

EDWIN ARLINTON ROBINSON

Richard Cory

Cuando Richard Cory venía a la ciudad
lo mirábamos los menestrales:
era apuesto, esbelto y gallardo,
un señor de la cabeza a los pies.

Vestía siempre con discreción,
hablaba siempre con sencillez,
sus “buenos días” llegaba al corazón
y tenía un resplandor su caminar.

Era más rico que un rey
y exquisitamente educado;
tenía todas las prendas
que nosotros deseábamos.

Y aunque no ganábamos para carne
y aborrecíamos el pan, soñábamos.
Hasta que una tranquila noche de verano,
la tapa de los sesos Richard Roy se saltó.

Traducción de **José Siles Artés**
(20-9-07)

Richard Cory

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
“Good morning,” and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich-yes, richer than a king-
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

(1897)