The gods roll the sun into the sky, fill the rivers, dump in the fish, inflate the clouds, hand-operate the animals and finally settle on who gets a bombshell and who gets a breather

Down below, while the vendors curse each other, newlyweds stroll the fruit stalls and buy a pomegranate hoping the wet seeds will ignite a pregnancy

A man is cleaning clay from his nails with a broken reed and a woman is praying to every known and unknown god for the absolution of sins she’s not sure she committed

No one is thinking about becoming an ancient people or what big deals they’d be for coming up with writing, not to mention the 60-second minute or the razor

No one is thinking about their bowls and beads or that receipt for three goats showing up in a glass case in 5,000 years

Or how someone from the future will imagine that boy tossing a melon down the steps, the shadow of a fern on mudbrick eclipsed by the sudden swing of his mother’s hand.