

*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.