

# A MYSTERY

*Kate Carpenter*

This poem was inspired by Nietzsche's Prologue to *Thus Spake Zarathustra*.

Jester leaping over slow stuck man.  
I do my leaping. I rage.  
I am camel and lion, master and slave.  
I am obligation, a burden of tradition.  
A lion of rage. "No!"  
Not broken free. I am still raging.  
Leaping could be over me.

I have not leapt, says the stuck one honestly.

Ideas.  
Who is master? Who is slave?  
I need to free myself.  
Forwards, backwards, or down (why not up?)  
Not known, the rope.  
A tightrope walker balances between past and future.  
He loses his head, I plunge, the Dionysian and die.

But I have not been daring. Stuck.  
Lash out in frenzy, could I?  
The rope. Apollonian and directional.  
I'm still on it but the jester is prodding me, cajoling me,  
gaining on me.  
Rage.