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.

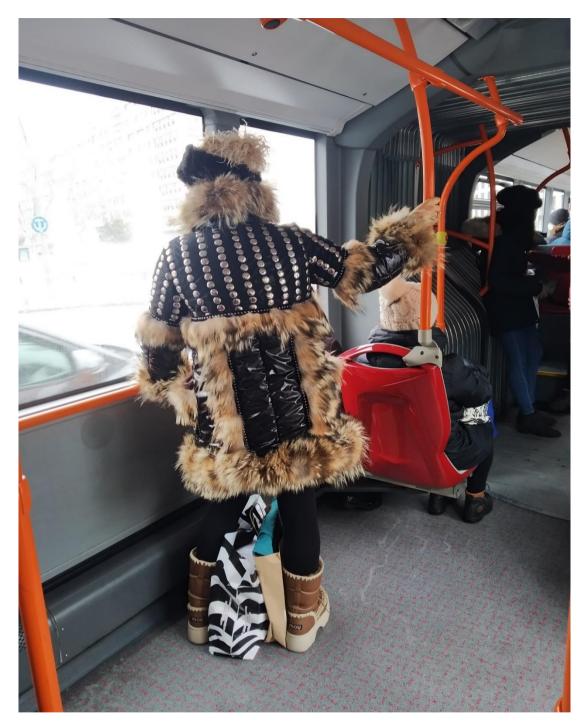
May the curse of God reach you Mine's gladly goes Fucking whore; If you feel like fucking Go to the back of the Civic Center "Vena River" And a she pilgrim fucks, paying. She came from Santiago de Galicia With desires to arrive **To the Parral Pilgrims Hostel** What do they say that fucks With a lot 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 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

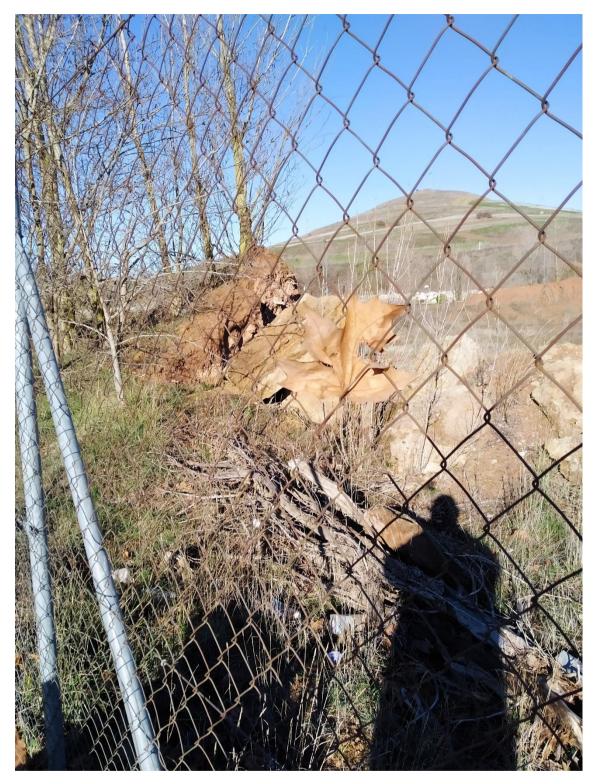
ON THE VENA RIVER

Remembering Mary Wigman (Germany 1886-1973) Director of Laban's studio in Zurich This lady has ridden the bus

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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:

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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 diarrohea 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 **Ppositioned 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.