



**Pic: Isabel G. de Diego**

# **GUERRILLA PROSE: 7 HYBRID SHORTS**

**By Daniel de Culla**

**WHY WE LIKE IT:** *These seven wildly original hybrids that combine prose, poetry and graphics, have the power and rowdy punch of graffiti at its most profane. By turns confrontational, brash, offensive, tender and beautiful, they challenge the reader with every line. This poet bird screams his celebration of life from a high branch and words burst into song-fires that grab us by the imagination and carry us away. The translation from the Spanish by the author is rough and uncut but we think cleaning it up would impinge rather than enhance the noble scruff of a voice authentically raw and mellifluous. Illustrations by the author. Spacing is the author's own. Sexually Explicit Graphics. Reader discretion.*

## **CAPTIVE VENUS**

**Bunny "Venus" sleeps  
Mine's daughter Elizabeth  
Born of the primordial egg  
In her Olympic cage  
And we have to be joyful  
All the day  
Because, when She wakes up  
We will take her in our arms  
Feeling her in our chest  
Lively and throbbing.  
Her running around the house  
From the dining room to the kitchen  
Throws us to life**

**Turning the stay  
In a beautiful garden.  
Now we are in The banquet  
Like the Platon's  
And the six that are here  
We are saying:  
-What a beautiful bunny  
How soft is her white hair!  
She has black ears  
Like those of Lucas Cranach  
That are propellers that blow  
To the wind of her passing.  
-Of what color is  
Elizabeth's white bunny?  
It is the most widespread question  
What does father and mother  
To kid growing up  
Between mischieves and games  
When he comes to see her.  
She combs her hair alone  
Her eyes are two half moons  
That light the dark night  
Of the dreamedrabbitt Cupid  
Coming, in dreams  
With a carnal torch**

**That inflames the senses  
And giving birth to Love  
In hearts  
Reciting Petrarca  
On his road  
Garcilaso de la Vega as well  
Galeotto del Carretto  
Juan de Mal Lara  
Juan de Arguijo  
Giambatista Marino  
José de Valdivielso  
Calderón de la Barca  
La Fontaine and Marivaux  
And Me too.**



**Pic: Isabel G. de Diego**

**THREE'S**



**Graffiti In Burgos. Pic: de Culla**

## **SIGNS OF LIFE**

**In one of the towns, Güete, in the province of Cuenca, where, due to family circumstances, I had to live, in a house in the Main Square where the passenger bus stopped, a man lived, a widower of a beautiful woman who died of cancer in the breasts, with green distemper, "of spear and pack-saddle" as he himself said, that, when outsiders came to the town, to welcome them, he put his ass in pomp on the window sill, and, as a sign of thanks for the visit, with attention and joy, he threw impressive stones, which bounced in the bells of the parish church.**

