

Lasting Impressions

You appeal to us all gathered here this September
Sun turning afternoon as we follow the printer.

So quiet among silent presses, broadsides in Neuland
chiseled typeface shine in late afternoon September sun.

You spread heat on thin patterned papers. Ink the poetry
Of place, a telling of time, a banquet of words spread
across blood bold red linoleum blocks.

Geometry of language sets page after page.
Bookcloth wraps boards to fold like a map, left over right.

This exhibition.
This lasting impression.

Into This

On the stand, an old book, pages turn right to left,
ushering stories, unraveling impressions.

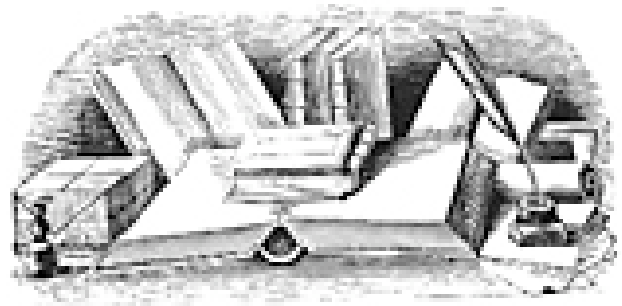
In the reading room, in the center of the Palace
volumes line one wall, inviting benches corner the other.

Down the ramp, a larger room holds press after hand
operated press, typeface, desktop publishers printing.

On the walls photos of the printer, the binder,
the maker of paper, the designer, the young hearts.

In frames the broadsides, one with a black ink band
holding place: title on one side, verse on the other.

Into this present I stand with observer's mind,
In this small community another romantic.



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