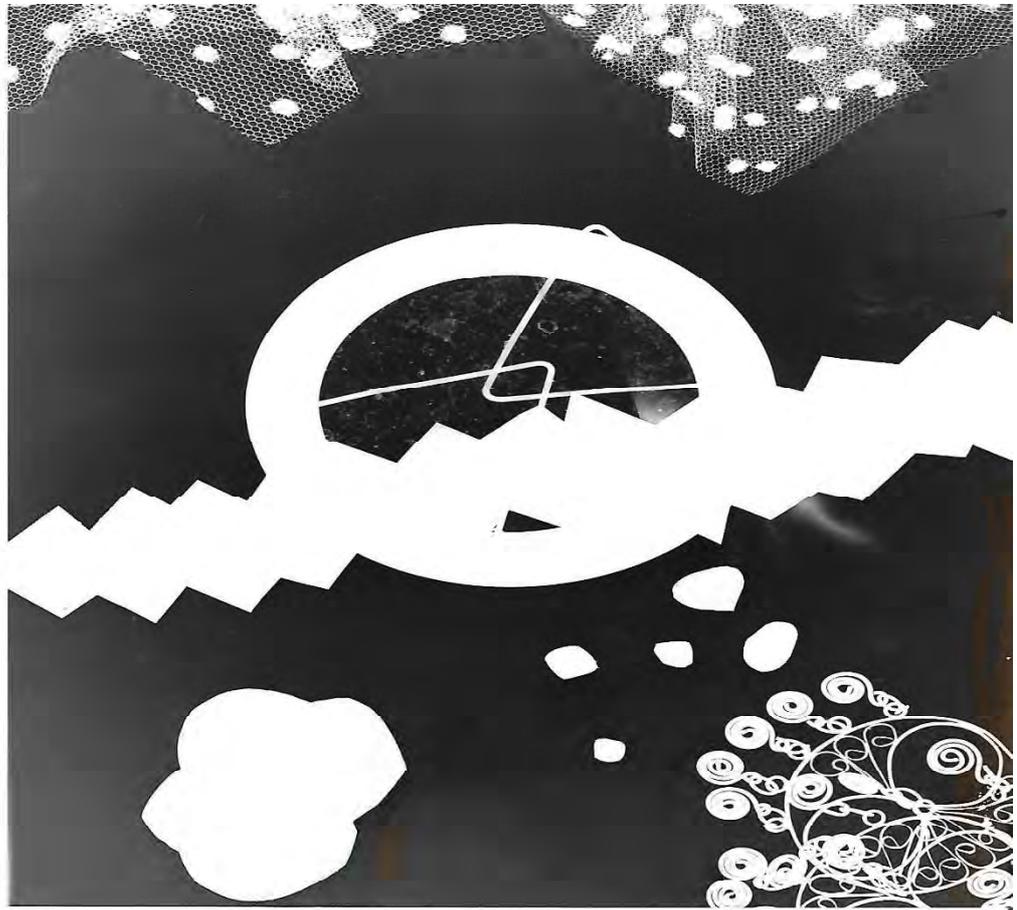
**53 THE SUPERHERO**

**54 AGAPITO'S PASSAGE THROUGH THE CHURCH, UNIONS  
AND POLITICS**

**55 Ejecución por los 4 caballos al Inka José Gabriel Condorcanqui  
de Antonio Huillca Huallpa**

**56 DINOSAURIA JUNTO A UN TAJINASTE ROJO**

**57 SHE DINOSAUR NEXT TO A RED TAJINASTE**

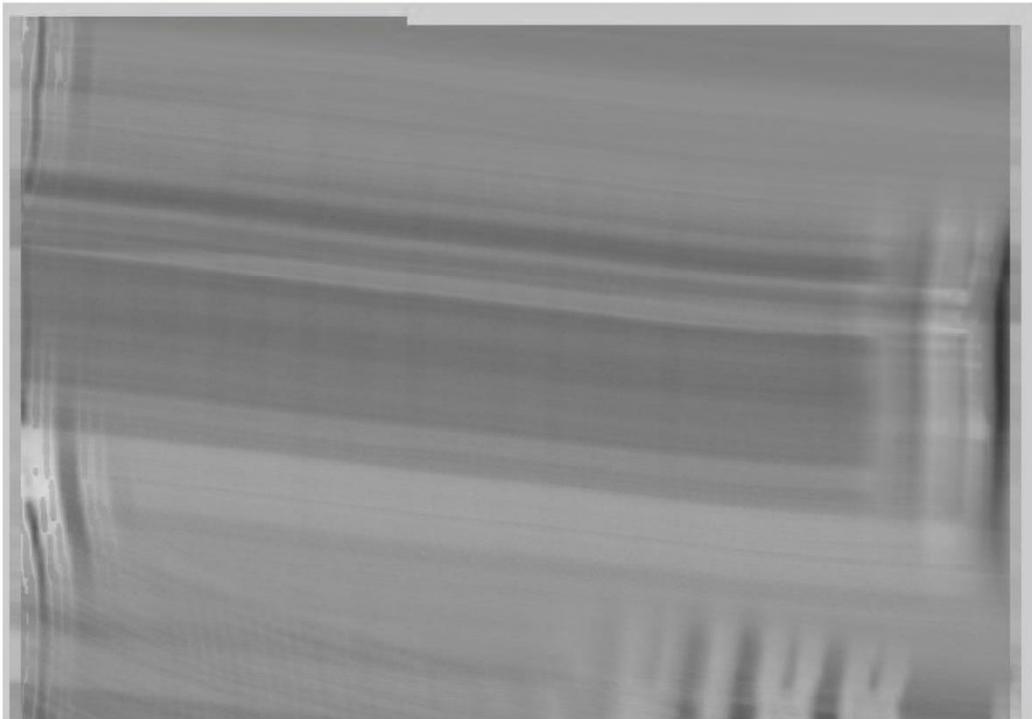


**De: Isabel Gómez de Diego**

# LIB ARTE

FERIA DEL LIBRO  
DE ARTISTA DE  
CASTILLA Y LEÓN

MONASTERIO  
DE SAN JUAN  
BURGOS  
23 - 25 OCT  
2020



**1 V FERIA DEL LIBRO DE ARTISTA EN CASTILLA Y LEÓN  
MONASTERIO DE SAN JUAN, BURGOS**

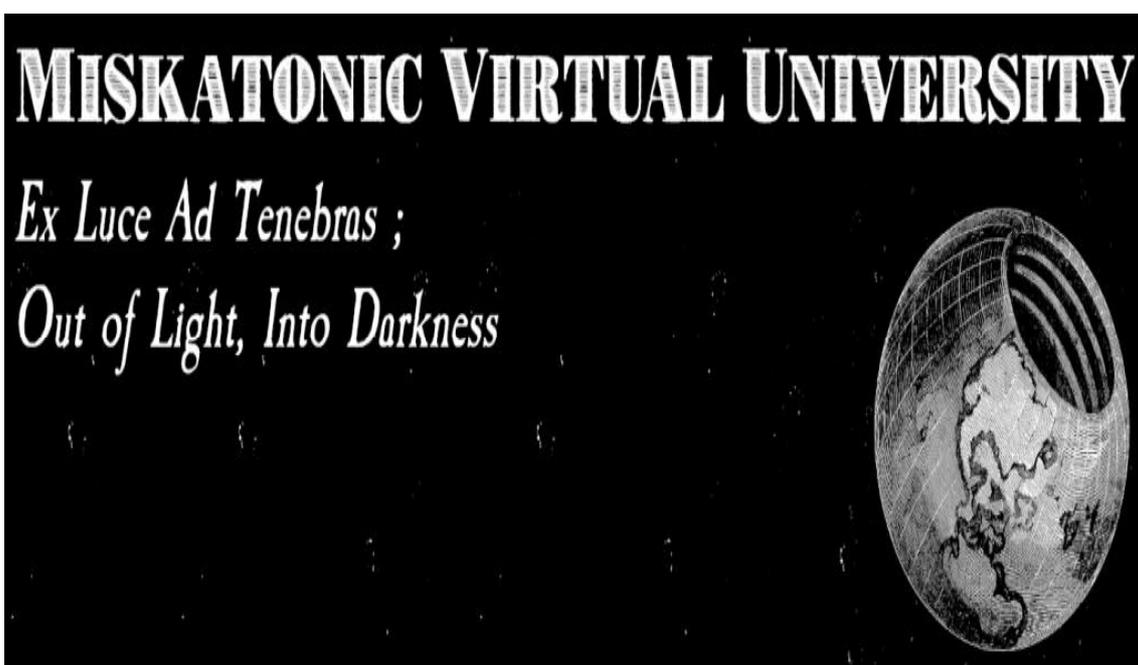
**Espacio Tangente participa con un stand en esta feria.**

**Dentro de la actividad de Espacio Tangente se encuentra el sello Ediciones Tangentes, bajo el que se han editado numerosas y variadas ediciones de distintos cortes.**

**Catálogos, la revista anual de Espacio Tangente, memorias de proyectos como las actas de los encuentros del Foro Arte y Territorio y del proyecto Nodos, los documentales "Gamonal (ES)" y "El lugar que ya no está, la represión franquista en Burgos", el libro "Monte de Estépar, tras los pasos de la memoria", libros de artista como Muy Frágil, ediciones audio-gráficas de artistas en residencia, ediciones gráficas seriadas limitadas que se han producido y editado en el espacio. Una muestra de este conjunto se podrá ver en esta feria.**

**También en esta edición se mostrarán trabajos producidos directamente desde Espacio Tangente y desde su Grupo de Trabajo de Grabado con artistas como: Íñigo Araujo, Bárbara García, Mercedes Chico y Mayra Alpizar.**

**Las ediciones de la editorial independiente No-Plata. Y también de artistas invitados en la órbita de Espacio Tangente que participan con obra: Gigi Ei, Belín Castro, Pánfilo Castaldi, Daniel de Cullá, Andrea Keynox, Bárbara Bañuelos y Mario Santamaría.**



# PLUTONICS

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A JOURNAL OF NON-STANDARD  
THEORY

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Miskatonic Virtual University

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**Hey Daniel,**

**Well these are... something. Interesting indeed! We likely can't include all of them, but we can include at least one (probably two) -- not sure which yet, still need to edit all the other pieces and determine what will flow best. Is that acceptable?**

**If so, can you also send a slightly shorter bio?**

**Regards,**

**Murdock Parsons**





**Dear Dany,**

**We're so proud to lead The Tyee, and today we'll show you why.**

**In appreciation,**

**Jeanette Ageson (publisher) and Robyn Smith (editor-in-chief)**



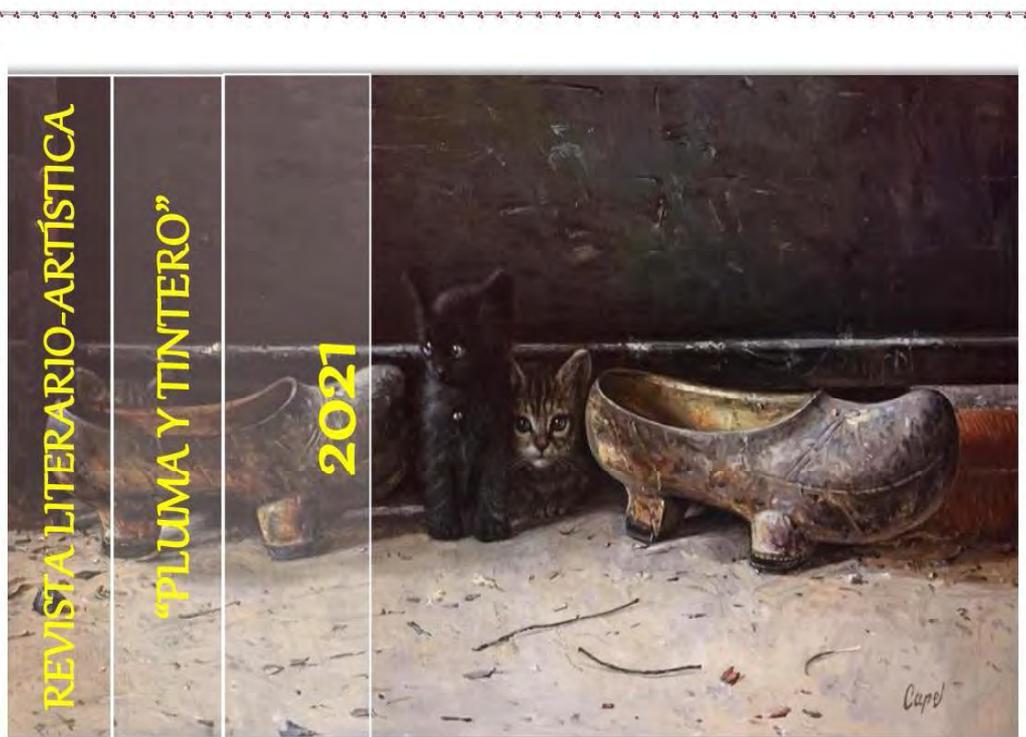


A banner for the University of Arizona Poetry Center. On the left is the UA block 'A' logo. To its right, the text reads 'THE UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA' in a smaller font, followed by 'POETRY CENTER' in a large, bold, black font. Below this, the text 'JOIN US FOR TWO SPECIAL EVENTS' is written in a white, sans-serif font against a blue gradient background.



**Madonna X Magazine**





**“PLUMA Y TINTERO”**  
**Año XII - Nº 68**

**ENERO – FEBRERO 2021**

**Edita, idea, diseña y dirige:**  
**Juana Castillo Escobar**

**Servicio Técnico:**  
**L. M. Cuesta**

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**ISSN 2171 – 8288**  
**MADRID – ESPAÑA**

**“PLUMA Y TINTERO”, la  
 revista literaria que se  
 edita en Madrid y  
 recorre el mundo  
 entero.**

Revista Literario-artística, gratuita, de aparición bimestral en la que puede publicar todo aquel autor que tenga algo que compartir. En “Pluma y Tintero” se dan cita casi todas las artes: literatura (poesía, relato, cuento, micro relato, etc.); pintura; fotografía... También entrevistamos, cuando el espacio lo permite, a nuestros colaboradores más señeros.

**La Dirección no se responsabiliza de las opiniones expuestas por sus autores. Éstos conservan el copy right de sus obras.**

**Algunos de los países que reciben Pluma y Tintero**

Albania, Alemania, Arabia Saudí, Argelia, Argentina, Armenia, Australia, Austria, Bangladesh, Bélgica, Benín, Bielo Rusia, Bosnia, Bolivia, Brasil, Burkina Faso, Canadá, Colombia, Corea, Costa Rica, Costa de Marfil, Cuba, China, Chile, Chipre, Dinamarca, Ecuador, Egipto, El Salvador, Eslovenia, España, Estados Unidos, Finlandia, Francia, Ghana, Grecia, Guatemala, Holanda, Honduras, Hungría, Indonesia, Inglaterra, Irlanda, Israel, Italia, Japón, Jordania, Luxemburgo, Malasia, Marruecos, México, Moldavia, Mongolia, Nueva Zelanda, Omán, Panamá, Paraguay, Perú, Polonia, Portugal, Puerto Rico, Rep. Checa, Rep. de Macedonia, Rumania, Rusia, Senegal, Suecia, Suiza, Taiwán, Túnez, Turquía, Ucrania, Uruguay...

**Esperamos ser más en un futuro próximo.**

## DANIEL DE CULLÁ - EN LA NIEVE

He salido a la nieve  
A orillas del río Arlanzón  
En "El Plantío" de Burgos.  
Sólo tres perrillos he visto  
Que paseaba por la nieve  
Una viudita honrada y bella.  
Como un miltroncho de permiso  
¡Qué digo;  
Sargento de complemento  
La he piropeado  
Diciéndole que a la tarde noche  
La rondaré por su casa  
Que no trate de acostarse  
Pues le golpearé la puerta.  
Tengo ganas de orinar  
Me acerco al río  
Colocándome detrás de un árbol  
Para que nadie me vea.  
Mi pájaro se ha quedado pajarito  
Aterido de frío  
Riéndome de él  
Porque ¿qué va a hacer esto  
con esa tórtola halagüeña  
que la viudita lleva entre las piernas?  
-Si voy o no voy  
Tu solito, pajarito  
En la bragueta quedas.  
Ya es tarde noche  
Ya la veo y rodeo  
La casa de mi futura suegra.



Antes de dirigirme a su puerta  
Alguien, al pasarme, me dice:  
-¿Qué hay seductor?  
Más vale que te la machaques  
Pues no vas a entrar en su cueva.  
No le he hecho ni caso  
Y, al llegar a su puerta  
Le he echado un canto de primera  
¡El brío que llevaba  
Ha derribado la puerta ¡  
-Vete, serrano, vete y no vuelvas  
Que mi tórtola es de pelo fino  
Y es lástima que se pierda.  
Además de que si viene mi madre  
Te pegará un tiro en la calavera  
Pues sabes que ella siempre dice  
Que eres descendiente de Luis Candelas  
Célebre bandolero español  
Del Barrio de Lavapiés  
Que se salió pronto del Colegio  
De san Isidro  
Porque un clérigo le dio una hostia  
Respondiéndole él con dos  
Cuya mula sigue relinchado  
En la Sierra.

**Cullá, Daniel de**

<http://revistaliterariaplumaytintero.blogspot.com.es/2015/03/daniel-de-culla-burgos-espana.html>

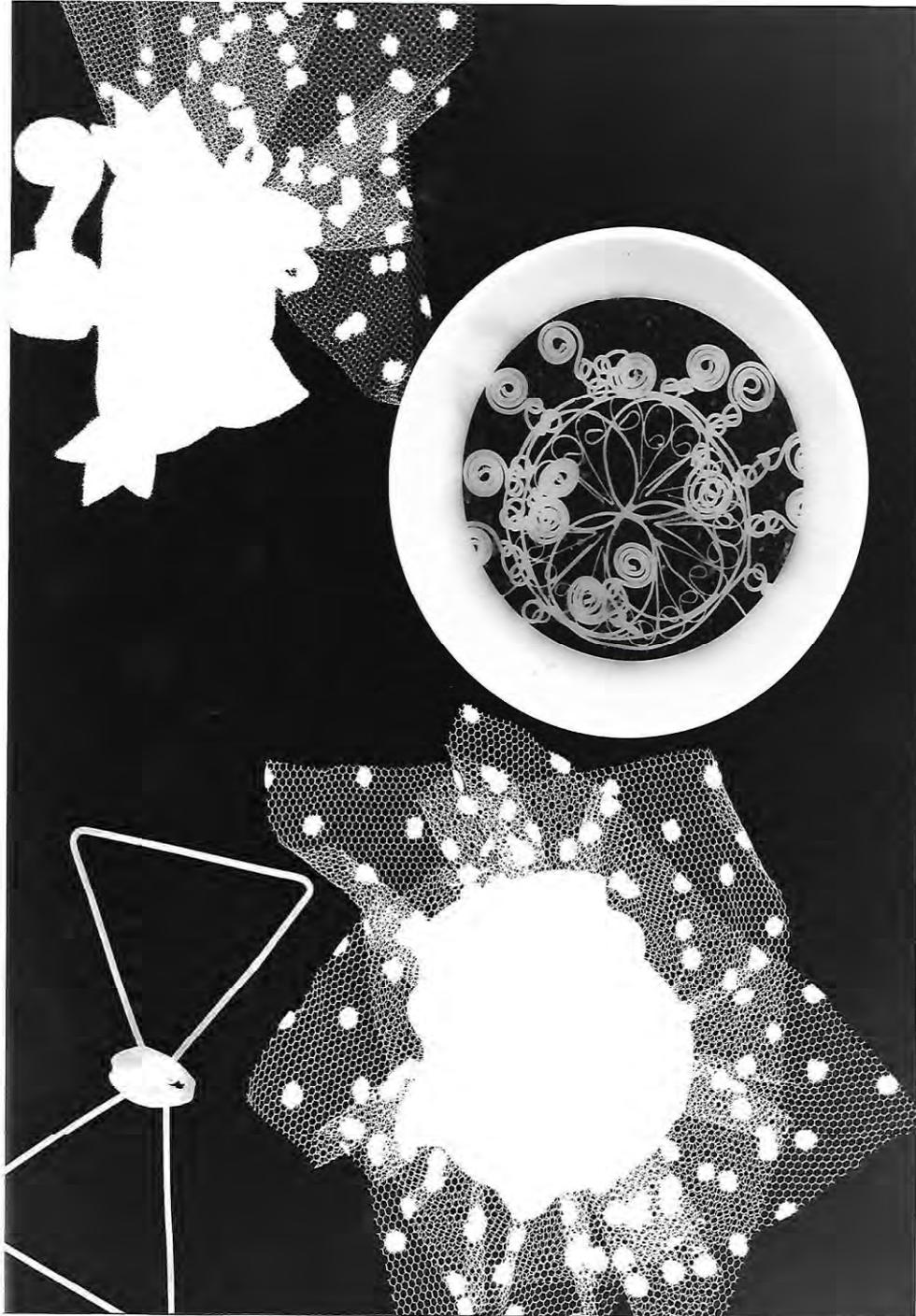
## MARCO A. GONZÁLEZ ALMEIDA - BREVIARIO VI



La soledad  
es un escollo  
inmovilizado en el fondo  
de un desconcierto.

**González Almeida, Marco Augusto** - 13 feb. 2013 a las 22:11

<http://revistaliterariaplumaytintero.blogspot.com/2011/08/marco-augusto-gonzalez-almeida-caracas.html>



**AGAIN FIVE HAIKUS**

**Going back to Earth;  
Kids pretty much on their own.  
The space here;**

**We laugh at first too.  
Gioia with opened Wood  
Flashing the light thru.**

**In love with Sky and Earth.  
Our seeds grew and died.**

**Poets and Writers  
Prose correspondence  
Workings in Poetry.**

**What instincts am I?  
Is it to being Human  
Being a Cannibal?**





tion intermediaries should receive a thorough  
y in research techniques, which would enable them to  
state the specific needs of their target groups.

at colleges and universities should receive a  
training in the search for and the evaluation of  
information, as well as in the selection and  
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of the above mentioned information policy  
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**ZEBRA**  
Poetry Film  
Festival —

POETRY FILMS WANTED

ZEBRA-AUSSCHREIBUNG

# **Dianne Feinstein**

*United States Senator for California*

**Dear Dr. De Culla :**

**Thank you for writing to share your support for action to address climate change. I appreciate hearing from you, and I welcome the opportunity to respond.**

**I share your belief that we must implement serious policy solutions to slow climate change, and we must do so now. The science is clear: global average temperatures are rising due to human activity, and the cost of inaction is too dire to imagine. That is why I have long pushed for action to protect our environment, from spearheading the passage of historic fuel-economy legislation to consistently championing funding for renewable energy and energy-efficiency programs. You can review my long record of fighting to protect our climate here: <https://sen.gov/feinstein/2POP> .**

**Fighting climate change will require a broad scope of ambitious actions to eliminate emissions throughout the global economy . I am glad that on his first day in office, President Biden signed an executive order that recommits the U.S. to the Paris Agreement a pledge to reduce nationwide emissions by at least 26 percent below 2005 levels by 2025. However, additional steps are needed if we are to limit the effects of climate change. We must invest heavily in renewable energy to power our electric grid, encourage the transition to electric vehicles, resume development of energy-efficiency standards for buildings and household appliances, and place a fee on carbon emissions. Doing so can create millions of new jobs while building the economy of the future.**

**California has shown that it is possible to successfully address climate change while improving infrastructure and maintaining economic growth. Our state has mandated that 60 percent of our electricity come from renewable sources by 2030, and is set to reach this goal early. Governor Gavin Newsom has also stated that all new**

automobile sales in California must be electrically powered by 2035, a goal that I support. While aggressively combatting climate change, California has become the second-largest economy, and is still on track to reach net-zero greenhouse gas emissions economy-wide by 2045.

I will keep your support for bold action on climate change in mind as I continue working with my Senate colleagues to address this existential crisis.

Once again, thank you for writing. Should you have any other questions or comments, please call my Washington, D.C., office at (202) 224-3841 or visit my website at [feinstein.senate.gov](http://feinstein.senate.gov). You can also follow me online at YouTube, Facebook, and Twitter, and you can sign up for my email newsletter at [feinstein.senate.gov/newsletter](http://feinstein.senate.gov/newsletter).

Best regards.

Sincerely yours,



**Dianne Feinstein**

**United States Senator**

# **Terror House Magazine**

**Daniel de Culla:**

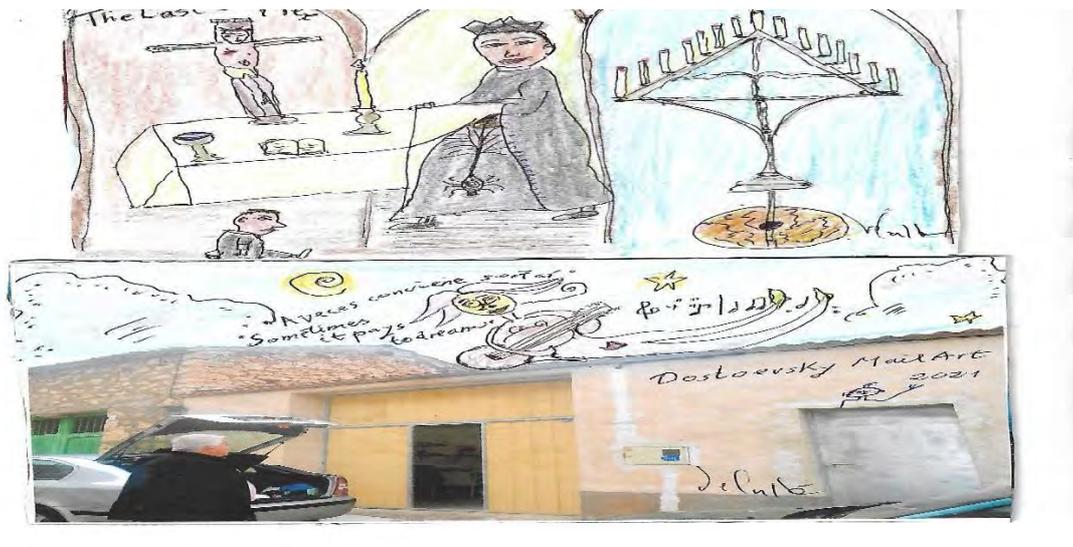
**\* Mercy Without Mercy**



**RAL, M** Le chasseur abstrait ISSN 2274-0457  
*Revue d'Art et de Littérature, Musique*  
*écrivez pour empêcher les autres d'écrire*

**dimanche 21 février 2021**

**Espace de Daniel de Cullá**



- 1. The Last Supper; Bélgica**
- 2. Dostoievski Mail Art; San Petersburgo, Rusia.**



## **2 UN CHIP EN LA COLA**

**Ella, que es mi hermana Juana**

**Está hasta las tetas de aguantar a su marido**

**Tío Pepe, hombre de buen ver  
Chulapo de la calle Lista, en Madrid  
Y funcionario en el Insalud  
Quien, por crecerle el dinero  
Hasta se le sale de la bragueta.**

**-Te he de decir, madre**

**Que, por el dinero**

**Mi honor no lo mancha**

**Ningún putero.**

**-Pero, hija, que estás casada con él**

**Y tienes dos hijos.**

**Piénsatelo bien**

**Porque si te separas**

**Te verás en la calle**

**Y te ladrarán los perros.**

**-Pero, madre, ya no aguanto más.**

**Ayer, le vi salir de donde la vecina**

**Dándole, al despedirse**

**Cincuenta Euros.**

**-He pagado a un detective**

**Por ver dónde va y con quien sale**

**Y sólo ha comprobado**

**Que juega a las cartas en un bar del barrio**

**Donde los dueños son de Sacramenia**

**En la provincia de Segovia.**

**-Sus amigos, madre**

**El divino Antonio**

**Y Antonio “el malagueño”**

**Me han dicho que, con ellos va**

**A buscar putas detrás de la ermita**

**De San Antonio**

**Donde, sobre un poyete**

**Las putas se abren de piernas.**

**-Pero ¿qué me dices, hija?**

**-**

**Pues es de la otra acera.**

**¡Hasta este mi Pepe**

**Como chulo de putas que es**

**Salta la tapia de un hotel de La Florida**

**Donde hay putas de alto copete ;**

**-Pero, hija, no me lo puedo creer**

**Pues contemplando la cara de tu Pepe**

**Es la de un caballero.**

**-Lo siento, madre.**

**De verdad, ya no aguanto más.**

**Esta misma noche, madre**

**Por San Antonio bendito**

**Le he de poner, mientras duerme**

**Un chip en la cola**

**Para que me diga dónde entra**

**Y de dónde sale.**

**-Haz lo que quieras, desdichada.**

### **3 A CHIP IN THE PRICK**

**She, who is my sister Juana**

**Is up to the tits to put up with her husband**

**Uncle Pepe, a handsome man**

**Chulapo on Lista street, in Madrid**

**And official in the Insalud**

**Who, to grow the money**

**Even it comes off his fly.**

**-I have to tell you, mother**

**That for the money**

**My honor does not stain it**

**No whore.**

**-But, my daughte**

**That you are married to him**

**And you have two children.**

**Think it over**

**Because if you separate**

**You will see yourself in the street**

**And the dogs will bark at you.**

**-But, mother, I can't take it anymore.**

**Yesterday, I saw him leave where the neighbor**

**Giving, when saying goodbye**

**Fifty euros.**

**-I paid a detective**

**To see where he goes and who he goes out with**

**And he has only checked**

**That he plays cards in a neighborhood bar**



Where the owners are from Sacramenia  
In the province of Segovia.  
-Their friends, mother  
The divine Antonio  
And Antonio "the malagueño"  
Have told me that, with them  
He goes to look for whores behind the hermitage  
From San Antonio  
Where, on a pole  
Whores spread their legs.  
-But what do you say, daughter?  
-Well, "the malagueño" no, mother  
Because he is from the other side of the street.  
Til this my Pepe  
As a pimp of whores he is  
Jump over the wall of a hotel in Florida  
Where there are high-top whores!  
-But, daughter, I can't believe it  
Well, contemplating the face of your Pepe  
He is as a gentleman.  
-I'm sorry, mother.  
Really, I can't take it anymore.  
This very night, mother  
By blessed San Antonio  
I have to put him, while he sleeps  
A chip in the prick  
To tell me where it enters

**And where it leaves.**

**-Do what you want, unhappy.**

Rosilda Sá - Brasil  
Alejandra Griffini - Uruguay  
Diego Arellano - Argentina  
Yeline Rico Díaz - Chile  
Pais García - Venezuela  
Octavio Gil - México  
Adriana Paz - Uruguay  
Julieta Quiroz - Uruguay  
Carmen Bressa - Argentina  
Gerardo Barceló - Uruguay  
Daniel de Culla - España  
Isabel Gómez de Diego - España  
Ana Pobo Castañer - España  
Guido Capuano - Italia  
Nelly Arauz - Argentina  
Marcela Roldán - Argentina  
Valeria Frois - Argentina  
Ana Vergara - Uruguay  
Gustavo Villaiba - Uruguay  
Iracema Gallo - Uruguay  
Jonía Sucías - Uruguay  
José Luis Romero - Uruguay  
Juan Carlos Villagrán - Uruguay  
Katherine Sánchez - Uruguay  
Lilían Pereira - Uruguay  
Lourdes Pereira - Uruguay  
Mabel Melano - Uruguay  
Margot Caraballo - Uruguay  
María Prado - Uruguay  
Mateus Beleza - Portugal  
Teresa Maia - Portugal  
Lucía Caro - Argentina  
Francisco Sánchez Gil - España  
Gerardo López - Uruguay  
\_guroga - Venezuela  
Bernardo Balderas González - México  
Fernando Pérez Ferreira - Uruguay  
Claudia García - Argentina

Ana Denis - Argentina  
Viviana Andrada - Argentina  
Alberto Schiuma - Argentina  
Elaine Castro - Uruguay  
Marzia Maria Braglia - Italia  
María José Silva-Mitzé - Portugal  
Kevo Snell - Reino Unido  
María Marcela Ahumada - Argentina  
Natalia Rodríguez - Uruguay  
Darío Gómez - Uruguay  
Daniel Melgarejo - Uruguay  
Antoni Miró - España  
Carmela Torres - Colombia  
Cecilia Oroná - Uruguay  
Darcy Dayana Arana Henao - Colombia  
Fátima Zahra Ben Salem - Marruecos  
Jhuvia Alison Rojas Aguilar - Bolivia  
Susy María Fernández Moncada - Ecuador  
Luz Yepes - Colombia  
Yaidelyn Escalante Segura - Venezuela  
Patricia Estrada Rodríguez - Colombia  
Reginalda Ramírez - Guatemala  
Rosangela Jaspe Lugo - Venezuela  
Sadia Bellounis - Argelia  
Valéria Da Silva - Brasil  
Cristina Iribarne - Argentina  
Jimena Galván - Argentina  
Carla Edith Palacios Morales - México  
Daniel Da Rosa - Uruguay  
Lisandro Barceló - Uruguay  
Felipe Pacheco Brúschz - Brasil  
Mariángeles Metivié - Argentina  
Graciela Martínez - Uruguay  
Jeni Gamba - Uruguay  
Mirtha Ferreyra - Argentina  
Claudia Cipolek - Argentina  
Tania Elizabeth Contreras Coutiño - México  
Claudia Catanzaro - Argentina  
Luciano Ramos - Uruguay  
Marcos Umpiérrez - Uruguay  
Neerja Chandna Peters - India

**1ERA CONVOCATORIA INTERNACIONAL DE MAIL ART  
SANTA LUCÍA 2020  
URUGUAY**





♥ WWF Giving Day ♥  
A day to show how much you love wildlife

**Daniel, since you love wildlife and nature, I wanted you to be the first to know: World Wildlife Day (March 3) is WWF's second annual Giving Day!**

**Thank you for your support,**

**Jessica**

**Senior Director, Membership**

**World Wildlife Fund**



**Daniel, are you ready to make a difference for millions of people?**

**Enbridge's Line 3 is the one of the largest tar sands pipeline projects ever proposed in North America — estimated to move up to 915,000 barrels of oil a day from Alberta to Wisconsin through Minnesota — and it's an environmental catastrophe waiting to happen.**

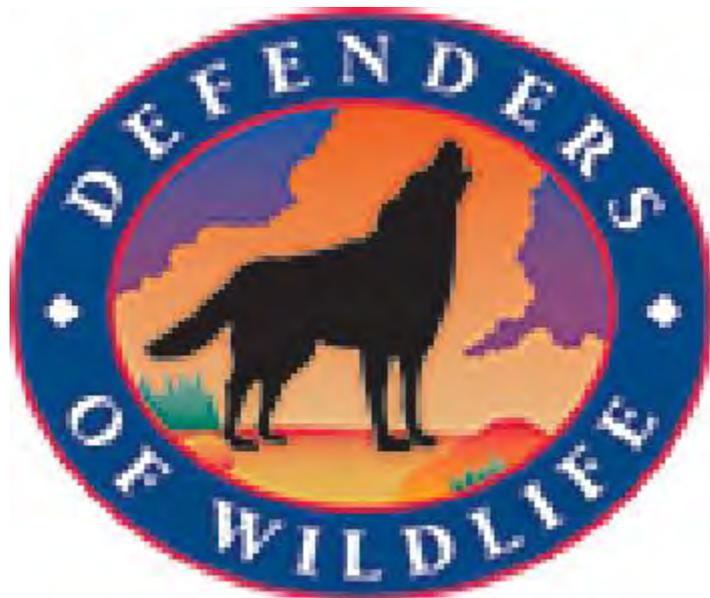


**Together, we have the power, Daniel, to stop  
Line 3.**

**In solidarity,**

**Ruth Breech**

**Climate and Energy Senior Campaigner  
Rainforest Action Network**



# WORLD WILDLIFE DAY

A time to honor the species who share our world



Help us raise \$50,000 in conservation funding by  
World Wildlife Day on March 3<sup>rd</sup>.



▲  
\$50,000 Goal!

Daniel,

**Scientists predict a million species of plants and animals will disappear forever in the coming years unless we make a dramatic effort to reverse the damage. To save wildlife and wild places we must work together globally – to make changes on a scale greater than any we’ve attempted before.**

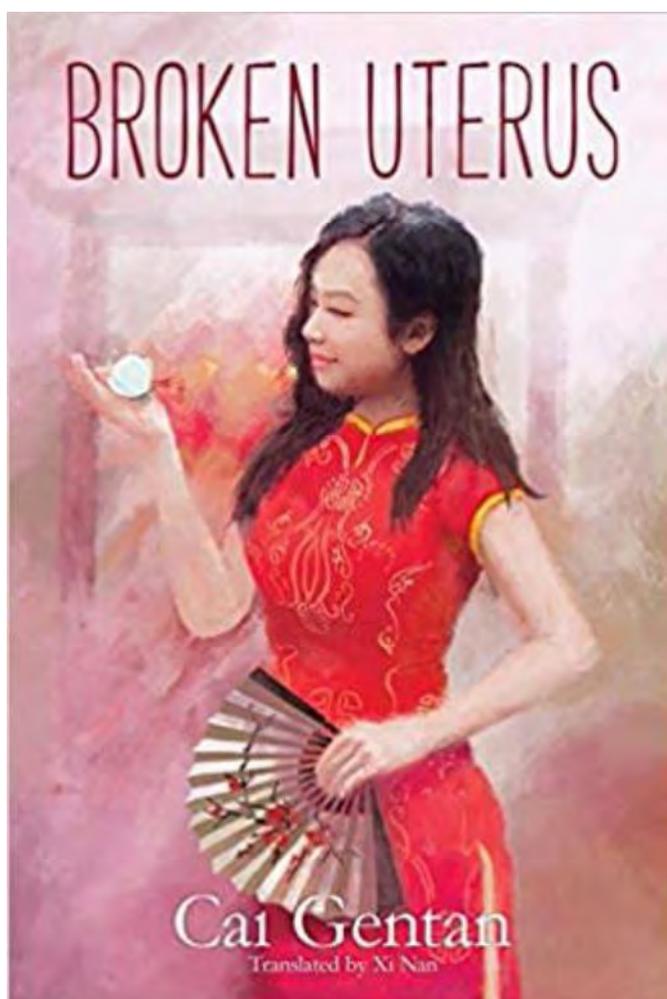
**Next Wednesday is World Wildlife Day, the annual global celebration of life on Earth. It’s a time to honor the species who share our world – and to recommit ourselves to addressing and reversing the dangers they face, like climate change, habitat destruction and more.**

**Thank you in advance for supporting the species who need us most.**

**Sincerely,**



**Jamie Rappaport Clark**  
**President, Defenders of Wildlife**



**Southchild Lit**

**Hey Daniel! Thank you for trusting Southchild enough to send in your work. However, I'm attaching a screenshot of our submission guidelines and FAQs, which detail what we do and do not accept at Southchild. This includes explicit sexual poetry and images. This means we will have to reject your work at this time.**

**Warmly,**



**Magi Sumpter**

**Editor-in-chief**



Queridos/as compañeros/as de la RIET,

### **8 de marzo, Día Internacional de la Mujer**

En pocos días tendrá lugar el 8M, el Día Internacional de la Mujer. P  
invitar a todas las escritoras y escritores de la RIET a compartir sus  
poemas, etc. relacionados con el tema. No es necesario que hablen es  
pueden hablar sobre el rol femenino en el mundo de las letras, sobre ser  
experiencias, alguna reivindicación u opinión, etc. Lo importante es ser l

Podéis mandar los textos a la dirección de correo: [riet@mare-terra.org](mailto:riet@mare-terra.org).

El equipo de comunicación se encargará de publicarlos y compartirlos  
ocasión para reivindicar las grandes y talentosas mujeres escritoras de la  
triste e injustamente, han sido invisibilizadas a lo largo de la historia  
publicadas en la página web de la Red Internac  
<http://redescritoresporlatierra.org/>.

### **Grupo de Facebook de la RIET**

Para los miembros que no lo hayan visto, os informamos que hemo  
Facebook de la Red Internacional de Escritores. Estamos satisfechos con  
ha tenido, ya somos más de 650 miembros, y os animamos a todos a un  
canal de difusión. Podéis acceder a través  
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1498737630308955/>

Muchas gracias,

Y recordad, ¡que nadie os robe vuestra sonrisa!

Ángel

*Presidente de la Red Internacional de Escritores*

*Presidente de Mare Terra*





**DOS IDIOTAS PEDIENDO POESIA**

**Van caminando**

**Como dos idiotas pidiendo Poesía**

**Por el Paseo del Espolón, en Burgos**

**Hacia el Teatro Principal**

**Donde, en su Sala Polisión**

**Van a presentar su nuevo libro de poemas:**

**“En la Cagada del Perro ha Aparecido un Rosal”**

**Recitando de sus versos.**

**Las gentes que les ven pasar**

**No saben si reír o llorar**

**Pues se les oye caminar pedorreando.**

**-Yo me quedo; yo me voy**

**Es lo que se les escucha exclamando:**

**-Vaya dos poetas idiotas tontos del Culo.**

**Se tiran un pedo, se tiran dos, se tiran tres**

**Se tiran hasta cuatro**

**Mientras hacen que leen su libro de Poemas**

**¡Y caminando!**

**Ya pasan, los dos idiotas, al lado del Templete**

**Y una pareja que se magrea**

**Se echa unos pasos atrás**

**Para dejarles pasar.**

**Riendo, el chico le dice a la chica:**

**-Amor, el Amor es una sinfonía de pedos.**

**-Ya, ¡porque lo canten los Poetas!**

**¡Vaya gracia! le contesta la chica.**

**Ya han llegado los dos idiotas Poetas**

**A la puerta de entrada del teatro Principal  
Junto al bar Polisón  
Y qué sorpresa se han llevado  
Cuando han visto un letrero que decía:  
“La Velada Poética a celebrar en la Sala Polisón  
Ha sido suspendida  
Trasladándose a orillas del Río Arlanzón  
Allí donde, en la caca del perro  
Ha aparecido un rosal”.  
-Madre mía, cómo son  
Estos funcionarios de la Cultura  
Que quieren asfixiar nuestros pedos  
Que son lo que más queremos  
Y quieren ellos”.  
Le ha comentado “Culoroto” a “Cachalunas”.  
-No importa, le responde “Cachalunas”  
Ahí abajito, abajito  
Bajo el puente de San Pablo  
Recitaremos nuestra Poesía  
Que es olor de la canela  
Y las gentes vendrán como moscas.  
-Sí, las mujeres nos tirarán el sujetador  
Y los hombres un condón  
Como han hecho otras veces  
Han exclamado, al unísono, los dos.**

#### **4 DOS IDIOTAS PEDIENDO POESIA EN TIEMPO DE CUARENTENA**

**Dos Poetas, “Cachalunas” y “Culoroto”**

**Con tapabocas**

**Y guardando la distancia debida**

**Van caminando**

**Como dos idiotas pidiendo Poesía**

**Por el Paseo del Espolón, en Burgos**

**Hacia el Teatro Principal**

**Donde, en su Sala Polisón**

**Van a presentar su nuevo libro de poemas:**

**“En la Cagada del Perro ha Aparecido un Rosal”**

**Recitando de sus versos.**

**Las gentes que les ven pasar**

**Todos con tapabocas**

**Y guardando las distancias**

**No saben si reír o llorar**

**Pues, a los poetas, se les oye caminar pedorreando.**

**-Yo me quedo; yo me voy**

**Es lo que se les escucha exclamando:**

**-Vaya dos poetas idiotas tontos del Culo.**

**Se tiran un pedo, se tiran dos, se tiran tres**

**Se tiran hasta cuatro**

**Mientras hacen que leen de su libro de Poemas**

**¡Y caminando;**

**Ya pasan, los dos idiotas, al lado del Templete**

**Y una pareja que se magrea besuqueados**

**Con la mascarilla o tapabocas**

**Colgando de una oreja**

**Se echa unos pasos atrás**

**Para dejarles pasar.**

**Riendo, el chico le dice a la chica:**

**-Amor, el Amor es una sinfonía de pedos.**

**-Ya, ¡porque lo canten los Poetas!**

**¡Vaya gracia! le contesta la chica.**

**Ya han llegado los dos idiotas**

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**Junto al bar Polisón**

**Y qué sorpresa se han llevado**

**Cuando han visto un letrero que decía:**

**“La Velada Poética a celebrar en la Sala Polisón**

**Ha sido suspendida**

**Trasladándose a orillas del Río Arlanzón**

**Allí donde, en la caca del perro**

**Ha aparecido un rosal”.**

**-Madre mía, cómo son**

**Estos funcionarios de la Cultura**

**Que quieren asfixiar nuestros pedos**

**Que son lo que más queremos**

**Y, también, quieren ellos”.**

**Le ha comentado “Culoroto” a “Cachalunas”.**

**-No importa, le responde “Cachalunas”**

**Ahí abajito, abajito**

**Bajo el puente de San Pablo**

**Recitaremos nuestra Poesía  
Que es olor de la canela  
Y las gentes vendrán como moscas.  
-Sí, las mujeres nos tirarán el sujetador  
Y los hombres un condón  
Como han hecho otras veces  
Se han dicho, al unísono, los dos.  
Antes de comenzar el Acto poético  
Los dos poéticos idiotas  
Junto con todo su acompañamiento  
Se han acercado al Río  
Se han quitado los tapabocas  
Arrojándoles a sus aguas intranquilas  
Exclamando de forma autodidacta:  
“Nos cagamos en el Coronavirus  
Y en la madre que le parió: la Política”.**

**5 TWO IDIOTS LOSING FOR POETRY  
IN QUARANTINE TIME**

**Two Poets, "Cachalunas"(Catchmoons)  
And "Culoroto"(Brokenass)  
With mask  
And keeping due distance  
Go walking  
Like two idiots losing for Poetry  
Along the Paseo del Espolón, in Burgos  
Towards the Principal Theater**

**Where, in its Polisón Room**  
**They are going to present their new book of poems:**  
**"In the Dog's Shit a Rosebush has Appeared"**  
**Reciting from its verses.**  
**People who see them passing**  
**All with masks**  
**And keeping the distances**  
**Don't know whether to laugh or cry**  
**Well poets can be heard walking farting.**  
**-“I stay; I go”**  
**is what one one listens to them exclaiming:**  
**-Wow, two stupid ass poets.**  
**Fart one, two fart, three fart**  
**Up to four are thrown**  
**While they make as reading from their Book of Poems**  
**And walking!**  
**They pass, the two idiots, next to the Templete**  
**And a couple that makes out kissing**  
**With the mask or face mask**  
**Hanging from one ear of each**  
**Take a few steps back**  
**To let them pass.**  
**Laughing, the boy says to the girl:**  
**-My Love, Love is a symphony of farts.**  
**-Yeah, don't teel me**  
**Because Poets sing it!**  
**What a grace! Girl answers him.**

**The two idiots have already arrived  
At the entrance of the Principal Theater  
Next to the Polisón Bar  
And what a surprise they have been  
When they have seen a sign that said:  
"The Poetic Evening to be held at the Polisón Hall  
Has been suspended  
Moving it to the banks of the Arlanzón River  
There where, in the dog's poop  
A rosebush has appeared ".  
-My mother; how are they  
These officials of the Culture  
Who want to suffocate our farts  
What we want the most  
And they also want them ".  
Commented "Culoroto" to "Cachalunas".  
-It doesn't matter, "Cachalunas" replies.  
Down there, down there  
Under the bridge of San Pablo  
We will recite our Poetry  
What is the smell of cinnamon  
And people will come like flies.  
-Yes, women will throw her bras on us  
And men condoms  
As they have done other times  
The two said in unison.  
Before starting the Poetic Act**



**The two poetic idiots of Ass  
Along with all their accompaniment  
Have approached the River  
Removing their masks  
And throwing them into its restless waters  
Exclaiming in a self-taught way:  
"We shit on the Coronavirus  
And in the mother who gave birth to it:  
Politics;".**



**Greetings from Armenia**

**You are now officially in the loop to hear about my award-winning films about Artsakh – Tevanik, The Last Inhabitant, Gate to Heaven, and my upcoming film Project Revival slated for production in the Fall of 2022.**

**Are you ready to be inspired? Our Revival's crowdfunding campaign is set to launch in March 2021. You will receive it latest by the end of next week.**

**Get social with us! Check out our social media pages, websites, and LinkedIn bio to discover what my team and I have been up to in the international cinematic world.**

**Until next time Jivan**



**film director Jivan Avetisyan**

# **DODGING THE RAIN**

**Hi, Daniel,**

**I do think your approach and work is interesting. You remind me a little of Dali. However, it doesn't align with what I am looking for in Dodging The Rain. I think it would be better if you were to read us and decide if we are for you before submitting again.**

**Thank you for understanding,**



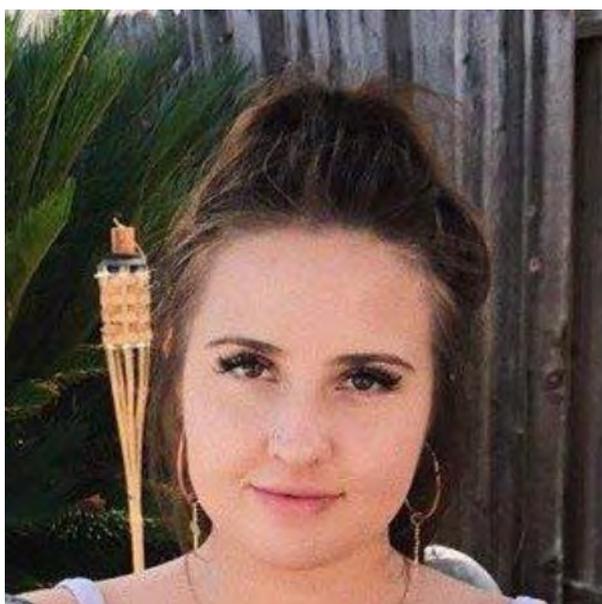
Neil Slevin

## Ashley Rae

vie, 26 de feb. a las 9:41 p. m.

