

The Wheel

Ptolemy (2nd Century AD)

O Ptolemy, astronomer maligned,
We know you for your wheels and perfect spheres;
Though with your star charts could Columbus find
A continent, yet through you grew our fears.

Your rigid, earth-locked system froze men's minds
With dread of change or stripping Christ's throne bare;
Your vision of perfected heaven blinds
Mankind, traducing truth - our rightful heir.

You culled the laws of physics from the sky,
Subjecting us to Inquisition's rod;
Your skilled designs hid all reality
While separating us from our true god.

You strove so hard to save appearances,
Yet left us naught, save incoherences.

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We share one common ancestry:
Till the final destiny,
We but as children see.
From dread-filled night to sparkling day,
Life is motion in decay
Through which we yearn to be.

(c) John Marr