**Kinney Clay**

From out of the Times
Out of the Depths
a fossil is found.
 Oh no, This ain’t my time.
 Why have they come?..
 Is this my fate, to die
 To die, as a vase?
 I have heard the rumbling of their machines
 Heard all my children Scream!
Hey Joe, look over here
Hmm, Pretty Good Condition
Better take care
We wouldn’t want to lose this one
after several million years,
 Bathed in liquid
 raised up in the air
 rumbled by travel
 looked at with Bright lights
 What are they doing?
 This ain’t the way?
 But now I’m laid down.
 inside of a Box
 every one Gathers
 every one watches
 Is This the end,
 or am I in Luck?
 Richard Wittie 1990