The Deconstructionist’s Diagnosis

this is a poem

it is a poem now

it is still a poem

it is a poem about the Deconstructionist’s effort to record and analyze time

as a function of poetry

and poetry

as a function of time

*an oblique:*

my i

is located behind my eyes

i have two eyes

not just for stereoscopy

but one for each brain

i have an i/2 for each brain

a left i

a right i

let me introduce you

i am the left i. i am logical, linear and sensible. i think in such a way that the necessities of life are taken care of. i provide the outline to the essay of life. to me, time is a river. it flows from the past to the future, and i stand on the bank, in the present, my hook in the water, and never touch the same river twice.

i am the right i

i like stuff

intangibles, shiny things and

i may not believe in god

i just hope he/she/it/they believe in me

to me, time is a river that flows from infinity to infinity

and i swim in its current, and never touch the same river twice

the operative

is of course

that i never touch the same river twice

humans have debated this sentence for thousands of years

my i’s have no trouble with it

my left i

sees the river, and knows that it follows the same path

but contains different water each moment

by definition

my right i

sees the river, and knows that it is a symbol

both of the infinite and of constant change

by intuition

*an anoblique:*

this started out as a poem

it is still a poem

yet, like my i’s

it sees itself as a work-in-progress

that was the right i speaking

the left i knows that there is no poem that can see itself

even as a work-in-progress

however, the right i knows that time

as we understand it

only exists for conscious beings

but there is more than one kind of time

there is time that measures change

and there is the time of the i

the left

knows that the time of the i

is an illusion

but he cherishes this illusion

because he knows that it is crucial

to the functioning of the right i

(they love each other)

when the two i’s get together

they become synergistic

nature knowed good

what nature was doing

when it made two i’s

when time is flowing smoothly

for the synergized i’s

a poem is created

all forms of zany antics ensue

like this

this is a poem

at this very moment

at this very moment

at this very moment

time is flowing perfectly for the Deconstructionist

my i’s are clear

this poem is emerging

from the synergistic

workings

of the two i’s

there are only two times in the Deconstructionist’s life

when time flows perfectly

and the two i’s are working perfectly

one is fucking my love

one is writing, my love

*excuse the vulgarity, i wished to emphasize the physicality of the act*

*lest you believe*

*that i don’t live in the physical world*

a poem is a little river of words

it has a beginning somewhere

yet from the vantage point of any particular point

seems to flow from unknown-where (my i’s)

to other-where (your i’s)

you stand on the bank

or swim in the current

as your i’s see fit

and the flow of ideas

continues unabated

the poem, when written

has a beginning

but it doesn’t begin your thoughts

it joins them like a tributary

and it has an end

but your thoughts continue

like a river that forks off

leaving a brook to one side

this poem, therefore

is a flow in time

it started out with

this is a poem

but it is not the same poem it was

when it said nothing yet

the only poem that existed at that moment

was in your own mind, and in your own time

which is not the time of this writing

you are swimming in/standing by

the same river/poem/time

but it is not the same river/poem/time

it is a river of you

the only times

in other words

when my i’s feel perfect

is when i’m fucking my love

or

when this is a poem

(and, adds the right i

i love you)