

N I C K   A S C R O F T

*A n d   F l o r a*

An enormous ridge of seaweed brushed itself  
in the current's bristles.

It sniffed through the bubbles, analysing,  
nanoluxing at the swill of flux:  
rainforest deadwood and, *gackh*,  
seal red-cells? no, sicklier and fatter,  
the blood of a dead kid.

It fibrilated an affected branch, hailing  
the wai and pounamu hilltops, it  
mock-mimed  
a dust-storm of grief  
up to its landlubber old cuzzes,  
perching snide in wee breezes as it fussed  
and flustered in the blusters.