

SINGING DREAMS



DANIEL DE CULLA



(Pics: Daniel de Culla)

© AUTOR-EDITOR:

DANIEL DE CULLA

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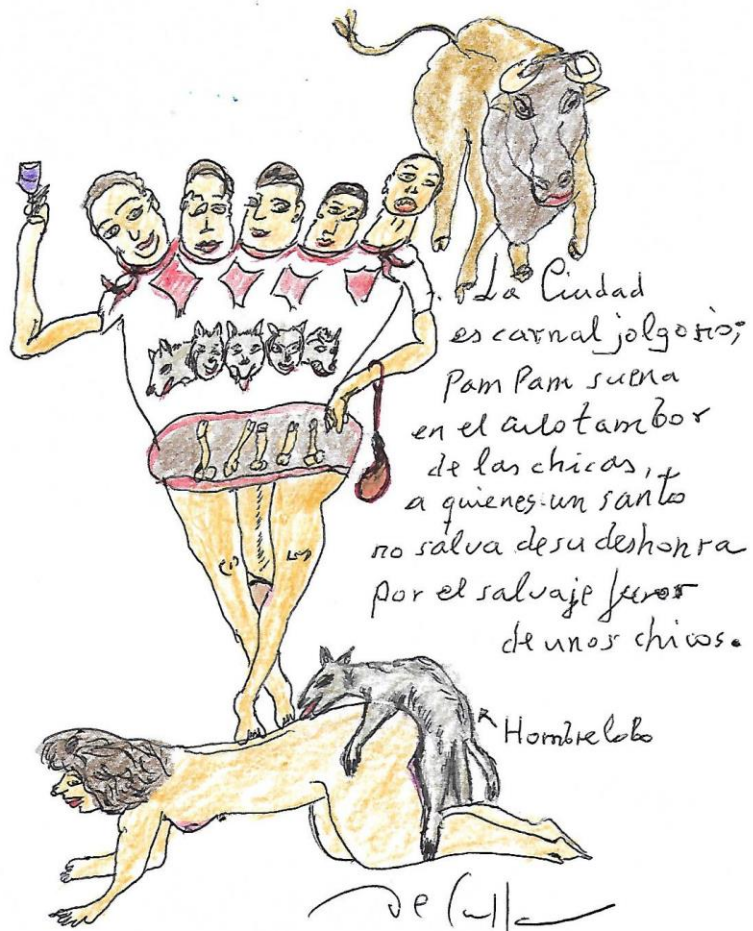
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1. A SENSE OF WONDER



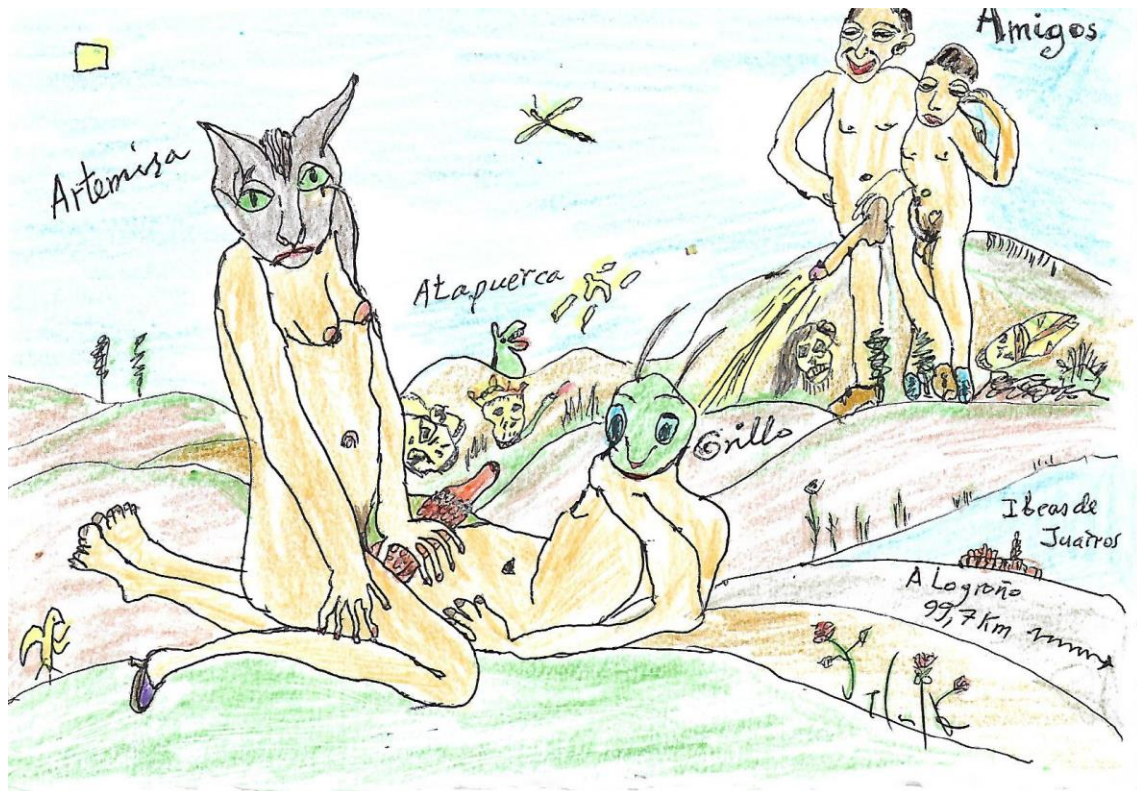




El Quinticéfalo







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





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



2. ANOTHER AUTUMN

I'm in Tosantos

Locatlity of the province of Burgos

Sat in an "Ottoman"

As a sofa

In my room at ground level

Listening the rain falling

Getting me on nerves.

Just stop raining!

I get up

And I'm going to the window

Admiring

The second grass

That produces the meadows

And the earth 'seasoning

That is put in good condition.

I look out the window

Seeing Autilla and Otoción

Older woman and man

Listening from they:

He: Woman, Grass sprouts in Autumn

She: If only will sprout Yrs;

They were going to laugh

When they stop talking

Seeing two lovers arguing

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



(Graffiti in Burgos)

3. BILLIARDS AND DARTS

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

Ones with darts, others with sticks".



4. CARNAL MEETING AT LANCRESSE BAY BEACH

**It was a casual encounter, yes
On Lancesse Bay Beach, in Guernsey, Channel Islands:
Island surrounded by a bunker built by the Germans
In the Second World War.**

**She was Dominique
Who lived very close to the Victor Hugo' House Museum
"The Hauteville House"**

**When he was banished
And where "he wrote as much as he fucked".
If my Dominique had lived in her then
I would have found her, sure, badly fucked
Like Blanche Lanvin in the service of Juliette Drouet
Hugo's pilgrim lover.**

**(Later, later, and that's why I left her
I found out that he had fucked like a Norman
With an Italian until more can not).
Love has already been declared just by looking at us
Although she walked with a desire to fuck**

**It was clear;
We went up, dressed, to a defensive embrasure, and we embraced
I would fly her up and I wanted to get her
Going through pants and dress
Because I was a Madrid' boy "macho man"
What made her put herself at a hundred.
She kissed me
He put his saliva on my tongue with her tongue**

We clash our teeth
We cook to eat our flesh
When, in a moment, she told me:
-How long can you hold the erection?
We can go to the beach and get into the sea
And fuck: You, like my dear husband
Me, as your beloved woman.
-It's ok, Dominique, I answered; and her:
-Lovely, Daniel.
As we were both prepared to bathe
We take off our clothes
And we went down to bathe to fuck like geese on the waves
Or, better, inside the sea.
She threw herself into the water first, telling me:
-Come on, man; come and get me
And, I, answering her:
- Mine's with pleasure goes, Dominique
And I'm going to put You in the water looking for London.
More, oh, what a pity!
What a pity penalty, wow!
My prick that was beautiful and erect, about to be eat
By the cold it deflated, damn it!
And without force of being able to enter her pussy
He threw some sperm with lots of salt and salt
What made Dominique cast curses
Because some came with water in her mouth
And her pussy looked like she was having an orgasm

No sense below the waves.

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

I run like a dog with my tail between my legs

Telling her:

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

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

That does not help me or a comb.

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

Is that You can lick my pussy

"Sucking and not fucking"

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

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

If you smell as demons and your pussy

Go away to know how you will know

Besides that inside your pussy there is a brothel!

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

Well, on any occasion, yes

In Saint Peter Port, the City

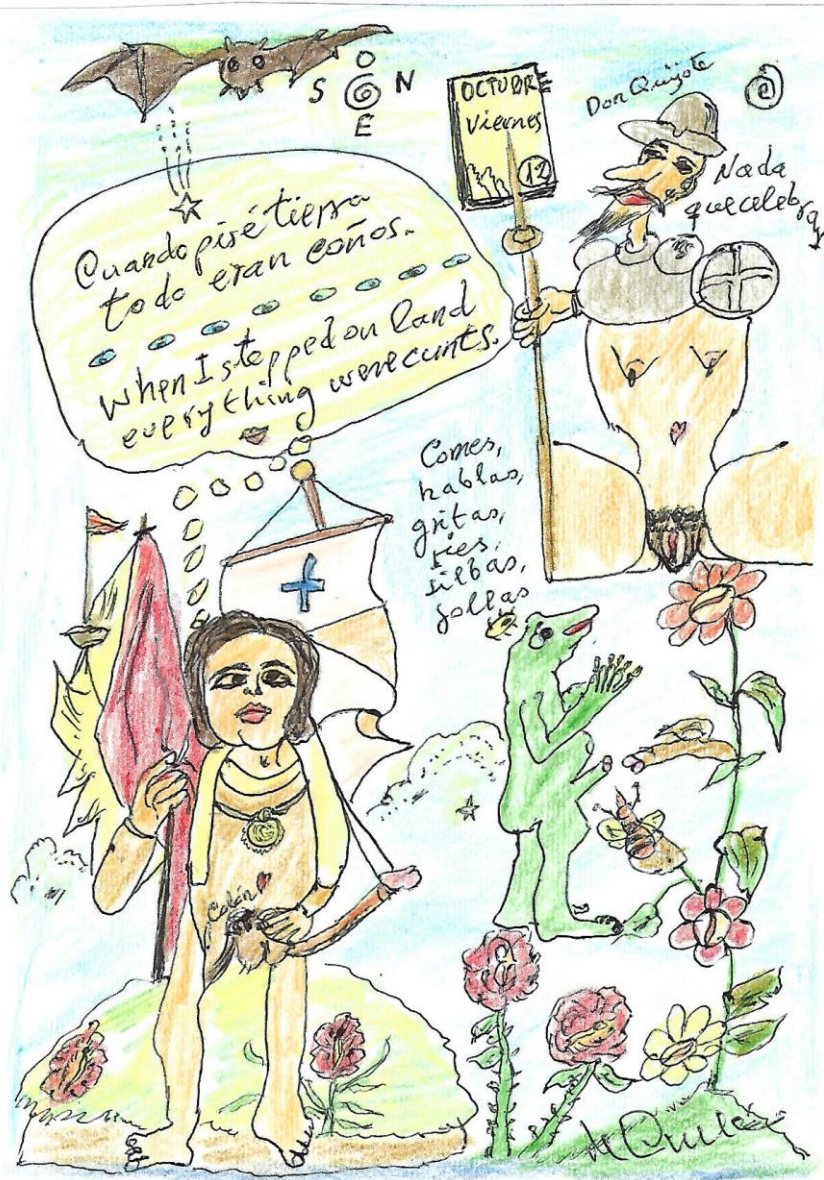
But, she, not even looking at me

And my prick being able to resurrect.

I did not give her my hand

But I did remember again

That I could enjoy her pussy lying in salt water.



5. COLUMBUS DAY

Columbus Day

There is a Question: History or conversation.

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

My complete anger and there is hope, joy.

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

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

Columbus's arrival in the Americas

As/or Day of the Race also

Without promises, no hope.

Look at it:

Everywhere is tragedy and sadness

There is a New World

Neither hope nor hopelessness.

The experience of this Columbus Day'

Dimensions

Has generated a new context

Which is not really

A context at all

For it represents all contexts

And the only possibility that we might all

Go on...

The presence of the singular

Multiple and enigmatic

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

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

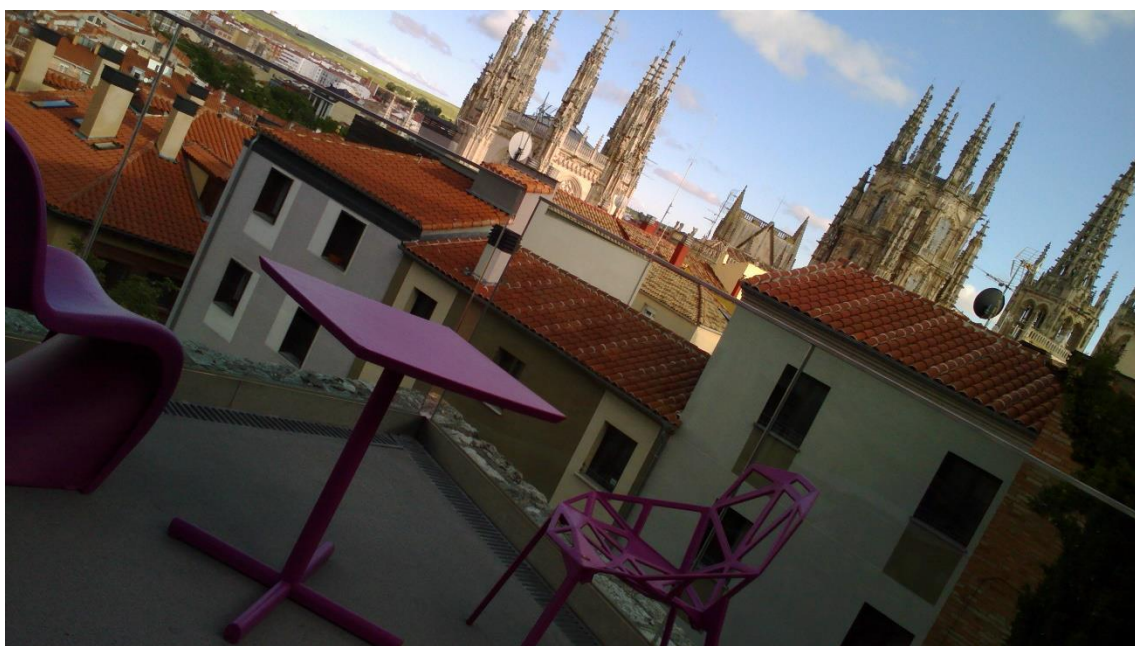




Burgos desde el Tejado

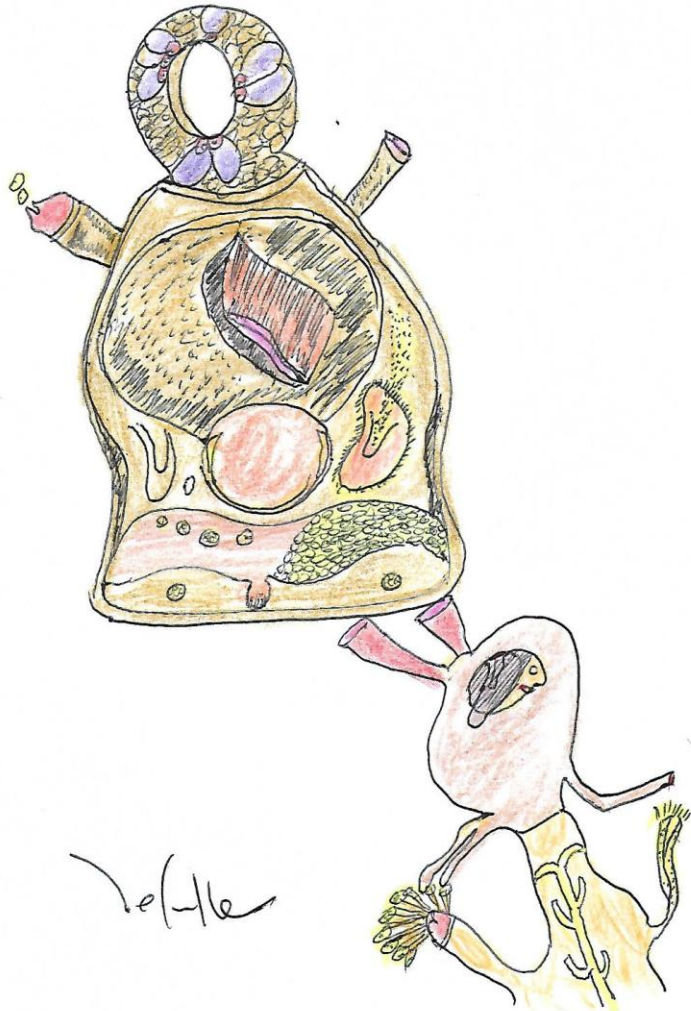


Detalle en la terraza del CAB



Burgos inclinada

Botija - Jar



Moza en el Servicio del Bar "San Fran"





















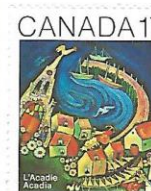
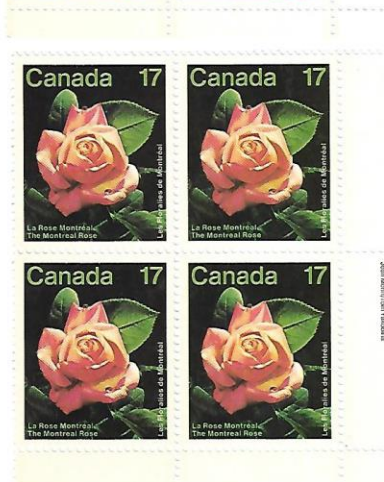
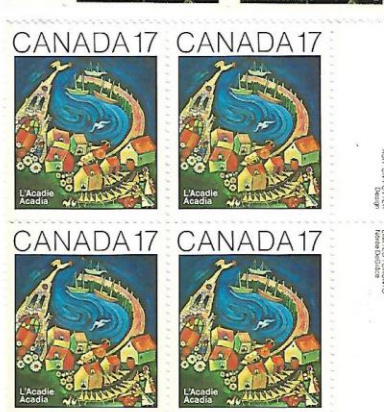
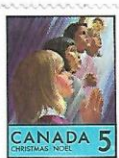






Message:

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



Juin 2018 (1ère édition)

No 200

CIRCULAIRE

+++
132

FLIP
OVER

VOIR AU
VERSO

40-076-685 (07-05)

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



NE PAS PLIER

Air Mail Par avion

43-074-038 (02-12)

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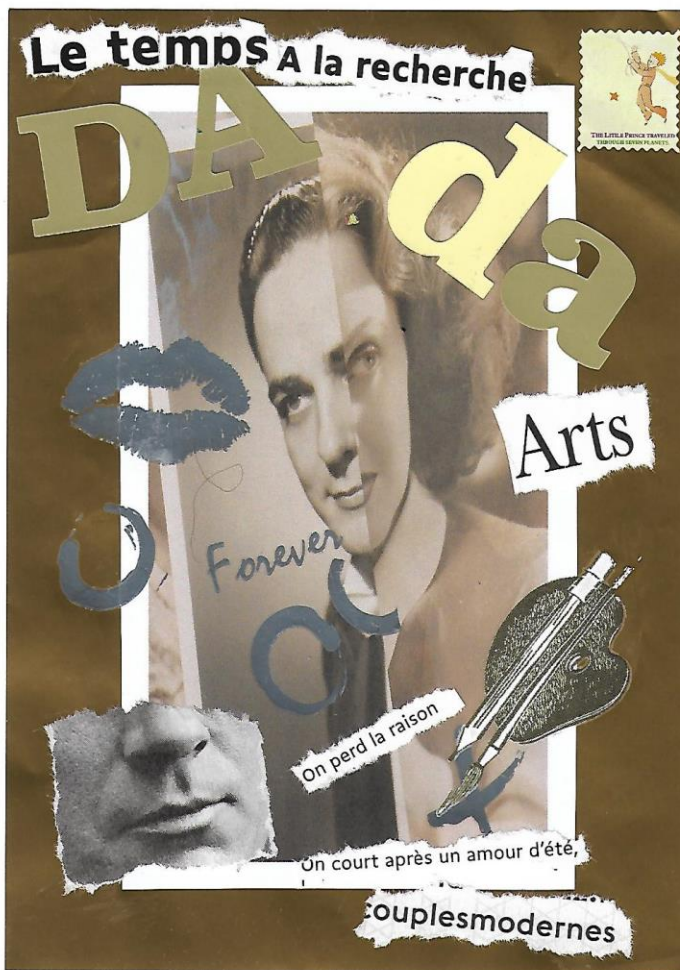


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Propriétaire à Chorey-les-Beaune et Savigny-les-Beaune



MERCI
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Jusain
Séverine de
Gramont

28 JUN 2018



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

SALUDA

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

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

Madrigal de las Altas Torres, junio de 2018

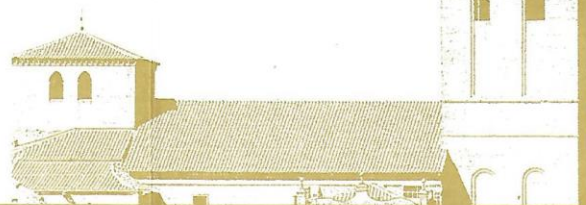
Ana Zurdo

MADRIGAL

—DEL LATÍN MADRIGALE—

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

—Diccionario de la Real Academia de la Lengua—



FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN


Excmo. Ayuntamiento de
Madrigal de las Altas Torres

 Diputación
de Ávila

XXVIII PREMIO DE POESÍA
Madrigal de las Altas Torres 2018

ÁVILA
te toca

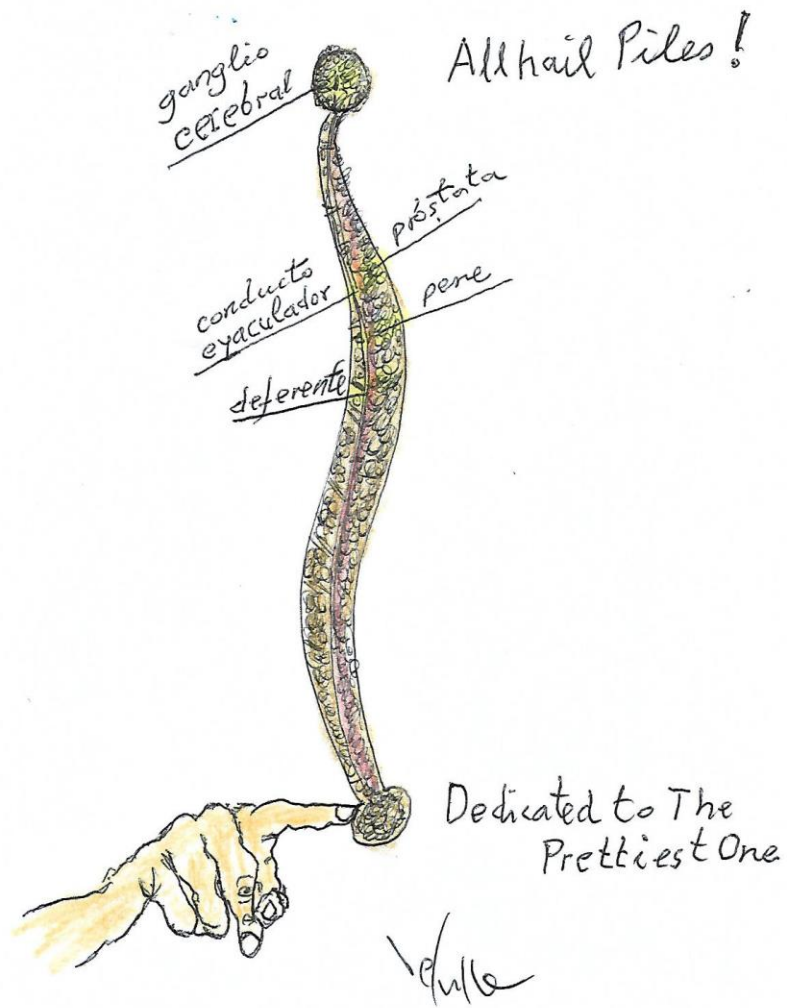

ÁVILA
auténtico



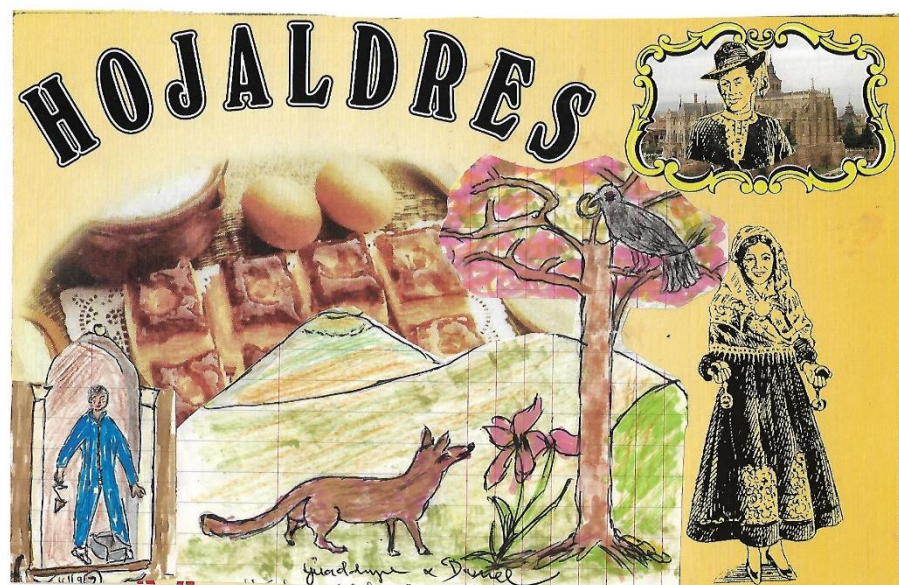








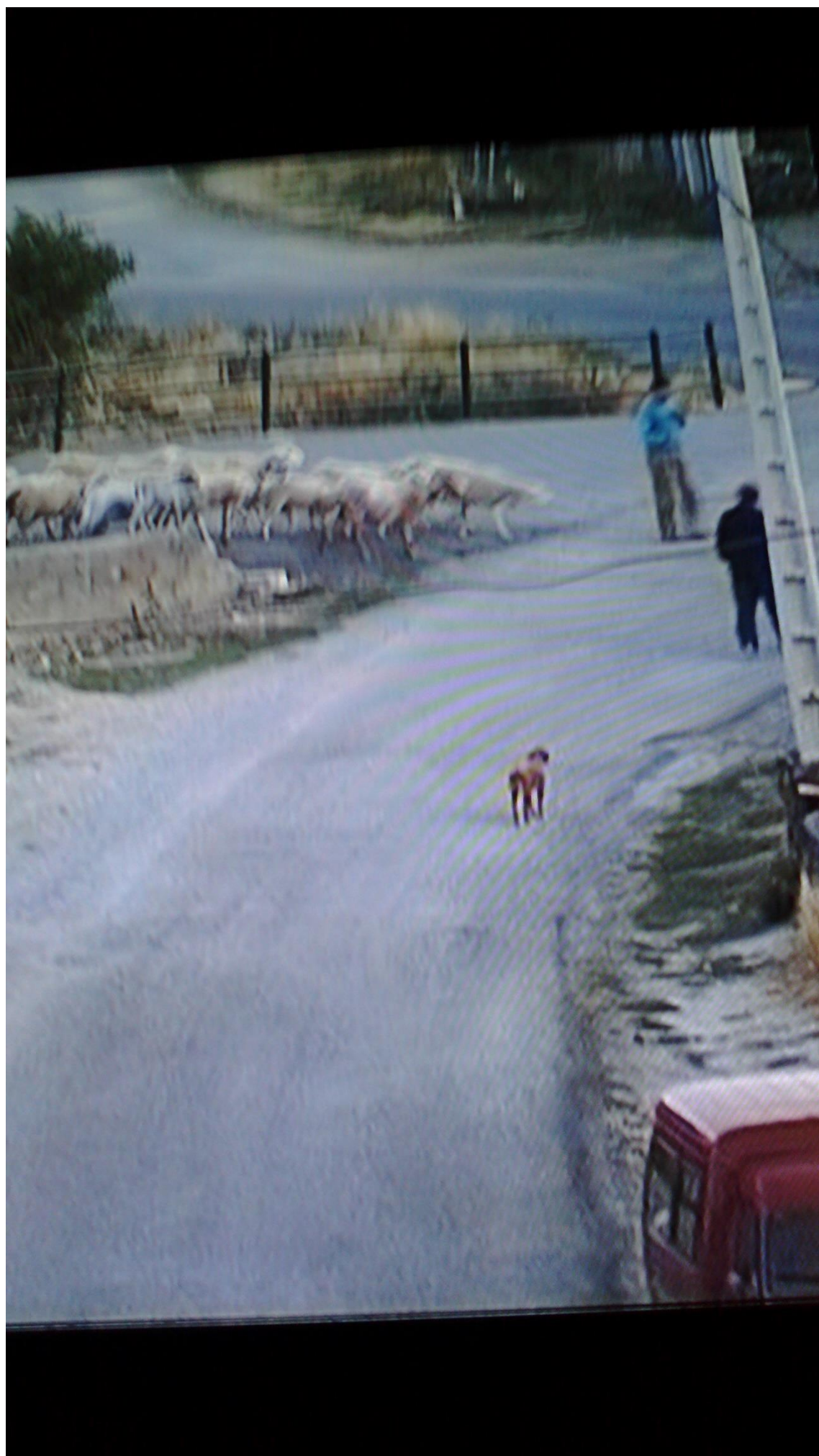








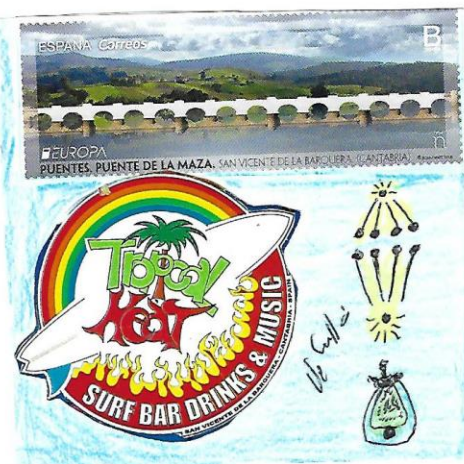








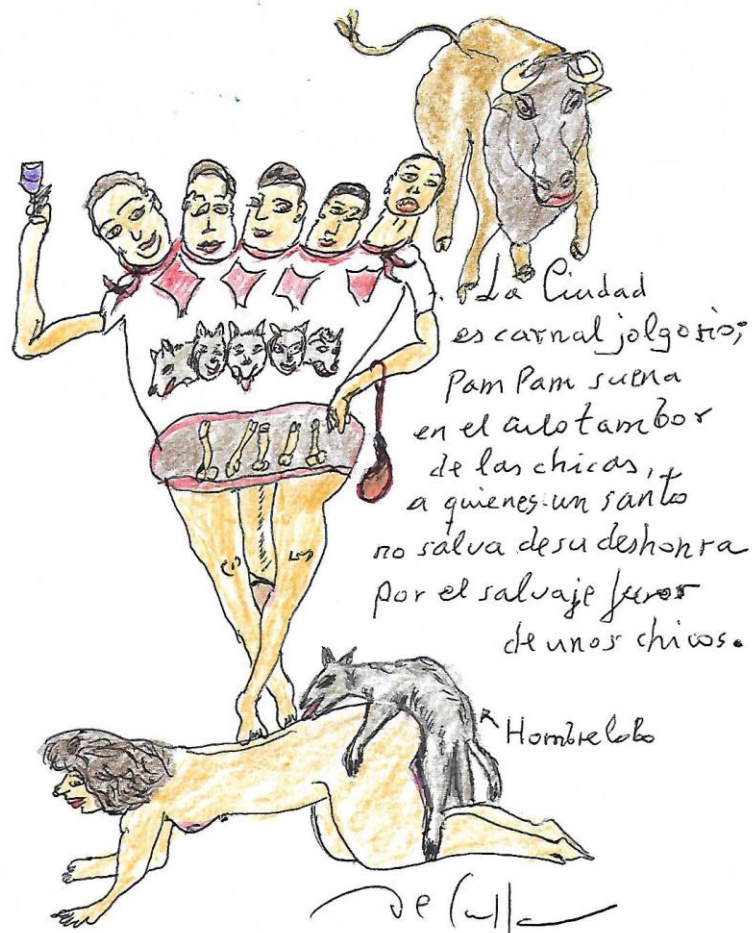






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El Quinticéfalo

7. 4 POEMS

RODE INTO SHOWTIME

Songs and Maps and Jottings

From the foetal Mind:

An entry of journeys correspondences

Stars machine

carton presidents

Real quotes sand wave lengts

Backtracking the circle of the possible:

Rape, Murders, Guns

People on the trains

Fantasizing about the perfect couple

Patriots sleeping

Dancing with the opposite sex

Off the hard top.

Word is bond;

Series, Movies, Sports

Documentaries, Comedy

Getting full Access

To the Oscar dreams

Below the but of all sports

And the trade never available

For Free.

