

## *A History of Georgia*

We have read a history of Georgia. We know the shallow seas  
a million years gone, where now bucket trucks load kaolin clay.

When the crew goes home for the weekend, we invade, toss  
soccer balls and plastic gin bottles over fences and climb

to pick them up. Peel off shirts. Skirt the white rim  
of the drainage pond to stare at the alien blue. Two of us

palm the levers and wheel in a backhoe, find sunflower seeds  
in their millions, pack cheeks, spit shells. Some of us swim,

cloud-water diving for the never-bottom, the roof of a sunken truck.  
Where machines have split the sand, I climb down a cliff to pull

shark teeth from the face of the ridge, slide them into my pocket.  
We are eighteen years old. Two of us are touching in a dozer.

One of us sees dust rise from the road. I press a tooth's point  
against my fingertip and wonder what it means: a million.