

DAVID GARNETT RUMINATES ON HOW
ONE THING BECOMES ANOTHER YET
PURPORTS TO STAY THE SAME.

i.

I might be an inheritor in the same manner that every
creature inherits something. Yet
I inherit the art of translation,

which is to say the art of inconsistency in
a universe that vows its stability.

Therefore my mother is a translator as
is the central role of any mother with implications

for her progeny. I, too, translate
from one

to the next so that if I marry
one wife, I have married another

or at least the daughter of another
mother, inconstant to her husband who
took another lover,

translating passions. Marriage, as it were,
a translation of the exchange,

the daughter for the woman, the death
for the replacement, the art

for the art, the familial for
the familiarly
irregular.

ii.

Translate the confusion
of this. Translate the animal
become human until the art
of the translator takes human

back to animal. Translate the pursuit
inside the story, the daughter, the son of

the story and the loop
of the chase
until finally the
translator's arms are mauled

in their own circuit, clasping
their own birthright.

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The quarry
translating their denouement, its

besieging, caterwauling
bequest.

inconstant
for constant, perfect rendering

of inheritance slipped through
the hedge and broken away.