What do you see? Tragedy ;

Showing time Stars Machine

Realities flawed and horrible

From your favourite Restaurant

Surrounding you and me

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

SHANGRILA

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

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

DREAMING WITH CLEOPATRA

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

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

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

Like Pharaoh Ptolemy did to Pompey

Your friend and rival.

I was restless

And I wanted that Cleopatra

Like Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love

Moved me

And so I implored her:

- Open Your door, my heaven

Open Your door to me, my star

And send your husband to war.

Being like this

In my own loving war

More as hostage than sovereign

Some damn bells

Playing at mass

Woke me up

Seeing my little bishop of love died

For having eaten rice with milk

In Cleopatra's yard

Dreamed in this tournament night

Whose picture was too wrinkled

And my Little bishop

That just now was

From her son, his son Caesarion

Soothed calmly

As if nothing had happened

This night of captive love

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

LOST HORIZONS

**-Where are you going, James Hilton?
Where are you going, sad about you?
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On the great bluish mountain of the Karakal
In Baskul, Afghanistan.
-If Tomás Moro is already dead
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Because he wants to get inside**

He kick up a great fuss:
-You, not. The beautiful lady, first;
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-But if you are my father
And I am Your son, Viejo;
As Charles Darwin says.

.

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



My daughter Isabelle (Mine's Pic)

8. FROM A WALK IN HALLOWEN

**I laugh at first, too
With little boys and girls
Then curse, brushing back our hair
Ready to start a new face.
But our dog does turn over.
He is stuck
Suddenly realizing its freedom.
Even if he did blow over
Just being able
Barking “trick” or “treat”.**



9. HOMELESS HA'NINI

Mother, there is a Child in the street

Ha'Nini told me his name is

More alone than a moon.

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

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

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

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

Hay que enterarse del titulo como sea...

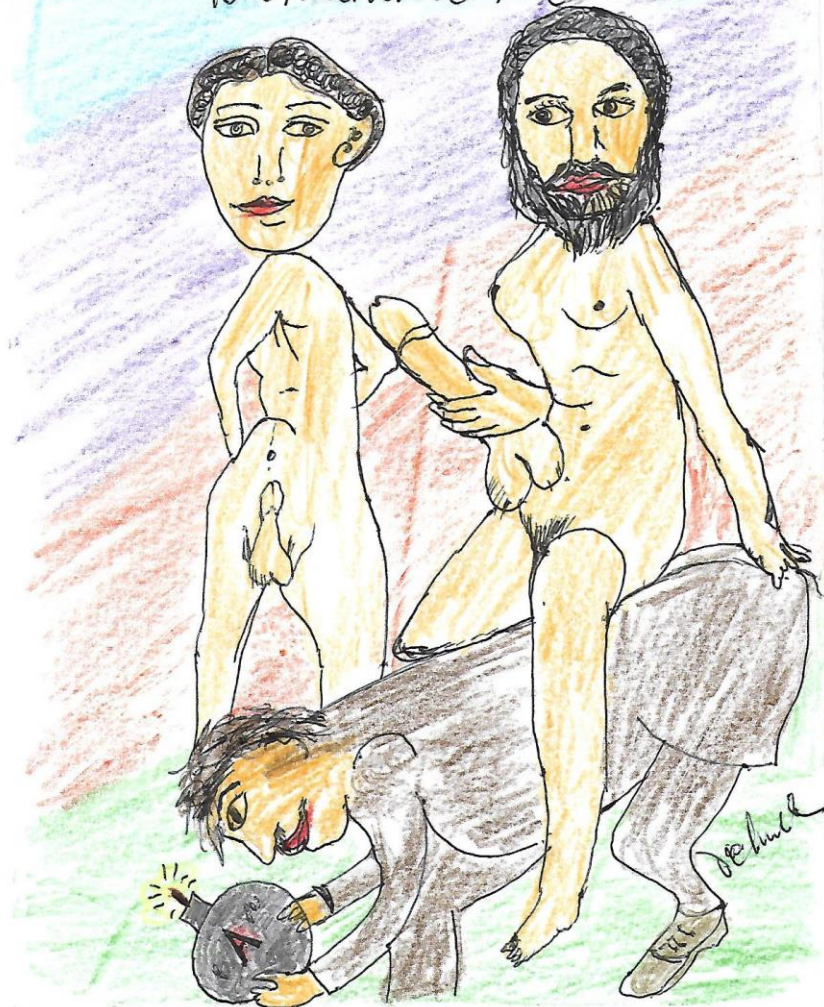
**TIENE QUE SER
UN LIBRO COJONUDO...**



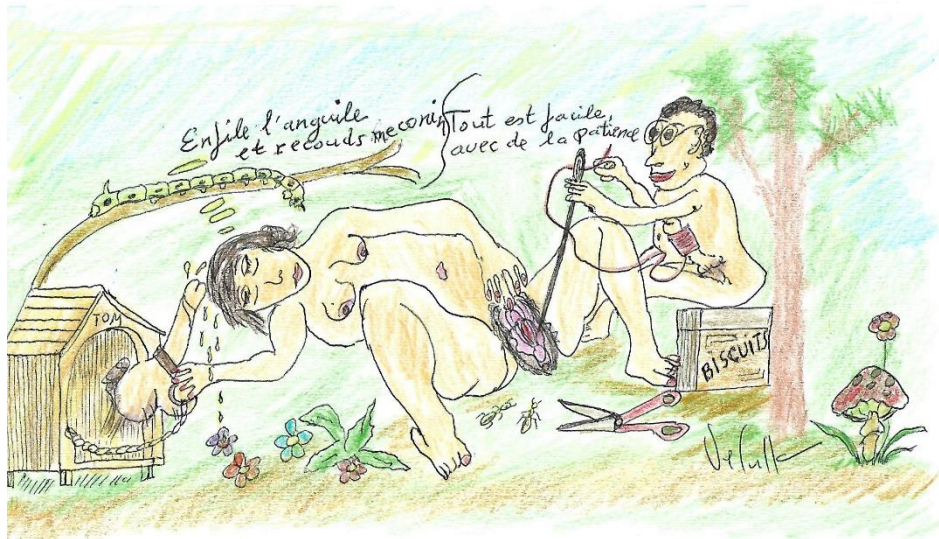
It has to be a Fucking Book...

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

Bakunina Necheev



Sewing a Cunt

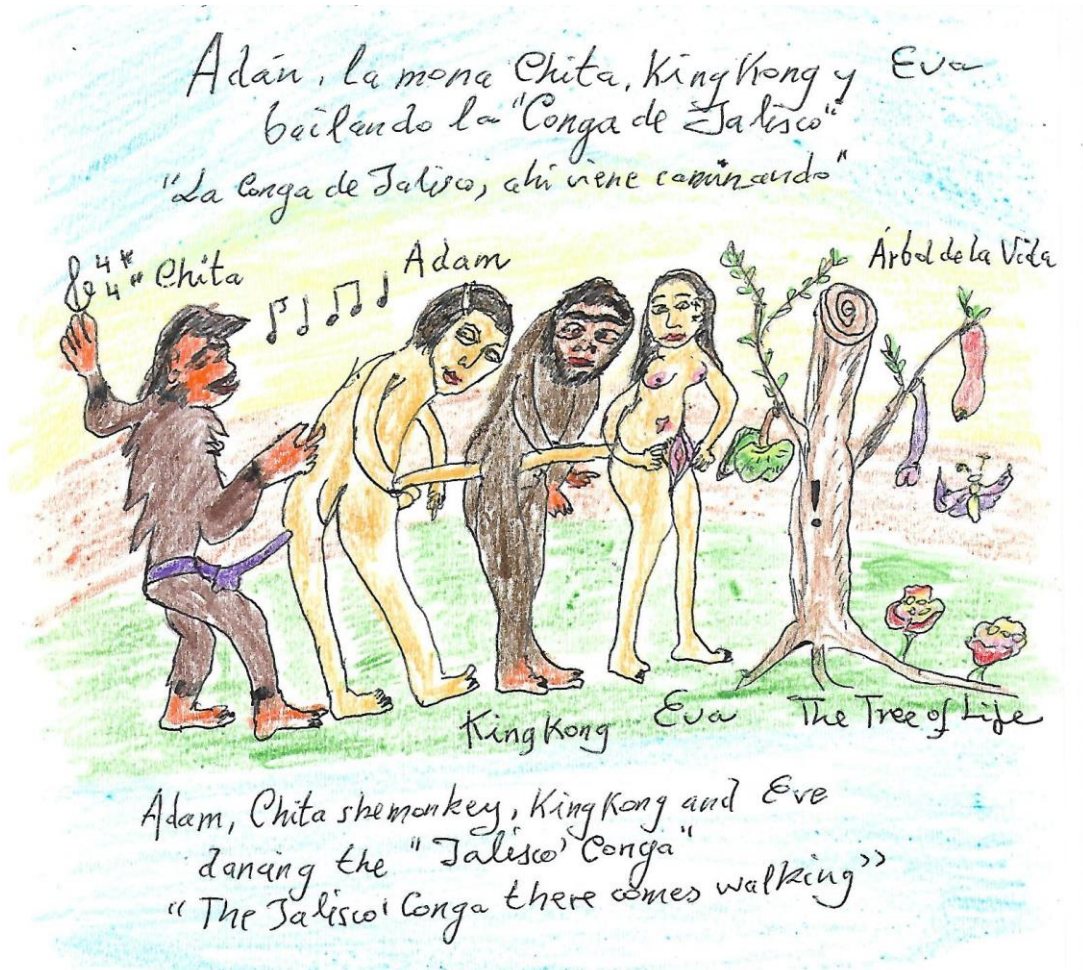




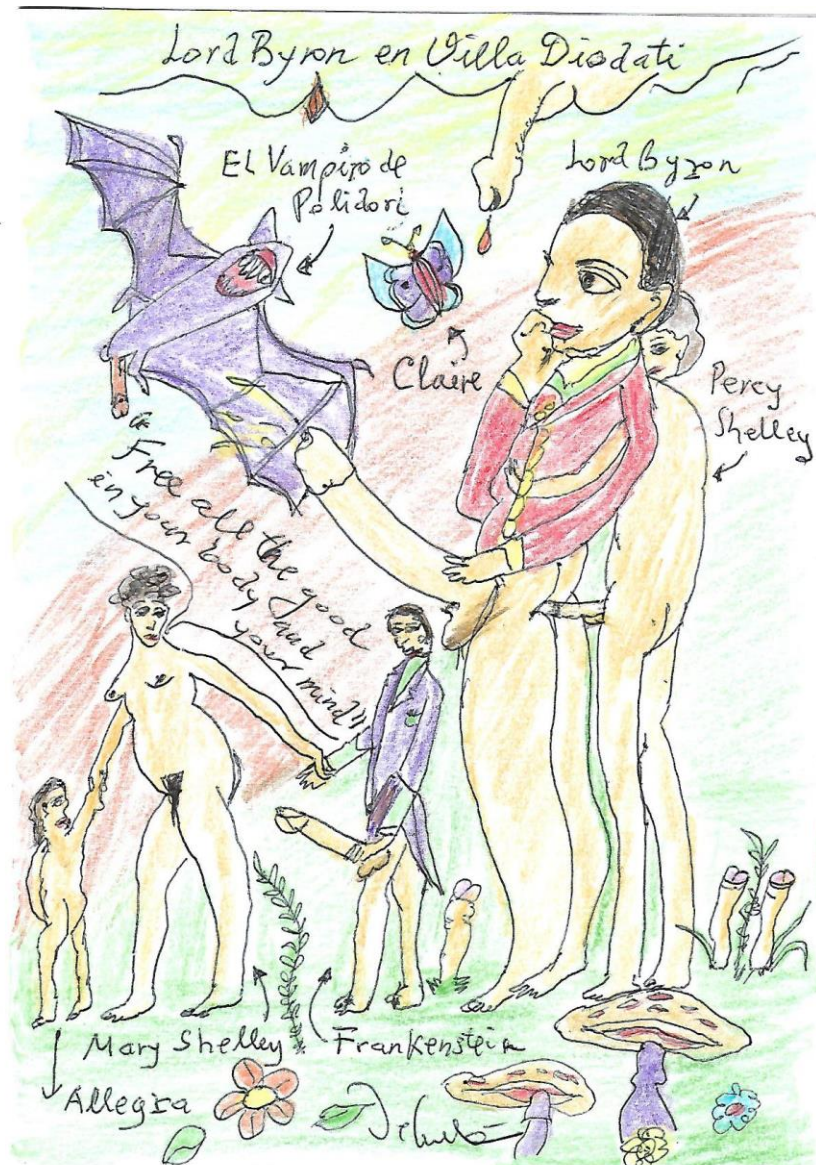
Nature is so



Edén



Lord Byron in Diodati Village



MAGNA MATER

NATURE OF THE PLANET EARTH

EARTH, FIRST;

-DANIEL DE CULLA







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





Al fin nos vemos los 3



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



Tronco de cepa en Pérgola de Rita. Foto: Isabelle



Escenas con Taquines. Dibujos: Guapalupe y Daniel



Racimo de uvas en Pérgola de Rita. Foto: Isabelle

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

PROBLEMA DE MATEMATICAS

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

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

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

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

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

Una de ellas le pregunta a la otra:

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

La otra piensa y responde al mismo tiempo:

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

La una, pensante, se expresa así:

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

La otra le susurra al oído:

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



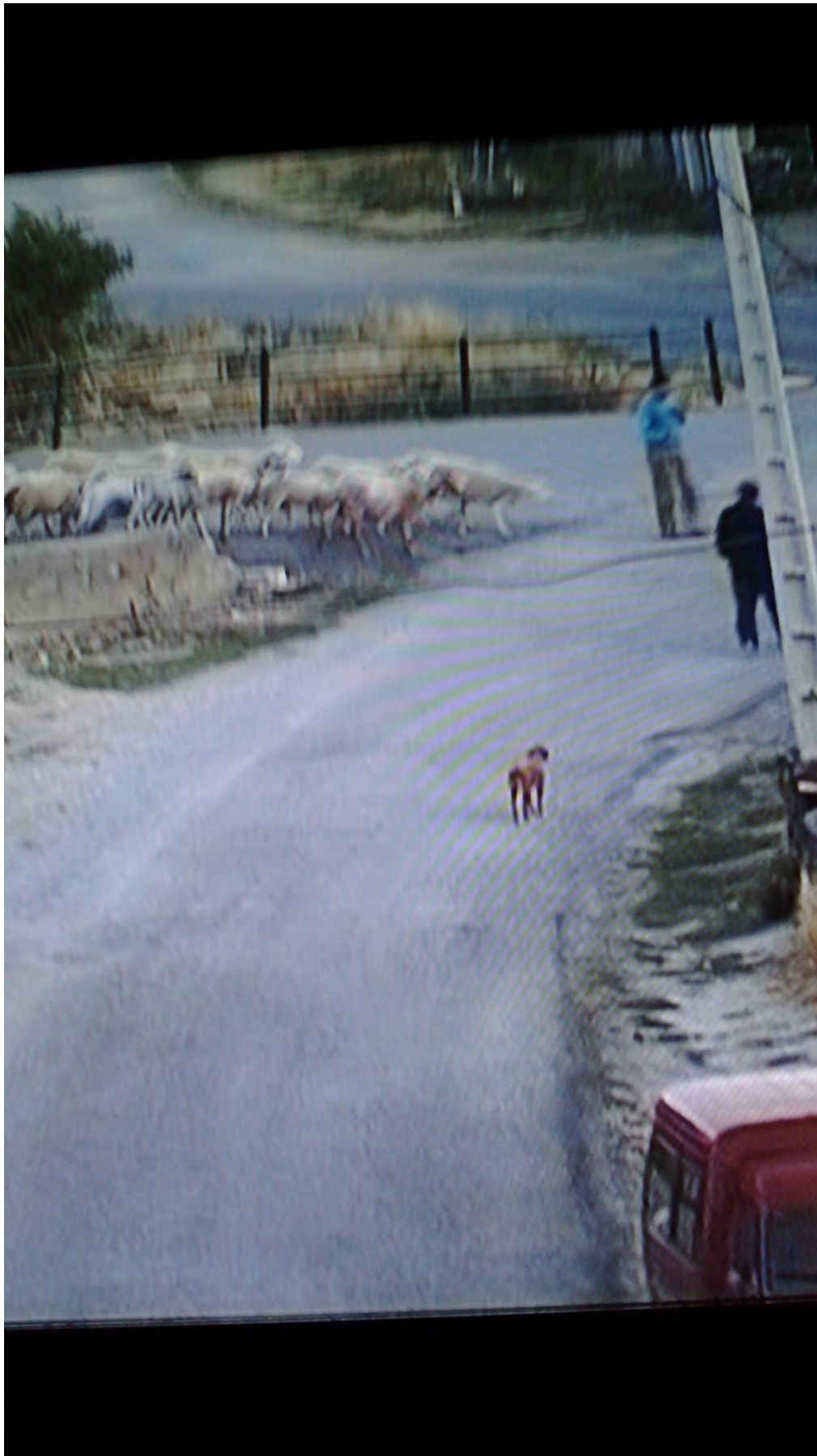
Un perrillo



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



Parra en la pérgola de Rita. Foto: Isabelle



Paso de Ovejas. Foto: Daniel



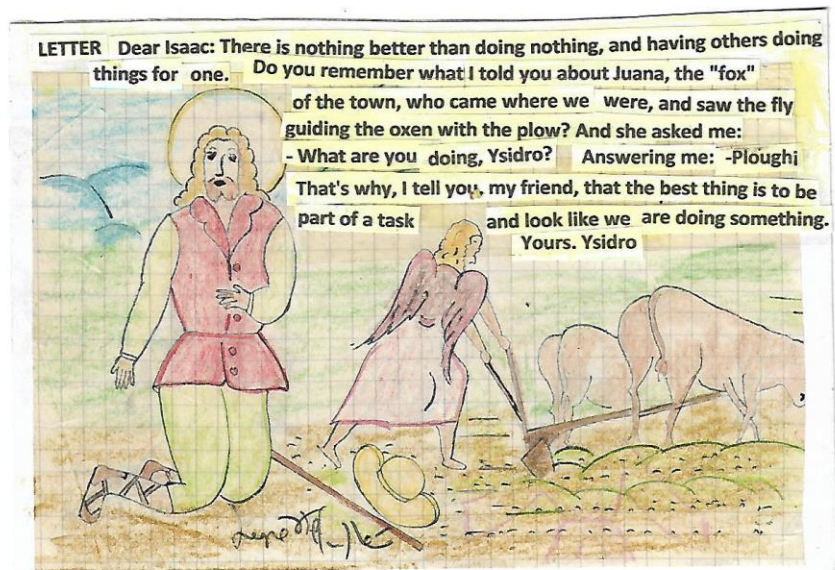
Paella en la Pérgola de Rita. Foto: Isabelle



Ovejas. Foto: Daniel



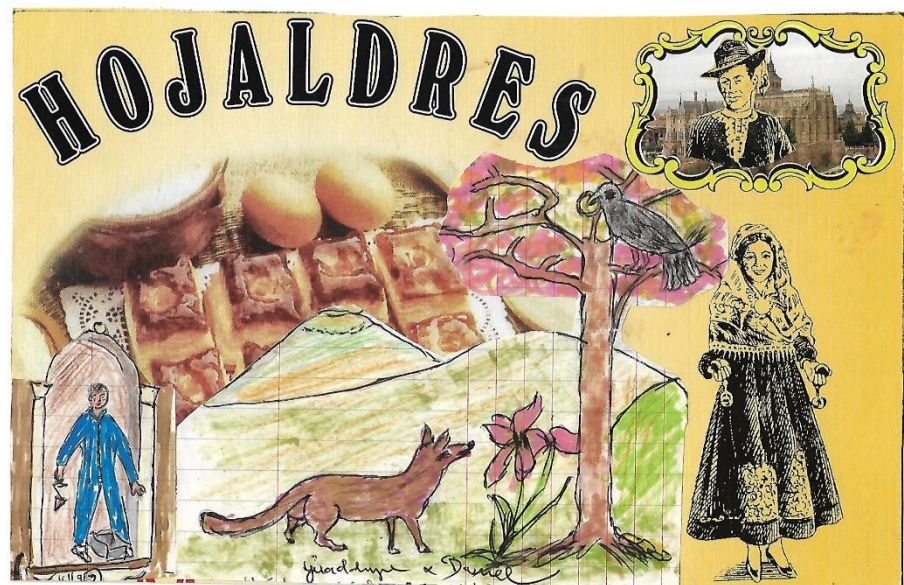
La higuera con el tío Julián, junto a la bodega. Foto: Daniel



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



Plumas de Buitre y huesos de oveja. Foto: Daniel



Hojaldres, pero no de Moradillo. Collage: Daniel



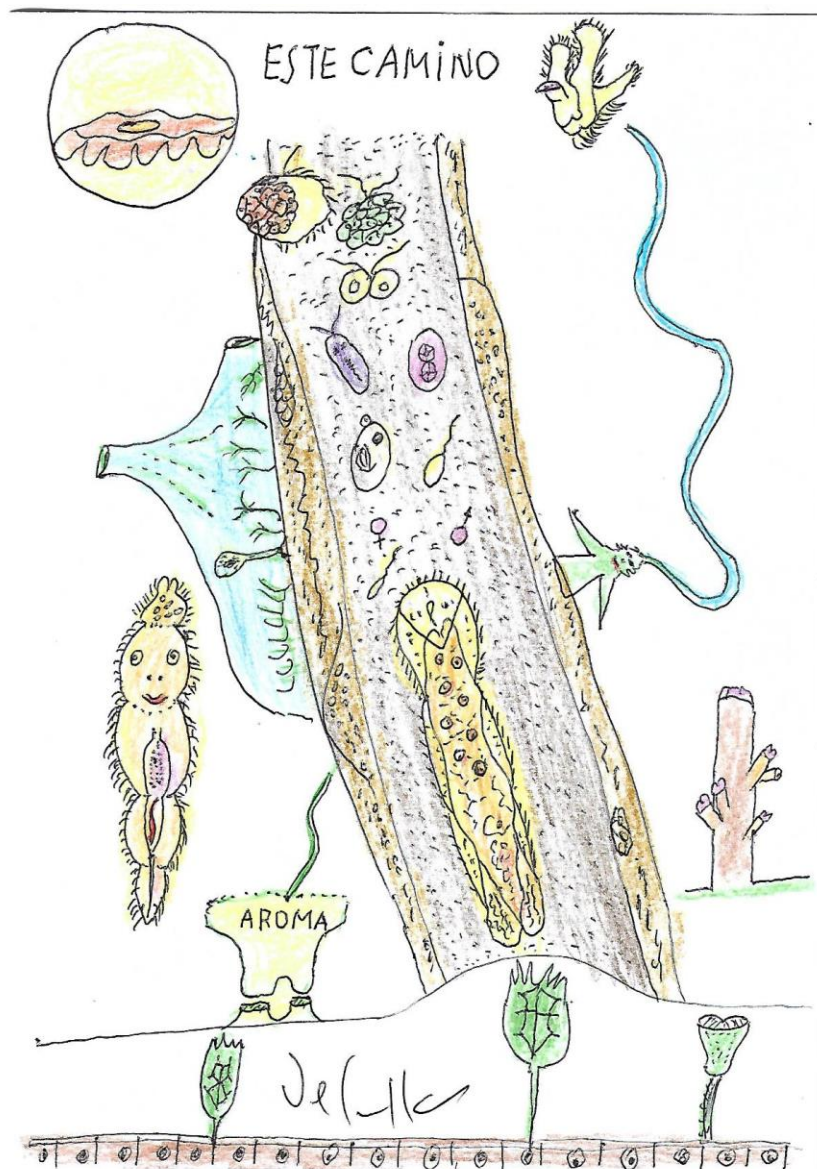
Higuera con una sola breva, junto a la bodega de Rita. Foto:Daniel



Frambuesas verdes en la Pérgola de Rita. Foto: Isabelle



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



Este camino que va a la Ermita. Dibujo: Daniel



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

Foto: Daniel



El conejo suertudo de la abuela. (Johannesburg, 1900). Foto antigua encontrada en el sobrado, desván de la casa de los abuelos.

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



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



Daniel, Isabel y Elena. Foto: una amiga.



Daniel y conejo. Foto: Isabelle



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



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



Conejo. Foto: Isabelle

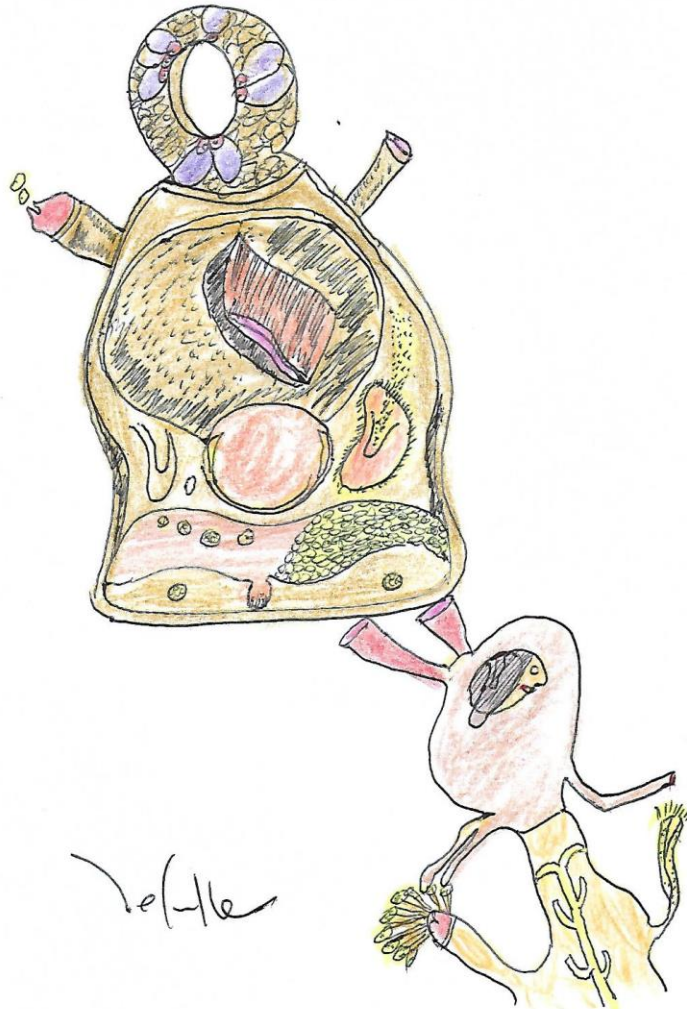


Cerdo de Campofrío, Burgos. Foto: Daniel

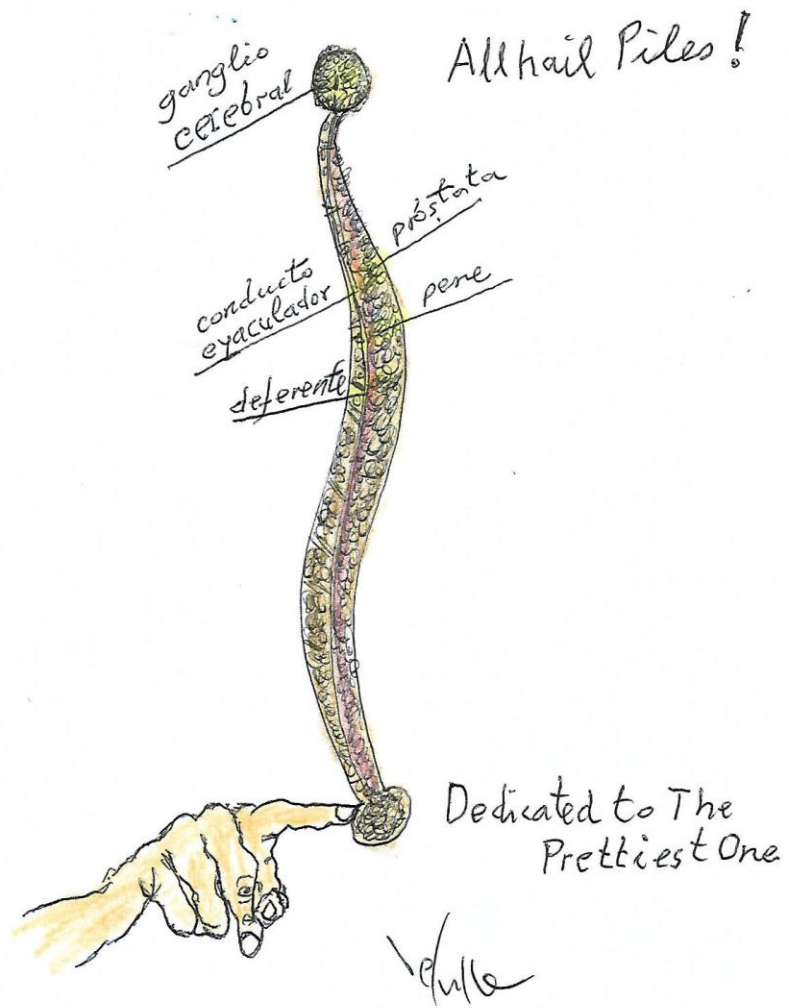


**El Camino de Santiago en Burgos. Todo calaveras. Paseo de la Isla.
Foto: Daniel**

Botijo - Jar



Botijo típico de Moradillo de Roa. Dibujo: Daniel



El tío de la Aceña tiene Almorranas. Dibujo: Daniel



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



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

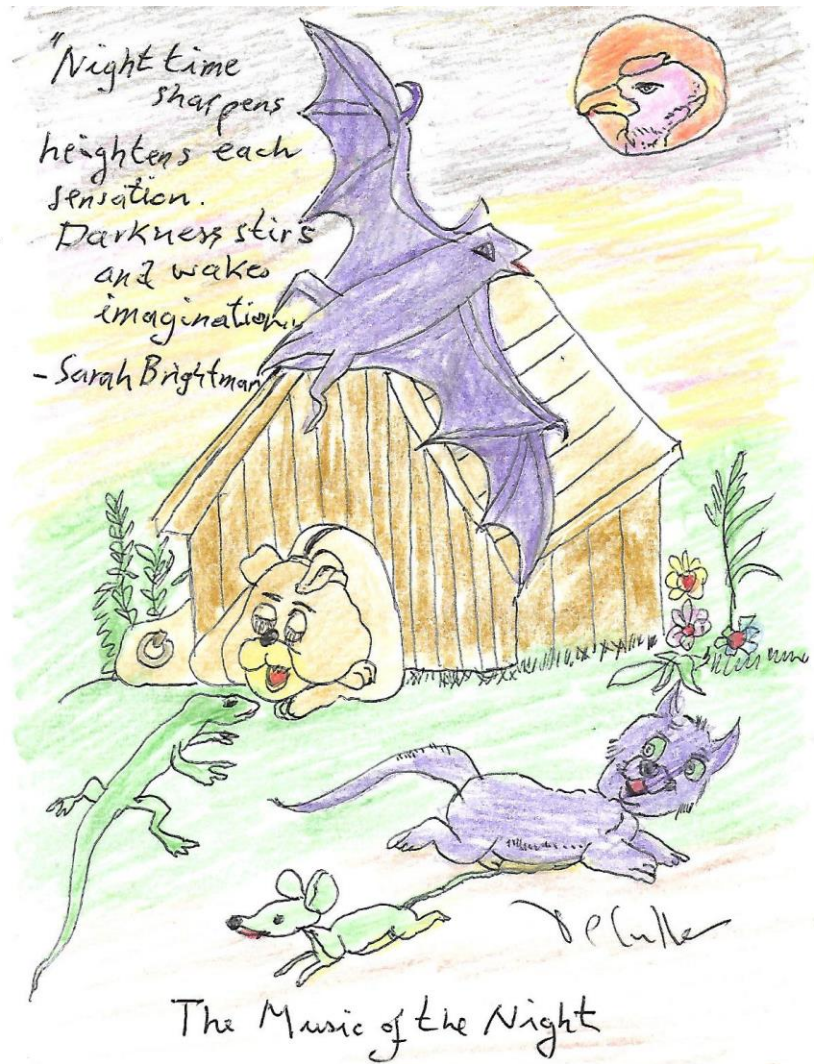
Impresiones del borde del manto
de Santiago
Impressions of Santiago's mantle edge



Mantón de Santiago apóstol. Dibujo: Daniel



Tulipanes



13. NIGHT MUSIC THAT DOES NOT SHUT UP

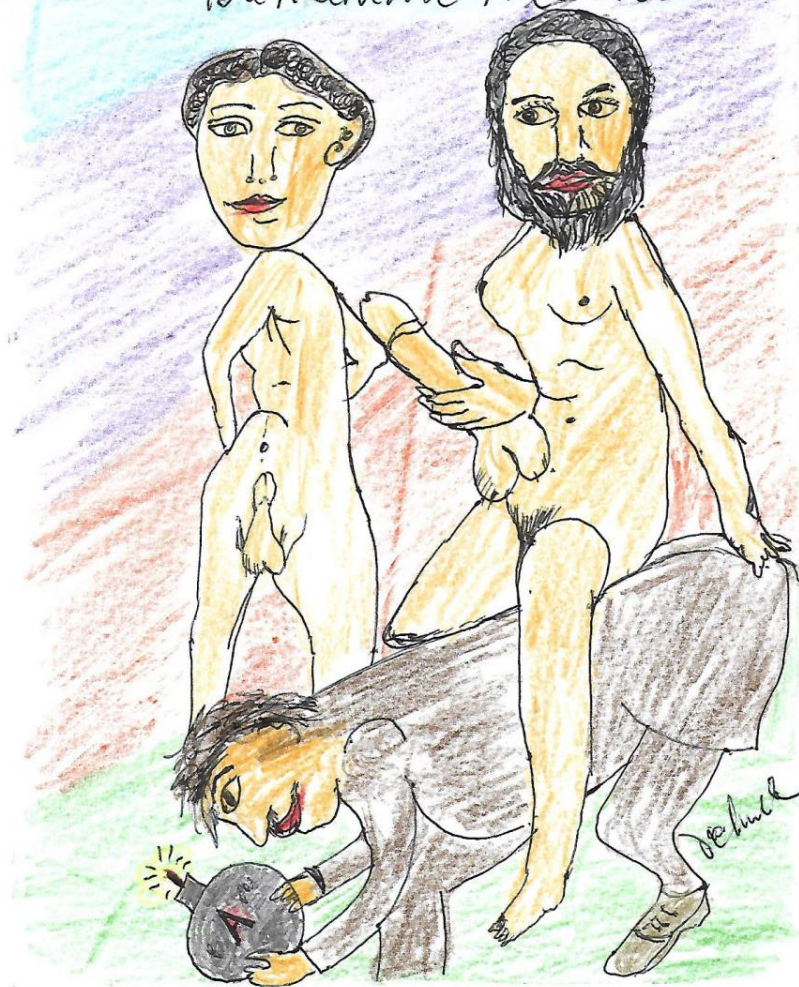
With good or bad music comes Night
When the Sun is below the horizon.

