

Archaeological Ponderings

I hold in my hands
Relics of ancient lives
Shined to a perfect polish
On a day just like this
Dusted with questionable antiquity
Smeared with the mud of time
Cracked edges from nature's cruel hand
Bound to be misunderstood
By my objective ethnocentrism
These will be my possessions
Broken, shattered, obliterated
Embedded in some other dirt
Prodded by the tired trowel
Generations will come and go
My individuality forgotten
With every second I lose
Myself in this uniform posterity