

Below is a translation of a milonga, a collaboration by Ana Cara and David Young. It was published in *The Evansville Review* as a Willis Barnstone Translation Prize Winner in Spring 2007.

Milonga de Dos Hermanos

Traiga cuentos la guitarra
de cuando el fierro brillaba,
cuentos de truco y de taba,
de cuadreras y de copas,
cuentos de la Costa Brava
y el Camino de las Tropas.

Venga una historia de ayer
que apreciarán los más lerdos;
el destino no hace acuerdos
y nadie se lo reproche
ya estoy viendo que esta noche
vienen del Sur los recuerdos.

Velay, señores, la historia
de los hermanos Iberra,
hombres de amor y de guerra
y en el peligro primeros,
la flor de los cuchilleros
y ahora los tapa la tierra.

Suelen al hombre perder
la soberbia o la codicia:
también el coraje envicia
a quien le da noche y día
el que era menor debía
más muertes a la justicia.

Cuando Juan Iberra vio
que el menor lo aventajaba,
la paciencia se le acaba
y le fue tendiendo un lazo
le dio muerte de un balazo,
allá por la Costa Brava.

Así de manera fiel
conté la historia hasta el fin;
es la historia de Caín
que sigue matando a Abel.

Milonga of Two Brothers

Let the guitar tell stories:
Tales of flashing knives,
Of races, cards and betting,
Hard drinking and hard lives,
Along the Costa Brava and
The trails of cattle drives.

Let's have one from the old days
That even the slowest will get.
You can't make deals with Fate,
So don't even open your mouth.
I think I see tonight
That my memories come from the South.

For instance, friends, the tale
Of the brothers named Iberra.
Romantic men, from an era
When you lived tooth and nail.
The best knifefighters around,
And now they're deep under ground.

We know how men are destroyed
By their own pride or greed.
But courage is another
Risk to the lives it fills;
It seems the younger brother
Had a higher count of kills.

When the older grew aware
That his brother was ahead,
His patience left him. There
On the rough old Costa Brava,
He set a trap and shot him,
Leaving his brother dead.

And now I've told it all.
It's not a pretty fable.
It's the same old tale of Cain
Who keeps on killing Abel.
