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Intro to Face

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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.
Kurosawa

contortionist

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
h
漢
字

immortal!

Someone call the Serif!
Someone dial
Someone drunk

The syllables
and

defunct the expectations—
making the errata
EROTIC
the nowheres

010001010101001001010001010011101010010!!!,
dialed

the nowhens
to no ends
to meaningless,
until now:
life seen as the new
Evil,
cicada
the new
scarab—
one syllable
more
but not nearly
as sacred.

Ode to Juvenalia

we lack
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
the one that you
weren’t supposed to color on
but you did anyways,
genuinely rationing
for fun
because to us
it was more
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
today
that tries so hard
to remember
what the face of art

yesterday.

It's not creativity