The Deconstructionist’s Final Moments

this is a poem

it is a poem about the ending of all poems

many poets will tell you

that a poem takes on a life of its own

this is a lie

the life that it takes on

is a tiny piece of the poet’s life

yet oddly

the poet is not diminished

in giving away his life

*au contraire*

i live more and more deeply

with each word that leaves my brain

perhaps

the poet (i should admit

that this means i) is a loving vampire

giving away eternal life

while bleeding the life from his public

there are two facets to this life:

the exercising of my brain

and the intangible unexplainable

that is the exchange

only art, knowledge and love can be given away

and leave both giver and receiver

richer, smarter, and more beautiful

that ending

is a natural ending

you are richer, smarter, and more beautiful

and i’m done.

this is the final poem

in the series

until the next one