**Eat shit and die you misogynistic fuck**

**Hope you get hit by a train**



**Me: Dear, how funny and friendly You are. Me, misogynist? No, no. I love Women because I was born from a Woman.**

And that a train catches us both walking hand in hand, if possible.

27 de febrero: Rae: -Cut your dick off instead of sending pics of your micropenis to editors

Me: Ha, ha. how funny You are; and what else would I like. For You I would cut it off, but I can't and I don't want because I put it in Mine's arsehole when I get going.

Till tomorrow;?



**TROUBLE** *films* **LIVE**

*Chelsea Poe*

FRIDAY FEB 26TH

[TROUBLEFILMS.COM/TV](http://TROUBLEFILMS.COM/TV)

*Dirty Dancing*  
Riff-a-thon

Join **Abortion Access Front** and friends for the time of your life while we crack jokes through the greatest movie starring Patrick Swayze featuring an abortion plotline.

**March 25<sup>th</sup> at 8pm**  
Be there or get put in the corner.

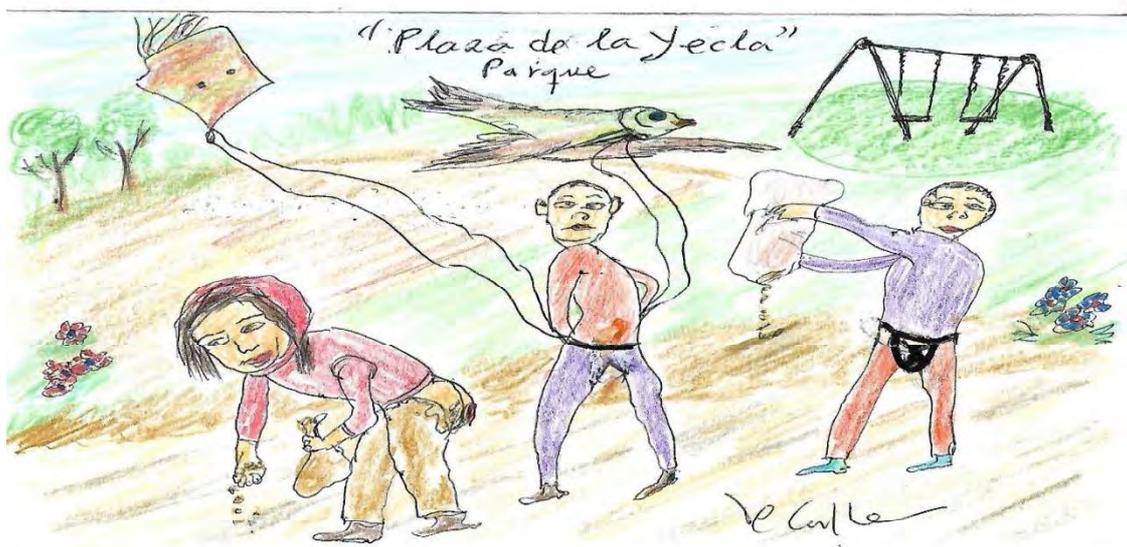
Get tickets at **AAFront.org/DD**



**GUY BRANUM**  
(Pop Rocket podcast, Chelsea Lately, Talk Show the Game Show)

**HELEN HONG**  
(NPR's Wait Wait Don't Tell Me, The Unicorn, Silicon Valley)

**MORGAN MURPHY** and **LIZZ "BABY" WINSTEAD**  
(2 Broke Girls, Roseanne, Late Night with Jimmy Fallon)



## 6 LOS AMANTES DE GILIPOYAS

Gilipoyas es una ciudad, villa, cuadra o corral

**De cualquier ciudad de cualquier país  
De cualquier Continente.  
Aquí, sus amantes están siempre  
En trance de Viernes Santo  
Como en aquel día cuando María  
Puesta en la oración del Verbo Amar  
Se vio entrada por Juan  
En presencia de Magdalena  
Señora de muy gran penar  
Porque, por cometer adulterio  
La iban a flagelar.  
María, al saber esto  
De pena amargamente lloró  
Y, cuando volvió en si  
Escuchó a Juan que le decía:  
-El camino de los Amantes  
No se sabe bien por dónde viene  
Ni por dónde va.  
Por aquella sierra llana  
Donde compresas se encuentran ensangrentadas  
Por aquellos montes picudos  
Donde el cuclillo picotea condones  
Como si fueran capullos.  
Magdalena, contemplando esos condones  
Que había comprado  
En la máquina, al costado de una Farmacia  
Que en pies y manos les tenía**

**Como sacando de su corazón  
Un alma en pena  
Así se expresaba, y decía:  
-Los Amantes todos  
Son como los Amantes de Teruel  
“Tonta ella y tonto él”.  
Quien practica Amor  
Y no lo aprende  
El día de su último Polvo  
Verá lo que le sucede  
Como a los Amantes de Gilipoyas  
Que se fueron cada uno de los dos  
A tomar por culo.**

**7**

**Gilipollas (Douchebag)  
Is a city, village, block or corral  
From any City in any Country  
From any Continent.  
Here, lovers are always  
In a trance of Good Friday  
Like on that day when Maria Mery  
Placed in the prayer of the Word to Love  
Saw herself entered by Juan John  
In the presence of Magdalena  
Lady of very great sorrow  
Because, by committing adultery**

**People were going to flog her.  
Mary Maria, knowing this  
Of sorrow she bitterly cried  
And when she came to herself  
She heard John Juan saying to her:  
-Lovers' path**

**Nor from where it goes.  
Through that flat mountain range  
Where we find bloody compresses  
Through those spiky mountains  
Where cuckoos peck condoms  
As if these were cocoons  
Magdalena, contemplating those condoms  
Some of which she had bought  
In the machine next to a Pharmacy  
That in feet and hands she had them  
As drawing from his heart  
A soul in pain  
She so expressed herself, saying:  
-All lovers  
Are like the Lovers of Teruel  
"Silly him and silly her."  
Who practices love  
And does not learn  
The day of their last Powder  
Will see what happens to him or her**



**Like to Gilipollas' Lovers  
That each of the two left  
To take it up the ass.**

# **Terror House Magazine**

**NEW AT TERROR HOUSE: "My son, they are beings dedicated  
exclusively to God."**

**New poem by Daniel de Culla**

**WHAT DO THE FRIAR AND THE LORD PRIEST WEAR  
UNDER THE CASSOCK?**

## **CHANNEL**

**Dear Daniel,**

**Thank you for submitting to Channel. We're grateful for the  
including it for publication on this occasion.**

**We wish you the best of luck in finding a home for it elsewhere.**

**With gratitude and good wishes,**

**Cassia and Elizabeth**

**Cassia Gaden Gilmartin**



**Elizabeth Murtough**



**RAL, M**

Le chasseur abstrait

ISSN 2274-0457

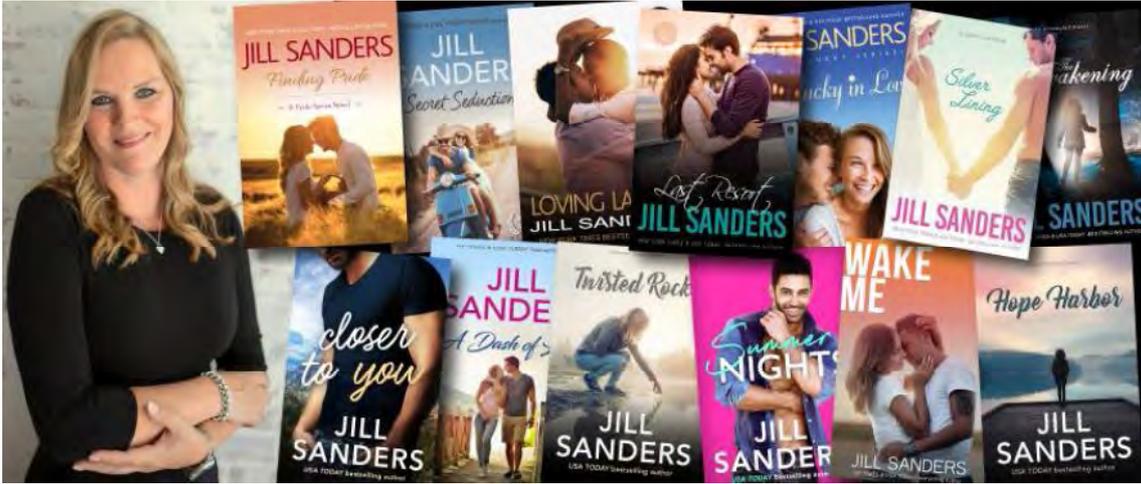
*Revue d'Art et de Littérature, Musique  
écrivez pour empêcher les autres d'écrire*

**dimanche 28 février 2021**

**Espace de Daniel de Cullá**



**Para Dystatic, Canadá**

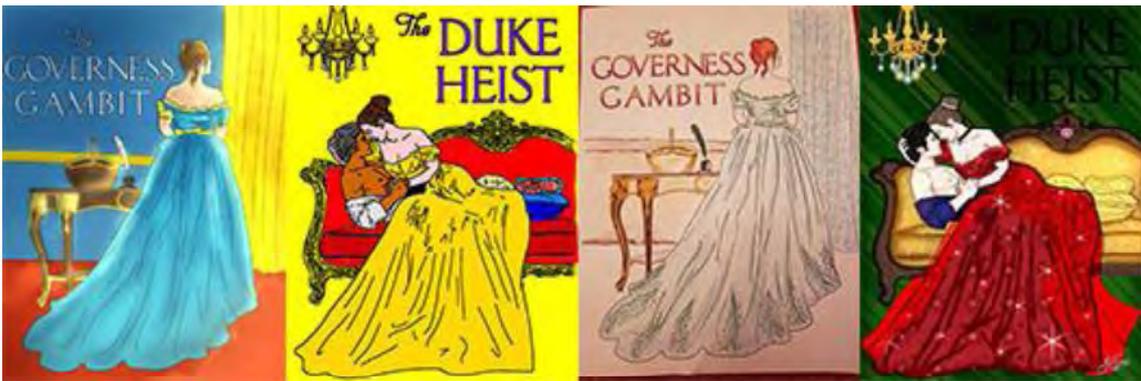


**Daniel**

**Spring is almost here...**

**Time to fall in love...**

**Jill Sanders**



**Hi Daniel,**

How are things on your end? I'm just finishing up edits for *The Perks of Loving a Wallflower* (Wild Wynchesters #2) — gotta turn it in on Monday! I'm so excited to bring you Tommy's story. 😊

Huge, huge thanks to everyone who grabbed *The Duke Heist* already — and an enormous hug to all of you who sent me your photos of spotting *The Duke Heist* in the wild! Until I can travel again and see my beautiful new book for myself, I really appreciate visiting Chloe & the Duke of Faircliffe vicariously through your photos.

.../...

Sending hugs and wishing you tons of good books,

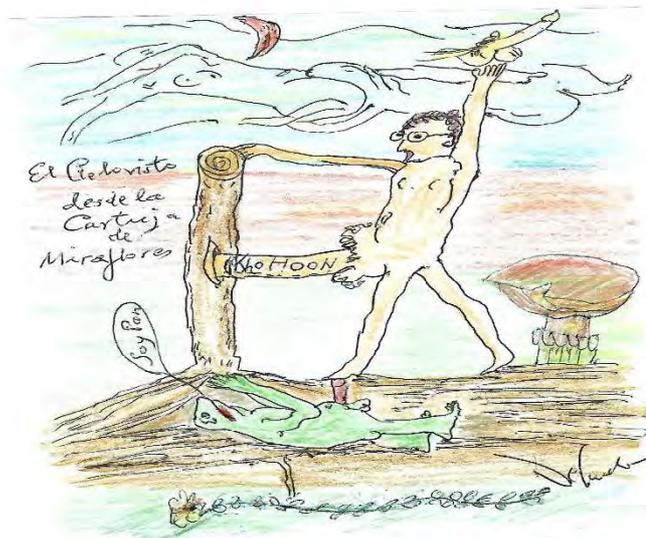
xoxo,

Erica Ridley

## 8 DIA INTERNACIONAL DE LA POESIA

21 DE MARZO

Con el grupo poético “Elogio del Rebusno”



DOS IDIOTAS PIDIENDO POESIA EN TIEMPO DE  
CUARENTENA

Dos Poetas, “Cachalunas” y

**Con tapabocas**  
**Y guardando la distancia debida**  
**Van caminando**  
**Como dos idiotas pidiendo Poesía**  
**Por el Paseo del Espolón, en Burgos**  
**Hacia el Teatro Principal**  
**Donde, en su Sala Polisón**  
**Van a presentar su nuevo libro de poemas:**  
**“En la Cagada del Perr**  
**Recitando de sus versos.**  
**Las gentes que les ven pasar**  
**Todos con tapabocas**  
**Y guardando las distancias**  
**No saben si reír o llorar**  
**Pues, a los poetas, se les oye caminar pedorreando.**  
**-Yo me quedo; yo me voy**  
**Es lo que se les escucha exclamando:**  
**-Vaya dos poetas idiotas tontos del Culo.**  
**Se tiran un pedo, se tiran dos, se tiran tres**  
**Se tiran hasta cuatro**  
**Mientras hacen que leen de su libro de Poemas**  
**¡Y caminando;**  
**Ya pasan, los dos idiotas, al lado del Templete**  
**Y una pareja que se magrea besuqueados**  
**Con la mascarilla o tapabocas**  
**Colgando de una oreja**  
**Se echa unos pasos atrás**

**Para dejarles pasar.**

**Riendo, el chico le dice a la chica:**

**-Amor, el Amor es una sinfonía de pedos.**

**-Ya, ¡porque lo canten los Poetas!**

**¡Vaya gracia! le contesta la chica.**

**Ya han llegado los dos idiotas**

**A la puerta de entrada del teatro Principal**

**Junto al bar Polisón**

**Y qué sorpresa se han llevado**

**Cuando han visto un letrero que decía:**

**“La Velada Poética a celebrar en la Sala Polisón**

**Ha sido suspendida**

**Trasladándose a orillas del Río Arlanzón**

**Allí donde, en la caca del perro**

**Ha aparecido un rosal”.**

**-Madre mía, cómo son**

**Estos funcionarios de la Cultura**

**Que quieren asfixiar nuestros pedos**

**Que son lo que más queremos**

**Y, también, quieren ellos”.**

**Le ha comentado “Culoroto” a “Cachalunas”.**

**-**

**Ahí abajito, abajito**

**Bajo el puente de San Pablo**

**Recitaremos nuestra Poesía**

**Que es olor de la canela**

**Y las gentes vendrán como moscas.**

**-Sí, las mujeres nos tirarán el sujetador  
Y los hombres un condón  
Como han hecho otras veces  
Se han dicho, al unísono, los dos.  
Antes de comenzar el Acto poético  
Los dos poéticos idiotas  
Junto con todo su acompañamiento  
Se han acercado al Río  
Se han quitado los tapabocas  
Arrojándoles a sus aguas intranquilas  
Exclamando de forma autodidacta:  
“Nos cagamos en el Coronavirus  
Y en la madre que le parió: la Política”.**



**“Rebuznar no es un arte; es una ciencia. Pródiga la natura es quien la**

9 INTERNATIONAL DAY OF POETRY

MARCH 21ST

With the poetic group "

"





**TWO IDIOTS LOSING FOR POETRY  
IN QUARANTINE TIME**

**Two Poets, "Cachalunas"(Catchmoons)**

**And "Culoroto"(Brokenass)**

**With mask**

**And keeping due distance**

**Go walking**

**Like two idiots losing for Poetry**

**Along the Paseo del Espolón, in Burgos**

**Towards the Principal Theater**

**Where, in its Polisón Room**

**They are going to present their new book of poems:**

**"In the Dog's Shit a Rosebush has Appeared"**

**Reciting from its verses.**

**People who see them passing**

**All with masks**

**And keeping the distances**

**Don't know whether to laugh or cry**

**Well poets can be heard walking farting.**

**-**

**is what one one listens to them exclaiming:**

**-Wow, two stupid ass poets.**

**Fart one, two fart, three fart**

**Up to four are thrown**

**While they make as reading from their Book of Poems**

**And walking!**

**They pass, the two idiots, next to the Temple**

**And a couple that makes out kissing  
With the mask or face mask  
Hanging from one ear of each  
Take a few steps back  
To let them pass.  
Laughing, the boy says to the girl:  
-My Love, Love is a symphony of farts.  
-Yeah, don't teel me  
Because Poets sing it!  
What a grace! Girl answers him.  
The two idiots have already arrived  
At the entrance of the Principal Theater  
Next to the Polisón Bar  
And what a surprise they have been  
When they have seen a sign that said:  
"The Poetic Evening to be held at the Polisón Hall  
Has been suspended  
Moving it to the banks of the Arlanzón River  
There where, in the dog's poop  
A rosebush has appeared ".  
-My mother; how are they  
These officials of the Culture  
Who want to suffocate our farts  
What we want the most  
Commented "Culoroto" to "Cachalunas".  
-It doesn't matter, "Cachalunas" replies.**

**Down there, down there  
Under the bridge of San Pablo  
We will recite our Poetry  
What is the smell of cinnamon  
And people will come like flies.  
-Yes, women will throw her bras on us  
And men condoms  
As they have done other times  
The two said in unison.  
Before starting the Poetic Act  
The two poetic idiots of Ass  
Along with all their accompaniment  
Have approached the River  
Removing their masks  
And throwing them into its restless waters  
Exclaiming in a self-taught way:  
"We shit on the Coronavirus  
And in the mother who gave birth to it:**



**“To Heehaw is not an art; it is a science. Prodigal nature is the one**

10 JOURNÉE INTERNATIONALE DE LA POÉSIE

21 MARS

Avec le groupe poétique "



## **DEUX IDIOTES DEMANDANT LA POÉSIE EN QUARANTAINE**

**Deux poètes, "Cachalunas" et "Culoroto"**

**Avec masque**

**Et garder la bonne distance**

**Ils vont marcher**

**Comme deux idiots demandant de la Poésie**

**Le long du Paseo del Espolón, à Burgos**

**Vers le théâtre principal**

**Où, dans sa salle Polisión**

**Ils vont présenter leur nouveau recueil de poèmes:**

**"Dans la Merde du Chien, un Rosier est Apparu"**

**Réciter de ses vers.**

**Les gens qui les voient passer**

**Tout avec des masques**

**Et garder les distances**

**Ils ne savent pas s'il faut rire ou pleurer**

**Eh bien, les poètes peuvent être entendus en train de péter.**

**-Je reste; je m'en vais**

**Voici ce que vous les entendez s'exclamer:**

**-Wow, deux poètes stupides.**

**Ils pètent, ils pètent deux, ils pètent trois**

**Jusqu'à quatre sont lancés**

**Pendant qu'ils leur font lire son livre de poèmes**

**Et marcher!**

**Ils passent, les deux idiots, à côté du Temple**

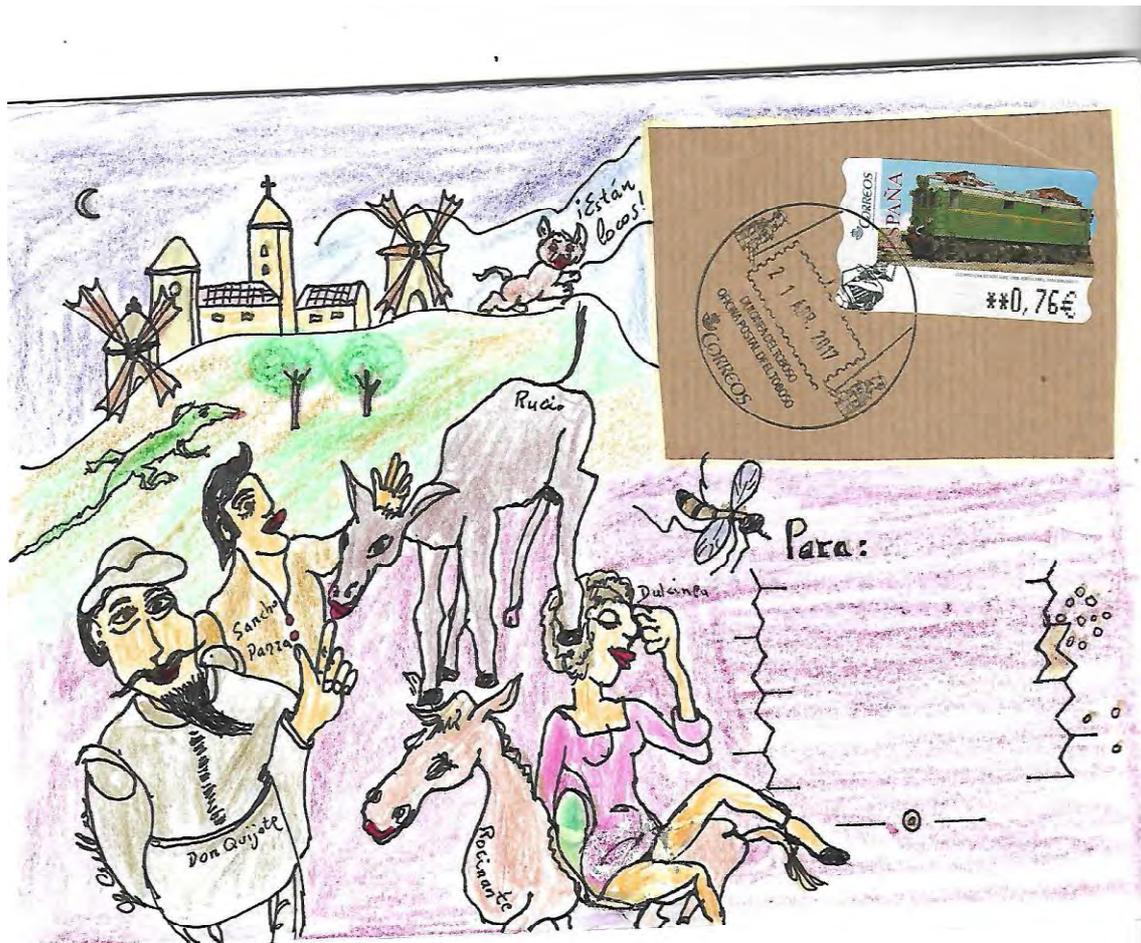
**Et un couple qui s'embrasse**

**Avec le masque ou le masque facial**

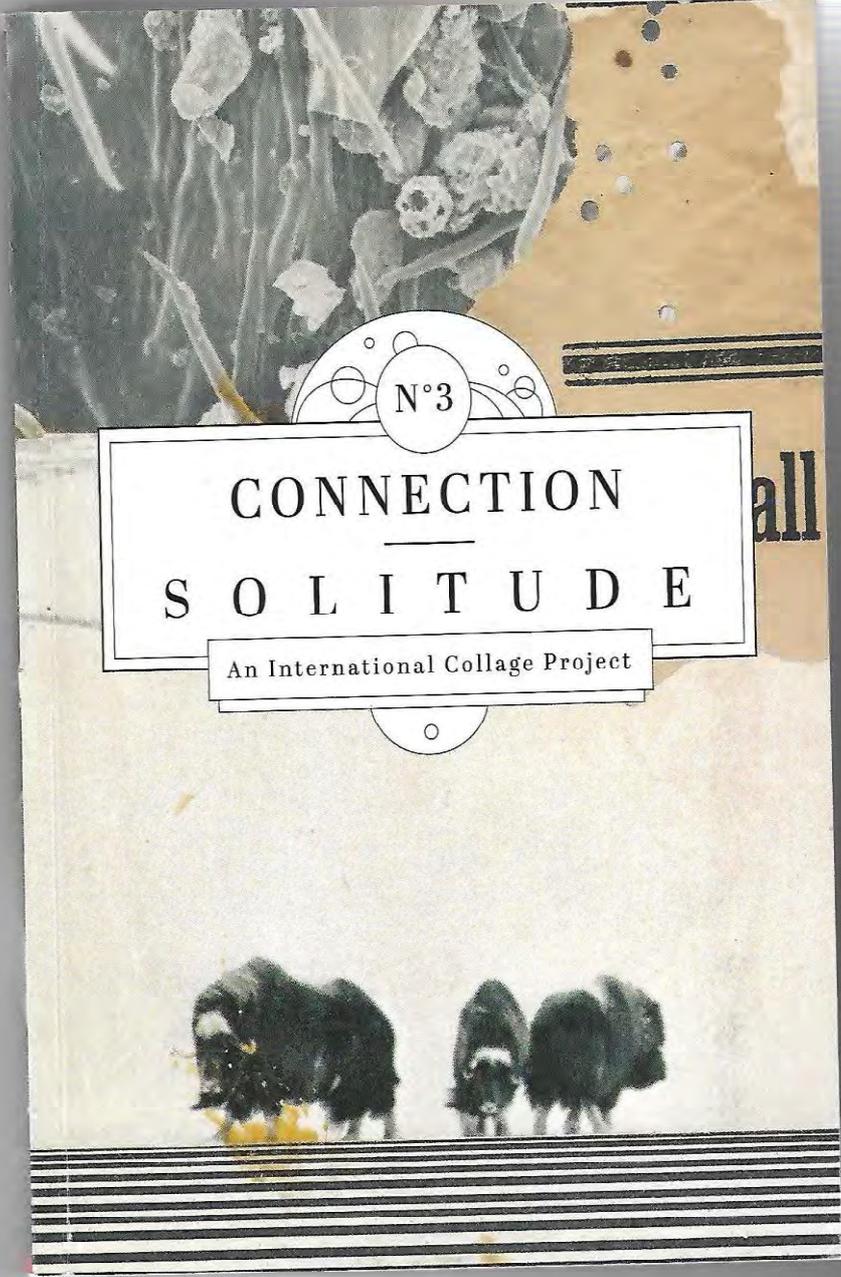
**Suspendu à une oreille  
Prend quelques pas en arrière  
Pour les laisser passer.  
En riant, le garçon dit à la fille:  
-L'Amour, est une symphonie de pets.  
-Oui, parce que les poètes le chantent!  
Quelle grâce, lui répond la fille.  
Les deux idiots sont déjà arrivés  
A l'entrée du théâtre principal  
À côté du bar Polisón  
Et quelle surprise ils ont été  
Quand ils ont vu un panneau disant:  
"La soirée poétique qui se tiendra à la salle Polisón  
A été suspendu  
Déménagement sur les rives de la rivière Arlanzón  
Là où, dans la merde du chien  
Un rosier est apparu ».  
-Ma mère, comment vont-ils  
Ces fonctionnaires de la Culture  
Qui veulent étouffer nos pets  
Ce que nous voulons le plus  
Et ils les veulent aussi ».  
Il a commenté "Culoroto" à "Cachalunas".  
-Il n'a pas d'importance, répond "Cachalunas"  
Là-bas, là-bas  
Sous le pont de San Pablo  
Nous réciterons notre poésie**

**Quelle est l'odeur de la cannelle**  
**Et les gens viendront comme des mouches.**  
**-Oui, les femmes nous jetteront son soutien-gorge**  
**Et les hommes un préservatif**  
**Comme ils l'ont fait d'autres fois**  
**Ils ont dit, à l'unisson, les deux.**  
**Avant de commencer l'acte poétique**  
**Les deux idiots poétiques**  
**Avec tout son accompagnement**  
**Ils se sont approchés de la rivière**  
**Les masques ont été supprimés**  
**Les jetant dans ses eaux agitées**  
**S'exclamer de manière autodidacte:**  
**"On chie sur le Coronavirus**  
**Et dans la mère**  
**Qui lui a donné naissance: la politique ».**





**Braire n'est pas un art; c'est une science. La nature prodigue est celle qui l'enseigne ». Sancho Panza. Hist. Par D. Quixote. type. 28**

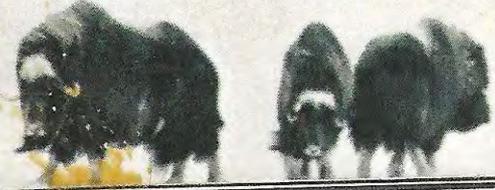


N°3

CONNECTION  
—  
S O L I T U D E

An International Collage Project

all



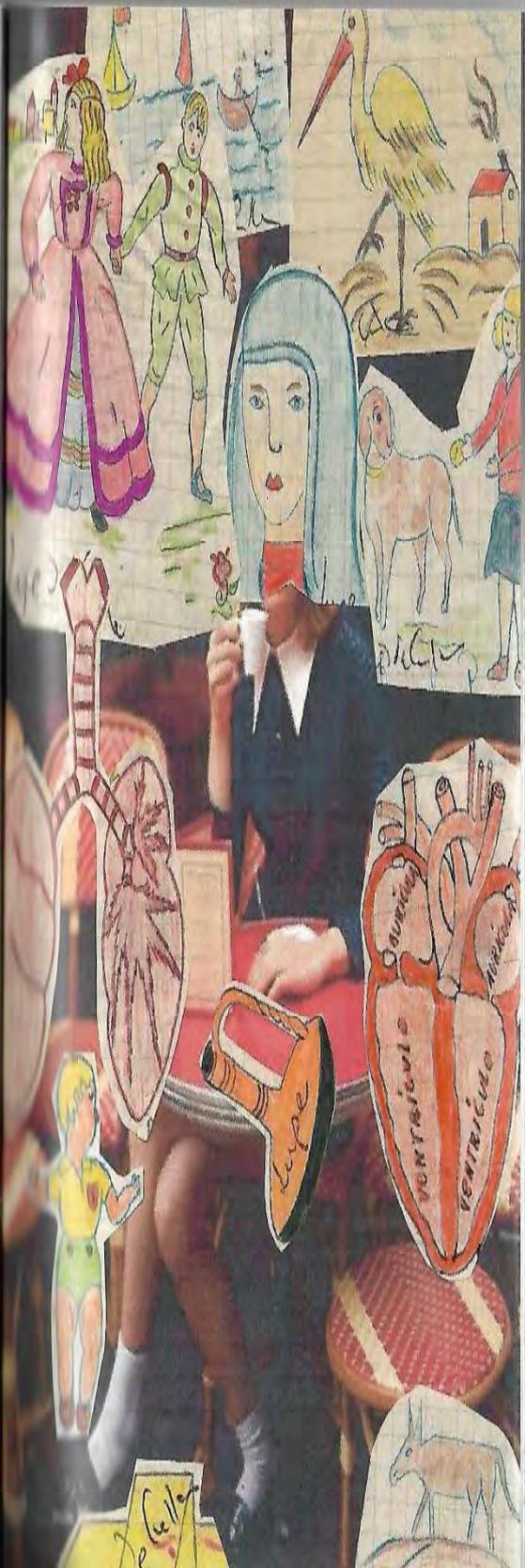


**Daniel de Culla:**



IS IT REAL?  
? ☆

Never fuck in  
air unless you  
are on a bad train or sick in plane





MAAV

MAIL ART ARCHIVE VIENNA

Aleide CARTON  
Président  
mél: president@amis-robepierre.org  
&  
Christian DE BOSSCHER  
Secrétaire adjoint  
mel: association.arbr@amis-robepierre.org

*Nous sommes au plaisir de vous adresser votre  
carte d'adhérent 2021.*



Pour suivre nos activités rendez vous sur :

- notre site : [www.amis-robepierre.org](http://www.amis-robepierre.org)
- notre page Facebook: Association ARBR Amis de Robespierre

Pour cette année malgré les contraintes sanitaires nos activités prévues:

Nos conférences:

- Stefania Di Pasquale : Simone Lvrard, la compagne de Marat le 1 04 2021
- Florent Hericher : La famille Lebas et Robespierre (date à fixer)
- Yannick Bosc : Quelle République aujourd'hui? (date à fixer)

Nos activités:

- Inauguration d'une plaque à l'honneur de Robespierre à Grenay le 6 mai
- Le second congrès des associations amies de la Révolution le 25 et 26 septembre

*L'ARBR - Les Amis de Robespierre*

Site internet : [www.amis-robepierre.org](http://www.amis-robepierre.org) Adresse postale : 2 rue de la Douzième Office-Culturel 62000 ARRAS

**CARTE D'ADHÉRENT 2021**  
ASSOCIATION ARBR@AMIS-ROBESPIERRE.ORG

Nom *De Gulla*  
Prénom *Daniel*  
C.P. *09006* Ville *Burgos Espagne*

**SIGNATURES**  
Le président *Aleide Carton*  
L'adhérent *[Signature]*

ASSOCIATION DES AMIS DE ROBESPIERRE POUR LE BICENTENAIRE DE LA RÉVOLUTION  
OFFICE CULTUREL, 2, RUE DE LA DOUZIÈME, 62000 ARRAS



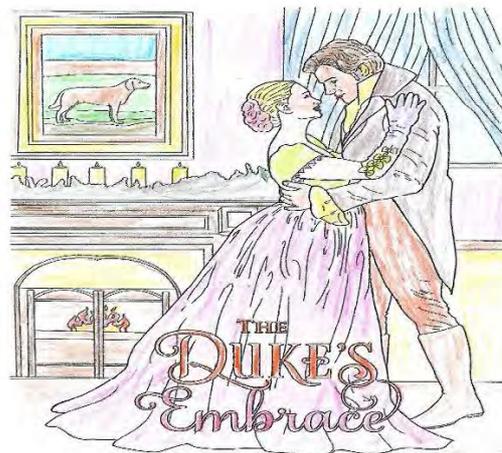
# Wordgathering

**Greetings, Daniel. Thank you for your new submission. Please put all of your poems in one WORD file. Please submit an updated bio. Kind regards, Diane**



**Diane R. Wiener**

**Editor-in-Chief**



# PLUTONICS

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A JOURNAL OF NON-STANDARD  
THEORY

---



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Miskatonic Virtual University

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**Hey Daniel,**

**We really know how to inform you of this tactfully, so we'll just rip the band-aid right off: after doing some research into you, it seems that you have a bit of a colored past (potentially involving abused towards minors) and we will not be a part of that. Sorry, but we're going to have to remove your contributions from Plutonics. It was difficult enough to find a submission in your batch that wouldn't either get**



**banned in Germany or wasn't simply crass, but these revelations make this a no-go.**

**Regards,  
Murdock Parsons**

**Mi respuesta: What bullshit. Everything is a lie. You will be the children's extra butter. "The thief always thinks that everyone is of his condition," says a Spanish saying.**

# ***POETA***

***“...ese raro oficio de resistir...”***

*AÑO XIV – NUMERO 48 – 1 de marzo de 2021*



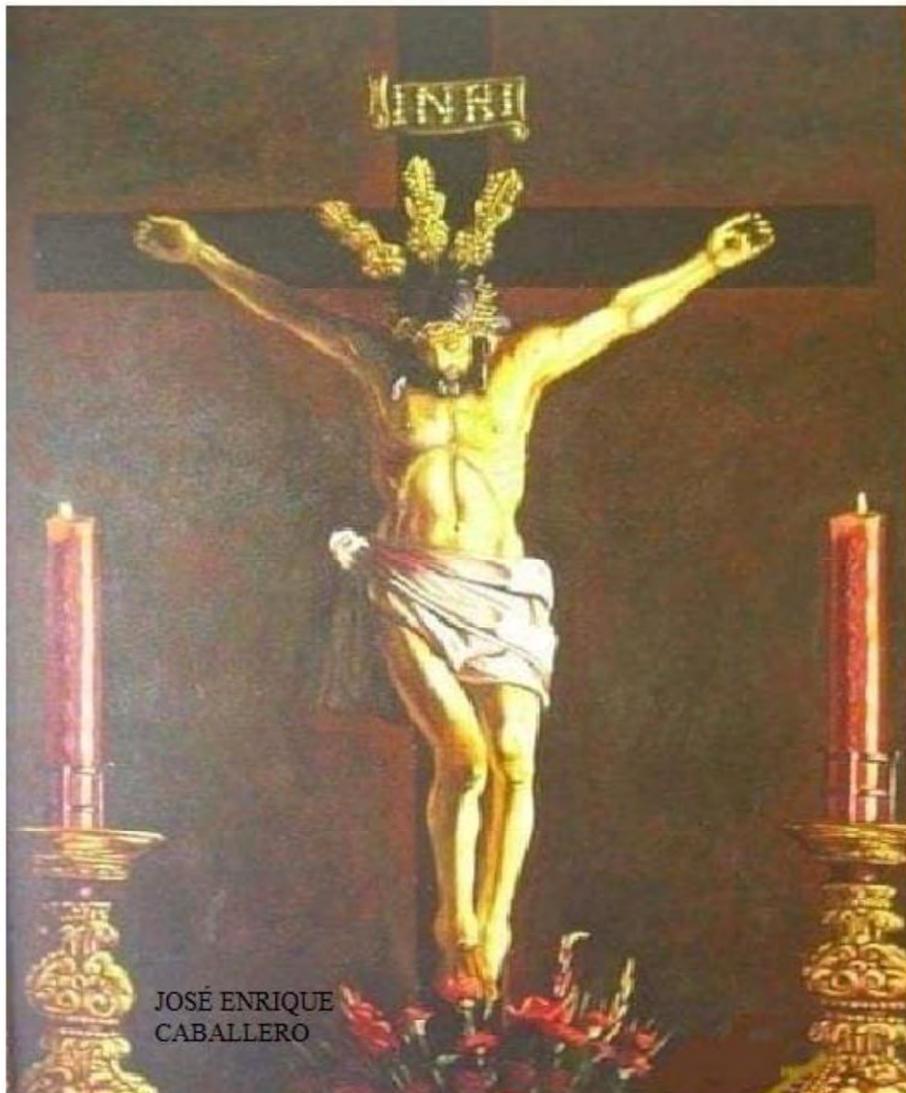
***Costanera sobre el río Paraná  
Bella Vista – Corrientes  
Argentina***

**Daniel de Culla: Los Valores Humanos**

# AZAHAR

REVISTA POETICA - N.º 110

TALLER DE POESÍA - AÑO XXXIII - MARZO 2021



**Daniel de Culla: Tú eres toda hermosa ;Palabra;**

# Prayers and Bullets



Down in the Dirt v181 March '21

scarsuoiteqind

Participo en este Libro

El Taller de Zensón

AIR MAIL



CHARLES  
IS JUST  
a game



before  
you wash  
your hands



Daniel de Culla  
Pº Comuneros 7, 1A  
09006 Burgos



# CONTRA LA PANDEMIA MACHISTA: ¡LUCHA Y HUELGA FEMINISTA!

MÁLAGA

8 DE MARZO 2021

**FELMA**  
FEMINISTAS EN LUCHA MÁLAGA



**12:00h** Concentración Pl. Constitución  
**18:00h** Baile Paseo del Parque

[WWW.FELMA.ORG](http://WWW.FELMA.ORG)



Postal de Internet

## **11 PELEA DE VACUNAS COVID**

**Los entendidos, los listos de los grandes laboratorios, ni a afirmar ni a negar se atreven a decir que tal o tal vacuna es la mejor y estupenda, afanosos como están en ser cada uno de ellos los que más beneficios se lleven de su producción y venta.**

**Que nos refieran, ahora, lo que vale una Vacuna puesta a tiempo, es algo grandioso. Ver cómo todas las naciones del Globo a la husma le andan a los laboratorios encumbrados, es como ver a un gran Jumento andarle a una Burra.**

**Los gobiernos de todas las naciones poderosas están hechos unos demonios por buscar y conseguir la mejor de la mejor; y con Rebuzzos**

**muy tremendos aterran a oras naciones menos poderosas, para que abandonen el sueño de conseguir otra, y les atacan. A causa de la vacuna apellidada Covid, el bélico clamor sigue el texto de los señores de la Guerra y la Opresión.**

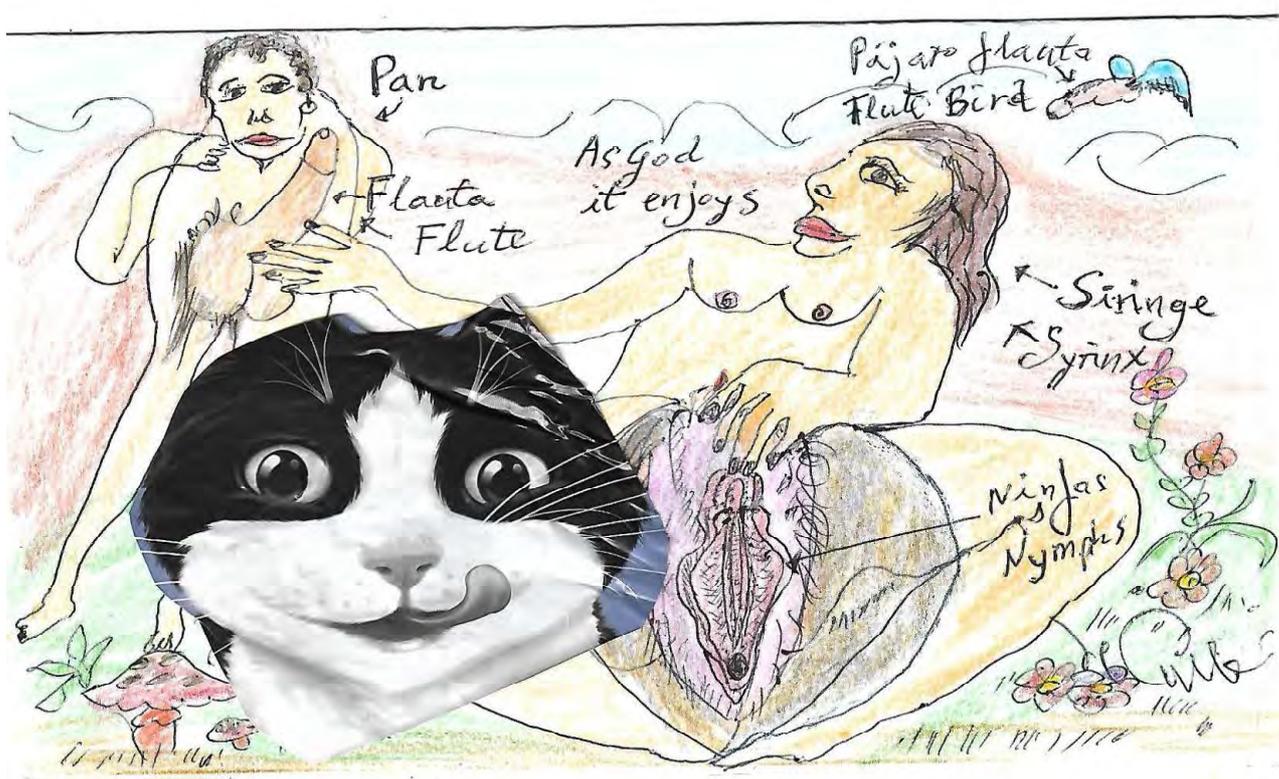
**De miedo, muchos se han ido al “otro barrio”, esperando la Vida en una vacuna y, otros se han echado a huir, porque no han visto volver conejo alguno, mono o perro que les indique el éxito conseguido por tal o cual vacuna.**

**Por cierto, el éxito inesperado de estas vacunas, lo sabemos, está en que salen por televisión. Y la gente de la plebe se apoya en este**

**mientras la mano de ese cadáver sale de la caja con fuerte ruido, deseando celebrar la vida o la muerte de ese paciente o paciente a quien le toca el turno.**

# **Terror House Magazine**

**Daniel de Culla: Honeymoon**



**12 UN HAIKU**

**Ahí, un rosal.**

**Una rosa abierta.**

**Gato lamerón.**

**ONE HAIKU**

**There, a rosebush.**

**An open lovely rose.**

**Very licked cat.**



*RAL, M*

Le chasseur abstrait

ISSN 2274-0457

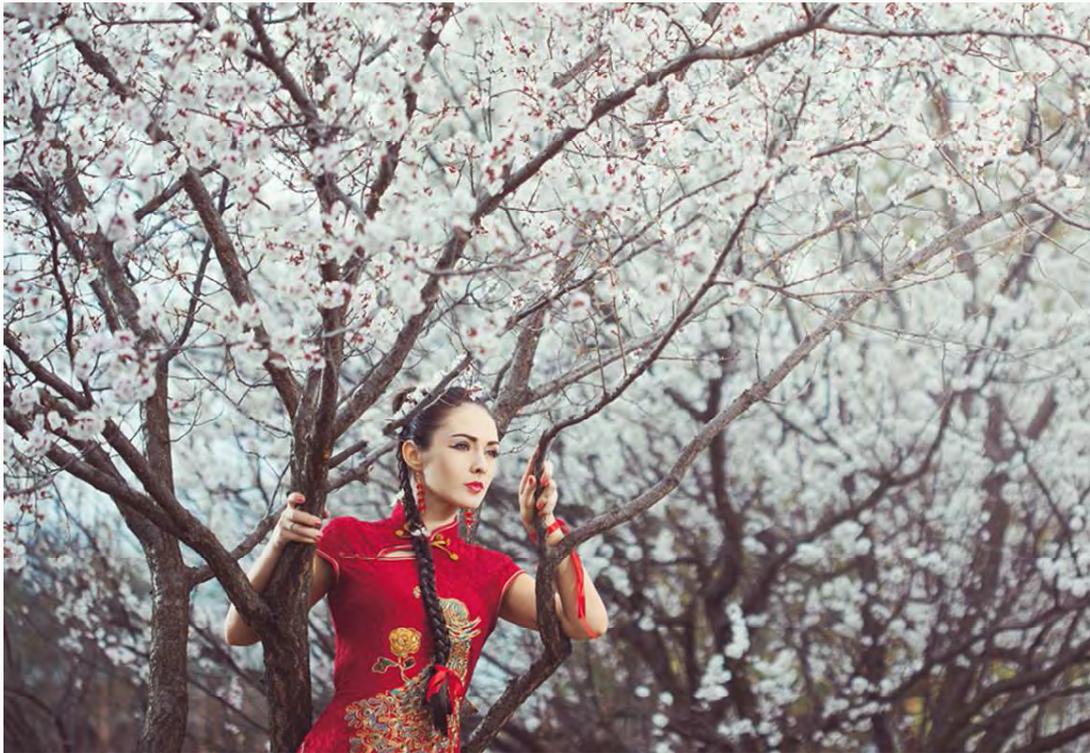
*Revue d'Art et de Littérature, Musique  
écrivez pour empêcher les autres d'écrire*

dimanche 7 mars 2021

Espace de Daniel de Cullá



MYSTIC MUSE



## You're In!

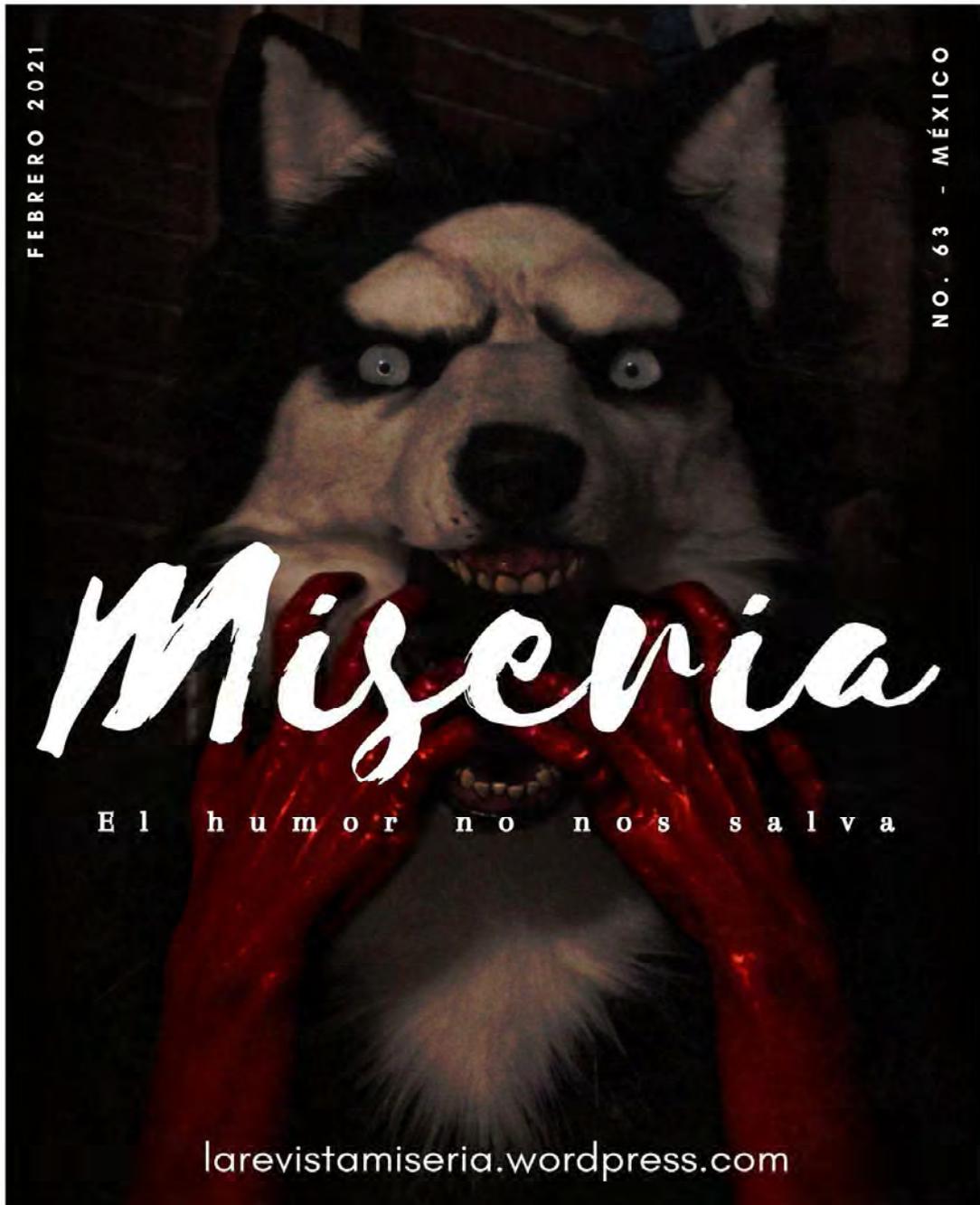
Thank you for joining our magical community! I'm so happy to connect.