**The strangers, random, once they had passed in front of the window, turned to him and said:**

**-Good profit you do those pieces.**

**And he answered them:**

**-Puffs are brothers and sisters; pine nuts, or snails, or cantharids.**

**-Daniel de Culla**



**Pic: Isa G. de Diego**

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### **HE DREAM**

**The she bunny sleeps happily, keeping SpongeBob outside the cage as watchman.**

**She dreams the words of the fox, unable to reach the grapes:**

**-Acid are, and besides, I don't feel like.**

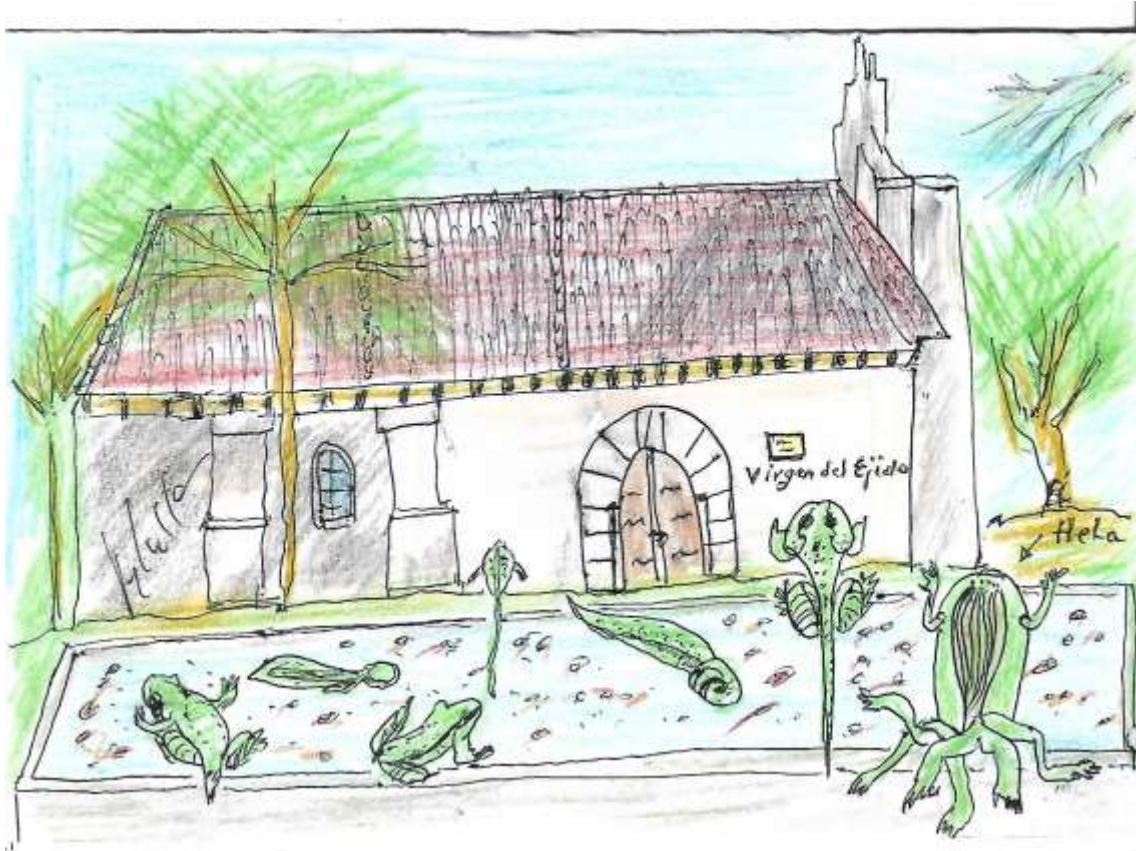
**-Daniel de Cullan Isabel G. de Diego**

### **TRUMPET NURSE FLOWERS**

**Now the bumblebee that has this flowering bush of orange pink chalice will be happy to be able to free and have sex, without having to climb like the pigeon on the dove grabbed by the legs with its beak.**

**-Daniel de Culla**





**THE FROG THAT CREATED HAIRS**

**Gods shaken by an inextinguishable laugh  
An Homeric laugh as Homer sang  
In the song I of his Iliad  
Made my frog Hela stop talking  
From "Here she is"  
That I had left at the waterhole  
That there is  
At the foot of the Moradillo de Roa' hermitage  
From Burgos  
Dedicated to the Virgin of Ejido.  
I had brought it, the frog  
From the "Puddle of the Frogs"  
At the road junction that goes to Fuentenebro  
Badly mounted on a winged donkey  
Endowed with a golden tail  
Thinking that a goddess lived in it  
The one I would try to force, later  
Although unsuccessful  
At the foot of the trough  
Experiencing a violent desire  
Spiller of my sperm on earth.  
From this sperm,  
On both sides of the air  
Drops fell on Hela's body  
That made her hairs born**

**Without mediating loving union.  
One day, furious, I grabbed her leg  
Throwing it against the trough stone  
Being half dead.**

**I kissed her later, skinned her  
And I put it to fry wrapped in flour  
Eating it with real pleasure  
Knowing that I was going down  
To Olympus from my guts  
From where I still hear it croaking  
As the young people  
Who have come down listen  
To feel my sumptuous weapon  
Of adulterous loves  
My zoology, its object and my parts.**

**-Daniel de Culla**

## **RODE INTO THE MOUNTAINS**

**In the middle of Spain  
Yin Yang in a Journey in Spring  
The sun with its tide home going  
Over ground with seed and hands.  
This is a place where we must stop:**

Ears to earth under frosty  
Rotating nebulae, seeing  
Old women, Young girls  
Babies crying and a few men.  
All is unintelligible inside the ground  
That yearn for eyes a heart in the center  
Aflame with smoke and desire.  
Clouds, clouds, clouds  
Hazes of the eternal  
And ephemeral beyond  
Over imposible but almost feasible  
Zigzag up never abandoned cliffs  
Where the rivers began  
Roading toward blank areas of stark madness  
Suddenly realizing its freedom.

