

Empty Cave

Drips of water
Echo soundly,
Empty space
Speaks profoundly.

Drafty breezes,
through the cave, they float.
Softly running water,
deep below, so remote.

Tiny crickets scuttle,
along the cavern walls.
Over damp, stony ground,
the spider crawls.

Stalactites drip precariously,
above the wet, murky floor.
Blue mould oddly glitters,
next to groups of speckled spores.

Sharp crystals pierce through dull rock,
glimmering from my flashlight.
My heart jumps with my breath,
as stalactites materialize into sight.

A damp, musty smell,
overwhelms my head
but the rarity of the scenery,
keeps me walking ahead.

The enclosed beauty,
swims through my vision.
And I gratefully smile,
that I had made this decision.