

## Inside the Under

Crystals like an overfilled chocolate fountain

formed by centuries of overlapping,

flowing and carving away.

Sculpted and shaped by acidic water

tumbling across the vast cavern

in an intricate pattern.

Fragile and delicate details

accompanied by great stone pillars.

The darkness is consuming, blacker than Indian ink.

When the dim torchlight vanishes, so does your sight.

This dark abyss reaches

deep into the earth, far into time.

Jagged outcrops and twisting tunnels

open to the comfortably empty cathedral.

Stained glass windows become tannin-stained rocks,

wooden pews become crystallised boulders.

Its arched ceilings create eerie echoes of *Piè Jesu*,

a haunting but enchanting sound

luring you further into the cavity.

Subtle *drip, drip, drip* of water

still sculpting the rocks,

the damp scent similar to petrichor,

only no fresh rain touches the immeasurable cavern,

rather flows from the ground into the beyond,

the air, lighter and fresher here

rendering the cavern even more otherworldly,

underground chambers, a spectacular palace

fit for a formidable and worthy ruler.