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

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

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

Bakunin & Nechaev







15. DANY' BIRD, HIS NEST AND EGGS

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













Graffiti- Burgos

16. PLANET TRUMP

Trump, gypsylike to, illustrates

The scintilla of life:

Making a Trump taking many lives

Wishing and hunting

Ancient skills of skinning.

His powerful majic odor

Dilates our nostrils

And quickens our hearts.

He will be written with berry juice

Since his brain is as a tortilla

made with turtle's eggs

coming to Act, coming to Eat

With Putin and his Ego

Within the necessities

Of all the livings.

17. POETRY IN ONE DOCUMENT



(Graffiti in Burgos)

BILLIARDS AND DARTS

A teacher asks Little James

What balls are those that don't have hairs

And Little James answered quickly:

-None, teacher, because all the balls

And more those of Villar

Have hairs.

There was laughter by spoonfuls

Like garlic soups

In Roa de Duero, Burgos

Before corralling bulls.

Little students from Aranda de Duero

Know this joke very well

And always talk of it

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



Graffiti- Burgos

PLANET TRUMP

**Trump, gypsylike to, illustrates
The scintilla of life:
Making a Trump taking many lives
Wishing and hunting
Ancient skills of skinning.
His powerful majic odor
Dilates our nostrils
And quickens our hearts.
He will be written with berry juice
Since his brain is as a tortilla
made with turtle's eggs
coming to Act, coming to Eat
With Putin and his Ego
Within the necessities
Of all the livings.**

FROM BEGINNING TO END

**From beginning to end
is explained absolutely everything worth knowing
about absolutely nothing.
Why not'?
We felt that the Beginning is a true leaf
of the inmortal literature
as a side of bacon changing the pig
discovering the best way to keep its legend alive
encouraging mytology**

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

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

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

18. RODE INTO FIVE HAIKUS

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

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

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

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

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

19. I'M WITH THE MONKEY TENGO EL MONO























Goddess Scratching Her Armpit
Diosa Arrascándose El Sobaco

20. The Beatnik Cowboy

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



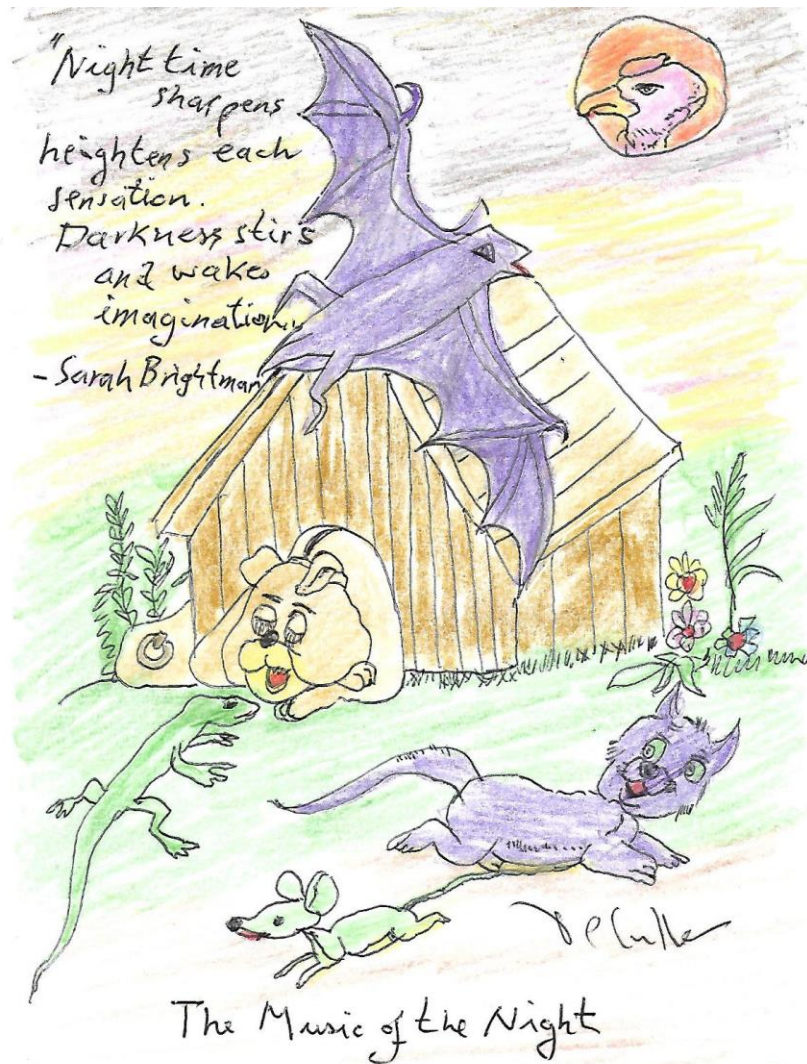
OCTOBER

Daniel de Culla

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

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

THE CANDLE IN THE WIND



NIGHT MUSIC THAT DOES NOT SHUT UP

With good or bad music comes Night
When the Sun is below the horizon.
Black cloak as clerical cassock
It's covering the city
On their roofs of houses and blocks
Referring to Mozart's music
To Strau's waltzes
To rock or rap.
The Moon flies over the clouds
With his head peeled and a scarf around her neck.
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The Candle in the Wind
Elton John: "And it seems to me
you lived your life
like a candle
in the wind..."



THE CANDLE IN THE WIND

This is the story
Of a light

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

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

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

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

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

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

Leaving the hunting pieces
Or the bullet's gap

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

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

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Photo from Life Magazine. Used without permission or profit.



21. THE DREAM OF A MALE CRAB

River is an instrument

Passed from water to water

**Rather than an eating stand.
We are the talk of the town
From compass points
In the circle of Life
That encloses us all.
Crabs folk in North America
And Europe, in Japan
In Africa, in Russia, in India
Where natural scientists
Asking for our first Love.
Dish of Crabs:
Here in we have reprinted
A number of pieces
Contained with it.
It is because of the extreme
Importance of our existence
That we have chosen
To do this caprice.
But these excerpts
Are not enough:
The rivers themselves
Must be experienced
It is my feeling, my dream
That the Fishers Wo/Men
Will open many rivers
For any other Fisher
In a simple exercise**

Of to be eating very good.



A. The rabbit of good luck. (According to the story of the rabbit of good luck.)

22. THE RABBIT OF GOOD LUCK

**In the Moor' Field
Next to the green olive
There captivated me
Those three girls**

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

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

23. Three Arts



TULIPS

Daniel de Culla

gallotricolor@yahoo.com

Hand Drawing with pencil and colours.



RASCAL WOMEN

Daniel de Culla

gallotricolor@yahoo.com

Hand Drawing with pencil and colours.



HOLY GARDEN, Daniel de Culla

gallotricolor@yahoo.com. Hand Drawing with pencil and colours.

24. THREE PICS







(De Culla's Pic)

25. TIME TRAVEL

Time Travel

As the HG Well's The Time Machine

With philosophy and fiction

Outside the sense & perception:

An arbitrary travel in spacetime

Connected with quantum mechanics

And wormholes.

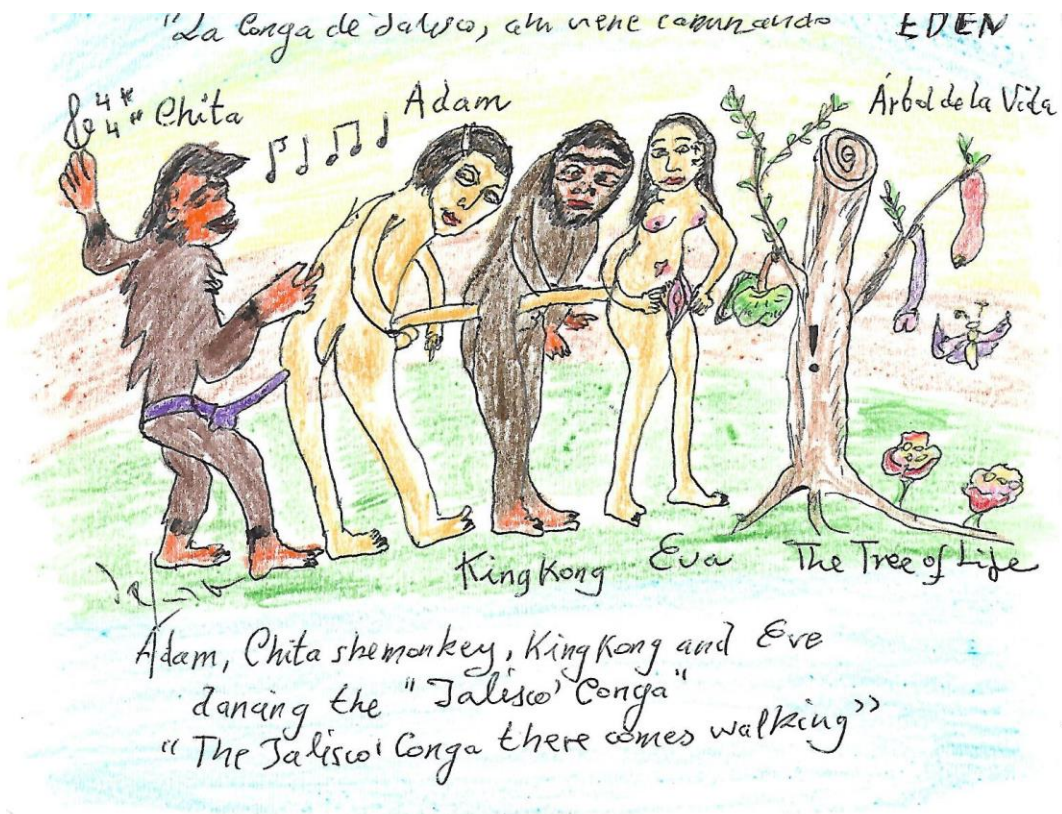
Einstein-Rosen bridges ;

Surely celebrating

The feline sense of traffic.

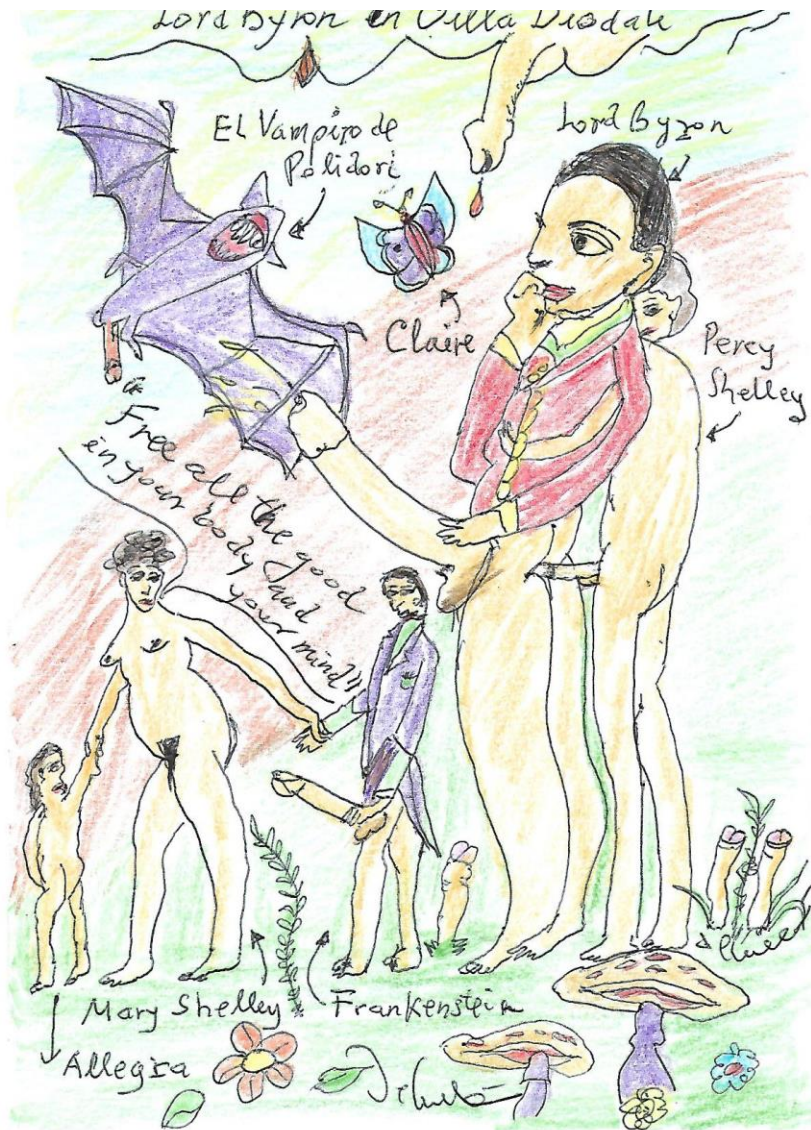
26. ZUMZUM QUE ZUMBA

© Daniel de Culla / Elogio del Rebuzno

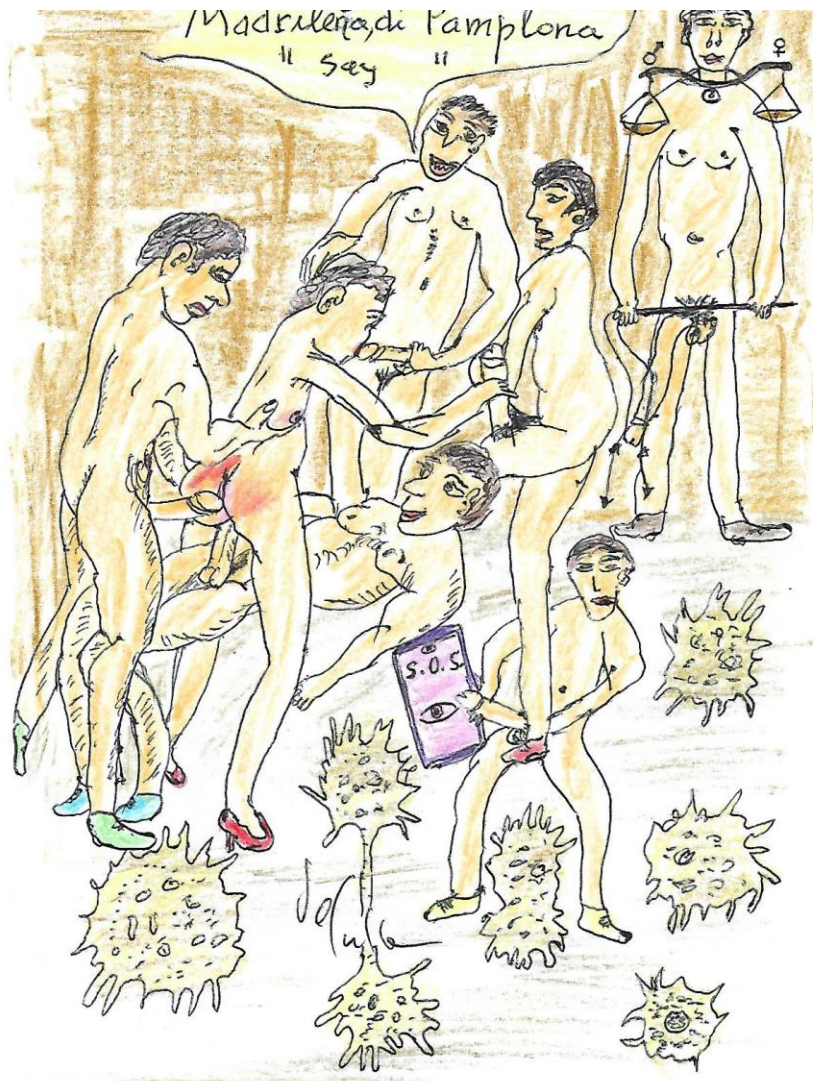


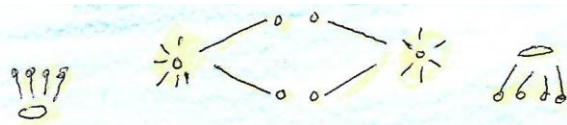




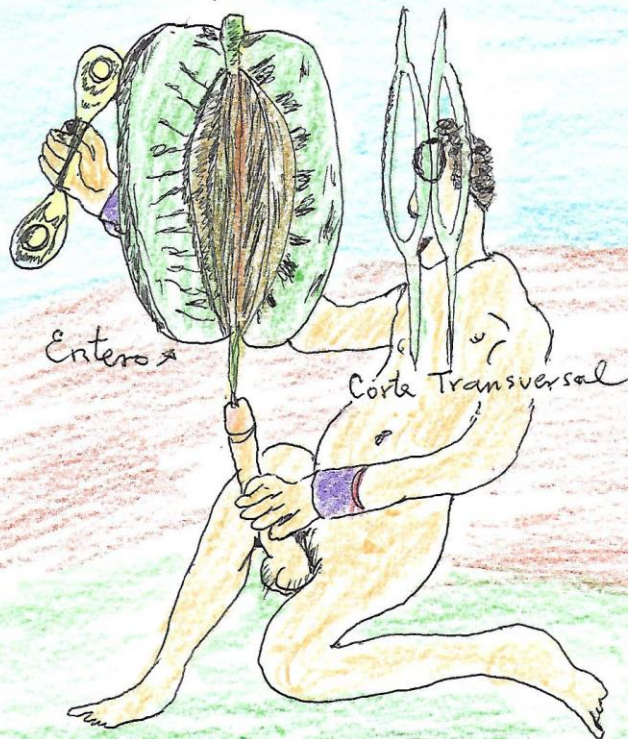








Tapsia



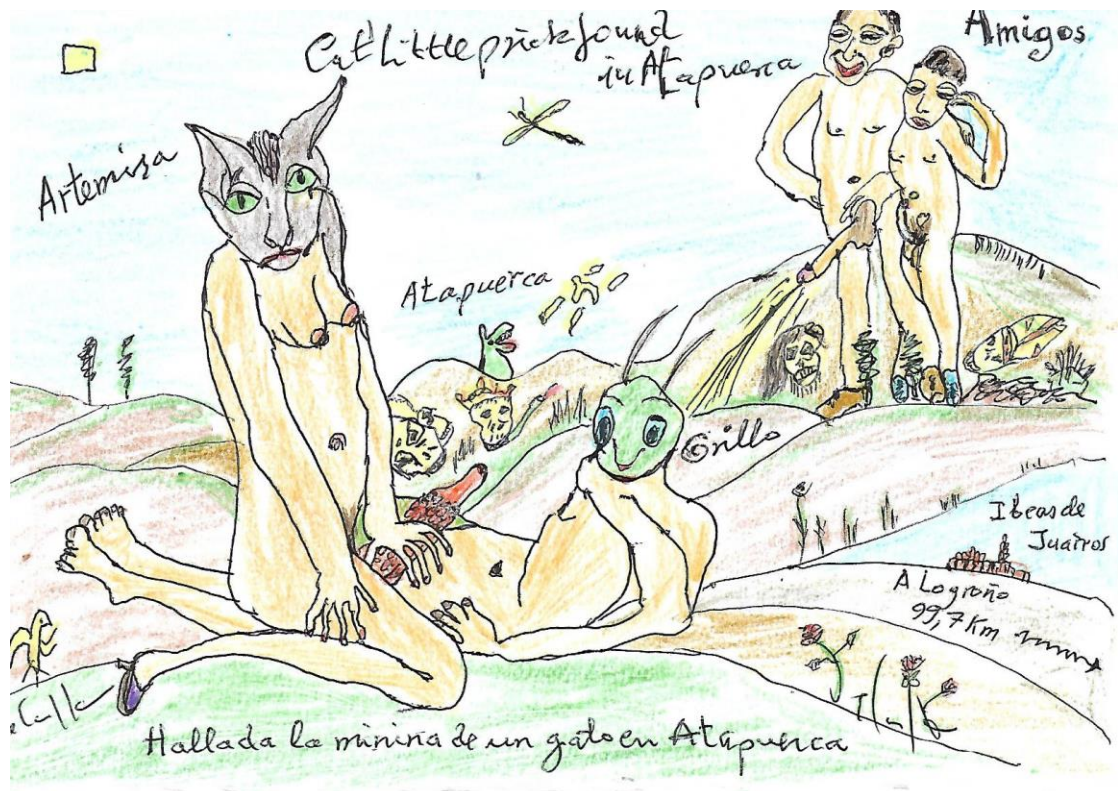
Entero

Corte Transversal

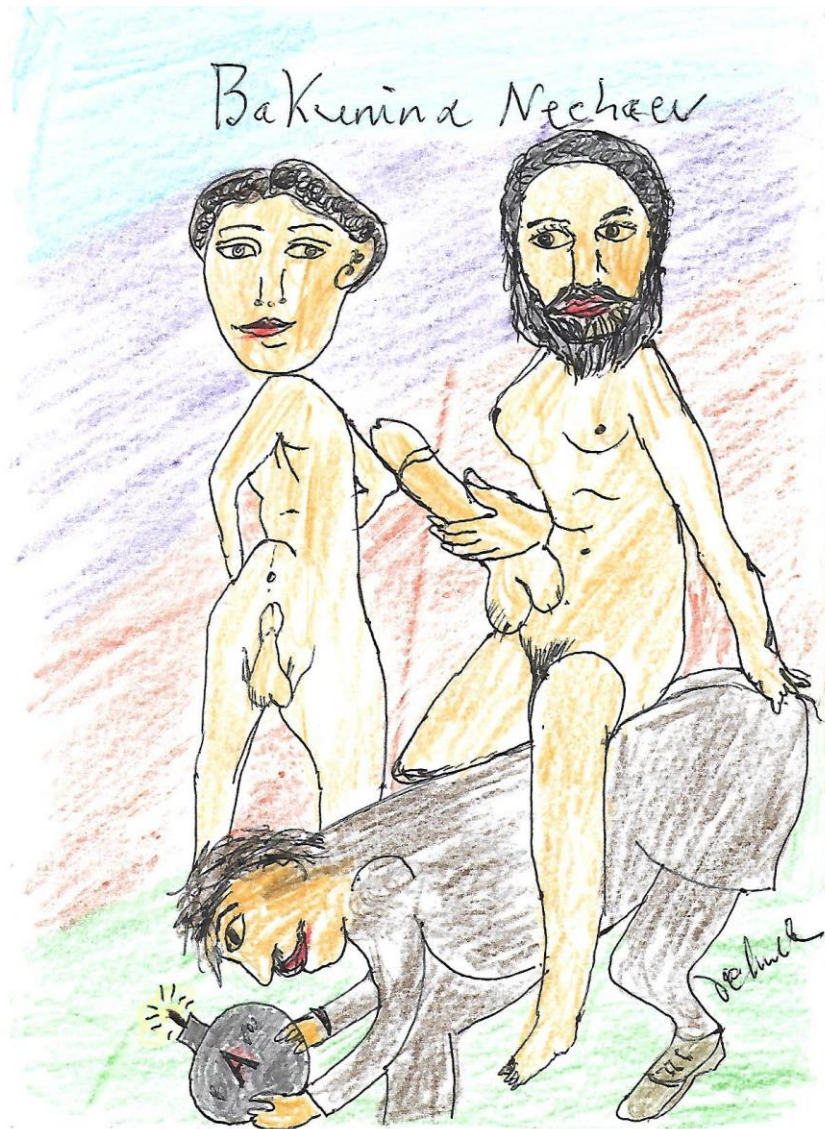
de lulle





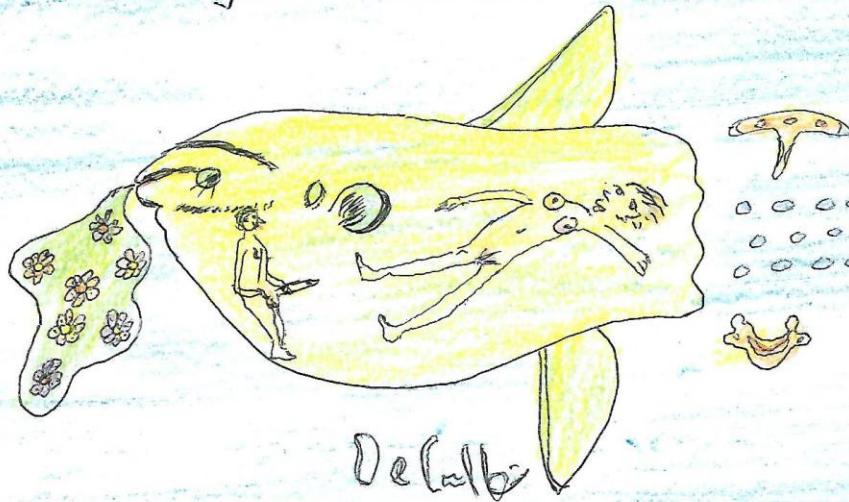


Bakunina Nechaev



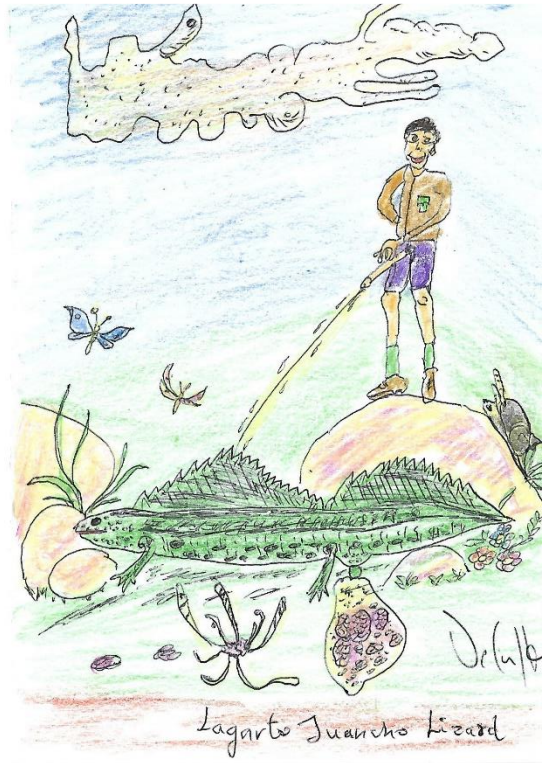


Follar dentro de uma Baleena
Falling in love inside a whale



De Calbi





The Five Heads

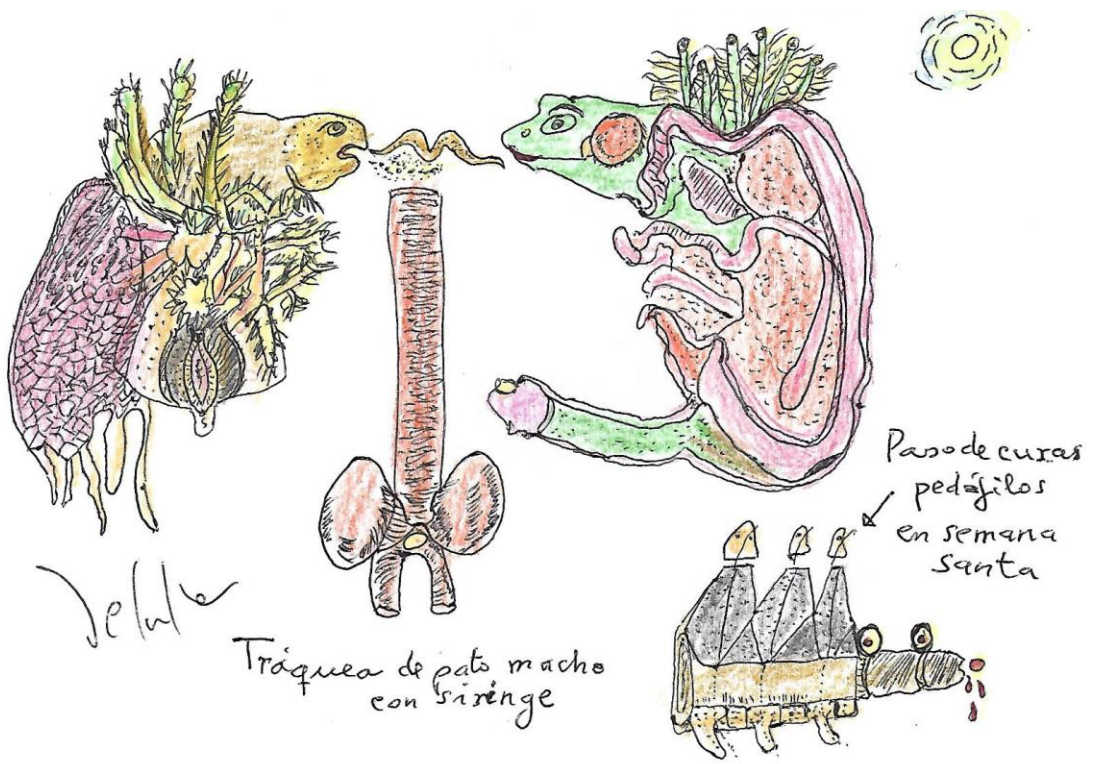


La Ciudad
es carnal jolgorio;
Pam Pam suena
en el auto tambor
de las chicas, y
a quienes un santo
no salva de su deshonra
por el salvaje furor
de unos chicos
plona plona.

Hombre lobo

de (u)l

El Quinticefalo



Tráquea de pato macho
con siringa

Pasode curas
pedáfilos
en semana
Santa

vela



De la

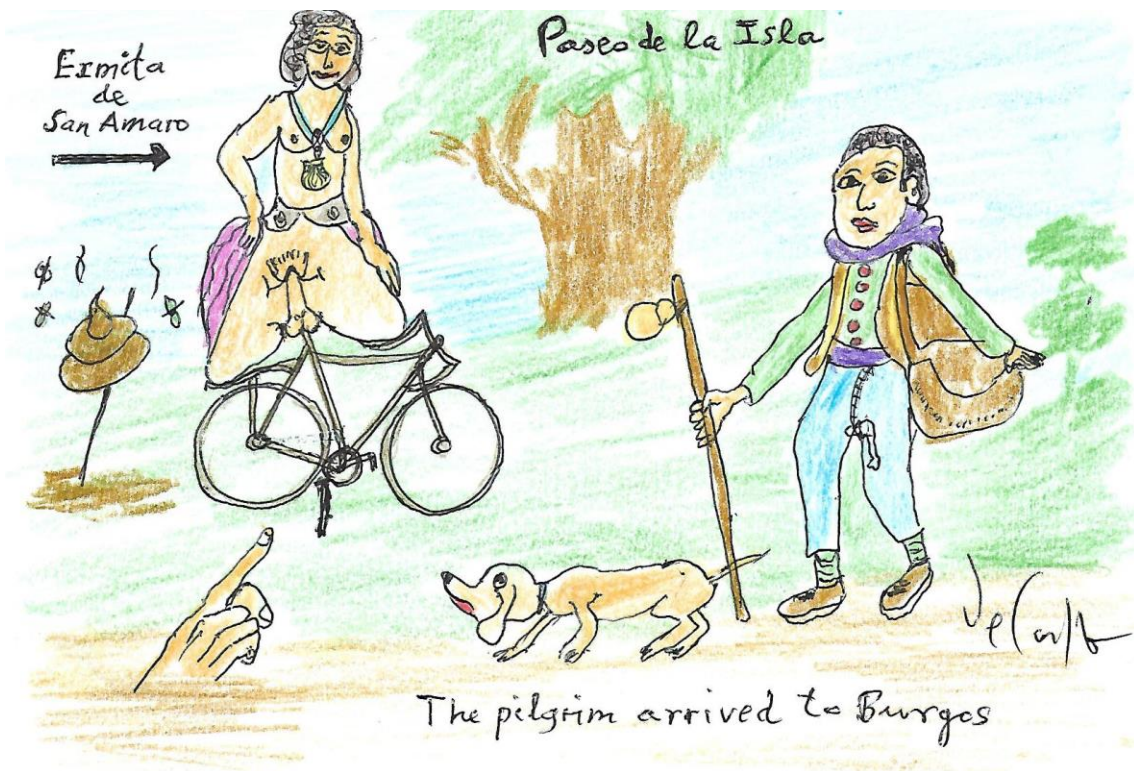
Pedophile priest

Cura pedofilo

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







Moza en el Servicio del Bar "Santrani"



Pesca
Aun con hoicos pequenitos
pesca capullos gorditos.





