

# WARRIORS LIKE SHEEP THISTLES

Visual Verse by Daniel de Culla



## SHE WARRIOR

**This lady has ridden the bus  
That, for the pints that she wears  
She looks like a warrior.  
We have heard her say  
When she has seized  
To the bus bar:**

**-It's freezing.**

**She has made me remember**

**To that warrior woman**

**(I think it's her)**

**That, in the "Juan de Padilla" Day Center**

**I took to dance**

**Asking me very proudly:**

**-How long do you want to dance?**

**Answering me:**

**-If you let yourself go and do**

**I will dance with you months**

**Seasons too, years**

**Until boring love**

**Will tell us:**

**-I'm not going to dance anymore.**

**She, who is Christian and her pussy too**

**Exclaimed:**

**-Heaven forbid**

**Not even the Virgen del Pilar.**

**Our dance passes passed**

**Inviting her to a cane or whatever she wanted**

**At the bar. I told:**

**-I like you. I want to fuck you.**

**She left me instantly**

**With bad milk exclaiming:**

**-Do I have the face of a bitch?**

**My lady's heart is alive.**

**May the curse of God reach you  
Mine's gladly goes  
Fucking whore;  
If you feel like fucking  
Go to the back of the Civic Center  
"Vena River"  
And a she pilgrim fucks, paying.  
She came from Santiago de Galicia  
With desires to arrive  
To the Parral Pilgrims Hostel  
What do they say that fucks  
With a lot of salt and salt.  
Let your dentures fall out  
And you won't find them again.  
Oh, and don't go wrong  
This pilgrimage has hallmarks:  
On his left thigh  
With his cute foal  
It has drawn the cross of Santiago.  
With the sorrow and pain that she gave me  
I fell to the ground like a soldier in battle.  
Neither with water nor with wine  
Could revive me  
Just a pretty waitress, Jezebel  
That she took me by the hand  
Telling me kissing me:  
I' ll dance with you the next.**



Daniel's pic

## **THE LORD OF THE WAR**

**In the city of Kyiv**

**Pretty and beautiful city**

**War tanks pass**

**To defend a people**

**Who does not want to see blood**

**When entering home**

**When going up the stairs.**

**Who is the murderer**

**Who is the criminal**

**Who now kills in Ukraine**

**Like yesterday in Iraq and Syria**

**Today in Yemen, Palestine?**

**How can we not meet him?**

**He is the Lord of War!**  
**That he has been, and still is today**  
**Our fiance and theirs.**



**Daniel' Pic**

**ON THE VENA RIVER**

**Remembering Mary Wigman**

**(Germany 1886-1973)**

**Director of Laban's studio in Zurich**

**This lady has ridden the bus**

**That, for the pints that she wears  
She looks like a warrior.  
We have heard her say  
When she has seized  
To the bus bar: -It's freezing.  
She has made me remember  
To that warrior woman (I think it's her)  
That, in the "Juan de Padilla" Day Center  
I took to dance asking me very proudly:  
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Answering me: -If you let yourself go and do  
I will dance with you months  
Seasons too, years until boring love  
Will tell us: -I'm not going to dance anymore.  
She, who is Christian and her pussy too  
Exclaimed: -Heaven forbid  
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Inviting her to a cane or whatever she wanted  
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**Daniel's Pic**

## **THE FATHER QUACK' SHADOW**

**Whenever i walk  
At the foot of this hill  
The father Quack' shadow  
Appears to me  
Dressed in his cassock  
That is casting lots  
Seeing which boy or girl  
He touches or will touch  
To take out their entrails.  
A shepherd who saw him  
Urinating with a long cock says:  
-This sacrilegious priest  
In that hole he has his bed.  
There he hides  
And he guards the children  
And a puppy dog  
That he found  
Picking watercress  
To make a salad.  
This shepherd, according to  
He saw him, one day, fussing  
To a woman from Zamora  
Regular of his parish  
Turn them off and turn them off  
To whom he begged:  
-Up your two thighs**

**My zamorana bitch**

**If you don't give me the rabbit**

**I'll smack you in the face.**

**Then after**

**The lady told us:**

**-This priest Sacamantecas (quack)**

**Is the son of a black donkey**

**And a brown mare.**

**In a small cupboard**

**In a jar without a lid**

**Save butter from a child**

**That he kidnapped**

**When he jumped a wall.**



**Daniel's Pic**

**THE DUMBEST OF FOOLS**

**One Friday I left**

**To the Sierra de Guadarrama**

**Going through the nooks and crannies**

Where my mother took refuge  
During the Spanish war  
With my seven sisters  
And before I arrive  
My beloved was already  
At the foot of the port of Cotos  
In a cave lying down.  
Tiredness and heat exhausted me  
But Love was erect  
And it went straight to lie down with her  
In the tent.  
I brought her a jewel in my hand  
It was an emerald;  
That, with her consent  
I put it in the asshole  
So that when we made love  
I wouldn't be wrong.  
I asked her to give me a lot of love  
Giving me her, loving  
Her Vagina at the importance  
"That it will quench your thirst  
When you come to taste it"  
As she told me.  
I told her well out:  
-Give me, my Life, of that your sap  
Baptize my glans  
With your rain of stars

