

Poetry Series

# **Sara Iglesias**

## **- poems -**



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Sara Iglesias()



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# Con Nada Sin Vida.

Sean las sirenas, las alarmas o las liras,  
nada ha podido avivar mi semblante enlanguecido  
ni por susto o fricción,  
ni en una tarde crispada por el crujir del viento  
ni en una mañana veraniega embaucada en sus intentos.

Me condenaste a vivir,  
merodear por la tierra sin fundirme en su manto,  
Mi veredicto es azucarar tus mejillas,  
contar la constelación de pecas en tu rostro,  
convirtiendo la risa en canto,  
que ningún relojero pudo ajustar.

La divinidad enajena,  
de las montañas, las pieles y las penas  
Solo en tu desierto eres digna de culto,  
por la mandarina que tienes en la mira,  
tus manos sosteniendo el rosal,  
como las aves sonrían al tu pasar.

Seamos lazos atados por la brisa del alba,  
cuando los pétalos encongados,  
no salen aún a por el candor del sol  
Envueltos en su crudeza abismal,  
seríamos fríos, un hito vacío  
sin el yugo del mayoral.

Al tiempo lo doblegaría,  
haciéndolo tu sirviente,  
sometido a los hoyuelos de tu sonrisa,  
a las líneas de tus manos  
y los surcos primaverales de tus tobillos.

La estrella del norte,  
eterna y envolvente  
sería una penitente  
condenada a centellear,  
por los milenios y las vidas,  
por tus heridas y tus besos  
hasta que solo tus huesos,  
adornen la tierra herida.



# Sterile Start.

As a smooth pen, that rolls over a blank draft,  
Crafting a frenzy's start,  
Or the knife offered to persecuted spirits,  
in the ancestral lament for a eucharistic tomb  
on the roots of the oak's tree side,  
It is a sign that you could save me,  
It's the feeling you enact.

The redness of knuckles,  
and veins popping at force,  
are walls to bear prickling hours,  
the memorial where the blue flame stands,  
wouldn't be an affront to my honour,  
since honour assented to burn  
in the altar's apse.

A frightened tenant occupies,  
a domain where cents get the treatment of hundreds,  
He has to make cryptic signals to confound,  
Fighting a plague that undermines dusty states.

Torrential legions may approach,  
Sophisticated deceits for oneself,  
Hiding the crumbling corner,  
where birds left their nest.  
-Conceal the dissected shells  
of the pearl necklace,  
No pearl can be birthed,  
from a sterile start  
that which examines augury,  
behind the doors of the alchemist's enclosure.

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# La Gloria Della Valle Promessa.

Le tue caviglie, mentre si piegano  
come la pavimentazione sfocata  
e l'intaglio di un albero,  
è un vicolo a senso unico,  
verso la gloria della valle promessa.  
Dove il miele e il latte traboccavano.

Un luogo infinito,  
Alla conquista di una nave di enigmi sempre in movimento,  
Il veliero dei suoi tesori,  
In terre lontane, scivola la divinità.

Le mani,  
Nastri estatici che legano le tempeste tumultuose  
intrecciarsi con il mio  
mentre il vento batte a nord.

Amata, le tue dita con linee tortuose  
sono un codice per immortalare  
Secoli per decifrare una rima magistrale  
I miei miseri tentativi non sono mai riusciti a trovare  
Un'offerta abbastanza grande  
Alle spietate divinità del vostro passato

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# L'idea Di Non Avere Te.

Mentre guardo la luna piena

Le foglie galleggiano nella brezza gelida

Gli alberi assaporano i segreti delle anime antiche

Alle stelle che brillano nell'immensa notte.

Ricordo la tua presenza profumata

Il cui profumo lenisce la carne e approfondisce gli aneliti del cuore.

Il ricordo delle tue dita sulla mia pelle

è struggente e feroce

Una fiamma ardente, una forza elettrizzante

Il pensiero di non averti è atroce.

Vorrei che mi portassi via

Dove l'arcobaleno finisce e il mare incontra il cielo,

Dove finisce l'amore

e tutte le nuvole morirono.

La speranza si raccoglie nel giardino,

La felicità sta nel suo passato

La malinconia si rallegra dell'argento sbiadito e dei petali secchi



Mentre la mortalità testimonia che tutto si è trasformato in macerie.

Sara Iglesias

# A Friday's Night Scheme.

In the uncertainty of memory,  
sprouts the scent of chalk and lime dust,  
Among dismembered buildings and infected corridors.  
There was the waking up.

An inquisitive look,  
With eyes that fixed on my back,  
Once and a thousand times, made my cheeks flush,  
As his expression would redirect to my skirt.



