

Reading Nietzsche in the Afterlife

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?

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.

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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
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.

*As Gide recommended ... I am struck by one
of the aphorisms in Beyond Good and Evil.*



Enter Nietzsche.



Is he plagiarising Lichtenberg?

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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
I WILL. The Dragon says, THOU SHALT.
Here even Lion spirits halt.
The Child is the renewing force.*

In Thus Spake Zarathustra.

*We are born old, we Moderns, sinning
Against LIFE. This was my demand:
'Grow young again!' Let 'the Child' stand
For innocence always beginning.*