

The Brevity of Anthropology

by Gary Hardaway

In time's embroidery, the human story
is a short stretch of a short strand
within the thread of half a knot-
and that stretch of strand's defective.

What will mourn us when we're gone?
Not the plants which live so lightly on the earth.
Not the scorpions and not the ants.
Perhaps the roaches and rats will miss us

as they hunger for extraordinary waste
our kind once left behind.

