

Caveman

Blood on the walls to paint

Beautiful figures and shapes

Of well-known places,

No spears or weapons needed,

All safe and clear in the cave

So comfortable between the walls,

Why step into the unknown?

Why feel the blood in my veins

And this blue heart again?

Why go through all that again?

Tell me, windy night,

What creature would I be

Out of this cave-womb?