

Crouch River Walk: flotsam and jetsam gathered and returned

Dried blue flowers from the beginning, seeds at the finish.

Items returned with love and respect for the next time.

Visualised and geotagged in my body only, recalled here:

A sprig of blue flowers from Bradwell sea wall: colour of the ribbon on the day our river pilgrimage began.

A silver Mercedes badge resembling the Dengie windmills, in sight on the day it was found: thoughts of this local icon of conspicuous consumption

A spare coat button once in a small torn plastic bag, found on the path, for my mother who further humiliated me after I lost a primary school playground fight

2 cockle shells from a beach of shells bounded by the sea wall: Aphrodite, ancient pilgrims and the open sea.

An Apple 'paperclip' found on the gravel at an antiques emporium and b&b at Battlesbridge: codes across the water, respect to the mechanical origins of the new connectivity.

A glass marble from roadside ground high tide detritus: a child's plaything, holder and universe cupped in the palm of my hand.

A small rusted chain like a dried snake, the kind of thing that connects a plug to the sink: plug long gone and the water drained away.

A 1988 2p piece found on the ground at the North Fambridge station rendezvous: love and community arts in Swindon

At last a baby conker found in the cool shade at the park by the river on the day we walked on water: for the children's voices, their poems and The Box of Crabs

All contained in a sortlifeout cardboard tube stuffed tightly with screwed up pages of the Daily Mail for July 3 2015 shocked at a black man winning a tennis match

Cast into an ebbing tide on the River Crouch at Hullbridge on Saturday 4 July.

The end of this walk.

Richard White 4/7/15