-Daniel de Culla

- Oh, my prick hulls! He said. Although he liked to rub it more than take it to the lining of a vagina. It pleased him as much or more to see the pieces of white of his scattered eggs, than the fragments of artillery when a grenade exploded at the Shooting Range between Madrid and Guadalajara, where he saw his captains and generals as soliped animals, as they came and went. mounted on horseback.

Agile or cheerful, he has helmets to the jineta. His eggs are rolled like oak bark in the second shell of the cork oak, dreaming with Casilda, daughter of a Moorish king of Toledo who passed ill to Castile and converted to Christianity contemplating a small Visigoth phalometer of light construction, brought, and blessed, by a friar who came from the Crabs' Island; Equatorial Atlantic Island, to the Orinoco embouchure on the coast of Caracas.

-Daniel de Culla



**RAGECRACKER BENCHCRACKER BUSYBODY**

**He is. Look: He says that he has, in his body as in his soul, an Emperor fish in its own hollow metal exile with a handle and a piece of brass loose inside to make it sound when rattled like a rattlesnake.**

**He is a person who is enraged every moment without sufficient reason. Ragecracker like someone who crushes his prick. Person of little brain and a lot of sex that dazzles with vain hopes.**

**He was "crushed" in the Seminary and, later, in the Army, without becoming "tiger sucker": toilet fist; but of matins and toilet yes, as a bud of the acorn.**

**"She red cracker" he called his sperm when he was ejaculating, because, both in the Seminary and in the Army, he had been taught to love and hate, at the same time, the red women, whom he called "Crabs to Love" like the of the German Gestapo will did with the beautiful She Jews.**

**Rough, rude, making noise with his teeth he masturbated like a pirate winding the silk of his worm, and weaving it like a rattlesnake or cascades, throwing the grape cascades away from the place.**

