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

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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.