The Deconstructionist’s Longing

this is a poem

it is a poem about the audience

hello audience

this is a poem about you

and it is a poem

about the unique and storied

love

between the teller of tales

and the listener, which is you

i sit here

my hands on my computer

(for this is the age of hands on computers)

and i imagine

you

i hear these words ringing in the cathedral of my brain

and i think of

you

i do my best to hear for

you

because you are all that matters

what am i? a wind between two moments

but if i may blow through your mind

leave the merest wisp of meaning behind

i have succeeded in my art —

you never step in the same mind twice

but that’s not enough for me

i’m greedy

i wish our bond to be so great

that you are forced to respond

to think of

me

to consider meaning for

me

to make an audience of

me

for what is love

but the longing to break down the barriers

and shorten the distance between us

you are my audience

and if there is no difference between us

i will sleep tonight

and forever

the sleep of the consummated