

# *Regulus*

Eric Wertheimer



# Regulus

Eric Wertheimer

## Sample Poems

to order, visit

<http://fourchamberspress.com/wertheimer>

Copyright © 2017 by Eric Wertheimer.  
All Rights Reserved.

ISBN 978-0-9973974-4-4

Published by Four Chambers Press  
PO Box 564, Phoenix, AZ 85001



## Ideology of Sky

“Regulus,” J.M.W. Turner, 1828

Gobbets  
glimmer over wind

and rain, divided  
pecan forests, old wonderground,

windbattered unmothered  
Chiclayan Airbase in Arizona. Struggling sun.

Passage a turned road,  
apostrophe

a form, earth's reverse creation, poured  
from blue unassembled gravel.

• • •

Her face began to snow, or  
to descend in a field of small bailings,

she underplanted her roses thereby.  
My sister on the other side of this dash,

even still at the back of my eye.  
Organized in pairs, pawed from the sky,

four companions haunching through dwarves,  
A B C covered by Rhodope and Erigone,

they're up there and blanching the sun in setback darkness.  
It is probably dense and white,

and directly unobservable  
the blue white companion of itself,

a spectrum of a pair at length,  
the accident of a guess against

the hazard of a shower  
of many-colored ether: abduction.

• • •

There is a line of beaded charms  
that encircles the spatial eros

of the maps that led me here,  
the reluctant morning

in the pulling off of the lid of night,  
and these hard-to-look-at

loved things, made the  
globe slow its oceanic washing.

At the 15th ecliptic constellation of Babylonia,  
where horizons sprout horizons,

the gems ambiguate Carthage;  
they guide the heliacal rising of the

morning, and the slunk storm of your brow.  
I found a meridian cloud

angsting in repeated apparitions above  
and curved to the dusty fields and

orange-banded hills, grape-spilling valleys, sun bomb.  
A canal and the exploded star

that sets fire to it every September,  
behind solstitial colures, the stringed tune.

There are four great circles up there  
—Venant, Satevis, Vascheter, Hastorang—

gravity darkening the vowels, pausing  
in the cargo of time's distance.

• • •

Some called it *basiliscus*  
and it stood for the entire sky, chording back

to the womb which is its inversion, its negative,  
but its identity too, all the same.

Wake to nothing  
aside what is bluntly hidden

by positions of chance  
Belleville to North Bay, to Why to Chinle.

Each day is misshapen close, oblate, short  
by nine hours, so the length of your self is spun farther,

while thick and rounded,  
Bahian river, the have-to-be

that flows south of the meridian.  
The day is nothing but day

And inside you, the day is nothing, its absence,  
occult eye, the sky.

## Rat Killers

Barking is brisk exercise,  
or Jim Thorpe copying newborn movement.  
Like the surprising defamation of age  
on the bodies of the hale and agile,  
most balanced and remembered.

Then, human talk is an evolutionary advance  
that takes alarm in a spill of rocks, in the  
night by effective whisper and groan, and  
non-urgent profanity, re-associating  
the dog's expellant energy as a son of time.  
Gravid green retinae needing deep self invernal,  
ringing down leaves from the short trees above  
with the fear it needs to warn, to somaticize,  
and exhausts in its physical mystery of

announcement. We live longer than these  
creatures—when the wind blows,  
the sky gets larger. We see the rocks and get closer,  
then say something, and hope for rest  
that puts more of something into us  
and lets us not empty it too soon.

## Dropped Ball

imagine a god  
who listens the way  
you listen, to the foreground  
only, and not the pink  
noise of engines  
choked to the slowest  
moving voiceless.

can you wait forever?  
would the space of  
this action abide  
ships that wander out to water's end,  
that permanently see gothic houses  
in mildly warm oceans?

the desert is blue  
and cannot wash the  
glittering ash from a  
palmed breeze. Nothing  
wants to freeze and undo

its falling, move back from the  
litter of orange or the toothy  
holes beneath the  
antipode of that there, dropped ball. The frond  
bows and wants it all over,

like heat is a fraud, and the  
other place it is needs commitment  
to a hospital of fire.  
everything else wants to move,

but is caught in pyracantha  
and brittlebush, empty of  
water in this time, and sucking air,  
waiting for a disease.

sea dogs long for waters  
yet keep watch on land.  
five others fail in the road  
until Casa Grande, or the jail.

## Claude Shannon's Machine

...nor in the end can life listen to itself.

—Thomas Mann, *The Magic Mountain*

It was Arthur C. Clarke who said “*Nothing could be simpler/  
merely a small wooden casket, the size and shape of a cigar box, with a  
single switch on one face//*

*“When you throw the switch, there is an angry, purposeful  
buzzing/ The lid slowly rises, and from beneath it emerges a hand/  
The hand reaches down, turns the switch off and retreats into the box*

*“With the finality of a closing coffin, the lid snaps shut, the  
buzzing ceases and peace reigns once more////*

*“The psychological effect, if you do not know what to expect, is  
devastating//////////*

*“There is something unspeakably sinister about a machine that  
does nothing—absolutely nothing—except switch itself off//”*

And distance makes us as dead as dead can be,  
might as well be and be that way in living,  
divorced from networks that disallow divorce,  
living in their webbery.

Writing poetry is like this,  
suffering too,  
anything that assumes a creator  
is like this.

There is a way to do this theoretically  
even connoting the uncanny casket  
and cigars that emerge from  
boxes and are chewed in an imagined  
unsymbolic emergence from what is  
denied, and then echoes, can't escape  
the this there who in the pond,  
in the woods, in the bosque.  
Likes to talk a lot.

Dogs are like this.

Most animals are like this, save paramecium.

They are too transparently self-identical to this

to be at all LIKE THIS. To be like this

is, finally to assume a gallery, and to switch it off.