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Sculpture's Voice

Jean-Mark Sens

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Jean-Mark Sens

Sculpture's Voice

for C.W.

A voice behind the fence calling Hello
slat to slat in slits of autumn light
the gone neighbor whose yard has gone boisterously to seed
and weeds
call and answer—we stepped on the ledge of a flower bed wall
and face to face, neighbor to neighbor revealed over the edge.
Five years gone and merely his passage we noticed
yard sporadically cleaned—Cat Claws, Banana trees,
Golden Rods, evasive and invasive Morning Glories
snarling the many sculptures in the yard
found mechanical parts he welded
a cosmogony, iron and stones in balance
a noria of metal plates lipping a granite ledge
a scarecrow with spring feet of shock absorbers
solar panel head with incrusted pebbles
a two-head bird, each beak of a pointed anvil,
bristling wings of fanned out rakes,
tripod claws holding a black opal egg.
For the first time I meet the artist and his creation
a man we felt the absence resonating in his weed-invaded work
his voice slow and low in parlor of Creole
short, strong and stocky—vigorous past seventy
a delayed resonance between words and their tenor
a space between his mind and his lips—words weighed out,
thought out
a voice in the three dimensions of his work.