

It's dawn.

I have to

pick flowers

b/fore it's picking

late/dry. flowers

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,

Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye

The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.

dawn

sun

getting later

dew dries

# dichotomy

The earth (that's nature's mother) is her tomb;  
What is her burying grave that is her womb,  
And from her womb children of divers kind  
We sucking on her natural bosom find.  
Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some and yet all different.

various  
We find children  
growing up

good ← evil

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:  
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give,  
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

courage  
honesty →

> bad has some good  
> good has some bad

Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence and medicine power:  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;  
And where the worser is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.