I held out *Either/Or* to the world in my left hand, and in my right the *Two Edifying Discourses*; but all, or as good as all, grasped with their right what I held in my left. I had made up my mind before God what I should do: I staked my case on the *Two Edifying Discourses*; but I understood perfectly that only very few understood them.

Sylviane Agacinski, *Aparté: conceptions et morts de Sören Kierkegaard*

No hope for those who cannot learn to read. Salvation brooks no ‘on the other hand’. It’s up to you: peruse *The Point of View For My Work As an Author*, then decide. As you see fit. No get-out clauses left, Just the one choice: shall faith now set you right?

Yet it’s the works I proffered with my right Hand that you crafty scanners choose to read Ironically, or take up with your left, And so ensure you’ve artful ploys in hand For that unending failure to decide When called upon that marks the aesthete’s view.

Then you retort: ‘but every shift of view In texts like *Either/Or* shows we’ve the right, As clued-up readers, sometimes to decide Against your wishes. We may choose to read In ways that don’t come down to second-hand Renditions of some study-guide you’ve left

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To wean us deconstructors off our left-field strategies, our *n'y a pas d'hors-texte* view, And do God’s work by taking us in hand, Straight talk at last’. I say: just get me right On my own edifying terms, just read Those boring works of mine, and then decide

As Knights of Faith apply the term 'decide', Not you aesthetic types. You’ll find I've left The life-path stages marked up plain to read For those who’ve come around to either view, The strivers for redemption on my right, The skivers chancing all on the left hand

Of exegetic darkness. Got to hand It to them, those close-readers who decide To call my textual bluff; that's me all right, Read strictly à la lettre, but they're left Up dead-end creek if we switch to the view-Point of an author charged, like me, to read

God’s purposes as those alone can read Who pass beyond that stage. We know first-hand What aesthetes come at merely with a view To rigging things so they can pre-decide Life’s greatest question in the one way left To ironists. They tell me: ‘serves you right

If we stick up for every reader’s right To quit the passive ways you’d have us read, To set aside those study-notes you left And then, thus liberated, try our hand At letting text and readership decide What novel sense-horizons greet our view’.

But here’s my question: how can ‘point of view’ Denote a view from nowhere, one that’s right For nobody except as they decide, Like my young man in *Either/Or*, to read Their own life-choices as they might a hand At cards or some quixotic fiction left

To its own plot-devices. That’s a left-hand take on right-hand business, or a view, Like Hegel’s, aimed at giving *Geist* a hand With some high-rise Philosophy of Right While squatting in its shade content to read Whatever trash the *Zeitgeist* might decide.
You’ll say I let my pseudonyms decide
On many things, so there’s a lot of left-
In trickery that gives you scope to read
The whole job-lot – not least *The Point of View*,
That trusty *vade mecum* – as a right
Royal licence for such textual sleights of hand.

That’s why you say it’s downright underhand,
My ruse for getting readers to decide
In my deictic place. So talk of right-
Hand direct discourse as opposed to left-
Hand subterfuge sounds like the God’s-eye view
Of one who wills his readers not to read.

No tricks: I showed my hand; no ruses left.
They too decide who take the aesthete’s view.
Their right, to choose damnation as they read.