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Fossils in Wet Cement

Lora Caldwell

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► **Fossils in Wet Cement** | Lora Caldwell

You and I are the next generation of extinction.
We are such fragile creatures not far removed from our animal nature.
Me, hunting the intangible.
You, chasing me.
We throw the word "love" around aimlessly,
But we don't care if we hurt ourselves.
We're too busy thinking in terms too large to fully understand.

We are the definition of mischief.
Sticking our hands into someone's back-breaking work
Like children who have finger-painted the living room wall.
We are proud of our creation.
In this moment, it's art.
It's a monument we so selfishly forged using fingerprints and wet cement,
Glazed in naivety and hardened by the sun.
One day soon, people will point to our hand-prints caked in dirt and leaves
And brand the youth as nothing more than pesky kids.

Buried in sediment and encased in gray, we have left our mark for years to come.
Though our bodies have melted into the earth,
We, like the bones and secrets of distant creatures,
Will remain side by side,
hand by hand,
In yet another material and fragile form.

► **Should** | Lee Ann Harrison



► **Crystal Jars 2** | Kathryn McGuire

