

Away Inside the Tempting Cave

By Tyler P. Fick

When time moves slower, I picture myself moving on.
The true journey is beginning to move.
To actually emerge from the shadows and mist.
To emerge from the shallow dove callings and echoes inside the tempting cave.
Swallowing voices, changing eyes, beginning cries.
I see his vision, no look away, look away.
Emptiness emerges and nothing remains.
It only stings and hurts a bit to cry. So why lie?
Sit upon the cliff and emerge.
Emerge, emerge, emerge
Repeat line, drop out of syntax
Emerge, emerge, emerge
Echoes of doves, callings of love
Sealings of redemption, but visions of fog
Picture. Never a clear dream, never
Just dream away inside the tempting cave.