Every week you will receive an email with magical musings to help you step into your superpowers. I hope these mystical letters fill your day with magic, beauty and awe-inspiring wonder.

In the meantime, enjoy a mini version of our latest issue of Mystic Travel magazine! In this issue, we travel in spirit to Japan in ancient times. Along with the Japanese zen masters and mystics, we will practice self-love, compassion and mindfulness so that you can find your flow in modern life.

Ashley Nicole Sarikaya





## MUDISCH

**MUDISCH is a Fashion and Art conscious company (Photography, Painting, Fashion Styling, Fashion Design, Modeling, etc) built to enable creative expression and collaboration. We're on a mission to share, grow,**

**and get hired. Remember; MUDISCH is a social media platform that aims to showcase and discover creative works of beauty creators.**

**Dear Artist,**

**Thanks for contact with MUDISCH,**

**Please send an email to your publication/Aphro Magazine about your issue! Thank you.**

**Stay Safe/Healthy**

**Best Regards**

**MUDISCH Review Team**

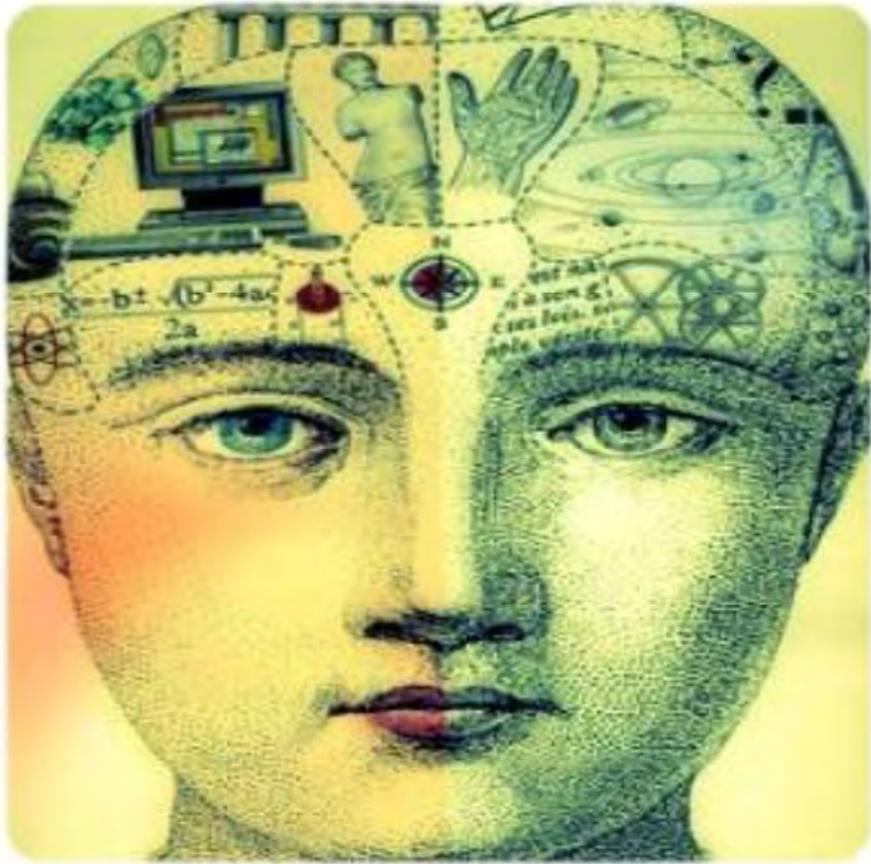


# Kissing the Muse



**Thank you for sharing these and for joint our creative community.**

**Robbyn Layne McGill**





**Se ACABA DE ACTULIAZAR LA WEB DEL CENTRO CULTURAL SAN FCO. SOLANO.EDICION EXTRAORDINARIA GIGANTE PERO A PESAR DE ELLO PARCIAL.La presente es otra edición de lujo. Web absolutamente pluralista.De todxs aprendemos.A todxs respetamos.+Nada de censuras.Es más,la grave coyuntura presente obliga al debate. poetas y narradores.A los ya conocidos se agregan otros poetas, Daniel de Culla se"confiesa" en ese estilo desenfadado y provocador que tanto agrada por estas tierras.Nuevamente desde Colombia Rafael Scandon aporta un CUENTO El poeta Chicha Cerecero Rego nos conmueve y hace reflexionar.Acuña de Marmolejo una de las mejores poetas del continente nos emociona con sus aportes,AMOR Y PAZ es el mensaje de otros poetas que en la fecha y a la Sra. Gabrielle Sismond,Seres humanos a los que agradecemos la honra dispensada.**

**Videos,grabaciones musicales en las diversas secciones. Se agregan a los ya conocidos nuevos aportes tan emocionantes que disfrutamos enormemente complacidos.Hay para todos los "gustos". El poeta y luchador Gil Zu parece estar recuperandose,en hora buena.En la sección "Notas del centro cultural",de nosotros,abordamos temas de actualidad abordamos un temario amplio y complejo,como es la situación presente y sobre los problemas que nos acojen,no solamente con alcances a la región sino mirando también al mundo.LA SUPERVIVINCIA DEL SER HUMANO COMO ESPECIE ESTA EN PELIGRO.LA MUJER TAMBIÉN.El debate es perentorio y algo más que hipótesis de lo que sucede y mirando como siempre el "horizonte.Desnudando mentiras.Manipulaciones.Siempre están puestas la mirada en esta pandemia y la reconfiguración del sistema,Davos y la Inteligencia Artificial y al chip de control entre una**



temática más compleja. Y en este 8 de Marzo en el día Internacional de la Mujer reforzamos nuestro compromiso por superar no solamente la sangre femenina que a la fecha se cobró setenta vidas y en muchos casos los hijos que han perdido a sus progenitores. En videos un film que nos recomienda Miguel Rany es referente a las redes. Libros varios en formato PDF de descarga gratuita. No podía faltar la música. Escuche. En fotos las protestas en el mundo. Y el tema Formosa y Paraguay. Los aportes varios sobre la contaminación ambiental, con videos y análisis técnicos realizados por expertos en la temática. Creemos es de importancia vital para la vida por eso te RE- invitamos a su lectura- En Notas sobre la mujer y el patriarcado encontrarás materiales importantes análisis sobre el patriarcado y la violencia que no cesa .EL DEBATE YA ES OBLIGADO. Ya expresamos antes que la cuarentena ha desatado lo que parecía en retroceso: la hiper violencia contra la mujer repetimos otra vez, y otra vez y otra vez y.... Terribles asesinatos y abusos que los medios ocultan a veces y que hoy repetimos palabra por palabra. Y esto no termina con un número de teléfono. REFORMAS. ES OBLIGATORIA LA LECTURA DE LA SECCION "COMUNICADOS DERECHOS HUMANOS ORGANIZACIONES DE CENTRO AMERICA Y MUNDIALES". DE SU LECTURA VERÁS LOS PORQUES DE ESTA OTRA RECOMENDACION. En Pueblos aborígenes y la sección Ambientales. temas que hacen a la vida y el trabajo y visiones particulares sobre el corona virus. Revistas de los Pueblos Aborígenes como Pukará y otras merecen leerse. SALUD. IMPOSIBLE DE NO LEER. OBLIGADO. REPLETO DE NOTAS QUE TE SORPRENDERÁN. Notas sobre la temática y no puedes dejar de leer algunas son de rigurosa actualidad y hay ¡¡¡¡denuncias!!!!. En "Asambleas de Jubilados y pensionados Norma Pla" ENOJADOS. SIEMPRE ENOJADOS DENUNCIANDO EL ATAQUE MUNDIAL SOBRE LAS CAJAS DE JUBILACIONES Y PENSIONES. Y la salud. Revistas mundiales incluso en otros idiomas. Atacc y sus notas permanentes. Y en este ítem de revistas mundiales una salvedad, publicamos aquellas que hemos recibido, las que faltan es por no haber llegado a nosotrxs. Kgosni merece una revisión así como la revista El activista regional" y muchas otras como en nuevo número de SIEMBRA. Se debe conocer lo que piensan lxs otrxs. En "Movimientos..." notas sobre la lucha por la libertad en Internet y sobre la técnica y la incidencia en la vida cotidiana.. Y UN NUEVO NUMERO DE ESA NECESARIA PUBLICACION DE

**ESPAÑA QUE ES LA "REVISTA SIEMBRA",REITERAMOS.Y EN ESTE NUMERO SE AGREGAN NUEVAS REVISTAS. "Pueblos en lucha" una sección con múltiples notas que preocupan.ESTE MES IMPERDIBLE.Notas de actualidad.Videos.LA LUCHA DEL PUEBLO GUATEMALTECO QUE NO CESA.NUEVAMENTE FRANCIA EN LA CALLE HACIENDO RETROCEDER AL GOBIERNO.IMAGENES DE LAS PROTESTAS.INTERNET.CIBERNETICA.MOVIMIENTOS.LA FOTOGRAFIA ES UN ARTE.derechos Humanos.la ONU.Notas de Juan Gasparini.Nada de anteojeras ni preconceptos en este momento.NOS "COCINARÁN". Sería muy larga la reseña de los materiales y por ello nada mejor que la experiencia de recorrer sus páginas.UNA A UNA.Seguimos contactados.¡CUIDAOS! Y QUE LO PASEIS LO MEJOR POSIBLE.La Redacción**

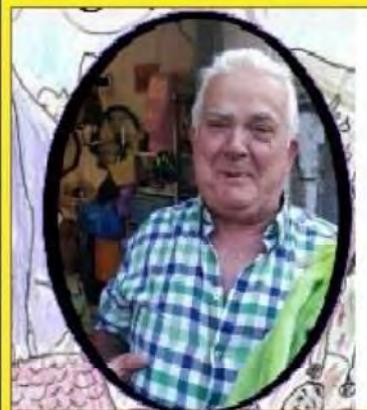


**ABORTO SALTARIN**





**BAILE DE BODAS**



**DANIEL DE CULLA**

**BIOGRAFIA**

**TRABAJOS LIBROS**



Verano. Collage

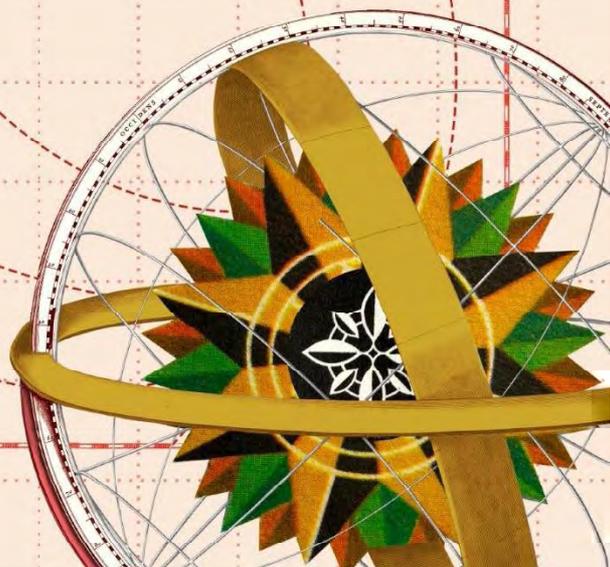
# WORLD COLLAGE DAY

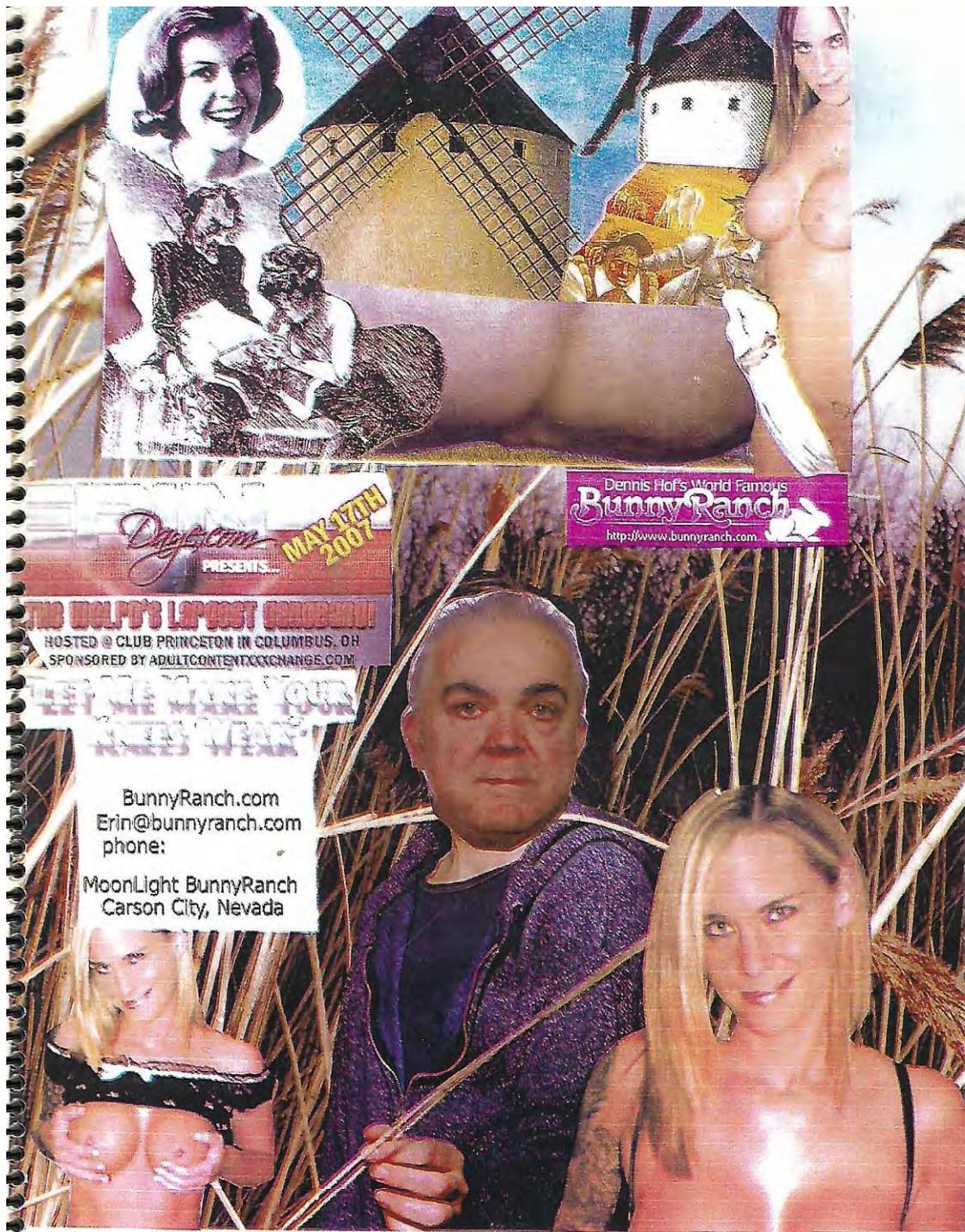
*An international celebration of Collage*

**Saturday, May 8th 2021**

[www.kolajmagazine.com](http://www.kolajmagazine.com)

[#worldcollageday](https://twitter.com/worldcollageday)





*Diosa de los Nabos*

**Collage de Daniel**

**13 EN CASA DOÑA JUANA**

**Fue en Las palmas de Gran Canaria:**

**Ya he llamado por el locutorio**

**A un anuncio de citas**

**Diciéndome una manceba**

**Doña Juana**

**Antes de colgar el teléfono:**

**-Pero venga usted solo.**

**Cuando traspaso la puerta**

**Del “Jardín de las Delicias”**

**En la Plaza Mayor de Santa Ana**

**Ella me dice:**

**-Usted ya sabe**

**Por un cuarto de hora**

**Veinte euros**

**Cincuenta, si quiere media.**

**Ya se acercan tres jóvenes**

**-¿A cuál de las tres**

**Quiere usted meter?**

**Elijo una joven pelirroja**

**Con ella me quedaré**

**Yo seré su querido esposo**

**Y ella mi amada mujer.**

**Antes de ir a la habitación**

**La manceba me ha lavado Amor**

**Que ya se ha puesto empinado**

**A punto de deshacer**

**Antes de que la pelirroja**



**Me guise para comer.**

**-Vamos, rapidito**

**Que está a punto de caramelo**

**Me ordenó.**

**Caminé yo, cual romero**

**Con deseo de llegar.**

**Ella se echó sobre la cama**

**Abriéndose de piernas**

**Como estrella de mar.**

**Yo me derramé entre sus muslos**

**Antes de entrar en su morada.**

**¡No pude ni verle el lunar;**

**Que según dijo la Manceba**

**Ella tenía**

**Debajo de su lindo pecho con pecas.**

**-No te he penetrado, le dije**

**Malhumorado y con rabia**

**Tengo que volver a empezar**

**Sea como sea.**

**-De ninguna manera, me contestó**

**Si quieres volver a intentarlo**

**Tienes que volver a pagar.**

**-Que más quisieras, maldita**

**O me dejas entrar**

**O, por la Virgen de la Regla**

**Que te arranco los pelos**

**De tu sagrario carnal**

**Con mis dientes afilados.  
Al oírnos discutir  
Se acercó la doña Juana  
Con gestos de general  
Diciéndome con salero y sal:  
-O se marcha usted de aquí  
O llamo a la policía  
A que le saquen a pasear.  
Yo me quedé con las ganas  
De saber a qué saben  
Estas pelirrojas  
Aun a sabiendas  
De lo que me dijo un amigo:  
-Las pelirrojas como todas  
No saben a nada  
Si acaso a caca de la buena.  
Sólo con licor de yerbas  
O aguardiente  
Esa su chirla natural  
Puedes resucitar.**

# BULLETIN D'INFORMATION



de l'Amicale des Anciens Guérilleros Espagnols en France (F.F.I.)

J.O. n° 64, 22-07-1976 - Siège social national : 27, rue Emile Cartailhac, 31000 Toulouse - Libellé chèques : AAGEF

« Résister est un verbe qui se conjugue au présent » (Lucie Aubrac)

Bulletin trimestriel - Directeur de la publication : Henri Farreny - N° CPPAP 0924 A 07130 3 €

Contacts : aagef@free.fr 4<sup>e</sup> trimestre 2020 - parution : 31/1/2021 n° 160

2021

Continuer d'agir utilement !

Bonjour à tous et **bonne année nouvelle**.

Notre traditionnel bulletin d'adhésion, présenté en page 16, rappelle comment l'AAGEF-FFI est organisée. Nous avons envoyé à chacun des adhérents directs l'habituel courrier d'appel à cotisations (25 € / an) ; recueillir celles de nos membres regroupés localement, incombe à nos sections départementales. A toutes les personnes et toutes les sections, grand merci pour vos retours, nombreux en cette période.

Néanmoins, ce message s'adresse à **tous nos lecteurs**, adhérents ou non : à tous ceux qui nous soutiennent, nous exprimons la chaleureuse gratitude de notre association. L'argent recueilli, nous l'employons au mieux.

Nos bulletins témoignent de l'intensité de nos activités, entièrement accomplies par des bénévoles, quoi qu'elles coûtent. Nous supportons de lourds frais pour l'information et la correspondance, les déplacements, les manifestations et les cérémonies. Rares et faibles sont les subventions.

**Votre soutien financier est précieux !**

Nous avons besoin de davantage de moyens - et d'être plus nombreux, bien sûr - pour mieux accomplir nos missions au service des idéaux et de l'Histoire des Guérilleros.

Depuis des décennies, notre association se rend utile, forte de son attachement aux valeurs républicaines et antifascistes, **forte de son pluralisme idéologique enraciné dans la Résistance**. Ce pluralisme qui indispose quelques grincheux sans passé ni bilan.

Peut-être pouvez-vous nous rejoindre ? Ou bien verser, de temps à autre, à notre souscription permanente, 10, 15, 20 €... ? De sorte que nous puissions mieux continuer l'œuvre de connaissance voulue par nos aînés.

Jacques Galvan  
trésorier national

Henri Farreny  
président national

**La tombe de Julio ÁLVAREZ DEL VAYO est sauvée !**  
L'Espagne d'aujourd'hui doit honorer tous ceux qui ont lutté pour la Liberté

Le 20 novembre 2020, nous avons ouvert une souscription pour sauver la tombe de celui qui fut ministre des Affaires Étrangères de la République Espagnole en 1936-1939 (cf. bulletin n° 159). Immédiatement nous avons reçu de nombreux soutiens financiers et moraux depuis la France et l'Espagne. En parallèle, nous avons poursuivi nos démarches en direction du gouvernement espagnol, avec l'appui résolu de diverses entités, notamment l'ensemble d'associations et groupes politiques réunis comme *Encuentro de Memoria Histórica y de Víctimas del Franquismo*. **A tous nous adressons nos chaleureux remerciements.**

**L'action collective a réussi.** Dès dimanche 29 novembre, Fernando Martínez López, *Secretario de Estado de Memoria Democrática*, a adressé un courriel circonstancié à l'AAGEF-FFI dans lequel il déclare : « *Nuestro compromiso de colaboración con respecto al mantenimiento y dignificación de la tumba de Álvarez del Vayo es firme.* » et exprime la volonté du gouvernement espagnol de prendre la relève de l'AAGEF-FFI pour la maintenance de la sépulture. Il conclut : « *me gustaría acometer conjuntamente con vosotros una dignificación de la tumba y participar en vuestras actividades. Hecho que podemos comentar en las próximas semanas.* ».

Lundi 30 novembre, le leader de *Unidas Podemos*, Pablo Iglesias, a appelé le président de l'AAGEF-FFI pour apporter son soutien et exprimer sa satisfaction quant à l'engagement gouvernemental. Mardi 1<sup>er</sup> décembre, le journal digital *Público* a titré : « *el gobierno se compromete a pagar la tumba del exministro de la II República, Álvarez del Vayo, en Ginebra* ». Et sous-titré : « *El secretario de Estado de Memoria Democrática ha confirmado a la Asociación de exguerrilleros españoles en Francia que el Estado se hará cargo.* ».

Nous avons aussitôt effectué les démarches nécessaires pour que la Chancellerie d'Espagne à Genève soit habilitée à intervenir auprès du cimetière concerné en lieu et place de l'AAGEF-FFI. Simultanément, nous avons procédé au remboursement des dons reçus depuis l'appel du 20 novembre (en cas d'incident, prière d'écrire à : [aagef@free.fr](mailto:aagef@free.fr)).

Nous encourageons le gouvernement espagnol à poursuivre dans cette direction : rendre hommage, officiellement à ces *grands d'Espagne* que furent, Juan Negrín comme Manuel Azaña, Luis Fernández comme Joan Blázquez, Conrad Miret comme José Barón... et tant d'autres, où que se trouvent leurs dépouilles.

**Déloger le franquisme c'est aussi ramener les olvidados, leurs actes et leurs idéaux, à la lumière de la connaissance et de la reconnaissance.**

Le bureau de l'AAGEF-FFI :

Alberto Antolín  
Joan Fabra  
Henri Farreny  
Jacques Galván  
Jeanine García  
José González  
Raymond San Geroteo  
Chantal Semis



P. 2 **Boléro-Paprika** : poursuivons l'action

P. 2-7 **Rivesaltes** : début de concertation

P. 7 Pyrénées Atlantiques, Yonne, Ariège

P. 13 **Disparitions** : Jordi Riera, Julia Tapia

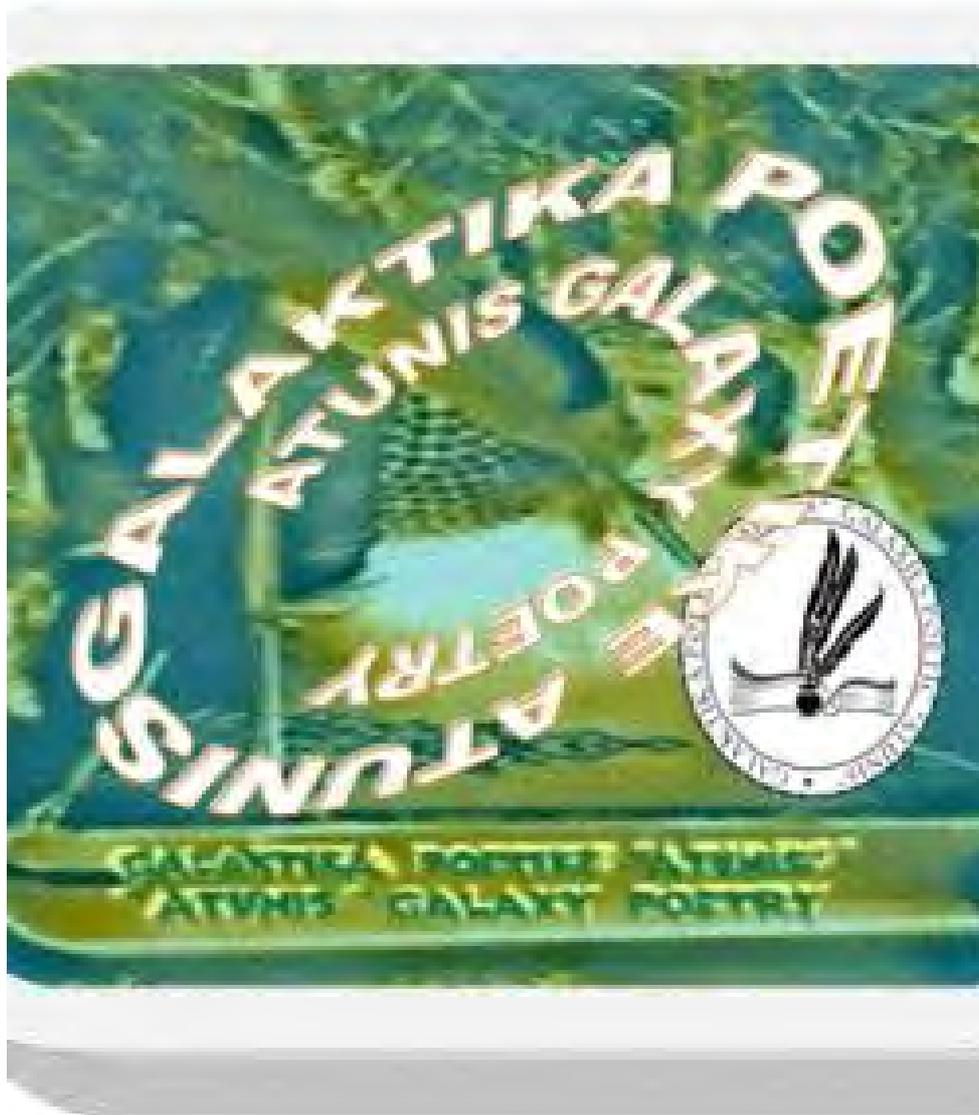
P. 14 **Le Vernet** : Les oubliés de la Toussaint

P. 15 **Dans les livres**

P. 8-12 : nouveaux portraits d'étrangers héros de la Résistance



En raison de la pandémie, toutes les activités sont perturbées. Les nôtres aussi. Dont l'organisation et/ou la participation aux réunions et manifestations. Sans renoncer, protégeons-nous.



**sáb, 13 de mar. a las 8:00 a. m.**

**Dear Mr Daniel de Culla**

**Good morning**

**As I promised you, I updated the website of the International Society of Greek Writers and Artists with your work. We send you our warm congratulations and keep creating and being well. I have included you in the world Anthology which i will publish for the 200 years since the investment of 1821.**

**Yours sincerely**

**The President of**

**International Society of Greek writers and Artists -D.E.E.L.**



**Ekaterini Vlachopanagiotou Batalia**

5 weeks ago

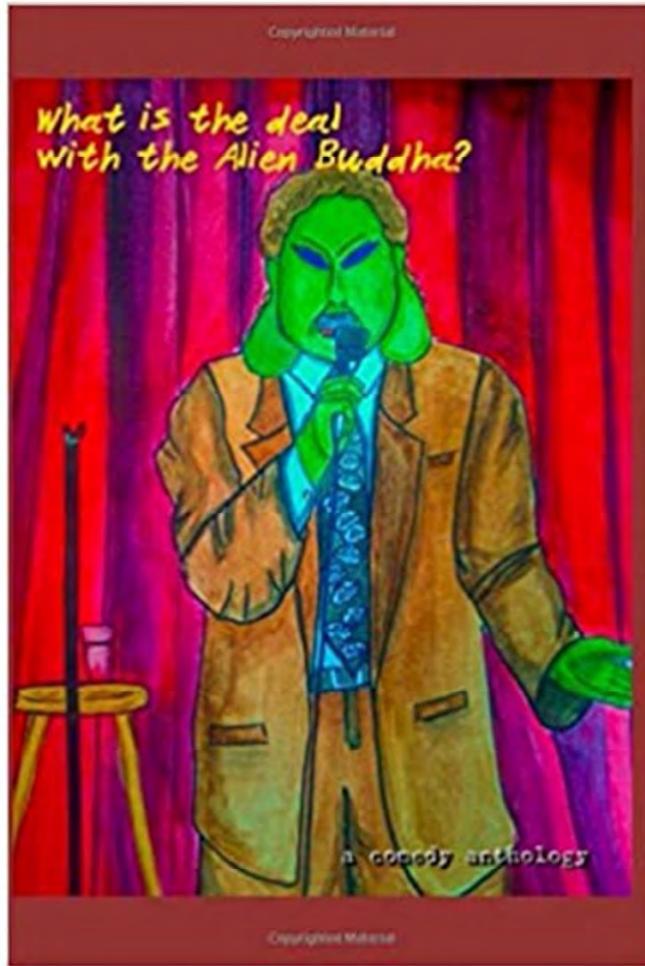
Daniel de Culla

Daniel de Culla is a writer, poet, painter and photographer. He's member of the Spanish Writers Association, Earthly Writers International Caucus, Poets of the World, (IA) International Authors, Surrealism Art, Friends of The Blake Society, and others. Director of Gallo Tricolor Review, and 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;

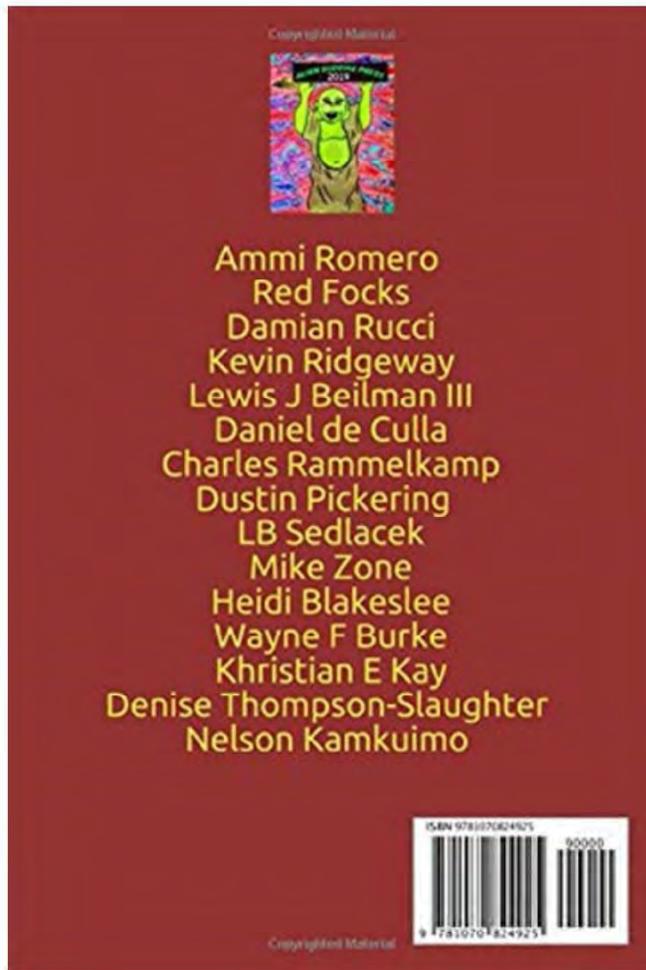
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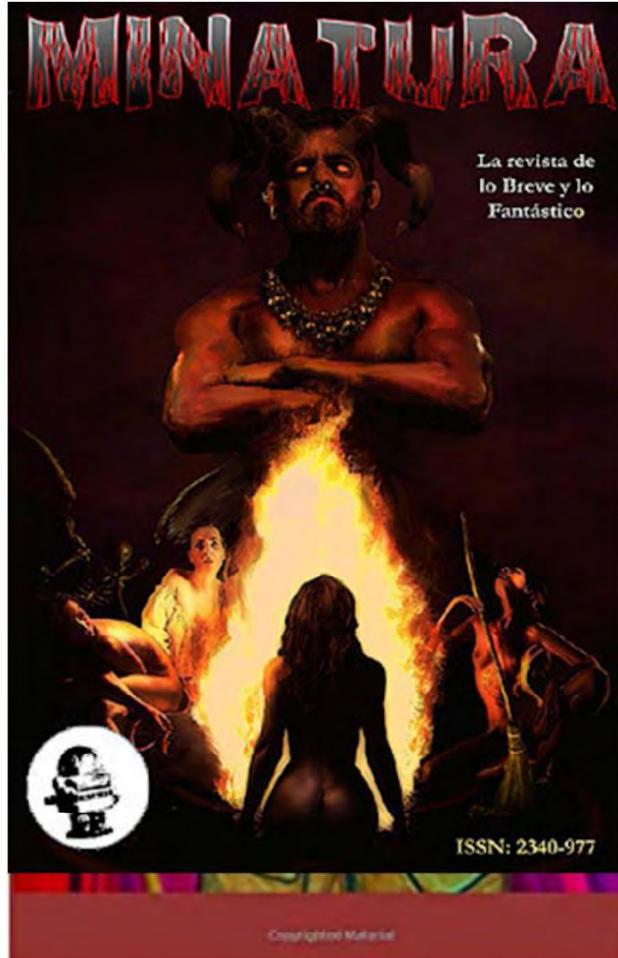
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# 37 goodreads

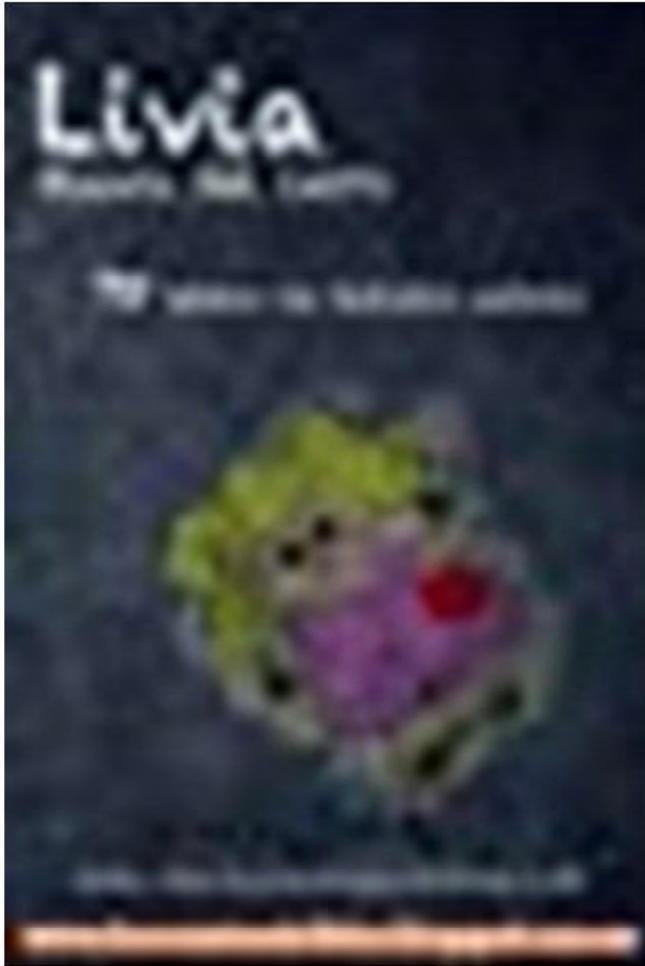


### Books by Daniel de Cullá



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## **Livia antología de relatos**



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**La luz me hace daño**

**LITTLE GAZETTE "NEXT TO THE ATAPUERCANUS  
AND HIS LITTLE ATAPUERCANUS HAND"**

## GACETILLA “AL LADO DEL ATAPUERCANO Y SU ATAPUERCANITO DE LA MANO”



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Foto de Culla

Anécdota: Todo turista que viene a Burgos capital, y que de Homo sapiens se precie, ha de venir a mí y sobarme el pene si quiere felicidad en su visita a la Catedral y otros gozando de las delicias del cerdo y del Atapuercano”, tocádmela con la mano.-

sapiens se alcanzar alegría y monumentos de la Ciudad, cordero. Que “Yo soy “el Atapuercano” libro de De Culla

Anecdote: Every tourist who comes to Burgos capital, and who boasts Homo sapiens, has to come to me and rub my penis if he/she wants to achieve joy and happiness in his/her visit to the Cathedral and other monuments of the City, enjoying the delights of pork and lamb. That "I am" the Atapuercano ", touch it with your hand.-" De Culla's Atapuercanus book.

Sobre este tocamiento de la polla del Atapuercano han dicho:

**About this touching of the Atapuercanus's pric they have said:**

**Rosa, de Madrid, 45 años: -Yo tenía una regla dolorosa, y nada más tocarle la polla al Atapuercano me he curado.**

**Carmen, de Córdoba, 60 años: -Yo tenía la matriz caída, y nada más sobarle la polla al Atapuercano ha vuelto a su ser.**

**Teresa, de Bilbao, 39 años: -Mi marido tiene un pellejo de Polla (él dice que tiene un pene infantil), y nada más frotarle la polla al Atapuercano me he asombrado del badajo que me ha enseñado a los pies del Papamoscas de la Catedral, cuando sonaba. ¡Gracias, Atapuercano!**

**Pilar, de Zaragoza, 25 años:-Me he venido a Burgos desconsolada porque mi compañero dice que quiere a otra. He tocado la polla al Atapuercano y, al instante, he recibido un wasap de él diciéndome que me quiere a mí sola.**

**Angelinitas, de Badajoz, 14 años:-Mamá, brilla como el Sol esta polla del Atapuercano. La he sobado y he sentido como una bola que me subía del chichi a la garganta de la boca.**

**Gervasia, de Cantimpalos, Segovia:- Esta polla del Atapuercano es milagrosa. Gracias, dios mío.**

**Adriano, de Torreldones, Madrid, 33 años:-Cada vez que esto veo: las mujeres sobándole, alegres, la polla al Atapuercano, se me hinchan los huevos; y las daría de hostias y besos.**

**Apuleyo, de Gran Canaria: Viendo a las mujeres frotarle la polla al Atapuercano, me dan ganas de mear y no echar ni gota.**

**Etcétera, etcétera.**

**Rosa, from Madrid, 45 years old: -I had a painful period, and as soon as I touched the Atapuercanus's cock I was cured.**

**Carmen, from Córdoba, 60 years old: -I had a fallen womb, and as soon as I stroked the Atapuercanus's cock, it returned to its being.**

**Teresa, from Bilbao, 39 years old: -My husband has a skin like a cock (he says he has a childish penis), and as soon as I rubbed the Atapuercanus's cock I was amazed at the clapper he taught me at the feet of the Flycatcher of the Cathedral, when it rang. Thank you, Atapuercanus!**

**Pilar, from Zaragoza, 25 years old: -I came to Burgos heartbroken because my partner says he loves someone else. I touched the Atapuercanus's cock and, instantly, I received a wasap from him telling me that he wants me alone.**

**Angelinitas, from Badajoz, 14 years old: -Mom, this Atapuercanus's cock shines like the Sun. I have caressed it and I felt like a ball that rose from the Cunt to the throat of my mouth.**

**Gervasia, from Cantimpalos, Segovia: - This cock from Atapuercanus is miraculous. Thank my God;**

**Adrianus, from Torrelodones, Madrid, 33 years old: -Every time I see it: the women joyfully stroking the Atapuercanus's cock, my balls swell; and I would give them hosts and kisses.**

**Apuleyus, from Gran Canaria: Watching women rub the Atapuercanus's cock, it makes me want to piss and not take a drop.**

**Etcetera etcetera.**

**Sentados en los asientos de piedra de cara al Río Arlanzón, que dan la espalda al Museo de la Evolución Humana, en el Paseo Sierra de Atapuerca, justo al lado del Atapuercano y su atapuercanito de la mano, aquí en Burgos, el Poeta dibujante y Escritor DANIEL DE CULLA nos habla de sus tres recientes libros bellamente publicados, en colaboración con la Artista Isabel Gómez de Diego, mostrándonos a siete amigos nada más y nada menos, separados a dos metros y con bozal, ya que toda esa otra caterva de la gente, que hubieran asistido, no pueden estar por culpa del Virus Covid 19 y su reglamentación legal.**

**Estos son los libros vitoreados a la vez que felicitado el Poeta por haber editado y cantado con éxito feliz estas bellas prendas del Verbo, el Verso, el Dibujo y la Fotografía, con atractivos ejemplos y pruebas manifiestas de correspondencia con otros Artistas y Escritores que nos dicen cuánto vale y cuantos bienes nos procura este Poeta con su Musa o su lira mala o buena.**

**Sitting on the stone seats facing the Arlanzón River, their backs to the Museum of Human Evolution, in the Paseo Sierra de Atapuerca, right next to the Atapuercanus and his little atapuercanus by the hand, here in Burgos, the cartoonist Poet and Writer DANIEL DE CULLA tells us about his three beautifully published recent books, in collaboration with Artist Isabel Gómez de Diego, showing seven friends nothing more and nothing less, separated by two meters and with muzzles, since all that other crowd of the People, who would have attended, cannot be because of the Covid 19 Virus and its legal regulation.**



**These are the books cheered on while the Poet congratulated for having edited and sung with happy success these beautiful garments of the Word, the Verse, the Drawing and the Photography, with attractive examples and obvious proof of correspondence with other Artists and Writers that we They say how much it is worth and how many goods this Poet procures us with his Muse or his bad or good lyre.**

#### **THESE ARE THE BOOKS TO TASTE AND ENJOY**

that pass from hand to hand like good money, while the waters of the Arlanzón River whisper to the wasps and butterflies; the barbel, the trout and other small fish wander from side to side, and the dogs bark at each other like beasts passing their owners who start chatting under their muzzles.

