F. J. Bergmann - Calligraphy

I wanted my signature to coil around me, a fainting snake, ascending lemniscates in gold, the swirled arabesque of welts that a fingernail idly traces on a lover’s skin, a recurved bow with extra strings, whiplash weave, or maybe something analogous to a grid of bones, a basket of soft thighs, a tasselled pillow bearing a ballet slipper filled with hydrofluoric acid, a 1:200 scale model of a coal-burning utility plant not yet downgraded to meet Clean Air Act standards, a King James Bible with the naughty bits highlighted in pink marker, a large duck, wings outspread, chasing a small dog. Someday I’ll learn to write in cursive.

first appeared in *Diagram*