

In Dissent of Heliocentrism

Christian Erikson

Bright star, how envious thou art to be,
Long lauded in that steadfast place apart,
Seizing wandering eyes straining to see—
Never in full—the display of your art.
For though by thine effulgence frosted swells
Do gleam and mountainous peaks brightly shine,
It is not within thee that glory dwells,
But as human hands should please to define.
Beauty locked or foul memory released
Vainly seek what blinding rays cannot steal,
And always find that mankind has not ceased
From thy eternal eyes power conceal.
Nature and record dictated by ink
Is why thou sanguine soar, but solemn sink.