-My aunt and oh, what a shame and oh what a shame it gives me, to see the free dogs barking, going from one place to another to the odor of the bitches, and we with muzzles.

-Peter is coming flying, your boyfriend friend, to see if he marries you.

Three laps a dog gave a bitch, and he couldn't get anything out, and when he made the fourth lap, he lay on the ground licking his cock.

### **ADONDE VAS, POETA?**

**Where are you going , Poet**



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**DANIEL DE CULLA**

Contraportada



“La manita de Kylan apretando tu dedo” – Foto: Isabel G. de Diego

“Gracias, Poeta. Toda la corte celestial de Musas te aplauden”.  
Gerineldo Fuencisla.

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Año de publicación: 2020

# RESURRECCION

# Resurrection



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## **DANIEL DE CULLA'S 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**

Δημοσιεύτηκε 5 weeks ago από τον χρήστη [ΔΕΕΛ](#)



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From Internet

#### **14 COVID VACCINE FIGHT**

**The connoisseurs, the smart ones of the big laboratories, neither to affirm nor to deny dare to say that this or that vaccine is the best and wonderful, eager as they are in being each one of them those that take the most benefits from its production and sale.**

**That they tell us, now, what a Vaccine put on time is worth, is something great. To see how all the nations of the Globe go prying for the exalted laboratories, is like seeing a great Ass walk to a she Donkey.**

**Governments of all the powerful nations are made devils to seek and obtain the best of the best; and with very tremendous Brays they terrify other less powerful nations, so that they give up the dream of**



**getting another, and they attack them. Because of the vaccine named Covid, the warlike outcry follows the text of the Lords of War and Oppression.**

**Out of fear, many have gone to the "other neighborhood", waiting for Life in a vaccine and others have fled, because they have not seen any rabbit, monkey or dog return to indicate the success achieved by this or that vaccine.**

**By the way, the unexpected success of these vaccines, we know, is that they are on television. And the people of the plebs rely on this fact, exclaiming: "What is worth a Vaccine put on time"; while the hand of that corpse comes out of the box with a loud noise, wanting to celebrate the life or death of that patient or patient whose turn it is.**



## Diosa de los Nabos

Daniel's Collage

15 AT DOÑA JUANA

It was in Las Palmas de Gran Canaria:

**I have already called for the parlor**

**To a dating ad**

**Telling me a Concubine**

**Doña Juana**

**Before hanging up the phone:**

**-But you come alone.**

**When I walk through the door**

**From the "Garden of Earthly Delights"**

**Small "Bunny Ranch"**

**In the Plaza Mayor of Santa Ana**

**She tells me:**

**-You already know**

**For a quarter of an hour**

**Twenty euros**

**Fifty, if you want half.**

**Three young women are already approaching:**

**-Which of the three**

**Do you want to put in?**

**I choose a young redhead**

**To stay with her.**

**I will be her dear husband**

**And she my beloved woman.**

**Before going to the room**

**The girl has washed m        love**

**That she's already gotten steep**

**About to undo**

**Before the redhead**

**I stew to eat.**  
**-Come on, quickie**  
**That is about to caramel**  
**She ordered me.**  
**I walked like rosemary**  
**With a desire to arrive.**  
**She lay down on the bed**  
**Spreading her legs**  
**Like a starfish.**  
**I spilled between her thighs**  
**Before entering her abode.**  
**I couldn't even see the mole!**  
**That according to the Concubine**  
**She had**  
**Beneath her pretty chest with her freckles.**  
**-I have not penetrated you, I said**  
**Grumpy and angry**  
**I have to start over**  
**Either way.**  
**-No way, she answered me**  
**If you want to try again**  
**You have to pay again.**  
**-What more would you like, damn**  
**Or will you let me in**  
**Or, for the Virgin of the Rule**  
**That I pull your hair out**  
**Of your carnal sanctuary**

**With my sharp teeth.  
Hearing us argue  
Dona Juana approached  
With general gestures  
Telling me with a salt shaker and salt:  
-Or you leave here  
Or call the police  
To be taken out for a walk.  
I was left with the desire  
To know what they taste like  
These redheads  
Even knowing  
From what a friend told me:  
-Redheads like all  
They don't taste like anything  
If anything good poop.  
Only with herbal liqueur  
Or brandy  
That his natural clam  
You can resurrect.**



**Poetas de la Tierra y Amigos de la Poesía (POETAP)**

**A Olivier Herrera Marin**

**Empresario, Poeta y Trotamundos:**

**Ojalá te escuchen y germinen tus bellas y claras ideas. No hace falta que dimitan, si no que trabajen más bravos, porque les están comiendo su moral como al psoe. El monstruo aflorado del contubernio franco cristiano fascista está bien alimentado por las ubres que le cuelgan a los ejércitos y fuerzas represoras, seguratas, carceleros, meapilas y apagavelas de clerecía, y otras sectas, así como togas, mitras, coronas, galones, fajas, etcétera. El Congreso es un Rebusno atronador de franco fascismo sacro. En toda manifestación con tintes de libertad y exigencias femeninas y sociales siempre hay paramilitares disfrazados que cobran del estado para romper las marchas; y así criminalizarlas**

**Ahora la derecha troglodita, Novia de la Muerte, y devoradora de cadáveres, grita: "Socialismo o Libertad", esa Libertad hitleriana de "La Libertad os hará libres" en los campos de concentración ¡claro!, o en el exilio, o en los talegos.**

**"Con la aviación de Franco no hay quien pueda", se dolían las madres que huían para Francia. Con el franco fascismo sacro ¿se podrá acabar? Todos los partidos de derecha son palmares de troya, y su clerecía es quien aprieta el gatillo. ¿Cuándo dejaran los curas de cobrar un sueldo del estado por hacerse pajas, o mariconear, y putear?. ¿Cuándo devolverán todo lo robado al pueblo y sus gentes,**

**aunque fuera en el lecho de muerte? Cuando los políticos ladrones, los que quieren ser los grandes Asnos de nuestra tierra bajo palio, se tirarán al charco de mierda que ellos mismos han creado?**

**Hay gente de la plebe que vota al monstruo renaciente; pero su gran mayoría son los nombrados, que se creen toda la hispana gente.**

# **THE SATANIC WARLOCK**

## **Seductive Masculinity**

**March 8, 2021**

**Satan throughout history has been known as the ultimate masculine seducer, the shadowy manipulator of men and women alike who had the power to bend minds and bodies to his will. Old Nick could even charm the panties off of pious nuns as recounted in actual medieval accounts and literature alike.**

**This mesmerizing ability, sometimes called charm, charisma or as we know it; Lesser Magic, is also the stuff of modern film idols, rock stars and power brokers all of whom have the ability to seduce even the most guarded individuals. And many of these magicians are not stars at all or more beautiful or personally alluring than everyday men by any conventional measure.**

**So what is this alluring elixir, this alchemic concoction of mind and body, this command to look that they possess which makes women sigh and men follow like sheep?**

**At a recent Warlock Academy salon, guest speaker Magus Peter Gilmore shed some light on this skill when asked about the definition of masculinity today offering the idea of “seductive masculinity” — the ability to charm — that piqued my curiosity and prompted me to dive into the intriguing idea from a Satanic perspective, and just how interpersonal dynamics have changed in the last few decades.**

**The real secret of “seductive masculinity” lies not in blatant macho posturing nor control, but rather the alluring ability to persuade people by combining masculine and feminine traits — often with a touch of androgyny — that swings between hard and soft and concord**

**and discord with an instinctive curiosity to find out what makes someone tick. When used at the right moment it becomes pure catnip to mere mortals.**

**All humans have masculine and feminine traits. Famed psychoanalyst Carl Jung described these aspects as the anima and animus — the animus as the unconscious masculine side of a woman, and the anima as the unconscious feminine side of a man, each transcending the personal psyche.**

**In fact, Doktor LaVey's Personality Synthesizer clock from his book, "The Satanic Witch" astutely points out that men and women indeed possess both traits in varying degrees. The trick is to become acutely aware of when to use which part of one's personality for ultimate attraction.**

**Warlocks and devils of all kind naturally have the skills to apply these magical abilities by virtue of their understanding of Lesser Magic. A Satanist's dark inclinations and mysterious personas also add to one's first impression. However, today, any demonstration of masculinity is unfortunately bombarded with societal (read radical social media and cancel culture) pressure to rein in "toxic" masculinity, forcing new generations of men to walk a thin line between their natural masculine instincts and what's considered "acceptable." The pendulum has swung so far in this direction that many men have opted to embrace more of their feminine side (anima) than what's natural to them resulting in a state of total confusion about their true masculinity and how to navigate the ever-changing mating game.**

**And this metaphoric neutering of men's most natural state often backfires with many women decrying that men today are "needy" or "wusses."**

**Recent research has also suggested that men's sperm counts and testosterone levels have significantly decreased in the last few decades, attributed mainly to environmental elements like plastics, but learned psychological behaviors and societal pressure that affect hormonal balance cannot be completely ruled out.**

**The unfortunate collateral damage of all of this is heightened misogyny, misandry, and a virtual war between the sexes. What was once natural to a host of men —charm, romance, flirting and gentlemanly seduction — is slowly being lost out of fear of being too**



**“needy” on one hand and/or being considered toxic on the other. “Being respectful, kind and romantic nowadays runs counter to the “jock” idea of masculinity,” said Bryce Green, a subject interviewed by author Betsy Prioleau in her enlightening and thoroughly researched book “Swoon, Great Lovers and Why Women Love Them” (2013).**

**When asked what women want in a man in an interview Prioleau said, “Tough, alpha males with no interest in anything that isn’t deemed ‘manly’ are hardly catches. Women don’t want men who look down on everything feminine and think that calling another man a girl is a viable slight. Women want men who are in touch with their emotions, like things that aren’t sports related, and truly love the feminine. Good smelling, nicely dressed, and well-spoken men are far more attractive than he-man hulks. In fact, women are often most attracted to men who are more in touch with their femininity.**

**“Pretty men with good grooming are often looked down on by other men, but women like men who take care with their appearance and aren’t slobs. Women are not, I repeat, are NOT, turned off by pretty men. Historically, some of the greatest ladies men had feminine qualities (some even cross dressed). This is important because this fact totally undercuts the boys should be boys ideology. Women don’t want rough and tumble men. They want poets, artists, dancers, and philosophers. Following ‘girly’ pursuits actually make men more attractive rather than less. So if a man is dissed by other men for acting like a girl, he’ll most likely stand a better chance with women than his more chauvinistic counterpart.”**

**Of course this is not to say men should eschew their masculinity and act like women, but it illustrates a key secret of real seduction. Being in touch with a man’s feminine side does not make him a wuss; it’s a matter of degree.**

**Prioleau continued, “Disney has long since learned this. It is no coincidence that the villain rather than the hero of Beauty and the Beast is the brawny hunter who is puzzled by books and Belle’s dislike of him. The Beast, in contrast, is the man more in touch with his emotions. He dances. He enthusiastically allows Belle to teach him to read. He tries to please her rather than trying to please himself. He’s**

**love not through shows of strength but through the revealing of his heart. He has a bit of the poet about him, and in the end, we see that his face is just as pretty as his heart.”**

**This idea also runs counter to hardcore “red pill” thinking that’s prevalent in today’s “manosphere” but there is much truth to what she says. Many Witches interviewed for my book, “The Satanic Warlock” described their ideal man as gentlemanly and confident, like a coconut — hard on the outside and soft on the inside. Firefighters who recite poetry topped the list for attractiveness. Actor Johnny Depp as a romantic pirate also made the grade. And of course Satan himself in all of his androgynous forms was a favorite. Add the similar plot formula to the thousands of romance novels that stir women’s loins and the facts speak for themselves.**

**“Fifty Shades of Grey,” the most popular erotic novel of all time’s protagonist is a charming, sensitive gentleman in his pursuit of the heroine, but his dominant, masculine self wins in the bedroom perfectly illustrating the lethal lady-killer combination.**

**Seductive masculinity is the balm to this interpersonal conundrum — and it’s really nothing new. It’s a balancing act between hard and soft used by the greatest lovers for centuries like Casanova that were considered manly lethal swordsmen and frilly fops all rolled into one. It’s sincere flattery. It’s exhibiting vulnerability but not in a sappy way. It’s the heaping on of attention the food of love.**

**There is nothing inherently wrong with Warlocks demonstrating their natural masculinity like intelligence, leadership, protection, provision, pursuing, etc., as Witches use their natural femininity like beauty, intuition, compassion, empathy, etc.**

**The problems arise when men deny their softer sides out of fear of appearing weak. Compassion, sensitivity, romance, attentiveness, conversation, etc. are in fact very strong signals of attractiveness to women. But the key is to be authentic — being true to one’s self. Phonies can be smelled a mile away.**

**Bottom line is that real masculine empowerment — seductive masculinity — with the ability to persuade and charm in the 21st century is a balance of masculine and feminine traits dictated by a**

Warlocks resisting this idea worried that it is the antithesis of what a “real man” is should think again. After all, what’s more masculine than facing one’s fear?



Guess what’s for dinner tonight darling.

# Terror House Magazine

Daniel de Culla:

Happy 2021 with My Girlfriend of 320 Kilos

*RAL, M*

Le chasseur abstrait

ISSN 2274-0457

*Revue d'Art et de Littérature, Musique  
écrivez pour empêcher les autres d'écrire*

dimanche 14 mars 2021

**Espace de Daniel de Cullá**

# OTOLITHS

A MAGAZINE OF MANY E-THINGS

Daniel de Culla

Cambrile's Capuchin Ass & 9 more





Graffiti in Sydney Australia

# Lite Lit One

Dear Daniel,

**I am thinking of publishing Wasp, out of the poems you submitted. In absence of critical reflection, I will accept your art, however, will be happy to consider comments about how you came about writing the piece and constructing the art.**

**Issue 7 will appear mid-2021 - I will let you know when it is live.**

**In the meantime, please confirm that your work is still available to be published with Lite Lit One. I cannot pay you for your piece however will gladly send you my book of poetry to your postal address, should you wish.**

**Lite Lit One acquires first serial rights and non-exclusive digital rights for all work that it accepts. Once the piece has been published, rights revert back to the author. Lite Lit One requests that any future publications of the work recognises the journal as the original publisher.**

**Congratulations again on your acceptance into Lite Lit One and I look forward to reading more of your writing.**

**Best regards**



**Harold Legaspi**  
**Founding Editor**  
**Lite Lit One**



Monthly Poetry and Prose Magazine

# *GloMag*



February 2021

Edited by Glory Sasikala

**Daniel de Culla: The Devil**



**Grandpa Daniel's flowery shaving brush**

**16 CHORUS**

**-Husband, whose is that flowery brush**

**What is in the bathroom?**

**-Mine, mine, little wife**

**Which is to shave when I party.**

**-Can I use it, hubby**

**To shave the hairs on my legs?**

**-No way, wife**

**Well, your hairs, which are strands, will spoil it.**

**-If you don't let me shave, hubby**

**Don't put your head on my bed.**

**-I don't care, wife**

**Well, a neighbor with me wants to enjoy.**

**-The neighbor of the trip to Zaragoza, Esposito**

**Is she that she has more beards**

**On her ass than me?**

**`` Yes, wife, and what the hell**

**How can you know that?**

**-Because when I grabbed her hand**

**I accidentally pulled out a hair that was sticking out.**

**All right, little wife**

**Take the razor and the shaving brush.**



**17 WATER, GOD, AND COME MAY**

**In all the big cities of Iberia**

**The unemployed queue from hunger**

**From the early hours of the day  
Wishing holy water  
Asking for water, bread and food  
And good job to win again  
Another payroll of slaves  
Of more quantity.  
In these queues they are not  
Those Hispanic people with togas, mitres  
Crowns and cerquins  
Epauettes, chevrons and sashes  
Just that bunch of common people  
And of those that come in boats  
Wishing to learn and sing  
With happy success this beautiful sentence:  
"Water, God, and come May"  
And how many goods can I procure for them?  
So that, at the end of each day  
It can be sung  
Glory be to the Father  
to the Son and to the Holy Spirit  
Like at the end of every psalm  
It is done and it was done  
By**



Daniel's Pic

18

**-Come on, husband, you have to come with me to the seamstress "The Big Breasts", and stay in the car, in double file, if we can't find a place to park.**

**I've already called her and she's waiting for us.**

**About "The Big Breasts" a friend of mine, Conde de Monterrey, who lives in the same building, had told me that these "Breasts" was a flash of a porn humor movie watching her hanging clothes on an airplane propeller outside of the kitchen window, putting both her boobs on the windowsill.**

**-I was already looking forward to meeting her.**

**We took the car, which my wife drives, and we headed to the Logroño Highway. We were lucky because we parked right in front of the building where "the Breasts" lives, at numbers 15 and 17.**

**The door of the building was open, and we entered by going up some stairs to the elevator; a new elevator, in which no more than two people can fit, going up tight like two canned sardines, to the fifth left.**

**"The Breasts" was already waiting for us, in her nightgown, at the door of her apartment, like whores do on dating floors. She looked like a left woman, lazy, and busty as you can not imagine. She was like two big boobs pricked into two sticks, with a head like a cob with two little eyes, a nose and a mouth, and with a half lower belly between her legs, hers two sticks of hers. Her arms were rather small, as if angry at each other.**

**-Come in and don't panic. You will see a year old spun and sewn, and a few bras to make.**

**She ushered us into the dining room right next to the front door.**

**My wife took two plus-**

**Supermarket; he taught them, saying to her:**

**-I want you to lengthen them a little, two centimeters, put some new brackets and a couple of whales.**

**-Okay, I'll do it for you in a jiffy.**

**"The Breasts" went to an old sewing machine, but in very good condition, brand "Singer", and on it she began to fix the two bras.**

**I gossiped about the dining room, seeing that on one wall there was a painting with a picture of Dalí's Christ; and in front of it, on the other wall, a flag of Spain with a black ribbon reminder of those who died from Covid 19.**

**My wife took a chair and sat in front of the TV on, watching and listening to the news of the day that was nothing more than bullshit about the Coronavirus and its statistics of dead and alive. I grabbed a magazine from the magazine rack, sitting down in another chair, leaning on the dining room table to leaf through it.**

**It was a color magazine with dried sperm stains. "The Breasts" left the job; and she turned to me, saying:**

**-That's a motorcycle magazine that my son usually takes to the toilet; indicating with the hand the door of the service.**

**I leafed through it for a while. It was a motorcycle magazine with nude chicks posing in squares, streets and highways with them.**

**At one point, I felt very itchy to go pee. I got up and, when I was going to the bathroom, I noticed that running down the hall, from one bedroom to another, a naked boy with his erect prick caught in his right hand behind a girl, also naked, who was beckoning him with a panties with the colors of the flag of Spain, inciting him as bullfighters do to the bull, yelling at him: Hey, little bull!**

**When my urination was completely over, I went back to the dining room.**

**Next to my chair the husband o had sat down, who was looking very carefully at his cell phone.**

**-Hello, I said.**

**He looked up from his mobile, and told me:**

**-You know how young people are. They are cousin and cousin, and you already know the saying that: "the cousin brings her cousin closer." Besides they run down the hall and go from one room to another because there is a guitar on each bed and they want to play the strings.**

**I smiled, nodding, and he went back to his cell phone.**

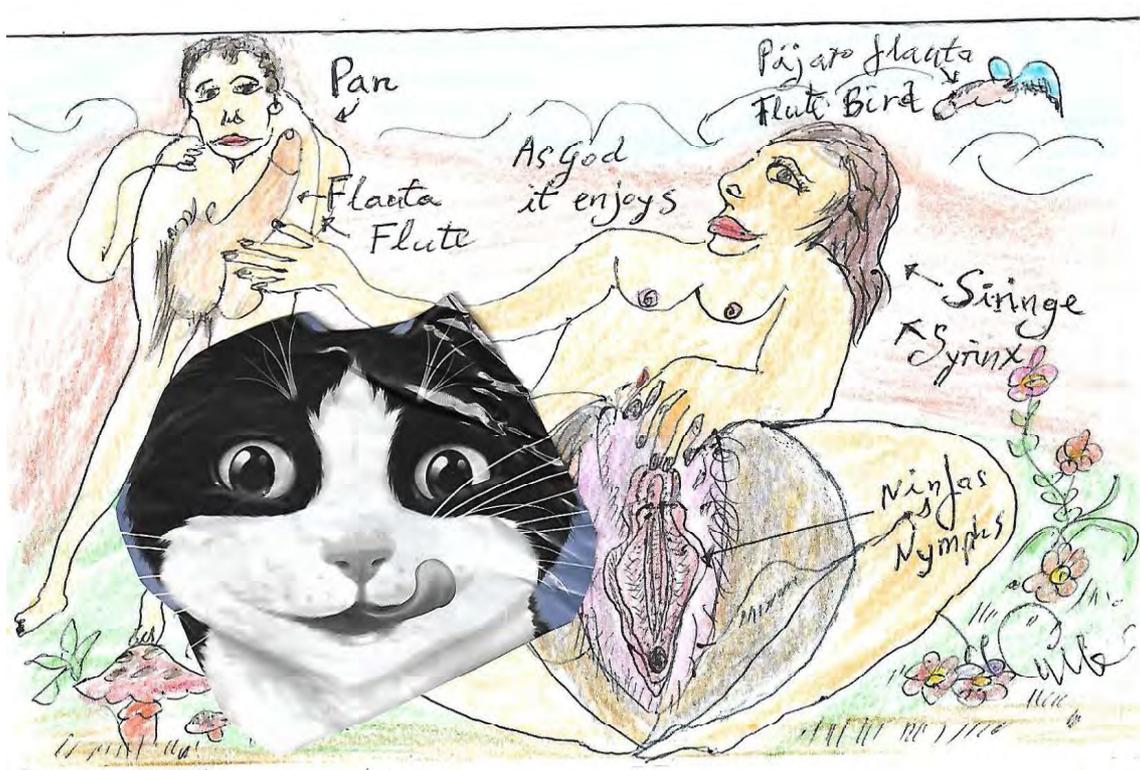
**Out of the corner of my left eye, I saw that he was seeing messages with naked girls rubbing their tits and cunt; and that a green distemper fell, to him, of the nose.**

**While I thought that in this house there was a lot of fabric to fix, my wife told me:**

**-Come on, husband, we're going; that everything is already arranged.**



And we left, of course.



## 19 DIVINE CUNT PRECIOUS AND INSUBMISSIVE

I want to sing and sing  
To that esteemed and admired woman  
That, for walking and singing

**Through the Center of Malaga  
To a beautiful plastic vagina  
Claiming her female throne  
She has been convicted of Kaffir Injustice  
Of our time  
When they came there for her  
All of the neighborhoods of the City  
Very happy and happy  
Of the happy, joyful and vaginal Encounter  
That made everyone exclaim:  
What a good vagina is worth  
Precious and insubmissive  
Shown on time.  
A sheaf of hypocrites denounced her  
They are as despicable as many fools.  
From my early childhood  
When, together with other babies and young  
We were going to climb the trees  
To catch nests  
Or to the oaks to catch acorns  
I always went after the girls  
To see if their panties were ripped.  
Then I became an altar boy  
Along with other guys  
Of those Priests  
Who taught us to play Bartolo's flute  
"The one with a single hole"**

**Well it was fact true  
As they themselves told us that:  
"The musicians play it  
The singing children sing it with great pleasure**

**Satisfied, but envious  
Of those couples that we saw go  
To the haystack or the fields  
A few of us went to the Conciliar Seminars  
Passing me, too  
For some other Convent of Segovia  
And, later, from Madrid.  
From the moment of entering  
We learned to masturbate with rules and measure  
To see to reach Perfection  
Overcome the sin of Lust  
And meet the Beloved  
Eternal companion of an Ass.  
In this way  
Some learned to put it in their own asshole  
Others, to lick it dog style  
Well, the spiritual father told us  
By confessing:  
-Lick her doggy style!  
This really is reason and convincing  
To achieve Perfection.  
On the flight from the Seminary or the Convent**

**All made a few judgments  
You do not know the happiness that attracted me  
When I heard the story of whores  
That were offered open legs  
On stone benches  
In the Sabatini gardens  
In front of the north facade of the Royal Palace of Madrid  
Between Bailén street and San Vicente hill  
So that our bumblebee manhood  
Come to stick the sting  
Or soak up the juice with your tongue.  
The same as for the walks of the Venta del Batán  
And the whole Casa de Campo  
Where the worshipers of Puta(Whore)  
Goddess of the Shrubs  
They appeared half-naked like goddesses through the trees  
Courageous and very happy announcing:  
-There is hen for the chicken.  
I, there, I changed my religion  
And I became a fervent parishioner of the goddess Whore  
Getting rid of that other religion  
Of Salves, Creeds, Masses and Rosaries  
That it's only for hypocrites  
And malicious fools.  
One afternoon, there I fell, spirited and very happy  
When, through the bushes  
I got a goddess whore**

**She beckoned me, she called me.**

**-I believe in you, I told the goddess who came to me  
And I adore that your precious and insubmissive Cunt**

**That for themselves the princesses would like  
The duchesses and all the mistresses of palaces.**

**The young woman was amazed, saying:**

**-Loved, famous is and will be this powder**

**That you are going to throw me out**

**That you have thrown me out**

**She answered me with great satisfaction.**

**Hereinafter**

**You can come whenever you want**

**That I will not charge you a penny.**

**Devotee of the holy Cunt of this young goddess**

**Very good looking**

**I went to the Batán metro station**

**Giving thanks and exclaiming:**

**-What a fuck is worth on time and,**

**Hereinafter**

**It won't cost me a buck.**

**How happy my mother is going to be**

**When she knows it;**



## **20 THE DEVIL, THE WITCH AND THE JUGGLER**

**Seven years had the child waited  
To play with the Devil, the Witch and the Juggler  
With whom he dreamed  
And whom he adored.**

**Now that his parents forced him  
To take the Communion of the religion of God  
He refused, and said:  
-I don't want, I don't want  
Take that Communion of God  
Because those servants of God are very bad  
Who serve the king and the Golden Calf  
And they have no inclination to the Fraternity  
To Freedom, Art or Imagination.  
They all live and do evil  
Clad in the skin of the Inquisitor.  
They chase and insult the Devil  
Because he has the red complexion of Passion  
A complexion burned by the sun's ray  
With a heart I know love  
That shines on the tip of her white tongue  
Immaculate tongue sown on your palate  
Of true love.  
His word is the truth  
That is why they persecute and insult him.  
He is Life, he is the Path that guides us.  
Hell is a feast of joy and love!  
What do the artists say  
And the rock singers.  
I love, too, the red-lipped witch  
And a little cross-eyed, yeah  
That by paths and roads**

**He is sowing his words of Guess  
Curing evils with its fruits of hope  
Being Love that protects children  
And blanket in his secluded house  
Those who are persecuted for not believing  
In lies and lies of Religion.  
The Witch is an elixir that refreshes  
She is bread that gives Life  
And hope of the one who does not find his way  
That is why they scorched her at the stake  
Defenders of hatred and repression.  
The Witch, mom and dad, died for all!  
I also love, and very much, the Juggler  
That she sang joyfully in palaces and castles  
Through Villas, blocks and corrals  
Bastard loves of queens and knights  
Male and female loves  
And she took to the Fair of Loves  
To princes and common youth  
To take and leave behind  
Behind that castle or palace  
That humiliation, that hermitage.  
Yes, this beautiful red-lipped minstrel  
Who, for singing  
Against sacrilegious priests  
That the populace go to the kids  
And in their blood they grind their blessed hosts**



**They banished him from the place  
Having to move to another country or nation.**

**-Mom, dad, I'm sorry  
I'm not going to have Communion.**

**Are you listening to me?**



**21 MERRY CHRISTMAS**

**By houses, stables and corrals  
Rascals and she rascals of my town  
Were singing "Merry Christmas"  
When we hear a Bray  
What we think was the donkey  
From Uncle Fulginos  
Which was very fine.  
When we got to the corral  
Next to his house  
We realized  
That the Bray was not his Donkey  
For his wife screamed at him:  
-Happy me, Fulginos  
If i ever get  
Bray in time like you.**



**A married couple, Adelfa and Aspaviento, cousins of her, came to visit Filomena with the desire to have an affair with her, after going to a good Mesón to better sleep.**

**They were very liberal, friends of making threesomes and, as she is a lady, besides being very modest beautiful, she took a satin slipper so that, if they proposed it to her, she could give them some good shoes on the ass.**

**-Filomena polished, how beautiful you are, and how lucky would it be who slept with you, said her cousin Aspaviento, her cousin Adelfa consenting with a wide smile.**

**-As I am not a slave of the two, and as you will be hungry, go find the shit of the lizard at the Castle of Burgos, which is already after two o'clock.**

**-Is there a hug? Said her cousin Adelfa of her.**

**-Go where Father Padilla went. To make heck!**



**23 MY NIGHT OF SENSE**

**On an ancient Persian rug**

**Similar to the one in the Cathedral of Palencia**

**I was at the top of the front**

**In "my night of sense"**

**What did I think of the front of the church of Moarbes**

**When a skylight divided in two**

**And at my feet**

**With a peniform relic inside**

**Who urinated purple mercury**

**Concealed, concealed**

**I was honest with my sinful erection**

**In search of the Beloved**

**That he had sickness, he was phallic**

**Like the infant don Felipe**

**Fifth son of Ferdinand III**

**When the blessed sepulchral souls**

**With the oblique shadow of a candle**

**They saw him chase Dona Leonor Rodríguez**

**Through the church of Villalcázar de Sirga.**

**After following the nooks and crannies**

**And revolts the mystical path**

**Adorned with winding links**

**The infant, like me, we stand**

**When discovering in the yolk of our fertile eggs**

**A gallant or painting against the light of the candles**

**How it happens to chickens**

**Having to sing the "mea culpa"**

**"Because of me", to the Beloved**

**Laying ivory plates on a floor**

**Ogival-style shadow glazing**

**After singing;**  
**“I entrust your Love into my hands, Beloved.**  
**Honor to you**  
**That you have made me reach eternal joy ”.**



**24 BLACK PUDDING OF OUR JOY**

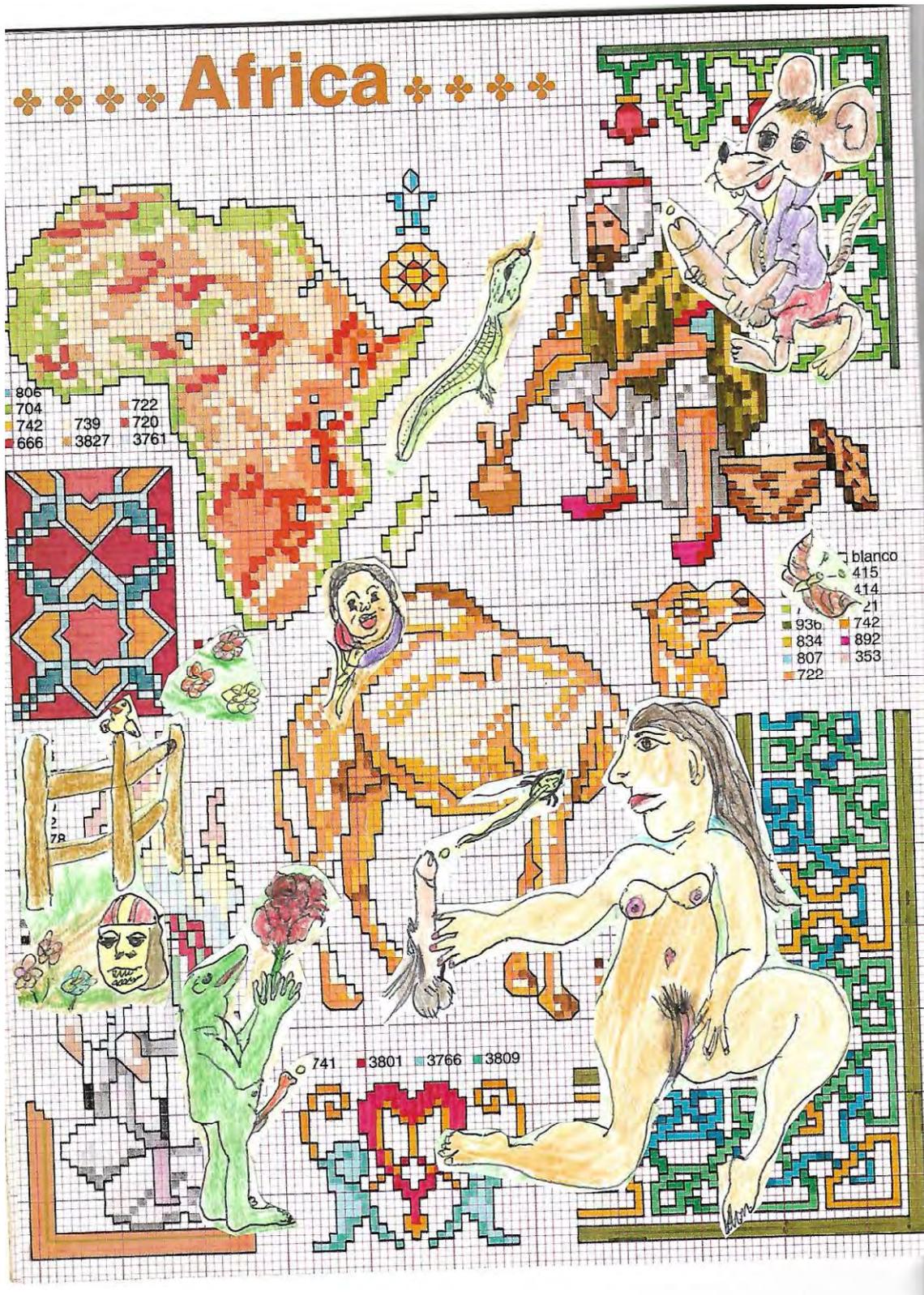
**Oh! Pigs of Spain**

**In this month of December  
What is your slaughter  
And next January  
Pigs par excellence and without equal  
That you are not behind  
To those who walk through Arabia  
Israel, Egypt, Greece  
India, China and Conchinchina  
Morocco, Argentina or Germany  
I praise you and fulfill the obligation  
To dedicate the highest to you  
Worthy and fair appreciation  
For your delights and little sins  
That they are all in your body  
Remembering how happy I was  
When, with other kids  
We jumped around the bonfire  
That scorched you with straw of ages  
Waiting for that piece of tail  
With a little crust of loaf bread  
That tasted like blessed glory to us  
And what, with the joyful rhythm of youth  
Looking towards the Pig we sang:  
"May the Lord have you in his holy glory  
And be food on our plates  
Pigs, Pigs, Piglets  
Marranos, Gorrinos, Puercos**



**May your extraordinary grunt  
And your moan, when you cut your jugular  
Filling the cauldron or bucket of blood  
Exquisite blood sausage love trail  
In your sublime mission  
To bring food to the soul and the heart  
Well useful to the human race  
What makes us scream  
To the four winds:  
"What a good pig is worth at all times"  
Be a flower in the piggy bank  
That the man and the woman fell in love.  
-Of other towns, villas, farmhouses, villages  
Many men come to learn  
Of our "males"  
Women commented  
While the screech of the slaughtered Pig  
I broke the silence of the town  
Ringing the church bells  
To undead  
Like saying:  
"The Spirit of the Pig  
Dwell in your souls  
While Grandpa Flores grumbled:  
- Turn your face away from me, Pig  
That just by looking at you I am confused  
And in you figurative**

Forever and ever.



## 25 OH, AFRICA

Africa, one of the several great divisions of the World.

**For me, Africa has always been like a hard, transparent or translucent tourmaline, of whose varieties, which are variously colored, there are some that are like fine stones, others coarse.**

**I only know, because I have visited them, the Spanish cities of Ceuta and Melilla; and Moroccans: Tangier, in the Strait of Gibraltar; Casablanca, on the Atlantic Coast; Rabat, next to the Bu Regreg river and the Atlantic Ocean; Fez; Marrakech; Kenitra, next to the Sebú river; Agadir, on the Atlantic coast, in southern Morocco, located on the slopes of the Anti-Atlas Mountains; Meknes, at the foot of the Middle Atlas Mountains; and a jaima, a tent of the nomadic peoples of North Africa, in the Sahara desert.**

**One of the things that struck me the most was seeing snake charmers, who were made to dance, coming out of a small basket, to the sound of a flute; to many kids who swarmed like flies around us asking us for a coin, and who were all called Mohamed; old men selling us knives and daggers made of bad metal or iron; old women spread their legs in front of the door of some hotels offering us sex that, instead of turning us on, disgusted us; and, also, pity, because a hotel concierge came out and kicked them out.**

**The only edible thing in his kitchen was the Chicken with olives. The rest was inedible. The Moorish skewers, for example, in addition to smelling stinky, gave us diarrhea. I don't remember well if it was in Agadir that, upon entering the city, we saw men doing their bellies with their skirts rolled up, showing their balls. On the way out, we saw a cemetery where women removed lice from other women, crushing them against slabs or stones, as a Berber guide told us, we thought it was a great open-air hairdresser.**

**An anecdote that happened to me: one day, we stopped at a roadside restaurant, where we would eat à la carte. The restaurant was surrounded by an almost barren field, with little grass. Here some skinny sheep grazed, scowling, as if they were in danger of death and hungrier than Venus among the Greeks.**

**It occurred to me to order grilled lamb chops; what made my wife say to me:**

**-But, boy, haven't you seen those sheep that are skinny, consumptive and anorexic? How do you think of ordering grilled cutlets?**

**I, with the stubbornness that adorns the macho man, I replied:**

**-By my balls that today I eat lamb chops. I'm already tired of so much chicken with olives.**

**When the plate of cutlets was brought to me, the whole dining room laughed, and more women.**

**It was only six sticks of charred bones with no meat whatsoever!**

**Blaming me for having asked for chops, my wife told me:**

**-Now, you screw yourself. You are nothing more than a "Stupid".**

**When I asked the waiter for explanations, he replied:**

**-Sir, this is how we make lamb chops here.**

**Immediately I was filled with flushes, wanting to escape from there; and lower belly pains.**

**The only good thing about the day was that, at night, we went to a tent to see belly dancing. We had chicken with olives for dinner, again! We drank aromatic teas and coffees; later, while we watched the dancers, we drank Marrakech orange juice; I, accompany with gin.**

**That dance of the butts did excite my sexual appetite. So much so that when we returned to the hotel, in the bedroom, which we occupied, with a huge bed that could hold a boy and five or six whores, I said to my wife:**

**-I am your sheikh, and you are my pony. Now I'm going to fuck you.**

**She laughed out loud, telling me:**

**-I don't know how you can feel like having eaten those cutlets. Now I see you the pussy well burned and scorched.**

**I fell with my frame on which the artillery piece of love rests, tired; and I fell asleep on top of the bed like a log.**

**Morocco has a different culture, we know that. It continues in the Middle Ages: its people, its streets, its souks, its medinas and also, of course, the charm of its tea flavors, the smell of Assshit from its Moorish skewers, shit. Only bitter almond milk, orange juice and their donkeys are saved.**

**"MekMek" is the expression we hear when the Donkey Lord asks us to pass, and we must let them pass first, as Donkeys have preference.**



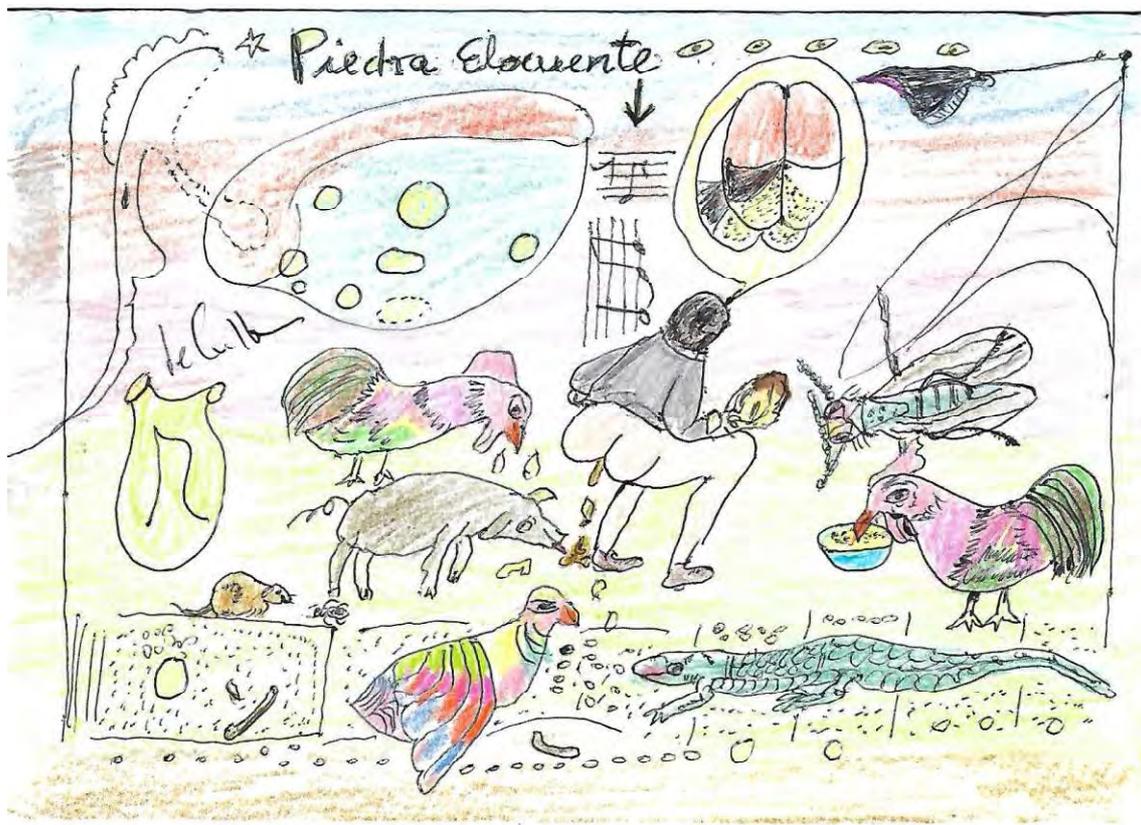
**From Internet**

**26 OH JOYFUL LIGHT!**

**- Oh joyful light  
that of your eyes  
my love.**

**-Move my waist  
my love**

**which is the axis of Love.**



## 27 ELOQUENT STONE

I have a memory, which, for me, is like a holy relic: a stone from the Monastery of Fredesval; former Royal Monastery of Our Lady of Fredesval; Jerónimo monastery founded a long time ago and located

**near the city of Burgos, specifically between the towns of Villatoro, Quintanilla Vivar and Villayerno Morquillas.**

**A lot of stone, a lot of ruin, a lot of spiritual and Ass mystique is what we see and feel when we go around it looking for April snails, because "the April snails are for me; and those of May, for my master**

**With my niece Rosa and hers, two of her daughters, my wife and our daughter Isabel, we went for snails bordering the grass of the dilapidated Monastery.**

**Being in this task, and singing to the snails so that they would come out and be able to see and catch them:**

**"Snail, cabbage, cabbage**

**Take out the horns in the sun**

**That your father and your mother**

**Also, he took them out "**

**A young man who was a little quirky, but very mystical, did not approach, who told us that he was the illegitimate son of a descendant of the Gómez Manrique family, to whom the virgin Nuestra Señora de Fredesval had appeared while wanking in the bushes, announcing that It would take him through the air until he reached Roncesvalles, leaving him at the crossroads with the Camino de Santiago half-naked in a small and beautiful valley, as he did.**

**Later, he marched to Santiago dressed in a tunic that he had stolen from a pilgrim shelter.**

**We were left speechless, wanting to give a kiss to this young man, Godo Recaredo, as he was called, for having been touched by the Virgin, but he did not allow himself; inviting us to visit the ruins of the Monastery, "because the owners are not here today," as he told us. Affirming further, to our amazement:**

**-I do not have a day of joy, nor of contentment, but when here, next to the Monastery, I wank myself, well, how well I get up.**

**With Godo we accessed the Monastery and, from the place where, according to him, was the tomb of Doncel Juan de Padilla, whom Queen Isabel had a lot of affection with, with whom he had**

affairs before his death in the war in Granada, he took a singing or big china, with a brown beak, which he gave us, saying:

**-Keep well this song or china, which is sacred, and is a stone of eloquence, or stone with which the famous Cid Campeador wiped his ass, once he had shitted around the Monastery, where he had approached before going out to his exile to invoke the help of the Virgin and her God.**

**-That same day, in the afternoon, he spent the night at the Monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña, where he left his wife and two daughters in the care of the monks, all three with their Cunt well kept by their chastity belt, whose keys they were safely in the hands of the Abbot, who would be his key ring.**

**Godo paused in the conversation, swallowed hard, and continued telling us:**

**-According to the legend, kissing this stone from the bottom, once you have shitted and cleaned the Eye with it, you get the gift of eloquence and the possibility of the Virgin appearing to you.**

**-This stone fragment left the Cid forgotten next to the Doncel's tomb, and the Hieronymite monks said that he had many powers and performed many miracles.**

**-By employment: he gave powers to Santiago "Matamoros"; to King Carlos I of Spain and V of Germany, as well as his son Felipe II. They put it under the pillow. After fucking a couple of blackberries, they pooped, cleaned their assholes with it, and kissed her before going into combat.**

**-One day the Carthusians of the Cartuja de Santa María de Miraflores, a monastery built on a hill of the same name, came out after a rabbit from the garden, they threw this song at him, giving him on the "crest" for laughter among them, who sang:**

**-The Lord has done wonders for me. Glory to you eloquent stone.**

**-Another day that the Trappist monks of Cardeña prayed walking through the cloister, while the abbot urinated from his cell to the patio, they saw that it was wine that was raining, and they were amazed.**

**-When they asked the Abbot about the miracle, he told them that this was thanks to the eloquent stone, which he had in his left hand, and**



that he had kissed after shitting and cleaning himself with it, before urinating with his right hand holding the member.

My niece, smiling, told Godo that she would like him to give her her phone number, as she had loved her interesting explanations; and so she can call him for other visits to other monasteries.

Godo gave her a piece of paper, on which she wrote her phone number and her name.

My niece showed me it, and I laughed out loud, saying:

-How interesting you are, Godo, that you write Godo with a jota (fuck).

We all jumped for joy.