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With reserve I looked at him,  
-How could a stranger love a woman like me? -How could a stranger love a woman like me?  
He was singularly insistent,  
With Casanova's determination to dare.  
In a corner I succumbed,  
To the bearing of his figure and the glow of his speech,  
when I had promised my God not to yield to his chatter.  
I knew lipstick, blush and jewels,

all to impress a womaniser who peeks out

Like a strutting pheasant, I felt crowned.

Crowned by his nearness, crowned by his stole.

What began with the strength of a stallion,

died like the waves of the sea,

swept towards its sentence in the sand.

I found how he lunged towards another,

cornering her between his promises of amusement,

entertainment that only a climber can give,

that which elevates you with its insolence

and lowers you in its sense.

I thought I could redeem the situation,

as the rift opened the crack wider,

It was imprudent of me to participate,

to be part of a performance in which you are the jest.

The instinct of revenge took hold,

between the hurricane glances and the feral bee-eyeing,

I plotted the downfall of his show,  
to reduce his position.

I finished my stellar project,  
with character and wit to tell,  
I confronted his dodges and fictions,  
and cut off all ties and distinctions.

The cloak of his explanations  
and the cunning of his laughter,  
was a delicate swindle,  
developed with caution  
and expressed with malice.

The crown of feathers unravels,  
has to drown at sea,  
neither his kisses nor his shadows  
can emerge like apparitions of bliss.

Sara Iglesias

# Tal Como Un Deambulador En Vela.

Una orquídea púrpura se deja mecer por el viento,  
Agraciada como una ninfa del bosque,  
Ondeándose en un columpio,  
Que fue tallado con la más fina piedra  
El alabastro en las manos de un artista,  
Es tratado con una devoción matutina  
Que la perfuma con muselina y salpicaduras de cascada.

Mis ojos encontraron el camino hacia los suyos  
En una perversa ilusión veraniega,  
La de la Arcadia perdida de los poetas muertos  
La quimera de un jardín en espera  
Con el presagio de un cuervo fastuoso,  
Acechando mi silueta.

Deseaba saborear el almíbar de sus labios  
Arrastrarme por el prado ceñidor,  
Juntaría las palmas en un asana,  
Haciendo un voto a la mirada efusiva de su clavícula,  
Con surcos que a un penitente encarcelan,  
Moraría en los ríos morados y azules de sus venas  
Tal como un deambulador en vela  
frente al ámbar de sus pupilas,  
Gustosas como el pelaje de un gato negro.  
Con un candor cordial al que el sauce en otoño acude.

¿Me dejaría entrar?  
Al laberinto de sus pensamientos  
A las profundidades de las cuevas sin luz,  
Al follaje de las selvas que los perdidos codician,  
Medio salvaje por designar  
La capilla de sus enigmas,  
En la cima de la montaña donde nadie puede perturbar  
Sus fuegos artificiales que surgen a medianoche,  
Los de las bacanales que nadie vió,  
No me importa ser su Helena o Dalila  
Por la que sus dioses hacen una querella  
Por la que su fuerza sucumbe en una mazmorra en penumbra.



# Summery Glitch.

A purple orchid sways in the wind,  
Graceful as a woodland nymph,  
Waving on a swing,  
That was carved from the finest stone  
Alabaster in the hands of an artist,  
Is treated with a matutinal devotion  
That perfumes it with muslin and splashes of waterfall.

My eyes found their way to his  
In a perverse summer illusion,  
That of the lost Arcadia of the dead poets.  
The chimera of a waiting garden  
With the harbinger of a lavish raven,  
Stalking my silhouette.

I wished to taste the syrup of his lips  
To crawl through the girdling meadow,  
I'd clasp my palms together in an asana,  
Vowing to the effulgent gaze of his collarbone,  
With furrows that imprison a penitent,  
I would dwell in the purple and blue rivers of his veins  
Like a wanderer in vigil  
In front of the amber of his pupils,  
Tasteful as the fur of a black cat.  
With a cordial candour to which the willow in autumn comes.

Would he let me in?  
Into the labyrinth of his thoughts  
Into the depths of lightless caves,  
To the foliage of the jungles that the lost covet,  
Unnameable wilderness to designate  
The chapel of his enigmas,  
On the mountain top where none can disturb  
Their fireworks that rise at midnight,  
Those of the bacchanals that no one saw,  
I don't mind being his lottery card,  
To be his Helen or Delilah  
For whom his gods make a fuss  
For whom his strength succumbs in a dungeon in gloom.





# Through The Road.

Through the road, I walked  
Watching the lights of dawn,  
with a crispness in the air  
that only spring unfolds.