**When he masturbated, he sang:**

**"The Canine stuffs his prick**

**In the hole that is made**

**To the wine vats**

**Keeping his face**

**Goofy**

**After cumming**

**How it happened to the royal troop**

**Expired by Bolívar**

**In the famous battle of Carabobo**

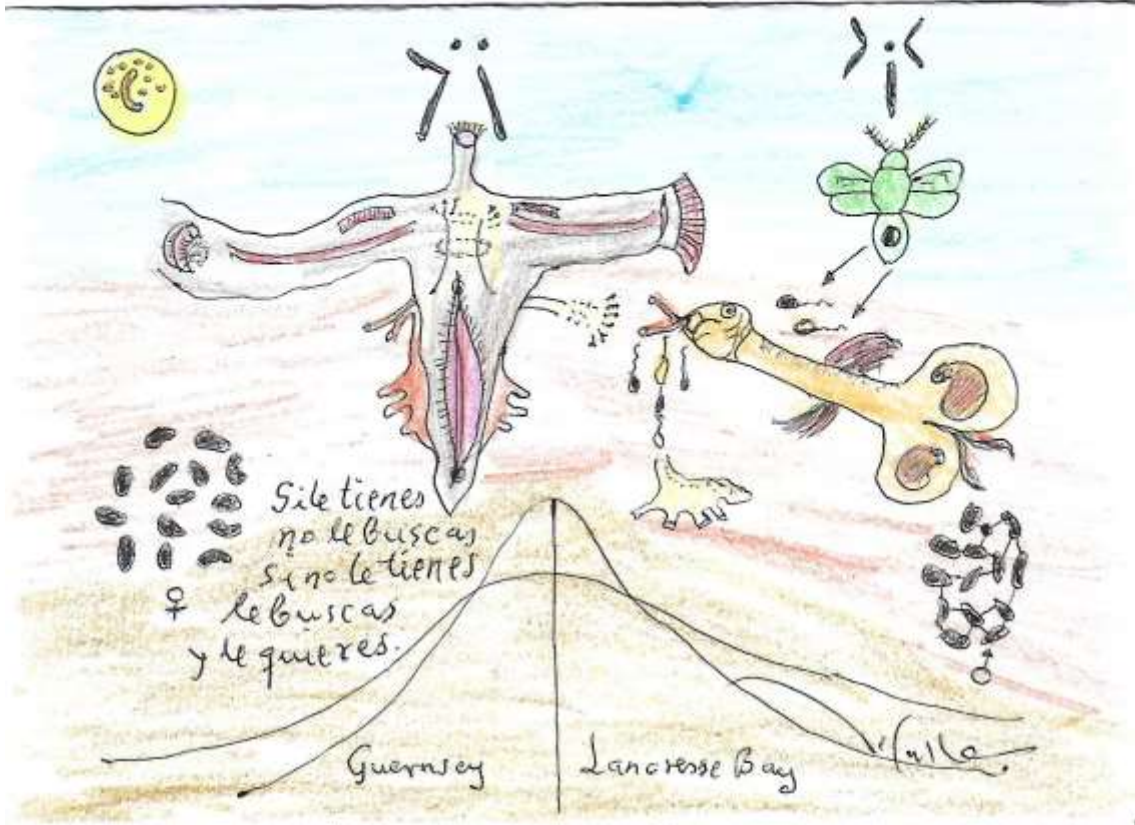
**In Venezuela"**

**It hurt to see his prick break into pieces like clay pot. These pieces, usually, "concave", as he said.**

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Si le tienes  
no le buscas  
si no le tienes  
♀ le buscas  
y le quieres.

Guernsey

Lancresse Bay

ifulla.



**OPEN YOUSELF SEX-LOVE**

**It is in the Norman Guernsey**

**One of the Channel Islands:**

**I'm walking Saint Peter Port**

**When i made sense**

**In a beautiful Irish girl**

**To whom I said, in Spanish:**

**-Gloriosa ¿me dejarás**

**Gozar de esa tu estrella**

**Que vino a dar fruto**

**En esta nuestra Tierra ?**

**-Blessed, will You let me**

**Enjoy of your hairy Star**

**That came to bear fruit**

**In it our Earth?**

**She answered in English:**

**-Dear, put your Horn**

**In my lovely Cunt**

**So many times as do you want.**

**Against a rough stone**

**Next to a German bunker**

**In Lanresse Bay, Guernsey**

**Very close to the Sea**

**I saw her Ace of Gold, or Ass**

**Like an immense god**

**Of which there are many more**

**Not just one**

**As She do knows.**

**Right in the center of her thighs**

**I was going to repeat**

**The Passion of Love**

**With his Life-Blood**

**Like the pious mystics do.**

**When i went to kiss it**

**And said to Her, ordering:**

**-;Open Yourself Sex-Love;**

**Three leafy hairs**

**Crossed the gums**

**Over my sparkling lips.**

**As Victor Hugo, the Great**

**Here, vilely banished**

**I exclaimed very upset:**

**-My kind sweetheart**

**there can't be in the World**

**More God than your Pussy.**

**Answering she to me:**

**-My Lover, don't you see?**

**We are the potato peel pie**

**Of Guernsey and its**

**Literary Society:**

**The movie, the film**  
**“The Guernsey Literary**  
**And Potato Peel Pie Society ”**  
**Historical drama movie**  
**About the novel written by**  
**Mary Ann Shaffer.**  
**After softening her with kisses**  
**Bending his back**  
**And getting on her knees**  
**Looking for Jersey**  
**So happy I said to her:**  
**-Sweetheart, now I will**  
**Fall in love with You**  
**Until to arrive at**  
**Your divine temples.**  
**When my orgasm**  
**Felt on her Mount of Venus**  
**She woke up asleep**  
**Crying which single**  
**Just lost his singleness**  
**Cleaning with silk scarf**  
**That beautiful face**  
**With vertical smile**  
**As from a sinner Virgin.**

**-Daniel de Culla**

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** *Part of a citing from RALM (Journal of Art, Literature and Music) to whose editorial team I belong: an indefatigable chronicler, a wood-thirsty poet, and a modern, uncompromising plastic artist, Daniel de Culla is one the oldest members of RALM. Satirist, humorist, fabulist...his tentacles explore the space of the Web to leave the trace of a Spanish worthy of the best wanderers.*

*I make clear what inspires me, my intentions and style as a freelance poet, writer and illustrator devout of The Magnum Opiate of Malaclypse the Younger, Principia Discordia, Joyce's Ulysses, H. P. Lovecraft's Necronomicon, Zen Without Zen Master by Camden Benares and the wonderful and great Geoffrey Chaucer's 'The Miller's Tale'.*

**BIO:** *Daniel de Culla is a writer, poet and photographer. He's a member of the Spanish Writers Association, Earthly Writers International Caucus, Poets of the World, (IA) International Authors, Surrealism Art, Friends of the Blake Society, and others. Director of Gallo Tricolor Review and the Robespierre Review. He has participated in many Festivals of Poetry and Theater in Madrid, Burgos, Berlin, Minden, Hanover and Geneva. He has additionally, been exhibited in many galleries from Madrid, Burgos, London and Amsterdam. He divides his time between North Hollywood, Madrid and Burgos. His email is [gallotricolor@yahoo.com](mailto:gallotricolor@yahoo.com)*