

7 POEMS



Daniel' Collage

MAR A LAGO PIGSTY

Without sparing any expense or effort

The high-ranking figures of Fascism's Sursum Corda will come

**To celebrate a national historical milestone
In the Mar-a-Lago pigsty
Located in Palm Beach, Florida, United States
More than to reflect on the evils they have committed
Against immigration, abortion
The LGBTQ+ community that represents diversity
Of gender identities and sexual orientations
In their struggle for equal rights
And social acceptance
And, moreover, against true agnostic and atheist humanism
They will come to revel among themselves
In the new crimes and massacres to be committed
In their honor, and which they will continue to perpetrate
To the disillusionment of humankind
With their illusions of democracy, justice, or freedom.
They will all bring false and pocket-sized gods
To bear witness to their criminal arts
Stolen from ancient and modern serial killers
And cruel and inhuman genocidal maniacs
That exist and have existed in the world
To bray with their prayers and praises
To the Great American Ass, the “Golden Ass”, so divine
Braying, devout, prostrate before him
Begging him to continue being more cruel and evil
Especially against the families and individuals
Who have the courage and the need
To escape death in their nations**

**And want freedom to free themselves from the military tyranny
That crushes the necks
Of the fellow citizens of their own towns.
-For God's sake! We mustn't be human, that'll be their praise
For everyone must suffer our hate crimes
Just for having come into the world
To steal our good slices
Thrown in the trash
In our gargantuan meals of the mentally ill
Drenched with fine spirits and top-shelf wines
While we plunder and steal their lands
Which somehow swell our balls and cocks
And, our concubines, the great and small lips of their cunts
With enormous fury and joy.
Fascist donkeys and asses par excellence, without equal
From the North, South, East, and West of the globe
Especially from Argentina, France
Italy, Israel, Hungary, the United Arab Emirates
And other nations via free videoconference
They will come to kneel and praise this, their “Golden Ass,”
Using groveling hyperbole
Rhetorical phrases of criminal hatred and murderous flattery
Distorting the very truth of their hired thugs
Who protect and pamper them
With this, their “Golden Ass,” proclaimed once and for all
As King or Pope of Christian fascism
For the glory of having shown them the way**

**With great merit of his parts
And his holy staff, the highest, most worthy
And deserving of just appreciation
That gives life to the women, men, and children
Who come to his suckling.
-To you who are on Earth
And soon, before long, in Heaven
Genocidal maniacs and serial killers par excellence and without equal
In essence, presence, and power, I say to you:
Happy am I, with you, if we achieve the objective we set for ourselves
And which is, not that men believe in us
But rather that they are persuaded once and for all
That we have come into the world
To mess with them
And, if they don't let us, to shoot them in the face
From the back or the nape of the neck!
You have learned from my merit
Shout with me:
-Hail Caesar! Heil Hitler! Long live the King! Long live the Pope!
Thank you for coming to my pigsty.
In gratitude, I promise to give you
Some pieces of new, rich, and rare lands
Acquired with obscene trickery and weapons of war
As emperors and emirs have always done
Kings and popes.
-Daniel de Culla**



Daniel' Collage

MY LITTLE DOG MARILYN

My little dog Marilyn is a beautiful dog.

She has such a pretty face

Just like Marilyn Monroe's.

If it weren't zoophilia, and it were allowed

I would marry her.

One day she told me she was sick
And I took her to a traveling healer
Filomeno Morezón Galayo, as ugly
As the backside of a perky monkey
Who lived in Plaza del Moro Almanzor
In the Sierra de Gredos
I don't know if he came from Salamanca
Cáceres, Ávila, Madrid or Toledo
Because he didn't tell me anything
To whom I informed that Marilyn had suffered
“Two miscarriages and an ectopic pregnancy”.
Filomeno, very politely, told me:
-Leave her with me for a few days or weeks
So I can be with her, and so she doesn't die
Because I see she has silent endometriosis
That might be what kills her.
After two and a half weeks
I returned to the mountain
Around one or two o'clock
Seeing the healer asleep
On the threshold of the cave
Tightly clutching his erect penis.
I didn't wake him by urinating on his face
Without him noticing.
Marilyn, who felt me, came out crying
Her white hair stained with blood.
I took her in my arms

