

Weightless and furtively the shutter's release
not the ink of Nature draws your portrait
whether mother, or sister, lover, whether friends,
silhouette, bust, entire or part,
old friends or darling new friends.
Whoever you are, this has the depth of a dream,
with the shudder of each step angels take off
as quiet as the moment,
always dancing, always keeping time
going in and out of focus

Accept these flowers from me that I've arranged
in the manner of streets in a country without borders
opened by these various shoes and styles
with your size and name, made with your own skin
they have the power of your muscles.
Early, you survived the tempest, rock-a-bye-baby
spread your arms; you want a hug, fall asleep.
It so happens that memory is everything, it tells
the inversion of time and space, the story
in the amalgam of those others: life, fantasy.

You will step into the frame
where the details are echoing and vibrating
traced by light, enhanced by shadows,
since the eye looking, whether macro or micro,
prints onto the paper, the time and place
There, perspective replaces the word
and across the silence that covers everything,
the way Earth is by the horizon, like a fallen cloud,
revealing singular objects, that surprise, remember,
from the center radiates the solitary point of view.

Three times three times, the breath
opens and closes the diaphragm
elastic and firm reproducing the secret of creation.
- Listen! When you polish with a soft felt
this mirror that reflects nothing and captures everything
you will find the answer equal to the question
since you wouldn't even ask the question, unless you'd already intuited
the ultimate image. Click...
Now showing, beyond the ever – present,
becoming the past, dying little by little.

António Calpi

Translated by Rene Ricard
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