

2016

Deconstruction

Al Rocheleau

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Recommended Citation

Rocheleau, Al (2016) "Deconstruction," *Studio One*: Vol. 41.

Available at: http://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/studio_one/vol41/iss1/24

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Deconstruction

This is me, after hours
of unsatisfactory discourse,
of philosophy and laundry lists,
attempting to explain it all
in a poem.

This is me standing in front of the house.
I am looking at that corner
of roof-trim that needs fixing—
such an old house, and poor carpenter.

This is a photograph of both us out there,
taken by Julie who wanted to use up her film.
She will find it years from now,
and affix it to a nondescript album
(the kind that are stacked
and adorned with printed flowers).

This is me cut out of stiff tan paper,
overlaid with a red square and two
brown rectangles, black ovals for shoes;
I'm pressed into blue background
with a stapled green band at the bottom,
and the brown house is a square, the
black roof triangle, white curlicue
for smoke, red chimney. There is paste
seeping through the edges. That sweet paste.

This is me an open oval
on loose-leaf.
Eyes, no mouth.

This is a smear of carrots
on the wall. It is also me.

This is a cry, an attempt
to communicate.

This is me.
Where are you?

This
is me.

-Al Rocheleau
Orlando, FL