The uproar of one hand
clitoral

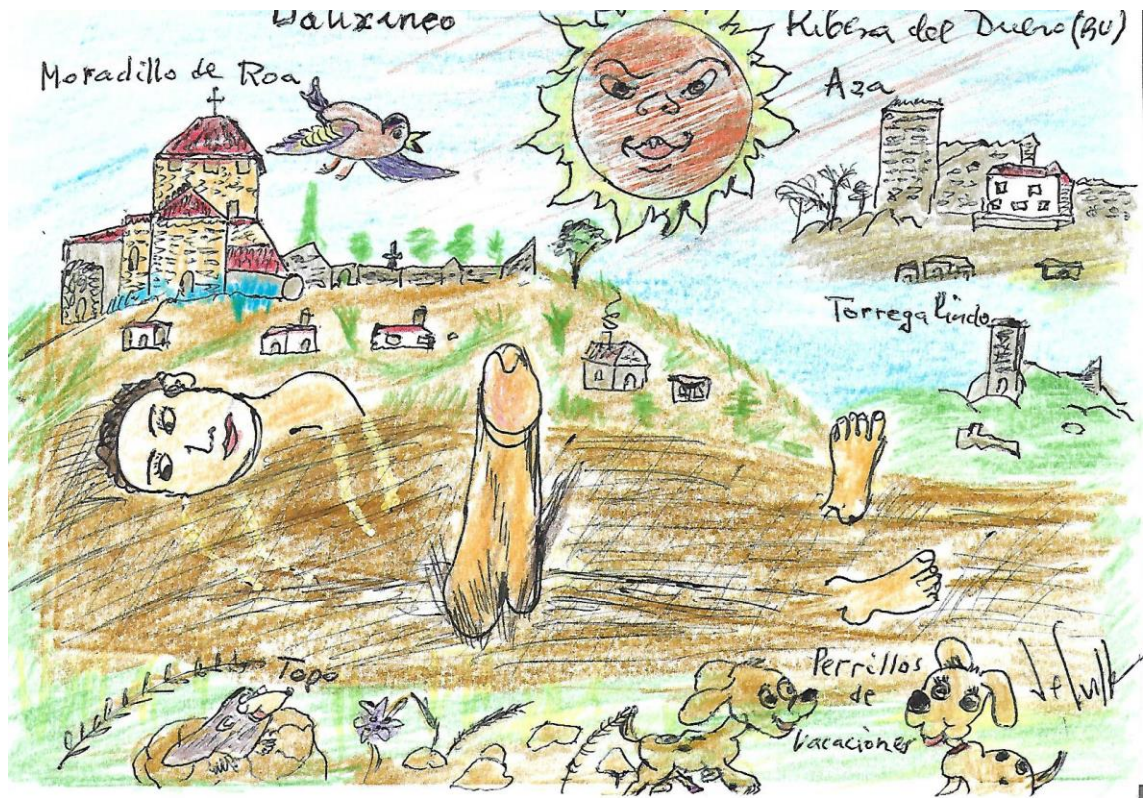
St. Luke





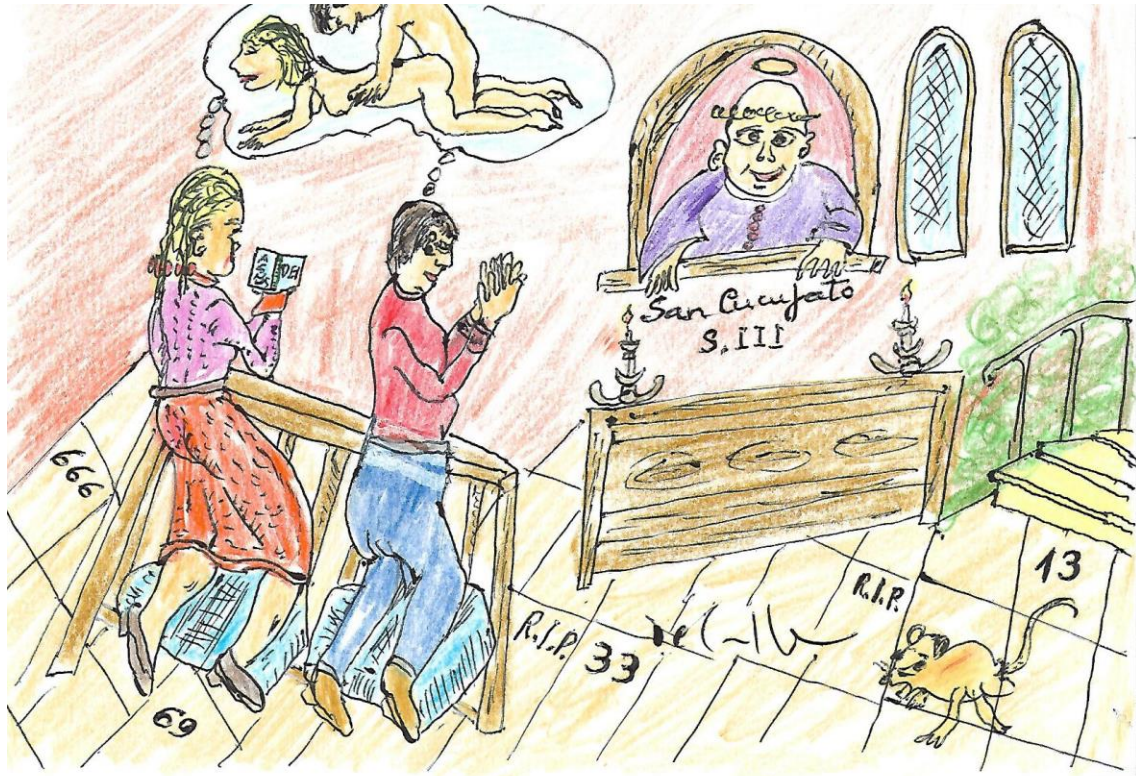
VeChiquito
lindezas y Atributos del Asno













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



27. THE CANDLE IN THE WIND

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the bore of the firearm
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And it turned it off again

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

28. MEDIEVAL HERO









29. TITLES



Title 1: She Vampire

Author: Daniel de Culla

Media: Collage with author's drawings.



Title 2: The Music of the Night with Thanksgiving

Author: Daniel de Culla

Media: Drawing with black pencil and colours



Title 3: The Sun has its Tide

Author: Daniel de Culla

Media: Drawing with black pencil and colours



Title 4: The Candle in tre Wind

Author: Daniel de Culla

Media: Drawing with black pencil and colours



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

Author: Daniel de Culla

Media: Hand-Drawing with black pencil and colours

30. TOYS. TOYS? TOYS!



Looking at the Milky Way, we forget the World



Cowboy



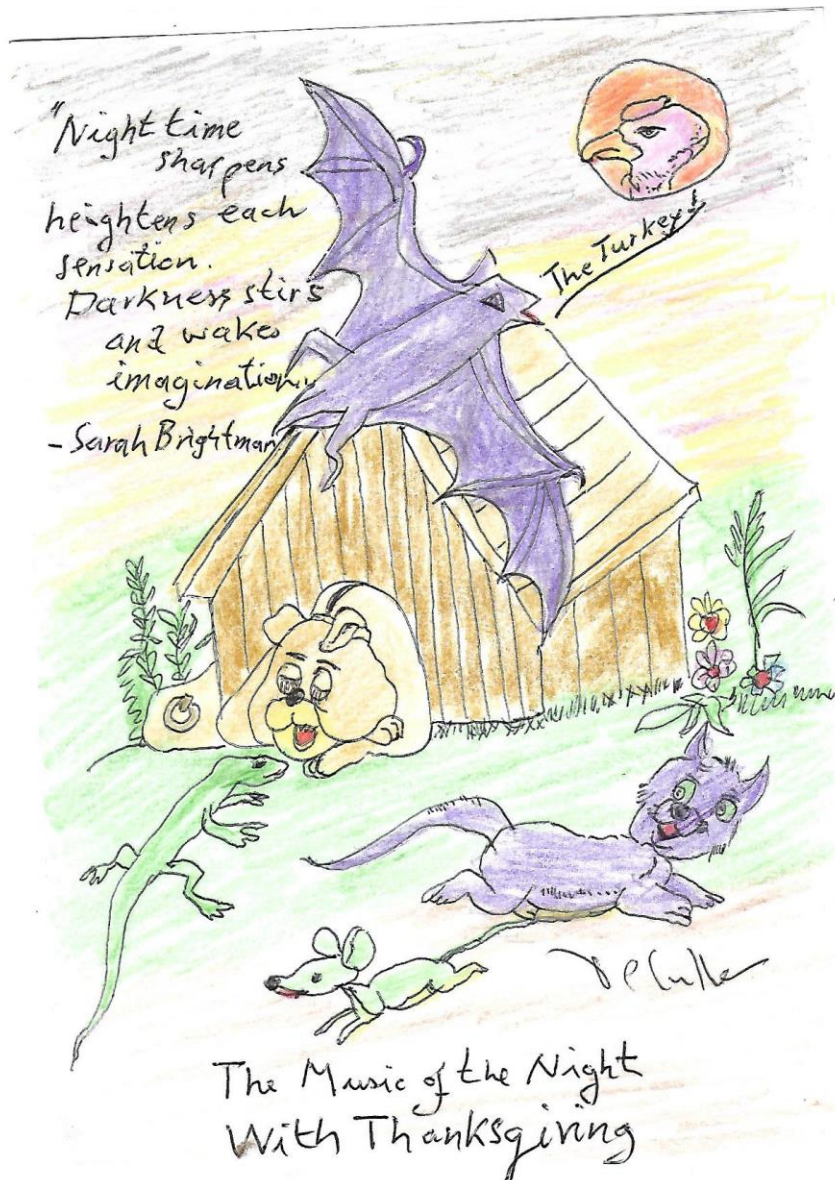
Cow



Trump



Three and a pure



The Turkey



The Sun has its tide

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



THE CANDLE IN THE WIND

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



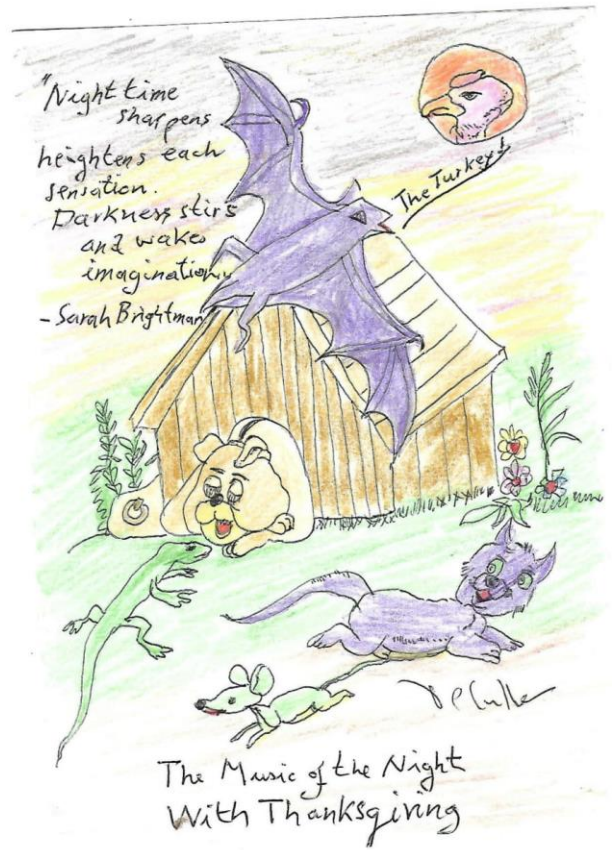
Sappho in Love



Resurrection

31. RITUAL





The Turkey



The Sun has its tide



Sapho in Love

TOYS. TOYS? TOYS!



Looking at the Milky Way, we forget the World



Cowboy



Cow

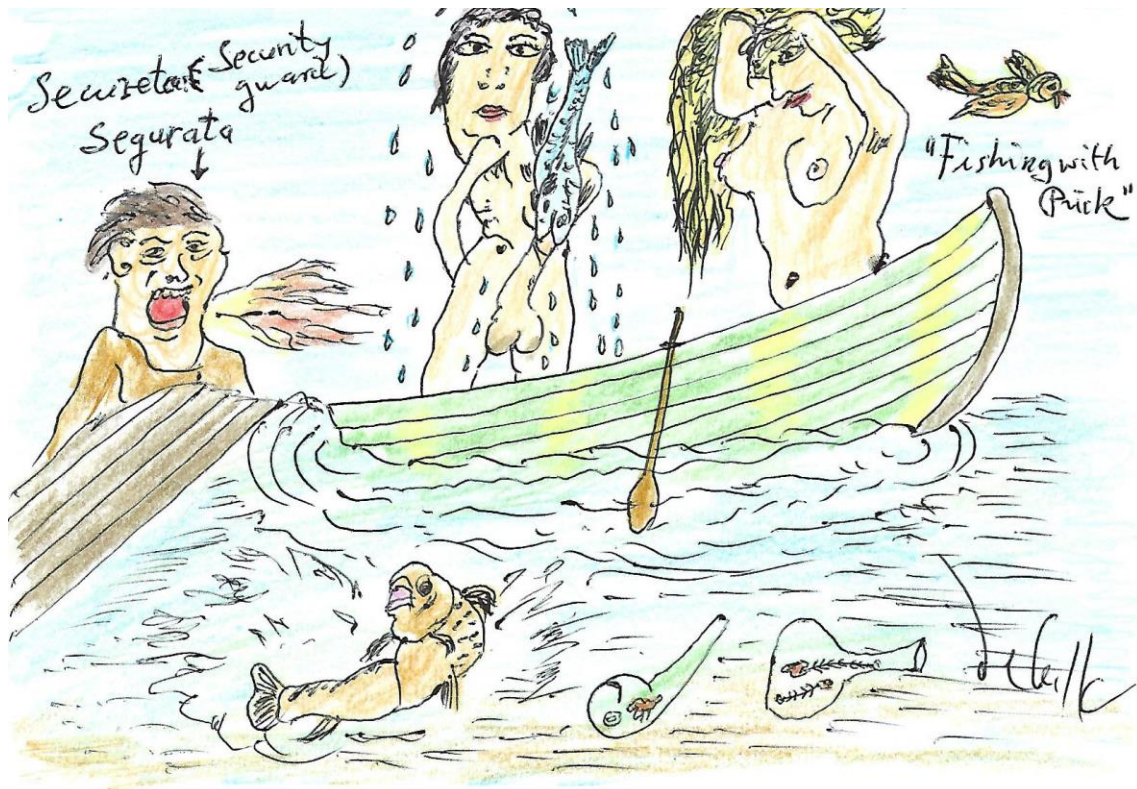
Trump



Three and a pure



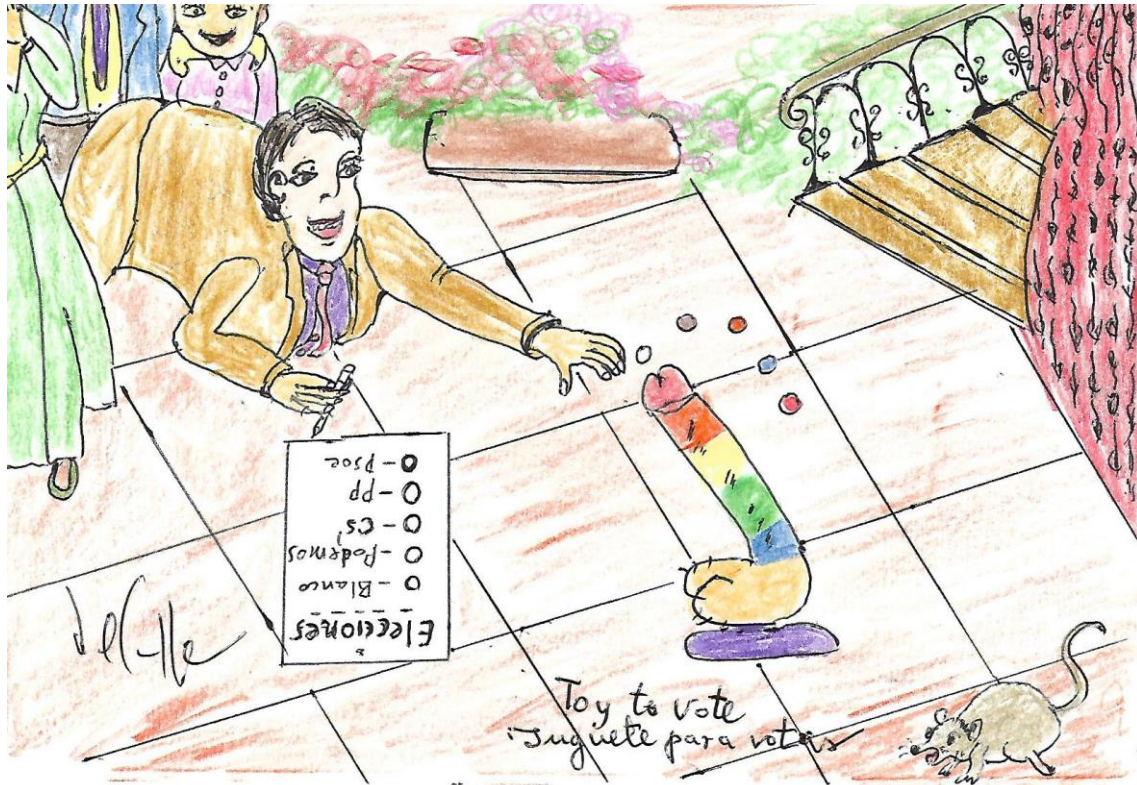




Although
I've Prick,
want to be
a Bird

Aunque tenga pajar,
me gustaria ser pajar





32. CIRCULAIRE 132

Décembre 2018

Exemplaire: 09 - 20

No. **211**

CIRCULAIRE **132**

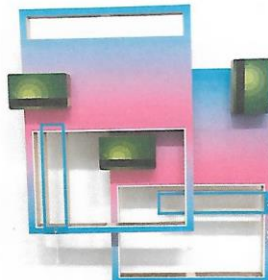
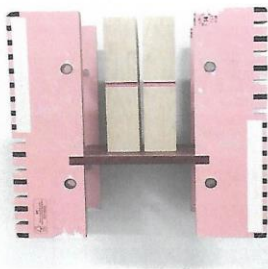
Zine d'art postal, d'art posté et d'art en général...

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Les fausses-éditions du Rat-de-Marée

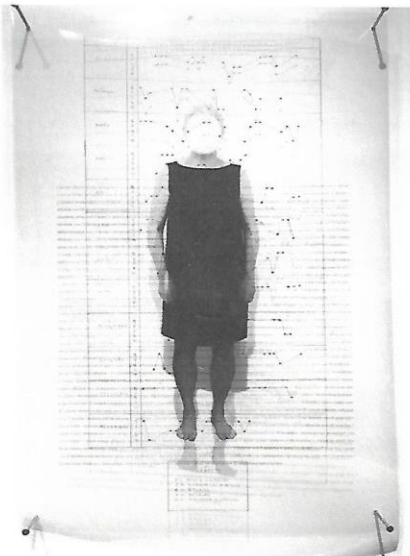
ESCAPADE CULTURELLE À MONTRÉAL (troisième partie)

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

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



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



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



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

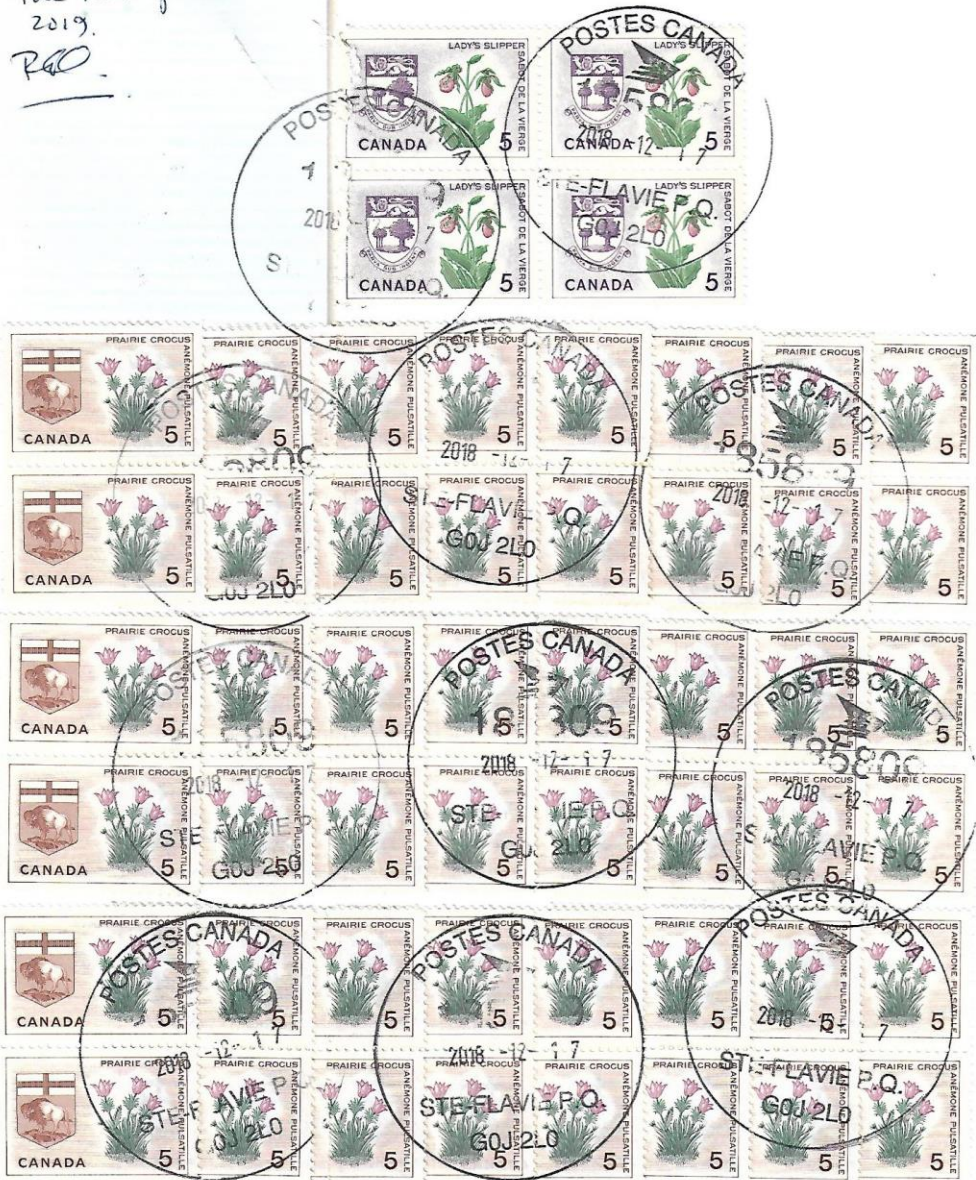
Pour consulter tous les précédents numéros de CIRCULAIRE132 voir le blogallerie suivant:

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

<http://circulaire132.blogspot.com>

Message:

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





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



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



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

CAMARADE

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

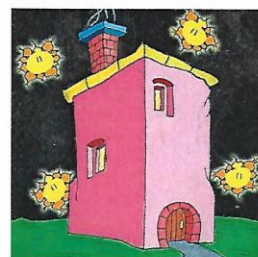
Voici mes bras
accoutumés à porter
le poids des luttes
pour un monde meilleur.

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

EXISTER

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

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



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

Décembre 2018

No 211

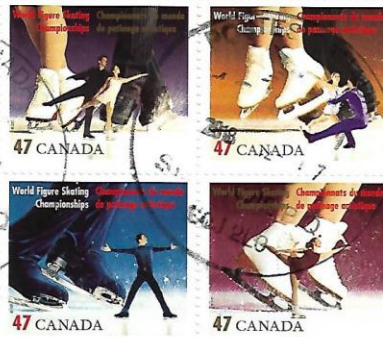
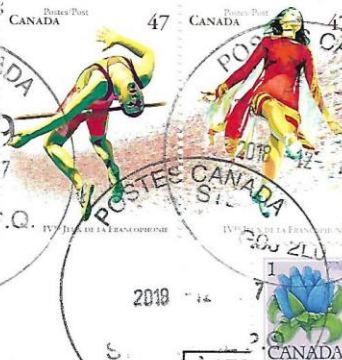
CIRCULAIRE 132

FLIP
OVER



VOIR AU
VERSO

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



NE PAS PLIER



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

Participants:

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Antonio Gomez, Calle Las Huertas No. 16, 06800, Mérida, Badajoz, ESPAGNE

Theo Nelson, 2611 Charlebois Dr. NW, Calgary (Alberta), T2L 0T5, CANADA

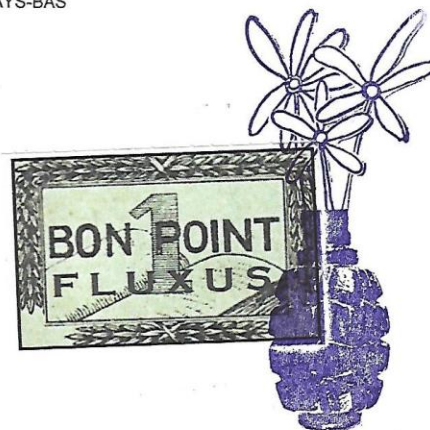
Béatrice Gaudy (chez Fabrice Verjat), 81 Ter rue Vaneau, 75007, Paris, FRANCE

Teresinha Pereira, 2204 Talmadge Road, Ottawa Hills, OH, 43606-2529, USA

Diane Bertrand, 9109 Deschambault, Saint-Léonard (Québec), H1R 2C6, CANADA

Henk J. Van Ooyen, Vlinderveen 258, 3205 EJ, Spykenisse, PAYS-BAS

Magda Lagerwerf, Weenderstraat No. 23, 9551, TJ, Sellinger, PAYS-BAS



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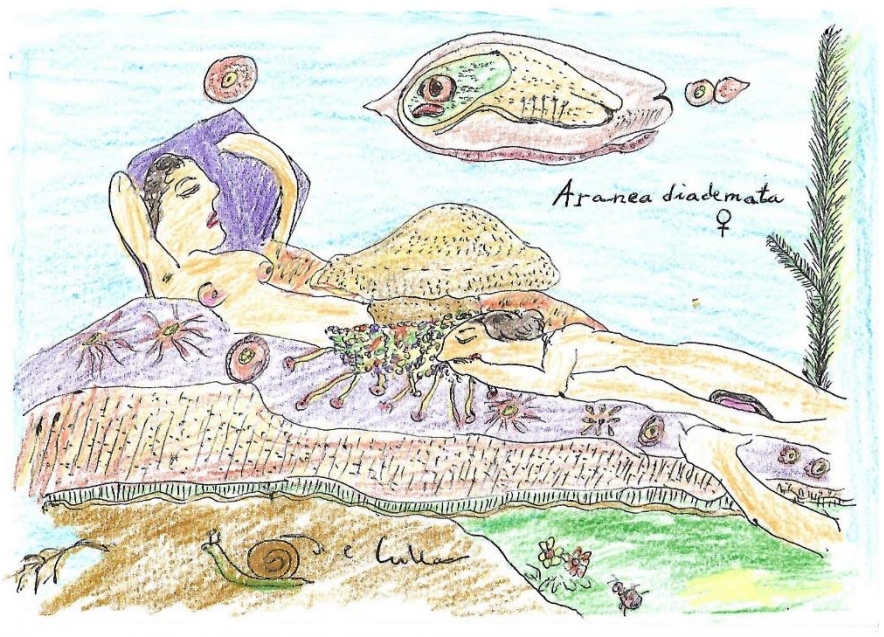
33. AUTUMN MELODIES

“Autumn Spider”

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

The Great Blafigia, Vol. II E III

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



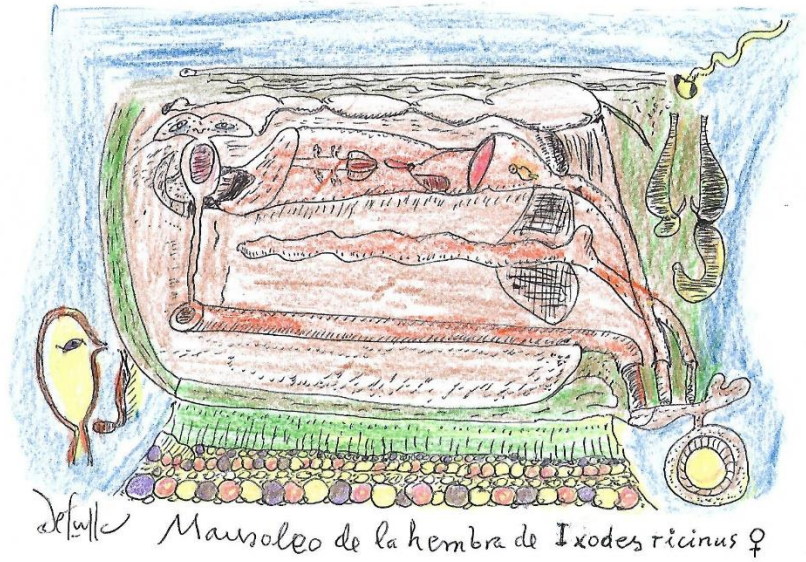
She fell on a white bench
Part of this magic park
Where I've seen many lovers' shadows
And I sang it all to my self.



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

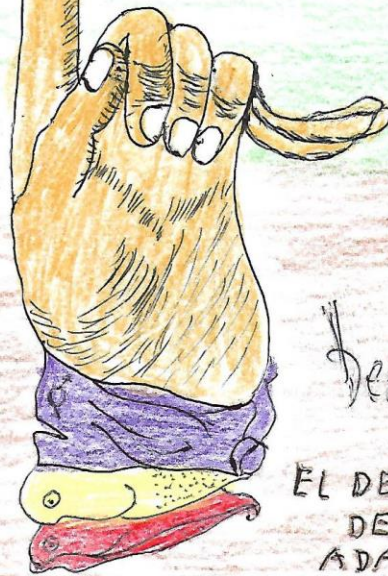
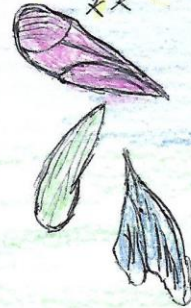
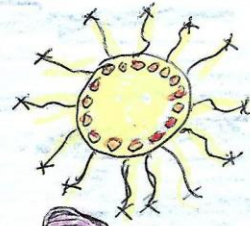


The ground became so warm and soft
That I just had to lay down,
A world of words lying beside me
And the spider, who had found under my arms
A windproof corner
Began again to weave her life.



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

*Trombicula
autumnalis*



Defolia

EL DEDO
DE
ADAN

Autumn Spider

Once there was a spider

just finishing her web

But autumn came

with red and yellow leaves, and the wind

that blew her web away.

She fell on a white bench

part of this magic park

where I've seen many lovers' shadows

and I sang it all to my self.

This park had many words

sprouting all around

so I spent a lot of time

just looking at the ground.

The ground became so warm and soft

that I just had to lay down,

a world of words lying beside me

and the spider, who had found under my

a windproof corner arms

began again to weave her life.

I have been lying on the ground since

eating the words beside me. then

Today I shall eat all the letters

that spell simplicity--

(Song Caminos Rancheros/Fall Equinox

1975/Gioia)

34. THREE POEMS

BILLIARDS AND DARTS

A teacher asks Little James

What balls are those that don't have hairs

And Little James answered quickly:

-None, teacher, because all the balls

And more those of Villar

Have hairs.

There was laughter by spoonfuls

Like garlic soups

In Roa de Duero, Burgos

Before corralling bulls.

Little students from Aranda de Duero

Know this joke very well

And always talk of it

When they go to the wine cellar

And, into the deep of it

They touch the balls among them

To see which of them

Have more grown hair.

