

Poems

"I nominate angel.

Always angel". – Luisa Pasamanik's The Exiled Angel

(A Poem for Freaky Fairytales)

Daniel de Cullá

Believe It or Not

Receiving letters like receiving books
As Hans Christian Anderson' "The little mermaid"
Or Giambattista Basile's "Sleeping Beauty"
Without a hand or eyes
That cannot see the blood of the seaboard towns
In one's life about the tale
When one re-encounters one's self alone
With a gentle wind in a boat of sunshine sailing
Into our welcoming heart
Opened by itself and died abruptly.

It is steel as the Sea Witch' knife
To kill the prince and lets his blood drip
On the mermaid' feet

The "Daughter of the air" committing suicide
As a passing accident
Which is at the same time
The crux of a destiny
Delineating the future concrete tense.

The illusion of "Sleeping Beauty" coming from her
Whose bones are of mist and ether
At the cataract of two wind falling
Where she is not and is not seen
In an instant remembering creation
Monstrous thunder and clouds
Where souls once again meet unhuman
And name each other
In the esoteric mirror that lies invisibly
When the sea whiter coiled as wire
Because it comes from the beginning
As the lightening flash
Reconciled with the sky at dawn
Disappearing instantly
Into bliss.

Or as when Irving said he was just a poet
Going to sea reading
Jeffrey Delman's "Deadtime Stories"
Also known as Freaky Fairytales in the Film
Learning love through a decaying body
That happens
As kids die like beetles that route.

Burro Doctor Horse

We laugh at first, too
Then curse
All night hearing thrss thrss rounds
Ears to Earth
Under frosty rotating nebulae
As in War
Expecting to listen "mi arma" my mind
And "mi vida" my life
What?
Gambler prospectus
Burro doctor horse
Trader prostitutes
Turned to dust Gioia
With opened skirt
Gathering wood in the sand of Arabs
Privileged to see
The union of Sky and Earth
As the Great Gatsby
Sitting in its living room
And playing through the night
With "The Start of Things"
By Ali Smith
Breaking up like having to lock
Someone out in the asking
And not in the answering
Of her "The Whole Story"
Because we live at the Edge
Of the rays of Moon
Bronzed with small exclamation

Of the tongue:
"Pretty good
Go on with all
It's too immense.



Daniel de Culla (1955) is a writer, poet, and photographer. He is also a member of the Spanish Writers Association, Director of the Gallo Tricolor Review, and Robespierre Review. He's moving between North Hollywood, Madrid and Burgos, Spain. He has more than 70 books published to his credit.

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