The Deconstructionist’s Bathroom Mirror

this is a poem

it is a poem about apologizing

my beloved thinks that sometimes my deconstructionist poems are arrogant

she is right

honesty is almost always arrogant, it assumes one knows, one knows

i can be arrogant

i can think i’m right when everybody is wrong

but the arrogance in these poems is ironic

here is what i feel/know/act upon:

everything i know is wrong

except that i know that everything i know is wrong

i choose this arrogant tone on occasion

to show the courage of my convictions

i believe this stuff, even if it is wrong

and to present it as anything less than absolute

would only dilute that which i find profound

and above whispering in the wind

but i am more than that

do not presume to judge me on the basis of these poems

they are my friends

my education

my entertainment

my self-assurance

my loves

you can read the above in more than one way

“they are my friends”:

*these poems are personal friends of mine*

*these poems are made of my friends*

how did you read them?

the only words on this page

are the words on this page

but they trigger in you

a billion reactions

and not all of them are what i expected

some of them are

i’m not really in control

and if i was, you’d hate me

last time i wrote a deconstructionist poem

i was being arrogant

it’s true, and you cannot be faulted for not enjoying it

this poem is not arrogant

it is an opening, that causes me some pain

i am the Midnight Deconstructionist

and less

and more

and if i apologize

i’m probably wrong about that too