

Emerson, Transparent Eyeball

1. Emerson's genteel heckle:

*I see you have chosen Shakespeare over
Dante in their fight for your soul.
His comely features were your sole
Reason. You wished to be his lover.*

*Dante at least sought to pierce through
The Veil of Maya to the Whole.
Shakespeare is not the Oversoul. –
Well, Chacun à son mauvais gout...*

Did you not call Shakespeare the great
Horizon, and mere 'Master of
The Revels', not a god above
The fray, but a great Trickster? *I hate*

*Quotations. And yet all minds quote.
In alienated majesty
Via your timely plagiary
Return the words that I once wrote.*

'T that is nothing, and sees all?
Self that is all self can see nothing.
Does not self change itself like clothing?
The Veil tears, and the trumpets call,

*Breathes through us now the Atman's breath,
Breathes in a warmth of shining gold,
We are in Everything: behold
The Substance beyond life and death!*

A bit *de trop*, that sort of thing,
I must say, my dear Emerson.
Yet with Spinoza you are one:
The lecturer, the lens-grinder sing

One sober, mystic Pantheist
Hymn to a thing not Him or Her.
Well, bless your Substance; I prefer
The attributes. They can be kissed.

*Kisses betray. Flesh dies. The Atman
Is the eternal Youth. How broad
Your views are! If your Brahman God
Exists, He is a very Fat Man.*

See Further Revelations II:
Psychomachia. – [Mr V]



By Christopher Cranch.

A bit of stichomythia, anyone?

You are as tall as you are thin,
Thin as the nothing that you are,
Seeing All: the Deep and High, the Far
And Wide, the End and Origin.

2.

From the Red Planet comes Lord Shiva
To wage a war the world upon!
Transparent-Eyeball Emerson,
A Martian war-machine, bereaver

Of cities with his Ray of Death,
The Cyclops Ralph on Waldo stilts
Of steel is wrecking all Man builds
As down to human life's last breath

Dread Shiva's Robot takes its toll.
Its gamma-potent pantheist vision
Abstracts things without intermission.
And the Overlord of Oversoul

Who to the transient self is Lord
Of Darkness threatens now to spread
Worldwide his Empire of the Dead.
But Something somehow steals aboard

The Eyeball-Golem in its stride
Amid the rubble it has made.
The death-ray's strength begins to fade:
Disease is taking hold inside,

A general, woolly reverie;
An abstraction of an abstraction
Metastasises, rarefaction
Of thoughts breeds growing vacancy

Till with a deafening creak and metal
Groan the great towering Waldo falls
Crashing: acres across it sprawls,
And the contents begin to settle,

Parts with a clatter and deafening clank
Swing on their hinges or fall off
The chassis – for the landing's rough.
My friends, we have a germ to thank.



Is that you, Mr Emerson?