While the healer was still asleep
Fleeing towards the Portilla del Yelmo
Along the path of the Walnut Tree in the Ravine
Starting from the path to the Victory Refuge.
We began to talk, and she told me:
-When you left me with him
We went into his hermit healer's cave.
He took me between his legs
Like husband and wife
Like a Wise Man or Santa Claus with a child.
He told me:- "I'll suck your pussy"
We starting to struggle.
Until he stopped, he let go of me
Being lost in thought
But not before the bastard dishonored me
By sucking my tongue
Until he fell asleep, defeated.
-Marilyn, I don't know if we should go after him
And avenge you
By cutting off his balls with this Toledo knife
So he'll never again commit
What your eyes have seen and suffered.
--No, Servando.
It's better if we pretend we don't know anything.
Besides, because of this crime
The Sierra has trembled.
-Daniel de Culla



Foto de Daniel

CASTILLA TERMAL

El señor de esa pareja de gorditos

NUN TO MY LIKING

**Mariblanca worked in a renowned bank
I don't remember if it was in Bilbao or Santander
And, when they buried her father
On top of the tomb
She announced to those present
That she was becoming a cloistered nun
A Poor Clare of Corbie
For Saint Colette of Corbie
Because her colleagues joked with her
Saying sarcastically:
-Mariblanca, you work in a bench like the whores
On Orense Street, in Madrid.
One afternoon when she went to mass
At the Monastery of the Royal Barefoot Nuns
All the nuns came out to embrace her
With burning eyes
And very light hands
For they touched her breasts and her buttocks
Saying to her with great charm:
-This embrace of ours is the embrace of the Lord
Who accepts you because you are a virgin and pure
And you are married to God.
Although her companions told her:
-Mariblanca, don't leave the bank.
You'll regret it.
Take a leave of absence so you can come back
If you can't stand being cloistered**

Because you love jewels so much
And expensive perfumes.
That's why your privates smell like lilies.
And there, in the convent
They'll smell of frankincense and myrrh."
-Thank you, companions, she told them.
I will do it.
I'll enter the convent willingly.
Mariblanca entered the convent, yes
Convinced she could serve God.
But she didn't last even a couple of months
Because they forbade her jewels and perfumes
Forcing her to get up every day
At six in the morning
To ring the bell that announces Matins
Which is what she missed the most.
Because on Saturdays, Sundays
And holy days of obligation
She always got up at twelve.
Also, that twelve poor priests
Who tended a vegetable garden
Brought her at midday
A turnip this long
As long as a penis in a porn film
That made her think about sinning
Which forced her to go to confession
Against her will

**As she told her companions
When she returned to the bank.
Her companions
When she returned to the bank
Very happy they told her:
-How lucky you are, Mariblanca
That they didn't take your position
And that you were spared what they said to you
The twelve poor gardener priests
When they gave you a turnip:
-How lucky Sister Carlota de Jesús is
That you spell "Gothic" with a "j"
Like "joder" (to screw)
And to love God.
-Daniel de Culla**



Daniel' Collage

O BELCEBOOK

My friend Miguel de Verga

And I, Lord of the Balls

At the Madrid Seminary

**We used to visit its Library
To select "Beat" and "Sex" books
In the Foreign Languages Section
With our handsome cocks
While the Librarian slept
In a mystical slumber
For his erect cock was clearly visible.
We called him Belcebook
Because he reminded us of Beelzebub
The god Satan of Christian theology
Who seemed to be flying
Hunting flies
Who was actually called
Belial of Ekron.
Devotees of these books
That taught us the language of Shakespeare
We went blindly selecting with our dicks
These books from the Beat Section:
Blowdryer, Jennifer "Wrong, Wrong, Wrong"
Bukowski, Charles "Bring Me Your Love"
With illustrations by Robert Crumb
Burroughs, William S "Burroughs File"
Male, hurtful, biting.**

**In an urn with both dicks at once
We came across the books by:
Ferlinghetti, Lawrence "Pictures of the Gone World"**

Ginsberg, Allen “Howl & Other Poems”

Kerouac, Jack “Dr. Sax”

Leary, Timothy “High Priest”

Sargeant, Jack “Naked Lens – Beat Cinema”.

