

# 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.

