

Poems by Daniel de Cullá

“I nominate angel.
Always angel”. – Luisa Pasamanik’s *The Exiled Angel*
(A Poem for Freaky Fairytales)

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.

Subscribe to

[Contemporary Literary Review India](#)

– The journal that brings articulate writing for articulate readers.

CLRI is published in two editions (1) online quarterly (eISSN 2394-6075)
(2) print annually (ISSN 2250-3366).

We welcome authors and readers to register with us online for free. We encourage you to become a paid member with us also. Paid members are waived off any reading fee to the print edition and get one copy of the print edition free of cost whether their piece is included or not.

To become a subscriber, visit: [Subscriber to CLRI](#)