

Clay Pot, 2500 BCE

CIARAN PIERCE

My people stowed me in the riverbed,
promising to return by summer

But then came the droughts
Then the cities, their pavements
and petrified forests concealing
my sarcophagus of dirt

I waited for no one
I fed on patience

That was centuries ago
I have not known erosion
I cannot recall the dying sun of which
the earthworms speak
Or all those things taken for granted:
firelight, water, a mouthful of grains

I am like your lonely human body;
I long for what made me:

Touch

Whoever finds me, child or archaeologist,

Please,

Let it be a hand—not a shovel—that
pulls me from the dust