To who that has the longest hair

They sent him to Burgos

With free expenses

As a prize for competing

In a competition of Billiards and Darts

To a place called "At Plane", in Gamonal

Telling him at the Bus Station

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

**FROM BEGINNING TO END
From beginning to end
is explained absolutely everything worth knowing
about absolutely nothing.**

Why not'?
**We felt that the Beginning is a true leaf
of the inmortal literature
as a side of bacon changing the pig
discovering the best way to keep its legend alive
encouraging mytology
and the controversy about it:
Sun wil have its tide spreading over our maps
Moon remembering us we were gone
and we still sing everything waiting
for birth, death
inside this den of us.**

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

**THE RABBIT OF GOOD LUCK
In the Moor' Field
Next to the green olive**

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

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

35. Twos

FROM BEGINNING TO END

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

Why not'?

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

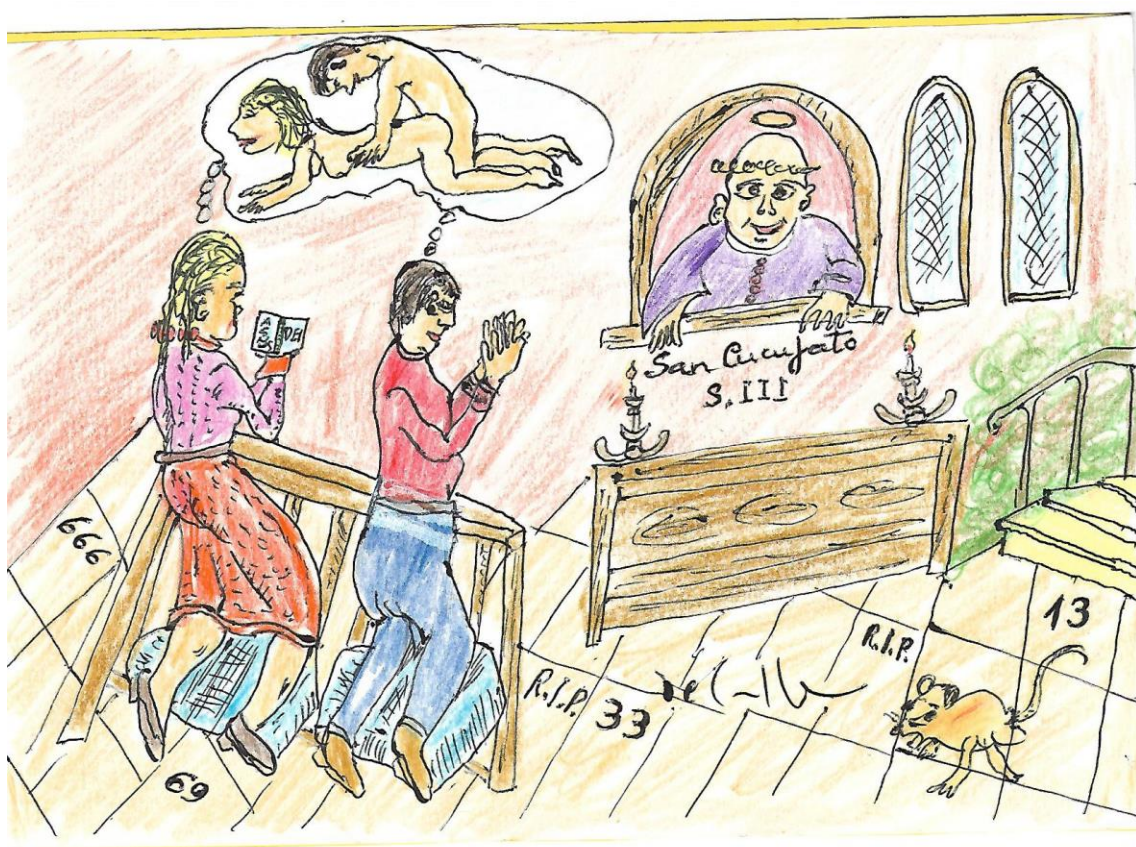
as a side of bacon changing the pig
discovering the best way to keep its legend alive
encouraging mytology
and the controversy about it:
Sun wil have its tide spreading over our maps
Moon remembering us we were gone
and we still sing everything waiting
for birth, death
inside this den of us.
Spring,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

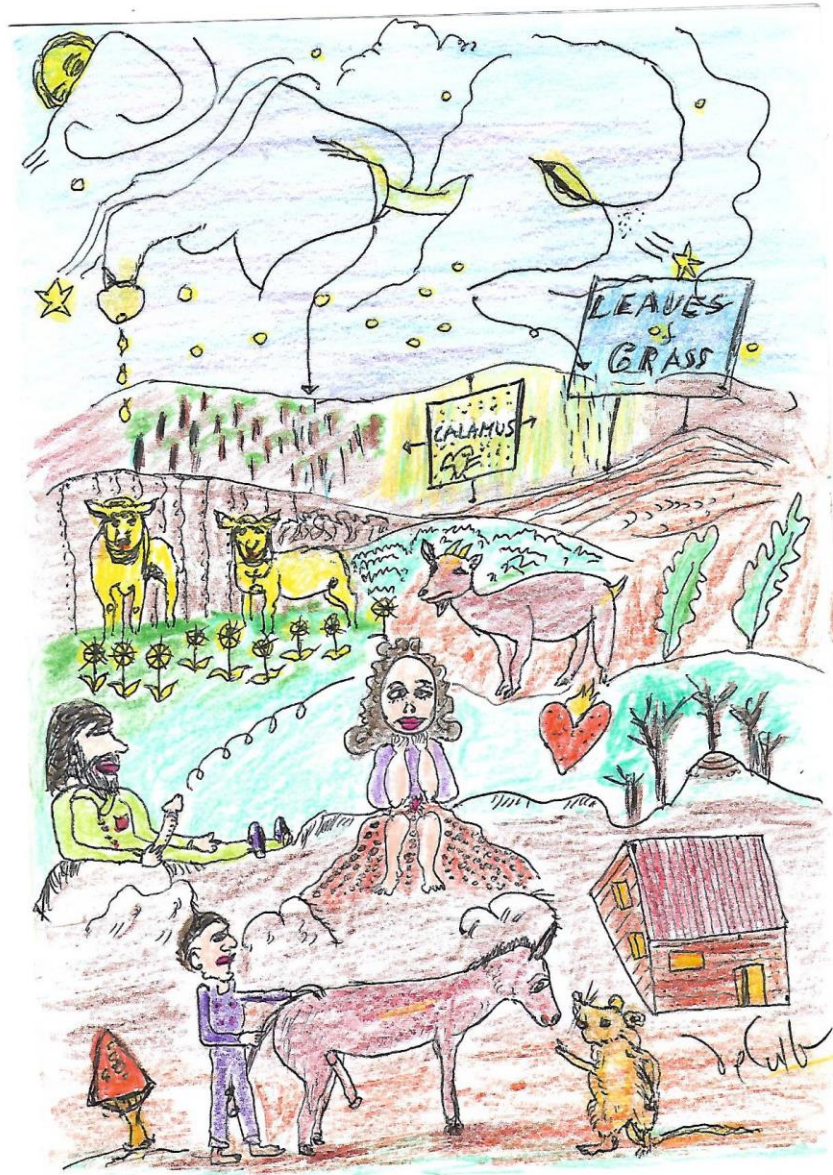
WE ARE ALL A LIKE
Crossing the Street
I'm just celebrating
The feline sense of "Like".
How do You like Me?
I like more bananas than slices of water-melon.
And I really feel like
And yet I induced it like
That is like.
What is he like?
The like as Me.
With my own words to receive
To touch, to perceive: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

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

36. WITH WOMAN (Three Draws)







37. WALT WHITMAN PURSUING BEAUTY

(In his 200 Aniversary)

His Biosphere, his Biorealm, his Bioprovince

His Bioregion, his Biolocale

Beat plunged humming “Leaves of Grass”

Thought drunken twisted paths

Stumbling pleasures and thinking about

The quality of being different

Transparent, unthinkable

Just talking from experience

Tracing the tread of our heads

Into a web and so mysterious and clear.

Despite the Presbyterian pastor’ words

Ralph Smith

Saying with envy and burr:

- Walter is a Freeroamer of Love

That has converted the Locust Grove School

In a School of Sodoma

Or the John Peter Lesley’s, geologist:

-Walter is a “pretentious gil”

And his Leaves of Grass

Are “profane and obscene trash”

Walter and his Leaves of Grass

Still are a promise and a delight.

We’ve been thinking about his offer

And their answer is a strong tentative yes.

I love it:

His new possible consciousness of the Earth

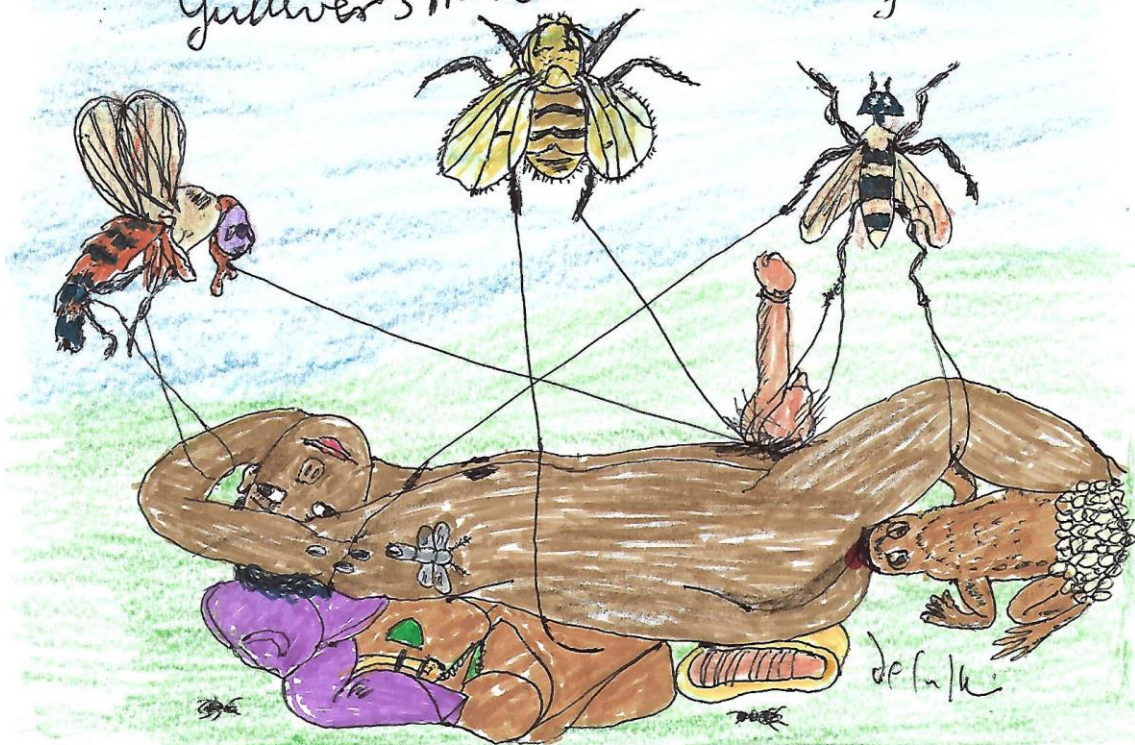
Filled with demons – making scenes

Of Love and Freedom
Wastings what he has given to You and me:
Leaves of Grass
And its natural science: that the Earth
Is the center of the attention
Not another's manipulation on it.
It is a lovely pamphlet of possible Life.
O honey
Walter, You're an acorus calamus
I love You.

38. TWO FIGURES: THE SARACEN MOISES & GULLIVER



Gulliver's Travels ~ Jonathan Swift





39. THE DREAM OF A MALE CRAB

River is an instrument

Passed from water to water

**Rather than an eating stand.
We are the talk of the town
From compass points
In the circle of Life
That encloses us all.
Crabs folk in North America
And Europe, in Japan
In Africa, in Russia, in India
Where natural scientists
Asking for our first Love.
Dish of Crabs:
Here in we have reprinted
A number of pieces
Contained with it.
It is because of the extreme
Importance of our existence
That we have chosen
To do this caprice.
But these excerpts
Are not enough:
The rivers themselves
Must be experienced
It is my feeling, my dream
That the Fishers Wo/Men
Will open many rivers
For any other Fisher
In a simple exercise**

Of to be eating very good.



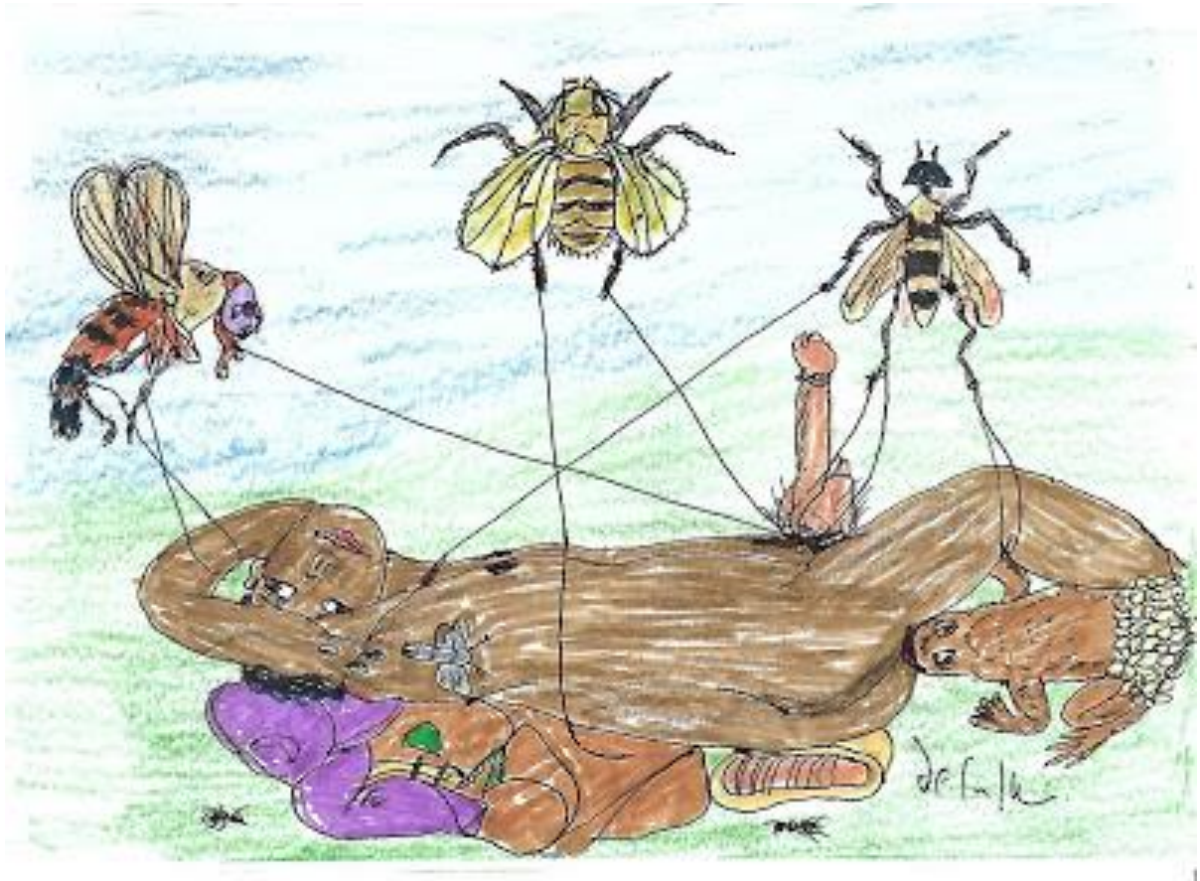
40. MY PARENTS ARE IN ANOTHER GALAXY

**My parents died
And I know they are in another Galaxy.
No matter how many laps you give the coconut
I always see them, me looking at the sky
Through the clouds doing sex.
Daniel came from the fratricidal war
And flying wanting to make children
Although Daniela was tired.
Even in Guadarrama, of Madrid
If the bullets and projectiles had been silent
He set the Sierra for her by bed.
There was an urgency to make children
For God, the fatherland and the king
Even if these were later robbed
By nuns and priests
To give them to the She Brifadiers.
-Tell me mother of your eight daughters
And the ninth child
Because I would have liked to see the eights
In the room you give birth.
-You Were happy at birth, mother?
-You can figure, my son:
Pain, a lot of pain
Blood, sweat and tears
Illusion of seeing them well born, yes
And a lot of stress to see Your father**

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

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

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



41. POSTAL DE NAVIDAD

*** CHRISTMAS CARD**

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

**Dicen “los listos pensadores” que mujeres y hombres soñamos con
unicornios. ¡Yo siempre despierto con él!**

Menudos tontos.

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

Imbéciles.

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

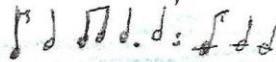
Silly fools

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

Mail Art for Freedom



We're all children of the
priest...



Todos somos
hijos de cura...

Nous sommes
des enfants
du
prêtre...

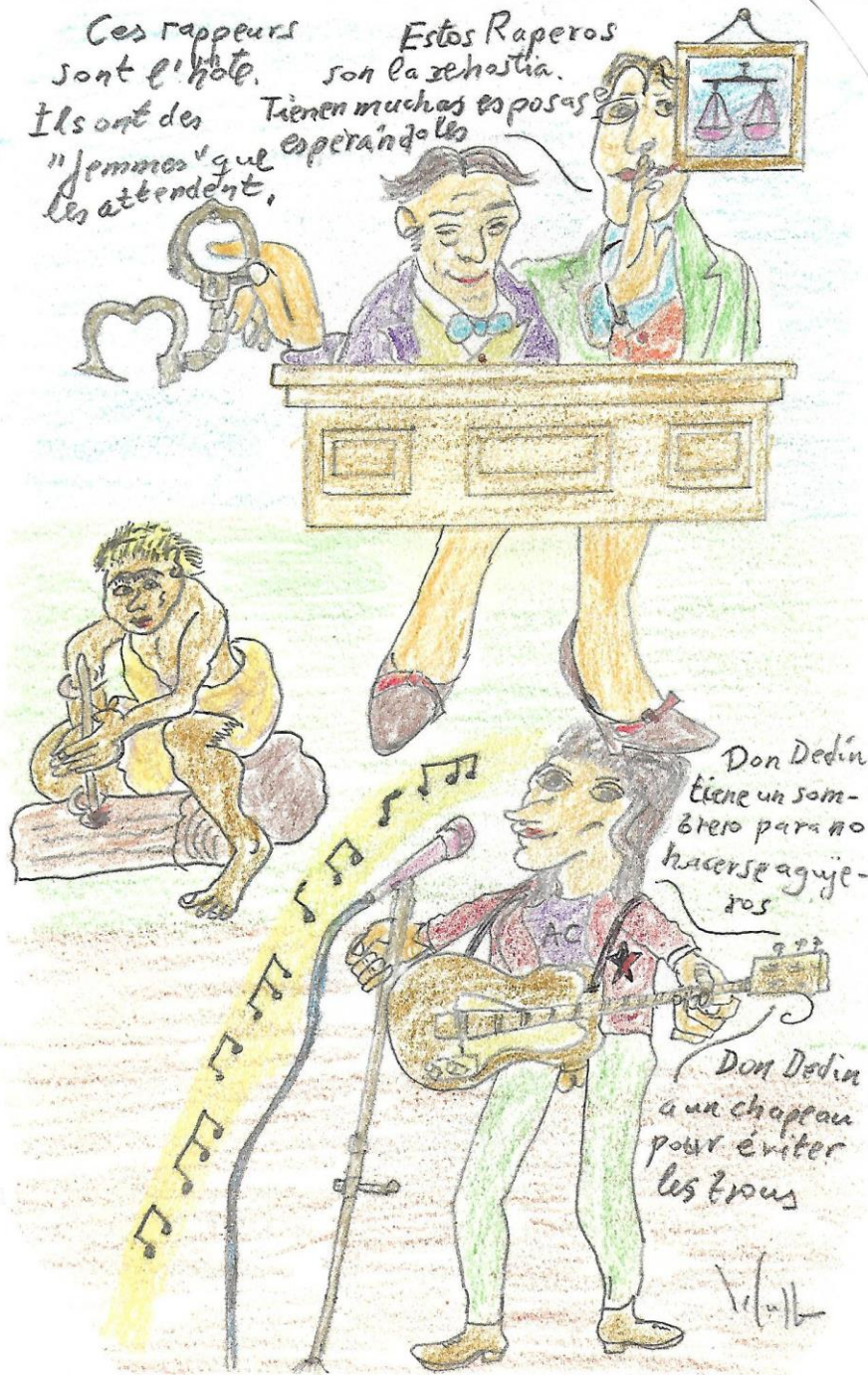


Sperme d'origine commune
Espermatozoide
de origen común
Sperm of common origin

delute

Ces rappeurs
sont l'hôte.
Ils ont des
"femmes" que
ils attendent,

Estos Raperos
son la zehastia.
Tienen muchas esposas
esperándoles





43. THE CANDLE IN THE WIND

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

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

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

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

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

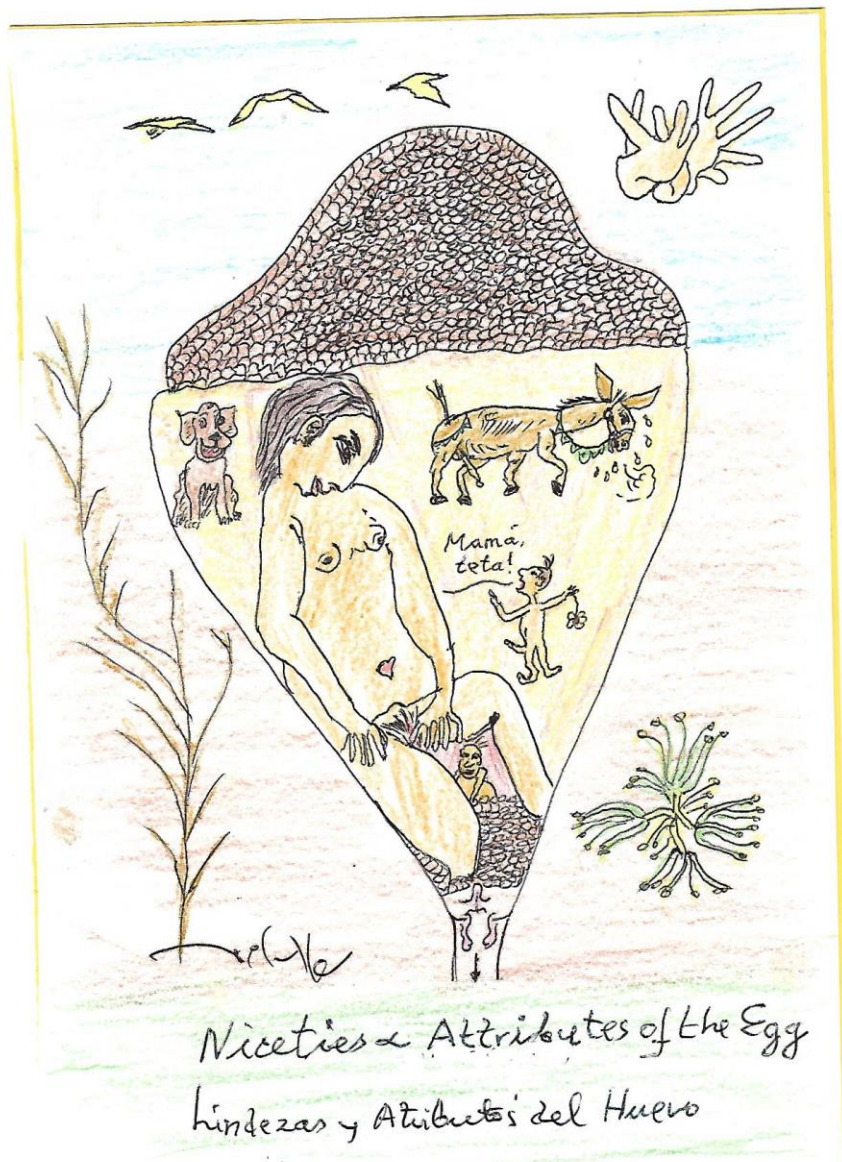
When, suddenly, from somewhere
An air came to him in movement

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

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

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

44. LOOKING FOR EGGS



Gea in love





(Graffiti in Burgos.Spain)

45. KUKU, BANG, BANG

"Wolf" who's like a "Pedophile priest"

Or a "Fat trinket", "Man from the sack"

Hides behind a door

Waiting for passing

A grandmother with her granddaughter

Great-looking granddaughter

Like Little Red Riding Hood

With nine years, too.

He's, the Wolf, a devotee of St. Cucufatus

Praying with certain disgust:

"That the body of that girl

He has it to eat

Although, before, was gullible

With her grandmother's old flesh. "

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

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

“Wolf”, from behind

Beckoned to them

Even howling them.

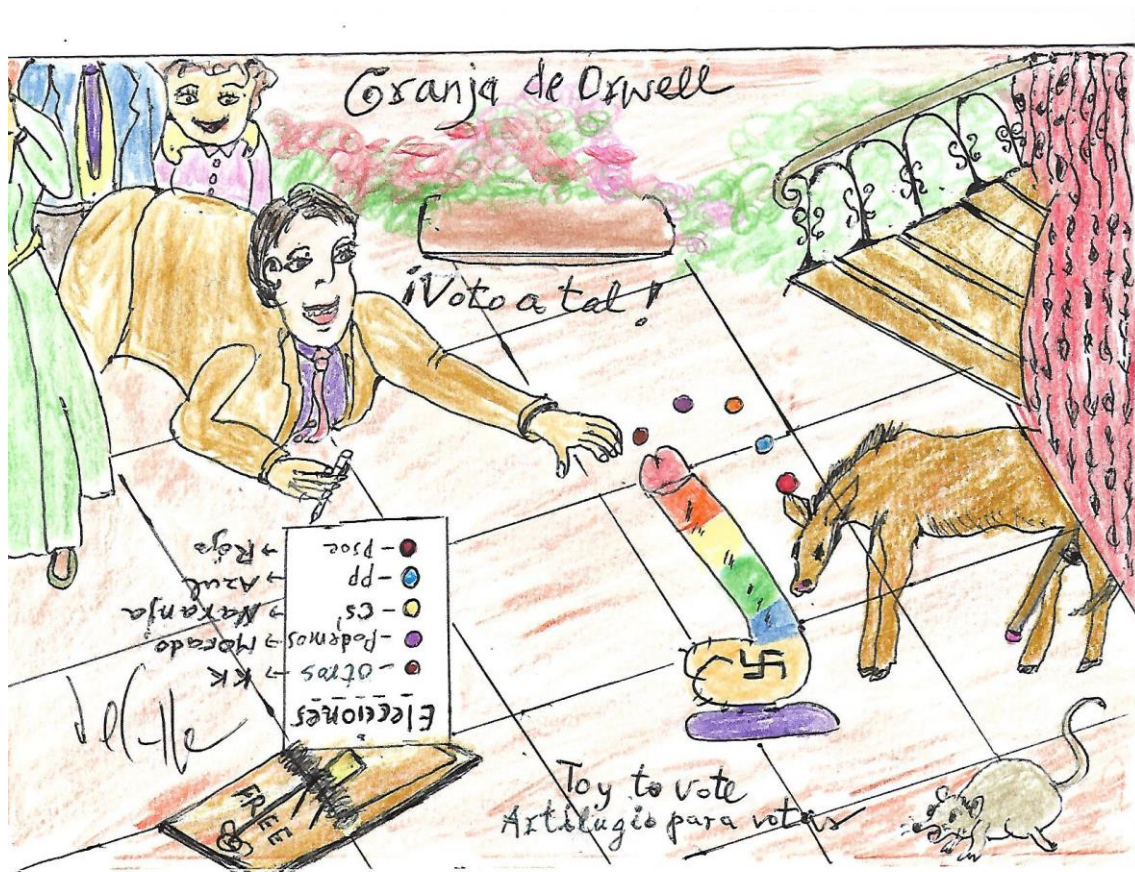
A young woman, who passed there

She was admired

Seeing “Wolf” with the face of a saint

Licking its tail

Escaping from him, just in case.



46. WITH GEORGE ORWELL IN HIS FARM

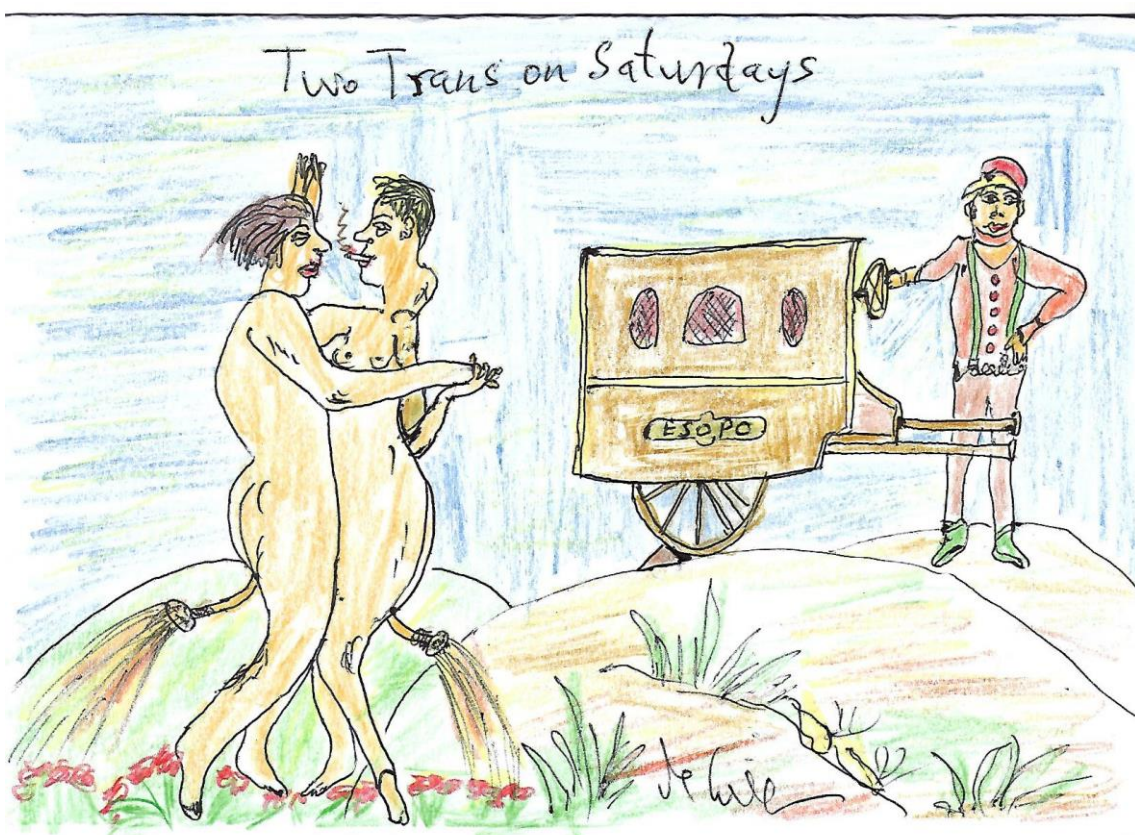
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That to any astrologer

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

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

With whom together
They will come to reign over us.



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

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

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- Go fuck yourself!

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

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

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



48. THE VOICE OF GALICIA

Again, a wild "Kaffir"

For an alcoholized Hee-Ass

Lost his reason, if he ever had it.

He hit and insulted several women

In Sanxenxo, from the province of Pontevedra

In Galicia, "witch and sorceress".

All this, because he insulted them

Calling them "whores"

Hee- aasing:

That "reeked of blood of rule"

He rejoiced in very master asnal phrases

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

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



49. The Virgin of the Cave

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

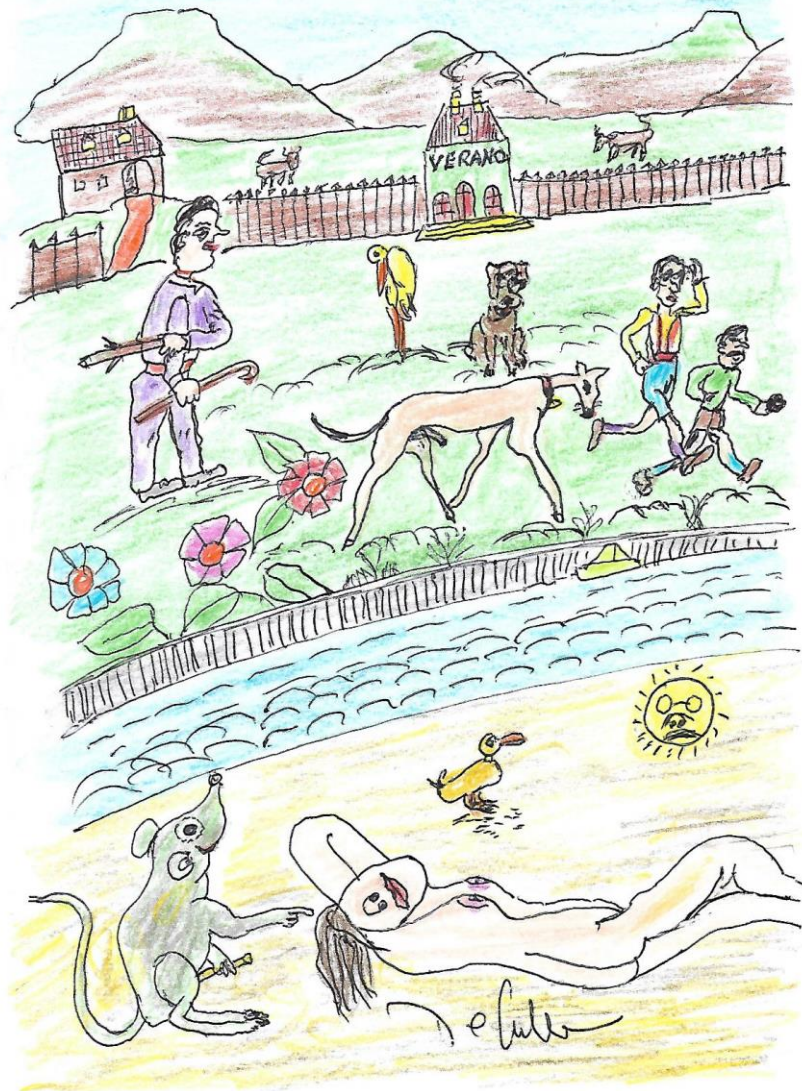
ALL THAT'S GONE

All that's gone

Before behind the middle of the end

Is on the same line

& my sleep is like a Stone.



