



*a cinnamon  
afternoon*

Adrian Tanase

# **A Cinnamon Afternoon**

**by Adrian Tanase**

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# Foreword

A Cinnamon Afternoon is a collection of 144 poems that introduces the reader to a surreal world, that exists intertwined with our mundane, casual world, where everything is interconnected and exists simultaneously as reality and also as imagination.

Visions, contemplative states, delightful incursions in the lands where everything exists as sweet baked goodies, created and induced with the help of contemporary free-form poetry, keep the reader wanting to read more, so he can dwell again and again in the dimension where everything is just a fantasy seen from the corner of the eye. Add romance, out of time perceptions, surrealism, and mystery and you'll start to get an idea on how this book unfolds, page after page.

The book manages to create that atmosphere where maturity and child-like play are blending together, projecting the reader in a timeless dimension, right in his living room, guiding him through a series of joyful adventures where the imaginative mind plays its strongest point. Envisioning real-life situations through playful and often surreal eyes brings that coziness and heart mending space, where the reader feels the warmth of his serene self coming back as if a thousand pieces of his soul are forming the big puzzle, again.

In just a few words, the book can be described as a poetic journey into an imaginary cinnamon world that we all wish for, in our innermost cherished dreams.

**a surreal day**

1.     seeing the surface geometry  
      of my room  
      is all I need  
      to come back again  
      to this irregularly  
      shaped world.  
      I am always trying to be  
      a square,  
      or a triangle,  
      trying to fit,  
      in the diversity  
      of this world's  
      many planes and forms.  
      I am sitting quietly,  
      sipping on my coffee  
      and hearing  
      distant piano chords  
      from an old jazz melody  
      which remind me  
      that today,  
      I am just an irregular triangle  
      resting on one  
      of its sides.

2.     a surreal teapot  
       pouring tea in my cup by itself  
       has reminded me  
       it's Thursday.  
       ginger cookies and jam  
       laying next to cubes of sugar  
       on my table  
       are smiling friendly  
       at each other.  
       today,  
       my dreams are out of this world  
       as I envision myself  
       jumping from planet to planet  
       in a joyful dance  
       through a universe  
       where everything is made  
       of cookies.



3. introspection of December,  
where my soul is resting  
in perfect symmetry  
with everything around me.  
I am a cube,  
facing red triangles of love,  
listening to the music  
of a long-forgotten time,  
I am the clear blue ocean  
surrounding the pristine islands,  
where no one has ever  
set foot  
in centuries.

4. an afternoon of poetry  
seen through the wooden fence,  
makes everything less visible  
but more insightful,  
as one barely sees  
but can feel inside  
and imagine in his mind,  
what it would be like  
to live a life of poetry,  
in a world of free verse  
and where  
the sun is always allowing  
a happy life in the shade,  
for everyone to take part  
in the bazaar  
of melancholy and  
little cheap things.

5. I woke up this morning  
feeling light and fresh  
as if nothing would bother anymore  
my blue sky filled with pastel white clouds.  
you broke my soul into so many pieces,  
looking at me  
with your candid and undisturbed face,  
but today,  
all those pieces came back  
in the form of biscuits and gingerbread,  
reconstructing, like a puzzle,  
my life,  
in its absoluteness.  
I woke up this morning,  
being me, again,  
in a world  
where love  
has never left.

6.     my green cupboard  
      has its own story to tell  
      ever since I saw it,  
      waiting for me to open it  
      for the first time.  
      since then,  
      we became close friends  
      sharing crackers, bread, and nuts,  
      and occasionally cashew and pistachio  
      as an exchange  
      of our wooden  
      and genuine love.  
      we dream together  
      in the afternoon,  
      of a life of leisure,  
      where I write books  
      and it rejoices  
      in my simple presence,  
      forever, never changing form,  
      or appearance or even age,  
      so we can be friends  
      and write stories side by side,  
      in this sweet and continuous,  
      suspended time.

7.     in your grandparents' house  
      you look for old chairs,  
      where old memories would sit  
      to wait just for you.  
      in a long-forgotten time,  
      that big white cup of coffee  
      and that fresh scent of apple pie  
      are your only friends,  
      in an empty wooden kitchen  
      where no one has been  
      for years.  
      cozy and surreal  
      is your day  
      while looking through  
      the kaleidoscope  
      of times,  
      where you can only see  
      geometrical shapes  
      and split images,  
      of your golden past.

8.     a square painting  
      of a ballerina  
      is taking a break  
      from a busy day  
      at work  
      in the silent museum  
      just a few roads down  
      on Kensington street.  
      its wooden frame  
      quiet, in its nature,  
      is thinking about  
      how squares are preferable  
      to circles or even triangles,  
      in this two dimensional world  
      where it is living  
      a simple and quiet life.  
      no one has ever cleaned  
      the dust that accumulates  
      over time  
      on this painting  
      where the ballerina always dances  
      when there's no one around.

9.     where does my life start,  
          and where does it end,  
          only oranges or an apple  
          can tell.  
          they always enjoy being  
          in a fruit basket,  
          for as long as  
          they are not desired  
          by anyone  
          and their sweetness  
          and flavor  
          spread like a silent scent  
          in the morning.  
          they dream  
          about the times  
          when they were only  
          visitors in this world,  
          and when no one seemed to notice  
          their existence.