The Deconstructionist’s Identity Crisis

this is a poem

it is a(nother) poem about the i

i do not exist

that’s because i’m fictional

i am the Midnight Deconstructionist

and i’ll be your narrator this evening

the thing is

the Midnight Deconstructionist

is a figment of an imagination

i am him, but he is non-existent

he exists in the first-person narration only

you cannot shake hands with him/me

you cannot pick him/me up in a bar

(no matter how he/i turn/s you on)

you cannot tell him/me to change the subject already

the Midnight Deconstructionist

as a character in his own/my imagination

is the creator of the i

which is a me

which is the creator of the Midnight Deconstructionist

it is he who writes the i

the i is he

because he/i doesn’t really exist

anything i say about him may be false

everything i have said

in this entire series of poems

is the result of a non-existent

mental process by a non-existent character

created by the mental process

of the i

who only exists in this poem

as a construct of the non-existent Midnight Deconstructionist

do you see my problem?

earlier

i gave you this picture of him



later i gave you this picture of a poem



since the Midnight Deconstructionist

doesn’t exist

either picture would have been perfectly valid photo

of the Midnight Deconstructionist

each one is a potentially accurate image of a fiction

the fiction that created the above conundrum

so the question is

am i a banana?

or am i a bespectacled moustachioed middle-aged man

sitting on a rock?

neither perhaps

the Midnight Deconstructionist is equally representable

by either of the following images, or both

in fact

he/i am neither of these either

the photo above is also a fiction

the narrator of this

is not a bespectacled moustachioed middle-aged man

sitting on a rock

you know this

because i am writing a poem

and the man in the photo is sitting on a rock

the man, therefore, is not the Midnight Deconstructionist

i warned you

that everything i say

seeing as i don’t exist

is a fiction, even the true parts

i will however give you this:

the one thing that you may know

beyond any shadow of a doubt

is that you are loved

and that as my audience

the audience of a fictional character

who only exists in imagination

love is the only thing you are entitled to

spend it wisely