

3 POEMS by Daniel de Culla



Daniel's photo

DOWN IN THE DIRT

The Revivalists' "Down in the Dirt"

Is a music place where I stopped

At a journey in Autumn

To the Valley of Perfect Wisdom

With seeds and hands in the dirt.

A flame with desire all night hearing

Sounds under frosty rotating nebulae

Expecting to see what?

The end is on the same line of the song

Gathering guitar wood in the dirt

All of us going back to earth

Nothing abandoned and there

Sensing no mistake unless

That opened skirt gathering Wood

Even blowing over the wind

Being able to pick up and go singing:

"Let's get down in the dirt"

Privileged to see the unión of sky and earth

Because we live at the edge of silence

To be blown down.



Daniel's photo

DUEL BETWEEN TWO RUBES WITH NOBLE CRADLE

**It is a medieval style duel with body and sword
Which is celebrated in Brieva de Juarros, in Burgos
On the green esplanade at the foot, far below, of its Church
For reaching the Fleece of Venus from a princess
That she lost it, a goat, in the Sierra de la Demanda.
A large and stupendous crowd has already gathered
Making a circle in the middle of the esplanade
Where will the saber combat be held
Between a shepherd of whores
And another shepherd of hustlers, nobles
From Monte de la Abadesa, also in Burgos.
The crowd is already angry and sings without meaning
Well the fight is going to be the bloodiest
Until a group of people catch an ugly guy
That do they say is the Priest who went to Peru
Mounted on a portentous conceited donkey
That a beautiful young girl was into trouble
To jerk off tremendously against her ass.
They grab him instantly
And throw him into a puddle of shit.
The beautiful and wonderful opponents are here!
I tell the story of the fight as it was:
They come to the duel. They are going to know each other.
They both look like God' children
Because of how handsome they are.
Or Bacchus' sons of Bacchus**

Since they also seem like two young Asses,
They greet each other, their sabers are crossed at the hilts.
The combat begins! The noise of the sabers
Makes partridges and rabbits fly.
The loud crowd enjoys like dwarfs with their dicks out
Or like deer running through the field.
Almost at the beginnin
The knowledge and courage of the shepherd of whores
Snatches the sword from the shepherd of the hustlers' fist
Being the target of a thousand sarcasms at the moment
When he falls like a quadruped against the green ground.
A group of blessed women from the Church of Santa Águeda
Recriminate the fallen
And to the victor they shout with euphoria:
Finish him off, or stick it up his ass! That the crowd cheers
What makes him first kiss his shining saber
To try to put it later through the Anus
To please this gentle and noisy town.
Go ahead! He's going to put it in his Anus.
But the shepherd of the hustlers is miraculously saved
By thundering his ass and throwing a huge shit.
He used so much ardor, so much effort
That almost, at the end, makes shit luck
Making him the winner without being one
Well, the shepherd of the whores was almost as good as dead.
Some Theology seminarians from the Seminary
And other goody-goody

Or thuriferaries of churches or convents
Ssaid very seriously and more seriously to each other:
-This shepherd has undoubtedly eaten Ibeas red beans.
What a shame! The prize was deserted.
But a mayoral from among the brave and bizarre people
Felled a very thick tree
Picking up a good very long branch
With which to whip the ass of the shepherd of the hustlers.
The mayor hesitates. The crowd is silent. What's happening?
What happens is that the missionary from Peru is approaching
Covered in shit up to the eyebrows
But with a beautiful cock out that weighs an arroba and a half
Because a neighbor from the town who sells cheese has weighed it
With a balance of regret of those of before.
Here comes the priest looking like a pig.
Before reaching the shepherd of whores to congratulate him
He stumbles and slips on the hustlers' shepherd's shit.
Fifty heads and a hundred hands grabbed him
To throw him into the cattle pile.
-So that he goes straight to Hell, the crowd shouted.
The truth is that a dense fog descended
That left no trace or relic of him or of them.



Daniel's photo

IT PEELS ME

The friend of a friend of another friend

From a seedy town

(The only souvenir you can bring from it

It's a free dog poop

At the doors of its cellar)

From the Ribera del Duero

Made a demon

Telling me that he is preparing to leave

To the capital of Barcelona

To demonstrate against the independentists.

That he will carry high sticks

With dry shit stuck on their sticks

Which are the only ones that allow you to wave

Civil Society

For being big and wonderful

And be blessed by the sacred fascist Church.

He will also carry a gun

To go along with that mob

Who wants to become independent from Spain

And because he has served God and the King

As executioner and jailer.

Deep down, deep down

He's not a bad boy.

I believe that the gun he carries

It's his piss gun, and no more

With open air and urine.

-Tremendous braying

They will terrify the Mossos

Proudly he tells us

that they will instantly think

Leaving Barcelona

And exile in Waterloo, Belgium.

Let them go to hell!

Are any of you coming with me?

-No way

The rest of us responded in unison.

And I explicitly:

It peels me.

These two strong parties

That make history

Of very tremendous braying

That the pro and con defend

From bull skin

With the greatest tenacity and strong commitment

In their favor

Let them fight each other

On the soccer field

From Real Madrid or from Barcelona

In wrestling or a clean host

And the respectable braying in the stands

As commonly done

In league, cup or international matches.

You will bray friend executioner and jailer

**When you hear braying
To your companions.
That glory you have and we have to imitate
Their brays boastfully.
At this moment, a rooster crowed
Of the few who sing today
And, instantly, they began to yawn
The other friends.
Me, seeing them yawning
I started to yawn too.**