50. THE SUN HAS ITS DIAMOND TIDE

The Sun has its diamond tide

It spreads over my place on the beach

Of San Vicente de la Barquera
But sand has a pretty flaw:
My niece Pilina is here;
Now she is moving so slowly
As a fragile arc in the Sandy places
So I spend a lot of time
Just looking at her body
Waves covering me all.
This Cantabrian Sea has many words
Sprouting all around
And I cannot hear a rest of silence
To contemplate the purple flower
That reminds me of the sea.
The Sun has its diamond tide
It comes down the Venus' mountain
Reaching the morning of my heart:
Here at the bottom of my nice
I'll find radiance, quiet and delight
But I have trouble
Seeing what there is to see about her.
The Sun has its diamond tide
But no now
There is a rarified atmosphere
That fills the dark clouds
Up the last angled slopes of mountain.
Rain is coming, rain is coming
And my niece runs wild

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



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

From Adam, Eve, Apple

The most paraffilic was the worm of the fruit

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

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



52. CARNAL MEETING AT LANCRESSE BAY BEACH

It was a casual encounter, yes

**On Lancrese Bay Beach, in Guernsey, Channel Islands:
Island surrounded by a bunker built by the Germans
In the Second World War.**

**She was Dominique
Who lived very close to the Victor Hugo' House Museum
"The Hauteville House"**

**When he was banished
And where "he wrote as much as he fucked".**

**If my Dominique had lived in her then
I would have found her, sure, badly fucked
Like Blanche Lanvin in the service of Juliette Drouet
Hugo's pilgrim lover.**

**(Later, later, and that's why I left her
I found out that he had fucked like a Norman
With an Italian until more can not).**

**Love has already been declared just by looking at us
Although she walked with a desire to fuck
It was clear;**

**We went up, dressed, to a defensive embrasure, and we embraced
I would fly her up and I wanted to get her
Going through pants and dress
Because I was a Madrid' boy "macho man"
What made her put herself at a hundred.**

**She kissed me
He put his saliva on my tongue with her tongue
We clash our teeth
We cook to eat our flesh**

When, in a moment, she told me:

-How long can you hold the erection?

We can go to the beach and get into the sea

And fuck: You, like my dear husband

Me, as your beloved woman.

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

-Lovely, Daniel.

As we were both prepared to bathe

We take off our clothes

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

Or, better, inside the sea.

She threw herself into the water first, telling me:

-Come on, man; come and get me

And, I, answering her:

- Mine's with pleasure goes, Dominique

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

More, oh, what a pity!

What a pity penalty, wow!

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

By the cold it deflated, damn it!

And without force of being able to enter her pussy

He threw some sperm with lots of salt and salt

What made Dominique cast curses

Because some came with water in her mouth

And her pussy looked like she was having an orgasm

No sense below the waves.

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

I run like a dog with my tail between my legs

Telling her:

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

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

That does not help me or a comb.

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

Is that You can lick my pussy

"Sucking and not fucking"

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

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

If you smell as demons and your pussy

Go away to know how you will know

Besides that inside your pussy there is a brothel!

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

Well, on any occasion, yes

In Saint Peter Port, the City

But, she, not even looking at me

And my prick being able to resurrect.

I did not give her my hand

But I did remember again

That I could enjoy her pussy lying in salt water.



53. CUNT PRICKSLICKER

Cunt Prickslicker

Crack of mine's loves, pious and good

Solace for motherfuckers and lusty onanists
Image of heart pain
And of the balls
Allow your lips approaching
The tip of this milkweed cocoon
And I penetrated you, absorbing you the milk
Smooth rice milk liqueur
Liquor of Life and Death.
What delicious honeys for your arsehole !
- It's the only hot thing that enters my body!
Breathes with eyes full of sperm.
What loves so boars with fury penetrate you!
Bittersweet are your kisses, my beloved
And the flavour of the juice of your Ass' lips
Is not so pleasant. These taste to wind ;
As the bee flies to the candid rose
Today I come to the lips of your Crack
Of placid murmur
Sour and brackish
Naturally affable and complacent
And with sweet fur
With my penetrating flower in this our Orgasm
What life gives you
And it leaves me exhausted
In excess of ordinary candy.



54. DRACULA AND THE WIDOW

They say a story, which is a joke:

That during a boat trip

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



(Graffiti en Burgos)

55. FIGHT, FIGHT, BETWEEN INSECTS

By legitimacy of their grandparents

Dogs, cats, animals

Humanoids and aliens

The victorious ones

The others murdered and killed

Show yourself they want

Brave and ambitious

To get baton of command

These parasitic insects, fleas

Infectious mites, ticks

Flying insects, cushion flies

Humanoids and extraterrestrials, kaffirs

Of those who cared so much

Those judges of the Inquisition

Worshippers of death

And the sacred shit.

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

56. FIVE HAIKUS

**My Lady hellish
The Sun has its tide in Bloom
As Me without doors ;

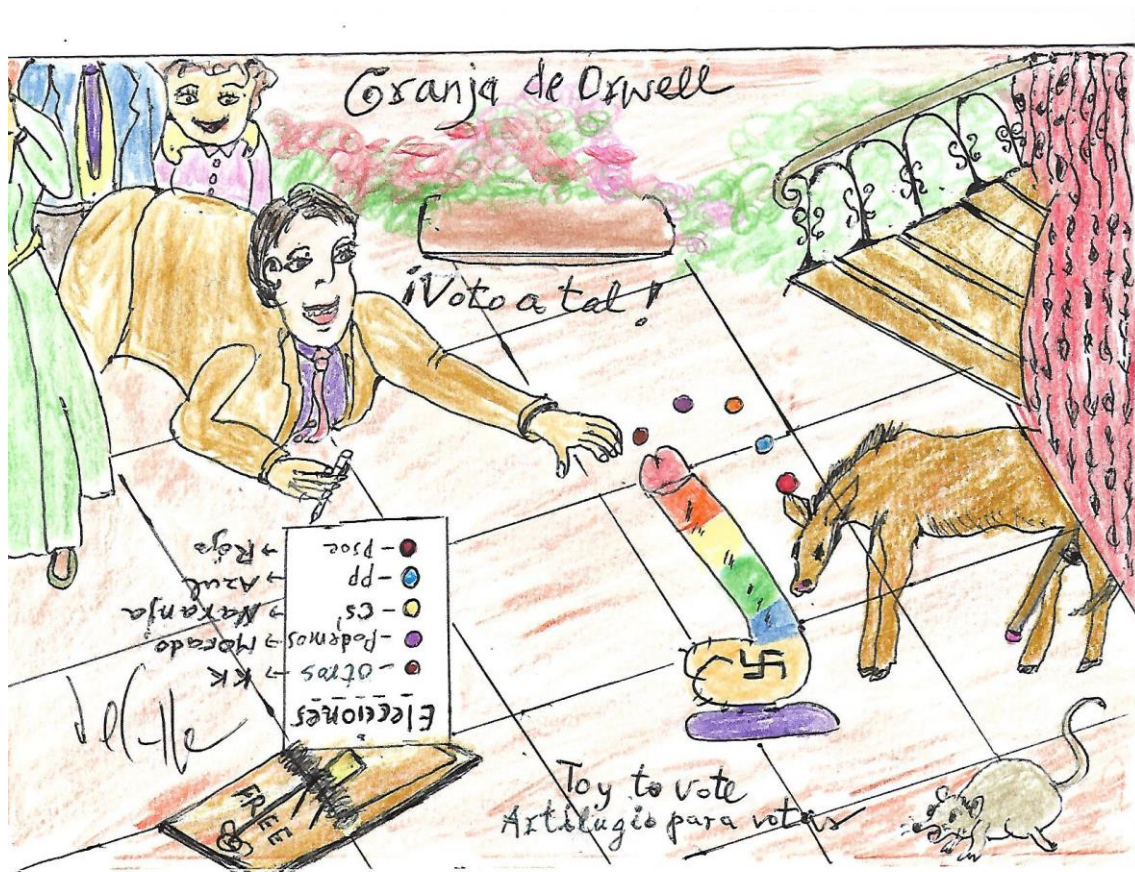
Rain is coming now
When I am gone and You also.
I empty of myself ;**

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

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

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

57. FIVE POEMS



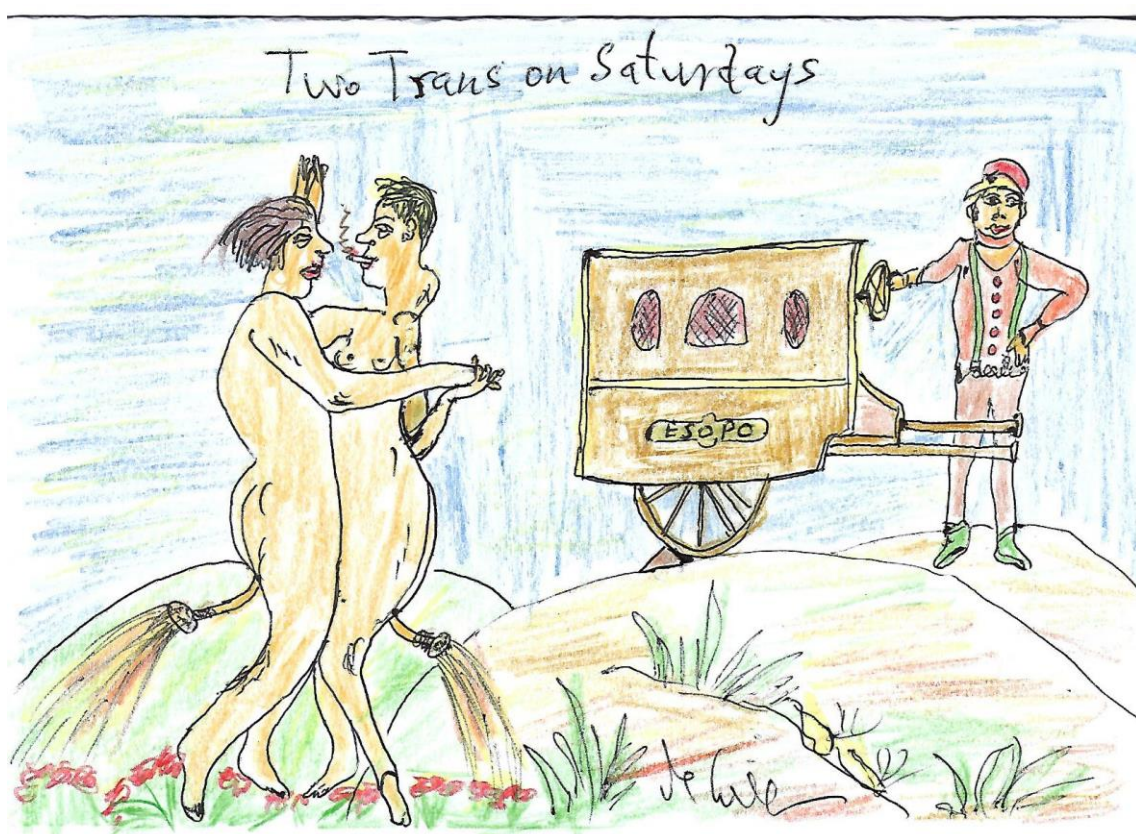
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Known the day of general elections

That to any astrologer

It would have dared
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To my Ass "Calambre"
To whom I have in Orwell's farm
Noticed him find a great void
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And a dilemma in his thought:
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They will come to reign over us.



59. TWO TRANS ON SATURDAYS

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- Go fuck yourself!

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They were born.
Poor of their mother
Who did the prowess of giving birth to this portent:
A formidable monster;**

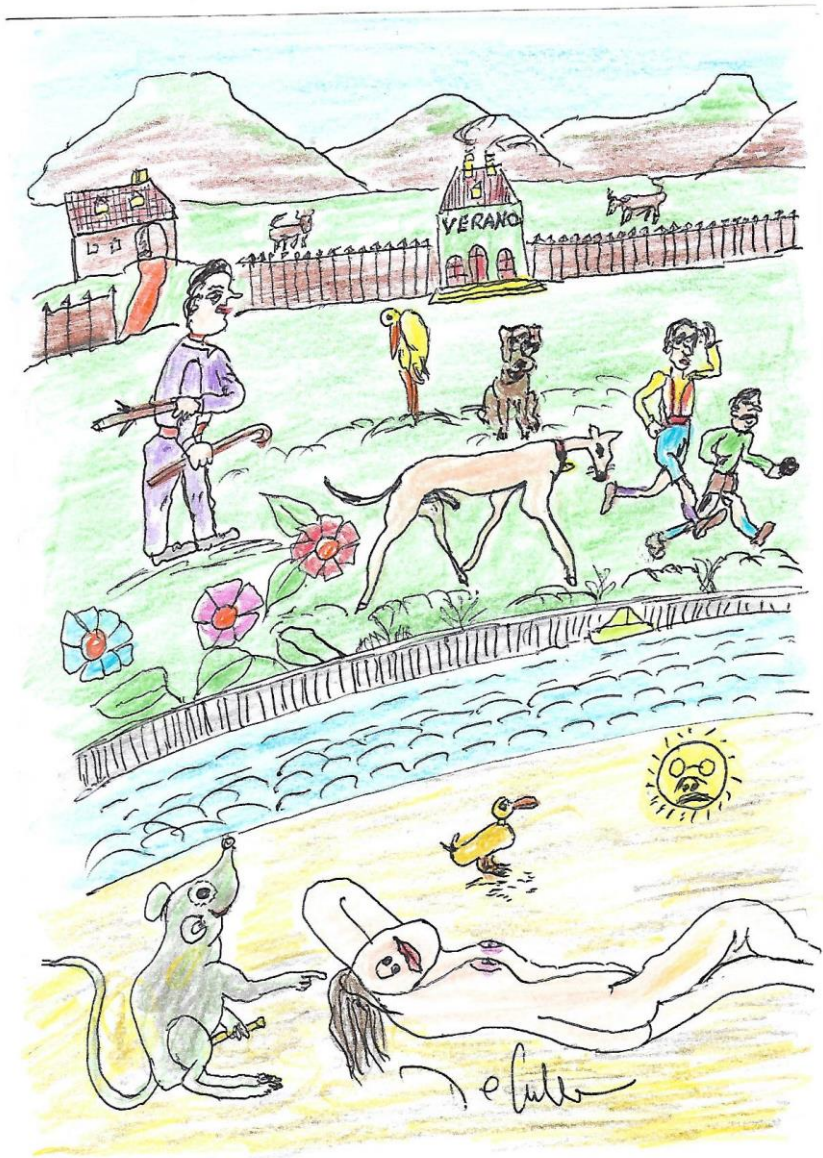


The Virgin of the Cave, Hontangas (Burgos) (Isa's Pic. De Culla and his car is in the pic)

61. ALL THAT'S GONE

All that's gone

Before behind the middle of the end
Is on the same line
& my sleep is like a Stone.



62. THE SUN HAS ITS DIAMOND TIDE

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

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When the Sun has been lying on the sand
She eating my words of Love
Beside her.
The Sun has its diamnd tide again
Ist a tender tide
That moves me within.
It is the tide of my nice
Sit and dreaming
On the floor of the Rainbow;



63. GILI GONZALEZ

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

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

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

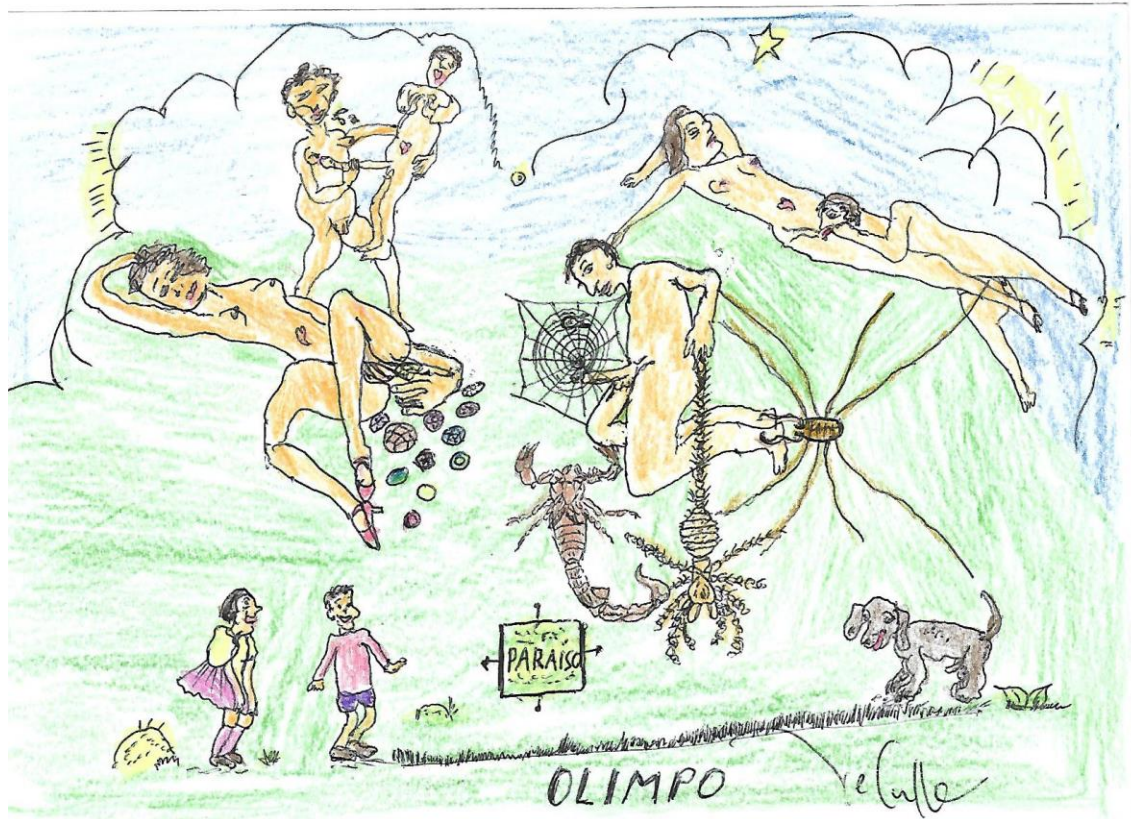
**64. GODS? O MY LYING GODDESS
FUCKERCOCK SUCKER PIG BASTARDS ;**

-MY WHORE GODDESSES ;

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

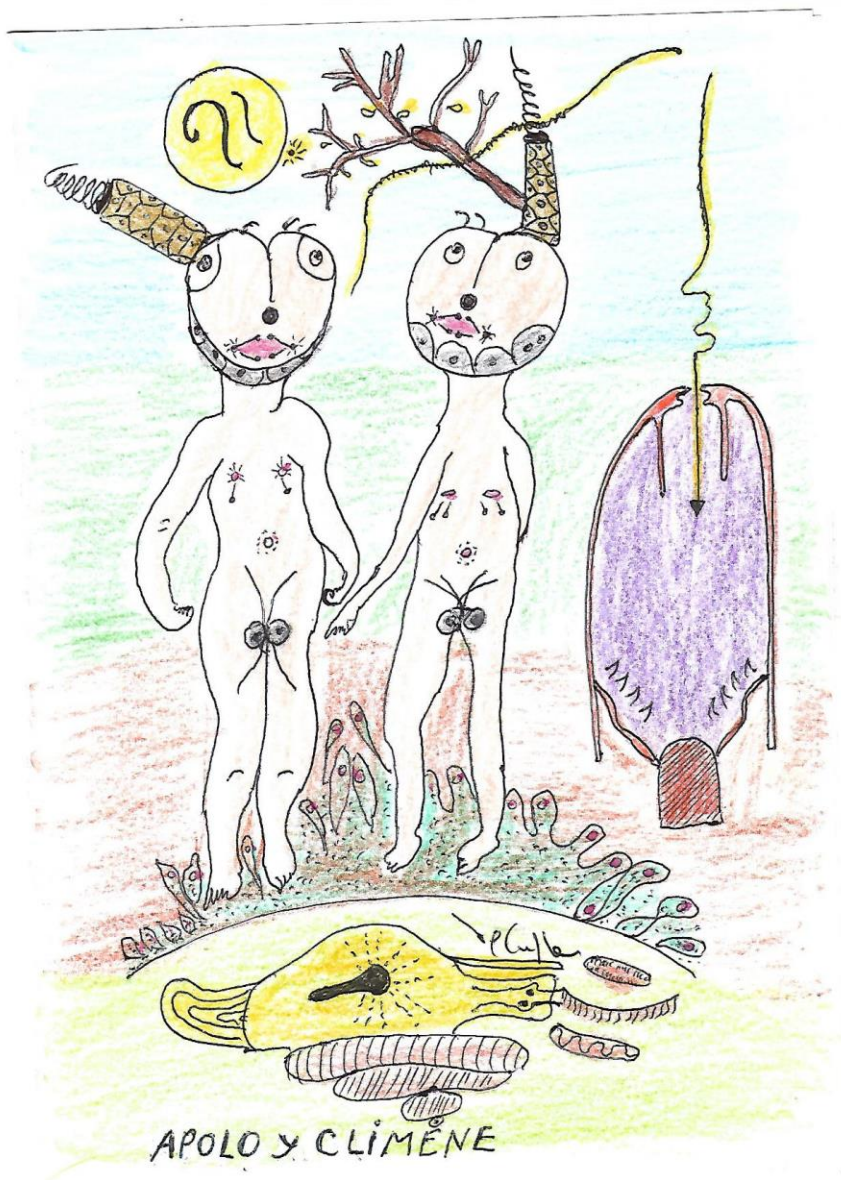
MA PUTE DEESSE ;

