

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 *Versé into TYPE, the APHA Poetry Portfolio*. American Printing History Association, 2006.

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musing over inadequate PERFECT IN THEIR CLARITY quacies

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?

grasping of determined fingers
PERFECT IN THEIR CLARITY

there is nothing left for letterforms to say

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