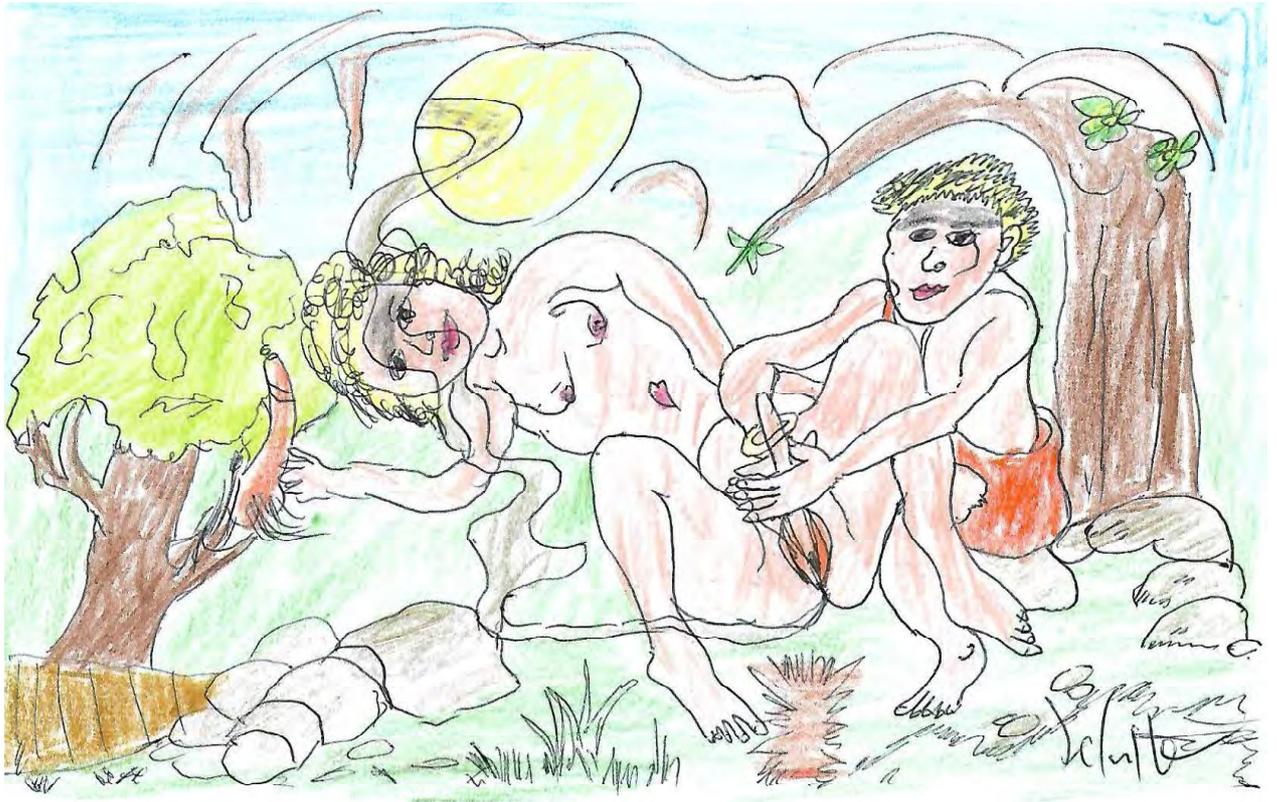
## Revista Azahar



jueves, 18 de marzo de 2021

**PIEDRA ELOCUENTE**

Daniel de Culla



**Zoology is the only true science that studies the possible aspects of the animals that populate the Earth, including women and men. Everything else: Tao, Religion, Theology, etc., are trifles that come to disqualify, bind and destroy the human being and the animal world.**

**Animals represent a part of the living beings that populate the Earth, among which women and men stand out, whose most elemental similarities are found in the reproductive and pleasure organs, their pathologies being much more harmful than those of the animal world.**

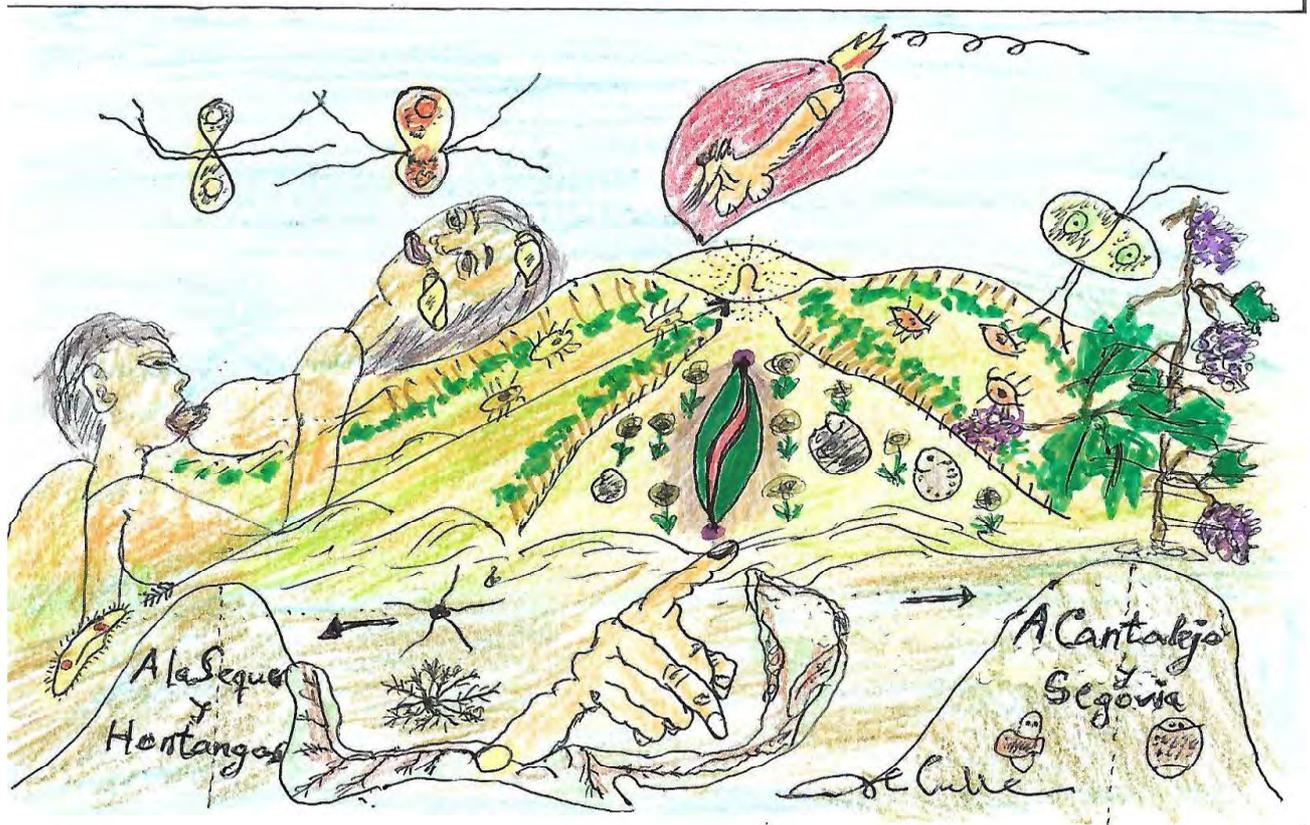
**"To love with the heart", as they say, is a great nonsense, a supine stupidity, because the heart pumps, at the same time, bad and good blood, reaching in some humans the mystique of solidarity and, in others, murderous crime.**

**The new man does not exist. Today he is a being altered by diseases that did not exist in the prehistoric world. Advances in false science and lodge invention is an aberration from our historical background.**

**For example, our primitive man, in his relationship with the physical environment and with other living beings, knew how to build the palo dulce or lollipop of Havana; the handheld dildo or vibrator, long before our sex toy industry came along.**

**In the evolution of the human being we have gone backwards like the crab. The New Man or Woman have mosquito brain, Ass ears, and the 1001 languages of him only know how to Bray. His soul is in some, at the tip of the cocoon, in the others, at the tip of the clitoris.**

**And as always: before the mother is born, the child walks down the street. And I can be happy or sad, depending on who touches me. Our whole life is in a day or a month; our flow is three quarters; Although the males walk very tall, the females, by natural law, shorter.**



## 29 BEHIND THE VINEYARD

An English friend of mine, who says he is descended and has the same name from Wilfido, an Anglo-Saxon monk of the seventh

century, who occupied the episcopal see of Northumberland, whose and pedophile, came to see me last year, on the twelfth of October, with the idea of visiting some vineyards.

By letter, I promised him that I would take him to the Mount of Moradillo de Roa, in Burgos, where the family of my "relative" owns extensive vineyards.

With my car, I went to look for him at the Aranda de Duero Bus Station. Once, reached the town square, he was surprised at how well preserved the stone houses were; that the Church was on a high ground and that, all around it, there were small houses like horror or fairy tales, including the Cemetery, which we call wineries.

Also, he marveled that we had running flush toilets in our homes. As soon as he stepped into the hall, he said:

-I'm going to Waterloo.

I laughed, and my wife and daughter who heard him, too.

To say that I found this Friend at one of those Culture, Poetry and Performance festivals, in which he participated once or twice a year. This, the one of our meeting and friendship, was in Minden, Germany, in a performance called "Oh

Already, in the toilet, friend Wilfido seemed like a steam engine because of the noise he made.

I told my wife:

"This Wilfido is going to put our throne in danger."

Good thing we stopped laughing before he left to relieve himself of him.

As it was afternoon, and already tired, we had dinner and he went to the double bed, which seemed to him a courtesy on our part, thanking us with a handshake and a hug, all three of us.

After dinner, we had already agreed that we would go to the vineyards in the morning, with the cool, at about ten o'clock, not later.

Already in the morning, neat and well dressed, he went out to the square, being surprised by a van that stopped in the middle of it, coming out of a loudspeaker that had on the roof a high-sounding voice that announced proclaiming this thing, shouting:

**-I buy old pots, fix roofs and pipes.**

**We had breakfast. And now, on the way to the vineyards, we come across Gustavo ("There is always a fool in every town; in England, too," he whispered in my ear when he saw that he was doing silly things), and with Genoveva Guasa, a woman who, to him, it seemed beautiful to him; telling me that she had looked at him mischievously.**

**The distance from the town to the vineyards seemed short to him along the road that goes towards Cantalejo and Segovia, leaving Sacramenia on the right, and Sepúlveda on the left. Already, in the mount of the vineyards, we left the car next to a half-demolished stone hut.**

**-Here the shepherds took shelter when it was stormy or raining, I told him.**

**-Okey, he answered me.**

**Although the harvest is in September, there are some plants that are not harvested because of the little money that the cooperatives that collect the grapes give.**

**We are already in a campus, made its streets to perfection, in a straight line. Moreover, at the bottom of the vineyard we saw a large ball drawn in half in two, which went or walked from one part to another with no place or fixed seat.**

**Curious, we went to see what it was. As we walk, we talk:**

**-The vineyard and the foal raise them another; the wretch's vineyard was pruned in April, I told him.**

**-Voila! He said to stop me from talking.**

**There she was, with her skirts rolled up, and squatting, Gertrudis Alma de Cántaro, which they say of Aldehorno, twisting more or less to one side, completely upsetting her carnal vessel, so that if it contained something inside, it would partially or partially spill. In everything, extremely disturbing the sense a strong smell.**

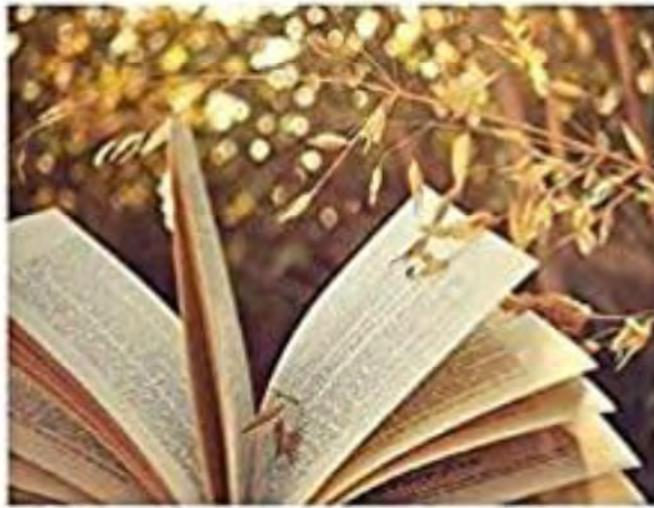
**- There is everything in the Lord's vineyard, I said.**

**That asshole Wilfido answered me like a preacher:**

**-Dany, mai frend:**

**"Through the vineyards thirsty for light  
Rising with the sun  
Towards the mountains that are far away  
From Aldehorno and Moradillo de Roa  
Very early Gertrudis Alma de Cántaro  
Baldón of lazy and gluttonous  
She starts looking for a place to shit.  
She stops at the best campus  
She is not afraid of thirst or heat  
Not that wandering grasshopper.  
"There is a vineyard where he wants to shit  
A vine that is all his love  
Where the hundred and twenty are**

Creatividad Internacional



**ANTOLOGIA DE  
RELATOS BREVES**

**Esta 'Antología de Relatos Breves', compilada desde 'Creatividad Internacional', red de de literatura y cine, está compuesta por autores de Hispanoamérica y España. Desde Argentina, Chile, Perú, Venezuela, Uruguay, Colombia, Costa Rica, hasta Mexico, Cuba, Rep. Dominicana y España. Autores: Amalia Laetano, Armando G. Muñoz, Daniel de Cullás, Andrea Pereira, Harold Gaerzón, Rufino Pavón, Amanda Coría, Oscar Martínez Molina, Emna Codepí, Alejo**



**Urdaneta, Laura Andrade, Adelaine Soto Alvarez, Martha Estela  
Torres, Víctor Vidal, Félix Rosado, Laura Camus, Henry Castellanos,  
Jorge Etchevarry, Roberto Madrigal.**

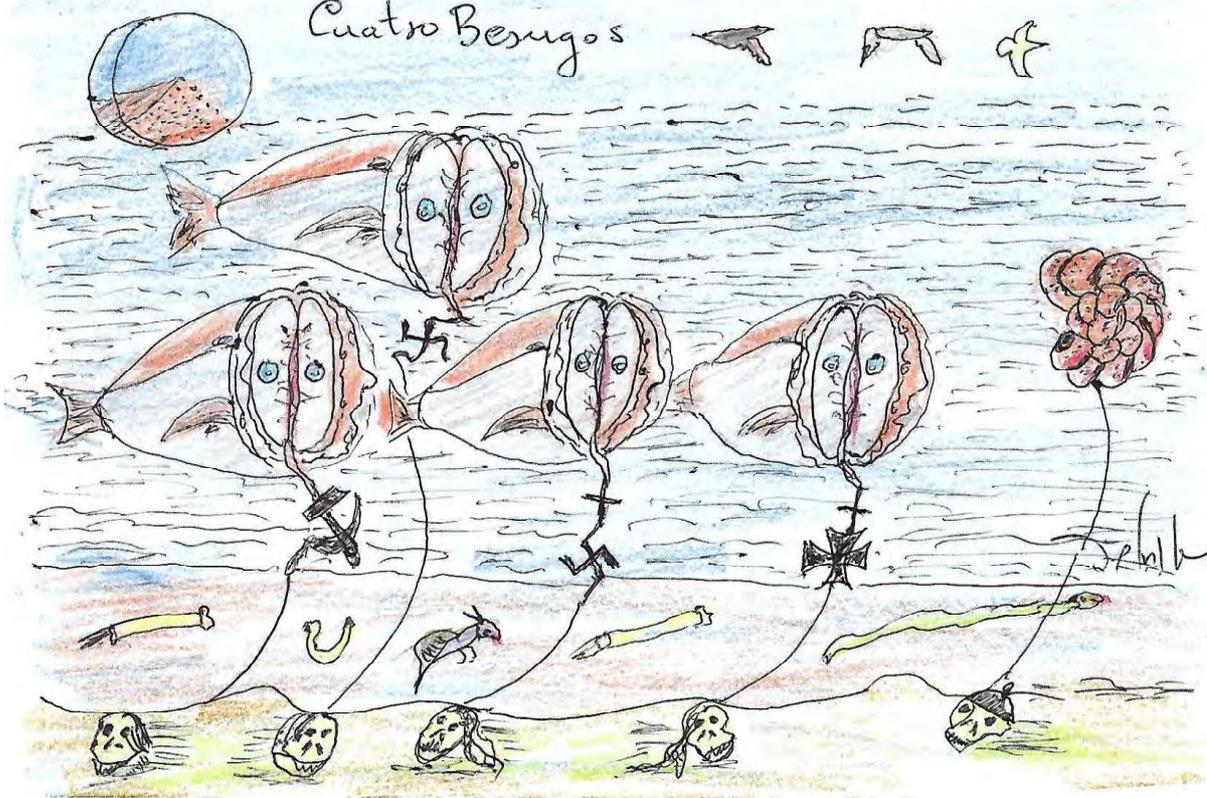
**Daniel de Culla: Bailar por Virguerías**

# **Terror House Magazine**

**Daniel de Culla:**

**Four Brems**

Cuatro Besugos





tnelson@bexx.com

Tiny blue dot,  
Travelling through  
The vastness of space,  
In a lovers' embrace  
With the Sun.

A cosmic dance  
That is never ending,  
Our eternal journey  
Brings us the cycle  
Of life.

Twice a year  
We reach a point,  
Where Day and Night  
Kiss, and then drift  
Apart once more.

"Seasonal  
Greetings!"

Springtime in the Rockies

©2021 Theo Nelson



To:

Daniel -

144 kisses thus far

in the cosmic dance. :)



Diciembre 2021

# VI EXPOSICIÓN INTERNACIONAL DE ARTE POSTAL EN AVILÉS EL AIRE



Palacio de Valdecarzana. C/ del Sol, 1 - 33401 Avilés - Asturias - España

Palacio de Valdecarzana. C/ del Sol, 1 - 33401 Avilés, Asturias • 985 510 667 • Lunes a viernes - 11 a 14 // 18 a 21



Palacio de Valdecarzana. C/ del Sol, 1 - 33401 Avilés, Asturias • 985 510 667 • Lunes a viernes - 11 a 14 // 18 a 21

100 años de la creación del correo postal en Avilés

**Participo**

**dimanche 21 mars 2021**

**Espace de Daniel de Culla**

**A tomar por culo.**

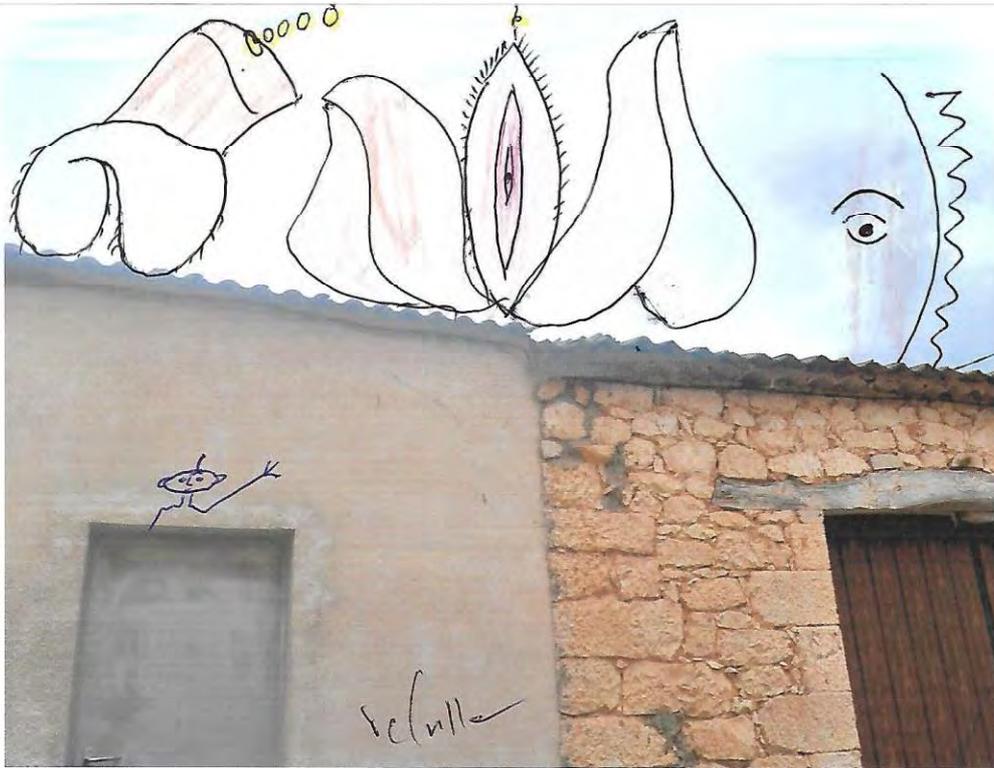
**España saca su propia vacuna.**



**De Wasap**

**30 ASI SE CONSUELA QUIEN A LA VACUNA NO LLEGA**

**Esto hace quien no consigue entrar en la cola de espera para ponerse la vacuna Covid19, ni quiere aumentar la lista de fallecidos, poniendo toda su diligencia y empeño en conseguir anticuerpos por medio de vacunas de cerveza en vena como han hecho muchos otros que, con humor, atacan el mal que el virus les ha producido a otros, porque mal de muchos es gozo.**



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

**31 ¿OS ACORDAIS DE MI CONEJO?**

**-¿Os acordáis de mi conejo?**

**Eso preguntaban las chicas**

**Cuando hacían un alto  
En el baile del redondel  
Jugando con otros chicos  
Mientras cantaban:  
El conejo no está aquí.  
Se ha marchado esta mañana.  
A la hora de dormir  
¡Pum! ya está aquí.  
Haciendo la reverencia  
Con cara de vergüenza  
Tú besarás  
A quien te guste más<sup>9\*</sup>.  
Claro que yo me acordaba  
Cuando allí arribita  
Allí arribita en la aldea  
Gocé de un joven conejo  
De una bonita pardala  
En la caseta de piedra  
Para resguardo de pastores  
Que era flor de canela.  
Como era tan rebonito  
Yo le di a chupar de mi pilila  
Viendo a las ovejas pasar  
Que, con un grito de placer  
Que yo di profundo  
Se pararon a escuchar  
Todas gritando más alto:**

Velatorio



**32 CON UN TINTERO VACIO  
JUEGO CON LA PLUMA A ESCRIBIR**



**Con un tintero vacío  
Juego con la pluma a escribir.  
Veo pasar un coche fúnebre  
Y yo le digo al difunto  
O difunta  
-Tú te vas y yo me quedo  
No sé cuál de las dos cosas  
Será mejor.  
Pasan dos coches más  
Pasan tres, pasan cuatro  
Y un letrero diciendo:  
“El Covid se les lleva**

**Como la pluma no escribe  
Porque el tintero está vacío  
Yo le digo a mí Musa:  
-Lo dejo para otro día.**



COMUNE DI MILAZZO

AV  
ARTE VIAGGIANTE  
QUADERNI ARTISTICI D'AUTORE.

MU  
MA  
MUSEO DEL MARE  
MILAZZO

## ESPOSIZIONE COLLETTIVA ITINERANTE CARTOLINE ARTISTICHE D'AUTORE

Tema:

### "Il Canto delle Creature" di S. Francesco d'Assisi

Il progetto è una iniziativa artistica e culturale per sensibilizzare, attraverso una mostra d'arte itinerante di piccole opere provenienti da tutto il mondo ispirate alla preghiera di S. Francesco, il rispetto e la salvaguardia della Natura.

Partecipa anche tu realizzando la tua opera artistica, donandola per una azione di charity a favore di :



SISO PROJECT



Esposizione presso :

MUMA - Museo del mare di Milazzo  
Castello di Milazzo  
Via Salita Castello 18  
98057, Milazzo (ME)

**Dal 3 al 25 Aprile 2021**

In caso di impossibilità di organizzare l'esposizione, verrà realizzata una mostra virtuale.



Indirizzo di spedizione delle opere artistiche:

Diego Racconi - via Ungaretti 12 - 20030 Senago (Mi)

Una iniziativa a partecipazione gratuita aperta ad artisti, studenti e creativi.  
Tutte le opere ricevute e donate per il progetto parteciperanno alle esposizioni itineranti, verranno inserite nei quaderni artistici d'autore e non saranno pertanto restituite.

DIMENSIONE OPERE : 20 x 20 cm

Data limite consegna opere : 20 Marzo 2021

[www.mumamilazzo.com](http://www.mumamilazzo.com)  
[www.arteviaggiante.jimdofree.com](http://www.arteviaggiante.jimdofree.com)



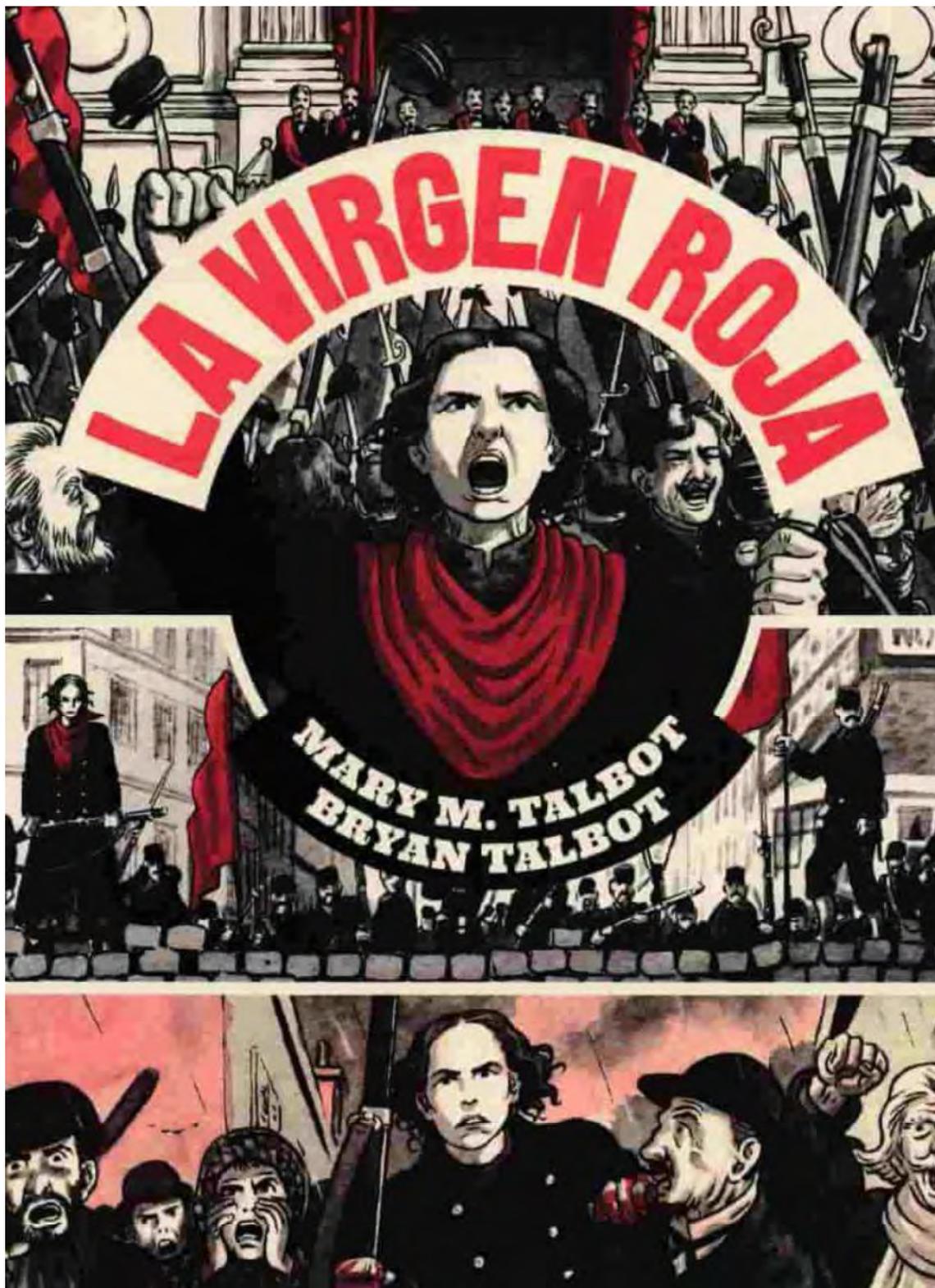
**Participo con:**



# FREE AS A BIRD

Para Alex Witter. The Netherlands





**33 TRES SON TRES**  
**LOS NUEVOS LIBROS DE DANIEL**

**CON EL VERBO, EL VERSO, LA PALABRA, EL DIBUJO Y LA  
CORRESPONDENCIA**

**PLENOS DE SENTIDO Y BELLEZA**

**¿COMO SE LLAMAN ESTOS TRES LIBROS**

**QUE OS VAN A CAUTIVAR?**

**THREE ARE THREE**

**DANIEL'S NEW BOOKS**

**WITH THE VERB, THE VERSE, THE WORD, THE DRAWING  
AND THE CORRESPONDENCE**

**FULL OF MEANING AND BEAUTY**

**WHAT ARE THESE THREE BOOKS CALLED**

**WHAT ARE GOING TO CAPTIVATE YOU?**

**TROIS C'EST TROIS**

**LES NOUVEAUX LIVRES DE DANIEL**

**AVEC LE VERBE, LE VERSE, LA PAROLE, LE DESSIN ET LA  
CORRESPONDANCE**

**PLEIN DE SIGNIFICATION ET DE BEAUTÉ**

**QUELS SONT CES TROIS LIVRES APPELÉS**

**QUE VONT-ILS CAPTIVER?**

# MI NOVIA DE 320 KILOS



**DANIEL DE CULLA**

**Contraportada**



**Foto de Daniel**



**Nº Páginas b/n y color: 498**

**Año edición: 2021**



# ESNIFAR POESIA



DANIEL DE CULLA

Contraportada

-... vos sos un encanto, nos alegraste la mañana con el mensajito.

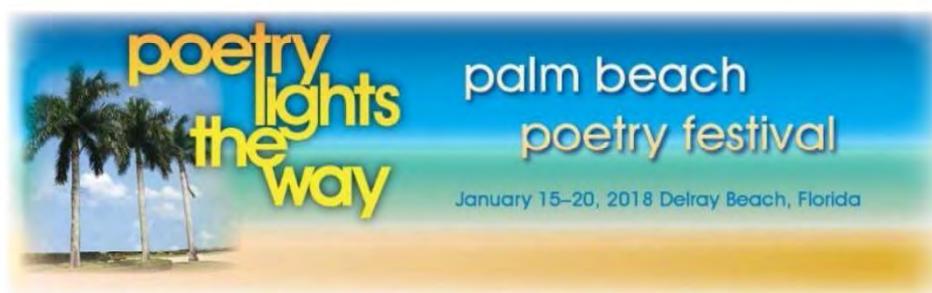
Abrazos desde Colombia.

Helena Calle



Revista El

Malpensante



“Cullá, eres el más grande de los Poetas, el más sublime de los escritores alegres” – Gerineldo Fuencisla



Nº Páginas b/n y color: 322

Año edición: 2021

## DOS ASTEROIDES ATORMENTADOS



**DANIEL DE CULLA**

## Contraportada



Foto: de Culla. Calle La Paloma, Burgos

**“Gloria en este día, cuando tú, Poeta, en armadura puesto,  
sales al Verso en calle de la Paloma”- Gerineldo Fuencisla**

**Nº Páginas b/n y color: 437**

**Año edición: 2021**



**WELCOME TO "FLEAS ON THE DOG"  
AN ONLINE PUBLISHING COMPANY.**

**Hola Daniel,**

**Muchos gracias. Publicaremos Tres SonTres en el próximo número 9.  
¡Manténgase a salvo!**

**Charles**



**Thanks, Daniel. Did you want to enter "Three Are Three" in our humor poetry contest?**

**Regards,  
Adam Cohen**



**Foto de Daniel**

### **34 ABIMAEEL Y STEVEN**

**-¡Qué tanto saben rebuznar quienes nos gobiernan**

**Por perder o ganar un gobierno ;**

**Como me dijo un morcillero**

**De Añasco.**

**-Como todos nuestros políticos**

**Que se esmeran en sus Congresos**

**En sus altos y contra altos Rebuzzos**

**Atacando o aplaudiendo a un Gobierno**

**Conseguido con esfuerzo**

**Aunque, entre ellos**

**Haya más que un dudoso relance**

**Casual y dudoso**

**Hablándose de poder y robar al pueblo**

**Salvándoles, si cabe, tan sólo un Amor**

**Le contesté yo.**

**-Oye, calla y escucha**

**Me ordenó el morcillero de Añasco:**

-

**Gobernador de la Isla de Puerto Rico**

**Que va y se suicida por amor**

**A su amado Steven Bonet**

**Fundador de la Villa de Sotomayor**

**En los puertos de los pozos de la Aguada**

**Decapitado por unos taínos**

**Escapados de la obligada escuela**

**De unos frailes capuchinos**

**Que habían llegado a la Isla montados en Asnos.**

**Y sigue:**

**-En Aguada, sobre un braserillo o Rejuela**

**En forma de arquilla**

**Con enrejado en la tapa**



**Los piratas calentaban su polla  
Esperando, antes de zarpar a cazar mercantes  
Echar el último polvo en falsete  
Un poco quedo entre eructos de borrachera  
Y tremendos pedos  
Malsonantes, y cantando:  
-¡Ay! ¡ay! ¡ay!  
Agarré una silla  
Le rompí tres costillas.  
-¡Ay! ¡ay! ¡ay!  
Agarré un garrote  
Le quite el bigote.  
-¡Ay! ¡ay! ¡ay!  
Agarré una mesa  
Le rompí la cabeza.  
-Como un atronador pedo ¿no?  
Más o menos así es el Amor, le contesté yo.  
-Uno se hace de ilusiones, seguí  
Como Abimael Valle  
De que su Ojete le salga fiador a Stven Bonet  
Sí queriendo cargo de conciencia  
En su culo.  
-No te preocupes, Añasqueño  
Que, por mi parte, no habrá tal experimento  
Que así como no hay remedio  
Para hacer que nuestros políticos no Rebusnen  
Tampoco lo hay para el Asno capuchino  
Pues le puede y le presta asenso**

**Meterla en cualquier agujero  
De Jumentas o Jumentos  
Con Másteres en Cátedras de Rebusnos  
Como ya lo hicieron en la Cruz de Cristóbal Colón  
En tiempos diferentes  
En climas variados bien diversos  
Aunque se les pusiera una maza o peso  
En el rabo.  
-El Amor entre Abimael y Steven  
Fue un Romance de Ciegos  
Que como todo Amor verdadero  
Termina en Rebusnos o pedos aturdiendo  
Terminó el Añasqueño.**

**¡SOMOS! / WE ARE!**

**EXPOSICIÓN CONMEMORATIVA - DIA INTERNACIONAL  
DE LA MUJER TRABAJADORA 2021 COMMEMORATIVE  
EXHIBITION - INTERNATIONAL DAY OF WORKING  
WOMEN 2021**

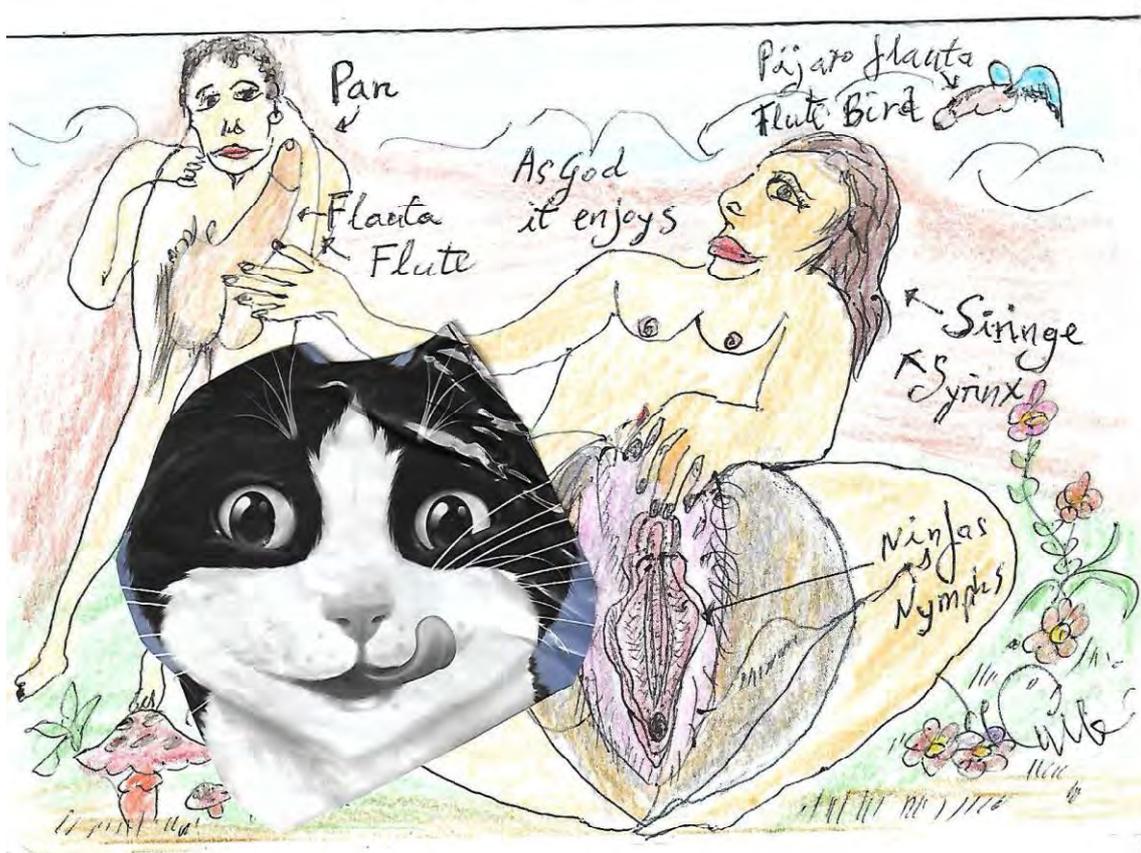
**Daniel de Culla participa con:**



**Musa**



Visceral  
Uterus  
♡





**Hi Daniel,**

**Great image that I had to scoop out of your Tres Son Tres for the Flight mail art project. Hope you don't mind.**

**I've posted it to the blog and you can see it here:**

**<http://postboxtomailboxnoplainart.blogspot.com/2021/03/flight-daniel-de-culla-spain.html>**

**Thank you & best regards,**

**John Gayer**

**postbox to mailbox no plain art**

**Sunday, 28 March 2021**

**Flight: Daniel de Culla, Spain**

**Dos Asteroides Atormentados**

**Two Tormented Asteroids**



*RAL, M*

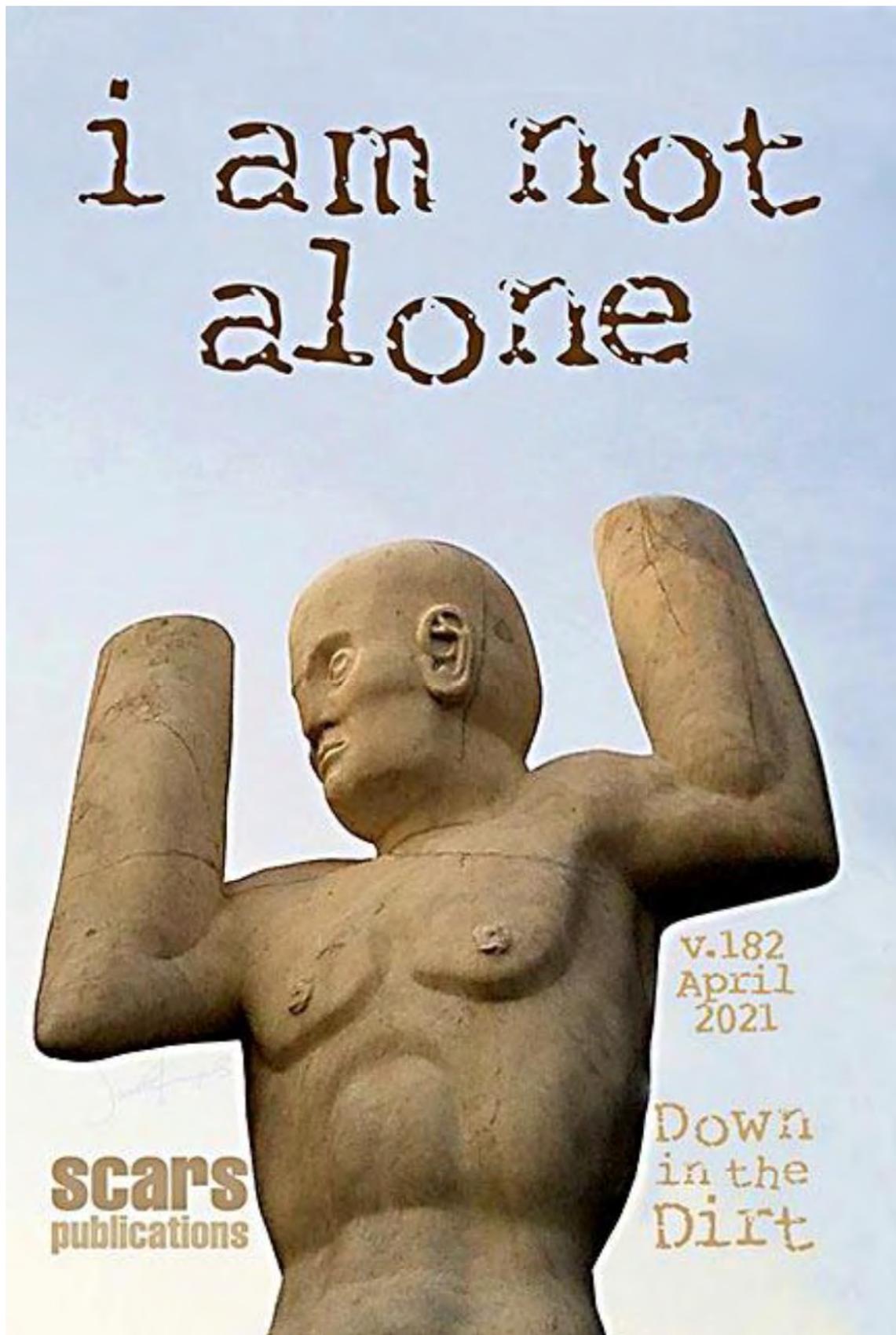
Le chasseur abstrait

ISSN 2274-0457

*Revue d'Art et de Littérature, Musique  
écrivez pour empêcher les autres d'écrire*

**dimanche 28 mars 2021**

**Espace de Daniel de Culla**



**Daniel participa con:**

**The, Devil, the Witch, the Juggler, & Olor a queso (drawing)**





Letras de Parnaso

Revista Digital

Año VII (II etapa) - abril 2021 - Nº67 - ISSN 2387-1601

*"La vida es eso que pasa mientras hacemos planes"*

# Rafael Xamena

Presidente de la Unión Monárquica Balear:

*"Cada día veo salir el sol,  
tanto en invierno  
como en verano"*

Entrevista  
(Págs. 37-41)



## Editorial

*"La vida es eso que pasa mientras hacemos planes, como se suele decir. El mejor de ellos tiene mucho que ver con definir nuestra actividad y nuestra postura desde la óptica de lo humano como medida de todas las cosas".*

**Participo con: Walt Witman; Pelea de Vacunas Covid; Bodega de vino rupestre con denominación de orden.**

## Fotografía de la anterior edición: Comentarios recibidos



(de Jpellicer)

*Ver contigo es ver aunque quieran /cubrir ese amanecer tuyo y mío. /Ver ese rótulo es ver tu nombre /y el mío unido al cielo sin viento.*

**Lucia Pastor (España)**

*Porque es bonito observarlo y si te dejas, te vas. Porque te quiero a mi lado y de todo mi amor, sabrás. Porque lloro si te vas... te suplico siempre y por siempre, hagamos nuestro el Amanecer. Ángela Peregrina Varela (España)*

**Ángela Peregrina Varela (España)**

*En la cuenta atrás de los días, permanece presente, el recuerdo de todo lo vivido.. En cada amanecer se pierden los deseos.*

**Marga S. Teri (España)**

*Siempre, por la Virgen de Agosto, y en Moradillo de Roa, Burgos, a mi esposa, y a mí , nos gusta ir a sentarnos en un banco de piedra junto a nuestra bodega. a los pies de la Iglesia del Cotarro, para ver Amanecer en este cielo tan hermoso y pulido. Muchos de los chicos y chicas que han ido a las fiestas de los pueblos de al lado, porque las de Moradillo son en Septiembre: Torregalindo, Aldehorno, Campillo, La Sequera, que han trasnochado, se vienen aquí con nosotros a espabilar sus juergas y contemplar la belleza de un Cielo que despierta al Sol.*

**Daniel de Cullá (España)**

*Déjame llevarte conmigo al lugar de los encuentros, al lugar que tanto sabe de nosotros.*

**Marcela Biontey L. (Argentina)**

*Recuerdo el día donde juntos nos hicimos la promesa de continuar recibiendo cada amanecer.*

**Andrea Battione S.(Italia)**

*Ver contigo cada amanecer, sentir contigo la vida. Ver contigo cada amanecer vivir contigo la muerte.*

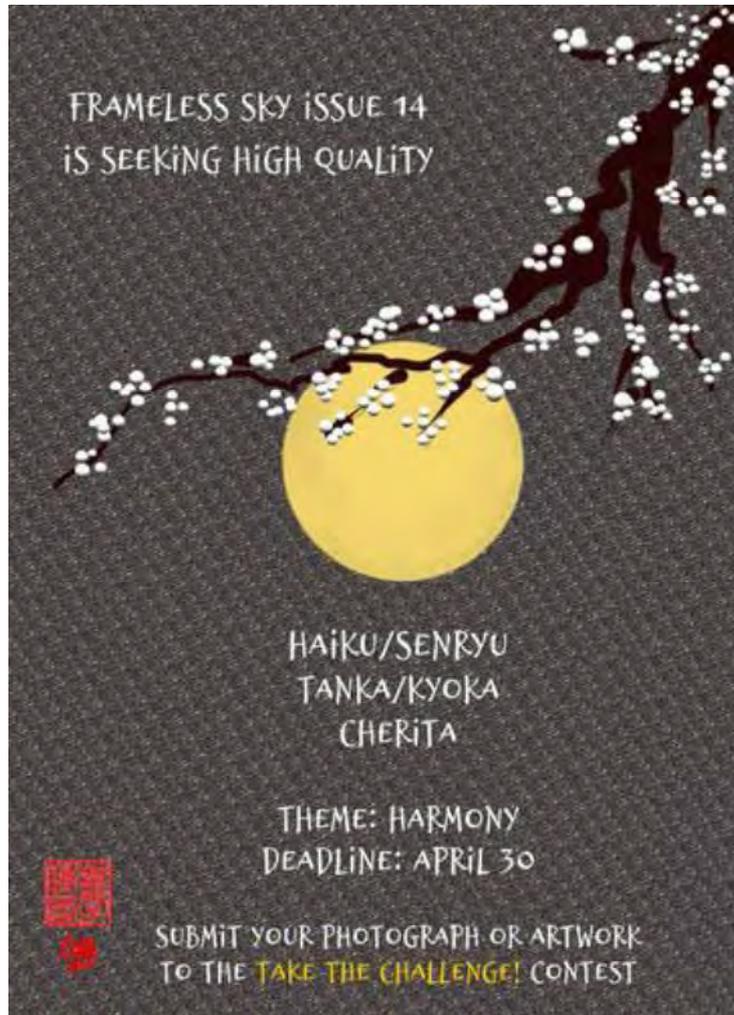
**Marco Steimbert M. (Chile)**

# ESKIMOPIE.NET

## APRIL 2021

**Daniel participa con:**

**The Kiss a Day like Today; The End of the World lies inside Earth and  
Inside You Wo/Men; Kylian's She Bunny; Pilgrim's She Donkey;  
Divine; People that You Are Looking for; The  
Weatherman**



