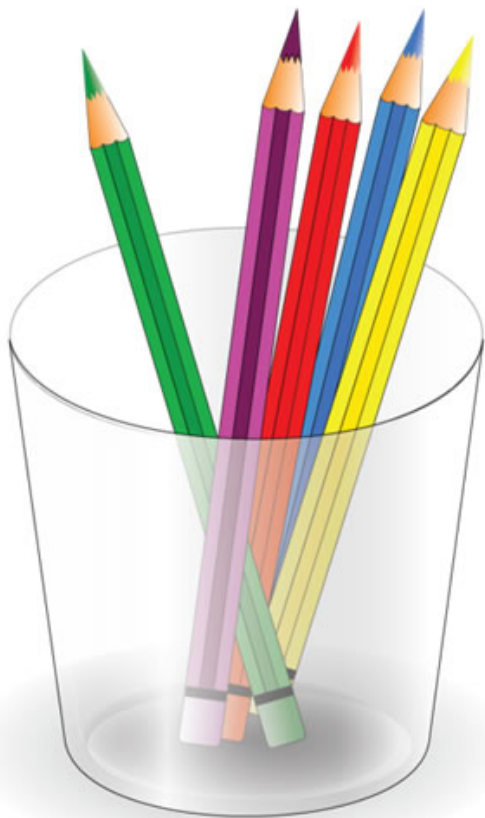


Anthology of Emil Cerda



Presented by

My poetic side 

About the author

Emil Sebastián Cerda Demorizi, popularly known as "Emil Cerda" (Ensanche la fe, February 6, 2001, Dominican Republic), is a writer, poet, blogger, storyteller and Dominican Master of Ceremonies. Some of his works: The Truth calls but doesn't oblige, Poems of a castaway lenses, The infidel Wife and The story of a smile of tears. He is a crazy fanatic of the Prosopopeya, the Satire, the Surrealism, the Baroque and the Free verse.

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Ink and drawings of a Troubadour

"Just as there are thousands of species in the Sea, so life is unknown, not because we don't know who they are, but because we don't know who we are.

"In the foolish sentiment of a ruffian, there is my attitude. Drunk with nostalgia, even the Moon laughs at me.

"What shall I do of this damned gloomy despair, kill me, or drown me?!"

"As long as I see these people walking in their own ego, the sands will dissolve through my tears.

"I fear the unknown, that's why

each

time

that

I cry,

I speak

... with Death...".

I believed in you

"She returned, with aporia.

She kissed me, with satire.

She said goodbye, with antipaphers.

... She promised to stay, with prosopopeyas".

Tears of darkness

"We all cry:

Those who hate, those who kill, those who love, those who suffer, those who laugh, and especially... those who... write".

Don't choose me, I don't know how to love, mine is...

"Then, the feelings leave: Like the Afternoons, the Owl and the Greetings.

"Cúpedo tried hard to shoot me, I told him not to do it, because I am Archer and I know of Arrows... he does not know about that, he just likes to shoot.

"Not me, damn it

I build arrows

And I know, listen to me, Reader.

... that the Arrows don't know to love!".

Jeans skirts

"There are thousands of ways of unscathed greeting, of a Star and a Human.

"Three seconds, I close my eyes and you're gone, Star.

"In fact, I know that for this I live, to give and not receive; But what do I gain by giving, when I'm torn pieces without you, Star?

"I have traumas, problems... and you make me suffer from insomnia in the long run.

"No Please!! Star, don't leave me!!! The only desire is to possess you.

"Naughty, you always warn me; You go away, you humiliate, and when (this gives me more rage) I don't look for you, you give me a kick in the head.

"Why are you like this, Love?

"I'll buy a ticket, to go and see you, because that day, I felt the glitter of your eyes; so says the book, then, we saw you cry all the morning...

"I'm the bad guy in this prequel,
I will not get a sequel,
In case Love sneaks,
It is better if you fly:
Since, as I shall know, the shooting stars have a maiden.

"I love when you laugh at my black jokes. In the middle of the window, I look at you, I would like to ask GOD for you, but I can't, because He already watches you with the soldiers.

"And I, on top of the pain.
Enraged with cholera:
Because we need each other,
But I don't know if you'll want to... reappear".

