

h o w t h o u g h t s c a v e r n s f o r m

it starts as the slightest whisper,
a trickle fleeing across this countenance,
fluttering like a swift or swallow,
in the shelter and solitude of dusk.
though soon, the idea starts to drip faster
from the surface with intention;
a raindrop leaching into the soil
traveling through the layers of the mind
while penetrating cracks and crevices provide
a vessel that slowly works and dissolves
a deep appreciation and hollow of creativity.
now, a vast amount of time passes
as the idea continues to fester;
droplets trickling steadily,
depositing minerals that grow larger.
in succession of one another they first appear
slowly following in rank to create
something spectacular and formed;
a product of time and dedication that
continues to produce aging decorations
armed with the instinct to grow.
always living and always changing,
it seems this mind is a cavern.