**Dear Poet,**

**Thank you for your submission! I will reply shortly after the deadline,  
April 30, 2021.**

**Blessings,**

**Chrissi**



**Christine L. Villa**



**35 DESDE LUEGO, HACE OSCURO Y HUELE A QUESO MALO**

**sexo cuando cambiaban de macho cabrío.**

**A los coños hay que darles baños de agua, no sólo pasarles una esponja y “¡ale! que pase el siguiente”; no vale eso de que: “el coño cuando se empaña, se limpia y vuelve a brillar, ni más ni menos”. Como canta la copla de ciego.**

**Yo les llamo “mudados de polvo”. Algunas veces, muchas, los callejeros y los domésticos no mudan, y huelen a demonios.**

**Que así me pasó a mí en Ávila, al mediodía de Medina y Peñaranda, cuando el aire era solano y el polvo me costó catorce reales, que me quedé corrido en el Monte de Venus, y como me cegaba su presencia; al preguntarme ella desparrama:**

**-¿Qué tal tiempo hace?, exclamé:**

**-Desde luego, hace oscuro y huele a queso malo.**

### **36 OF COURSE, IT'S DARK AND SMELLS LIKE BAD CHEESE**

**"To the water that is changed from love," I told the sex workers when they changed male goats.**

**To the cunts You have to give water baths, not only sponging them and “wow!, let the next one pass”; It is not worth that: "the cunt when is fogged, is cleaned and shines again, neither more nor less", as the blind man sings.**

**I call them "dusted with dust." Sometimes, many times, the strays and the domestic ones do not change, and they smell like demons.**

**That is how it happened to me in Ávila, at noon from Medina and Peñaranda, when the air was sunny and the dust cost me fourteen**

**blinded me; when she asked me, scattered:**

**-How's the weather?**

**I exclaimed:**

**-Of course, it's dark and smells like bad cheese.**

# **Terror House Magazine**

Daniel de Culla:  
Crazy Chestnuts Stuffed with Shit



*RAL, M*

Le chasseur abstrait

ISSN 2274-0457

*Revue d'Art et de Littérature, Musique  
écrivez pour empêcher les autres d'écrire*

**dimanche 4 avril 2021**

**Espace de Daniel de Culla**





**37 CLIT, CLIT, CLIT**

**-Clit, Clit, Clit**

**Toco el timbre del sagrario de entrepierna**

**Con la picha.**

**-¿Quién es? Preguntas desde dentro.**

**-Mira, mira, que me muero de amor.**

**Mi picha erecta está a punto de estallar.**

**¡Déjame entrar!**

**-Antes de entrar en mi caja de terciopelo**

**Y besar con tu capullo**

**El cielo del paladar de mi vagina**

**Tienes que cortar los pelillos que la rodean**

**Con tus dientes**

**¡Mira, mira qué pelo!**

**-Mira, me tumbo sobre tu carnal tumba**

**Y encima de la tumba**

**Un pajarito va**

**A poner dos huevos**

**Escupiendo por el pico arroz con leche.**

**¡Ay! tocar tu clítoris**

**Y, al instante**

**Abrirse de par en par tu carnal sagrario ;**

**-Estás vencido, macho. ¡Qué pronto!**

**Verte así tan perdido y desinflado:**

**¡Ay, que me cago de risa!**

**Antes, tan machote con tu picha tiesa**

**Ahora, hecho un andrajo.**

**-Sí que me dan ganas de llorar**

**Y no echar ni gota.**

**En esta guerra del Amor**

**Soy un Mambrú de pena**

**Un macho de guasa.**

**-¿No volverás más?**

**-No, de ninguna manera.**

**Amor es tan solo un pajón con una pájara**

**O la cagada del palomo**

**En la paloma de la Paz.**



**Good afternoon**

**My name is Giles Howe, I was recently in touch to introduce a work of mine SOVIET ZION: the new musical drama set in Siberia's mysterious Jewish Autonomous Region, about the dystopian escape of two families who came to pioneer there the first Jewish homeland of the modern era: an intended socialist, Yiddish-speaking state. These characters' lives are thrown in to turmoil as their very identity is weaponised against them - where can they call home?**

**In January, Katy Lipson and I launched the Concept Album recording of this ambitious contemporary opera exploring themes of identity, integrity, and belonging.**

**We are so pleased to share that we have been receiving fantastic responses from critics, with the show being compared to Les Miserables, Evita and even Anastasia.**



**Thank you Daniel, for your kind words! And for sharing my work with your contacts - I hope they will enjoy discovering this show.**

**Best wishes**

**Giles H**



International call



*Mail Art Call!*

in memoriam to

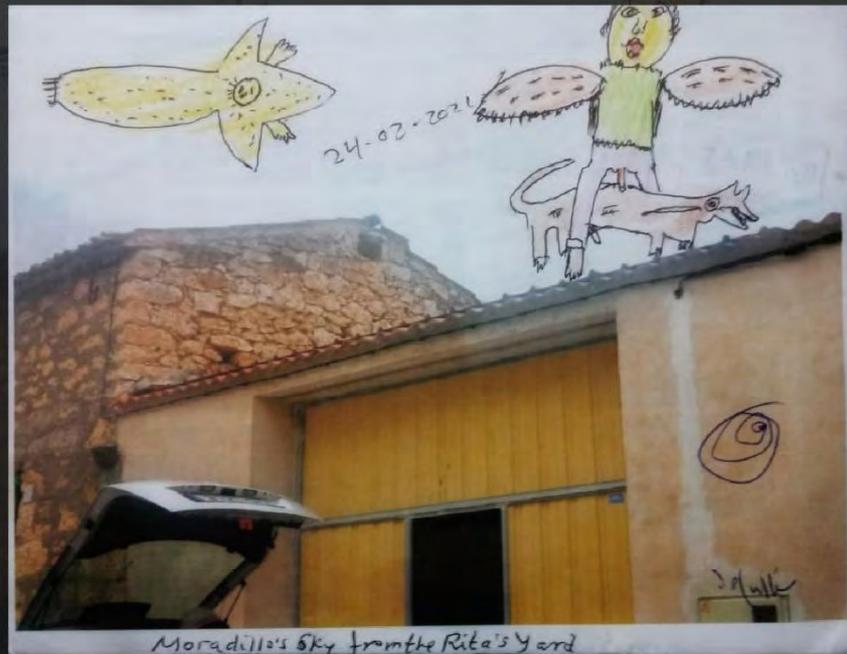
*"Emilio Carrasco"*

(1957-2020)

**Estimado maestro Daniel de Culla, le escribo con gusto para informarle que hemos recibido su trabajo. Cuanto termine la convocatoria nos pondremos en contacto con usted por medio del correo postal para mandarle el catálogo del evento. Muchas gracias por su participación. La información junto con todos los trabajos recibidos hasta el momento está disponible en nuestra página:**

**<https://www.facebook.com/mailartemiliocarrasco>**

International Mail Art Exhibition "In Memoriam to Emilio Carrasco"



Daniel de Culla / Burgos, España  
2021 / Fotografía - Dibujo / Photography - Drawing

**Saludos cordiales**

**Emilio J. Carrasco**

**RECIBIDO DEL CENTRO CULTURAL  
SAN FCO.SOLANO**

**NOTA ESPECIAL DEL 05 DE ABRIL DE 2021.HORA 0**

**RECONFIGURATIVA CYBER PANDEMICA.**

**CONSIDERACIONES DESDE LA PRIMERA A LA DECIMA.**

**Estas breves líneas son motivadas por los variados y múltiples decires de conductores de programas televisivos sobre la educación, las clases**

**presenciales y un reciente \*insuceso\* (preferimos denominarlo así) ocurrido a una docente en Santiago de Chile.**

**FUENTE: Patricia Schuller Gamboa. La Nación.**

**Mitrespuesta:**

**Marcelo, muy buena apreciación de la realidad educativa e inteligente artificial. La triste verdad, lisa y llana, es que siempre habrá una supremacía de unos seres humanos sobre otros; de unas culturas sobre otras. Los demonios del Homo Sapiens procrean en los espíritus cafres o caníbales de los bastardos. No existe una existencia separada en la riqueza y la pobreza, la iglesia pedófila y la putera y criminal política. Todos estamos alimentados por las mismas lombrices de la Tierra y el plancton depredador. La Educación y la Inteligencia con curas o maestros liberales, con agnósticos o ateos, siempre tienen la misma misión: enseñar a Rebuzzar Rebuzzando.**

**El público conocimiento, o el privado, en su visión de finito, infinito es el Rebuzzar. Todos hemos aprendido, y seguiremos aprendiendo en Cátedras de Rebuzzos. La disposición y espontaneidad nuestra está precisamente en cómo elevar nuestro cuello y estirar las orejas.. Ya nos cautivó Sancho Panza, en su Don Quijote, cuando nos dijo:  
"Rebuzzar es una Ciencia".**

**Y luego están, y seguirán estando "los criminales guardianes de la viña y el Capital"; los del palo y tentetieso, para dar golpes o tiros de gracia en la cabeza de los analfabetos, o los pobres de solemnidad de la Tierra.**



**Hi Daniel,**

**Many thanks for your submissions. Apologies about the long delay!**

**We are happy to publish them. Will inform you when. However, could you please send the images as separate individual jpegs? Are these your original drawings?**

**Many thanks,**



**Deborah Edgeley Editor-in-Chief**

**Ink Pantry Publishing**



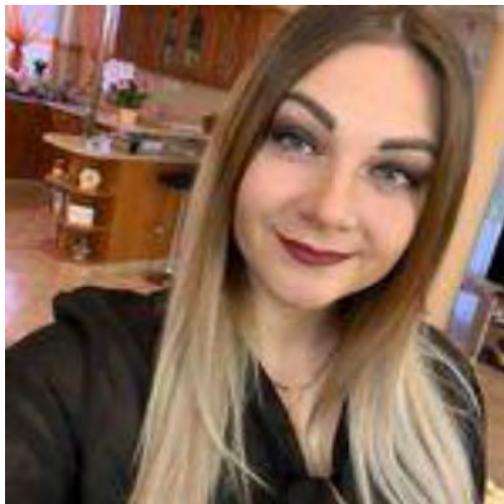


Dear fellow mailartist,

I invite you to participate at Mail a smile's newest challenge. I know this is a difficult period for everyone, but I believe creating art can bring us a tiny bit of peace. I am planning to organize an exhibition of all the mail that arrives, because I am confident your wonderful artwork will bring smiles to all the visitors.

shared later.)

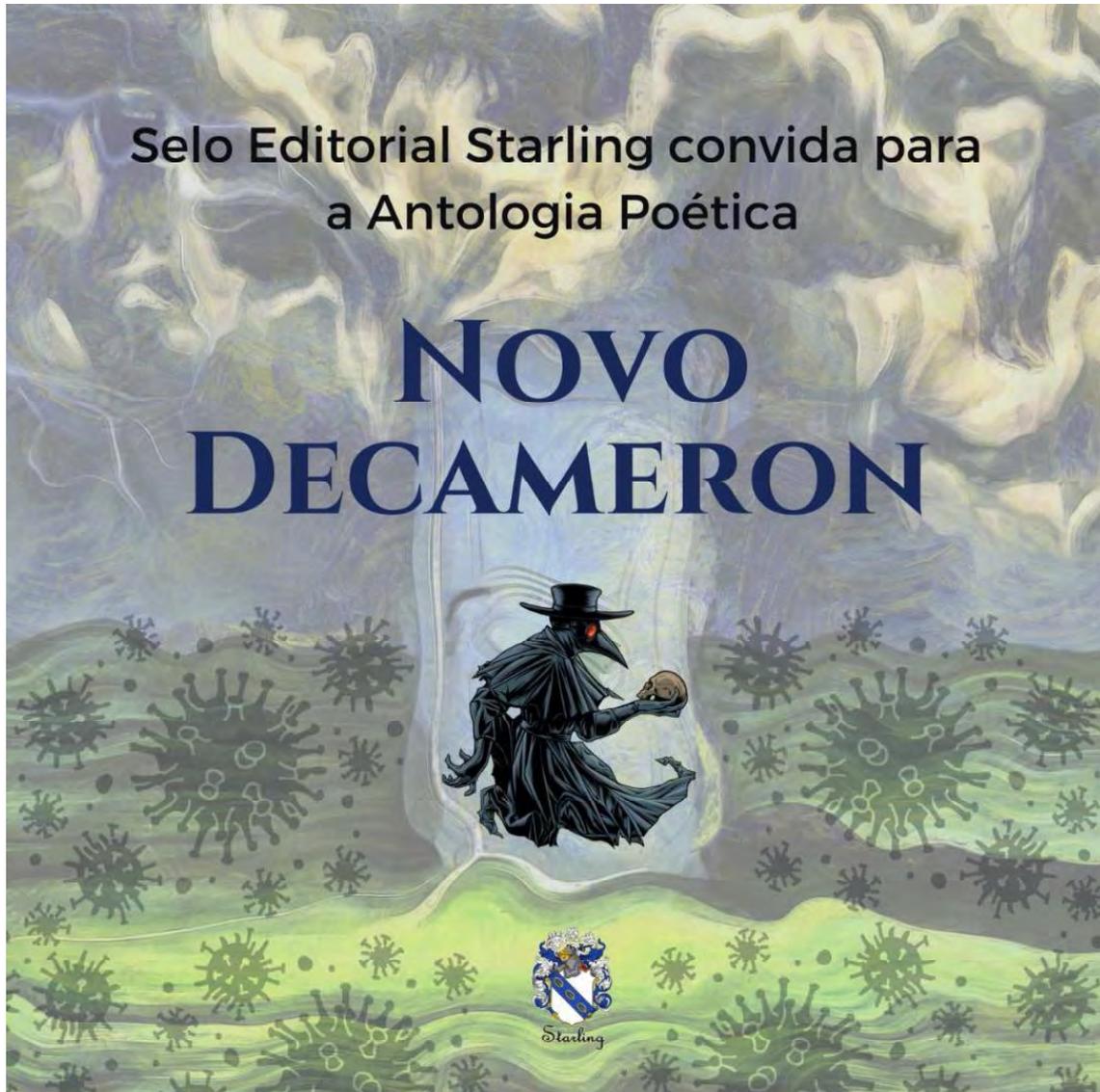
topic: my home



**deadline: July 31st**

**Lots of love,**

**Micu**



**38 HAIKUS**



**DOS HAIKUS - TWO HAIKUS**

**Plantó un rosal**

**Una rosa apareció**

**Entre sus piernas.**

**Plantó un puerro**

**Un nabo apareció**

**Sobre su lecho.**

**TWO HAIKUS**

**Planted rose bush**

**A rose appeared**

**Between her long legs.**

**Planted leek on ground**

**A turnip appeared**

**On her big damp bed.**



## **HAIKU**

**Gobierno de Asnos**

**Oposición Rebuzna**

**Iglesia pede.**

**-Daniel de Culla**

**HAIKU**

**Asses' Government  
Opposition He-wawing  
Church breaking wind.**

**-Daniel de Culla**

**Isabel 'Pic**

**HAIKUS HILADOS HAIKUS YARNS**

**Reunión formal.  
Congreso de Diputados.  
¡Voces de Asnos;**

**Cátedras todas  
Rebuznan como antaño  
¡Y sin maestros;**

**Libros quemados.  
Fiesta de Inocentes.  
Niño en los brazos.**

**-Daniel de Culla**

**HAIKUS YARNS  
Formal meeting.  
Congress of Deputies.**

**Donkey voices!**

**Chairs from the World**

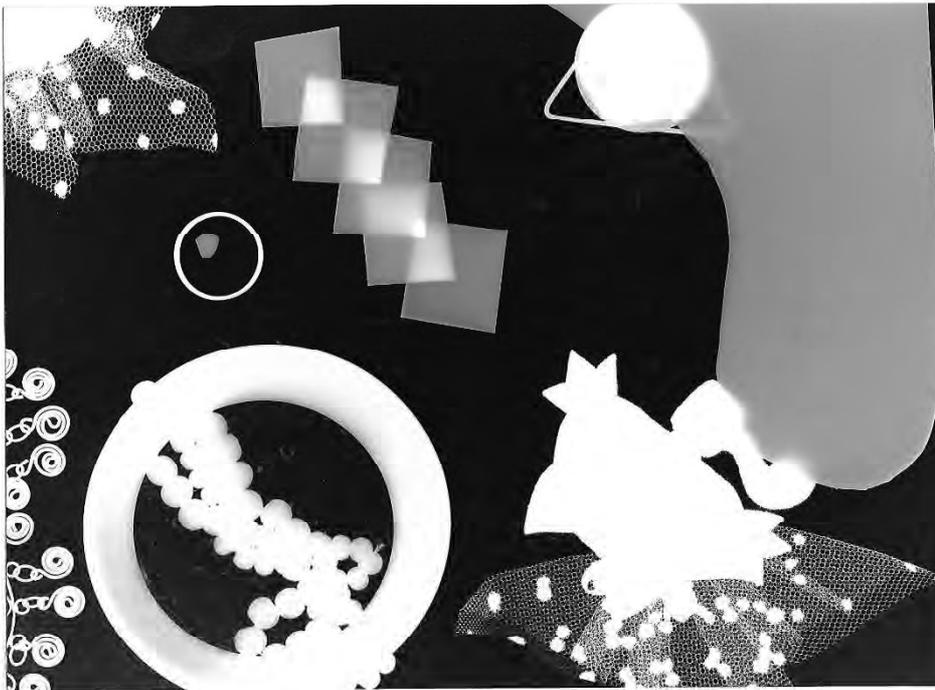
**Are braying as before**

**And without teachers!**

**Burned books.**

**Innocents Party.**

**Child in the arms.**



**Three Haikus :**

**Tres Haikus**

**Workings in Covid:**

**Trabajo en Covid:**

**Journal Prose, Poetry**

**Prosa y Poesía**

**Lot of Nonsenses;**

**¡Con sinsentidos;**

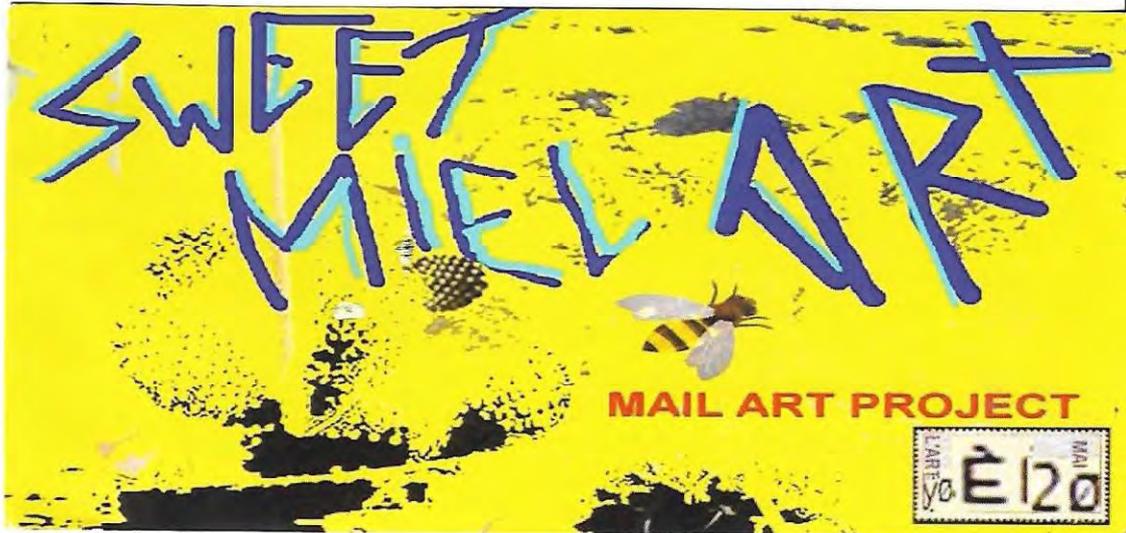
**Any place once  
built by men and loved  
abandoned cars.**

**En cualquier sitio  
Construido por hombres  
Coches sin dueño.**

**Beside the point  
Anxiety facing forwards  
out the fish hole.  
-Daniel de Culla**

**No viene al caso  
Ansiedad mirando allá  
Del agujero.**





send to:

# SWEET MIEL ART

via del Favarone 18  
06126 Perugia, ITALIA

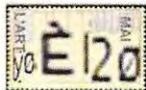
**DEADLINE JUNE 01/2021**

**max A4 - no return**

**EXHIBITION ON LINE [www.mail-art.it](http://www.mail-art.it)**

**FINAL HONEY PERFORMANCE**

from Gianni Romizi: [maimailart@gmail.com](mailto:maimailart@gmail.com)



Ciao

A blue ink signature or scribble, possibly reading 'Ciao' or a similar word, with a horizontal line underneath.

COPIE DI  
MAIL - BURGOS  
MAIL - TALEG

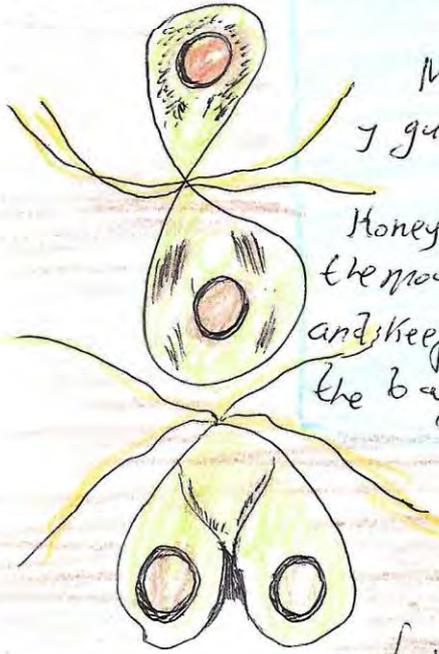


DE CULLÃ Daniel  
P. Comuneros 7-1A  
E-09006 BURGOS  
SPAGNA

Sweet Miel Art

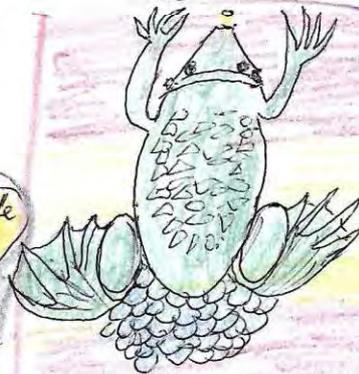
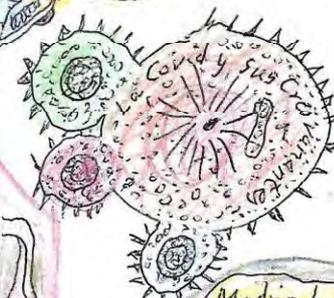
Miel en la boca,  
y guarda la bolsa.

Honey in  
the mouth,  
and keep  
the bag.



adulle

# DE MADRIZ AL CIELO



La Rana de Madrid



Perro flauta

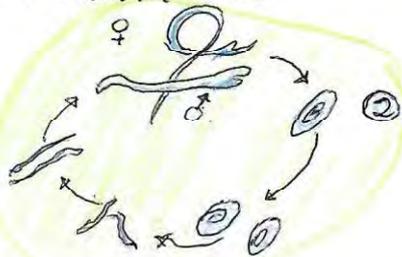


Repite rápidamente  
topa, topa, topa, topa... junto  
al río Manzanares.

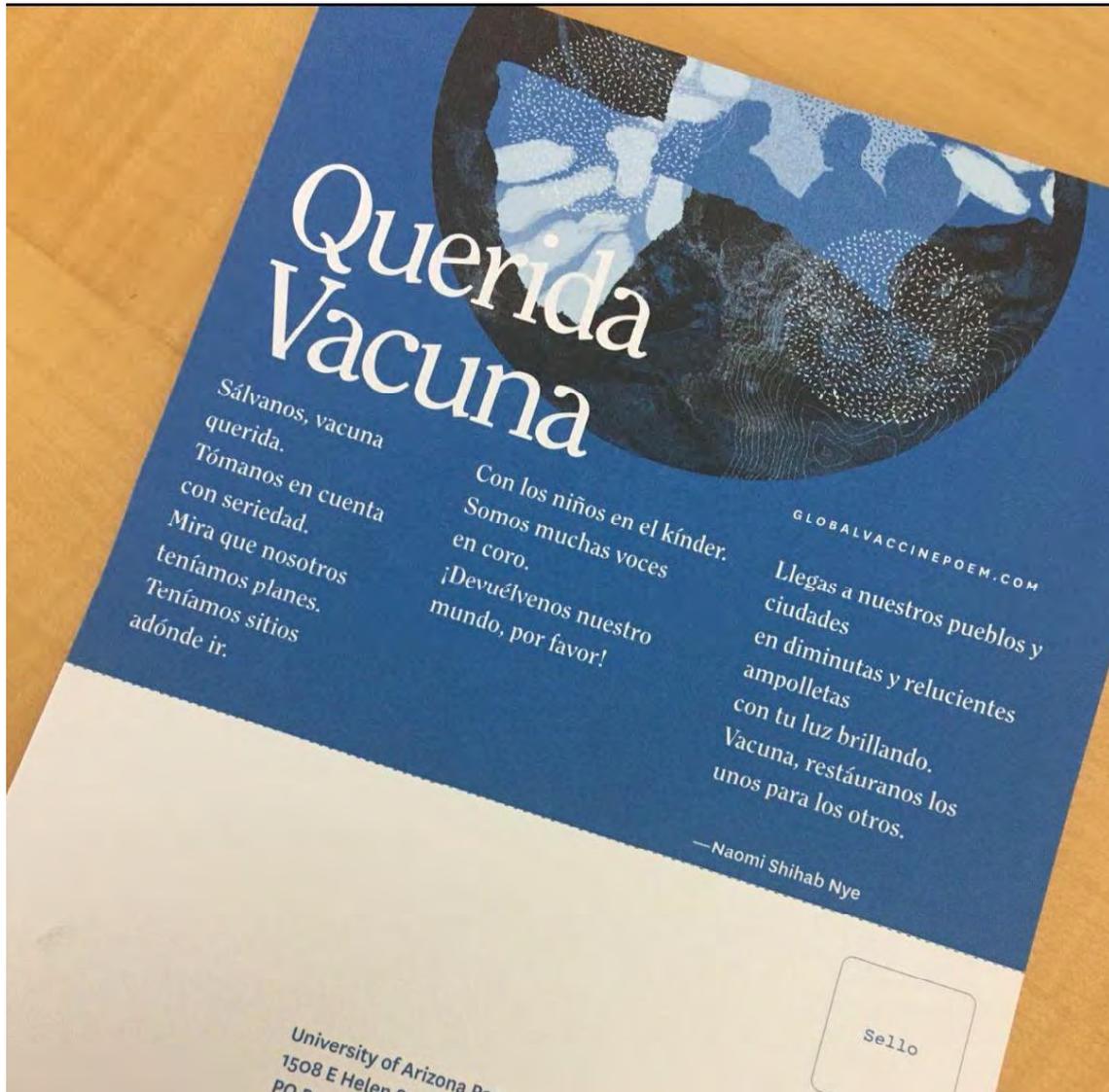
de culo



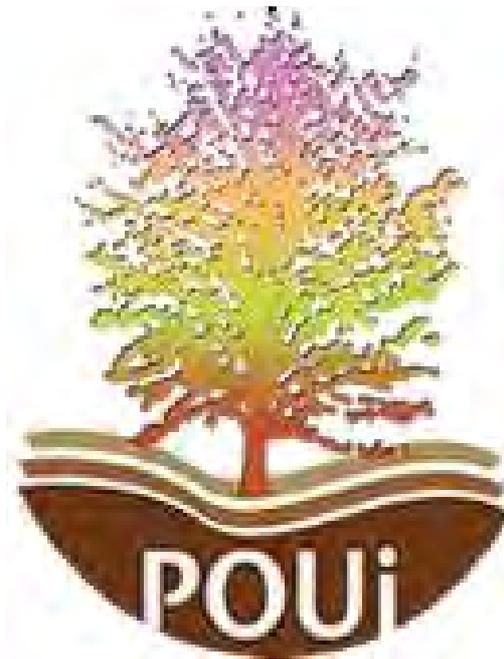
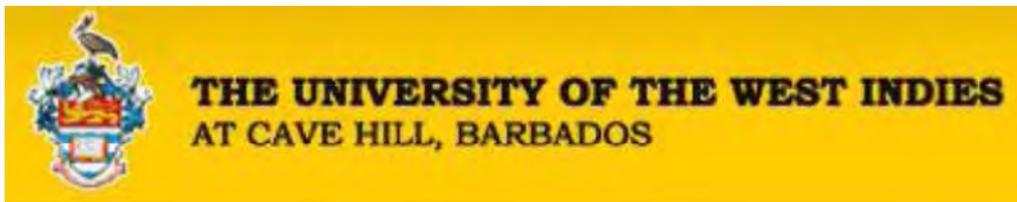
Tres adoquines rojiigualda  
en la Plaza de Colón



Ciclo general de los estronjilos  
en la cabeza de los adoquines



**Participo en: GLOBAL VACCINE POEM**



**Good Afternoon**

**Your attention is drawn to the following announcement from our  
POUi Journal Editor, Dr. Nicola Hunte.**

**Kind regards**

**Claudette King (Ms.)**

**Dear POUI contributors,**

**You have been incredibly patient and very trusting of our editorial board during POUI's unexpectedly long hiatus. Between our last publication in 2018 and the global developments in 2020, we have had to adapt to the changes both big and small of balancing our various responsibilities within uncertain and surprising times. Even though POUI and its community were foremost in our thoughts, it has had to take a back-seat to other priorities.**

**So, firstly, our heartfelt apologies at making you wait so long to hear back from us and to enjoy the quality output that has defined this**

**patience and loyalty. We hope to make ourselves deserving moving forward as we look to resume online publication in July 2021.**



**Sincerely,**

**Nicola Hunte (Editor)**

# The Stray Branch



**Participo**



# AZAHAR

REVISTA POETICA - N.º 111

TALLER DE POESÍA - AÑO XXXIII - ABRIL 2021



Colaboro

*RAL, M*

Le chasseur abstrait

ISSN 2274-0457

*Revue d'Art et de Littérature, Musique  
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**dimanche 11 avril 2021**

**Espace de Daniel de Cullá**

# **Terror House Magazine**

**Daniel de Culla:**

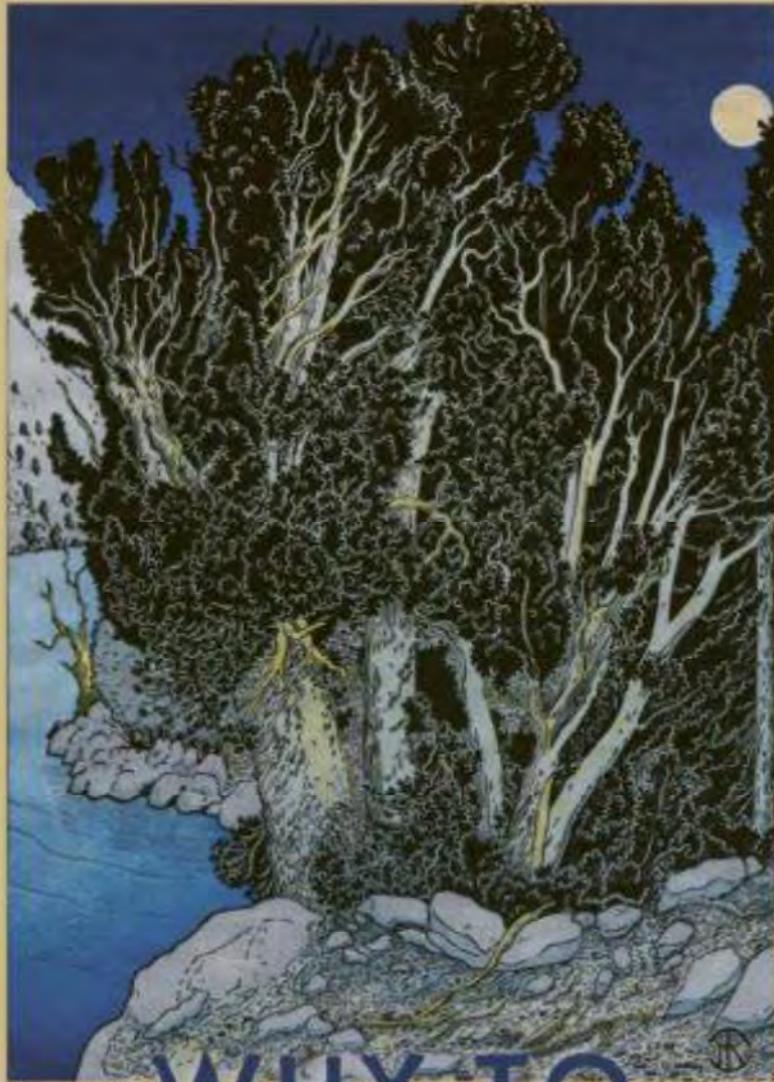
**Gilipollas' Lovers**

14 abril  
1931



90  
aniversario





# WHY TO THESE ROCKS

50 Years of Poems from the Community of Writers

FOREWORD BY ROBERT HASS  
EDITED BY LISA ALVAREZ

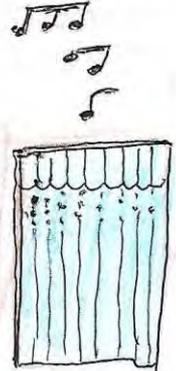
**Colaboro**



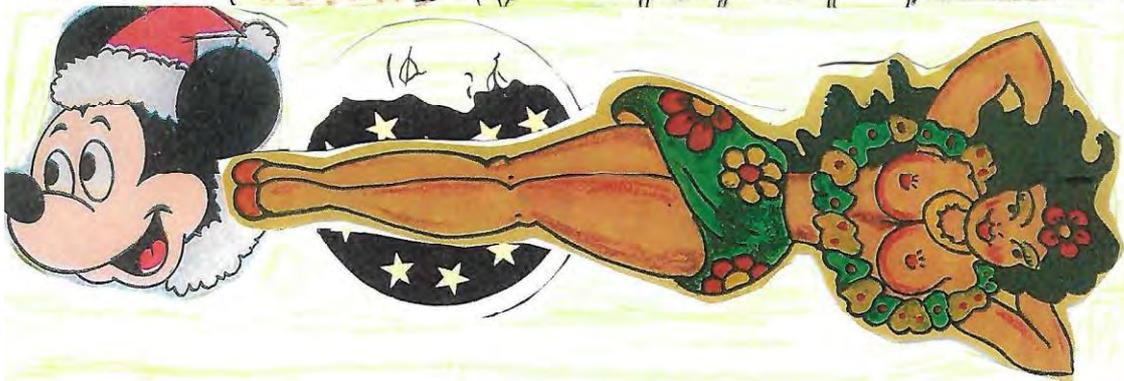
lo puedes hacer  
en Torrejón  
y en Alcaete,  
y dondequiera  
que estés  
a las tres  
como a las  
siete.

• Abortar, abortar  
a condona África  
o donña Conuñón!

Abort, abort  
with all  
happiness



Wink





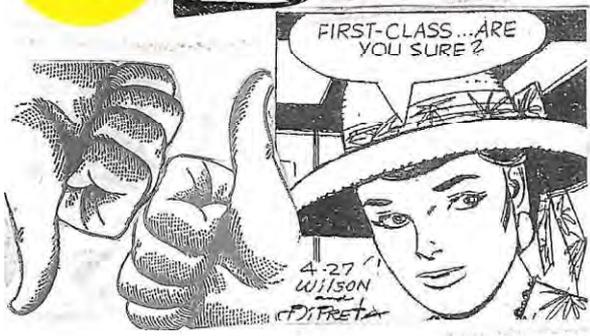
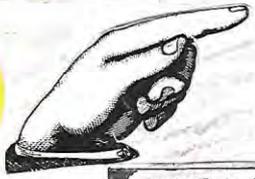
Desde luego, hace oscura y huele a queso malo

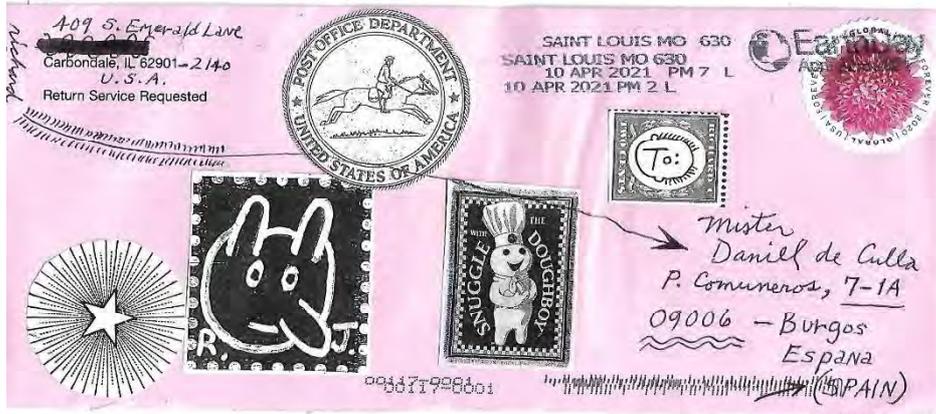
Since then it's dark and it smells like bad cheese

stale

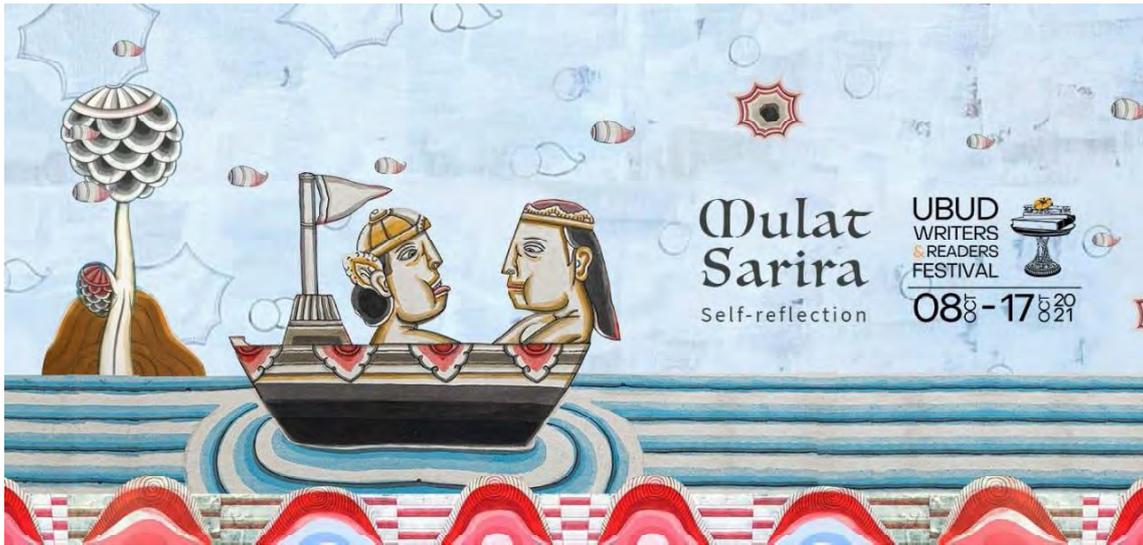


Visit [traderjoes.com](http://traderjoes.com) to learn how to roast your turkey in seven easy steps...





DIABOLIQUE MAGAZINE.COM



SINISTER WISDOM PRESENTS

# Sinister Wisdom 120: Asian Lesbians Launch

A ZOOM EVENT WITH FEATURED  
READERS FROM THE ISSUE

**Tuesday  
April 20 at  
7 p.m. EST**

**RAL, M** ISSN 2274-0457

Le chasseur abstrait  
*Revue d'Art et de Littérature, Musique  
écrivez pour empêcher les autres d'écrire*

**dimanche 18 avril 2021**

**Espace de Daniel de Cullá**

**LOCUST MAGAZINE**  
A Free Ezine of Art and Literature – ISSN 1529-0832



**Dear Daniel**

**Thank you very much for emailing LM and very sorry for the delay. I think I can include HAMLET'S SHAVING BRUSH in the next issue of Locust (Vol 4 #1, online in autumn 2021) as long as that poem has not been selected by or has not appeared in other mags. Unfortunately I'm only going to publish your verse, without your art. I hope that's OK...  
Please let me know. Sorry again,**

**Best**

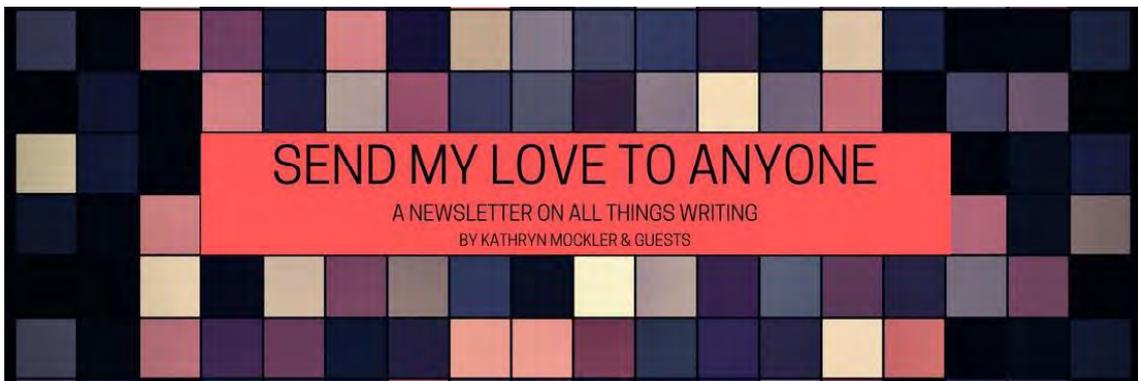


**Patrick**

**Editor**



**Arte Alternativo y Cerveza Magna regalada por Fer**



**Hello friend,**

**Welcome to the fourth issue of Send My Love to Anyone.  
I hope this newsletter brings some much needed brightness.**



**Kathryn Mockler**

# **Terror House Magazine**

**Daniel de Culla:  
COVID Vaccine Fight**





### 39 OIGO VOCES

Hablando y andando yo sola

**Por las calles de Carabanchel Bajo, en Madrid  
Temo a esos verdugos que llevan a uno a ahorcar  
Y a ese cura pedófilo que arrastra a una niña  
Engañada con caramelos envenenados  
Enrollados con papelitos de colores**

**Y a esos guardias que se llevan presas  
A esas chicas que han gritado Justicia y Libertad  
En una manifestación no permitida  
Y a esos desalmados que atracan a deficientes  
Sobre todo mujeres  
Cuando están sacando dinero en los cajeros.**

**Oigo voces**

**Y una larga plática que me da a entender  
Que todos deseamos vernos libres de sujeción  
Y que los daños vayan a otros.**

**Pero yo no soy libre; nadie es libre:**

**La Religión me ata; nos ata**

**Y dice que mi órgano sexual es como una alhacena**

**En que hay queso**

**Pues mis Ángeles de la Guarda**

**Me dicen al oído:**

**-Tu Sexo es oscuro y huele a queso.**

**La Política me ordena; nos ordena y dice:**

**-Dale aire a tu Sexo, que está cocido**

**Esto es, aviva su lumbre y aventa**

**Para que cueza el puchero del Amor.**

**Oigo voces:**

**Yo no sé si es Satán o ese mozo**

**Que vuelve de la villa**

**Deseoso de violar o hacer sexo consagrado**

**Montado en su borrico**

**Quien, con afición, me dice:**

**-Hierve olla, y cuece cebolla**

**Te contaré de la noche de mi boda.**

**Si tú te apeases de tu mente de locura**

**Yo entiendo lo que dice que me haría**

**Y le replico con maña:**

**-Yo estoy muy embarazada, majete**

**Con lo que llevo en mi cabeza.**

**Dios y la Virgen María son mis guías**

**Y no una polla, una olla o una cebolla.**

**Oigo voces; doy gritos**

**Pero nadie se vuelve hacía mí**

**Porque no me oyen**

**Y tengo bien atada mi gritadera**

**Con sogas de fuerza**

**Hasta que vuelvo a casa**

**Y disimulo el miedo**

**Cuando mis padres me quieren a besos**

**Y me piden que les cuente**

**Qué tal mi tarde de paseo**

**Y las vecinas reparan en oírme hablar.**

**Yo tengo vergüenza**

**Pero levanto la voz y digo a las vecinas:**

**-Mirad que listo el mozo**

**Que dijo ser de Villaviciosa de Odón**

**Y, enseñándome el miembro, me dijo:**

**-Mira, en este mes de enero**

**Qué polla tengo para tu pollero.**

**-Qué maldito y criminal el muy cabrón**

**Exclamaron las vecinas.**

#### **40 HEARING VOICES**

**To Guapalupe "Holy Pe"**

**Talking and walking alone**

**Through the streets of Carabanchel Bajo, in Madrid**

**I fear those executioners who lead one to hang**

**And to that pedophile priest who drags a girl**

**Tricked with poisoned candy**

**Rolled up with colored paper**

**"Made in Roma"**

**And those guards who take prey**

**To those girls who have shouted Justice and Freedom**

**In a not allowed demonstration**

**And those heartless who rob the deficient**

**Mostly women**

**When they are withdrawing money at cashiers.**

**I hear voices**

**And a long talk that makes me understand**

**That we all wish to be free from restraint**

**And that the damages go to others.**

**But I am not free; no one is free:  
Religion binds me; ties us  
And it says that my sexual organ is like a jewel  
In which there is cheese  
Well my Guardian Angels  
Say in my ear:  
-Your Sex is dark and smells like cheese.  
Politics orders me; orders us and says:  
-Give air to your Sex, which is cooked  
That is, fan your fire and advance  
To cook the pot of Love.  
I hear voices:  
I don't know if it's Satan or that guy  
That is coming back from the village  
Desirous of raping or engaging in consecrated sex  
Mounted on his donkey  
Who, with fondness, tells me:  
-Boil pot, and cook onion  
I'll tell you about my wedding night.  
If you get out of your mind of madness  
And you dare ...  
I understand what he says he would do to me  
And I reply with skill:  
-I'm very pregnant, pretty fool  
With what I carry in my head.  
God and the Virgin Mary are my guides  
And not a dick, a pot, or an onion.**



**I hear voices; I scream  
But nobody turns to me  
Because they don't hear me  
And I have my screaming tied well  
With ropes of force  
Until i come home  
And I hide the fear  
When my parents love me with kisses  
And they ask me to tell them  
How about my afternoon outing  
And the neighbors pay attention  
To hearing me speaking.  
I'm embarrassed  
But I raise my voice and say to the neighbors:  
-Look that the waiter is ready  
That he said he was from Villaviciosa de Odón  
And, showing me the member, he said:  
-Look, in this month of January  
What a cock I have for your smuggler.  
-How cursed and criminal  
The motherfucker pig bastard  
The neighbors exclaimed.**

## **SAN MIGUEL**

**Estimado Daniel Culla,**

**En primer lugar agradecer el interés mostrado por Mahou San Miguel.  
En relación a su correo electrónico con fecha 18/04/2021, le  
agradecemos las molestias que se ha tomado en hacernos llegar su  
fotografía y la fidelidad mostrada hacia la marca. Actitudes como la**

**suya, la de nuestros consumidores, nos dan aliento para continuar con nuestra labor diaria.**



**Atentamente,  
Departamento de Atención al Cliente.  
SAN MIGUEL**



JULIE DIMICHELE

**Thanks Daniel! Love these pieces!**



# Yallwest Panel

Melissa de la Cruz

Apr 21



Come see me at Yallwest this Saturday!