Bouncing flowers and robust trees,  
that the breeze touched  
A canvas of wonder,  
a spectacular delight  
for the butterflies and bees,  
in the symphony of sight.

The worries of the mind, away go  
Night wanderings and the uneasiness of days  
vanish at the sight of waves  
whose hypnotic melody makes joy remain.

An elegy of petals, honey and leaves  
will trouble soften  
and doubt stain

on its monument of grace.

Like the painter thrilled by its muse,

and the sculptor dazzled by forms

I meekly flare in disbelief

on the grandness of storms.

In Demeter and Gaea's land

do thunder and rainbow clash

The rotten tree and the agonising beast

wrap seeds and feed clans

waiting for a blossoming flower

waiting for a child's cry

as winter's gloom foresees spring light.

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# Mientras Tus Susurros Esperan.

Donde dos corazones laten al mismo pulso  
donde el alma desnuda el ojo,  
y la niebla de los alientos choca,  
escalaré la bruma de tu columna vertebral,  
decadente, gélida y mía.

Exploraré las altitudes de tu cuello  
mientras tus susurros esperan,  
cantando una canción tentadora,  
como el hechizo de una sirena,  
Nado, habito y me ahogo en el éxtasis de tu pelo.

¿Reventaría el ámbito del anhelo?  
como un viajero diligente me extendo  
a la vista de la magnolia escarlata,  
el más dulce indicio del néctar  
en que se convierte la miel.

Nuestra sinfonía que el abismo abarcó  
sólo nuestra debe permanecer  
el trazado de mi amor en tus labios,  
que atesoro mientras permanece,  
hasta mi último aliento  
y al polvo, todas las cosas deben ir.

Sara Iglesias

# Evil Woman.

I forgot you without knowing you,  
remembering you, I bring you back to life  
I tell you what you don't want to know  
When I have hidden the truth

I show the indomitable  
I incarcerate what you want to see  
I've always told you  
I'm an evil woman



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My thoughts catch me  
remembering your feelings  
I try to erase  
Your agonizing beat

I am the rose you don't want to touch  
Sweet and intoxicating petals of carmine  
Like the desert bramble I will cut you down,  
With deceiving thorns,  
You will burn in sorrow with the beauty and cunning of two

Your wound will fester with my spite and grudges

I will hurt your skin

To sink my intention

I lull myself in your blanket

To set this outburst free.

Like the boa of the Orinoco

in the night I lurk,

choking broken promises,

strangling falsehood,

that of the city curtains,

With perched suits and watches

Of lunches at the Ritz

And champagne soirees.

Sara Iglesias

# Photo-Grams Of Naivety.

The smell of almond trees,  
makes an incisive cut,  
purging deep into the flesh,  
a surgical case of angst,  
photo grams of naivety, shattered and gone,  
in the coldness of a November night.

A procession for those I once was,  
in a polished wooden casket above,  
with the jubilee of fresh times,  
A floral bouquet of lilies, infatuated by charm  
I decide to rejoice under the stars.

Savouring memories and words,  
whom I belonged,  
Mock-up of failed tries,  
Pierces like a hammer hitting a nail,  
In an altar to my regrets,  
Its rooftop, dismembered covering  
Sneaks in the petrichor of raindrops.

Lead bullet weighting my swallowing,  
Awaiting for the grenade that inhabits within,  
To blow up a target line to be destroyed  
A centre for visceral catastrophe  
The fields of change are ploughed,  
welcoming crops to blossom and fill.

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# El Desvarío Del Olvido.

¿A dónde va uno?

cuando el peso aplastante de la oscuridad horroriza,

cuando en la multitud no se conoce ningún rostro

cuando los sueños desvanecen el destello de la realidad

cuando el desvarío del olvido

en el túnel de las penas, desliza la máscara de los ahogados.

Las longitudes del ser,

se enmarcan en el mosaico de la vida,

la nube zumbante de las voces,

el acantilado del vacío,

donde se absorben las pasiones, los miedos y las dudas.

Blancura del pensamiento,

el majestuoso choque de las olas en la orilla,

donde todo el esquema de la conciencia,

debería perecer, atado por los pies

con la bilis de la existencia,

Fusionándose como un estuario,

con los fríos toques del mar.

Ningún matiz de verde siempre creciente,

Ninguna joya deslumbrante en una vitrina

Ningún festín hinchado más allá de la charla de medianoche

puede encadenar la voluntad de cesar,

unirse al país de las hadas,

dejando atrás la vileza del cuerpo.

Un leitmotiv para brillar

en el coro impotente de lo que se ha ido.

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# The Ramble Of Oblivion.

