David Garnett Ruminates On How One Thing Becomes Another Yet Purports To Stay The Same

Elizabeth Robinson

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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.
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.

The quarry
translating their denouement, its
besieging, caterwauling
bequest.

inconstant
for constant, perfect rendering
of inheritance slipped through
the hedge and broken away.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON