

Arid Artifact

Moisture-less creases
Left by the sun and wind in collusion with each other
The scoring caused by the sun
And petrified in place by the wind
Emanating from where there once was life
Some sort of hydrated being
A voiceless artifact now given voice by the wind
Like a hollowed instrument
Whistling eerily across desolation
Ghostlike sound with no resemblance to the former owner
No clue to the identity of former substance
A grim reminder of the human frailty
Nothing warm and breathing survives in this world
Humanity flees necessarily
Leaving archeologists to suppose things
But these are limited to their imaginations
With no real clue as to actuality
They become myth weavers
Not life givers
They miss the minute details of personality
Only God can recreate that
If you believe in a God with personality
In a God at all
And, in any case, resurrection is not His thing, these days
We are left with erection
The futile, vain, attempts of man to please himself
Ever seeking that magical woman
To, one day, perform the rituals of mutual worship with her
One lucky enough is rare
More commonly, there is one worshipped and one self-sacrificed
In the end, only the sun and wind endure
That, and if words were written,
Perhaps they can beat the archeologists to a better yarn
But, though it may sound better, it will still be a fairytale
With all of the true marks of reality left out
Only the sun and the wind can find the baser things
The sordid details of the mundane
Cold and hardened as they are
The only remaining artifacts left behind
Dried bone
And the sound of enduring nature playing on dead things