He filled a bucket.
The collapsed kelp slipped into the lukewarm water.
Her leaves felt flabby in his hand. Grains of sand settled into her sticky mucus. Drying her long flat strips of hair he read into the local sea's diary. The wind had shaken the pebbles most violently, unclasped her tiny fingers from the stone she clung to. Her time in the forest faded away.
He closed the kitchen door, wrapped her in a white paper tablecloth and carried her upstairs on tiptoe. With both hands he covered the bed with a blooming spread the way men threw nets on distant fishing grounds. He rested her on rippled weave, unfolded her palm leaf by leaf until she joined all the flowers in the shade.
In memory of Elisa and Adolphus Mostrey, my grandparents, refugees from Ostend during the Great War in Wadesmill, UK.

Whatever's there when you wake up