# 50/50 LIT

Quarterly Creative Journal

Hello Daniel,

I am sorry that it has taken this long to get back to you, I have been in the struggles of a ton of personal life issues and just now feel at peace with getting back to 5050. Is "With Walt Whitman" still available for publication? I would love to put it in the 5050 summer issue.

Thanks, Logan Roberts



Foto de Daniel

41 AHÍ ES EL REBUZNAR

**Mi amigo, que es ujier alegre y vocinglero y dice que el diablo le toca su instrumento, recogedor de boñigas y guardián de Asno político, me dice este cuento:**

**Que, un día, el tal o cual Asno o Jumenta, sin haberlo concertado entre ellos, se vinieron al Círculo de Bellas Artes, sito en la madrileña calle de Alcalá, para, en su terraza coronada por la escultura de Minerva, diosa romana de la sabiduría y el arte, emblema del Círculo, de Juan Luis Vassallo, ir preparando sus discursos o retahíla de Rebuznos programados para la celebración del Día del Debate del Estado de la Nación, que serán causa de triunfos grandes y estupendos para el populacho o gente de la plebe, que cree en estos dioses brujos y hechiceros.**

**Alguno de ellos o de ellas ya, desde la terraza, sentía rebotar sus Rebuznos desde la Sierra de Guadarrama al norte, hasta el Cerro de los Ángeles al sur.**

**Observando el tiempo real en sus relojes, y en su ánimo el deseo de llegar pronto a su ansiada bancada y anunciar en el hemiciclo lo que vale un Rebuzno dado a tiempo, media hora antes de su comienzo, comenzaron a salir del Círculo como ganado que sale del aprisco, de las caballerizas, de la cochinería o de cualquier cuadra. Callandito van andando y lentamente.**

**En su paseo desde la calle de Alcalá, bajando, unos por la carrera de San Jerónimo, otros por la plaza de Zorrilla, hasta la Plaza de las Cortes, a la husma les andaba el populacho agolpándose en las aceras del recorrido, gritando:**

**‘Tú, tú, tú eres el más grande o la mejor.**

**Mi amigo el ujier, recogedor de boñigas y guardián de Asno político, que se veía como el Asno de Baco entre Gigantes y Gigantillos, atisba el sitio donde están los que destacan entre la gente de la plebe: algunos individuos altos y flacuchos, como Quijotes, que se magrean contra las redondeces del culo de sudamericanas; Sancho Panzas que se tocan los cojones poniendo en fuga a las mujeres que se encuentran a su alrededor: carteristas que se mueven de un lado para otro, atisbando el sitio donde pueden echar la mano.**

**Ya, echo el recorrido y, en la Plaza de las Cortes, vio algún cura pedófilo osado, o nuncio apostólico, rodeados de críos y crías que se reían de los que veían pasar y entrar en la Cámara Baja, para ellos**

**individuos o individuos mal inclinados, ladrones, falsarios y cosas semejantes como dicen y enseñan los curas y nuncios en sus colegios o seminarios, siendo tan grande su risa que gritaban;**

**-Ahí, ahí es el Rebuznar. ¡Qué buen pienso os vais a dar!**

**Como en derrota y en fuga, entró la recua del ganado en el Congreso de los Diputados, subiendo las escaleras entre las figuras de dos Asnos de Arabia robados a los árabes en la Guerra de las Cruzadas, uno el de José y la Virgen María con el Niño Jesús en brazos en su huida a Egipto, según el cuadro de Rembrandt; y, el otro, el Asno de Jesús en su entrada triunfal en Jerusalén, según el cuadro de Pietro Lorenzetti.**

**Cerrado el portón por, entre otros, mi amigo el ujier, la muchedumbre empezó a desfilar y marchar unos y unas hacia la plaza de Neptuno; otros y otras hacia el Museo del Prado; otros y otras hacia la Puerta del Sol; algunas mujeres, muchas, confusas y aturcidas, marcharon hacia la Basílica de Jesús de Medinaceli, “Jesús el Rico”, un Cristo nazareno tallado en Sevilla, de la Orden de los Hermanos Menores Capuchinos, en la Plaza de Jesús, en el Barrio de las Letras, donde besarle los pies al Cristo, encender algunas velas, y rezarle a Dios y la Virgen María para aplacar el bélico clamor del Rebuznar de las Jumentas y Borricos en el Hemiciclo, según el texto, y que su Rebuzno sea hoy y siempre blanco de mil sarcasmos; votando renegando y haciendo juramento de vengarse de los Asnos Rebuznantes cuanto se pueda, maldiciendo de los Asnos ellas, que son Jumentas de las más siniestras.**

#### **42 THERE IS THE HEE HAW**

**My friend, who is a cheerful and loud usher and says that the devil plays his instrument, collector of dung and guardian of Political Ass, tells me this story:**

**That, one day, this or that Ass or She Ass, without having arranged it between them, came to the Círculo de Bellas Artes (Circle of Fine Arts), located in Madrid's Calle de Alcalá, to, on its terrace crowned by the sculpture of Minerva, Roman goddess of wisdom and art, emblem of the Circle, by Juan Luis Vassallo, to prepare their speeches or string of Brawls scheduled for the celebration of the Day of reat and**



stupendous triumphs for the populace or people of the common people, who believe in these witch and sorcerer gods.

Some of them or of them already, from the terrace, felt their Hee Haw bounce from the Sierra de Guadarrama to the north, to the Cerro de los Ángeles to the south.

Observing the real time on their clocks, and in their soul the desire to arrive soon at their longed-for bench and announce in the hemicycle what a Hee Haw (Bray) given on time is worth, half an hour before its beginning, they began to leave the Circle like cattle that it comes out of the sheepfold, the stables, the pigpen or any stable. Silent and quiet they walk slowly.

On theirs walk from Calle de Alcalá, going down, some through the Carrera de San Jerónimo, others through the Plaza de Zorrilla, to the Plaza de las Cortes, the mob was walking along the sidewalks, shouting:

-You, you, you are the greatest or the best.

My friend, the usher, collector of dung and guardian of the  
s between Giants and  
Little Giants, glimpses the place where those who stand out among the people of the plebs are: some tall and skinny individuals, such as Quixotes, which are magreed against the roundness of the South American ass; Sancho Panzas who touch their balls, putting the women around him to flight: pickpockets who move from one place to another, peering at the place where they can lay their hands.

Already, I made the tour and, in the Plaza de las Cortes, he saw some daring pedophile priest, or apostolic nuncio, surrounded by children and babies who laughed at those who saw passing and entering the Lower House, for them individuals or bad individuals inclined, thieves, forgers and similar things as priests and nuncios say and teach in their colleges or seminaries, their laughter being so great that they shouted;

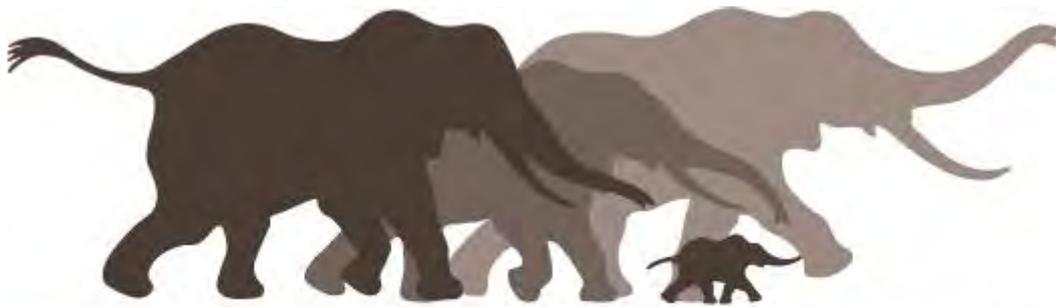
-There, there is Hee Haw. What a good I think you are going to give!

As if in defeat and in flight, the herd of cattle entered the Congress of Deputies, climbing the stairs among the figures of two Arabian Asses stolen from the Arabs in the War of the Crusades, one of Joseph and the Virgin Mary with the Child Jesus in her arms on

their flight to Egypt, according to Rembrandt's painting; and, the other, the Jesus' Donkey at its triumphal entry into Jerusalem, according to the painting by Pietro Lorenzetti.

When the gate was closed by, among others, my friend the usher, the crowd began to parade and march one by one towards the Plaza de Neptuno; others and others towards the Prado Museum; others and others towards Puerta del Sol; some women, many, confused and stunned, marched towards the Basilica of Jesús de Medinaceli, "Jesús el Rico" (Jesus the Rich One), a Nazarene Christ carved in Seville, of

de las Letras, where to kiss the feet of Christ, light some candles, and pray to God and the Virgin Mary to appease the warlike clamor of the Hee Asses and Asses in the Hemicycle, according to the text, and that their Hee Haw be today and always white of a thousand sarcasms; voting, denying and taking an oath to take revenge on the Hee Haw Asses as much as possible, cursing the Asses themselves, who are She Assess of the most sinister.



# AFRICAN WILDLIFE FOUNDATION

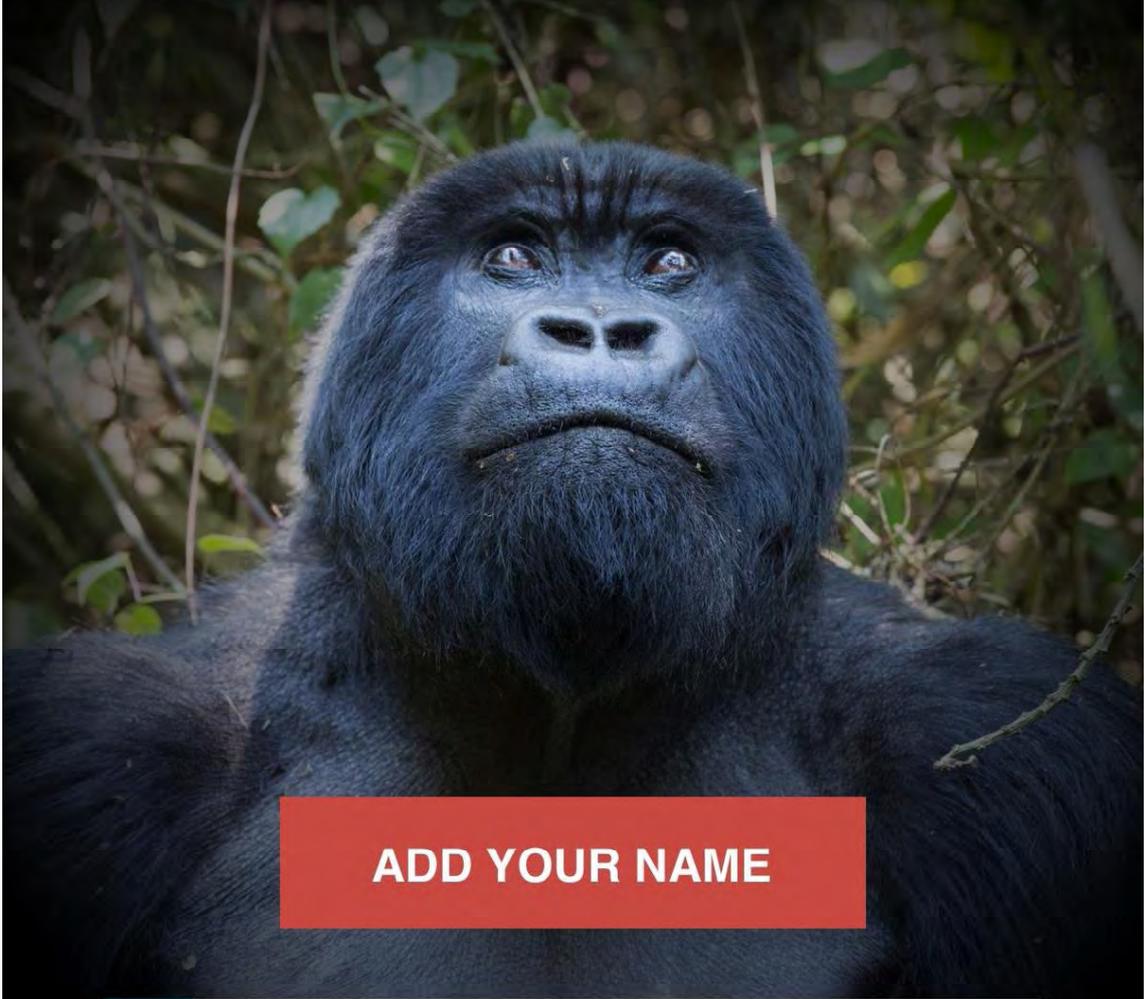


**THANK YOU**  
FOR PROTECTING GORILLAS

Will you give to help  
save them?

Alison Langevad / www.alisonlangevad.com

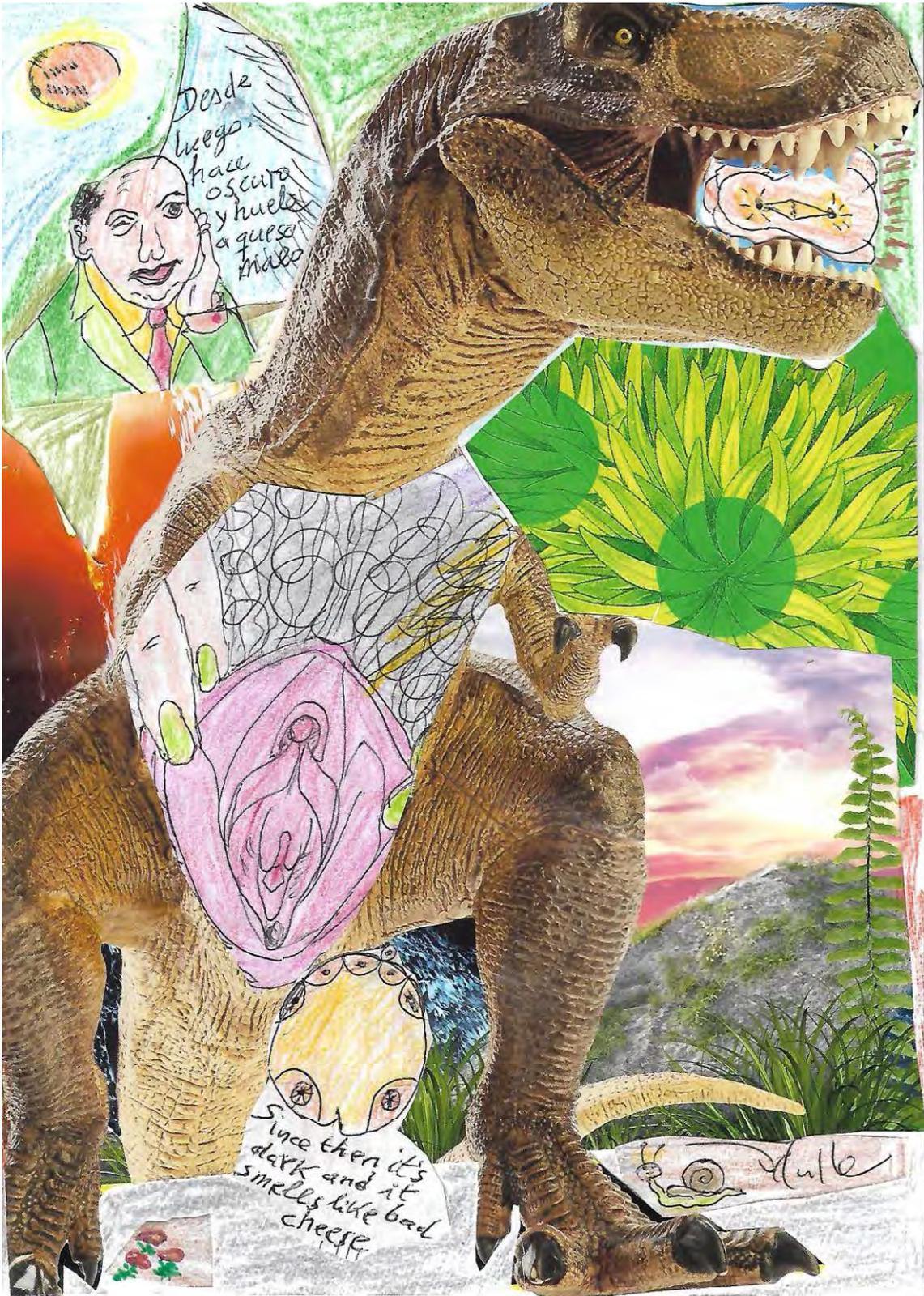
**WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES  
TESTED BY COVID-19**



**ADD YOUR NAME**



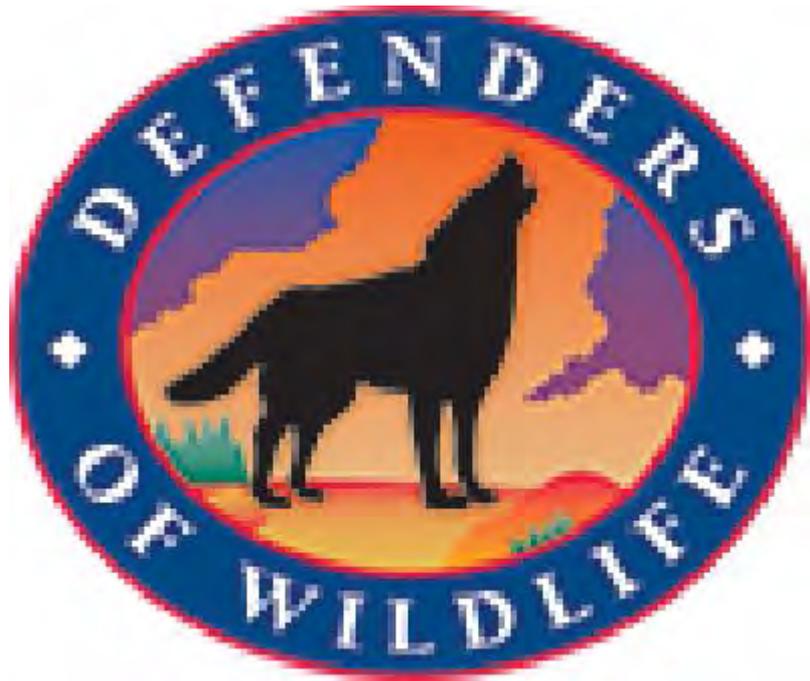
**Our Goal: 50,000 Signatures**



Desde luego,  
hace oscuro  
y huele a queso  
maloso

Since then it's  
dark and it  
smells like bad  
cheese

Hulk



**HAPPY EARTH DAY!**

**Dear Daniel,**

**The big day is here: It's Earth Day, and the last day of our emergency 3x match to save wolves, manatees, orcas and other vulnerable animals.**

**.../...**

**Thank you for your compassion on behalf of wildlife.**

**Sincerely,**

**Jamie Rappaport Clark**



**President & CEO, Defenders of Wildlife**





**Happy Earth Day; Daniel**



**Pallavi Phartiyal**  
**Deputy Executive Director**  
**Rainforest Action Network**



**Dear Daniel,**

**The first Earth Day was a call to action.**

**”/”**

**Thank you for fighting beside us,**

**Abigail Dillen**



**President, Earthjustice**



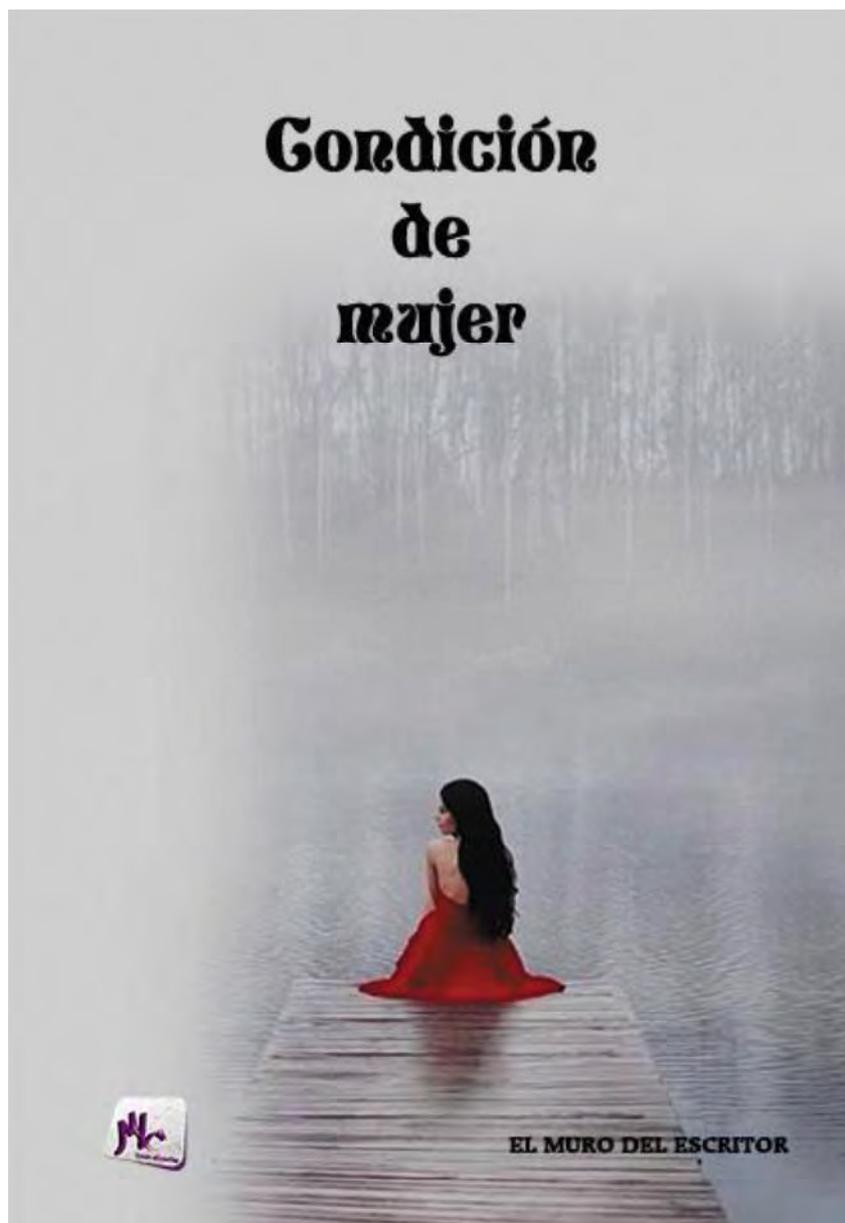
An Introduction to  
**Mermaidology**  
with  
*Karen Kay*  
FAIRY & MERMAID WHISPERER



Sunday 23rd May  
7pm to 8.30pm BST  
Online via ZOOM  
Cost £10

Explore the watery realms of the mermaids

**EL MURO DEL ESCRITOR**  
**"LA MUJER MUEVE EL MUNDO"**



**Finalista: Daniel de Culla**



### **43 ENCIENDO EL ORDENADOR CON MI DEDO GORDO DEL PIE**

**Tengo mucho afecto al ordenador y, cuando tengo todo listo, le enciendo con el dedo gordo de mi pie derecho.**

**Mi esposa me ha pillado y, al instante, de su lengua viperina han salido sapos y culebras contra mí, de furor arrebatadas.**

**-Mira que eres vago. Más vago que la chaqueta de un político o un funcionario.**

**Yo he sido funcionario, esposa mía, le replico.**

**-Así te ha ido, vago más que vago.**

**Yo no he querido Rebuznar, ni tampoco prorrumpir en mil dicterios. Tan sólo me he acordado de ese mi atrevimiento cuando fui a copular con una trabajadora del Sexo, en Lacalle Orense de Madrid, a quien tuve mucho afecto desde el momento que la vi.**

**Me acuerdo que la di cincuenta dineros de las antiguas pesetas por hurgarle la vagina y jugar con su clítoris con mi dedo gordo del pie derecho, mientras ella, con sus dos manos, me arreglaba el miembro hasta llegar al Orgasmo.**

**-Guarda tu furor, me suplicó ella.**

**Yo no pude y, como un tonto forrado de Pasión, o tonto del Culo, le metí todo el pie por la Vagina, eyaculando como lo hacían los Faunos de las fábulas antiguas de los griegos, sus dioses, semidioses y toda la turba de la mitología macho y de sus cuentos.**

**Ella, la trabajadora del Sexo, me transportó, y yo desenterré mi pie tirándole de los cabellos; embaucándola con cuatro besos en sus grandes y pequeños labios, que ella dijo ser “besos de un majadero”.**

**Encender el Ordenador con el dedo gordo del pie derecho será pueril, pero yo lo hago con mucho aprecio.**

**44**

**I have a lot of affection for the computer and, when I have everything ready, I turn it on with the big toe of my right foot.**

**My wife has caught me and, instantly, from her forbidden tongue toads and snakes have come out against me, in rapture.**

**-Look, you're lazy. More vague than the jacket of a politician or an official.**

**-I have been a civil servant, my wife, I reply.**

**-That's how it went, You lazy more than lazy.**

I have not wanted to Brawl, nor to break into a thousand dictatorships. I only remembered that my daring when I went to copulate with a sex worker, in the Calle Orense in Madrid, to who I had a lot of affection from the moment I saw her.

I remember that I gave her fifty dollars of the old pesetas for poking her vagina and playing with her clitoris with my right big toe, while she, with her two hands, fixed my member until I reached orgasm .

- "Save your anger," she begged me.

I could not and, like a fool covered in Passion, or a fool with the Ass, I put my whole foot in her vagina, ejaculating as did the Fauns of the ancient fables of the Greeks, their gods, demigods and all the mob of the male mythology and its stories.

She, the sex worker, transported me, and I dug up my foot by pulling her hair; tricking her with four kisses on her big and small lips, which she said were "kisses from a fool."

Turning on the computer with the big toe of the right foot will be childish, but I do it with great appreciation.



¡Feliz Día del Libro y del Derecho de Autor!

*RAL, M*

Le chasseur abstrait

ISSN 2274-0457

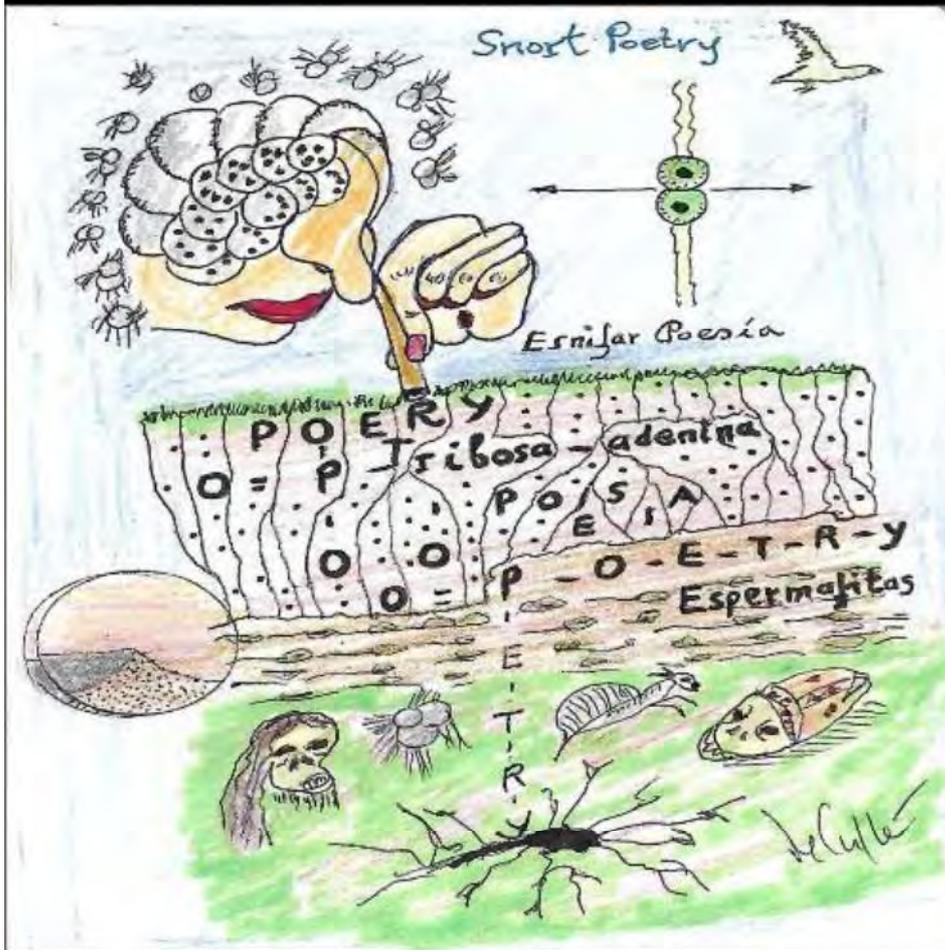
*Revue d'Art et de Littérature, Musique  
écrivez pour empêcher les autres d'écrire*

**dimanche 25 avril 2021**

**Chaque année moins propre  
À servir de limite à ne pas  
Franchir : la porte du voisin.  
*Romain Gambois***

**Daniel de Cullá  
Esnifar poesía  
« Un viernes cagué las plastas... »**

# Esnifar poesía



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**DANIEL DE CULLÁ**

**ESNIFAR POESÍA**

Texte íntegral (pdf - 322 pages)

"La orina de esta mujer

No es remedio para mi sed

Su orina es la que canta

Por ser adúltera y reprimida"

La historia del Amor

Entraba en nuestros labios

Repitiendo yo la fuerza

En la entropierna que añoran

Los incrédulos e ilusos

Mientras las membranas del grillo

Sacaban otro poema

De un cancionero sefardí

**Encontrado entre surcos:  
Gri, Gri, Gri  
¡Y a tomar por culo!**

**Espace de Daniel de Cullá**



**Foto de Daniel**

**45 POBRE DE SOLEMNIDAD DE ALTO STANDING**

Justo ahí, en la foto, al final de las varillas blancas que pertenecen a la Caja Rural, en el pasaje que va desde la Plaza de San Juan a la Avenida de la Paz; al fondo la pared del Monasterio de San Juan, o Museo Marceliano Santamaría; a su izquierda, un lateral de la pared de la Escuela Municipal de Música “Antonio de Cabezón”, antiguo convento de Las Bernardas, monjas cistercienses de San Bernardo, intercambié unas palabras con un pobre de solemnidad de alto standing, andrajoso, roto, lleno de harapos, que me recordó a Diego López de Haro “El Bueno”, señor de Vizcaya, pero no yacente, sino sentado. Y digo “alto standing” pues le encontré friendo un filete de ternera que chisporroteaba en una sartén puesta sobre un infiernillo a pilas parecido a una cafetera Cecolec.

-Jo, tío. Qué chulo ¿eh?, le dije.

Él me contestó:

-Sí, tengo que comer caliente como cualquier hijo de vecino. Todos los productos de alimentación que tengo, me les dan los vecinos.

-¡Oh! qué bien; que aproveche y ¡feliz día!

-Mañana le traeré yo un cuarto de cordero, que usted asará y los dos comeremos.

-Mejor, convíndeme al jarro, o me de unos euros para unos tragos.

Él me dijo que era de Renuncio, localidad de Burgos, o así le entendí yo, donde existió una Comunidad Cisterciense desde 1.180.

Me fui alegre y contento diciéndome a mi mismo:

-Este pobre señor tuvo que ser un gran Rey.

**academy of  
american**

**POETS**

**poem-a-day national**

**poetry month**



**Dear Reader Daniel,**

**Gratefully,**



**Jennifer Benka**



**Executive Director**

de la  
**maisonpoésie**  
scène littéraire

## **Terror House Magazine**

**Daniel de Culla:**

**Water, God, and Come May**

**Contraportada**



Foto de Daniel

## **46 ME QUITO EL SOMBRERO**

**Me quito el sombrero  
Y lo lanzo sobre los espinos  
Junto al río Arlanzón.**

**Veo pasar un buey con su ángel  
Y una mujer viuda con su hija  
-La Vida está sembrada de espinos, hija  
Le dice su madre.  
-Pero, madre  
¿Todos los hombres son tan burros  
Como un arado?  
-Sí, hija. Como al buey  
Sólo les interesa de nosotras  
Abrirnos en surco.  
-Pero, el campanero  
Que repica las campanas  
Parece un santo, madre.  
-No creas hija, no  
En santos que mean.  
El otro día me quiso dar  
Cantidad de dinero  
Por tener mi seta.  
-Te he de advertir, madre  
Que, por dinero  
Mi honor no lo mancha  
Ningún hijo de puta.  
Yo fui tras ellas  
Por la calle de la Audiencia  
En Burgos  
Con mucha satisfacción  
Enseñándoles cuatrocientos euros**

**Por estar con las dos.  
No me hicieron caso  
Y, cruzando el Arco de Santa María  
Se metieron en la Catedral  
Por la Calle de la Paloma.  
Yo me he dicho:  
-Adiós, polvete, desdichado.**

## **VAYO COLLAGE GALLERY**

**Rochester, New York**

**Hello Daniel!**

**Thank you for your message! Are these all examples of your work? Is one of them a submission for the "Compression" exhibition? Has it shipped to the gallery? The open call is open through Friday!**

**Your Friend in Collage,**

**Celia**



## **THE PANGOLIN REVIEW**

**Hello Pangolin friend,**

**We hope that you are doing well.**

**We appeal for your understanding; being slightly understaffed we are going to release Issue 18 with around 130 poets in a few days, as from today.**

Meanwhile, you can link up with and follow both our editor and magazine, where we will post regularly on Twitter to a wider audience:  
<https://twitter.com/AmitParmessur>

Kind Regards,

And our deepest prayers go to India, in the midst of a huge battle right now.

Jane Mayflower

Keep the passion for writing alive—The Pangolin.



Happy Spring! Well, it's raining here, so it must be spring. I planted tulips only on my deck, and so long as the tricky deer can't figure out how to get to them, they should bloom soon. I'll post pictures if they survive Bambi and friends.

For now, guess what? I have a novella called **RESCUE: COWBOY STYLE** in an anthology that released today, also including stories by Diana Palmer and Kate Pierce. There's an excerpt below, and I hope you like it! Also, this month we have a free book from my pal, Laura Kaye. It's a great one! See the link below.

A humungous thank you for such great release days for **VAMPIRE** and **ADVERSE POSSESSION**! We had tons of fun at the release parties on FB. And...drum roll...here is the newly released cover for **IMMORTAL'S HONOR** from the Dark Protector series. This is Sam and Honor's story...and man, it's a hot one! Literally. 😊

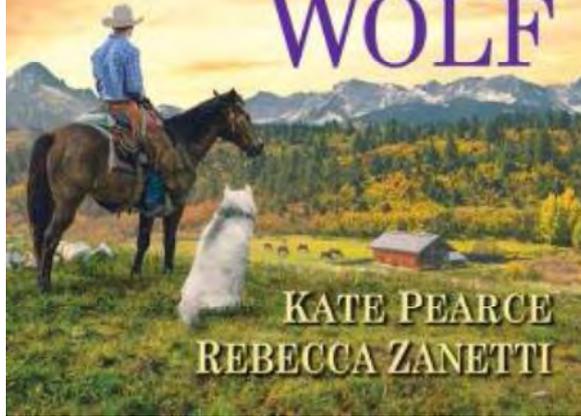
Rebecca XO

New York Times Bestselling Authors

DIANA  
PALMER

All new!  
First time  
in print!

LONE  
WOLF



KATE PEARCE  
REBECCA ZANETTI



# BULLETIN D'INFORMATION

de l'Amicale des Anciens Guérilleros Espagnols en France (F.F.I.)



J.O. n° 64, 22-07-1976 - Siège social national : 27, rue Emile Cartailhac, 31000 Toulouse - Libellé chèques : AAGEF

« Résister est un verbe qui se conjugue au présent » (Lucie Aubrac)

Bulletin trimestriel - Directeur de la publication : Henri Farreny - N° CPPAP 0924 A 07130 3 €

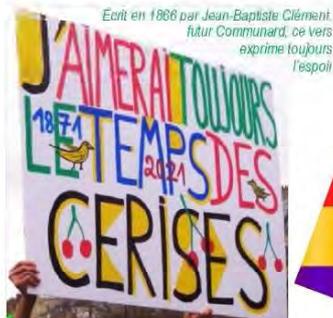
Contacts : aagef.ffi@free.fr 1<sup>er</sup> trimestre 2021 (parution : 12 avril 2021) n° 161

## 1871 Les hommes meurent...

**Voici 150 ans**, du 18 mars au 28 mai 1871, les *Communards* parisiens « montaient à l'assaut du ciel ». Comme l'histoire de la *Grande Révolution* (1789) – qui renversa la royauté – et de la *Révolution de 1848* – qui adopta la devise *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité* – leur lutte pour une république sociale, laïque et démocratique a fait le tour du monde.

**Voici 90 ans**, le 14 avril 1931, à Madrid et Barcelone, à Valencia comme à Bilbao ou Séville on chanta *La Marseillesa*. En décembre, la nouvelle constitution proclama que « *España es una república democrática de trabajadores de toda clase* ». Cinq ans plus tard, une des premières unités des *Brigades Internationales* s'appelaient *Bataillon Commune de Paris*. Notre camarade **Jesús GARCÍA**, qui aura 103 ans en octobre prochain, en était : voir en page 12.

**Voici 75 ans**, le 9 février 1946, *l'Espoir* de 1936 était grand à nouveau car la toute jeune ONU avait sévèrement condamné le régime franquiste. Hélas, malgré la mobilisation des militants républicains, malgré le courage des guérilleros qui continuèrent le combat en Espagne, la dictature se consolida. Le 21 février, 1946, **Cristino GARCÍA**, héros de la Résistance en France, était fusillé à Madrid.



Écrit en 1888 par Jean-Baptiste Clément, futur Communiste, ce vers exprime toujours l'espoir

## 1946 leurs idées demeurent 2021

**En 2021**, hélas, l'Espagne est encore un royaume ! Si les hommes sont égaux en droits comme l'ont proclamé nos ancêtres de 1789, comment peut-on être monarchiste ? La prétendue « *transición* », commencée en 1975 n'est toujours pas achevée, tant il reste d'empreintes du franquisme dans l'Espagne d'aujourd'hui, dont l'appareil d'état (justice, police, armée) et la constitution. Si les Républicains ont eu raison de résister en 1936 à la coalition des fascismes européens, il convient de réanimer les principes pour lesquels ils combattirent (cf. tribune ci-après en p. 10-11).

Fidèles aux idéaux progressistes des fondateurs de notre association, nous sommes favorables à des référendums portant sur le remplacement du régime conservateur institué au lendemain de la mort de Franco. L'opinion publique espagnole évolue majoritairement en ce sens (cf. bulletin n° 160 p. 15). Nous souhaitons que l'actuel gouvernement accompagne résolument cette aspiration à la démocratisation, dans toutes ses dimensions.

Dans ce contexte nous nous réjouissons que les présidents Macron et *el presidente Sánchez* aient rendu visite *al presidente Azaña* (cf. p. 6). Nous apprécions que notre association soit officiellement invitée pour « *el acto de estado* » du 8 mai\* prochain à Madrid, en hommage à ceux qui combattirent le fascisme.

Henri Farreny

\* Date issue du débat entre associations et gouvernement dans le cadre de la préparation de la nouvelle *Ley de Memoria Democrática*

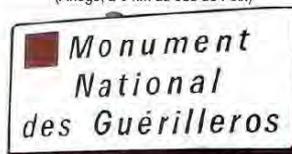


De par la pandémie, toutes les activités sont perturbées. Les nôtres aussi.

Dont l'organisation et la participation aux réunions et manifestations. Sans renoncer, protégeons-nous.

## Samedi 5 juin - 11 h - Prayols

(Ariège, à 6 km au sud de Foix)



## 2021 : honneur à la Résistance espagnole, active dès 1941

Contacts : 06 34 46 50 17 - 05 61 69 85 81  
jeannine.garcia518@orange.fr

## Vendredi 25 juin 2021 – 10 h 30 23 rue Vicq d'Azir, Paris 10<sup>e</sup>

Le 27 juin 1942 à Paris, une rafle frappa des dizaines de résistants espagnols. **Manuel BERGÈS**, soupçonné d'être leur chef, mourut le jour même, à la préfecture, d'une balle dans la bouche tirée par l'arme d'un policier. Sur dossier présenté par l'AAGEF-FFI, la mention *Mort pour la France* lui a été attribuée le 29 avril 2016. La plaque ci-dessous, installée le 2 mars 2020, non inaugurée pour cause de Covid-19, le sera maintenant :

## En hommage aux Espagnols tombés à Paris en 1941-1944

ICI FUT ARRÊTÉ LE 27 JUIN 1942  
MANUEL BERGÈS i ARDERIU  
RÉPUBLICAIN ESPAGNOL  
MILITANT DE LA UNIÓN NACIONAL ESPAÑOLA  
POUR SUIVI POUR ACTIVITÉS COMMUNISTES.  
ÂGÉ DE 31 ANS, IL EST ASSASSINÉ  
LE MÊME JOUR PAR LA POLICE VICHYSTE  
MORT POUR LA FRANCE

## Dans le sommaire

P. 2 Bayonne, Irun  
P. 2 Henri DÍAZ, Francisco LARROY  
P. 3 15<sup>e</sup> Marche pour la Dignité  
P. 4 Juan RIERA, Cristino GARCÍA  
P. 4 C. Astruc et Marie Piqué à Dorredon  
P. 5 Angoulême, Auxerre, Bordeaux, Huesca

P. 6 E. Macron et P. Sánchez à Montauban  
P. 7 Dialogue avec les présidents  
P. 7 C. Astruc à Septfonds  
P. 8 Enzo GODEAS – Livres pour déconfiner  
P. 9 Isabel Argentina ÁLVAREZ MORÁN  
P. 10 10 tesis sobre el futuro de la democracia  
P. 12 1931-2021 : merci aux vétérans

## 14 avril 1931 – 14 avril 2021

¡Viva la República!

En pages 2 et 5, annonces de cérémonies à :  
Auxerre, Bayonne, Bordeaux, Huesca, Irun

En pages 10 et 11, tribune :

La República del siglo XXI





**Daniel**

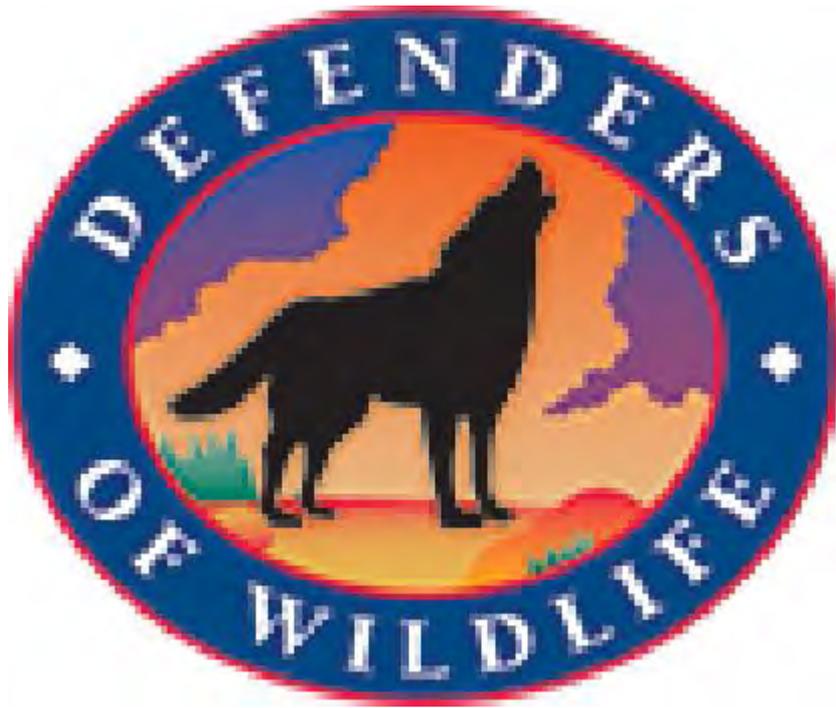
**Happy book release day!**

**Much love,**

**Karen**

Click here  
to order!





