

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 & Disocveries of the lost voyage to

META INCOGNITA:

Authentic account of Alchemical Plants & Sea Beastes & things 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 misterie
deep in it
1579

VOYAGE OF THE NURSERYMAN

o

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 abandoned his charge afeare 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 metallated 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

o

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.