A thousand proposals

"The brunette of the corner is still beautiful,
And the Grocery store opens their doors,
The consort invites me to take a cold.
And there passed the serendipity of chance.
"I closed my mouth, and told the cousin that if the sirens were true.
He said yes, there are thousands in the sea, but they haven't been discovered.
I passed the beer, and I called it with the sound of the Sea,
She turned to look; I looked at his legs, and they were like those of the waves of Punta Cana.
"She seduced me with her feet, and with her tender looks.
I listened to the call she made to me, she was a keen singer.
I ran out of that place, I was almost going to drown,
Then I realized that it was a Ciguapa.
Then I remembered that appearances deceive.
"Don't try to intimidate me
I know where you're coming for.
I know the Sea, and I have been told about You. That usually murder.
I cry when I don't know that you really loved me, that you were a Mermaid.
I'm now swimming between the earth, knowing that there are also, voices in bottles.
"I became a biologist to know about your nature,
But I didn't find you, you didn't even exist.
Who are you that nobody knows you, Mermaid?
Who are you that drinks beer, Brunette?
"All species of the Caribbean, bring their accounts,
All fish in the Caribbean pay the bill.
To see you, everyone bows to your beauty
White Shark no longer eats, because you put him on a diet.
"Don't try to intimidate me
I know where you're coming for.
I know the Sea, and I have been told about You. That usually murder.
I cry when I don't know that you really loved me, that you were a Mermaid.
I'm now swimming between the earth, knowing that there are also, voices in bottles.
There are also, voices in bottles!
There are also, voices in bottles!

Voices in bottles!!

"The grocery store is open, giving way to the species of the sea.

And I only found you, my Princess of Alexandria.

Giving way to the species of the sea

And the Fish Surgeon hadn't found you anywhere else.

I ran as hard as I could, not to stay!

I ran so that your angelic voices don't catch me.

I ran as hard as I could, not to stay!

Not to fall in love, not to sink me, not to drown me.

I ran as hard as I could, not to stay!

I don't know anything about the sea, so I didn't try to explore any more.

... Not to stay!

The beers made me see all blue, so it was not easy to run before your gazes".

Available

"When the notifications of your heart arrive to me, then I will post your body.

"Since I have enough walls to become the Kangaroo, and put color the state of your thighs.

"Then, many groups will want us to join them, but don't worry, because I know you will not love the abrupt idea.

"Then (wao! Yes, two "then") we will do a live video of our idyll... that is this:

"Log in and give the button of always stay connected".

Graphite

"In such a situation is the Sun,
That he doesn't seek to give light by day;
He wants to be like the Moon: a bluff;
He is no longer in a park giving light.

"Would they not meet by day?
The Sun is bigger than the Moon, it doesn't spin.
That is why the Moon shines fiercely,
She no longer wants to get married warmly.

"Maybe they aren't the one to the other,
But is it coincidence to pull both... and thread?
It isn't foolish love between them and a sharp edge.

"Twenty-four hours in a forest, alone.
I prefer winter now, and today
I have heard the sound of summer,

"Telling me: The Sun is no longer hot".

I don't know what name to put this poem

"My heart is already accustomed to processing violet blood with poisons that are more deadly; Make you live again after a long sleep.

"It's hard for me to cry, my demons advise me to follow... the letters tell me to stop, but my body says: And the Brain is treacherous for you to lie when doing a not true in front of the Bible?

"I don't know why GOD loves me, I don't even apply anaphora. I don't even know the rules of a poem, I stop in this verse to go and have a glass of water.

"Fuck the rhyme! Leave me alone with the metric! The quotation marks will die with me!!! I hope I don't go to hell!!

"It hurts me to cry, I have cried too much; therefore, I smile not to cry.

"I help without asking for anything in return, in return I ask for help; But I have no help. Only GOD is the Giver of life, when I sin: my days are subtracted.

"I don't want rhymes; this comes out of my skull, without complex meanings so that they understand it.

"I'm not who you think, I think who I am. You think differently from me; I don't understand as you do.

"I settled on the bed, and I keep typing. I don't have respiratory valves, nor the cough of despair comes to me: my tracheas are full of pleasure.

"I'm done, I'm tired, but of myself".

Everything is gone

"Let's get comfortable, and buy popcorn. We'll watch the usual movie:

"A man goes to the theater to watch a movie, and prior he getting to the line, a truck hits him, didn't he see the Trailer?

"It's titled: «If you seek love, you wont find it; If you stop seeking, it'll find you».

"Love is beautiful, in many ways; makes your brain go on vacation to Cambodia, and let your appendix work; rather, you become blind, stupid, fool and slow.

"If you loved, well for you; If you haven't loved, bad for you. When we love, we break many bad habits in us, you tell me, that I have had to fight against Cupid so that this motherfucker would'nt shoot me.

"Climax: They looked each other, the pheromones were dressed as butterflies; genuine smiles... Haven't you watched "Lie to me"?

"Outcome or conclusion (well, that depends on how you want to address it) : To be continue. You know why? Because who has loved is immortal; without it you can't live. Ask Mr. Hate that pretended to be good for a day and, do you know how he reacted?

"«Don't love me»".

Without inspiration

"Could it be that I stopped feeling love already?

"Is it that I'm incarnating the Self of before; who didn't care for a cucumber a kiss, feeling or pain?

"Could it be i have changed?

"Could it be that I have had a brain transplant? Because to the truth, I'm acting by emotions.

"Could it be i don't feel?

"The saddest regret is to let you go. I said: it will is the best. My demons encouraged me to deceive You, to deceive me, to deceive them.

"Could it be that I have come back to life?

"Could it be i have died?

"Since, if they aren't one or the other: how will I live without having that medicine that makes me be still?

"I don't want to keep doing this.

