

PLATERO Y YO

PLATERO AND I

PLATERO

PLATERO es pequeño, peludo, suave; tan blando por fuera, que se diría todo de algodón, que no lleva huesos. Sólo los espejos de azabache de sus ojos son duros cual dos escarabajos de cristal negro.

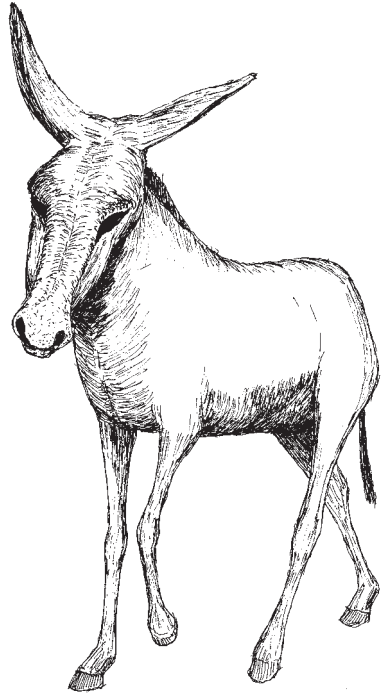
Lo dejo suelto, y se va al prado, y acaricia tibiamente con su hocico, rozándolas apenas, las florecillas rosa, celestes y gualdas... Lo llamo dulcemente: “¿Platero?”, y viene a mí con un trotecillo alegre que parece que se ríe, en no sé qué cascabeleo ideal...

Come cuanto le doy. Le gustan las naranjas mandarinas, las uvas moscateles, todas de ámbar, los higos morados, con su cristalina gotita de miel...

Es tierno y mimoso igual que un niño, que una niña...; pero fuerte y seco como de piedra. Cuando paso sobre él, los domingos, por las últimas callejas del pueblo, los hombres del campo, vestidos de limpio y despaciosos, se quedan mirándolo:

-Tiene acero...

Tiene acero. Acero y plata de luna, al mismo tiempo.



I

PLATERO

PLATERO is a little donkey, furry and smooth; so soft on the outside that he seems like cotton wool, as if he has no bones. Only the jet black mirrors of his eyes are hard like two scarabs of black crystal.

I set him loose and he goes off to the meadow and with his nose he warmly caresses the tiny pink, sky-blue and golden yellow flowers ... I call him gently: "Platero!" and he comes to me at a joyful little trot and his laughter is like a heavenly, ethereal sound of bells.

He eats whatever I give him. He likes mandarin oranges, amber-coloured muscatel grapes, as well as all purple figs with their tiny crystalline drops of honey...

He is tender and loving just like a little boy, just like a little girl, but as strong and solid as a rock. When I ride him, on Sundays, through the farthest alleys of the town, the slow-moving men from the country, in their Sunday best, stop to look at him:

"He's got steel in him!"

Steel, yes. He has steel and quicksilver, at the same time.



II

PAISAJE GRANA

LA cumbre. Ahí está el ocaso, todo empurpurado, herido por sus propios cristales, que le hacen sangre por doquiera. A su esplendor, el pinar verde se agria, vagamente enrojecido; y las hierbas y las florecillas, encendidas y transparentes, embalsaman el instante sereno de una esencia mojada, penetrante y luminosa.

Yo me quedo extasiado en el crepúsculo. Platero, granas de ocaso sus ojos negros, se va, manso, a un charco de aguas de carmín, de rosa, de violeta; hunde suavemente su boca en los espejos, que parece que se hacen líquidos al tocarlos él; y hay por su enorme garganta como un pasar profuso de umbrías aguas de sangre.

El paraje es conocido, pero el momento lo trastorna y lo hace extraño, ruinoso y monumental. Se dijera, a cada instante, que vamos a descubrir un palacio abandonado... La tarde se prolonga más allá de sí misma, y la hora, contagiada de eternidad, es infinita, pacífica, insondable...

-Anda, Platero...



II

SCARLET LANDSCAPE

THE pinnacle. There is the sunset, all purple, pierced by blades of light, which make it bleed all over. In its bright light, the green of the pine grove loses its intensity, turning vaguely reddish; and the tiny flowers and grasses, in flaming transparency, embalm the peaceful moment with a moist scent, pungent and luminous.

I become entranced in the twilight: Platero, his black eyes turned to scarlet by the sunset, trots off tamely to a pool of crimson, pink and violet waters; he dips his mouth gently into the mirrors which seem to become liquid at his touch; and through his huge throat passes a steady stream of shadowy, bloodlike water.

It is a familiar spot, but the instant transforms it, and turns it into something strange, delapidated and monumental. One would think that, at any moment we were about to discover an abandoned palace... The evening lingers on, and time, steeped in eternity, is infinite, peaceful, inscrutable...

“Let’s go, Platero...”

