

## Nietzsche's Lament

by jake *Wednesday, Sep 6 2017, 11:45pm*

international / poetry / post

no-one gave me 30  
when i was very young,  
torn and buffeted by  
unnatural, destructive social forces  
too immediate to avoid, you can guess

indeed i was a (taught) self-destructive, maniac  
but i knew, way down so deep inside  
i wondered where that impulse -- the will to survive -- arose  
i would persist and overcome  
against the odds not to prove a point  
but to honour my mysterious comforter

i had learned from the Tao to yield and not break,  
overcome as water overcomes by  
yielding but not allowing anything to overwhelm essential nature;  
water remains water, tho it allows itself to be shaped by external  
forces  
it never forfeits its nature, and by so doing, it defeats without effort  
the forces that assail it

how i love that poem by Lao  
none have equaled it in 2,500 years  
tho the knowledge of my impulse  
remains unclear,  
tho nearer than it was in my youth

i recall while in the last throes of overcoming self-destruction  
how suicidal temperaments were attracted,  
nudging their way through my defences  
seeking help i thought  
i was able without effort to support and prolong their lives  
but dependence was their undoing as all relations  
must end one way or another  
and without self-sufficiency or internal support  
the manics finally succumbed

others whom i hadn't seen in decades would appear on my doorstep  
in the midst of nervous breakdowns exhibiting extreme  
murderous/suicidal tendencies -- by that time i had learned  
and was able to piece their shattered minds into coherence  
and send them on their 'way'

i recall how i was introduced to Nietzsche's works at uni,  
poor fellow, he hadn't learned you cannot force  
'the will to power,' it must issue like a small mountain stream  
at first and then allowed to become a raging river  
or scouring glacier or just a trickle until it reaches its source, the  
sea,  
the 'sea' of course was/is the comforter of my youth,  
excuse the metaphor and allusion  
i try not to use allusions or metaphors  
in didactic prose

poor Nietzsche and others  
bereft of the real will to power, they always destruct  
either by internal or external forces -- history is replete --  
yet these 'heroes' of academia or the battlefield  
fall like leaves from static trees  
though they are held in high esteem by sick cultures  
unconsciously pursuing annihilation,  
no-one seems to understand that culmination is the measure,  
if it ends in defeat  
then why follow?

the wind blows outside,  
rain drenches everything in its path;  
will she respond to my appeals?  
tho few have the courage to engage me these days  
they sense something undefinable, disturbing to their minds  
(self-sufficiency) people unfortunately wish to dominate

fortunately i no longer attract entropics/defeatists  
all seem to sense the power of the will to overcome and survive  
tho they are unaware it arises from  
pure, unadulterated LOVE,  
the unpolluted, unfathomable force that creates, sustains and  
destroys universes  
in one process,  
this is the full featured face of  
my and Your comforter

we shall see how brave and strong she is ...  
i watch, thru the wind and rain