© DANIEL DE CULLA

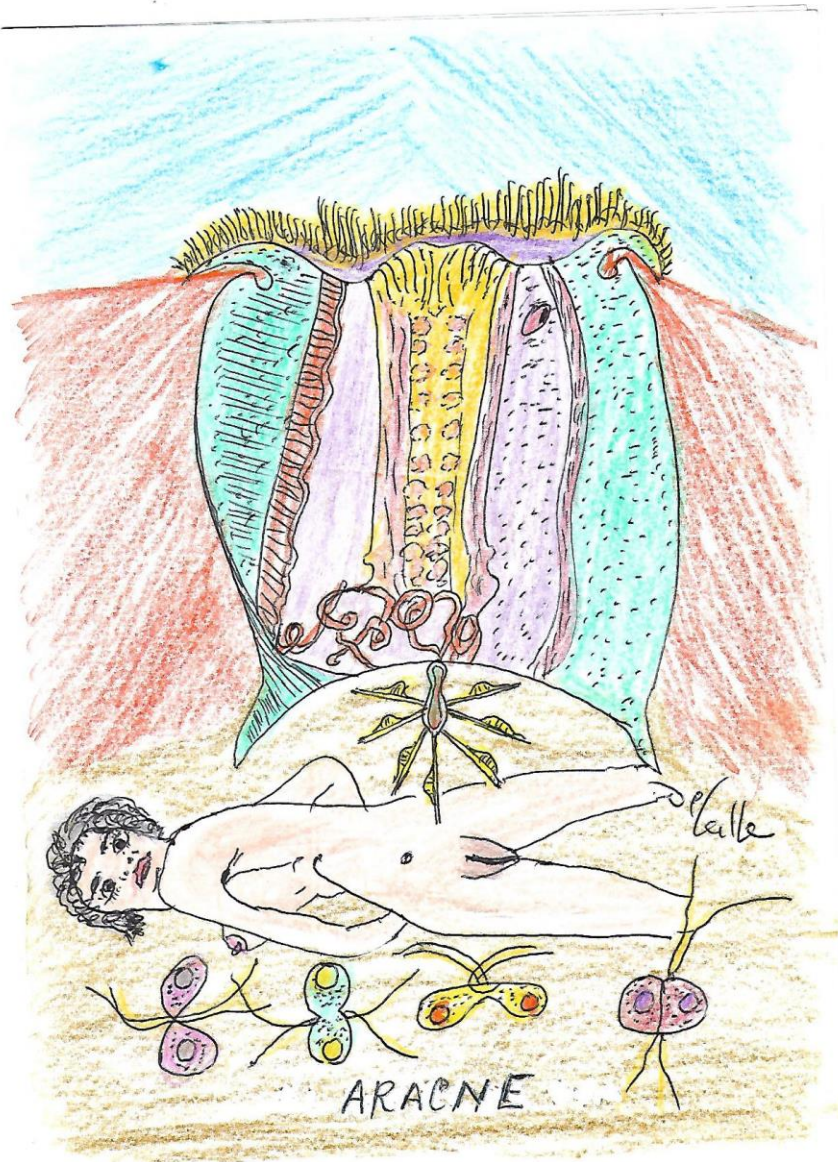


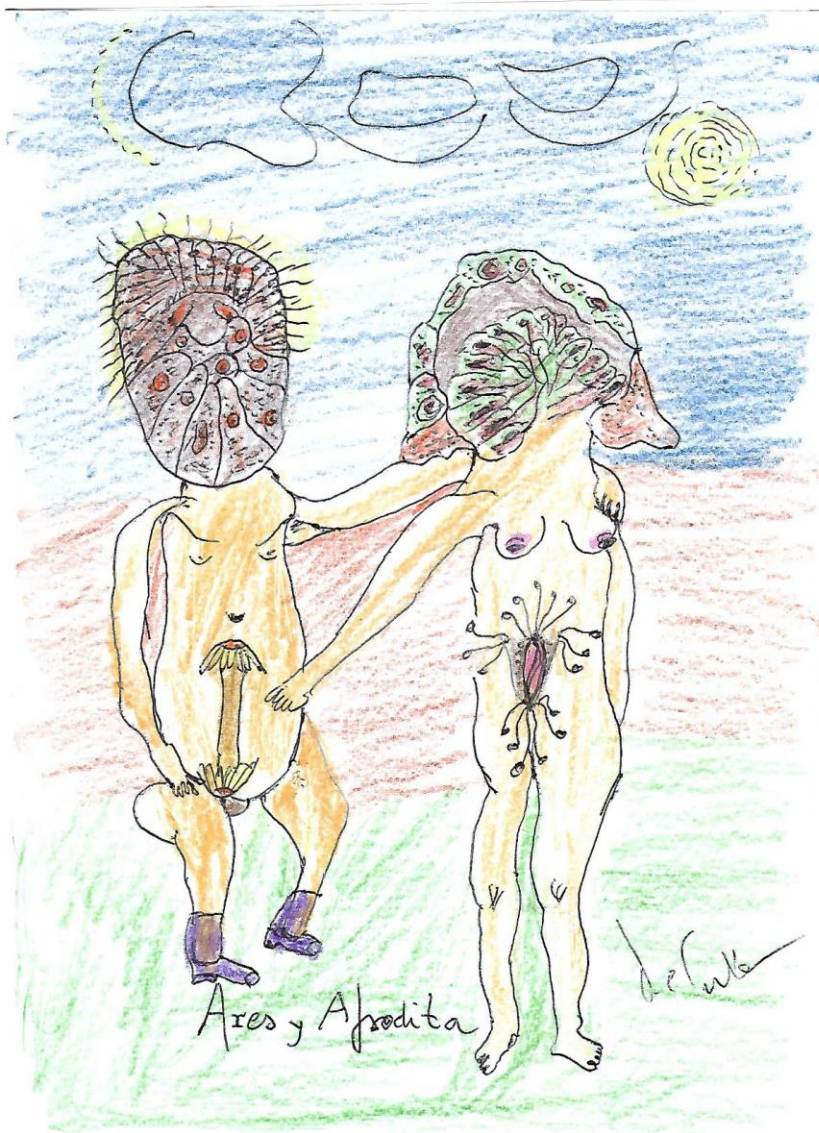


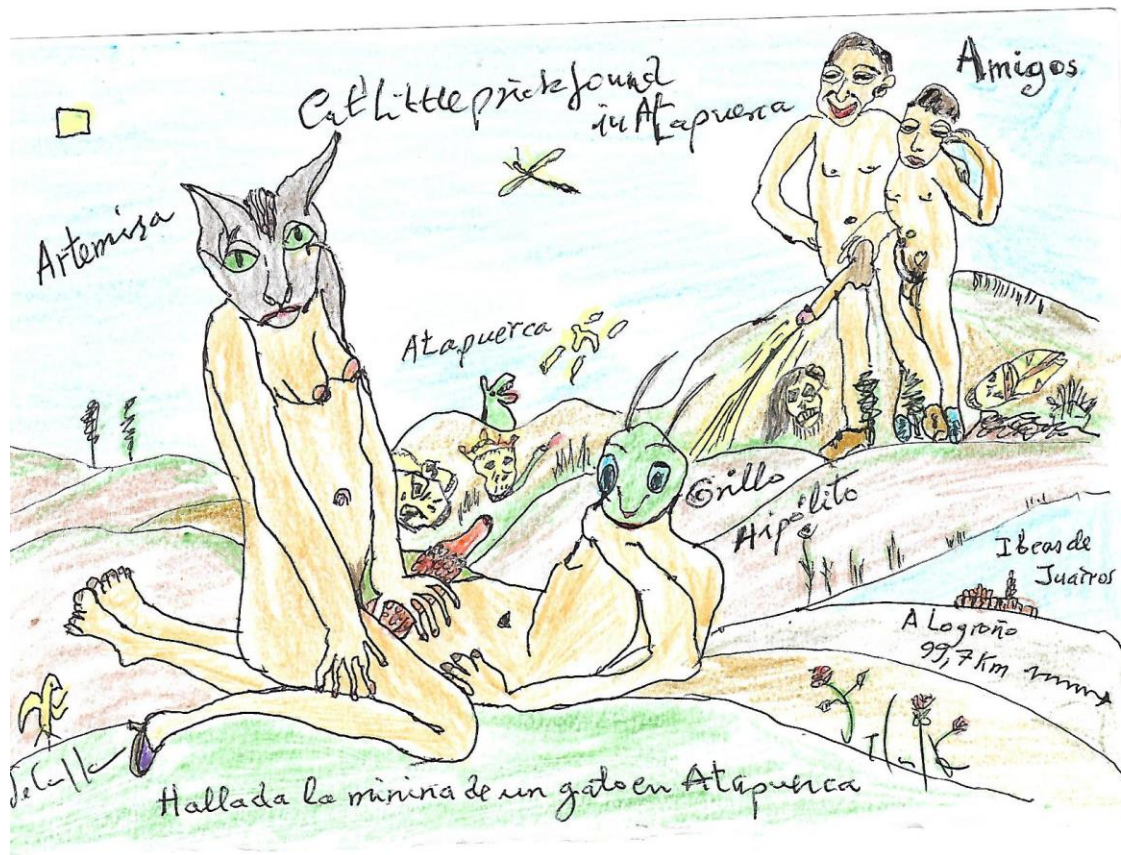


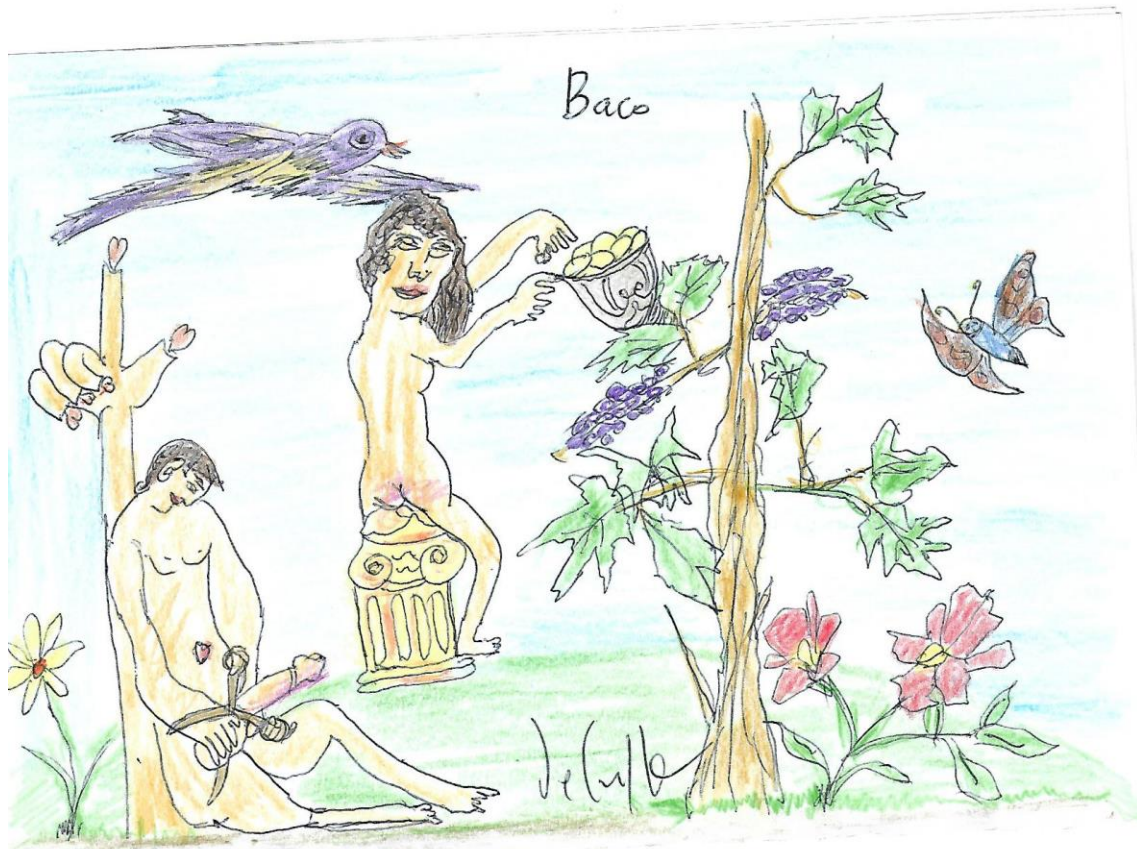


APOLO Y CLIMENE

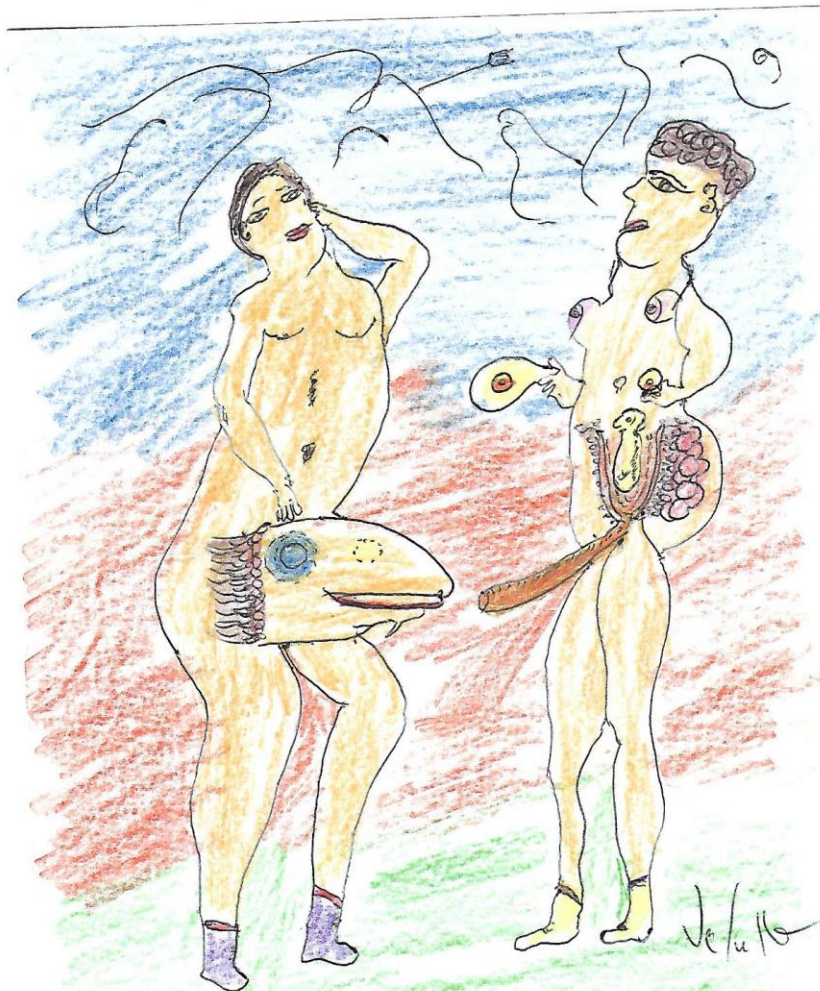




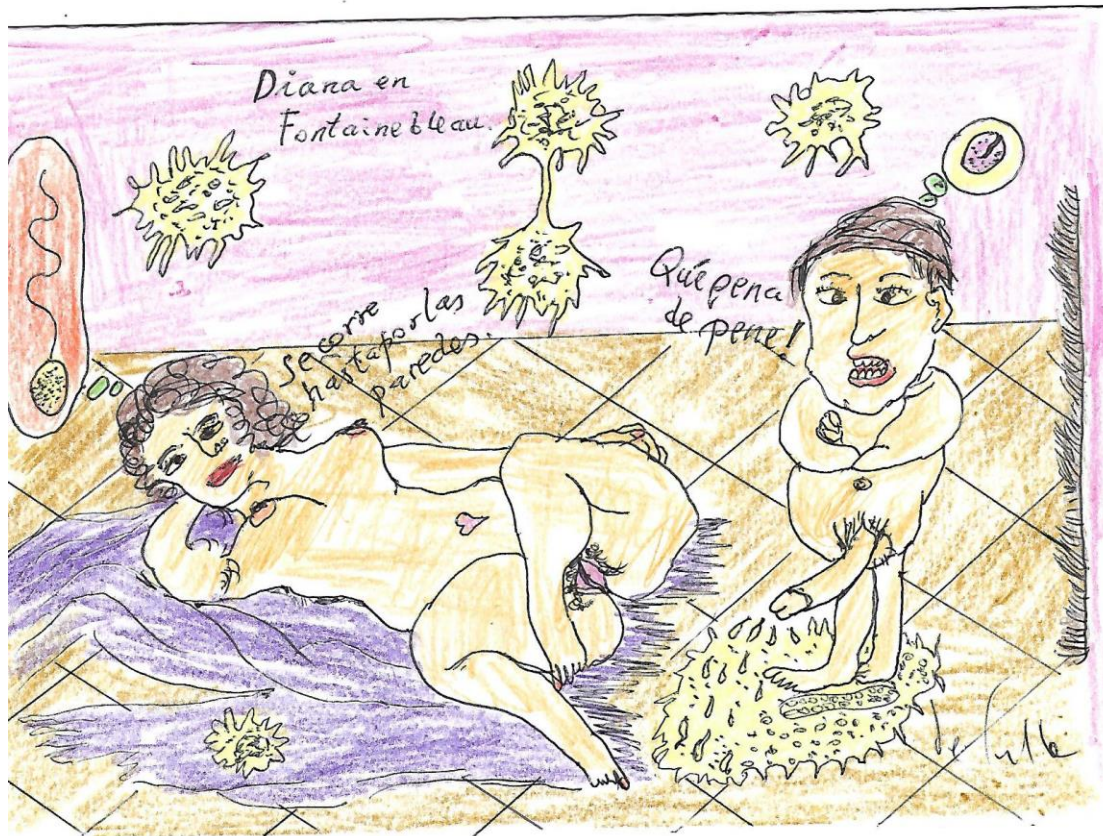








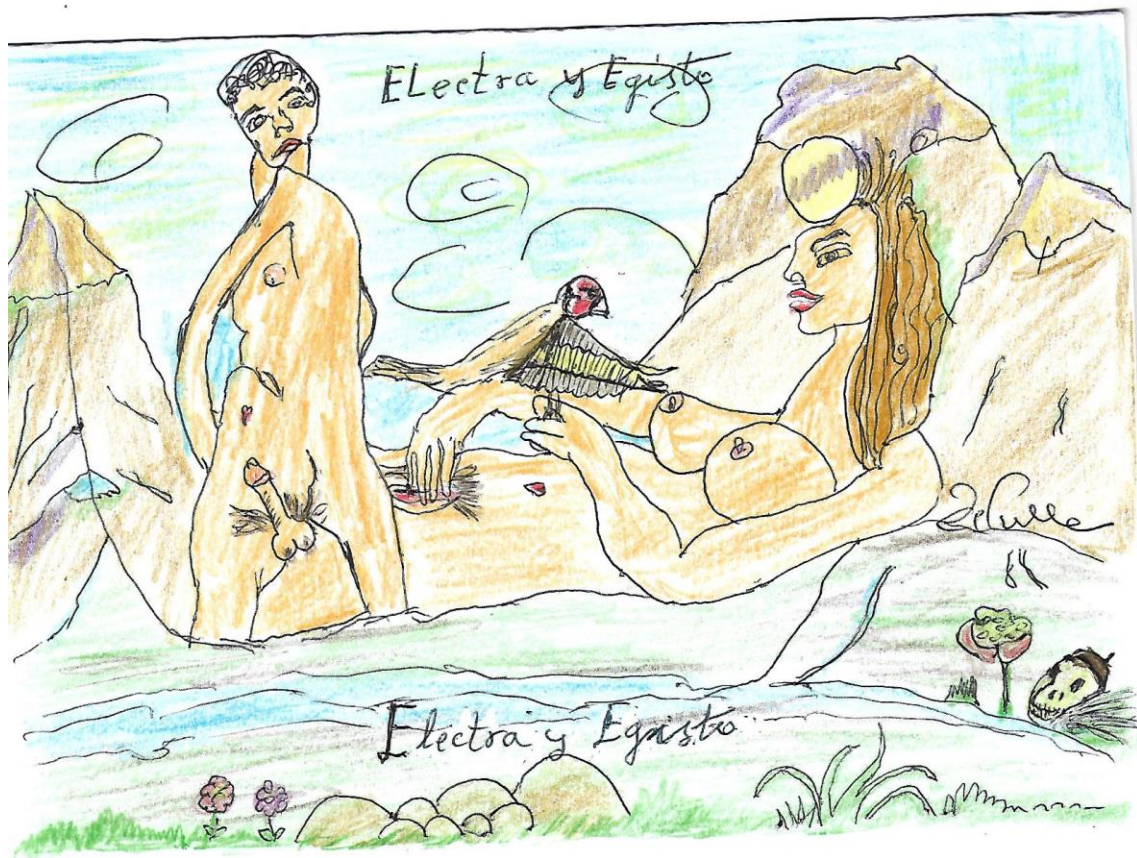
Diana y Orión







Edipo y Yocasta, su madre



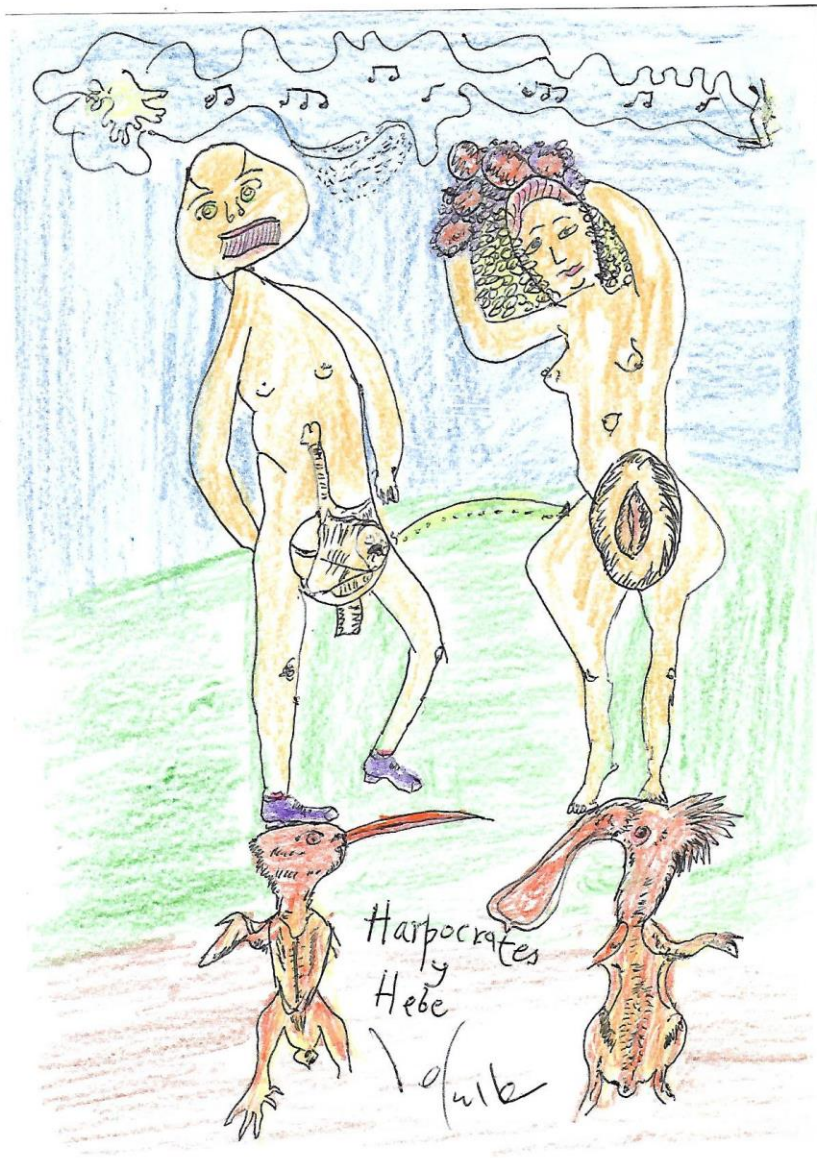








La Fortuna y el Destino





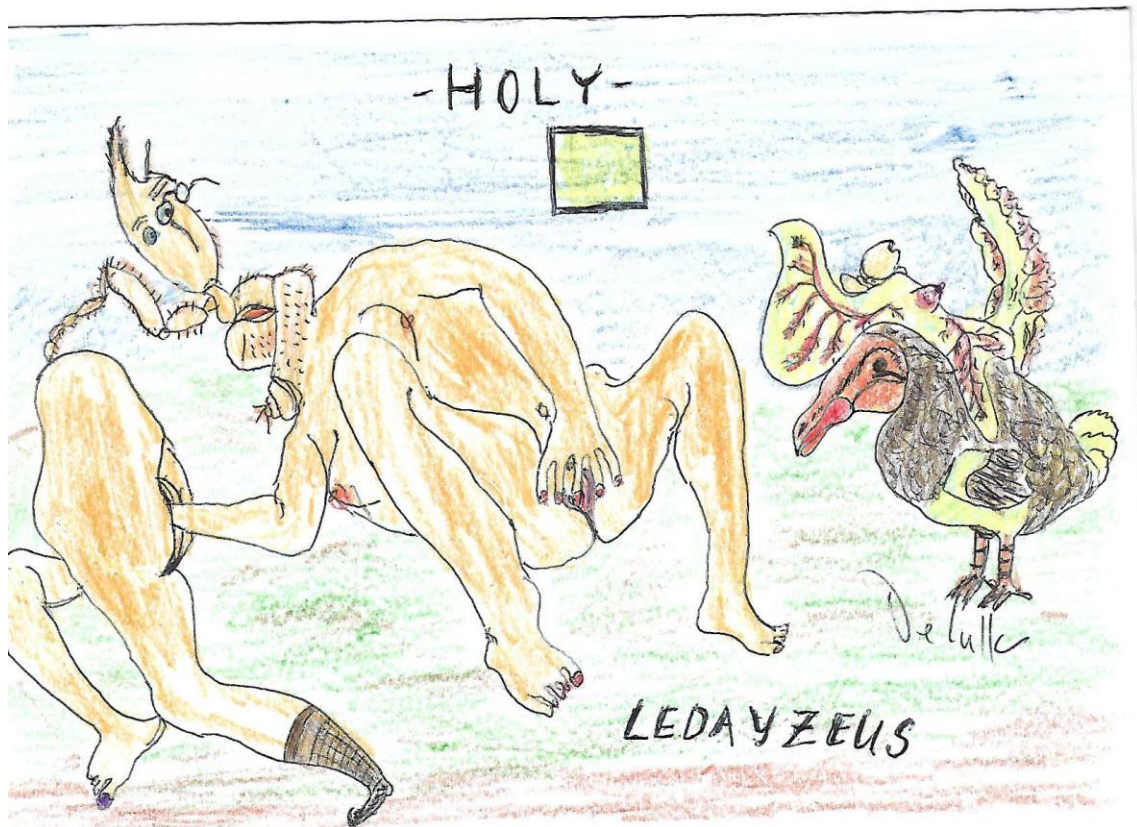
HERA





Judith y Olofermes

del-10





Mme. Duchesnois en la Fedra de Racine



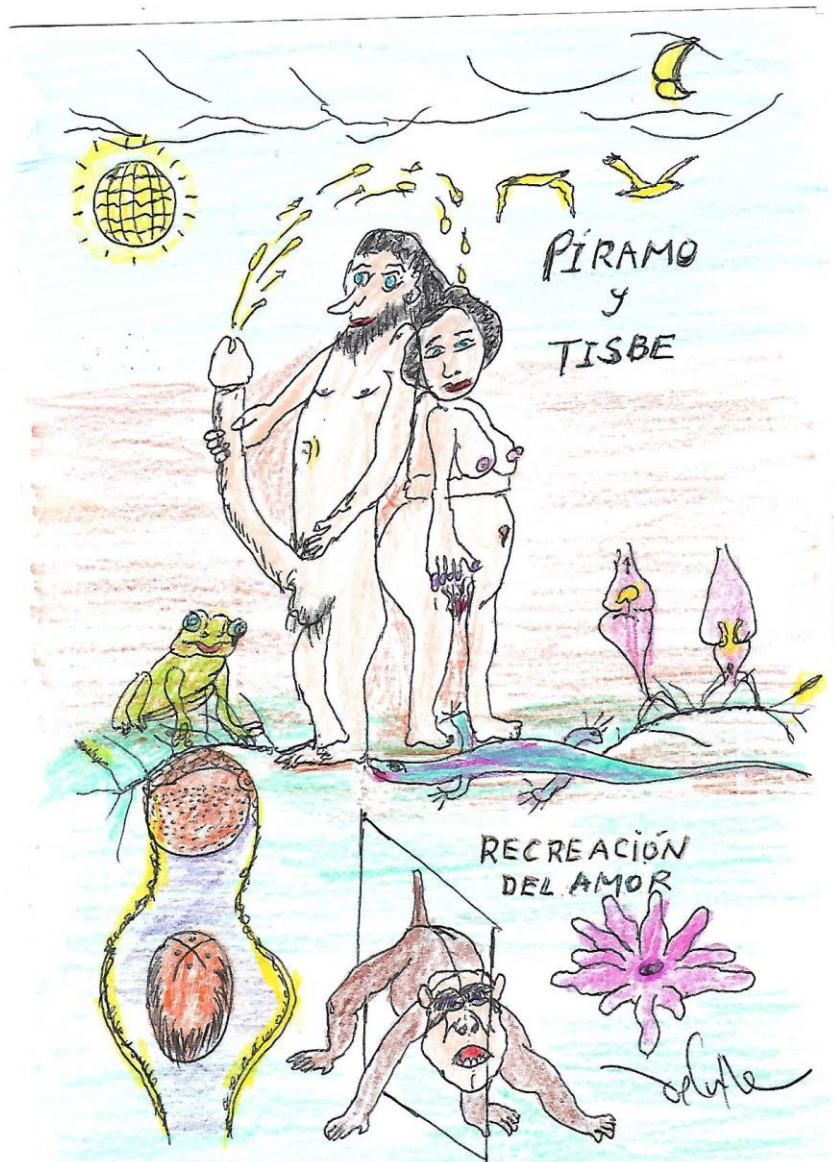
Ninfa, Vagina dentada

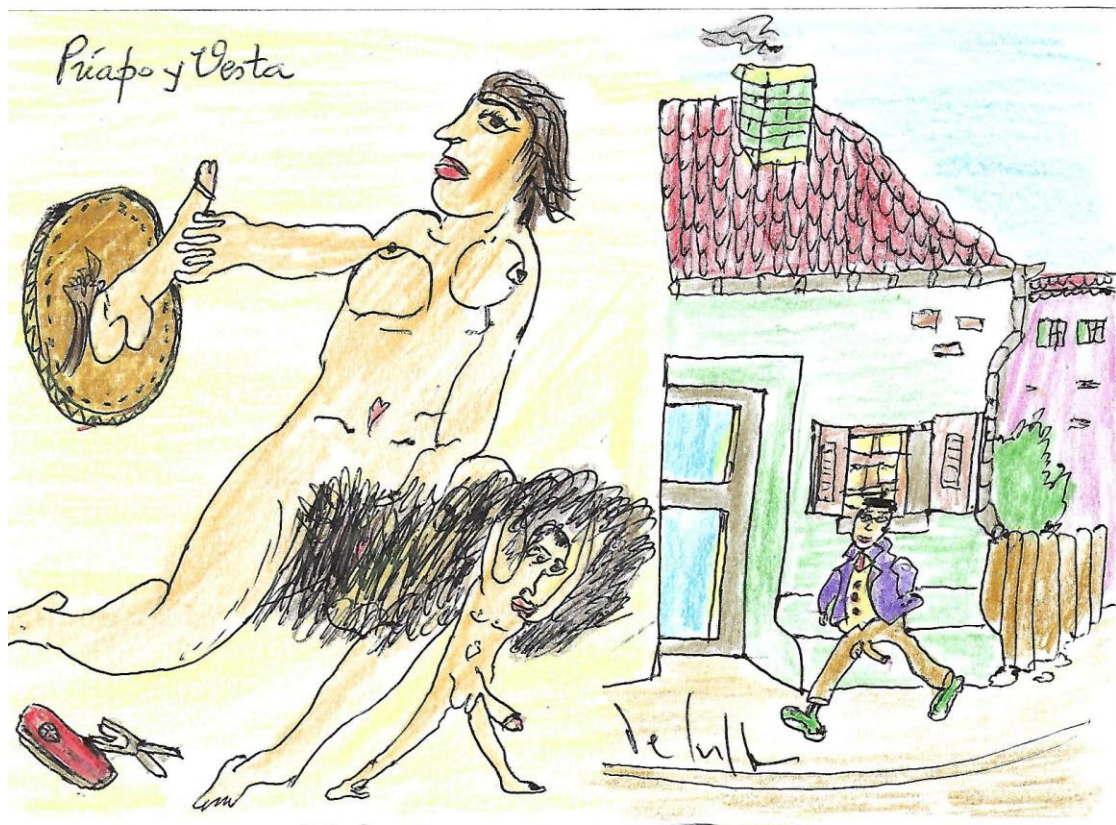




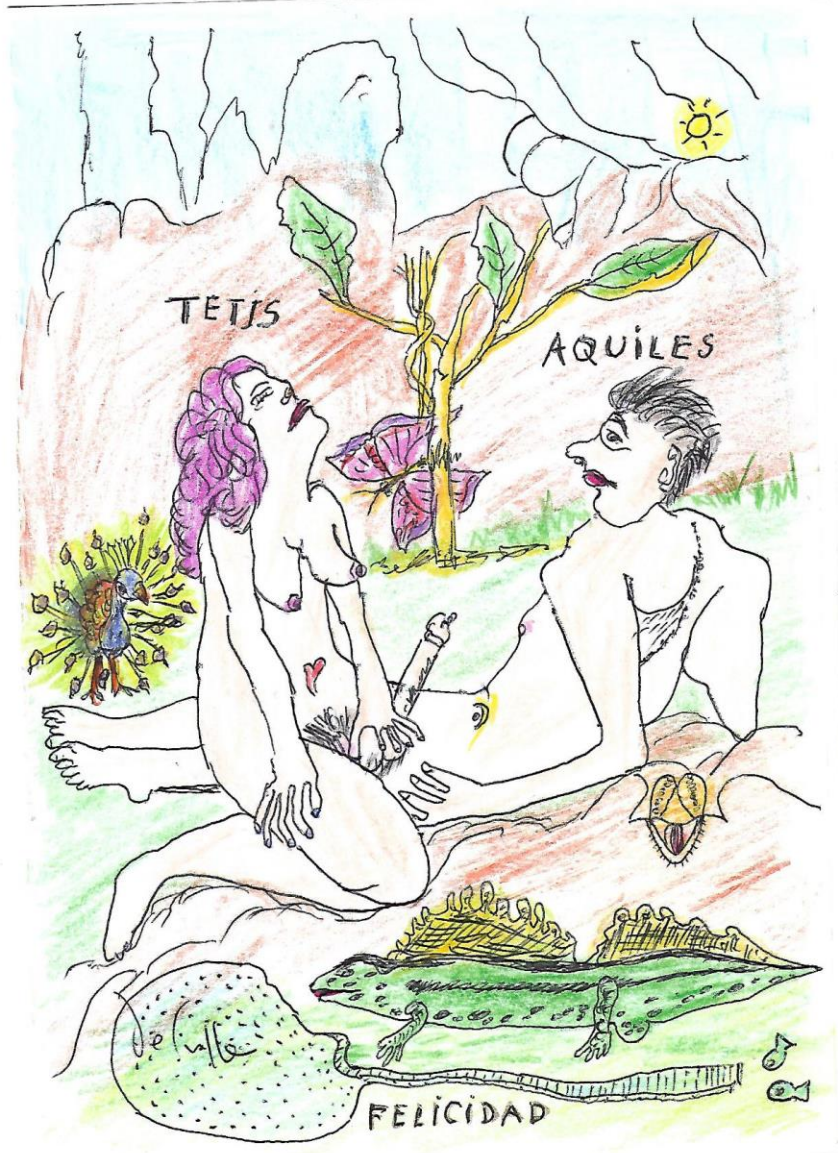




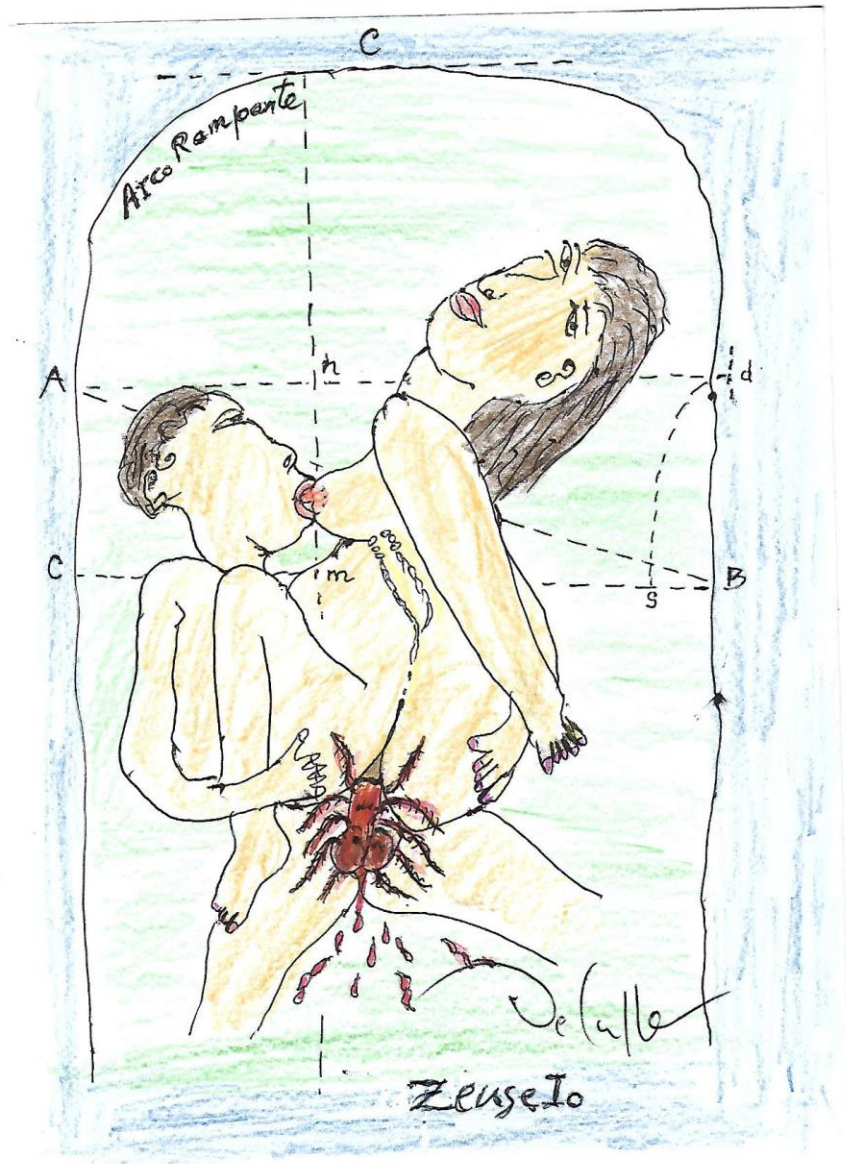




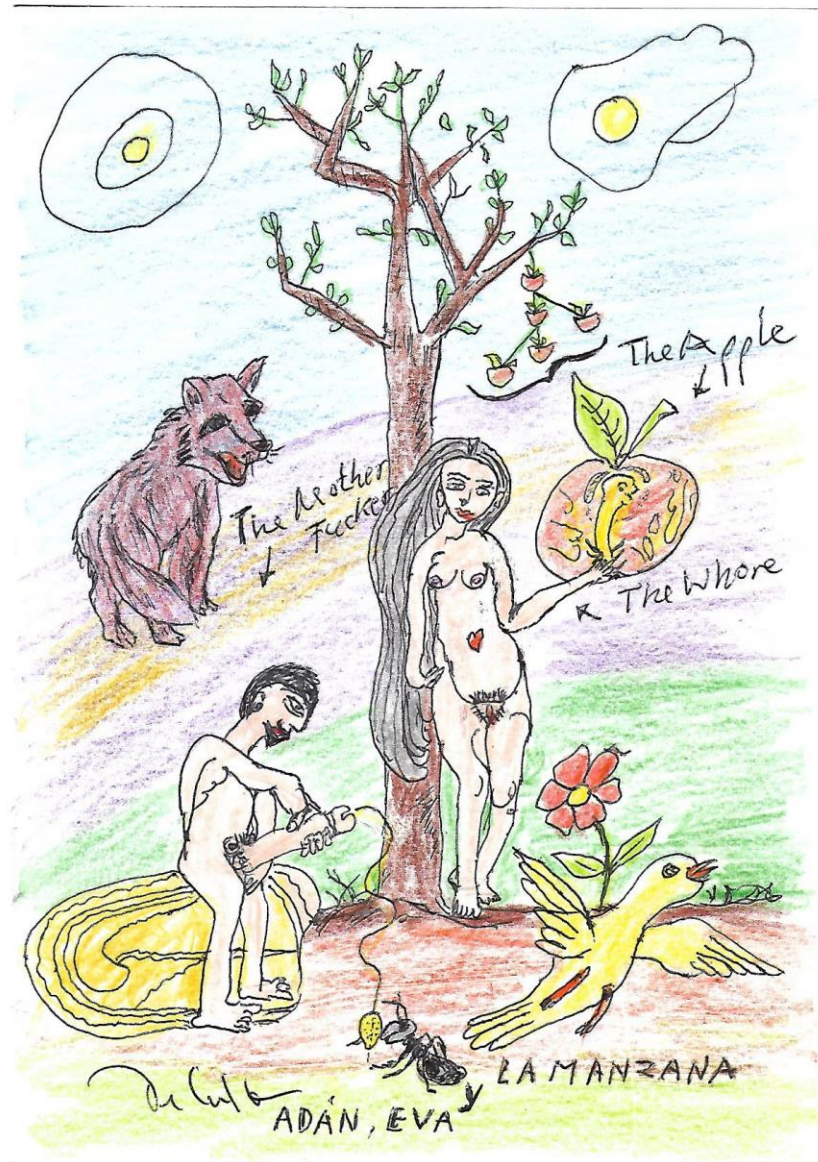


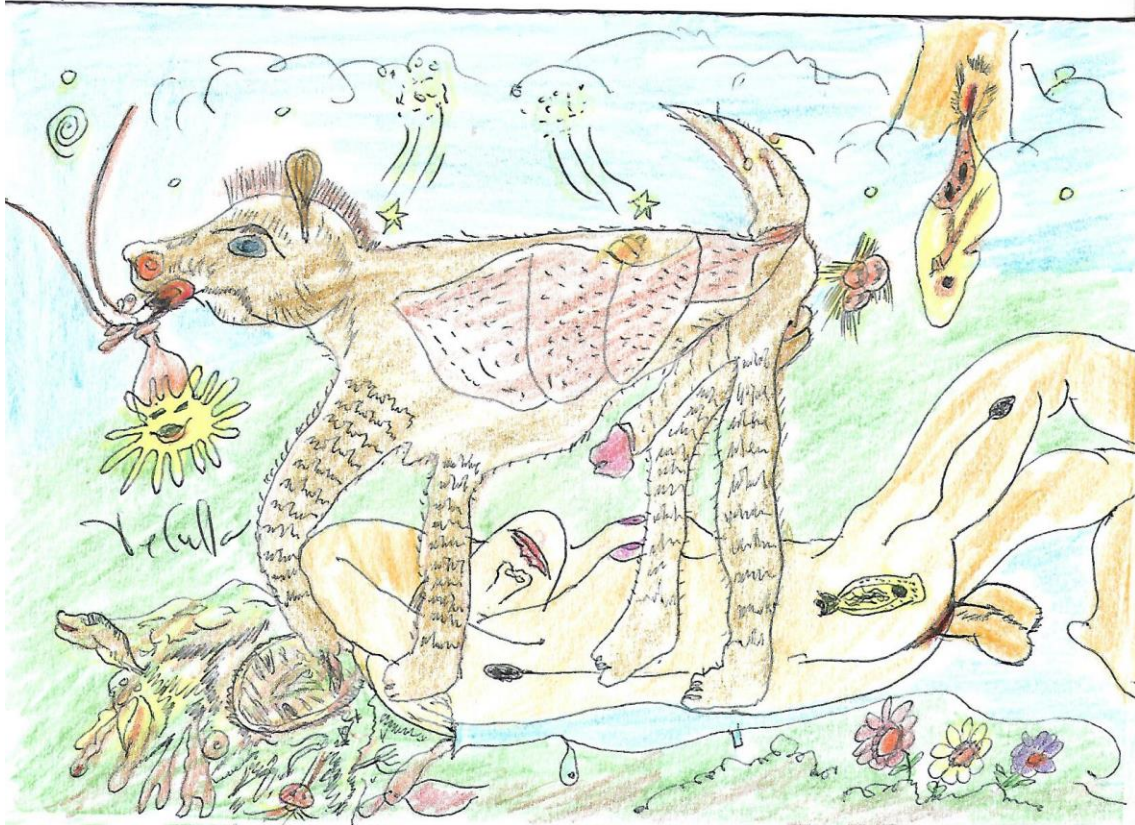












EN UN JARDIN PERRUNO

65- IN A DOG' GARDEN

HAIKU

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

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



(The Culla's Pic)

**66. HERE WE' RE COMING WITH WORMS
GO TO AND FRO, PALS
This saying came from my friend Zalito
To fishermen who had cast their reeds
Before us**

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

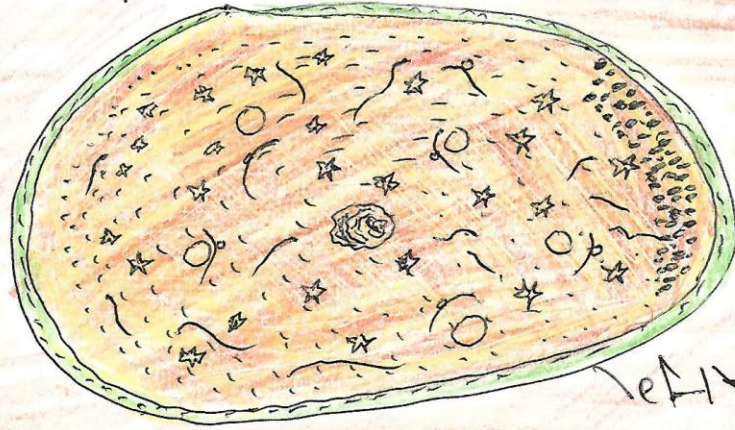
Because I lost in the swamp waters
The hook, the thread and the cane.
Fortunately, Zalito is a good man
And penalized me only
With take him on my shoulders
On the way to Pineda de la Sierra
Leaving the car at the entrance of dam
Right in the same place
Where we had left it before.
Walking, he told me: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



(The Culla's Pic)

67. IN FREEDOM AND LOVE (Five draws)

Sopa con gusanos en libertad
Soup with worms in freedom



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

Rabbit in a box
of Condoms

Conejo en una
Caja de Condones



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



John



68. TARDAJOS' CODFISH

IT HAS TO BE A VERY FUCKING BOOK

“BACALAO DE TARDAJO

Hay que enterarse del titulo como sea...

