Age of Reason

I’m sitting in geography class
making my grocery list
while casually taking notes
on the Ogallala aquifer

Milk, cereal and bananas
and my lack of same
being of more immediate importance

Then I hear my teacher mention
the age of water –
it’s from the last ice age.

My pen stops.
My brain runs out of ink.

The age.
of.
water.

I add eggs to my grocery list.

***

Months and miles away
I read the placard.
“The Battle of Hastings
took place here on this field
in 1066.”

My brain tries
to build the battle,
so much younger
and closer
than the age of water.

But I still can’t
quite reach
anything.

I head back to the gift shop.