**The Deconstructionist’s Revenge**

this is a poem

it is a poem about you

you are the reader of this poem

i am the readee

this poem is complete

but not finished

only you can finish this poem

i, the readee, do not have a good idea

of who you are

i know only one significant thing about you

that you are reading this poem

(and that you can read, but that doesn’t count)

i do not know, for instance

by what method you experience this poem

it may be through the reflected photons that

bounce!

off a slice of wood fibre

highlighting the combination of chemicals

we call ink

or it may be

on the other hand

photons emitted from the light source

we call a computer

there is another version of this poem, of course

you may be hearing this poem

but that’s another story

(see: The Deconstructionist’s Dilemma)

those photons pass through the retina

strike photoreceptors on the back of the eyeball

trigger an electronic impulse

which is translated through the optic nerve

(the only part of the human brain which touches

the outside world

) the impulse travels into your brain

is deciphered in the cortex

analyzed and compared with deep memory

sparks leap from neuron to axon to synapse

the brain functions now occuring are too many to count

what I know

is that you are no longer the reader

that you were

when i told you that you were the reader

this is still a poem

but it is not the same poem

as you are not the same reader

you complete this poem

with your own thoughts

and your own impulses

but you are changed in doing so

i, the readee, have changed you, the reader

as you have changed this poem

and you will never again be what you were

is this something to be proud of?

it is and it isn’t

any readee can change you

if i have changed you for the better

it is something to be proud of