

Cave

Drip, drip, drip,
Makes me jump as it splashes to the ground.
Floating down from the heavens.
Creating and moulding with each drop.
Little by little,
Piece by piece,
Crystal by crystal,
Taking and giving,
As it wobbles down the wax-like stone.
Forging its own path,
While following the path of others.

The Darkness of a Cave

My life is like a cave,
When all the lights are turned out,
I can't even to begin to guess what's ahead.

But when the lights come on,
I can't help but admire the beauty that lies before me.