

from THE CITY OF NATURE Those mounds are all green. The flower as yellow with purple. With yellow, petals white, clouded with pale purple flower. With brown sepals and petals, brightest orange verdigris-green tipped with orange leaves in flower; in long grass, sun. In flower—yellow, barred with brown; like sepals and petals, yellow, spotted black, mauve or violet, edged with pale yellow. A long spike from the tip, flowers. The sepals and the petals, rosy-lilac, with a darker tint; in every shade of pink and crimson and rosy purple. Flower spikes, all open. Of pale green and white to deepest red, and flowers grew upon a high tree over the mountain. Beside two stems of the tree of which the flower-stalk was yellow. A greenish yellow of pale green grass. Growing thick like grass across the forest—the wood of the forest downward from the hills. The hill among pine-woods. The trees, the mossy boulders, the hills of sand and birch and boulder; darkness

of the wood upon a tree. It was a field of forest shadow. The fog was rising over the hills. Downward from the hills the shore; woods, stones of green, a gray sea. As high as to the stone, and then higher, soaring gulls: a range of seaward crags, coves. The sea-beach to enclose the bay. The waves of the brown water, sandy at the edge of the sea. The breakers high and white. The waves come in slowly, vast and green, curve and burst, up and down. The foam and the flying foam around the sea. Feathered with foam of sunlit waters, the sea. In billows and sunlit spray the sea was in the sun, while in the sun, and in the sea. Then, as with the sea there was a sandy beach, a lumpy sea, and salt water. At the rocky coast on the seashore the rocks uncovered, through the sunlit water. In the air, from the grass, the pebbles and the leaves, the rhododendrons, and the flower-haze, a worm protruding from the bark of the pine. The foliage of the stone-pine. Under

the pine-tree, and on the pine-tree lived cad-dis-worms and water-snails and a dace. Pine-woods laden with pine trees of the wood in which the nightingales were on the grass. But from the grass on to the tree-roots the insects were waving antennae and twitching. Two butterflies, and a brimstone, with the tail of a worm, protruding. The leafy elms that grew at the hills. The hills went upwards, these soared ever above them, and a steep slope, came to mountains with grey fog, and here above was sunshine on the clouds, over the sky, to the sun. Bright softness of the sky. White clouds in blue sky. Into the far blue distance, it was a hilly grass with shadows flying over the smooth fields. Beyond the fields the hills rising at a little hollow. Rising ground among some trees. Wood by the stream-side to the sands of the stream; then a little slow, waters; and then, the sun is shining, the stream, and again the water bubbling by pebbles. The rocky wood by

the stream-side. Of the stream at the river, all aglow with sunshine. Toward the river fringed with trees, the horse; but there on the river, then down the river is green islands. Quiet water by the river-side; islands in the ground of the river. Creek along the river into the waters of an inland lake. Across the still surface, that reflected the sunlight. Across the lake the firs surrounded by orange and olive trees. About the wood flowers of violets. By many a rose and leaf. A wind-flower paler than the water's white. Beyond the flower, rosy deep in the vast woods where the sunlight fell: The full red rose. The bloom was like a bloom of blossoms winging. The landscape was all aglow with the crimson, beneath high oaks, and birds. And from the hill, there comes a bird below the sun. Yet in the skies the mist; the damp reeds coldly touched. With the brook the woods soft with haze. The willow shades the brook. Like a river flowing toward a rock, from the sand,

down the plain, and the shore wide and far,
and every cloud illumed. The long clouds; the
nearer sea, and bluer sea. And green of wave,
and white of sand that stretches by. From the
sea, bright waves with blossoming tip. Clouds
of sparkling light. The sky. The bright sunshine
over the shore. In sunlight of the wave, over
the ocean. Up to the clouds. White crests rose
like the rocky heights inland. The shore wide
and far. Shell-strewn shore. In sandy soil and
there, among the leaves, at the very edge of
the woods. And shining white like the umber,
white, and even has a faint yellowish greenish
in the woods. In the woods. Into the fields and
woods. A tiny fungus which looks like a brown-
ish bird's nest. Miniature eggs in it. A shining
white mushroom. And there, among the fallen
leaves, at the very edge of the woods, a bright
yellow mushroom, brighter from the leaves
around, and then another, close by, and then
a mouse gray. The stem is smooth, and black.

On stumps and sticks. On wood, on stumps, and the stem is firm and dry in a fallen tree. The stem is swollen with a bloom. There is a very small white, scaly mushroom. The gills white. On the ground, on trunks of trees these fungi. The small ones on pine needles on the ground. Among leaves in the woods the stem rosy red. In pine and hemlock woods, and red at edge. The stem was tinged with pink. Reddish-orange, bright reddish-orange among the bushes. Stem long and white. The spores are dark brown on the ground amidst the grass. Near the root with a pinkish-yellowish stem. The whole fungus grew on a maple tree. Protruded from a large crack in the trunk of a tree. The bark. Branches brownish yellow, greenish yellow in the shade. Between the trees, leaves greenish white, with smooth red buds. Apples in the trees; apples on the trees. The apples yellow, shaded and splashed with crimson. The apples on the lower branches of trees are orange yellow.

low. Apples on the trees; the apples around the hills, sides of the hills, and in the valleys between the hills. Apples near the trees; under the trees, in holes. The creek below the apple trees, the shade-trees.. The roots of the trees at the water. Trees, with whole roots; black loam with clay. Wormy reddish soil, with leaves. On the under side of the leaves, greenish black. On the trees pendent boughs red and yellow on the sunny side. And with a light bloom. Rays of the sun, as it sunk behind the clouds, gleamed. Green leaves, before apricots. The tree was an apricot-tree, which grew against the rose-trees, flowers in full bloom. Tree at the currant-bushes. Below with flower and vine, blossom and greenness, with the leaves of elm-boughs, tree-tops. Tree through cloud of the mountain mist. By mountain shade the valley's hillside. The stones of the hill. The elms by the grass of hill. The brook with its ripple of streams, that riverward wound. With rose

blown hills, water gliding through the coast-hill's gap to the sea. River winding to the sea of sand and sun. Waves that follow waves upon the shore. Sea-weeds and jelly fish came floating in. The fishes with the foam; star fish by the sea, and water upon the shore. The crested waves of water up with sand.

Some of [my readers] will say, seeing that I graunte that I have gathered this book of so many writers, that I offer unto you a heap of other mennis laboures, and nothing of mine owne. . . . To whome I answere that if the honeye that the bees gather out of so many floure of herbes, shrubbes and trees, that are growing in other mennis meadows, felde, and closes may justelye be called the bee's honeye. . . . so may I call that I have learned and gathered of so many autores . . . my booke. — William Turner, Introduction to *A New Herball* (1551) *The City of Nature* is a novel-in-progress inspired by Kota Ezawa's 2011 video of the same name. The large text above is an early version of Chapter 1 and will not appear in the completed book. Tom Comitta, 2012