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Richardo Guiraldes

Jorge Luis Borges

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Jorge Luis Borges

Ricardo Güiraldes

Who could ever forget his courtesy?
It was the unlooked for and the primary
Form of his natural kindness, the very
Sign of a spirit as limpid as the day.

Neither must we forget the debonair
Serenity, the fine face and strong frame,
The glow of death to come, the glow of fame,
The hand interrogating a guitar.

As in the pure dream of a looking glass
(You are reality, I but its likenesses)
I see you holding us in sweet discourses

On Quintana. There you are, magical, dead.
All yours now, Ricardo, the fresh, outspread
Pastures of yesterday, and dawn with its horses.

*translated from the Spanish
by Robert Mezey*