GUERILLA 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 mellifluent. 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 dreamedrabbit 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.
THREE’S
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
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 chalices 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 ist 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
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 pric. 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 Canime 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.
- 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.

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-Daniel de Culla
Sí lo tienes no te buscas
Sí no lo tienes, le buscas y le quieres.

Guernsey

Lancresse Bay
OPEN YOURELF 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 Lancresse 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.