

The Cave of Curiosity

By Pie Corbett

In the cave of curiosity, I created
an angry ant ambling along,
a terrified tarantula tickling a tornado
and a curious computer calling cautiously to the King.
In the cave of curiosity, I created
the sound of silence closing its lips,
a humming bird's wings flickering,
as the sea silently scrapes the pebbles
and ten tired lorries trundle by.
In the cave of curiosity, I created
the touch of smooth stones from the summer beach,

the stickiness of honey on a fingertip
and the heat from a teaspoon as it stirs my morning tea.
In the cave of curiosity, I created
the coldness of frost as it freckles the window pane,
the sharpness of a saw as it crunches through wood
and the sadness of a tear as it trickles down a cheek.
In the cave of curiosity, I captured
the moon's cold gleam imprisoned in a box,
the joy of a merry-go-round as it spins like a feral ferris wheel
and the force of a rainbow as it dazzles the sky
with a smile that stuns.