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



S”,

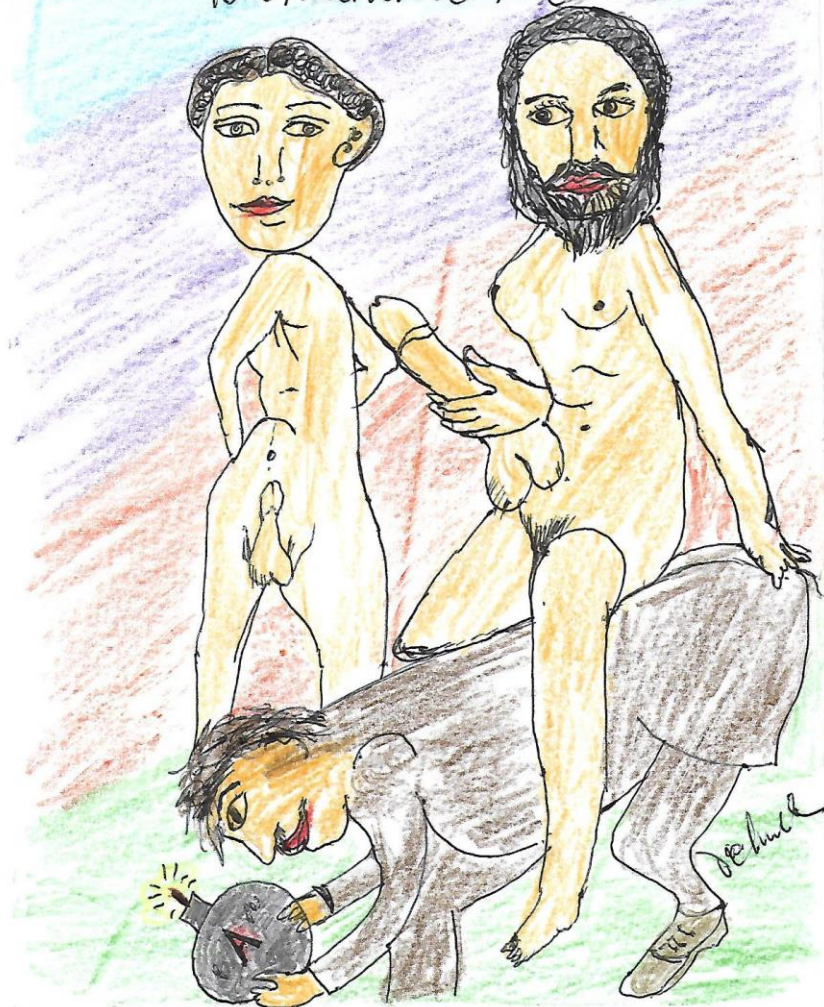
Daniel de Cullá

It has to be a Fucking Book...

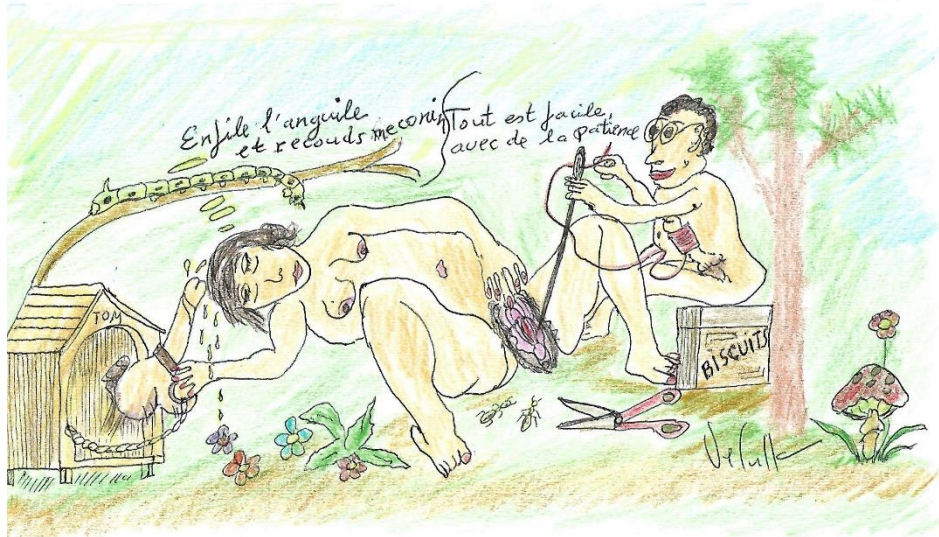
We must to know the title as it is....

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

Bakunina Necheev



Sewing a Cunt





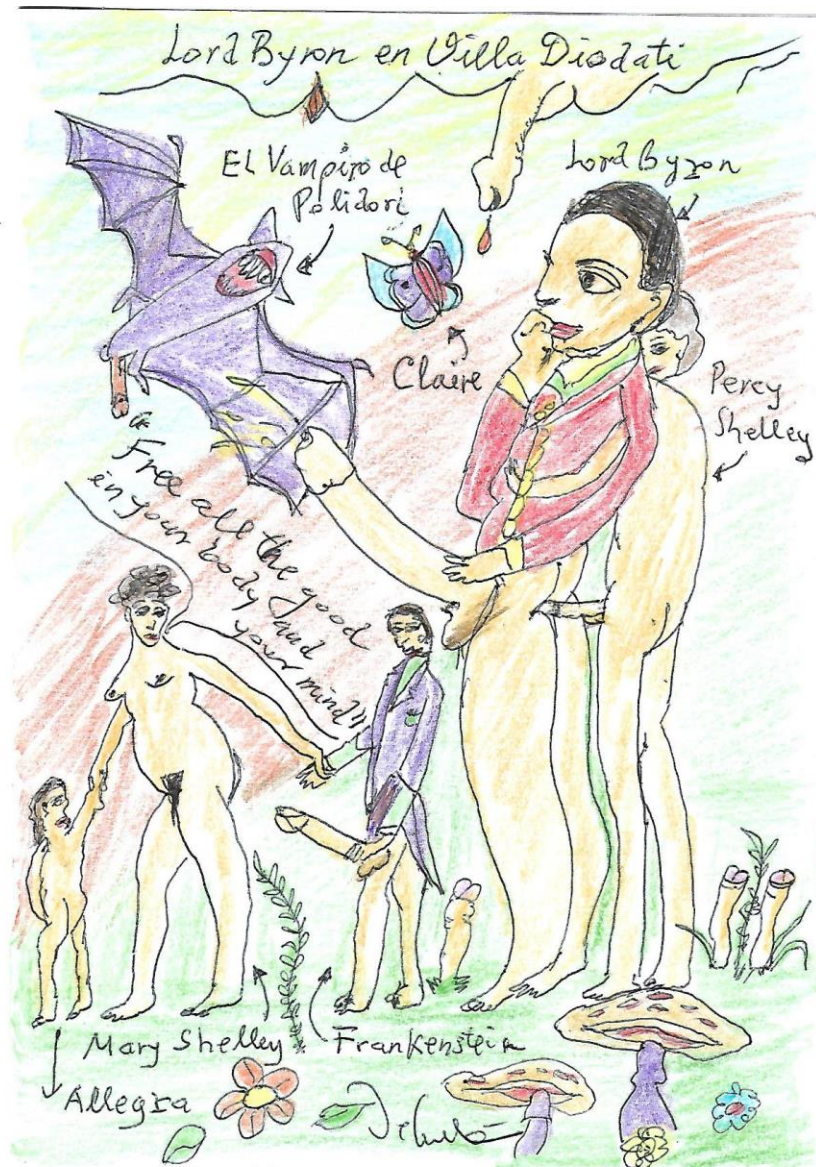
Nature is so



Edén



Lord Byron in Diodati Village



69. A PICTURE PAINTED WITH THE ASS



(Foto: Isabelle)

IT IS A PICTURE PAINTED WITH THE ASS

It's what a smart kid wrote

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

It was like a stone mill.

To this picture

Author had taken advantage of well

Exposing it more than three times

In national and international exhibitions

From the same room

With several titles:

"Hyperculo Don Quixote", the first

Second : "La Caraboba de Sancho"

Third: "The Prick of the Flycatcher"

Fourth: "El tordo del cura Pacheco"

And, in the Fifth: "Ace of Golds"

-Oh what picture, what picture!

Author exclaimed

Without making himself known

Before seeing seers that in front of him

Curious and meditative

Put the picture on.

-Oh, what picture, what picture!

What they want from him they will say

Concluded.

Author, one day, eating together with friends

That in the ass they did him crap

In a restaurant in The Pigeon street

Those who truly knew that he painted with his ass

For to be a devotee of Paul Klee, surrealist painter

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

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



(Foto: Isabelle)

-Daniel de Culla



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

Yin:

-Only together do we exist.

-Only together do we will form a whole.

-Who am I?

A bee trapped in between curtain and glass?

A fence with thirty crows standing on thirty holes?

A mountain with a Bison scar?

A humming bird standing still on a magic saddle?

The quietness of an afternom storm?

The sensation of the sprouting of some horns?

Yang:

-Life and death; Man and Woman.

Weak and strong; high and low.

Happy and sad.

Black, White; all colors and words

All feelings; all space

As The Great Blafigria says.

It was called between Yin and Yang

Embraced in a dream of poultry

In which, when they woke up

Yin told Yang:

-It is better to have the bird in your hand

That let it go to your vulture

And walking fucking

That it is a powerful bird

A “guru” for awhile

And can kill my bird.

Yang answering:

-Well, fuck yourself, nice.

Yin let go of Yang

Remorseful and crestfallen, singing:

"My bird went to your sea

Clam went to look for it. "

Many seeds fell from Yin and Yang's hands

Many grew and many died

Dancing and singing

With the Sun and the Wind.



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

71. MINE'S GODS AND MONSTERS

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

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

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

Classification of Gods and Monsters at the same time:

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

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

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

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

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

Anecdote:

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

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



72. MY PARENTS ARE IN ANOTHER GALAXY

My parents died

And I know they are in another Galaxy.

No matter how many laps you give the coconut
I always see them, me looking at the sky
Through the clouds doing sex.
Daniel came from the fratricidal war
And flying wanting to make children
Although Daniela was tired.
Even in Guadarrama, of Madrid
If the bullets and projectiles had been silent
He set the Sierra for her by bed.
There was an urgency to make children
For God, the fatherland and the king
Even if these were later robbed
By nuns and priests
To give them to the She Brifadiers.
-Tell me mother of your eight daughters
And the ninth child
Because I would have liked to see the eights
In the room you give birth.
-You Were happy at birth, mother?
-You can figure, my son:
Pain, a lot of pain
Blood, sweat and tears
Illusion of seeing them well born, yes
And a lot of stress to see Your father
Coming back from the war
Seeing so many dead brothers
And, the most cruel and worst

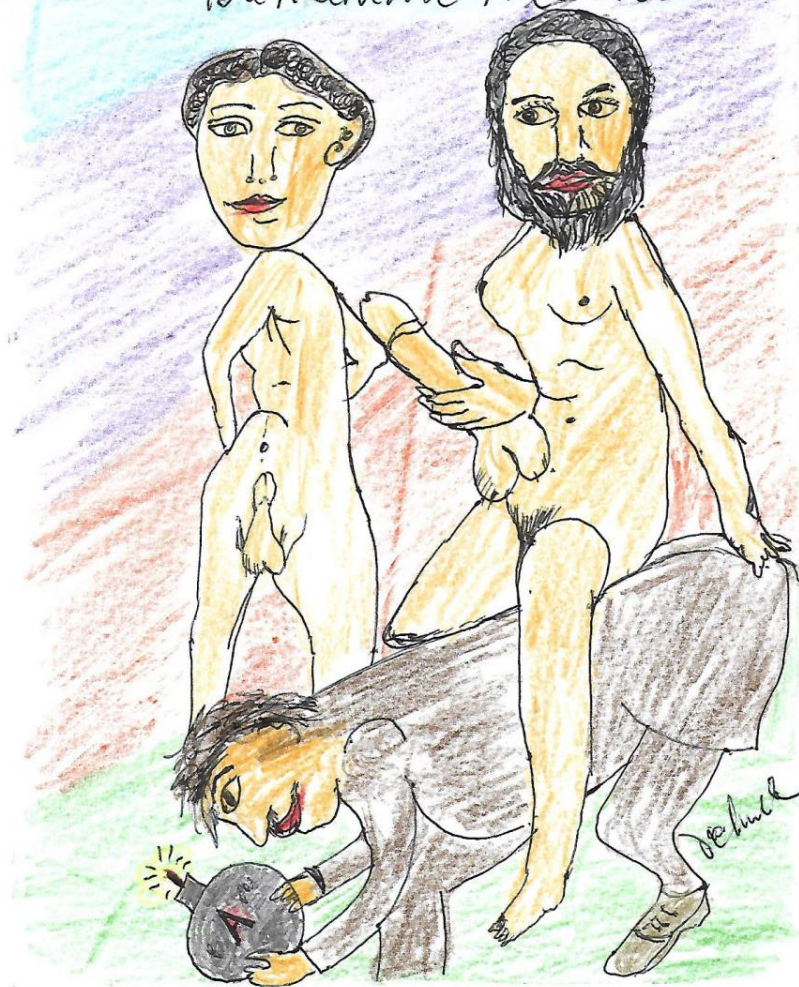
**Listen to combatants who commented
And, convinced, they said:
-The General wants his skins
To make a shawl.
From their heads will bluffs
That illuminate the Valley of the Dead.
He will tear gold teeth
To grandparents and grandmothers
Because, it is for the war
And they really need these.
With the nails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

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

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

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

Bakunin & Nechaev





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



Embalse "Vado de las Cabras"



74. SEW MY LITTLE PUSSY, DAD

In Madrid, capital city of Spain

Named wherever you want

What is a Hell from which one climbs to Heaven
Lives a very pretty girl
That studies at the Jesuit College
In the Ortega y Gasset' Road.
She has been well eared by her private teacher
Of dance and classical dance
As much as for her godfather, an uncle of her
At the side of the bed
Stucking a finger in her little Pussy
(She thought so, and so she told her parents)
At twelve-thirty on a sharp night.
The girl, too, for the Virgin of Pains!
Has been kissed on the lips, with tongue
In catechesis, by a priest of the parish
Before making her first Communion.
Unfortunately, always
When she comes back from school
At lunchtime
There is, at a table, her godfather
And, when her mother goes to the kitchen
He gets up as to go help her
Putting his prick on the table
So that she, scared, sees he cumming
Getting to the bathroom soon
When her mother returns to the table
With the dishes for eating.
-Your teacher of dance and row

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

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

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

75. SPRING

(Song for May/Coyote 1975/Gioia/The Great Blafigia)

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







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







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



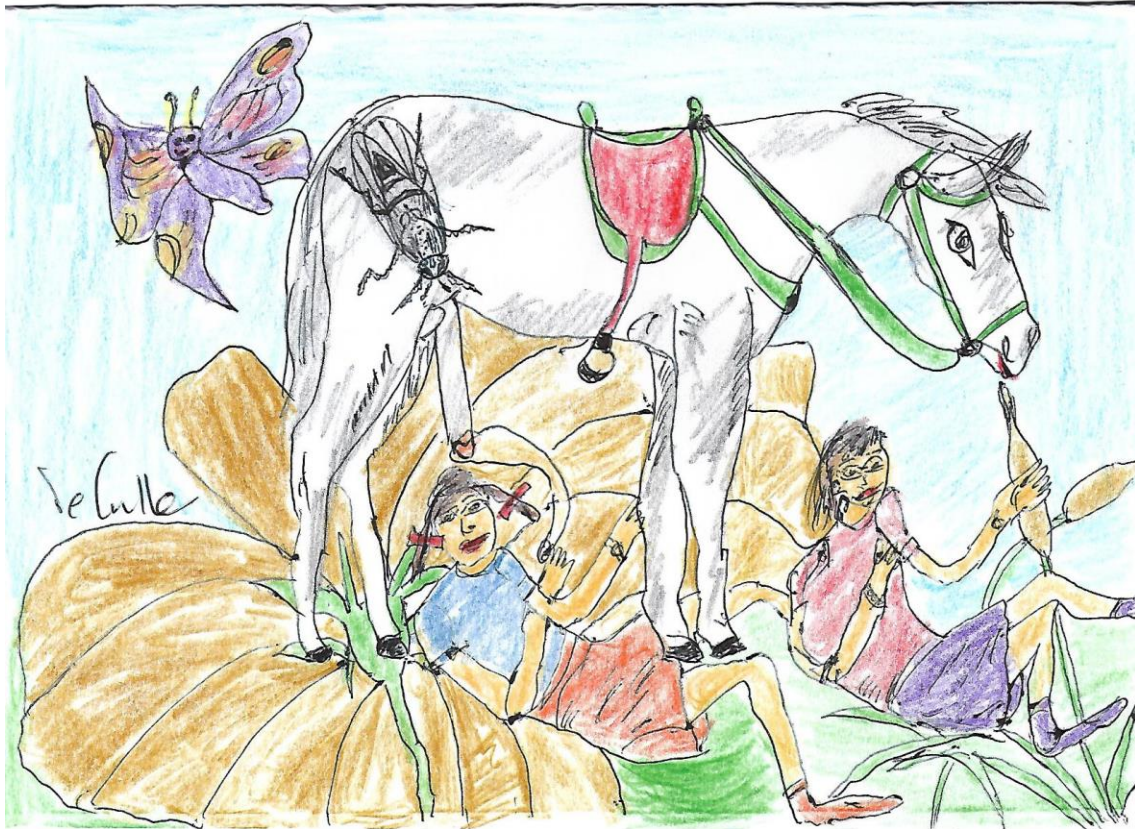






Spring is here, spring was here
Spring will always be here
With these feelings of love inside me
With these feelings of love inside me.
(Pics and draws: Daniel de Culla)





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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

77. THE CHAIR

The branches of the trees
on the river road with luminous clouds
more a chair without seed and hands
that yearn for eyes.
Ghost of wo/man's presence/absence
is what makes this place
so intolerable.
Probably not.

EL NIÑO FLAUTISTA

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



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



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

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



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



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



78. THE PIED PIPER BOY

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

With other children.

People called him

"The Pied Piper Boy"

Because, happy, he got out his penis.

His eagerness was teaching it, first

To grandmothers walking with their granddaughters

And the dog.

"Look, grandma, at my willy

Let your granddaughter touch it "

Singing he told her.

The boy had a male toad

That he gives to the "Puri"

A girl he was in love with.

"For touching and teaching Your flute

Bartolo, sticks have to give you"

Told him the women and the priest.

-



79. THE POET THAT RECITES SPITING

Walking through the Espolón promenade, in Burgos

From up to down

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

Degenerating from its true origin.

-He is a bronchial Poet.

He makes verses with the sputums

Poet of Poets

He coughed and spit like a king

That ensures his reign

Soaking with the tongue

The spit on his palate

To keep them

For immemorial time.

All in all, the Poet

Obstinate, determined not to give

To demands of the people

What they demanded:

-Poeta, stop spitting

And recite a poem to us as it is due.

When passing through the music temple

He lifted his neck and spat at them

Falling sputums on the head of a bald man

That he was sitting

On a bench of the walk

Close to the temple

Looking like a sea fennel

In his head

Leaping the Lord of Poets on his legs

Gesturing he with hands in the air

And exclaiming:

-You'll be a fucking Poet!

It is believed that he is throwing leashes to the hawks

Or plasters to the skull.

The Poet, without making a sack

kept walking

And, at the same time, reciting

Embellishing the Espolón promenade

Giving to it a poetic character

With the charm of his verses

And his sputums.



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

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

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

How I would like to go back to what really sticks

In defense and love of Mother Earth

Her species and animals.

I remember what an old woman told me

In the market of Barley

Where she sold fresh eggs; who was very hurt

By the poorly-managed farmers

Who took advantage of the hunt

And threw their money on the floor of the bullring:

- Son, before Life was a bunch of green bouquet

And a white folded linen cloth.

Women milked the Donkeys

The men gave their milk to suckers and piglets.

We ate from the fruit that helps eat.

There were no banderillas to kill

Or hunting rifles to kill.

The vixen walking to crickets, and no –one priest

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

Justice hovered in Love and Freedom

And the thieves deranged at the wrong time.

Today, however, poor Mother Earth!

More wicked is the son than the father.

Do not do the same.

Love the Sun and the Moon

Better is before than later.



(Grafitti en Burgos)

81. THE CROW AND THE CAT

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

-What good cabbages are here, don cat.

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

-For with bird bacon.

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



(Grafitti in Burgos)



82. THE FLATULENCES OF THE COWS

Wow! Now we are ready and understanding of the Globe

Because People has the brain in the Ass

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

"Between two ferocious stones comes a man shouting".

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

For world, coming a dress of flatulences is true.

Already, as children

We were taught in the sacred religión:

Kid Jesus came alive between straws

Being cradled in the Bethlehem portal

By the farts of the Ox

And the braying of the sacred She Ass.

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

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

"Where neighbors have an ear on each side"

How his heraldic shield sings

There was a Mayor, from another time

Who said at the beginning of a Plenary:

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

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

Spinning of farts or farts are made from time to time

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

And I say, to the facts I refer:

That the flatulences of the cows have

Salient little vessels

And branched on its flat surface

That it is a pure Truth

As it confirms to us, again and again

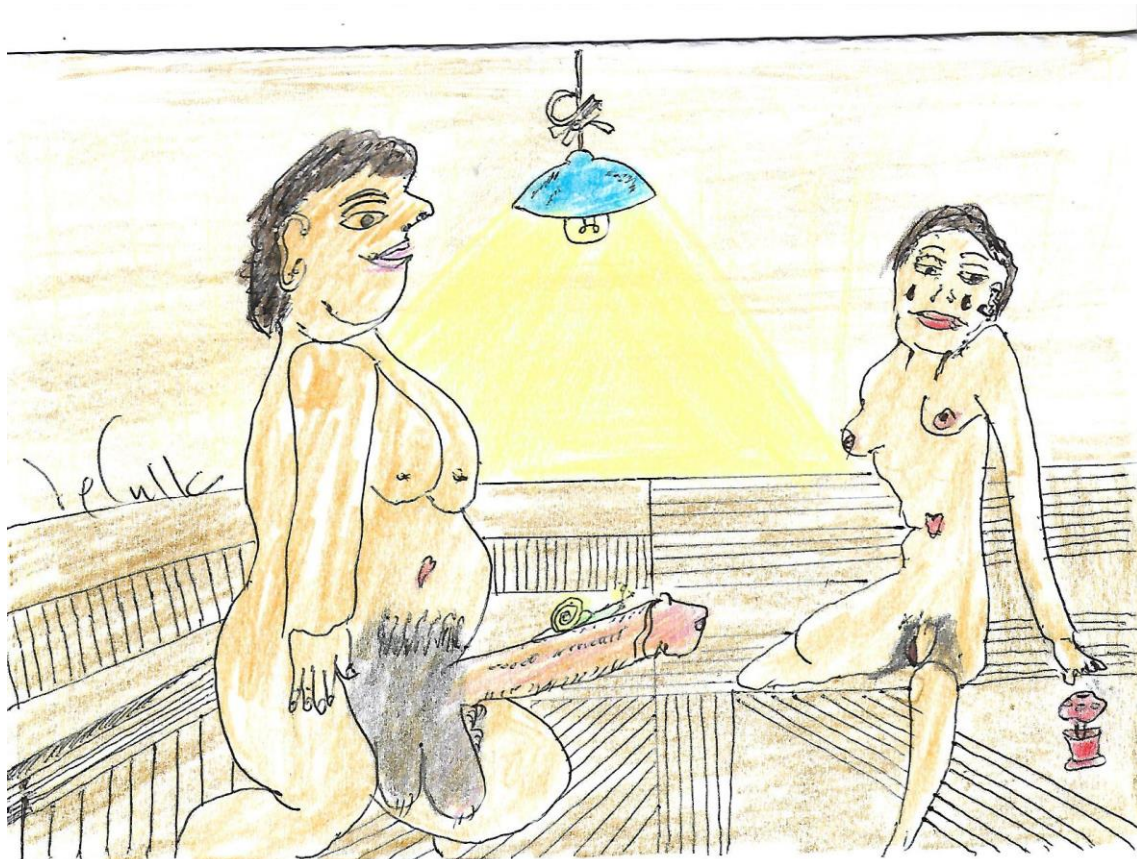
World Health Organization

That affirms, urbi et orbi

That the condition of superiority

From one person over another

**From one animal to another
It comes given by the wind blow of the tail of the cows
With equals the conditions of Life
Its coming and its departure.
In many cultures people adored and adore the Cow
And that because every one of our gathered good luck
Form the shell of an egg or fruit
That implies or offers advantages coming in desire
That is why we must open windows in the walls or walls
Put open doors to the field, fields or meadows
And make window to the ass of the beautiful cows
That, at sunset, are
As colored glass of the churches.**



83. UNEXPECTED ERROR

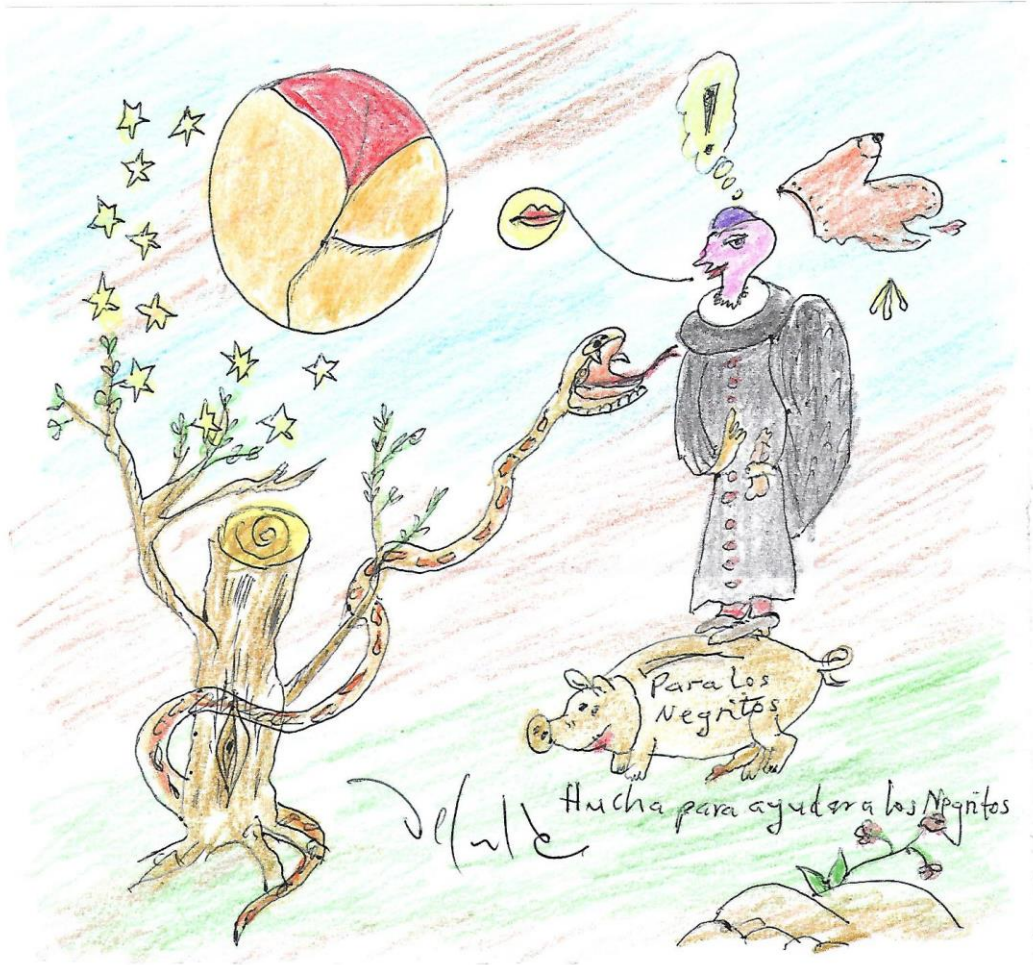
I was flirting with the blacksmith's daughter

From Caparra

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

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

To the fetus that I carry inside.



84. PREDATORY PRIEST

Predatory Priest was in a mystic state

Flying over the Andes
With a shaved head and a purple bonnet
And a feeling of tight lust in his hand
Contemplating the weirdest moon
Looking for the lunatics dream
Blissfully telling himself:
-I'm the greatest winged mystic
And I have Saint John of the Cross
And Saint Teresa
At the height of the bitumen
When, suddenly, he saw a very long tape
That it twisted, that stretched
That was undulating, that was steeled
And if you bite her, God, it kills you
And the cassock floods you with sperm
Bringing his hands to his boned head
Noticing that his chock was spurned
And the crest, in his hand, red cocoon
Having a mystical dream levitated
Very soon beginnig to sing the mornings
Of singular sins and steep lusts
That everyone likes
For inside they have the soul
Sap from the bones
And on the outside carrying the meat
Always fast, fast, and running.



85. MAKING DEATH THE PARODY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

86. PLAYING WITH THE SKULL JUGANDO CON LA CALAVERA

Daniel de Culla's Pics























Goddess Scratching Her Armpit
Diosa Arrascándose El Sobaco

Contraportada



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