

Dee

Dr. Dee
A mystery
Master of astrology
The Globe takes form
Because of thee
For her eyes only
Search would be
An Empire rising
From the sea
Ciphers bound
To yet unfold
Geometric pots of gold
Stacked on shelves
With countless books
Gazing balls and angel hooks
Mr. Kelly tried in vain
To drive angelically insane
A man whose math and mind in turn
The universal mysteries learn
Casting dates auspiciously
Making science history
Shared indeed with Elizabeth's son,
The learned Rosicrucian
The code to knowledge
Kept unbound
That all who seek
May all be found

Chris Stanley 10.28.17