

Designated Knowledge
By Andrea Perry

When they guessed what was near, they buried it fast, used their hands,
tools of timber and rolled stone. They raked up paths, sprinkled it in silt.
Pried open hilltops, packed it in. Sunk it to river beds, set it in sludge.
Peeled the fields back, and laid it tenderly beneath the civilization to come.
An extraordinary secret in plain under sight, under foot but hardly felt,
barely heard, unless one spread himself out and put an ear to the pulsing earth.
After they passed, only the trees knew, drew it up and splintered it skyward
to signal the rest.

They buried it fast but buried it shallow,
just under the lid of the world, hopeful we wouldn't be too long noticing.