[](http://inmemoriamc33.com/zarathustra.mp3)***Reading Nietzsche in the Afterlife***

*As Gide recommended … I am struck by one*

*of the aphorisms in* Beyond Good and Evil.

Seldom are advocates *artist*

Enough to turn the beautiful horror

Of, say, the murder of a whore, or

♫

A lover, poisoned with a twist

Of lemon, irony and fate,

To the advantage of their clients.

For our Newtonian moral science

Is heavy-handed, overweight,

And cannot keep up with life’s nimble

Complexities and gravity-

Defying, cosmic flippancy,

Of which the criminal is symbol.

You’d think he had been reading, ‘Pen,

 Pencil, and Poison’ and was thinking

Of Wainwright! Psychic interlinking

Exists between like spirits, then?

*Enter Nietzsche.*

*We seem to plagiarise each other!*

*Who should sue whom, and in what court?*

To steal saves time, for life is short

And art is long, and work’s a bother.

\*

*What is God? Nothing real or firm.*

*A name for namelessness. A place-*

*Holder, an X.* As Arnold says,

‘God is a literary term’—

*An inconceivability*

*Impersonating a concept Is he plagiarising Lichtenberg?*

*That in its ghostly grasp has kept*

*The mind from setting itself free.*

Reports of God’s demise are highly

Exaggerated. He may slink

Into your conscience, and ghost-think

Your thoughts, even now. The dead are wily.

*The hand releasing must be steady.*

*The Buddha’s shadow lingered on*

*The wall long after he was gone*

*And will not leave till it is ready.*

**\*

Didn’t I, too, like Hallam, though

Otherwise a far different type,

Appear before the time was ripe?

You pay a price if you outgrow

Your own contemporaries. Fate

In the mask of society

Punishes prematurity.

Too early we are born, too late

Appreciated for our good.

*Some of us are born posthumously,*

*Herr Wilde. Our ‘type’ is doomed to be*

*Heard loudly and faintly understood,*



*Because we are not types at all,*

*But the exceptions to the rules,*

*Including those of any ‘Schools.’*

*We stand for the Atypical.*

*In us all ‘types’ come to an end.*

*A population that consists*

*Purely of individualists:*

*Of this we are the omens, friend,*

A world of artists who fulfill

Themselves at every moment! With

Each thought and deed they make the myth

Of themselves. *Only such can will*

*Their own return eternally.*

*The Will is powerless* not *to will.*

*The Nihilist, willing Nothing, still*

*Is* willing, *willing* not *to be.*

*The Lion in the desert roars In* Thus Spake Zarathustra.

*I WILL. The Dragon says, THOU SHALT.*

*Here even Lion spirits halt.*

*The Child is the renewing force.*

*We are born old, we Moderns, sinning*

*Against LIFE. This was my demand:*

*‘Grow young again!’ Let ‘the Child’ stand*

*For innocence always beginning.*