Where does one go?  
when the crushing weight of darkness appals,  
when in the crowd, no face is known  
when dreams vanish, reality flash  
when the ramble of oblivion,  
in the tunnel of sorrows, the mask of smothers slides.

The lengths of being,  
are framed in the mosaic of life,  
the buzzing cloud of voices,  
the cliff of the void,  
where passions, fears and doubts are absorbed.  
The blankness of thought,  
Majestic crash of waves at the shore,  
where all the scheme of conscience,  
Ought to perish, tied by its feet  
with the bile of existence,  
Merging like an estuary,  
with the cold touches of the sea.

No ever-growing shade of green,  
No dazzling jewels in a glass case  
No swollen feast past midnight talk,  
can chain the will to pass,  
joining the fairyland,  
leaving the vileness of the body behind.  
A leitmotiv to shine,  
in the powerless chorus of what is gone.

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# Fish And Bread For The Starved.

A beacon of light,  
Fish and bread for the starved,  
Only to know,  
Some are more equal than others.

Your voice gets to be heard,  
Among the masses,  
Lobotomised with promises and chants  
Like a saviour,  
you came to unite  
Giving shelter and wings to those who can't fly.

A protector in an act,  
Harvesting the grain  
to soon let it die  
along the thorns.

A deal was made,  
a sacrifice for them,  
cutting the flower  
when it tries to rise.

- Keep them captive  
Us, the chosen to rebel  
get to tell  
Who can their wings spread,  
Who can sing and cry?

- Like Hades, we are  
Keeping the remains of your deprived souls  
If the avern you fear,  
True, it will become.

- We are a blessing in disguise  
No freedom can be obtained  
without blood and tears on the trail  
One day,  
you will get to understand  
that it was all part of the plan

the righteous fulfil and the wicked fail.

Are the fallen the price to pay?  
to uplift your cardboard empire,  
mended with expired glue.  
Drowned bodies in the ocean 's pits,  
Children behind the cold bars of the jail,  
Elders begging for policemen not to hit  
The cloth of progress is covered in mould  
Our heroes told a self-fulfilling prophecy.

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# La Idea De No Tenerte.

Mientras contemplo la luna llena

Las hojas flotan en la brisa helada

Los árboles saborean los secretos de las viejas almas

A las estrellas brillantes en la noche inmensa.

Recuerdo tu presencia perfumada

cuyo olor suaviza la carne y agrava los anhelos del corazón.

El recuerdo de tus dedos en mi piel

es conmovedor y feroz

Una llama ardiente, una fuerza electrizante

La idea de no tenerte es atroz.

Deseo que me lleves lejos

donde el arco iris termina y el mar se encuentra con el cielo,

donde todo el amor termina

y todas las nubes murieron.

La esperanza se reúne en el jardín,

La felicidad yace en su pasado

La melancolía se regocija en la plata descolorida y pétalos secos

mientras la mortalidad es testigo de que todo se ha convertido en escombros.

Sara Iglesias

# La Gloria Del Valle Prometido.

Tus tobillos, al plegarse  
como el pavimento borroso  
y la talla de un árbol,  
es un callejón de un solo sentido,  
hacia la gloria del valle prometido.  
Donde la miel y la leche rebosaron.

Un lugar de infinidad,  
Conquistando una nave de enigmas siempre en marcha,  
El velero de sus tesoros,  
a tierras lejanas, se desliza la divinidad.

Tus manos,  
cintas extáticas que atan tormentas tumultuosas  
se entrelazan con las mías  
mientras el viento bate al norte.

Amada, tus dedos con líneas tortuosas  
son un código para immortalizar  
Siglos para descifrar una rima magistral  
Mis escasos intentos nunca pudieron encontrar  
Una ofrenda lo suficientemente grande  
a las despiadadas deidades de tu pasado

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# A Stranger's Confession.

I haven't yet discovered my forte,  
I haven't found my lost passions,  
I don't think I've found my defensive devices  
Against this perfidious life.

I think I have not yet mastered algebra,  
I still love letters and sweets too much  
I think I'm as I don't want to be,  
I'm not gifted to battle my mind.

I'm a hopeful girl  
With illusory dreams  
Of carmine like that pristine carnation in your cheeks  
Of a caressing voice,  
Transparent as the virgin mountain stream.

I haven't forgiven you.  
I'm locked in the past.  
Time made me a servant.  
Suffocated by an uncontrollable flame,  
I'm consumed slowly  
By eternal solitude, a breach to last  
Cursed to be a wrung wrapper in the wind  
Thrown at a fool's game  
But I do know  
That I love you madly, forever and still  
Until the end of the race.

