

Cave

Stepping lightly,
carefully, timidly.
Shoes slip on slick rock
twisting, lightning pain.
Hands wave futilely in front.
desperate to ward off greater injury.

Panic boiling up
sweat and stench float into a vacuum of sight.
Eyes wide, wider, forced painfully,
hungrily, grasping for light.
Seeing nothing.

Dri-ploink,
dri-ploink,
somewhere
out there
a pool
growing
one drop at a time.

Grunts.
Dull, meaty thumps of striking limbs.
Cries of pain.
Fingers stubbing and slapping on wet stone.
Loud, frightened, breaths.

No direction, no intuition.
Only perfect blackness
stumbling steps
and fear.

Steven J. Sackinger
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MMII