

ALEJANDRO CROTTO
En el haras Vadarkablar

Hasta el corral de tierra y tablas
trajeron al retajo,
un criollo sin halo genealógico,
sin nombre inglés o propio o sangre pura,
a que probara conocer si estaba lista la alanza
alzada como un dios entre jejenes en la luz amarilla de la tarde
con tormenta de fondo; a ver si estaba honda y dispuesta,
veterinarios jóvenes de blancos guardapolvos entreabiertos
entraron el retajo lazo al cuello, y el caballo
meneaba cabizbajo entre resoplos la cabeza y de repente
la levantaba señalando a la alazana espléndida; y la yegua
tirante, sus ollares finísimos alerta, casi ciervo,
miraba de reajo mientras daba su grupa florecida,
y se hizo agua un poquito, se iba abriendo, parpadeaba
su sexo, y apartaba la cola, y el criollo
era potencia aproximándose creciente
hasta montar la yegua, y lo desviaron
las manos enguantadas, lo sacaron tirándolo del lazo y uno dijo
“está lista, búscalo al Equalize que por las dudas la maneo”
y mientras se acercaba por momentos de costado
luego enseguida pecho al frente,
desplegándose altivo, cabeceando
el aire que rompía al paso fino,
el padrillo valioso, se llevaron al otro hasta un corral
con bebedero hasta mañana, y el retajo
ya manso, hocico en agua,
temblaba en ráfagas oscuras
con mínimos relámpagos; no había viento,
se venía la noche.

ALEJANDRO CROTTO
At the Vadarkablar Stud Farm

They brought the teaser
to the corral of dust and planks,
a criollo with no genealogical halo,
no pure blood or English name or name of his own,
so he could find out if the sorrel mare was ready
as she presided like a god among gnats in the evening's yellow light
with a storm in the distance; to see if she was deep and willing,
young veterinarians in white half-opened lab coats
led in the teaser by a rope around his neck; the horse tossed
his head amid his snorts and suddenly
raised it high toward the splendid sorrel,
and the taut mare, her graceful nostrils keen, almost a deer,
stared from the corner of her eye while she presented
her ripened rump, trickling a little, opening herself; her sex quivered,
and she shifted her tail, and the criollo
was potency advancing toward the mare and growing till
he'd mounted her, and the gloved hands
diverted him, they pulled him off her, hauling at the rope, and one said
"She's ready, go get Equalize, and just in case I'll hobble her,"
and while the costly stallion approached her from the side, chest forward,
unfolding himself, haughty, lunging at
the air pierced by his supple gait,
they led the other to a pen and trough
where he would stay until tomorrow,
and the horse, now docile, his nose in the water,
trembled in dark rushes with faint flashes
of lightning; there was no wind,
and night was coming.

translated from the Spanish by Robin Myers