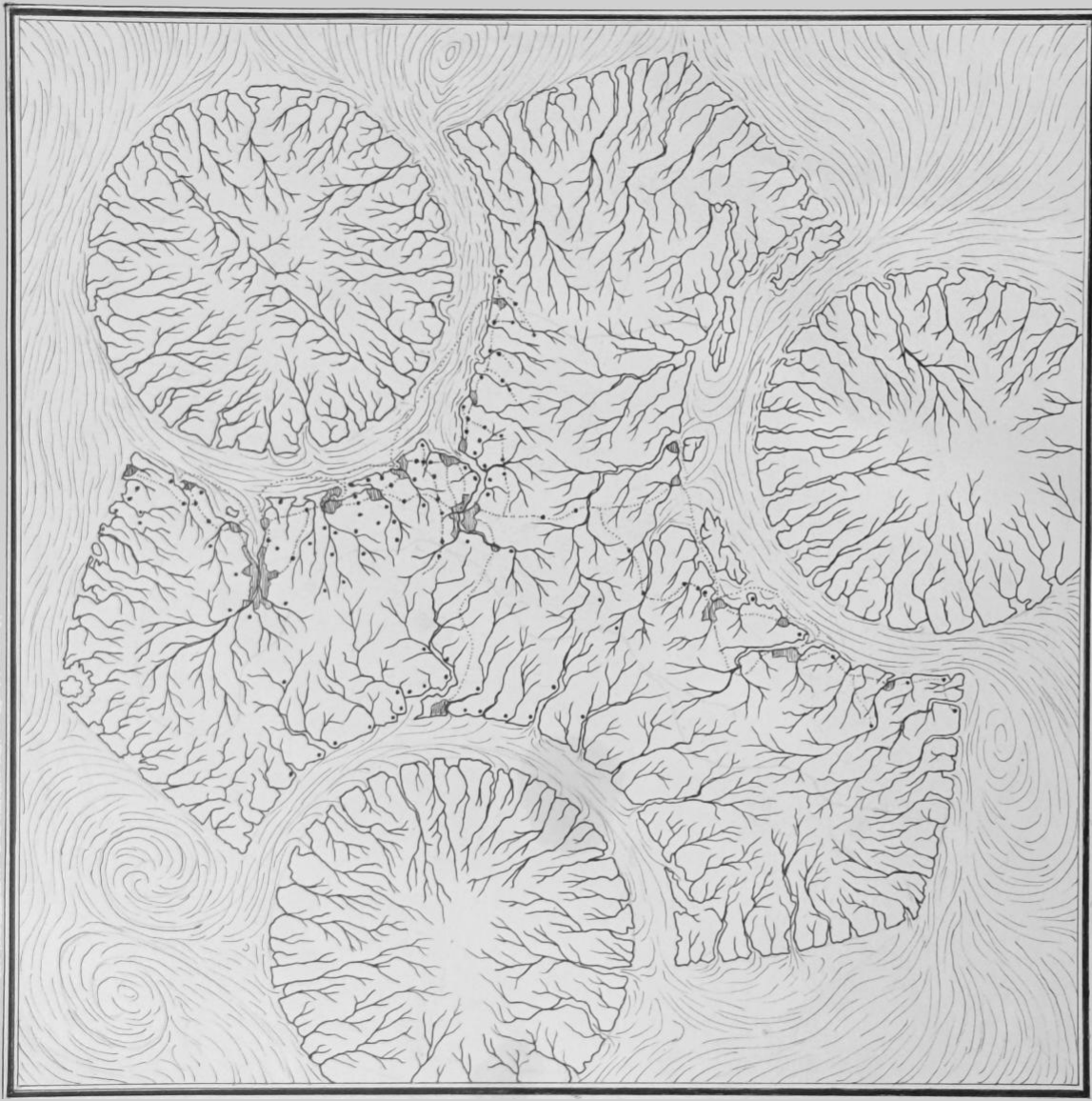




Simeon Nelson, Mundus Medimarenea, 2026, Ink on paper, 30 x 30 x30 cm

Lamentatio Medimarenea

An island risen in anger
Out of the churning sea.
A river carves a valley,
Drains a dimpled basin,
Meanders rustling pastures,
From mountain to harbour lee.

A dusty road is winding,
Past an old stone door,
A signpost's painted hand,
Points the way,
To the hilly distant haze,
The sky-edged hinterland.

The town winces in silence,
Gripping the cold, dark shore.
Wind-whipped ships,
Ride the chopped foam,
That slaps the docks,
And slams a deck door.

A bagpipe skirl peals out,
Over the harbour wall,
Gulls hover lamenting,
Love lost long ago,
Dragged down drowned,
In the sliding green swell.

TECHNICAL SHEET

- Author: Simeon Nelson
- Title: *Mundus Medimarenea*;
- Dimensions: 30 x 30 cm
- Materials: Ink on paper
- Year: 2026

Notes on *Medimaranea*

The name is a play on Mediterranean, but rather than the sea being in the middle of the land, *Mundus Medimaranea* is the land is in the middle of the sea. This cartographic drawing is one amongst many I make eliding conventions of western European historical map making with abstract geometries. These fusions of geometry and cartography have a cosmological or cosmogenic intent partly inspired the *yantras* and *thangkas* of India and Tibet.

I often integrate text as a major component of my work and play with the slippage between calligraphy and semantics. I write poetry on occasion as another branch of my creative practice, and this is the first time I've tried to explicitly bring image and poem together. The poem touches on, fleshes out, one or two of many possible stories contained within the image. For me, maps contain thousands and thousands of stories, they are super-conducting vehicles for the imagination. One could say that here the poem is the mantra of the map and the map is the yantra of the poem.

This map is hydrological; it depicts the swirling ocean currents and the intricate networks of river basins draining the land into the sea. It depicts a world of flow, change and ever-present cycling. The crenelated edges of the islands are contained within their circles. So, to me it is something of a dialectic between abstract geometry and organic process, containing both eternal Platonic form and the ceaseless fluidity and metamorphosis so basic to the philosophy of Heraclitus.