

Stela Iorga

# à deauville

Poems

**eLiteratura**

**Poetry volumes and short-story books**

- 1998, editorial debut with "Miza pe 13Bis", AXA Publishing House, Botoșani, volume of poems awarded at Botoșani, contest "Porni Luceafărul...".
- 2009, "A doua întoarcere din Nam", Publishing House of "Dunărea de jos" Cultural Centre, Galați.
- 2010, "Ziaristică la domiciliu", CCDJ Publishing House, Galați.
- 2011, "Scrum de aripi", CCDJ Publishing House, Galați.
- 2012, "Coffin Blues", CCDJ Publishing House, Galați.
- 2013, "à deauville" (poems), eLiteratura, Bucharest.
- 2013, "Dumnezeu de lângă mine" (poems), eLiteratura, Bucharest.
- 2014, "Imposibila mireasă" (poems), eLiteratura, Bucharest.
- 2017, "11 feluri în care a murit Lola" (poems), EIKON Publishing House, Bucharest.
- 2018, "Fecioara de fier" (poems), EIKON Publishing House, Bucharest.
- 2019, "Povești mici pentru oameni mari" (short stories), EIKON Publishing House, Bucharest.
- 2019, "à deauville" (poems), second edition, reviewed, eLiteratura, Bucharest.
- 2019, "à deauville" (poems), eLiteratura, Bucharest.
- 2019, "à deauville" (poèmes), eLiteratura, Bucharest.

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# à deauville

## atlantis woman

my eyes are dry within  
like two deep hollows  
a whole world they hide  
a continent sunk forever  
kind of an atlantis  
where people suffered of too much  
love  
a forgotten land  
by fellowmen  
populated with some other kind of creatures  
with much more love  
among who I was too  
enamored of you in a way  
close to deathlessness.

**still nature**

the irises of death  
are blowing out of my heart  
as if from earthy rock  
while outside the florist's window  
life is going on  
and it is written on the window  
we have fresh soil for orchids  
I am the atlantis woman  
deep sunk within herself  
as if in endless death.

**full moon**

my loneliness  
and the dark bird of death  
both on a bamboo leaf  
so heavy they are  
so that suddenly  
the moon  
can be seen.

**an indian summer**

one day the death comes to me  
with teeth made of pumpkin seeds  
with pumpkin head  
and chrysanthemums colors  
what would you want stela  
particularly  
what are you fighting for  
a crumb of love  
this is all I live for  
how not to love such a crazy girl  
says death  
in a puckish way  
and lets me live  
one more indian summer  
offered by herself.

**noises**

cling  
let me to sing to you  
says the bell of love  
cling  
you wrapped in silver soul  
and armored  
cling  
and from the bell  
it heavily drops out the remembrance cricket.

**blues I**

oh how much that shadow of a man  
begged me to become human again  
too late it was  
I was already in death  
it only remained out of me  
a happy song  
which was singing me too  
for the rest  
nothing left  
just an indian summer  
and even that – a stray one.

\*\*\*

my cross is made up of wet days  
and of endless indian summers  
of your soul  
melted by the honey  
of your love for other  
women bodies.