**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