



MOORE

The Center Of Fire

In barren pastures of the bitter North,
Asmodeus' children howl to the moon-washed forests.
Near Atlantis' roots in vast, cool black shades,
Blind sea-worms kiss the rusted hafts of lost warrior blades.
But neither lives at the base of ontology's desire,
Which stands immovable at the center of fire.

The eagle is tyrannical majesty,
Where is his Dionysian equal, O Nietzsche?
In torrid regions near the noon-day sun,
His mocking, controverting laughter is cruel and young.
Though he climbs flights of thermal stairs to where he desires,
He is brute-bound, and far from the center of fire.

Reason, they say, is a sacred blaze,
A light that illuminates dark paths in a mental maze.
It is an Apollonian virtue that stems from man's nature,
Where is HIS Dionysian equal, O Nietzsche?
Perhaps not yet in the stars, clever German, but out of the mire,
Man grasps as an infant for the center of fire.

George Jacox