The

NURSERYMAN

: A little bundle
of the tryeing of the Arctic Air.

How strange fortunes we passed in far distant

_Ultima Thula_; The principle
navigations & Discoveries of the lost voyage to

META INCognita:

Authentic account of Alchemical Plants & Sea Beastes & thinges of Greate Otherness, of Un-nameable cold & of yce as _Heraclitean fyre_ & of the chiasmic nature of such adventure of continental scale & human frailty.

True Record & vaguely symbolic verse
foreshadowing the glorious

failure of empire-building and _Libida Sciendi_:

A fable for the present

spectre of open water atop the world. _Journals of Roote Gatherers_
who encountered, seeking The Garden of Cyrus,abroad
aboard the doomed expedition of the _Neptune_; That _terrible, boundless_
Element, the _North_

became his Prisoner: perished in the Cause of Science.

Lost on the yce & looking always
for the mysticall hid thing
that hath a mysterie
deep in it
1579

Compiled, corrected & now
published in English.
1603
VOYAGE OF
THE NURSERYMAN

Vita / Navigatio

called “the Gardiner”, “the Voyager”, “the Anchorite”, and “the Bold”
Spring wind
on the sea lip-

watching birds re-enter the sky.

FRAGMENTARY records of a Roote Gatherer,
practiced of alchemical craft & in the spiritual
use of fruit trees, who hath traveled to the Low
Countries after plum stones, over the White
Sea as far as Archangelsk where the Capt aban-
doned his charge afeard the vessel was trapped
in its course by the ley-lines of powerful rocks
sea-hidden; who voyaged upon *The Ayde* with
the Keeper of your Majestie’s Grounds, Vines, &
Silkworms wide in all weather; now gone behind
the N. wind [*the stuff of humanity encounters the
matter of divinity and is transformed*] following the
questing-plant: *Petalis Naufragia*; the Emerald
flower of Polar shipwreck where the air is of a
metalled nature, full wild of Iron which must
be consumed into the land and into the sea the
same.
Grown in Herbaria
w/ the flattened, dried things
the plants of my winter library.
Hand-studied in platonic solids, Vedic science &
the mathematics of Islamic Spain, embarked
to encounter the true colours of heaven.

( red shells & white
shells, dark sand )

Sleeping shaded by the low bark Dionysus on Portsmouth beach-

heard the shell-mutter of my Master

The world
is in haste and it has nearly reached it’s end.

the tide
came on
talaria.

Beneath the lights of THE NEPTUNE
found my astrolable opened up like a mussel in the mud
like a star itselfe.

March 30th
Knock of boats
at dusk I had lived
long enough to hold a lantern for a stranger
there are ships leaving tonight but I don’t know
where the men are asleep I touch the horses
and the clouds and the fishermen hiring must be drunk by now

I swim under the cross-beams-
strike out in the direction of my spit and the moon.

I have forgotten - to transfigure man the Prima
into a finer material - what flag I fly.
Night put her thumbs over my eyes
I listen to the prows go past me.

There is a plan of salvation within the divine work of creation
but the contemplation of nature alone is not sufficient
to fill the human mind & heart. The portrait of my hands

pressed against the Cosmic Egg- through the very skin
of the sea. The whole English sea on my back
held up by pebbles & brine flowing
quietly as dreams flowing.
Begonne from PORTSMOUTH the first day of April.

To the Northward very fine & vastly romantic pretty the Dawn there become the roof of the sea. It crossed our way in Cascades.

No time on Earth to draw such beauty we sail.

- at the rigging like a puppy

leaping after a kite-tail

for one tall look back at Dawn.