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# 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.

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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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