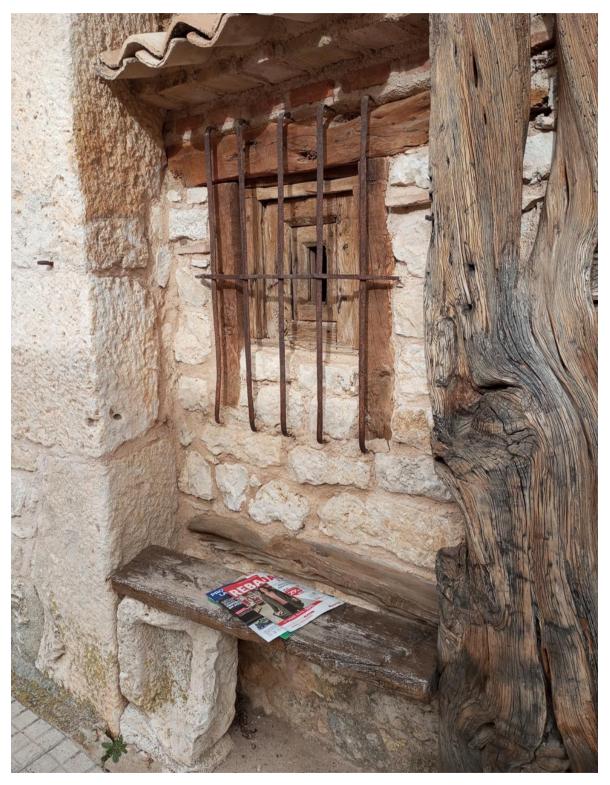
CAPTIVE WOMAN, by Daniel de Culla



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.