

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Adrian Ernesto Cepeda: Three Poems

Adrian Ernesto Cepeda · Wednesday, January 16th, 2019

Her Moon Over Los Angeles[1]

I love the way she leans
against the balcony
teasing over Sunset
Boulevard, Chateau Marmont
showing off her beautifully round
skin, ready for me to honor her
cheekiest glow; before my telescope
lens angles her close up reminds me,
even astronomers at Griffith Park
Observatory would be focusing
their eyes past Hollywood signs,
as her sunset strips
and traffic down below
would try adjusting their mirrors
she shines so eloquently
already knowing
I have the most perfect view
our city of Angels; I wish
you could feel, from the balcony
as exhaust perfumes, how palm
trees bow their heads to this beauty,
as her fullest moon spreads
softly for me.

[1] *From the photograph Istantanea by Helmut Newton*

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Book Like My Woman

Although she tried to conceal it,
I looked at her spine first;

Like a library book,
she is often handled but never checked
out – never judge a paperback
by the front cover. Flipping

towards our introduction,
I like to feel, running fingers
up and down under the table of her
contents. I rarely gloss over her glossary –
Her dedications are equally essential.
Sometimes, between the hanging end
lines, are her most novel ideas— exhaled
meaning from her quixotic prose. Give me

the rarest edition, wrinkled ear
bent pages. Give me the anti-heroine
protagonist -No damsels or princesses
with crowns that never age.
I want to find her middle spot,
and dive inside, to unravel her
erotic subplots. Give me
the deepest climax and I will return,
over and over to her, my favorite
chapter. Tickling I love my tomes

heavy—I'm a hardback lover;
opening up her pages like arms
licking the edges and bookmarking
her skin by showing how much
I long to open her.

*

When Tilting Her Head

“I have loved many women. And as they’ve held me close... But the only one I’ve never forgotten is the one who never asked.” – Renato Amoroso

I forget all that my Mama said
as we park, she takes me— breathless;
I don’t want to breathe when she
takes our lead and miss a single
irreplaceable taste, electricity down
this spine, every snog like licking
books when I turn pages, this reclining
leather feels her, moves us backseat
with every suction breath she syncs us
closer, I can tell she is well read.

I feel her rewrite my favorite chapter,
I long to be her well-thumbed tome,
I want to feel her face underneath
my front cover, when tilting her
head, I wish she would open her mouth,
spread her lips wider and with every
poetic moan, just swallow me.

Thank You Sarah Frances Moran

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