

A LITTLE SHE PIG AMONG SKULLS





Daniel' Pics

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It's true that I always liked

Go with girls and boys

To play with the skulls

In the Ossuary of the Cemetery of the town.

-How macabre these kids

Said some devout old women.

-For San Blas de Güete!

Exclaimed some elders

That you are playing

With the skulls of some maquis

Who have been killed

In the Serrania de Cuenca

And maybe some bandits

From deep Andalusia.

--By the Saint, don't let them make you evil eye

Devout old women prayed.

I don't know why

But before entering the ossuary

We did nine laps

Around the Cemetery

That is in such a high place

That we were very tired

And we used to get cold throats

By drinking cold water sweating

From a nearby spring.

-At night to this spring

The dead come to drink

The villagers told us

To instill fear in us.

Sometimes we drank the cold water

**In the same skulls
How they did and acted
Columbus and his minions
And all the kings that in Spain
Has been.**

One late night, we had an atrocious fear:

**A skull dropped
A girl with a pig face
Being very damaged on the ground
This is how it spoke to us:
-If you don't give me a kiss
You will drink no more from me
And I'll spoil that pretty face of yours.**

**That late night
We ran out of the ossuary
And from the Cemetery.
I remember that I was saying:
-If we escape from this and do not die
I don't want no more skulls
In my hands.**

-Daniel de Culla