

CAPTIVE WOMAN, by Daniel de Culla



Daniel's photo

**-Open the door for me, honey
Open the door for me, star
That about your pretty ass
I die of great sadness
Jerking off in the threshing floor.
-I don't open the door.
My husband has gone to Burgos
To sell the bristles
At the La Milanera Fair.
Through this beautiful little window
They spoke this way
A Segovian gentleman
And a captive Burgos' woman.
-If you don't open it now
I'll go to the pylon of the cold fountain
What is below the Hermitage
To conquer another woman
Like you, not so pretty
That she washes her husband's skidmarks.
In the cloudy and crystal clear water
Where the sheep water
And all the cavalry.
-Go fuck yourself! Idiot.
Where went the father Padilla
The one that captivated me as a child
Riding a horse**

**On his hard knees
Feeling me into my panties
A shower of stars.**

**-On the pedestal, next to the Magazine
I left you a handkerchief of love
Silk from Holland or Belgium
With whom reluctantly
I wiped my cum off.**

**-Get out of here, gentleman
if you can be called that
Well, I saw how you put your penis
Tiny like a child
In the horseshoe on the wall
Which is to bind the cavalry.**

**-My penis is getting tight
Beloved woman, captive soul.
My soul cries and sighs. Bye;
I'm going to the Mount of Vines
To see a wild boar catching me
Or a fatal death shot
That that famous poacher
Hits me from behind
Which name is Juan de las Uvas
That he hunts every day.
At night, there by a corral
They found the Segovian
With fifty wounds**

**That a wild boar produced
Before arriving with good
From the Mount of Vines.**