

Typefacial Reconstruction
By Dylan Todd

we abuse our letters, our body
text without knowing
whether they are
porters or companions
a tool or the living hand

we chug ink into their gavage for
grotesque boldness

print them so small that
e's eye has cataracts

Neuter their ball terminals to sing as
logo castrati

slant them till their joints buckle under
repetitive stress injury

pull them like taffy to fill our
margins of error

starved them with meager toner until
their legs disappear

walk them off a plank of dot leader.....into
an ocean of white space

blot them with the electric kool-aid of
so-called word art

“Forgive them,” cries the t, le petit croix
“for they know not what they do”

who will be our healer
gown us in a gentle rag
help us feel justified

ligate f and i, marry widows, adopt orphans
unclog our obstructed bow(e)ls
unpack the boxed ear of a g

who will respect our counters
because they are sacred contours
temples to form and sound

a steady hand sorts our sort
a quiet restorationist who
like rain sands away scars

bring us to the balance
of the well led line!
give us grey, even
Homeostasis!