"Could it be that... I've killed myself?".

""

"In reality, you dislike love only because of experiences.

I also detest it, but I don't clear up my doubt.

Do we fall in love with the physical or for coincidence?

If that will be your answer, then I owe you one."

Bb

"A short poem can say more than an extended one, since the extensive ends by saying everything, and the short ends by saying: suspense."

The snake and the owner of the circus

A fan came to me and said: "Emil, how do you get out of the bad comments unharmed?" To which I replied:

«Once upon a time there was a snake from Equatorial New Guinea, juggling a circus; One day, the owner fired her because "supposedly" she had bitten one of her interlocutors. The snake tried to defend itself by saying that it had not done so, however, it did not work out. A month later, the snake got a job at a magic and party products store; the owner of the circus where the snake worked, entered, and without realizing that the snake was working in that place, he asked for leeches and left the establishment. What nobody knows is that the owner bought leeches to put them under the seats of the spectators, and that they bite the spectators, and fire one by one of their employees from the circus just because, And so, entering new personnel because, consequently, they had "bad acts"».

Moral: If you know who you are, no matter the time or the noun, you will always know that those who speak badly about you, or want you evil, is because they have a mirage of themselves, and that you have, they would like to possess it.

Uh-huh, and what else?

"It wasn't the heart that wanted
To be like the intruder,
Time is short and short as the diver,
Without his camouflage under the floor.

"Too bad for me, I didn't love;
Too bad for me, I didn't give myself up.

"There are people like me.
There are worse, in my situation.

"I am not grateful.
I am inconsiderate.
So much so that I don't know who did it:
A perfect world, all in my lap.

"I am not Emil Cerda,
I am an unrepeatable time,
And sad;
That wants to be hired,
That wants to be read.
But, God made me like this.
Thank you Jesus,
But today, maybe I will die better."

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"What else could I ask from you, Sofia?
Knowing that loving you is a challenge.
Aesthetics is a branch of philosophy,
And I don't trust my foolish brain.

"It's that I have had girlfriends in my biography.
And in the beauty I distrust,
I better do you a tomography,
Because I trust your brain the most.

"When love is gone comes the epitaph,
That it is buried in Philadelphia.
The memory becomes the cenotaph,
When she remembers you weren't shit.

"Remember when you inhaled gofio?
... pretending to own the mob,
And Elifio's lover,
But the doctor detected you an atrophy.

"That you are Ecuadorian, it is because of the geography!
That you make references, is for the bibliography!
What do you know how to write it's because of the orthography!
That you «jerk off» a lot it's the fault of pornography!

"«I feel» something for you; take me an x-ray;
Don't worry, I photograph my heart.
For you to understand the video, Sofia;
My heart beats like white-crested elaenia.

"The dance your betrayal didn't choreographed.
I laugh, since maybe it filmographed
In another part of the scenography. I

saw you in bed with him, Sofia,
And with your mobile, I took a picture of you.

"Anyway: if I am born again, Sofia,
I will study ethnography
To evade you; love wrote:
Emil doesn't believe in your «love», and that stunted him."

12:32

"Father, this passion is very strong.
Already my desire to live remains iner.
Why is it difficult for me to have you?
No one escapes death even if they are lucky.
"The mute began a conversation with the healer.
She told me that even if I am handsome, I look ugly,
Because even though manicurists cure fingers,
There is no salvation unless I flee from Asmodeo.
"Even though I am disciplined, I can't concentrate.
Even if I have an appointment, I can't keep it.
Even if I'm in a hurry, I can't get ahead.
Even if I have overcome everything, I can't move forward.
Even if I'm wise, I can't decide either way.
Even if I'm alive, I can't bring myself back to life.
Even if I save your life, I still can't sacrifice myself.
Even if I am an alcoholic, I can't get drunk.
Even if I am wounded, I can't stop harming myself.
"I just want to stop sabotaging myself.
I am sick of it, Lord, of self-flagellation.
Because even if I have a car, I still can't control myself.
"I want to quit this damn addiction;
She added the subject named Audio,
How foolishly she voiced it aloud,
And the only thing they managed to hear from us
Was: «Emil, come out of your room,
Go downstairs, light up a joint,
Cry, call out to God,
And ask Him why temptation is so hard to resist.»
"My brain playing Halo games,
And she pulled the trigger as I exhaled
A verse from Fabio Fiallo.
Hello?
Holy dendrites emerge from my brain,

And they synapse in the talus,
I stab myself with a stick,
And even though my feet are bound with Chagualo,
I employ an almojarifazgo
And purchase a cymbal
To frighten away the buffalo demons
That torment my abnormal behavior
That not even Genomma Lab
It can heal.
I want my libido to wander in the labyrinth of Daedalus
So that sixteen-year-old Emil
Returns to inhabit this bearded body
That needs to shave its mite-ridden conscience,
Tie them up!
A bald and treacherous person is brazen;
But it is disappointing if we're on a terrace
Wanting a drink, and your name is Miracles,
And you can't turn water into wine."