

1972

Untitled

Val Evans
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Evans, Val (1972) "Untitled," *Exile*: Vol. 19 : No. 1 , Article 3.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol19/iss1/3>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

In the dampness of my place
I lie stretched.
Above, the water trickles
Out of the light,
Into the darkness.
Rock walls rise tall
Beside my prostrate figure
And a mossy, verdant ceiling
Confronts my face.
Tiny black bugs crawl
In the moss and
A slug glides painfully homeward.
Before me is the openness of the air
With the trees,
The sweet grass,
The wild flowers
And the rushing fall of water
Over the bare Butler cliffs.
Smells of spring life
Commix as they reach me.
Then, all at once,
I remember my cave
In another time.
Broken icicles appear at its entrance,
Reaching for the snowy ground.
There are bare tree branches
Grasping the edges
Of the bright, blue sky.
The waterfall is but a trickle now.
Inside, I lie on the frozen ground
And gaze at the bare rocks
Of my ceiling.
The rock walls
At my sides
Are no longer moss-grown
But grey with frozen mud.
I curl up tight against the cold,
But recall
That it is not wintertime
At all.

Val Evans '76