

city of stalagmites,
some thick and tall; towering over the hills and gullies surrounding,
some short and round, cowering in the shadows of their neighbours,
like seaweed standing proudly, only they don't sway with currents.

colony of stalactites,
some long and wide; their grip on the uneven ceiling praiseworthy,
some thin and spindly; so fragile even one gentle breath of air could send them plummeting,
delicate; millions of years to be frozen by a single tender touch.

silhouettes of currawongs whisk past, soaring,
their wings beating, tails fanned, they fly away.

birds twitter innocently in the forest,
their sweet warbles echoing around, filling the silence with an alluring melody.

pencils drift across paper so effortlessly,
voicing unspoken thoughts of those too timid to speak.

the fire crackles bitterly, glowing prettily,
it's smoke blinding those in its path.

gusts of refreshingly cool wind pass by ever so often,
grazing the back of your neck, sending shivers down your spine.

people whisper as to go unnoticed by the crowd surrounding,
their messages distorted and continuously misheard.

the stories of this place relayed through generations;
never guaranteed to be told the same again,
they fade and lose meaning,
and people wish they could renew what was lost.