The Deconstructionist’s Territory

this is a poem

it is a poem about theory

it is a theory about theory

it is a theory about poems

i am writing this

you are familiar with this process by now

at the moment i write it

it is perfect truth

i cannot be lying when i tell you

i am writing this

*scribo ergo sum*

that is the only thing that i can tell you in a poem

which is always true

granted, there are variations on it, but they are all alike

i am having trouble in school

it would seem that i am supposed to believe things

that come in books

it would seem that i am supposed to believe things

that are said by famous people

famous people say all sorts of clever things

that turn out to be wrong

sometimes they say wrong things very cleverly

so that we are reluctant to think they are wrong

some of the most famous things said by the most famous people

turn out to have holes in them

i am the Midnight Deconstructionist

i should worship Derrida

yet in Derrida i find much that cannot be believed

assumptions made into axioms

illogic disguised as cause and effect

bold statements unsupported by reason

it’s very good prose

just not very good deconstruction

this leaves me in a bind

which fortunately i am mostly capable of ignoring:

the theory which is supposed to support my pursuit

is a bad theory

it has mistakes of logic in it

i have seemingly based my life

on that which is but a weak foundation

how can i do this?

the answer is simple:

i use the tools

refuse the theory

theory is for deconstructionists who are more interested

in deconstructing deconstruction

than in deconstructing that which needs to be reconstructed

every act of deconstruction

if it does not lead to an act of new construction

is an exercise in waste

it is like wearing the most beautiful underwear in the world

and never taking your pants off

i, as the Midnight Deconstructionist

wish my deconstruction to aid in your understanding

of poetry, poets and poems

even if it does so in a roundabout way

however

i want you to remember

that you cannot believe anything i say

simply because i said it

this is poetry

and in poetry, there are no rules

(which is why everybody hates poetry,

but that’s a subject for another poem)