



POETRY | SUMMER 2021

Soneto IV: Galadriel

By Félix Montblanc

This is a sonnet I wrote for a dear friend who helped me understand how to manage my chronic illness. To many, poetry (and especially, sonnets) is an antiquated art, but to me, it has and always will be the greatest form of flattery. *Soneto IV: Galadriel* is the tale of an Argentinian gaucho. In the poem, he is a nomad in search of precious gems and is compared to the dwarves who mine the deep earth in J. R. R. Tolkien's work. However, upon awaking from a dream, the gaucho realizes that there are more valuable treasures than gems. He decides to ride across the vast South American plains (la pampa) to ask the person to whom the poem is dedicated for one strand of hair. Thus, the recipient of the poem becomes a character of the story in the last verse.

If you've read *The Silmarillion* and *The Lord of the Rings* or watched the film adaptations of Tolkien's work, you may know of the tale of Fëanor and Galadriel, two immortal elves, and Gimli, the dwarf. Fëanor was one of the greatest, powerful elves of Middle Earth, and he was deeply in love with Lady Galadriel, the most beautiful and benevolent of all elves. However, Fëanor wasn't pure-hearted, and Galadriel could sense his pride, greed, and evil. Three times, Fëanor begged Galadriel for one strand of her golden-touched-with-silver hair, and three times she refused him. Fast forward thousands of years later, when Galadriel meets Gimli, who was about to embark on an epic journey to destroy the One Ring of power alongside Frodo and Gandalf. Gimli—a brave warrior, a humble miner, and loyal friend—is struck by Galadriel's beauty, and politely asks for a strand of her hair before departing to Mordor. Realizing that Gimli is pure-hearted, just, and most importantly, worthy, Galadriel gives him not one, but *three* strands of her hair.

Soneto IV: Galadriel

Quiero contarte un cuento, querida Carolina:
Érase una vez un gaucho de la pampa argentina,
Caballeroso y gentil, quijotesco y elegante,
Que viajaba en la llanura, en su negro Rocinante.

Amador era este mozo del zafiro y del diamante,
De lo azul y de lo puro, de lo noble y lo brillante.
Y en un sueño de junio, en un alba divina,
Le apareciste tú, hecha una elfa andina.

Despertó del sueño aquel, sonriente e iluminado:
“En mi vida entera yo he estado equivocado,
¡No es zafiro, o diamante el tesoro máspreciado!”

Monta el gaucho su corcel y da mil gracias al cielo,
Y recorre la grandeza del americano suelo
Pa' pedirte, niña bella, una hebra de tu pelo.

Félix Montblanc is a medical student at UNC School of Medicine. He received his Bachelor of Arts from UNC-Chapel Hill in 2018. In university, he was a teaching assistant in chemistry, mathematics, and languages, and engaged in mRNA alternative splicing and stem cell research. In his free time, he enjoys poetry and music, especially those from the modernist and the romantic period, respectively. He has contributed creative work to Mezcla, a bilingual magazine at UNC, and scientific work to the American Society of Nephrology. This is the first time he shares his poetry publicly.

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