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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