**Archeologists Don’t Always Know the Purpose of an Artifact**

Kira Preneta

Once Pangea, this earth

land wholly connected,

split at the center

core heat rising to flush the skin,

through mantle convection.

A rift zone, new material caused us to

separate and keep adrift.

We are collecting shards,

teeth, bone,

first impressions keep

holding lesions.

These depressions tucked

in baskets woven, left

under earth as she composts,

times’ tectonic shift.

Do archeologists detect an inner heat rising

as they strip away the stain of time?

To reveal cracked bowls strewn in pieces,

separate from the whole

a jar

still holding honey.

I can imagine it drizzled over

flour, baking powder, sugar

you have cut with

chilled butter, milk, salt.

I can smell it, coming to golden.

That much has happened,

still waiting

as I part my lips.