During a break, with our eyes open

Our penises joyfully rubbing together

Miguel told me:

-If my mother doesn't change her mind

She wants me to marry a girl

Crazy as a loon.

And I'd barely finished jerking off

He asked me with a smile:

-Tell me, what were you thinking, son?

It's time you found a girlfriend

Because all the jerking off

Is because you're starved for women.

We closed our eyes again

And we went to the Sex Section

Talking about the money we take from the collection plate

On “Seminary Days”

When we go to the parishes to ask for money

To help new vocations.

Money we save

For when we leave the Seminary

To go celebrate life with prostitutes.

My erect penis pointed to some books; these:

Aragon, Luis “Irene’s Cunt”

**Bannon, Ann “Odd Girl Out”
Blue, Violet “Ultimate Guide to Fellatio”.**

Opening one eye, I said to Miguel:

-Your mother is a bad mother

For wanting you to marry a crazy woman.

I closed my eye, and Miguel pointed with his penis at

These books:

Califia, Pat “Sensuous Magic”

De Sade, Marquis “Juliette”

Di Prima, Diane “Memoirs of a Beatnik”

Nin, Anais “Incest”

Sprinkle, Annie “Annie Sprinkle – Post Porn Modernist”

Taormino, Tristan “Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women”.

We opened our eyes

And the Librarian was still sleeping

With great satisfaction

Standing in awe

Contemplating him as if he had levitated

For his face looked like that of a saint.

We approached him

We rubbed our penises together

As if from the lamp of It was Aladdin

Running over his eyes.

Before he came back to his senses

We escaped through a window

To get to our rooms.

The next day when we returned to the Library

**And asked him what he had dreamed
For we saw him asleep, quite content
He, without hesitation, told us:
I dreamed of nuns of the Conception
Who gave me three solemn blowjobs
And when I came, they exclaimed:
O, Belcebook, you are our love;**



