To the Museum of Natural History Docent

When you say one hundred fifty million years
I think every few minutes a satellite
passes over my roof, six human beings
riding seventeen thousand miles per hour.

When you say tar pits and mammoth, dire wolf
and saber-toothed cat, I remember bodies
left to bleed in streets, people gathered to gawk.

When you say land bridge, I imagine unmanned
drones refueled midair, missions everlasting.

When you say barrows, tools and weapons arranged
alongside the remains, I picture plastic
and aluminum floating for miles on end.

Should some survive to sift through ash, tell me which
bone of mine will outlast the flames we have stoked.