**That soon we will go down to Madrid  
And i will be your husband  
And you my married woman.  
Giving scandal to the birds:  
Black vulture, imperial eagle  
Alpine accentor and red-billed chough  
And to the animals: deer  
Wild boars, ibex  
Roe deer, fallow deer, badgers  
Wildcats, foxes and hares  
She gave me her hairy song  
And I, to her, from my unbridled spout  
Asking me, moaning:  
-Penetrate inside me, Beloved.  
Me to her, like Braying:  
Do not hide anything from me, Beloved.  
When I was about to cum  
She, ordering me, told me:  
-Refrain, Love; wait  
It's not okay for me to get pregnant.  
Me, cumming out of taste  
I flooded her body and face  
With spermatozoa like stag beetles  
80 mm. Almost nothing;  
She, as a woman, and I as a man  
We walked careless  
Of the emerald lit in her asshole**

**Entering her a diarrhoea  
As messianic prophet  
Rushing to defecate  
Next to the large lagoon of Peñalara  
With such bad luck that she exploded  
On a Cabrera vole  
Who swallowed the emerald  
Disappearing underground.  
"Damn you!" I yelled at her.  
She saying to me  
Positioned on the cross and kneeling:  
-Sweet Beloved, forgive me.  
It wasn't just my fault  
That you did not turn your back on me.  
You broke the pitcher like a donkey  
And, to the point of my cramping  
We lost the emerald.  
Do you want me to go with you  
For all my life?  
-Yes I do, I replied.  
But i want too  
That you speak to your colleagues and friends  
Of my omnipotent penis that it tells you:  
-Bye, deep throat  
Goodbye, meteor shower  
My illusion is over.  
Farewell, glorious emerald.**

**When we return to Madrid**  
**My beloved told this story to my future in-laws**  
**His father waiting for me**  
**With tears of laughter in her eyes:**  
**Come here, my son. I hug you.**  
**You are the dumbest of fools!**  
**Yours is the our daughter' hand**  
**Kissing me her father**  
**Like a fucking father-in-law.**





**The Antichrist. Painting by Luca Signorelli, Renaissance.**

### **THE ANTICHRIST**

**There he is, the Antichrist  
With the face of the Mona Lisa  
And a fork  
Where to hang your souls  
Giving suck to the chosen ones  
That come with tongues of silk  
Those married with children  
Single women with penis pain  
And some other gift  
THhat has fallen from the donkey  
In his masturbatory ecstasy.  
He asks them**

**Looking at us with eyes and mouth of desire:**

**What's special?**

**He himself answers them:**

**-Beloved souls**

**Exquisite bodies**

**If you love me a lot**

**I love you much more.**

**The priests and the whole Church**

**They say they don't like me**

**that they hate me**

**But well, they send Me for you.**

**There must be a reason:**

**As the water seeks the river**

**And the river seeks the sea**

**You come to me**

**Because you know the good and delicious**

**From this my suck.**

**I love you by day**

**Because I am your Sun**

**In the evening**

**I give light and life**

**To your third eye**

**That it announces thundering**

**"That's how it has to be."**

**Blessed be my faithful**

**Because you come to me**

**Up on your knees**

**To adore and kiss while sucking  
The branch that comes out of my trunk**

**You submissives singing:**

**"So it must be"**

**Cause you live and you die**

**Thinking about me**

**Since I chose you**

**And you chose me**

**Cleaning my love**

**With silken tongues.**



**Daniel's Pic**

**SHE'S MALA**

**Remembering Gabrielle Buffet  
(France 1881-1985),  
married to Picabia**

**We're going to a dating floor my friend and I**  
**Where a short lady receives us**  
**Malay face.**  
**As soon as she opens the door**  
**A set of five females**  
**Appeared with very short skirts**  
**Smiling at us**  
**Showing us that they were without panties.**  
**Doing courtesy to the madam**  
**We warned that they were vassals**  
**Of this woman**  
**Who in front of us**  
**As she herself told us later**  
**She fired a good chaplain**  
**And a better sacristan**  
**That they had come to eat a pigeon**  
**Well, as they left, they told the lady:**  
**-Very good these young doves.**  
**We'll be back, woman.**  
**After a while**  
**She had to choose one of the girls.**  
**I chose Bad**  
**Well, she had brown eyes**  
**As beautiful as those of the Moorish of Granada.**  
**After paying the lady**  
**Thirty euros**  
**She holding my hand**

**She led me to a bedroom with little grace  
That it had on the wall  
Above the head of the bed  
A painting with a Tragabolas (ball swallower) drawn  
And a saying: "Shrink pig  
Let the she pig run."  
She, lying on the bed  
Spread her legs, told me:  
-Each pig gets its sow.  
I answered  
Pounced on her:  
-There is no dust that does not arrive.  
When finished and we went out  
My friend and me, at the same time  
We told ourselves:  
-Very good youg doves, yes.**