The Deconstructionist’s Construction

this is a poem

it is a poem about my own inadequacy

my field, bless us all

is filled with brilliant nobodies

towering geniuses

tirelessly building molehills

on the sides of mountains

these molehills

add nothing to the dimensions

of the mountains

nor its other measurements

every once in a while

a genius among geniuses comes along

and excavates one mountain

to add its height to another

more rarely

a genius among geniuses among geniuses comes along

and builds a new mountain

from the ruins of another

once in an age

a genius among you get the picture comes along

and begins the process of continental drift

which causes a new mountain range to arise

this poem is a molehill