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# Stitched Heart.

What was never said cannot be revived,  
Thoughts that were comfort and relief  
Among so much despair,  
You were all the unfinished drafts,  
Bits of ideas,  
Sliced and arranged to the main course,  
Dried roses in between pages,  
To decorate,  
What once was  
A diary of drawings, quotes and desires.

Of you, I thought  
In a hellish classroom of trance and eraser dust  
On a smoky night where nobody is sure  
In dirty streets smelling of piss and rum  
In the mob of people, apathetic and lost.

You were the protagonist of Utopian dreams,  
Reality and mirage,  
An accelerated heartbeat,  
a race to be won fast,  
You were muse and light,  
Inspiration for stories,  
crushed and strangled  
Like a pig's body in a slaughterhouse  
Makes words useless,  
To the taxidermy of what is beyond repair.

Denied by my mouth,  
Crying you out with my soul and guts,  
You are the burning desire,  
that springs from within me  
The blazing heat of the entrails of my being  
Through your eyes, the indescribable appears  
With patched hopes  
and a stitched heart.

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# The Glory Of The Promised Valley.

Your ankles, as they fold  
like the blurred pavement  
and the carving of a tree,  
is a one-way alley,  
to the glory of the promised valley.  
Where honey and milk overflow.

A place of infinity,  
Conquering an ever-running ship of enigmas,  
The sailboat of your treasures,  
to far lands, divinity glides.

Your hands,  
ecstatic ribbons that tie tumultuous storms  
intertwine with mine  
while the wind beats north.

Beloved, your fingers with devious lines  
are a codex to immortalize  
Centuries to decipher a masterful rhyme  
My scanty attempts could never find  
An offering grand enough  
to the ruthless deities of your past.

Sara Iglesias

# Heretic Bard.

Candid as the sun

Shiny like the moon

Everything for thee

Soft hair, threads of silk

that tuck thyself in

Smooth and splendid like a spring's breeze

Having it next to me is my deed

I yearn for your immaculate feel.

Fair skin with a sweet distant imprint

Cheeks of roses and tulips

A radiant iris

which travels to whimsical spots.

A shade of crimson in thy cheeks

That the flame of desire softly caresses

The lightness of thy character like the wind flies

Artic pupils, feral for longing

Which shield entrusted secrets.

The gracious look of thy neck,

as wine, lust slips through.

Worthy of merry and grace

Expectant, will I become to your glimpse

Stealing time and hope

The flame that my anguish grows.

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# Matter Of Deadly Scorn.

Comforting shadows  
Mountain that guards,  
Humanity, corrupted and denounced  
That its despicable gesture throws to me  
Limbs, putrefacted and sick  
A troubled look  
Taste of tears of a shrinking heart  
Which the gelid breeze and the blizzard  
My gesture wrenches  
I am the fury of affront  
I am a ruined feat  
Scraps of goodness  
Were all hanged  
I am a matter of deadly scorn  
The seed of your tragedy  
and roots of your dread,  
Forgiveness got no burial  
I could only kill what was due  
Only a delirious mind  
wants creation to worship its muddy feet  
to later cuts its limbs when a quarrel comes  
Humankind is as pure as their minds  
as just as their slums  
as healthy as their asylums.

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# As Your Whisperings Await.

Where two hearts beat to the same pulse,  
where the soul bares the eye,  
and the fog of breaths collide,  
I shall climb the curve of your spine,  
decadent, gelid and mine.

I will explore the altitudes of your neck,  
as your whisperings await,  
chanting a tempting song,  
like a siren's bewitching spell,  
I swim, dwell and drown in the extasis of your hair.

Would the scope of yearning burst?  
as a diligent traveler I extent,  
in the sight of the scarlet magnolia,  
the sweetest hint of nectar  
that honey becomes.

Our symphony that the abyss grasped  
only ours should stay,  
the spelling of my love in your lips,  
I treasured as it remains,  
until my last breath  
and to the dust, all things must go.

Sara Iglesias

# The Thought Of Not Having You Since.

As a I gaze at the full moon

The leaves float in the freezing breeze

Trees wisper old souls' s secrets

To shining stars in the immense night.

I recall your scented presence,

whose smell softens the flesh and aggravates the longings of the heart.

The remembrance of your fingers on my skin

it's poignant and fierce

A burning flame, an electrifying force

The thought of not having you since.

I wish to be taken far,

where the rainbow ends and the sea meets the sky,

where all the love ends,

and all the clouds die.

Hope gathers in the garden,

Happiness lies on its past

Melancholia rejoices on faded silver and dry petals

while mortality witnessed all turned to ash.

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