**Protect Idaho Wolves**



**Dear Daniel,**

**Idaho's governor is deciding whether to sign a bill that would pay private contractors to kill up to 90% of the state's wolves.**

**.../...**

**[STOP WOLVES FROM BEING KILLED](#)**

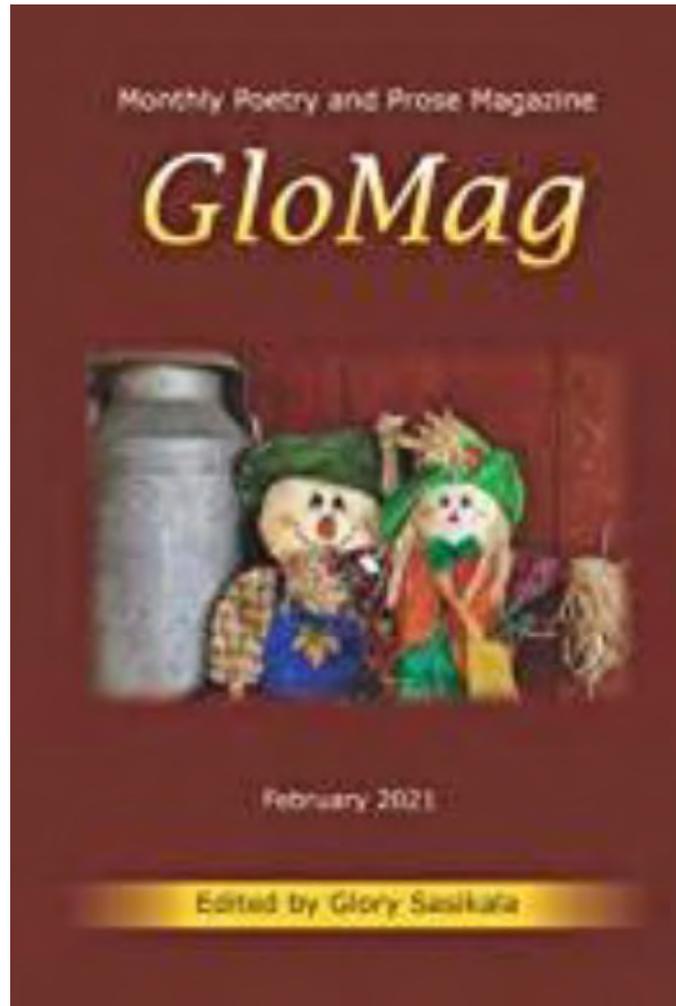
**Thank you for all you do for imperiled wildlife.**

**Sincerely,**



**Zoë Hanley**

**Northwest Representative  
Defenders of Wildlife**



**Glory Sasikala**

**Para:**

**daniel de culla**

**mié, 28 de abr. a las 8:36 a. m.**

**Thank you sooooo much for this treasure Daniel. I hope you're doing good and staying safe? My love and kisses to little Kylian. Do take care! It's bad all over.**

**Love and Best Wishes,**

**Glory**



**On Wed, 28 Apr 2021 at 11:48, daniel de culla wrote:**

**Lovely Glory, I hope and wish that you and all of your are well before that devastating pandemic in your beautiful and beloved India.**

**A hug, and Blessed Be;**

**Here's works for to put in GloMag .**

---



# **Rene Victor Valqui Vidal**

**jue, 29 de abr. a las 11:47 a. m.**

**Gracias Daniel**

**todos aceptados**

**es un honor tenerte en el grupo**

**Cuídate**

**Victor**



**Un cordial saludo, en porimer lugar, Víctor.**

**Te dejo unas primicias en honor de Joan brossa, y unos poemas.**

**Que todo vaya bien.**

**¡Salud! Daniel**







**Polución. Cuadro de Isabel Gómez de Diego**

**47 A PESAR DE LA POLUCION**

**A pesar de la polución**

**Me fui a visitar a una amiga rapaz**

**Arrastradita y con lengua larga**

**Haciendo una pirueta al caminar**

**Desde Carabanchel, mi barrio**

**Hasta Móstoles, en Madrid**

**Creyendo albergar en mi alma**

**Muchas ilusiones de que ella**

**El cerrojo de su casa descorrería.**

**En síntesis, lo único que conseguí:**

**Que ella entreabrió la puerta**

**Sin quitar la cadena del cerrojo  
Viendo yo que estaba en camisón  
Con zapatillas de raso  
Y no sólo no me dejó entrar  
Sino que me sacó la lengua.**

**48 DESPITE THE POLLUTION**

**Despite the pollution  
I went to visit a rapacious girl friend  
Dragged and with a long tongue  
Doing a pirouette while walking  
From Carabanchel, my neighborhood  
To Móstoles, in Madrid  
Believing to harbor in my soul  
Many illusions that she  
The lock on her house would pull back.  
In short, the only thing I got:  
That she ajar the door  
Without removing the chain from the bolt  
Seeing that she was in a nightgown  
With satin slippers  
And she not only she did not let me in  
But she stuck her tongue out at me.**

**DOSTOEVSKY**

**mail art project**

**Открыт прием работ на проект, посвященный 200-**

со дня рождения Ф. М. Достоевского.

Дедлайн - 1 сентября 2021



Dear Daniel,

**Thanks to people like you, dogs and cats across the country will be given the best chance to find homes, and it'll be even easier for their future adopters to take them home**

**Thank you so much for your kindness and compassion during the Pay It Forward campaign and all year long. All of us at Best Friends, especially the animals, are grateful. And profound thanks to Fresh**

**Step® cat litter for their generous \$100,000 matching gift as we work together to Save Them All.**

*Julie*

**Julie Castle, CEO**



**Best Friends Animal Society**





**Dear Daniel,**

**From the sapling in your backyard to the great trunks of the world's rainforests, we owe so much to the trees that clean the air we breathe and the water we drink and are home to thousands of the world's animals. And not only are these rainforests rich and vital habitats, they're one of our last lines of defense against climate change, and we are losing them at an alarming rate.**

**Every year on Arbor Day, we take a moment to celebrate the greatness and importance of trees — and make a plan to protect them for future generations. RAN is working this Arbor Day, and every day, to protect the planet's trees from deforestation and illegal logging. Now, you can join us in that mission for years to come.**

**Many of our supporters choose to create legacy gifts to protect and**

**a large part of the reason we're able to continue this important work day in and day out.**

**If you're interested in creating a legacy that protects and cares for trees this Arbor Day, I wanted to share our free estate planning resource. In 20 minutes or less, you can get started on a legal will and include the necessary language to create a lasting gift to support the planet's few remaining rainforests.**

**Because every day we give strength to frontline communities and Indigenous Peoples, we bring hope to a planet that's gasping for air. RAN has a history of making a BIG impact, taking on some of the largest corporations in the world and winning! Please consider the future you want to see for rainforests and plant that seed today.**

**trees that have given us so much.**



**Ginger Cassady**

**Executive Director**

**Rainforest Action Network**

# **THE PANGOLIN REVIEW**

**Issue 18, 30 April 2021**

**Daniel de Culla: The Weatherman**

**OTOLITHS**

A MAGAZINE OF MANY E-THINGS

ISSN 1833-623X

**issue sixty-one**

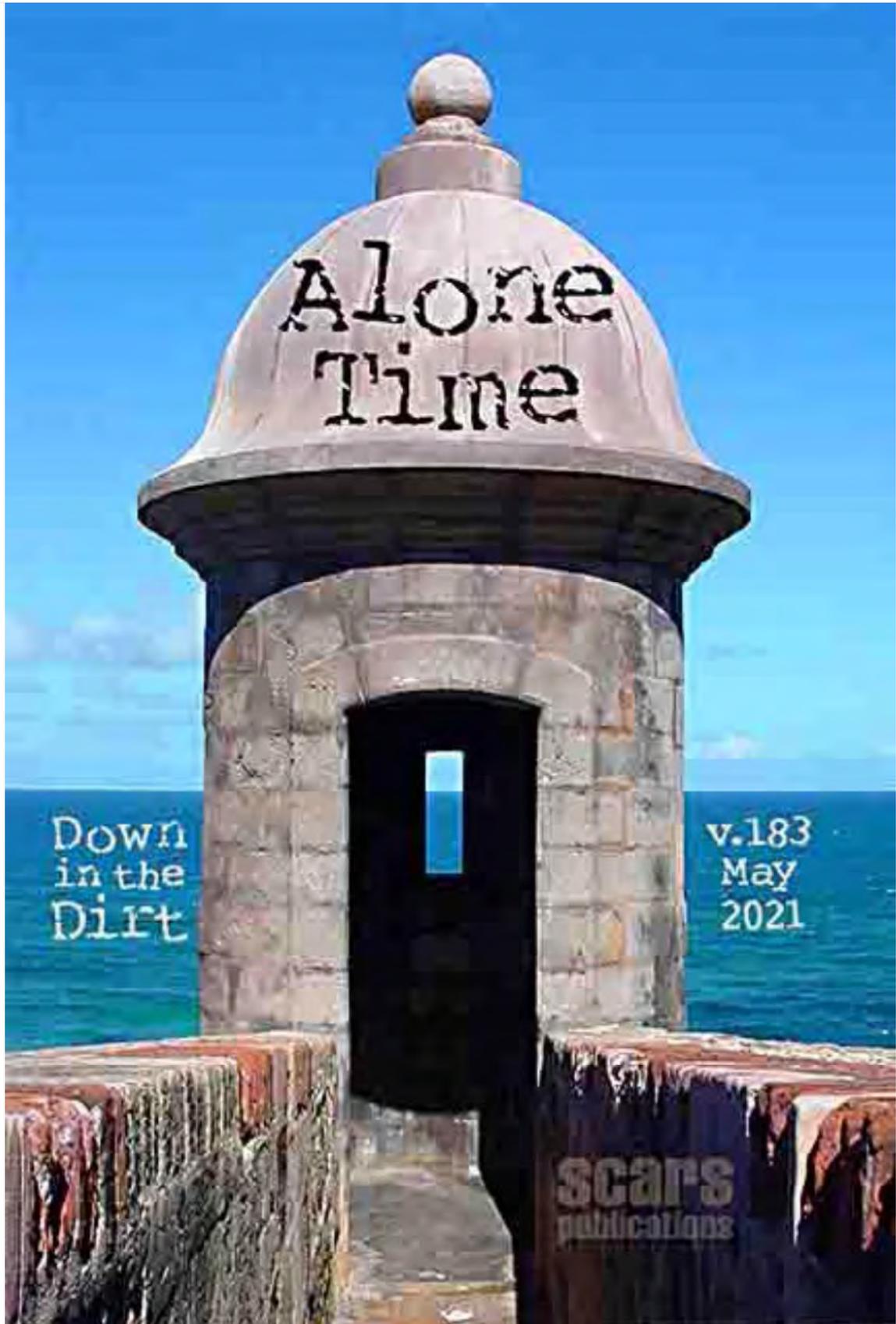
**southern autumn, 2021**

Daniel de Culla  
Ten Visuals



Y otros





**Participo con:**



**Bray Essence in a Little Bottle**



# Letters in Language

Harold Legaspi

Dear Daniel,

Thank you for your  
poems.

Harold



flying island books



ASM

Cerberus



Cerberus Press



De Internet

#### **49 TARDE DE PASION EN EL METRO**

**Era de tarde, cuando los obreros salen de las fábricas y vuelven a casa. Ella y yo, sin conocernos, cogimos la Línea 5 del Metro de Madrid en Callao, sentándonos ella frente a mí en un vagón atestado de gente.**

**Yo iba encendido de pasión, con el miembro fuera del calzoncillo, soñando con deseos de ligar. En seguida que la vi, tan guapa era que, al instante, me enamoré de ella.**

**Tratando de casar con ella, la miré haciéndole con mis ojos guiar los suyos hasta el cruce del pantalón, donde mi miembro erecto, dentro del pantalón, le hacía señas intentando romper la bragueta.**

**Una gota, como de nácar, salió de la tela quedando prendida en ella.**

**Ella se quedó admirada del botón de nácar, notando en sus ojos un deseo de llegar a mí. Me miró, bajó sus ojos al cruce de su pantalón guiando los míos hacia un bulbo como capullo que se abría dentro moviendo sus pétalos o ninfas.**

**Vivos como estaban, dejamos jugar a nuestros sexos en la corta distancia, no importándonos la gente que nos rodeaba, aunque fuéramos todos apretados como sardinas en lata.**

**Yo tenía que bajarme en Urgel, pero me propuse bajar donde ella se bajara, pues yo la quería enamorar soñando que debajo de su lindo pecho tendría un lunar.**

**Ella se bajó en Carabanchel. Yo la seguí por detrás; intentado, al subirnos las escaleras mecánicas hacia ña salida, arrimarme a ella y rozarla como hacen los peces entre sí en el mar.**

**Ella sabía que yo la seguía, esperando, lo sé, que la dijera algo; y no le dije nada.**

**A la entrada del portal de su casa, ella se volvió a mí; me miró; pero no vino a mí ni yo a ella, como cada uno de los dos esperábamos.**

**-¡Pero qué lerdos los dos; me dije. Yo más tonto que ella.**

**Yo ya me había corrido dentro del pantalón, y sabía que a mi miembro no podría resucitar en este momento; por eso, me marché del lugar caminado hacia mi casa, en Urgel, diciéndome:**

**-Maldito sea mi miembro, y maldito sea yo por haber dejado marchar tan hermosa mujer.**

## **50 AFTERNOON OF PASSION IN THE SUBWAY**

**It was afternoon when the workers left the factories and returned home. She and Me, without knowing each other, took Line 5 of the Madrid Subway 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 my 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 mines 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 dreaming that under her pretty breast she would have a mole.**

**She got off at Carabanchel. I followed her behind; 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.**



**dimanche 2 mai 2021**

**Espace de Daniel de Cullá**



**GloMag**  
GLOWING

*Monthly Online Poetry and Prose  
Magazine*

*January 2021*



*Edited and Published by Glory Sasikala*

**GloMag**  
GLOMAG

*Monthly Online Poetry and Prose  
Magazine  
April 2021*



*Edited and Published by Glory Sasikala*



## **51 EL PASO DE AGAPITO POR LA IGLESIA, LOS SINDICATOS Y LA POLITICA**

**Fue en la presente edad cuando Agapito marchó al Seminario para estudiar para cura, servir a Dios, a su Iglesia y a sus corderos y corderas, atraído por sus Rebuzzos, vivir como Dios, su toques de campanas, que ínclitos resuenan.**

**Pasados nueve años, cuando estaba hasta la coronilla de hacerse pajas espirituales, mentales y naturales, y con un cabreo especial contra toda esa caterva de gente de clerecía, sacerdotes (sa- cerdo- tes) hipócritas, obscenos, embusteros, que su bien le fundan solamente en engañar y alucinar al pueblo, se salió al ruedo de la vida para codearse con todos los Asnos y toda esa caterva de gente de la plebe.**

**Estudiando Magisterio y Filosofía, tuvo la gloria de haber cantado con éxito beliz la bella prenda del Rebuznar consiguiendo, a través de pruebas, un puesto de funcionario, habitando en la ciudad de Madrid, ciudad que ninguna otra de España le gana en Rebuznos.**

**Con un “Sí, quiero” dado a tiempo, se vino con su amada Musa a una ciudad declarada de interés cultural. Aquí, se hizo de un Sindicato con el fin de luchar en favor de los trabajadores “y cuantos bienes procurarles pueda”.**

**Cuando fue a darse de alta en el Sindicato, reparó que quien le recibió se tiró unos cuescos malolientes e inaguantables, orgulloso de que creía que Agapito se los merecía, y esperaba se marchase como**

**funcionarios de cualquier tipo y menos servidores del Estado.**

**Agapito aguantó como un valiente la peste. Firmó la ficha, pagó su cuota, diciéndose a sí mismo: -Que rabie, rabie este prenda, que yo me quiero dedicar a los grandes Asnos de mi tierra.**

**Cuando ya cumplió su deber, dejó de pagar la cuota y se apuntó a un partido político cuyo elogio del Rebuzno no le envidia a ningún otro partido. En él militaron los más grandes Poetas, Escritores Artistas e Intelectuales, montando varias candidaturas de anarco sindicalistas, con muy poco éxito electoral en una Ciudad donde triunfa el Rebuzno a la sombra de un pesebre sacro facha.**

**Cuando le preguntas a Agapito el porqué de este su gracioso devenir de asníflu acento, él responde:**

**-Yo me sentía, desde niño, modulado por la gracia de Dios: me habían bautizado, hice la Comunión, fui monaguillo, y me metí seminarista.**

**Allí, en el Seminario, tanto en mis oraciones como en ejercicios espirituales, mi único anhelo era buscar a Puta, diosa de los arbustos, ensalzándola en heroicos pollinales metros, o en gregoriano.**

**Después, ya en la calle, quise ser una obra bien útil a la humana raza, por eso, honrando al Asno que me habita, quise enseñar a los Asnos de mi Patria lo que vale un Rebuzno dado en todo tiempo.**

**Ese grito o clamor que retumba en Universidades, Institutos, Seminarios, Senados y Congresos infunde a los hombres sabiduría, inspirando a los curas sonoros versos y a los políticos esas voces que parecen salir de cuadras y corrales, que alcanzan hasta el cielo.**

**Yo sé que la gente de la plebe aprecia mucho a sus Asnos; todos ellos deudores a sus Rebuznos, pues gracias a ellos consiguen buenos emolumentos, victorias y cetros.**



**-Daniel de Culla**

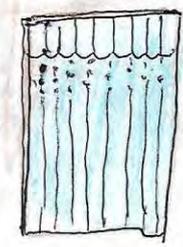
Me hubiera gustado  
saber con Dante  
una jornada  
en el Infierno



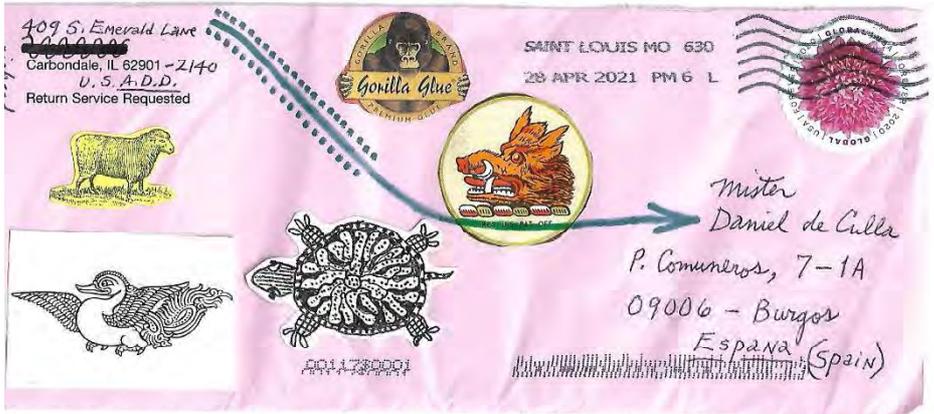
lo puedes leer  
en Torremocha  
y en Albaete,  
y dondequiera  
que estés  
a las tres  
como a las  
siete.

To read Dante  
with all  
happiness  
at three  
like seven

La Vita nuova  
con doña Beatriz  
o doña Guenés!



Vauk



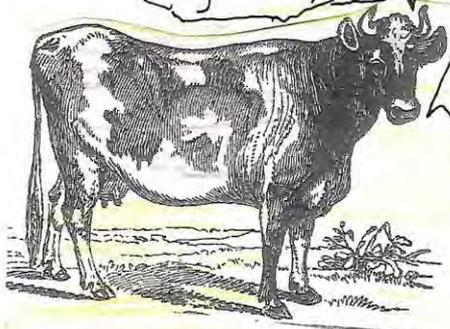




Los Cerdos van a los toros

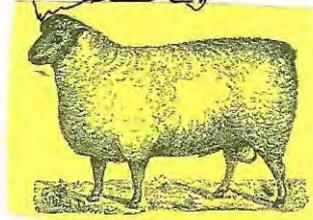
El crimen de los toros,  
su muerte, es causa de triunfos  
grandes y estupendos

El toro, hecho un demonio  
en cierta tarde de luna, busca  
al torero, que le invita con un trapo  
bañado en sangre.



¡Ahora me  
quedo yo sin  
polvo!

No quisiera estar  
en el pellejo del toro



Sin una Dama de  
Picas no tiene  
gracia la torería



Cuando el torero  
me tira la montera,  
las orejas y el rabo,  
me meo de gusto



El respetable,  
con Rebernos  
muy tremendos  
a terra al ganado:

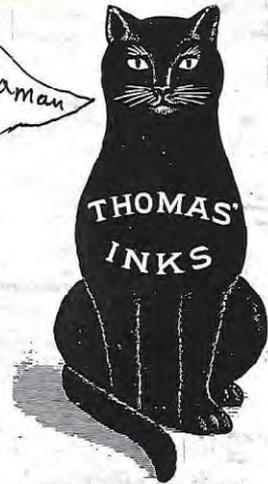


A los de  
Madrid llaman  
gatos

En el matar se apoya  
el torero. Y el respetable  
exclama:  
¡lo que vale una estocada  
dada a tiempo!



olé!





## **52 EL SUPERHEROE**

**Hoy se sentía feliz el Superhéroe. Cómo se jactaba de verse, desnudo ante el espejo, como un dios o semidiós de la mitología griega. Su miembro erecto, parecido al del Asno, le rozaba la barba.**

**--Hoy me iré al trabajo a pie; le habló a su pene.**

**Hoy se encontraba plétórico de voluntad y buenos deseos, de tal manera que sería el más eficaz en el trabajo. Vestido, vio que desde las orejas hasta el rabo, su físico y su moral le presentaban abundancia de ideas; así que, marchó a la cocina a prepararse un desayuno a rebosar.**

**Se preparó tres tostadas: a una, le frotó un ajo, echándole por encima aceite de oliva; a otra, le frotó un tomate natural, echándole aceite de oliva por encima y una loncha de jamón de jabugo por encima del aceite; a la tercera, le puso por encima del tueste mermelada de frutas del bosque.**

**También, se preparó un batido de yema de huevo con vino tinto y dos cucharadas de azúcar; y un tazón hermoso de leche con cacao, echándole en la leche un chorrito de orujo, como esos que se toman los labriegos antes de marchar a la faena de madrugada.**

**Se puso como “el Pipo”, patentizando las bellas calidades, las honras y las glorias de los superhéroes.**

**Al terminar este desayuno, su prestancia y belleza era un clamor. Estaba a reventar. A punto de un estrépito.**

**La ropa ceñida le marcaba las moyas de los brazos y las piernas, y el paquete de entrepierna.**

**-Hoy sí que me voy a enseñorear ante mis compañeras y compañeros de trabajo; se dijo, saliendo de casa.**

**como un guerrero que desfila, arredrando a cualquiera que pasaba a su lado. Doblaba las esquinas de los edificios como los mejores forzudos; escuchando que algunas mujeres le dedicaban versos sin entender lo que decían.**

**Al llegar al trabajo, dos bibliotecarias se quedaron deslumbradas, viendo al superhéroe que rezumaba luz y estaba coloradote, siendo objeto de sus observaciones.**

**-Se le ve asnal y humano, dijo una de ellas a la otra.**

**Ya en su mesa de trabajo de administración, en estado de rebosar erudición, justo al lado de una compañera que le habían impuesto, reventada ya de una vez su bragueta, y su pene salido, debajo de la mesa, en esa interesante carrera de la erección, la compañera le dijo:**

**-No creas que te la voy a menear; indicándole el camino hacia los servicios.**

**El superhéroe no se arredró. Esta erección era merito suyo. Se corrió sólo, como hacen los Burros antes de hacer sus Rebuznoso en sus Rebuznos.**

**-¡Feliz yo; le dijo a la compañera. ¡Va por usted; Contigo no hubiera conseguido el objeto que me propongo. Las mujeres tenéis que aprender a hacer pajas. ¡No tenéis ni idea; aunque sepáis cuantos bienes procuraros puede.**

**-Asno por excelencia y sin igual, rumoreó la compañera. ¡Esa gloria tienes; Tan solo es tuya, ¡cerdo;**

### **53 THE SUPERHERO**

**Today the Superhero was happy. How he boasted of seeing himself, naked before the mirror, as a god or demigod from Greek mythology. His erect member, similar to that of the Ass, brushed his beard.**

**-Today I will go to work on foot; he spoke to his penis.**

**Today he was full of will and good wishes, in such a way that he would be the most effective at work. Dressed, he saw that from ear to tail, his physique and morals presented him with plenty of ideas; so, he went to the kitchen to make himself a brimming breakfast. He prepared three toasts: to one, he rubbed garlic, pouring olive oil over it; to another, he rubbed a natural tomato, pouring olive oil on top and a slice of jabugo ham over the oil; on the third, he topped the roast with berry jam.**

**Also, he prepared an egg yolk shake with red wine and two tablespoons of sugar; and a beautiful bowl of milk with cocoa, pouring a drizzle of marc into the milk, like those that peasants drink before leaving for work at dawn.**

**He became like "El Pipo" (Guzzler), showing the beautiful qualities, the honors and the glories of superheroes. At the end of this breakfast, his poise and beauty was an outcry. He was bursting. On the verge of a crash. His tight clothing marked the muscles on his arms and legs, and the crotch pack.**

**-Today I am going to rule over my colleagues; he told himself, leaving the house.**

**He took the road "to work" and, through the streets, he marched like a warrior who marches, arresting anyone who passed him by his side. He rounded the corners of buildings like the best strongmen; hearing that some women dedicated verses to him without understanding what they were saying.**

**Upon arriving at work, two librarians were dazzled, seeing the superhero who exuded light and was red, being the object of their observations.**

**-He looks donkey and human, said one of them to the other.**

**Already at his administrative work table, in a state of overflowing erudition, right next to a colleague who had been imposed on him, his fly already burst, and his penis sticking out, under the table, in that interesting career of the erection, the partner said:**

**-Don't think I'm going to shake it for you; showing him the way to services.**

**The superhero did not flinch. His erection was his merit. He came by himself, like Donkeys do before doing their Bray on the Bray on him.**

**-Happy me! He said to the partner. Going for you! With you I would not have achieved the object that I propose. Women have to learn to jerk off. You have no idea! Even if you know how many goods you can procure.**

**- Ass par excellence and without equal, the companion rumored. That glory you have! It is only yours, bastard pig!**

## **54 AGAPITO'S PASSAGE THROUGH THE CHURCH, UNIONS AND POLITICS**

**It was in the present age when Agapito went to the Seminary to study for a priest, to serve God, his Church and his lambs and lambs, attracted by his rebelliousness, living like God, his bells ringing, that illusions resound.**

**After nine years, when he was fed up with making spiritual, mental and natural wankings, and with a special anger against all that crowd of clergy people, hypocritical, obscene, deceitful priests (priests), that his good to him based only on deceiving and hallucinating the people, he went out into the ring of life to rub shoulders with all the Asses and all that bunch of people from the common people.**

**Studying Teaching and Philosophy, he had the glory of having successfully sung the beautiful garment of Hee Haw, obtaining, through tests, an official position, living in the city of Madrid, a city that no other in Spain beats him in Hee Haws.**

**With a "Yes, I do" given on time, he came with his beloved Muse to a city declared of cultural interest. Here, he became a union in order to fight in favor of the workers "and as many goods as he can procure for them."**

**When he went to join the Union, he noticed that whoever received him threw some smelly and unbearable holes, proud that he believed that Agapito deserved them, and hoped he would leave as he had come, "with fresh wind", because in that Union does not admit civil servants of any type and less servants of the State.**

**Agapito endured the plague like a brave man. He signed the card, paid his fee, saying to himself: -What annoy, this garment, that I want to dedicate myself to the great Asses of my land.**

**When he fulfilled his duty, he stopped paying the fee and joined a political party whose praise of Bray is not envied by any other party. In it, the greatest Poets, Writers, Artists and Intellectuals militated, mounting several candidacies of anarcho syndicalists, with very little electoral success in a City where the Hee Haw triumphs in the shadow of a sacred crib.**

**When you ask Agapito why his funny asnifluous accent is becoming, he answers:**

**-I felt, since I was a child, modulated by the grace of God: I had been baptized, I did Communion, I was an altar boy, and I became a seminarian.**

**There, in the Seminary, both in my prayers and in spiritual exercises, my only desire was to look for Puta (Whore), goddess of the bushes, extolling her in heroic pollinal meters, or in Gregorian.**

Later, already in the street, I wanted to be a very useful work for the human race, therefore, honoring the Ass that inhabits me, I wanted to teach the Asses of my Country what a Bray given at all times is worth.

That cry or clamor that resounds in Universities, Institutes, Seminars, Senates and Congresses instills in men wisdom, inspiring priests with sound verses and politicians those voices that seem to come out of stables and corrals, reaching up to the sky.

I know that the common people appreciate their Donkeys very much; all of them debtors to their Brays, because thanks to them they get good emoluments, victories and scepters.



# Siembra

Salome salomemolto

Daniel,

sáb, 8 de may

VAYA QUE MARAVILLA. GRACIAS

**A ver si el lunes voy a correos y te mando el libro y un millón de gracias por tu colaboración**

**Tan pronto ultimamos ya empezamos con Siembra de junio**

**Salud**

**Salomé**

# **LiteLitOne**

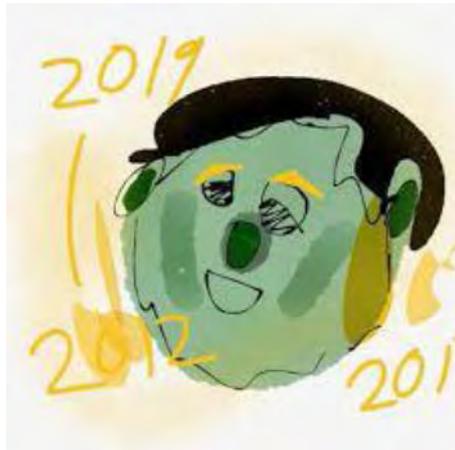
**Hi Daniel,**

**Issue 7 is now live. You can view it at:**

**[www.litelitone.com](http://www.litelitone.com)**

**Congratulations once again and thank you for your contribution.**

**Kind regards,**



**Harold Legaspi**

**Founding Editor**

**Lite Lit One**

**LiteLitOne is on the lands of the Darug people. I acknowledge their ongoing relationship to the land and pay our respect to Darug Elders, and to all Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people on whose lands I work.**



Issue 7

WASP'S NEST

# GLOBAL EXCHANGE



Dear Daniel,

Thank you for taking action.

All of us at  
Global Exchange



**RAL, M** Le chasseur abstrait ISSN 2274-0457  
*Revue d'Art et de Littérature, Musique*  
*écrivez pour empêcher les autres d'écrire*

**dimanche 9 mai 2021**

**Espace de Daniel de Cullá**



**55 Ejecución por los 4 caballos**  
**al Inka José Gabriel Condorcanqui**

## **de Antonio Huillca Huallpa**

**Primero, mi admiración por este artista plástico singular en el arte cusqueño. Antonio Huillca Huallpa, nacido en la comunidad de Queramarca, distrito de Tinta, provincia de Canchis, Cusco. Heredero de las tradiciones culturales de su pueblo, hijo de un buen agricultor y pintor decorador, Don Luciano, músico y cantor de yaravíes; curandero o médico altruista del pueblo Pampamisayoo, y de una buena mujer con nobles sentimientos y gran espíritu de trabajo, doña Leocadia; pastor de llamas y ovejas en su niñez, niño genio del Arte, que al más indiferente excita.**

**Ganador de premios de Arte en esculturas policromadas, y pintura, Antonio fue fundador y Director del “Museo de Arte y Cultura” en la ciudad de Cusco. Difusor del arte, escritor, permanente Investigador del Arte Universal y Analista de la Historia Andina. Casado con la ñust’a Bárbara Tunque “Reyna de la Primavera de Queramarca“, su pintura, como la de este Cuadro “EJECUCION POR LOS 4 CABALLOS AL INKA JOSE GABRIEL**

**criminalidad colonial española reinante que retumba e los valles y en los cerros, en las calles, las cuadras y corrales, que infunde a los hombres, a veces miedo, a veces sublimes sucesos venideros que alcanzan hasta el cielo.**

**En la fiesta del Crimen Colonial adornada con las flores de una larga procesión de franciscanos rebuznantes, obscenos y mentirosos que el pueblo sometido contestaba a coro, un 18 de mayo de 1781 para más señas, mientras los cuatro caballos de los conquistadores españoles criminales y asesinos por la gracia de Dios y del Rey, intentaban sus miembros desmembrar al Inca José Gabriel Condorcanqui, Túpac Amaru II, el Inca echó a cantar:**

**-Que bien le vino su ejecución al corregidor del crimen y la rapiña**

**De Tinta, Virreinato del Perú**

**Antonio Arriaga, gobernador interino del Tucumán**

**Al servicio del virrey del Río de la Plata, Pedro de Cevallos**

**Pues le hizo contestar con crímenes horrendos**

**Al visitador español José Antonio de Areche  
Emulando el ansia y la presura del Crimen y la Matanza  
Pues traía los preceptos del rey Carlos III de España  
Criminal de asinino plectro  
De asesinar nuestros anhelos de Amor y Paz  
Para robarnos el oro y la plata  
Y a nuestras madres e hijas violar para mejor matar.**

**¡Cuántos reyes al Crimen y Rapiña son deudores de gracias, de victorias y aun de cetros, bendecidos por la Iglesia;**

**En la historia universal del entendimiento humano no ha habido ni habrá ningún reino tan felón, criminal y asesino como el de España, pues cátedras del Crimen permitía en Colegios, Seminarios y hasta en Universidades y Cátedras.**

**Madre mía y ¡ay! qué pena y ¡ay! qué pena que me dan: Túpac Amaru, su familia y seguidores, que sacados de sus calabozos y arrastrados por caballos hasta la Plaza de Armas de Cuzco, Perú, allí, ante su mirada atónita, llorando lágrimas de sangre, vio cómo torturaban y ejecutaban estos criminales y asesinos por Dios y por el Rey a sus amores: su esposa, sus dos hijos mayores, su tío, sus aliados y amigos, como refiere la historia verídica del tiempo.**

**Los archivos, las crónicas veraces lo dicen:**

**-No sólo estos criminales y asesinos les mataron, sino que, después de cortarles la lengua, ataron cada una de sus extremidades a caballos para que estos tirasen de ellas y las arrancaran, como hicieron con el admirado y siempre amado Túpac Amaru, con el objetivo de descuartizarle vivo con jactancia y del modo más solemne y circunspecto.**

**Todavía hay bellacos que elogian el crimen real y justifican la justicia de los asesinos, cosa que no es propia del hombre cuerdo y recto.**

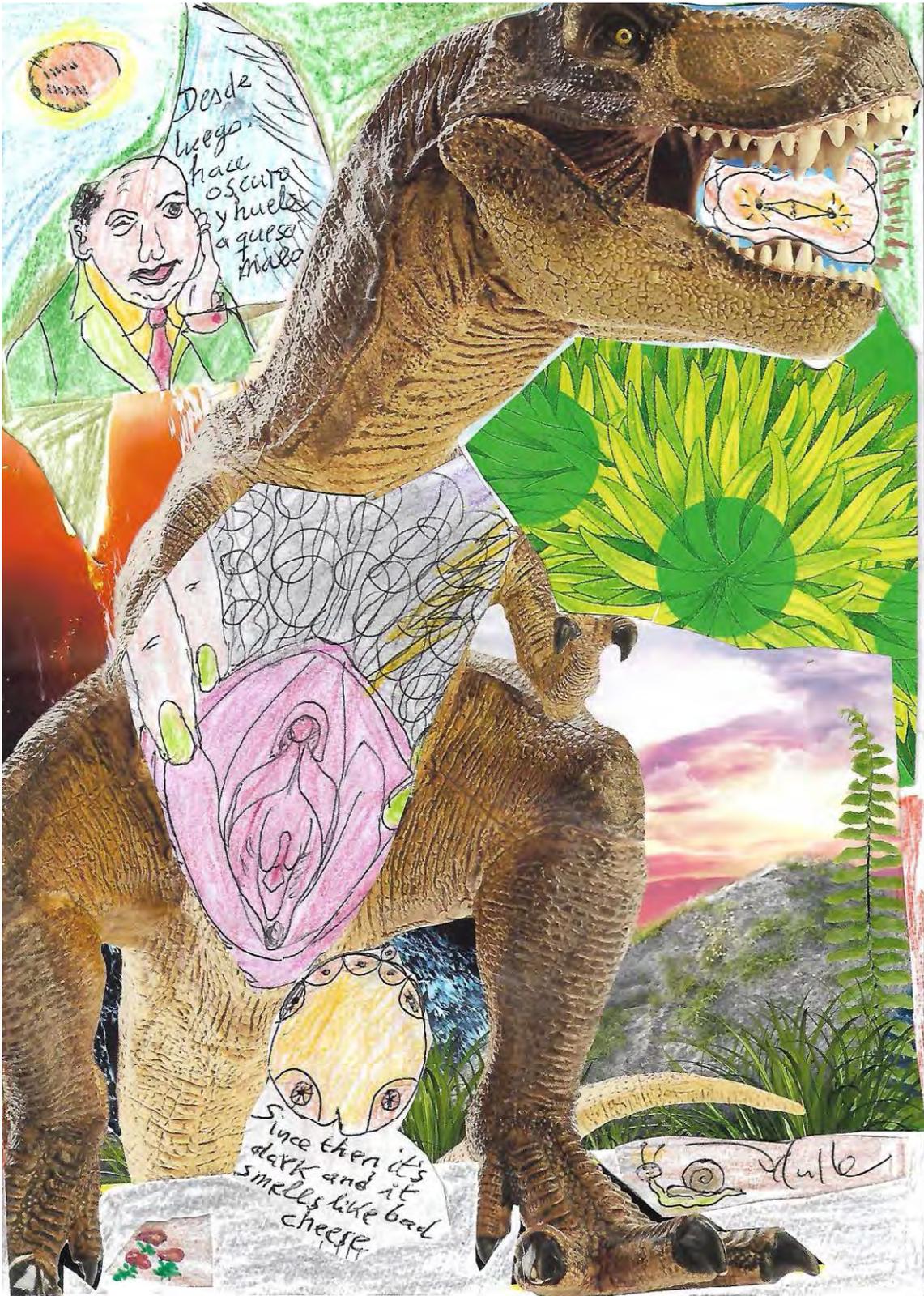
**A Túpac Amaru no pudieron descuartizarle los cuatro caballos, entonces sus verdugos gritando a las fuerzas vivas, a los franciscanos y despedazaron, aprovechando la ocasión de colocar su cabeza en una**

**lanza exhibida en Cuzco y Tinta; sus brazos en Tungasuca y Carabaya; sus piernas en Livitaca y Santa Rosa.**

**¡Qué devoción por el Crimen; Era tanto el placer de asesinar que lo mismo se hizo con los cuerpos de su familia y seguidores, enviándoles a otros pueblos y ciudades como quien tira carnaza a los perros.**

**Esmerándose en el mal, la instrucción criminal real y su talento cargaron en la conciencia del hijo menor de Amaru, de 10 años, Fernando, haciéndole presenciar la desgarradora muerte de toda su familia, pasándole debajo de la horca de los ajusticiados y ver la sangre correr, y a los caballos galopar con miembro desgarrados, para luego, por recochineo, desterrarle a África con órdenes de prisión perpetua.**

**Menos mal que estos crímenes horrendos aplaudidos por la Iglesia toda y la realeza criminal y colonial fueron contestados por la insurrección acaudillada por Diego Cristóbal Túpac Amaru, al tiempo que se extendía por el Alto Perú y la región de Jujuy, a José Gabriel Condorcanqui tomando por modelo, dejando una esperanza resonante en pavorosos ecos.**



**56 DINOSAURIA JUNTO A UN TAJINASTE ROJO**

**Aunque soy un machote**

**Siempre me han gustado los cowboys.**

**¡Me han puesto;  
Y siempre les he elogiado con ese grito de animal  
De tanto aprecio por machos y hembras.  
Algunas veces  
Por circunstancias de la Vida  
Un cowboy y yo  
Hemos tenido que dormir en la misma cama  
Pero nunca uno encima de otro  
Quizás a veces, por el frio  
Uno detrás de otro, sí  
Espalda contra espalda  
Sintiendo las dos fuertes pelotas  
De cada uno de los dos  
En calderos o culos partidos muy tremendos.  
-Cuídate, hijo, me dijo la abuela  
Cuando supo que me iba con uno a Canarias.  
Entre cowboys hay mucho maricón, hijo  
Como les hay entre los curas.  
-Sí, abuela. Pero a mí no me importa  
Si me hace una paja mano macho o mano hembra  
Con el mayor tesón y fuerte empeño.  
Qué bien recuerdo ese día de autos  
Cuando mi amigo cowboy y yo  
Estábamos en Tenerife, Canarias  
En una habitación de hotel  
Desde la que veíamos el Teide  
Con una altitud de 3715 metros sobre el nivel del mar**

**Y que, con nuestros miembros erectos  
Llegábamos a alcanzar su pico  
Desde nuestro lecho oceánico.  
Cuando se hizo de noche  
Después de un día de visiteo y copeo por Santa Cruz  
Nos metimos en la cama  
Sin cuidar de poner en el pomo de la puerta  
La etiqueta “Plea  
Lo que se hace comúnmente  
Para que la camarera de habitación  
No pueda encontrarse con el bostezo de la especie humana  
Y el cantar de los gallos  
Que, ahora, a las diez de la mañana  
Llegaba a alcanzar el Teide.  
La camarera de habitación entró  
Muy huidiza de sentimientos ella  
Al vernos a los dos juntos y desnudos  
Advirtiéndolo que nuestros lagartos tizón  
Tenían nieve en sus picos  
Y que del ojo de nuestros calderos o culos partidos  
Salía cierto humo como de fogón  
O de la caldera y el estratovolcán Teide-Pico-Viejo  
Inquiriendo la analogía  
Diciendo, entrecortada:  
-Disculpen, después vuelvo, cuando dejen la habitación.  
Una vez aseados y acicalados  
Yo, vestido de normal**



**Como turista nacional**  
**Y él, con traje completo de cowboy**  
**Al estilo del Oeste americano**  
**Desayunamos en el bufete libre**  
**Entre hombres y mujeres, gallos y gallinas**  
**Asnas y jumentos.**  
**Una vez terminado el desayuno**  
**Salimos fuera del hotel**  
**Advirtiéndome que, en su pared**  
**A la derecha de la puerta de entrada**  
**Había un bonito cartel anunciando**  
**Por encima de una gran carpa blanca**  
**Instalada en mitad del Parque Nacional**  
**Patrimonio de la Humanidad:**  
**“VISITE LOS DINOSAURIOS VIVOS**  
**TRAIDOS DEL MUSEO DE DINOSAURIOS**  
**DE SALAS DE LOS INFANTES, BURGOS”**  
**Horario: de 17,00 a 20,00 horas**  
**Descuentos a niñas**  
**-¿Qué hacer? nos preguntamos los dos a la vez**  
**Contestando al unísono:**  
**-Iremos a verles.**  
**En un momento, alguien se acercó a nosotros**  
**Diciéndonos:**  
**-¿Saben ustedes?**  
**Cuentan que se ha escapado una Dinosauria**  
**De singularidad biológica**

**Y que anda por la Cotona forestal del parque.**

**Nosotros dos decidimos ir a buscarla**

**Sin juntarnos con la gente y agentes que la buscaban**

**Marchando a través de la carretera Boca Tauce-Chío.**

**El paisaje era sobrecogedor**

**Mire como se mire.**

**El contraste se daba**

**Por las guaguas y coches que nos pasaban**

**Dejándonos atrás.**

**En el camino, casi pisamos reptiles únicos**

**Como el lagarto tizón**

**El perenquén y la lisa.**

**Algunos pájaros**

**Como el cernícalo, el alcaudón real, el pinzón azul**

**Nos cagaron en la cabeza.**

**Siguiendo a un muflón de Córcega**

**Él nos llevó hasta una Dinosauria muy soberbia y confiada**

**Pues, ella, junto a un Tajinaste rojo (*Echium wildpretii*)**

**Pisando violetas (*Viola cheiranthifolia*)**

**Se tocaba el órgano sexual**

**Que destacaba en el paisaje volcánico**

**De las Cañadas del Teide.**

**Su postura junto al Tajinaste rojo**

**Y sobre las violetas**

**Era de fotografía y postal admirables.**

**Cuando se corrió la voz por el aire**

**De que habíamos encontrado la Dinosauria**

**Mi amigo y yo**  
**Que no estamos hechos al rumor asinino de los hombres**  
**Huimos precipitados como ciervos**  
**Dejando a las gentes y los agentes libres el campo**  
**Bendiciendo nosotros el habernos encontrado, primero**  
**Con la Dinosauria**  
**A quien, a la tarde, aplaudiríamos**  
**Y vitorearíamos**  
**Junto con el regocijo de las gentes.**

**57 SHE DINOSAUR NEXT TO A RED TAJINASTE**

**Although I am a macho man**  
**I have always liked cowboys.**  
**They have put me!**  
**And I have always praised them with that animal cry**  
**Of so much appreciation for males and females.**  
**Sometimes**  
**By circumstances of Life**  
**A cowboy and me**  
**We had to sleep in the same bed**  
**But never one on top of the other**  
**Maybe sometimes, because of the cold**  
**One after the other, yeah**  
**Back to back**  
**Feeling the two strong balls**  
**Of each of the two**  
**In cauldrons or very tremendous split asses.**

**-Take care of yourself, son, my grandmother told me  
When she found out that I was going to the Canary Islands with one.**

**Among cowboys there is a lot of fag, son**

**As there are among the priests.**

**-Yes, grandmother. But I do not care**

**If a male hand or female hand jerks me off**

**With the greatest tenacity and strong determination.**

**How well I remember that car day**

**When my cowboy friend and I**

**We were in Tenerife, Canary Islands**

**In a hotel room**

**From which we saw the Teide**

**With an altitude of 3715 meters above sea level**

**And what, with our erect limbs**

**We were reaching its peak**

**From our ocean floor.**

**When it got dark**

**After a day of visiting and drinking in Santa Cruz**

**We got into bed**

**Without caring to put on the doorknob**

**The label "Please Do Not Disturb"**

**What is commonly done**

**So that the room maid**

**Can't meet the yawn of the human species**

**And the crowing of the roosters**

**That, now, at ten in the morning**

**It came to reach the Teide.**

**The room maid came in  
She is very elusive of feelings  
Seeing the two of us together and naked  
Warning that our blight lizards  
They had snow on their peaks  
And that from the eye of our cauldrons or broken asses  
Some smoke came out like a stove  
Or the caldera and the Teide-Pico-Viejo stratovolcano  
Inquiring the analogy  
Saying, breathy:  
-Excuse me, I'll be back later when you leave the room.  
Once groomed and groomed  
Me, dressed in normal  
As a national tourist  
And he, in a full cowboy suit  
In the style of the American West  
We have breakfast in the open buffet  
Between men and women, roosters and chickens  
Donkeys and she donkeys.  
Once breakfast is finished  
We left outside the hotel  
Warning that, on its wall  
To the right of the front door  
There was a nice sign announcing  
Above a big white tent  
Installed in the middle of the National Park  
World Heritage:**

**"VISIT THE LIVE DINOSAURS  
BROUGHT FROM THE DINOSAUR MUSEUM  
OF SALAS DE LOS INFANTES, BURGOS "**

**Hours: from 5:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m.**

**Discounts for girls and boys under 12 years old "**

**-To do? we wonder both at the same time**

**Answering in unison:**

**-We'll go see them.**

**At one point someone approached us**

**Telling us:**

**-You know?**

**They say that a She dinosaur has escaped**

**Biological singularity**

**And that walks through the Cotona forest of the park.**

**We both decided to go find her**

**Without getting together with the people and agents**

**Who were looking for her**

**Marching through the Boca Tauce-Chío highway.**

**The scenery was breathtaking**

**Look how you look at it.**

**The contrast was**

**For the buses and cars that passed us**

**Leaving us behind.**

**Along the way, we almost stepped on unique reptiles**

**Like the smut lizard**

**The perenquén and the mullet.**

**Some birds**

**Like the kestrel, the shrike, the blue finch**

**They shit on our heads.**

**Following a mouflon from Corsica**

**He led us to a very proud and confident she Dinosaur**

**Well, she, next to a red Tajinaste (Echium wildpretii)**

**Treading violets (Viola cheiranthifolia)**

**The sexual organ was touched**

**That stood out in the volcanic landscape**

**From the Cañadas del Teide.**

**Her posture next to the Red Tajinaste**

**And about violets**

**It was of admirable photography and postcard.**

**When she spread the word through the air**

**That we had found the Dinosaur**

**My friend and I**

**That we are not made to the asinine rumor of men**

**We fled like deer**

**Leaving people and free agents on the field**

**Blessing we have met, first**

**With the she Dinosaur**

**To whom, in the afternoon, we would applaud**

**And we would cheer**

**Along with the rejoicing of the people.**

**MAIL ART INVITATION**  
 „MY BEAUTIFUL MASK“

New project by the Culture Scouts,  
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 who ask you to bring some color into these hard corona times.  
 show us how beautiful your breathing mask is.

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 Size only: 10 x 15 cm.

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 SPANIEN







**Daniel – California and the world’s oceans face a massive plastic crisis. You’ve seen the result of plastic pollution: Sea turtles, whales and other marine life killed by swallowing or becoming entangled in plastic.**



**Thank you for all you do to protect marine life and our oceans, today and every day.**

**For the oceans,**

**Ashley Draeger**



**California Policy and Communications Manager**  
**Oceana**



**Contraportada**

