He seethed at the injustice of it:
the reader stuffed with superior knowledge
while the characters were fed a thin gruel
of misinformation that led them nowhere.
The man who hated irony scorned the critics
who held this trope above all others;
just as he loathed his so-called friends
sniggering behind his back as he moved
from one unhappy romance to another,
confident that they understood his weakness
for needy but withholding lovers better than he did,
and reading his compulsions as some variety of Fate.
Could life know more about the living
than the living knew about themselves?
Perhaps. But it still didn’t make it right.
Knowledge should be universal or not known at all.
He came to believe secrets were the cause of war:
each side protecting itself against its ignorance of the other.
If only knowledge wasn’t limited to the privileged few
we could live in peaceful harmony
or at least subject to the same forces of chance.
The way he saw it, the inequalities of knowledge
were worse than the inequalities of wealth,
but given Wall Street was no more than an insider’s game,
there was little to choose between them.  
He welcomed government surveillance of his emails
if that would mean a level playing field
where he and the titans of finance
would be forced to reveal themselves simultaneously.
He had no doubts the striptease would be long, drawn out,
the opera gloves removed finger by elegant finger,
the fan, expertly maneuvered to cover the flesh,
but in the end they’d both be naked to the world.
He scorned playwrights who gave to their audiences
an understanding to which the actors were blind.
Would someone for once get up at the start of *Oedipus*  
and fill the lead in: “For god’s sake, it’s you.
who’s causing the plague. It’s not your fault, for how
were you to know the rash actions of your youth
would come back and bite you.”

But why are we so sure that Oedipus is the culprit?
Couldn’t it be that some toxin is polluting the city?

heavy metals from the blacksmith’s forge
somehow seeping into the ground water,
a scientific explanation that Sophocles
ignored because he was so puffed up with pride?

Perhaps, he concluded, the greatest irony would be
that we were mistaken all along, taken in
by Tiresias’ jumble of gossip and jealousy
and that we should be the ones packing out bags
and gouging out our eyes while Jocasta and the king
prepare for a slow dance at Antigone’s wedding?