We loved like ancient peoples, 
shrouded in mystery, hidden deep 
in caves, under thatched roofs, inside adobe walls. 
Beside fires that smoldered, sending smoke into darkness undisturbed. 
We loved for ourselves, without thought to legacy
discovered later — only by happenstance —
by descendants long removed,
left to guess and hypothesize and decipher
who we were. Our fossilized love,
embedded in strata, archived in canyons and dry sea beds
with shells and crustaceans, creatures long extinct,
with flattened flora, preserved or petrified whole,
all of it witness to the world evolving, keeping safe within its sediment
the story of us and what once was.

Sarette Danae is a teacher and writer hailing from Seattle. Her poetry has appeared in local and international publications including The Metaworker, Blue Mountain Review, and Amsterdam Quarterly. When not writing, she can usually be found hiking with her husband and two dogs.