The Deconstructionist’s Navel

this is a poem

it is a poem about the Deconstructionist

why does the deconstructionist write poetry when essays are usually best-read in prose?

why does he insist on the form least suited to success?

why does he refuse to adapt to the demands of his own limited market?

why does he speak of himself in the third person when everyone knows it’s him?

ok, i won’t speak of myself in the third person

***I*** am the Midnight Deconstructionist

and i am a poet

look at me



do i not look poetic?

things about me:

i am very slow to anger

i am very easy to make laugh

i don`t care about a lot of things that i should care about (money above all)

i believe in love, peace, liberty and art

i think in words, lots of words, freakin` words all over the place

it would be easy to say

that i did not choose this life

that it chose me.

as i’ve stated elsewhere

things don’t choose

they are chosen

i chose this life

still,

i have tried everything i could

to not be a poet

and again and again, this is where i end up

i have tried, without success

to be another form of artist

another form of technician

another form of professional

and all i can say is

splat

some people think in pictures

(at least, they say they do, i have my doubts)

i see pictures all the time

they always illustrate things i end up describing

in words, lovely words

but not just any words

there is an art to putting words down

or reciting them aloud —

to elevate speech and text

from the mundane

requires an attachment to the aesthetic:

what is oft referred to as

*literature (pronounced LI-tri-chur).*

i have this attachment

i have written one-and-a-half novels

i have written perhaps a hundred essays

i am attached to their stories, their content

but i am not attached to their words

they are not poetry, which is why people will like them

we have no word, oddly enough

to describe the *what* of speech and text

that is the magic heart of what we do

we borrow from song:

*rhythm, cadence, music*

we borrow from the tactile:

*smooth, flowing, textured*

we borrow from math:

*elliptical, circular, linear*

in poetry we sometimes speak of scansion

it is a made-up word that misses the point

made-up words should never miss the point

the first job of poetry, therefore,

is to find a way to speak of itself

when you can adequately describe what you do

you are a poet

until then, you are just poetic

this is a pronouncement, rather than a rule

and as such, is wrong

too bad, one of the things i don`t care about

is whether this is right or wrong,

it`s poetry, and rightness or wrongness belong to science

i attempt, when writing poetry

to speak poetically

i am unfashionable that way

and as noted above,

i am unwilling to adapt to fashion

as a result, i am unpopular with editors

i am frequently rejected, and dejected

this means nothing

some people say

that the words flow through them

this is another cliché too often repeated

i create the juxtaposition of words

they flow from a space inside me

where the Five Domains meet:

world

intellect

emotion

spirit

body

for some people, when these things coalesce

it`s time to cook a chicken

when they coalesce in me

i must write, and usually poetry

and often of a self-revelatory nature

it often strikes me late at night

when i wish i was sleeping (it`s 12:36 right now)

this is why I call myself

the Midnight Deconstructionist

your soul

and your words

are two things you can give away

and still keep.

these words contain a piece of my soul

that intangible creation of the dangerous fact

that we are more than the sum of our parts

the soul of a poet

is the interface of the elements

i feel the silk of wind in my pores

i feel the tug of tides in my blood

i feel the growth of the tree of life in my hands

i burn with the knowledge of my fate

therefore

no matter how i twist and turn

how i attempt to shake from myself

the clinging droplets of heaven

i am a poet

it is my task

my duty

to return poetry to the world

feed the aching hunger of the masses

for i am the Midnight Deconstructionist

coming soon, to the meeting of the Five Domains

that is you.