# A review of me

Adam Joel Richards

is an intersection of time and dimension

a collection of volitional molecules

obsessed with his own illusions

he has long fancied himself a collector of thoughts

rather than a walking organ bank

his cells are controlled by the actions

of oxygen and organic matter

regulated by a mass of unspectacular glop

occuping the upper one tenth of his frame

this is his magnum opus

in it, he examines himself and his world

through the lens of his experience

coloured, as it were, by the physicality

of his existence

he imagines himself to exist on several levels

simultaneously occupying realms of pure thought

and something called spirit

his left brain, an organizer of intangibles

finds this ridiculous

but his right brain, a creator of intangibles

seems not to care

the contents of the work

are in many cases reflexive

even recursive

he deconstructs not only his world

but himself and his product

with varying results

he intends that each meme

should stand on its own

a closed system of logic

wrapped in a jeweled case

but really, he is seeking approval

his audience is other creatures

similar to himself

who are likewise capable

of interpreting squiggles on paper

as a coherent non-entity

taken as a whole

we cannot know how well he succeeds in his quest

it may be that he has already used up

all his best thoughts

because there are some excellent deconstructions here

and some trivial doggerel of a political nature

some of it is redeemed by its humour

but those who do not share his philosophies

may find his work

self-indulgent and solipsistic

imagining as he does that he is the centre of the world

and that centre should be spelled centre not center

in some cases, he has achieved what he sets out to do

the problem is, that without a clear guide to his intentions

much of his work descends into obscurity

wrapped too tightly in its compression

to shed light on the world that surrounds him

apparently, he wishes the reader to believe

that he is the ultimate arbiter of the

metalogical (how can you not love that word?)

and the metaphysical (also how can you not love that word?)

it must be left to the reader

to judge this work

did I really just write that? how inane

who else can possibly judge it?

Adam Joel Richards is large, beige and Canadian,

and if poetry can be considered a job,

I suppose I am employed, but by whom?