

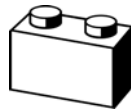
8 ways to look at a Lego® block

(after Stevens)

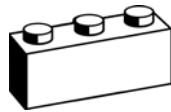
Dharawal country



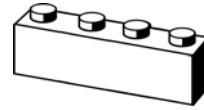
Among everything moving –
the gulls and the kelp lifting and
slumping on the sand in the early heat
Lego® is still.



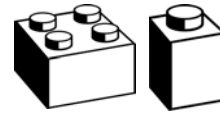
400 billion since Adam
almost exponential
36,000 in the time it took to read this:
enough.



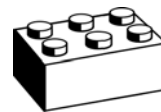
I found one this morning
battered matt orange (was fire engine glossy)
abraded by the seabed as it abraded
faded by UV and salt as it imperceptibly
faded.



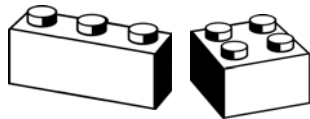
lego is pig-Danish for *put together*
yet alone resembles a stone;
once part of the consumer cycle
now the sedimentary cycle
sand to stone to sand.



< 2 grams of acrylonitrile
butadiene styrene
of forests buried, compressed and liquefied
hot rocks tapped by money makes the world
catalysed, injected, marketed, lionised.



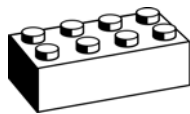
I kept my Lego® in a biscuit tin
alabaster pipers chased nymphs
round the battered lid.



A speculation

(a) maybe blown
from a young maker's hand
on the *Oriana's* deck as it steamed through the Heads
while parents at the railing watched the new country
(so clear, so harsh) come into view.

(b) dragged down for an age
and then from yesterday's storm, freed
tossed with weed and fishing line and
remains of drink cans where
the dog and I
walked.



it'll take another hundred years
like a juniper in reverse
sloughing off a molecule or two
until finally and fully dispersed
into our plastic sea.