The Deconstructionist’s Plumbing

this is a poem

it is a poem about the techniques of creating poetry

i use a computer

a strange little box

i poke my little buttons with the arcane rhythms

of the adept

my poetry, aided by speed

therefore matches (i hope)

the contours of the human voice

while containing the humours of music

i could not do this with a pen

as i speak

my lips are not moving at all

i have learned to speak through my fingers

to listen to myself with my eyes

speech, therefore, has become

a multisensual activity

it is through the dance of my hands

that the rhythms are maintained

it could be said

that the rhythm

is the rhythm of the blood, the nerves, the muscles and the mind

i could alter this

methodology by

simply go

ing back over this

verse and cutting the

lines in different

places. this creates a

broken and

jagged rhythm of

which i am not

fond. this is

especially easy with the

sophisticated software with

which i create my opi.

opi?

my computer tells me that there

is no word opi

can your pen do that?

if i don’t like what i have done

it requires very little work to repair it ~~to my~~

to my satisfaction

for instance

i could alter this methodology

by simply going back over this verse

and cutting the lines in different places.

this creates a smoother and more comfortable rhythm

of which i am fond.

this is the work of a few seconds

with the sophisticated software

with which i create my opuses.

this is not an assumption of superiority

ok it is

no wait, it isn’t

i can make arguments for both sides

composing poetry longhand

forces more reflection on any single word

more intense thought on each line

a more technical and studied approach to wordsmithy

on the other hand, it means that errors or misjudgements

are less often corrected

and grander revisions harder to make

and therefore less likely

there was a long, long time

when poetry was only oral

when words were passed down only by memory

change in the stories and songs

happened organically

mistakes and revisions were passed down

and the stories and epic poems grew

— there are stories 10 000 years old —

when writing was invented

poems took a long time to make the jump

poets took a back seat to accountants and phony historians

but once we climbed aboard the bandwagon

we took pride of place.

poor poets

history slaps us in the face again

the quill

was a great leap forward

ink and paper are still the choice of millions of invisible wordsmiths

i used to write that way

but my hands disliked it

i only did it because the technology was out of my league

once i made the jump

i had jumped for good

i am sure

that there are purists

who will tell you that the only way

to write a great poem

is by hand

this is like saying

that the only way to paint a great painting

is with a natural brush

~~or that the only way to have sex~~

~~is with a natural lubricant~~

because i type swiftly

and my words are recorded naturally

my poetry is very oral

the voice in my head

is the voice with which i would say these lines

by speeding up the process of writing

i have brought poetry full-circle

finally and firmly marrying

the verbal and the written

i hope

that the tickling of my keyboard

with the fingers

connected to the nerves

connected to my brain

connected to my voice

will resonate with your internal voice

and that we will

for just a moment

be truly one

failing that, just give me some money

poetry is great, but the pay is terrible