

CONVERSATION with CALDER

(Alexander Calder (1898—1976))

What would happen
if your mobiles
took flight?
Drifting slices of moon,
fish shapes,
orbs of painted metal
floating on air currents
sweeping the sky with crimson and yellow,
butterflies, acrobats
fluttering in space.

Maybe they'd weave in and out
of sun pockets
between the clouds
or pass through them
swooping this way and that
Or maybe they'd flap like prayer flags,
bright offerings to the heavens
Such clattering might sound like
laughing steel wings.

Imagine suspended throngs
of silver wires,
clowns, trapeze artists,
multitudes of little smiles
circling the globe,
collapsing the rain.
And toys made of boxes
and tin,
tempering the thunderous days ,
sprinkling color
and passion
everywhere.

If just a little of your huge joy
spilled onto us
would we begin to glow, too,
ablaze with incandescence,
something transferred
from the fire
in your hands?