

Archaeology

Heron Haas

Archaeology dims some buried remnant.
Worms, cast cheaply aside with weeds and fine roots,
take with them our digested history.
Blackened fingernails scratching heaps of rubble
unearth marigolds, faded plastic markers
buried under a decade's shifting soils.
The insidious looked-for thing is never
found and finally, nothing left to feed on,
doubt turns in on itself, regards its dirt-caked
hands wrist-deep in a compost heap, and forgives.