



## Writing

BY HOWARD NEMEROV

The cursive crawl, the squared-off characters these by themselves delight, even without a meaning, in a foreign language, in Chinese, for instance, or when skaters curve all day across the lake, scoring their white records in ice. Being intelligible,

these winding ways with their audacities and delicate hesitations, they become miraculous, so intimately, out there at the pen's point or brush's tip, do world and spirit wed. The small bones of the wrist balance against great skeletons of stars exactly; the blind bat surveys his way by echo alone. Still, the point of style is character. The universe induces a different tremor in every hand, from the check-forgers to that of the Emperor

Hui Tsung, who called his own calligraphy the 'Slender Gold.' A nervous man writes nervously of a nervous world, and so on.

Miraculous. It is as though the world were a great writing. Having said so much, let us allow there is more to the world than writing: continental faults are not bare convoluted fissures in the brain.

Not only must the skaters soon go home; also the hard inscription of their skates is scored across the open water, which long remembers nothing, neither wind nor wake.

Fancy cursive and calligraphy look cool, even if you don't know what they mean.

- metaphor: The marks left on a frozen lake by an ice skater look like cursive.

If you can read the words as well as appreciate the beauty of the writing, it is like a marriage of outer world + inner spirit.

- We write to find our way in the world.

→ your writing says something about your character (identity); Character has two meanings: a letter or symbol AND a person's identity or defining traits.

→ Just as every person is unique, so is our handwriting.

→ Your writing says something about the way you live your life.

→ Comparison: the world = writing

→ BUT THE WORLD IS BIGGER, TIMELESS: THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE EARTH IS NOT THE SAME AS A HUMAN BRAIN, WHICH REMEMBERS... AND IS REMEMBERED.

ice melts; the skater's marks are lost.

Howard Nemerov, "Writing" from *The Collected Poems of Howard Nemerov*. Copyright © 1977 by Howard Nemerov. Reprinted with the permission of Margaret Nemerov.

Is he saying that the world forgets and is forgotten, but writing is remembered? (Not just for its beauty but for its meaning?)

OR

and

Does the poem suggest that just as those who skated left their marks on ice will leave no trace or memory when the ice melts, so too is a person destined to be forgotten, even if he writes well?

OR...?