

## Floating Canto

The giddy M oone says  
 we go here U nperfite as  
 halfe-ripe T urneppes  
 that cannot A dvance mid  
 grounde like B ogges on top  
 of mountains I f anie track be  
 founde in blue L it glinnes then  
 wolves, thieves I nsare & frett us  
 for nothing long S tands in one stay

Still within grete C hange a sorte of  
 ever rules (one O ke disbowel'd  
 uglye wormes N ousle and all  
 raines waste ● yet bravelye  
 yong plants S pring from  
 her rinde T o restocke  
 natures A ccompt  
 for sunne N ourisheth  
 this wilde S pun stage