The Deconstructionist’s Erection

this is a poem

it is a poem about the sources of poetry

some would say

(and they would be wrong)

that the source of poetry is angst

others would say

(and they would be wrong)

that the source of poetry is suffering

still more would say

(and, yes, they would be wrong)

that the source of poetry is meaninglessness

yet still more would say

(and they would be wrongest of all)

that the source of poetry is form

in fact, it doesn’t matter what you say

on this topic of topics (or metatopic, if you will)

you would be wrong

that is because there is no source for poetry

other than the machine of time, space and thought

driven by the fuel of energy

through the engine of matter

producing the intangible

i am a conduit

a be-funnelled tube

through which the strings of the intangible

(yes, Virginia, that is a paradox)

are poured

at one end are the warp of the vacuum and the woof of the real

they pass through the various holes and receptors

that make up me

they percolate and mix in the various churns and algorithms

that make up me

they are transformed and output through the various digits and communicators

that make up me

and thus a poem is born

the source is everything

the source, at least in my eccentricity

is never nothing

some would say that the author is dead

that all a writer is is a blender

i am not dead

i am a unique filter

*and* a blender, for which i never apologize

the claim that the author is dead

is no more than a weak insult

delivered by a non-poet

who does not truly understand what it means

to create

to be the first in the universe

to translate what is

into what is now

i am doing this even as i speak

and will do it again in the very-off-chance

that anyone will ever hear me read this

the reason everybody is wrong

is that critics speak in absolutes

there are only three absolutes

you

and

me

and

everything else

the source of poetry

is you

and

me

and

everything else

of those three

the only ones that matter

are all of them

why?

because they all have meaning

and meaning is the blood of poetry

this is my credo

tattoo it on the inside of your eyelid

and you will never cease to amaze yourself

i am the funnel

i am the Midnight Deconstructionist

you are turning me on

and i have no reason to lie to you