

## Hastings Cave

Dripping water, seeping rivers.  
Connected by minerals that crystallise,  
forming tunnels that stretch kilometres underground.  
Hollow and eerie,  
the thin straws of stalactite,  
formed millions of years ago,  
point into the deep,  
cavernous depths of Hastings Cave.

Events of importance pass by like the breeze that  
pulls and pushes the cold air  
in and out,  
while time stands still,  
within the vast stretch of the dense rock.  
Every movement,  
every step and every breath  
bounces feverishly along the damp rock walls.

Soft sounds echo strongly into the distance,  
as if reaching into the past.  
Kilometre after kilometre,  
of intricate,  
wild and weaving paths that bend and twist,  
stalactite structures casting shadows of spears across  
poorly lit walls.

The history of Hastings Cave is illustrated  
in the water that drips through the stalactite straws,  
the rock that crumbles at one's hand.  
Hastings Cave's history so rich,  
it triumphs over time.