

Nietzsche's Horse

As I step from my rented room
Seeking to shrug off my mind's burden,
I am greeted with new sorrow.

A horse, a coachman, a whip.

Hoof beats on cobblestones.
Shifting weight, one leg to another.
Pacing, pulling at the reins.

It is I who cannot escape,

Black, wide eyes.
A head thrown back.
Gestures of panic and terror.

All my fears suddenly realized.

The coachman cracks his whip again.

The mark is left on me as well.

I rush forward,

Everything is moving too fast.

My arms wide, open.

Something in me closes forever.

I fall upon the horse.

Inside I am falling.

Grasping hair which slips through my fingers,

I have lost my grip.

I slide to the ground.

I am finished.

All the certainty,

All the sureness

Is gone.

Powerless to stop

Even this one inhumane act

Played out upon a horse,

How could I ever think

I could divine man's inhumanity to man?