

The Archaeologist (*or You're a strange person*).

You're so excited by old remains
And love the sight of soil stains;
You're overjoyed at "humps and bumps",
And find delight in rubbish dumps.

You scrape around in holes for hours
And never stop for rain or showers;
You're so content, when trowel in hand
You watch your muddy trench expand.

You fill the garage with ancient bones
And bits of flint which I call stones.
The hall is filled with broken pots,
The dining room with scatter plots.

By Ian Lawes