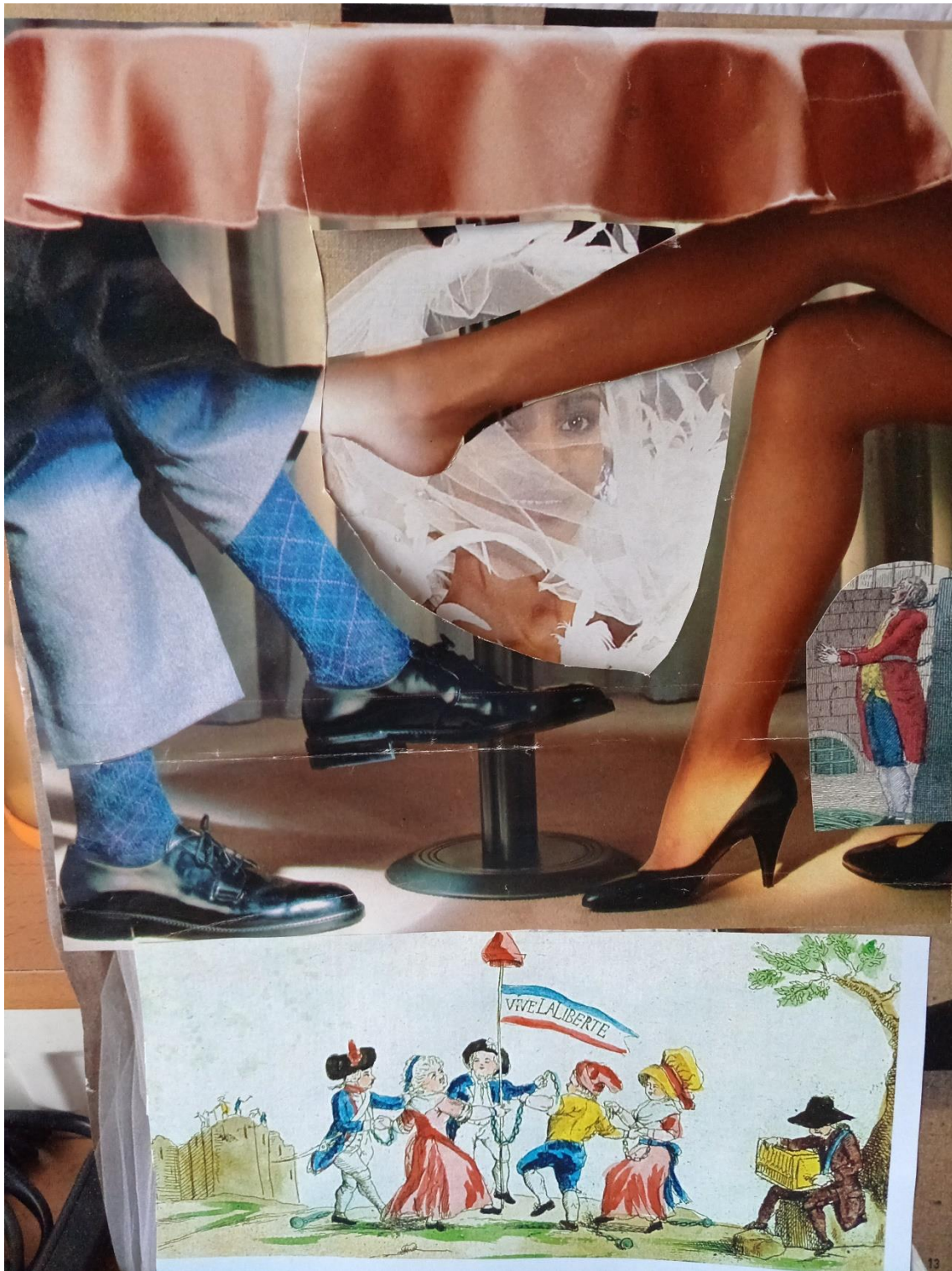
Daniel' Collage

ON THE VENUS' MOUNTAIN

**Tired of the hustle and bustle and indifference of the city
Of the hypocrisy of the villagers
And their obscene foolishness**

**Who see God in the tip of the donkey's penis
Or in the vulva of the mares
Not preventing their laughter from resembling
The braying of Ovid's donkey
Which is the priest of the parish, city, or town
Whose theology is as bad as the braying
I have come alone to the Venus' Mountain
Which is very much like the Dead Woman
A mountain range in the central area
Of the Sierra de Guadarrama (Segovia)
Located in the low geography of my beloved
Which is a slow-witted donkey tied to the bed
Without harnesses or collars for a dog
Mounted on a donkey that a cousin of mine
From Lastras de Cuellar lent me.
In the style of Saint Saturius, patron saint of Soria
A hermit who came to an ancient grotto
Of Visigothic origin, the Cave of Peñalba
On the banks of the Duero River
On the Machado Route
To indulge in carnal and mystical masturbation
Escaping the laughter of the girls
When he tried to catch them with his penis out
That tormented him so much.
My beloved also has a river
That springs from the peak of Pasapán or Meatus
Very similar to the one cows make when they urinate**

**Unexpectedly in the daylight.
On the way to the mountain
I met Abdon, his sons and grandsons
Riding on donkeys
Appianus leading a string of donkeys
To trade them
At the livestock fair in Medina del Campo
(Valladolid)
Apuleius dragging a donkey on his back
And, among others, Bufón walking alone
Praising Balam's donkey
And Borak, Muhammad's donkey
Singing that they were lesbians.
I've brought a vibrator with me
To insert into both of our anuses
And a book by Violet Blue: "Ultimate Guide to Fellatio"
Translated by myself
With the help of Google Translate
To give my beloved
Such a majestic cunnilingus
That it seems like the last of all
The one at the end of the world!
Because I'm privileged to do it to her
Because she tells me when I finish:
-This proves there's no ass like you
As good, or better, than the Spanish language.
-Daniel de Culla**



Daniel's Collage

PEACE IS A PISS

"Peace is a piss," this Donald Trump tells us

Our guide, who is already history

Who presents us with

The value of his Decrees, burping
And dancing like a schizophrenic
A salsa we must define
As a less violent fart
With all its details, too
Manifesting its worth
Because he has the atomic bomb
Between his thighs
And that "when my balls swell
I'll make the brains
Of all nations
A big omelet."
Is it true that no one in the world
Young or old
Old man, young man, king or beggar
Priest or friar, agnostic or atheist
Evangelical or anarchist Christian
Cop or serial killer
White or black
Or those of his carrot color
Will be able to stop
This wealthy schizophrenic?
-Yes, it's true," my friend Jester tells me.
He's a wise literary man
Who enlightens all nations
In the language of donkeys.
"Read carefully," he tells us

For I'm going to make a very pleasant observation:

-The truth first:

This raving lunatic loves

To bite women's cunts

Which, for that reason, they applaud him wildly

At all conventions

Or ball games.

