

## Cave

We were riding in boats in a lake  
deep in the heart of the earth,  
my college choir touring. Someone

maybe Joanne, started singing  
one of our pieces, maybe  
the seven fold amen

where voice piles on voice  
building a mountain of praise.  
We all joined in, singing our parts.

This was a half century ago.  
How much I remember from  
back then, how much

I've forgotten in between.  
I can hear the lap of water  
against the boat, the drip

of the oars, the way our voices  
shimmered against the crystal ceiling  
which seemed itself to shimmer.

When the guides turned off the lights,  
the song gone, darkness pressed  
upon us, real dark,

not the pale above ground imitation,  
Our ears spoke to us, our breaths,  
and the loud thud of our hearts.

