

*The reasons of the arsonist: essays on self-translation*

(Fragments)

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I.

I had three sisters who, a là Wittgenstein, committed suicide  
it ran in the family:

the youngest one for love

*(for we often see: love turns its back on the heart!)*

a sentimental female only willing to gaze upon sand castles  
real and, more often, unreal  
deep in the heart of a late nineteenth-century tale;

the next one for despair, things she could see  
inside her head, solitary rooms  
veins where rivers of blood turned out to have weight;

the third one for the unknown  
(she did not leave a note  
medical file  
grimace)

she wrote the word god in minuscule trace  
    'til it disappeared;

that leaves us with me  
    (the wink of the subject who knows  
        I is a place  
    where three sisters lie buried in boxes of vertical lines, metaphor, rhythm  
        a construction of sorts)

:a confession as fake as the evening light  
    on the kitchen wall, I see  
    surrendering to words  
        (for I is a word)

*here is a sorrow that does not call itself a sorrow*

I loved my three sisters as you love that which is not there  
    enticing its being:  
        this is my tongue  
            (a construction of sorts)

climb in.

X.

which brings it to me

the thief who knocked at the door of this house

(for language is always a house, owned or not owned, but dwelled in, held close)

the one who did not die for love, despair, the unknown

the three-sistered one able to arrive uninvited (and late)

oh so callous

staying for hours and, later, for months, and even later, for years

the thief, I said, who once reconvened with the blank so conceited you cannot see  
the glare of the match, turned the pockets inside out in the open: silverware, verbs, candles,  
scents, tools, and pronouns she used to hide behind (the third person singular), among  
others;



XI.

I left the table, the house, the country, I have said  
in disbelief as it fits our age

I rode trains northwards and outwards when I was a man  
clad in jeans and boots that heightened my height  
waving a hand, the right one, at hordes of children who chased the caboose  
(a construction of sorts)

and I rode trains southwards and afterwards when I was a woman  
clad in jeans and boots that heightened my height  
waving a hand, the left one, at hordes of children who chased the caboose

(for nothing happens in fact, *years go by*, when you are a man, a woman, and back, except for the  
blank so conceited in which one of them, regardless of shape, lights the third match)

and that's how I came to this line where *letters heavy with place* are born and die

XII.

*Have you seen how a word is born and dies? . . .*

*Have you seen how a kingdom is made and unmade?*