

Deconstruct This

We analyze each sentence,
Sequester every word,
Imputing to the author,
Voices never heard.
We look for hidden meaning,
Revealing every trace,
There are no noble sentiments;
Only supplemental grace.

The author could not mean this,
He was a simple dolt,
Look at the meaning of his words,
They signify revolt.
We understand his meaning,
Much better than he ought,
He only wrote the words,
We'll tell you what he thought.

Do you think his anguish genuine?
Do you think he was in pain?
Do you think he even thought,
When writing just for gain.
Just ask us and we'll show you,
We'll deconstruct his mind,
Revealing every hidden secret
That he thought to hide.

Oh sweetest retribution,
Infinite delight;
When we can tell what authors meant
Without the benefice of sight.
Welcome to the modern world,
Where words can never mean,
What you intended, or what you wanted;
But what others say they seem.

This poem is nearly over,
The sentiment has passed;
Please try to deconstruct the phrase,
Jacques Derrida, kiss my ass.