

The father

by Arturo Carrera

tr. K. A. Kopple

The father,

Given that he vibrates in the printed, codified helicoidal ribbon: given that he permits and “silences” the coloring book of some celibate and scratched little faces, little tails. Given that he has flung himself at Woman the night inundates him, the night pampers him and baths him and heralds him: now free of his sex in his History-Volume, his facts, his hagiographies permanently decked out in gold: his vacillating sensations of remote acids and chances where a Thunder-Father and another Trembling anxiously welcome the unformed droplet: father who separates himself from his scrotal book: father who abandons the pimply pleasure of his assessed goldbrick. Sucked up spiral of quieted paternity: I’ll make a locus solus out of you. Your palpitating javeline forgotten by her in him. And he of your book eternal in illusion. All of the imaginary wave of suffering: reading? Father what? With this stuttering gunfire of images steadily emptying lead and gold into me.

The father gen, erative
of desire.

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El padre, \Dado que vibra, en la cintilla helicoidal impresa, codificada: dado que admite y “calla” el simulcop de unas caritas, colitas célibes y rayadas. Dado que arrojado en la Mujer la noche lo inunda, la noche lo contiene y lo empapa y lo enuncia: libre del sexo ya en su Tomo-Historia, sus datos, sus hagiografías tercas en la engayadura dorada: sus vacilantes sensaciones de ácidos remotos y azares donde un Padre-tronador y otro Tembloroso admitían con ansiedad la gotita informada: padre que se separa de su libro escrotal: padre que se abandona en el acmé del goce su lingote asesor. Aspirada espiral de paternidad callada: un *locus solus* hará de ti. Tu jabalina palpitante la olvidó ella en él. Y él de su libro entero en ilusión. Toda la soñada onda del doleer: leer? Papá qué? Con ese tableteo tartamudo de la imágenes asegurándose en plomo y oro en mí. \ El padre gen, erial del deseo.