

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 some 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 detemined 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

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  
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Additional text, commentary, poetry:

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Chinese text and illustrations by Jing Zhao

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Moving Line

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

Where is my bed?

好累啊 I am very tired.

different

Any information? I don't know.

anyway, more space

Lazy? Or smarter

.....  
won't tell him, I use illustrator.

你做的很好看呢

Your work looks beautiful.

make a decision.

你要去哪印啊？

Where are you going to print it?

I haven't seen him for a while.