

CAVE

An Evocation of the
Beginnings of Art

by Richard Lewis

In this cave,
earth began.

We heard the dark
moving between our eyes.

And deep inside,
we saw night and the stars
coming towards us.

We were alone
until a star fell
and became the sun.

The blood in our hands
began to flow
and from our heart's breathing
there was light.

Animals gathered around us,
and wildly
as if to be the moving sky,
they sprung into the branches of air,
running and galloping
through the wind.

When the day grew dark,
we and the animals
took a part of the earth
back into our sleep

and in our dreams
we were afraid.

Awakened by our hunger
we whispered to each other:

"You shall be my food.
You shall live inside me.
We will become one another."

Waiting in the shadows of hills
we spoke to each other:

"Slowly, slowly walk to me.
Slowly, let me close your eyes.
Slowly, let me sing to you.
Slowly, let me hear your song."

Listening, each of us closed our eyes.
Listening, each of us turned away.

Once more we were alone.

Through snow and rain
cold and warmth
we called
we called to each other,

our callings
echoing
far into the silences
of dark caves.

And there,
there in cave darkness

we took our hands
and on the rock bones
we made you breathe,

we took our hands
and on the rock bones
we made you see.

There, in cave darkness
we took our hands,
and on the rock bones
we made you move.

Singing we asked:

"Are you here?
Are you here?"

Singing you answered:

"We are here.
We are here."

In this cave,
earth began.

We heard the dark moving
between our eyes.

In this skull,
sky bent over us.
Mountains and valleys were in our breath.

And deep inside,
we saw night and the stars
and the voices of our singing
coming towards us.