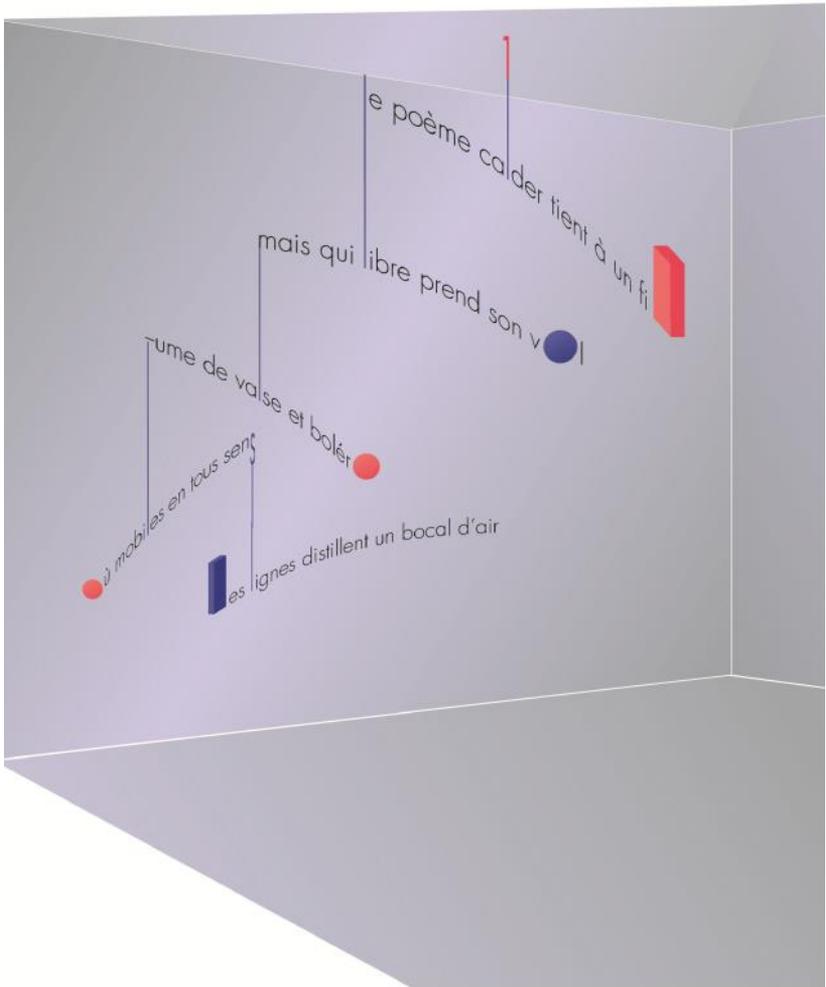
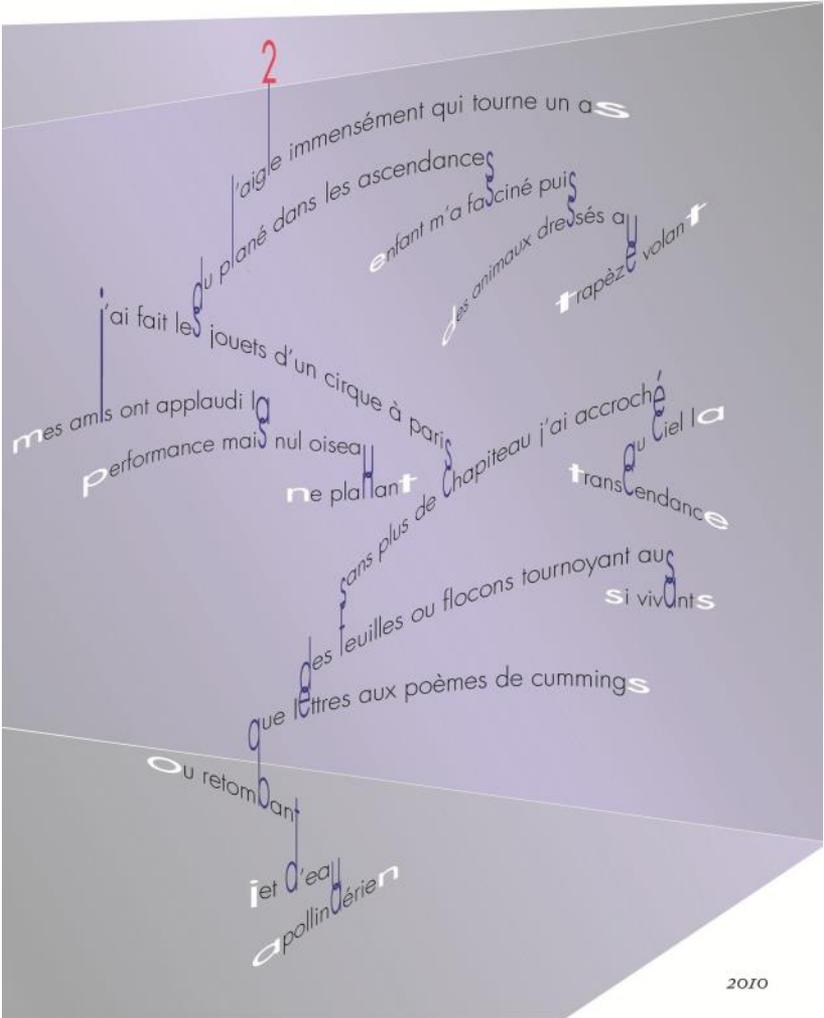


les calder

Jacques Demarcq





2010

les calder

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1

the calder poem hangs by a thread
but freely takes its flight
-shape from waltz and bolero
mobile in every sense
the lines distill a flask of air

2

the eagle grandly playing an ace
gliding the thermal ascents
fascinated me as a kid later
animals swinging on
the flying trapeze
I made a toy circus in paris
my friends clapped for the performance
but no bird
soared
without Capitals or Big Top I hung
from the sky
transcendence
leaves or snowflakes turning as
alive
as the letters in Cummings' poems
or falling again
the fountain
of Apollinaire

—Translated by Michael Webster