

## My cave senses

I can hear my rasp voice echo,

I can see an orange gecko,

I can taste the cold, damp air,

I can feel what is in my pocket,

nothing but a pear,

I can smell the cold water of

this silent, ancient cave.

By Edwin Scanlan

### Creators Statement

Date of work: 20/11/21

Title: My Cave Senses

Created by: Edwin Scanlan

Statement: The actual theme of caves inspired me to write this poem. I find caves quite interesting to think about. They take thousands of years to form and have extraordinary naturally formed rocks.

Medium: Poem