

Typography, My Way

before they invented compasses,

can't we just be friends?

how were circles born?

don't want to go back to class

was so happy

fourteen times without coming

oh man you have to

i won't forget

Colophon:
The poem *Typography, My Way* was written in 1991 by a student of typography at Virginia Commonwealth University, Richmond, VA. Transcribed by the teacher Pino Trogu and rediscovered in 2005 in San Francisco. It was first published by Jack W. Stauffacher of The Greenwood Press, as part of a limited edition boxed set of poetry entitled *Verse into TYPE, the APHA Poetry Portfolio*. American Printing History Association, 2006.

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Broadside n. 1 of 26

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the jointed slurs of speech bubble around us

beautiful without line, unknown to ink or rule or pen

perfect in their clarity

Typography, My Way

Distraction the essence of all things good.

I tie my arms upon you like a bow,

musing over inadequacies,

fitting parallels and the tips of ruling pens

into come shocked perspective.

It is vast at my wingtips.

The room so angular, so pointed and particular,

I spy myself in pairs of pupils — such a face.

Before they invented compasses,

how were the circles born?

On sea foam like fair Aphrodite,

or through the grasping of determined fingers,

curling in as leaves?

No matter

You hug me, all words gone,

and there is nothing left for letterforms to say.

the jointed slurs of speech bubble around us,

beautiful without line, unknown to ink or rule or pen

perfect in their clarity

Anonymous