THE ARC OF THE BODY ACROSS THE SKY  
  
'First there is nothing,   
then there is a deep nothing,   
then there is a blue depth.'  
 – Gaston Bachelard, *Air and Dreams*  
  
Serious about keeping illusion intact,  
Klein was intent on tricking the world.  
The mysteries of the photograph   
  
weren’t fully revealed until he was   
threatened with convincing the eye   
if not the mind, told that if he ever   
  
pulled back the curtain he would  
become infatuated with the idea of   
an infinite expanse of nothingness.  
  
He didn’t take the mystic leap into   
the void just once, but many times.  
Each time, he beguiled the space  
  
between and became one with himself,  
transcending material limitations and   
breaking his own fall. He was a kind of  
  
artistic cosmonaut, a temerarious figure  
in orbit around silence, seeking a career  
in emotional truth and levitation above   
  
empty streets. He abandoned himself   
to ideas of freedom and blue. Defeating  
gravity is a highly contrived process.  
  
  
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