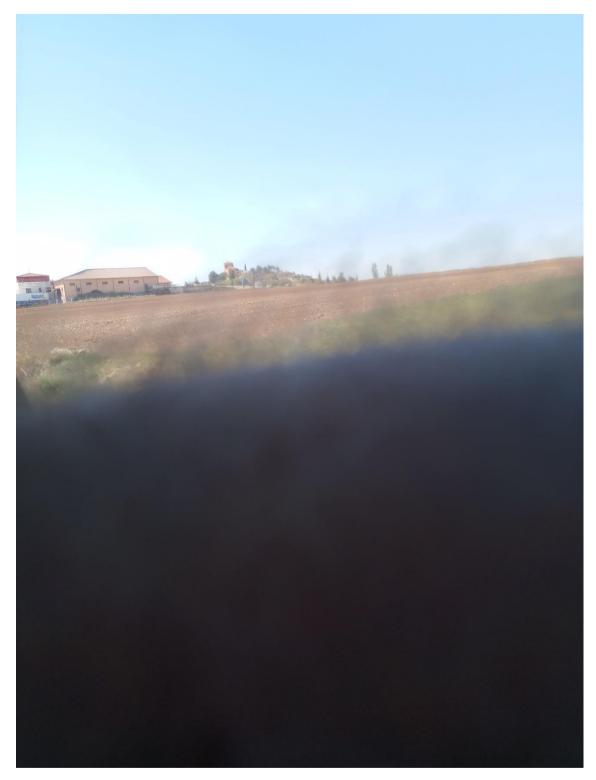
3 POEMS by Daniel de Culla



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 Notyhing 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

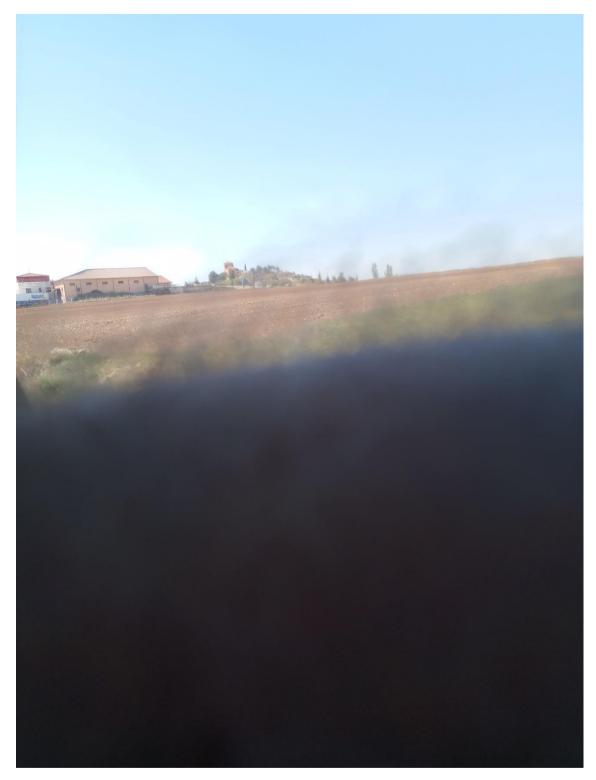
DUEL BETWEEN TWO RUBES WITH NOBLE CRADLE

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 wav 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.