2010

Intro to Face

Anthony DelaRosa
Intro to Face

Browse the contents of this issue of Cedarville Review.

Creative Commons License

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License.

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview

Part of the Poetry Commons

This poetry is available in Cedarville Review: https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol13/iss1/14
Intro to Face

* a topography of typography *

a concept of shell-shocked sages
sucking fearsomely on their own western
limitations unlearned:
  this means pro-imitate the typeface;
detoxify the details; change
  Calibri
  Brilliance—
  Cajones.
  Make a mess
of the minds
  of graphic designers; replace “Helvetica”
  with
  “Comic Sans;”
  let the comedian
  introduce the
to San Serifs,
to Tarantino Spaghetti Easterns.

contortionist
Kurosawa
will present a vertical
haiku d’état
VS. a vulnerable

ALPHABET

where the sunrise-sunset
less horizons are thread in to be read
from East
to A to lunar Ω,

geocentric

O Sensei

漢

字

immortal!

0100010101010010100100100111101010010!!!,
dialed

defunct the expectations—
making the errata
EROTIC
the nowheres
  to no errors,
the nowhens
to no ends
to meaningless,

Someone call the Serif!
Someone dial
Someone drunk

The syllables
and
until now: life seen as the new
Evil,
cicada the new scarab—
one syllable more
but not nearly
as sacred.

Ode to Juvenalia

but being terrified of revisiting
the past on those freshly milked bones
of cookie cut homes where Father
had spent hours on painting static
you know the one
weren't supposed to color on the one that you
but you did anyways, because to us
genuinely rationing it was more
for fun given to me by
than just blank space framing a prison full
of Mother's interior design
it was a canvas
a paper thin galaxy
God
given to me by
where ancient mystics
had last spilled their guts on
leaving behind
their talons
and abandoning
their scratches
upon the world
that tries so hard
to remember
what the face of art

yesterday,