

THREE POEMS by Daniel deCulla

MINE'S "HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD"

Listening Frankie Goes to Hollywood

I'm peer over this Place.

Men and women want to build a stellar life

As soon as possible

Imitating the old stars with compacted dreams

Saying to us the "strange POETRY" sentence:

"There is no exquisite beauty...

Without some strangeness in the proportion".

There are countless reasons

To fall in Love with Hollywood.

Evidence logically assumes the form of a found object

Or a found image.

Stars speak through stamen

Hear through the petals of a Daisy

Wash up after work, eat dinner

Have a beer, go to bed

Working for enclosing their lives in the spectacle.

The light is very clean and soft

An early spring day,

Wo/Men are radiant from within

We are alert enough to see the radiance:

Le cadavre exquis boira le vin nouveau

The exquisite corpse will drink

The new wine with Marilyn Monroe and John Wayne.

**But the ritual of the fame is out of tune
Has vanished the Wo/Men are .
She who's rite meant wrapping a place
A "holding spot" around wet, newborn whore
And he is employed in some manner
As Motherfucker
If their sources are sufficiently remote.
Films and signs:
Motherfuckers and whores
With the greatest diversity of species-
climax.
The foat all mind giving Life
Under the Star of Film-Illumination
The active more ever renewing Mind
Of primordial spontaneous Wisdom.
The retired stars are also here
Building their homes from the adobes of the West
The whites, the blacks, the hippies, foolish transients
Recorded with native birds and insects in the background.
Who could ever start, Mamma Mia, here;
Hollywood is what is seen.
There is what is not.
There is what is inside and what is without.
It is all real. And it is all false
While it is either real or false
Or partially real
Partially false.**

Adios, Mujeres y Hombres, y viceversa.

Que les vaya bonito en Hollywood.

Yo sé que estáis contentos

Por dejar vuestras tristes vidas

¿A que sí?

Goodbye Wo/Men, and vice versa

Good look in Hollywood.

I do know You're happy for leaving

Your sad-looking lives.

She/he is in America, silly;

BACK TO NATURE

Good marriage or unwise is a ring of position

Passed from hand to hand

An onde Love

To hear from our river Heart

The course of a network

Of correspondents

Familiar with undisclosed desires

Going way too far

Or just far enough.

Lovers' Dear Diary

Is loading tons of good promises

But our feelings open many doors

For angels and devils

Investigating conditions of our love

And "mutual responsibilities

In the protection of species

Of wild nature

The ocean, the air"

As Gary Snyder says.

Back to Nature

Is our one map and key:

Dreams, Impulses, Outlines

Are our circle of the possible

Globalism, monoculture, and displacements

Are fatal for our lives.

Homo sapiens must be over Cannibals

Earth itself will be grateful

For it.



SIMON, THE BABY

Simon, the baby, asked his father:

What happens in this World

Where crimes and death takes over?

There is no place in the Globe

Where hatred does not flourish?

A church, a mosque

Where their gods do not take to kill?

They say that Cain killed Abel

With an Ass Jawbone

That Delilah made Samson impotent

Cutting his hair and something else

That all fascist governments

Need human blood and flesh to survive

Especially from contestants and comedians

Young people

That's why they kill, kidnap and imprison

Right, dad?

Rivers and seas are spaces

Contaminated by foul and bloody lava

Fascist & Mystic Lava

From humans turned into cannibals

By the grace of a God and a Caesar.

The innocent are always killed

To be pasture of the fascist Herods of turn

While their scorts and candlemen

As monsters of prey

draw their limpet tongues in Syria,

Iraq, Afghanistan

And all the other nations

Right, Dad?

"Yes, Simon, it is the plain truth.

Son, Study and love Nature and all the living

it only saves us with the Science

and the Reason.