He imagines that an Academy of Nobel Prizes

Should give him every prize there is

In every field

Because, otherwise, he gets very angry

And he'll try to screw over

All the medals

Which he'll hang from his balls.

His lust for mischief defines him

Because he longs to stick his dick

In Greenland

And in other nations he loves

To search for rare earth elements or oil

Even if it's shit

Like arresting on a whim

Bigwigs

Like that Venezuelan Maduro

Whom his henchmen caught

Naked and taking a shit

Which made him jump for joy

And dance that crazy dance

The same thing he's doing
When he sees his serial killers
Militarized, patrolled
Humiliate or kill innocents
Especially pure, clean women
And white-toothed immigrants
From his own nation.
The truth is, right now
There's no guts to teach him a lesson
And he knows it
That's why he raises his head
With great flair and care
Revealing his raving, crazy grin
Dancing like a donkey
While the other world leaders
Opening their mouths wide
Applaud him loudly
Resounding with joy
At seeing them dominated and scared shitless
Fans of his terrifying farts
That's why they call him
"The Big Fart" again
Resounding even in the sky
His terrifying echo of:
"Peace is a piss.
Life is a fart.
Thank God you all have to shit yourselves

**Because I know what it is to govern
In the style of fascist donkeys."
-Daniel de Culla**



Daniel' photo

PIG'S HEAD IN DAVOS

**The entire celestial court of politicians gathered
Of every stripe
Goddesses, demigods, all complete idiots
To hold a series of debates
Workshops, alliances
To achieve an illustrious Peace Council
Thanks to the great American Pig
Hypocrite, obscene, liar
Celestial madman who believes himself immortal
Whose good he bases solely on deceiving
Hallucinating and killing his own people
Schizophrenic and deranged figure
Whose only skill is
To dance an illiterate clown's dance
That makes you piss yourself laughing
And to dance his ideas or alliances
To heads of state or government
Presidents of large corporations
Academics or figures of civil society
Knowing that, with him, in him and through him
The only thing they will achieve
Is to suck their thumbs
Or like dogs, their dicks
And empty the coffers of their own nations
Because crime rules
And this holy and happy pig, malicious
He assumes it in his own way**

**Which is none other than surrounding himself with thugs
Genocidal maniacs, serial killers
Conceited because he possesses the atomic bomb
And a lot of ill-gotten money
From slavery, sex, and drugs.
Enormous, terrible, and ferocious
This Pig has appeared in Davos, Switzerland
Believing himself to be Pharaoh, Tsar, Führer, or Pope
At this World Economic Forum
Where the nations of Europe
That haven't danced to his tune
Have made him spit on them and show
That congenital hatred he has for Europe
And those insubordinate desires he has
To steal lands, dollars, and oil
Because his face is uglier than a monkey's ass
And because he believes himself more powerful and potent
Than the rogue king of Spain
And all the angels and archangels who pee.
I have my suspicions
That he's the one who turns the wheel of Life
Until fate finally decrees
That some nation or country remains
Completely dead or destroyed
Like Gaza, which we see before us
Which he calls "my beautiful property"
And whose annihilation he witnessed**

**Making some of his own mistresses
Their cunts smelling of burnt horn
Of tobacco and bad whiskey
Or clogged sewer pipes
Some tremendous, evangelical wanks
Meanwhile, preparing this little speech
Of a stupid, deranged, ill-bred fool
To say in Davos:
-Since you haven't given me the Nobel Peace Prize
Be prepared for the consequences
Because I'm going to do some very obscene things to you
Because I know you long to see my pig's head
Hanging in the Capitol.
With my Peace Council
I will swiftly unleash
My killer instinct
Because I am assisted by genocidal maniacs, war criminals
And renowned serial killers
Who, with them, and for you
We will shit on NATO and the UN
And whoever rebels against me
I will hit them over the head with my cock
Making their brain into an omelet
On the first day.
-Daniel de Culla**