a typographic hyperobject
half what this book contains
is not its content it squats
on surrogates made out of
something that was made
out of something factory
went loopy doing this stuff
stuck in its craw choking
on thrifted textures yes
this book felt wicked
power as presses thumped
it out then remorse all
heavy and still in back
breaking boxes waiting
this book is all over
the place bits rubbing off
and tearing needs its
innards entangled in
plastic shrink-wrap or
frays fallen apart and lost

Typeset in NOVA by Karl Nawrot.

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