

The (slyly rhyming timing)

Written by Robert Hughes

Friday, 12 November 2010 10:16 - Last Updated Tuesday, 23 November 2010 15:08

Phil, the thin geophysicist
("blobs and responses")
pulled
rank on
Tracy's trowelling in the trench.

Even magnetrometry failed to solve the anomaly
of the same old, same old
Samien ware.

An unusual collection of finds.

In the centre of his considered incision
Mick, up to his muddy middle
in mediaeval midden,
made his decision
to contextualise the truth,
as did Ruth.

We dig babies'
graves,
buried by rituals-
financed by adverts
for video games and cereals-

The exhumation generation.

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An unusual collection of minds.

Phyllis, our phrenological archaeological,
spotted sequential structures-
'that' floor was laid BEFORE the umpteenth century.
In the 'incident room'
Brian's Bronze Age barrow, Sharon's shrine and then poor Ronan's Roman stone gnomon
were scuppered by Doctor Stella's declaration,
her assertion, nay 'dissertation',
was based on Henry's boring,
deep-sampled coring.

Joy was found, deep underground,
around the mound
when Prof. Hughes went down
(phwar, what a [cromlech] cracker)
a bit further- in her 'oh so clean section'-
(a truly modern, Welsh quasi-scientific antiquarian).
In the cross-ridge dyke
she found a Paleolithic bike,
then Mike, with his lisp
discovered a quist!

So now its to Carbon Dating, the brand new cybersite for the over-seven-hundreds and waiting.

.....
Women on knees
moving of stones
women on knees
dreaming of bones.

Yet fear ye not, there are menhir.

In the absence of po''ery
The undergrad's dig 'n' stoop to poe'ry .

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showing distinct lack of
empirical knowery.
The 'libre''o' to songs of Ginger and Fred-
“(Geo)Fizzing in the Rain”
'n' 50cent's “Bitch in a Ditch”
are sung

An unusual collection of rhymes.

again.

Our travail downwards
our labour of love-
If the past is beneath us,
then the future's above?

An unusual collection of times.

So its 'off to the pub' of the living.
Beer and wine.
“Fill it all in again”
Mine's a gin,
and tonics are the bubbles of found, lost finds .

A tough nut to crack(aeology).

Dig it!

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"A litany from Brittany: During the foci of my littery (sic) oblivion I made this, you wordysmiths who may be bemused, or confused, by this historical n histrionic contrusion; a thorough whacking and historical hijacking." [Robert Hughes]