

## **Devil's Den**

### **A Poem**

**Al Taylor**

The cavern opens up into a mouth,  
Its slicked-back teeth, poised,  
Ready for a bite.  
Dripping down bubbling, warm spit,  
Plop, Plop, Plop.

It splashes at your cheeks.  
Water at the back of the throat,  
Gurgling and shifting,  
As children's laughter echoes through the cave.

The weakest swimmers are the first to go.  
Discarded flippers wedged between,  
Lucifer's aching maw.  
What remains of tourism incarnate,  
Selfish investors cry.  
Plop, Plop, Plop.

Don't look up.  
A hole in the Devil's Den lets light in,  
The only source of sun,  
Cascading from the stalagmite shores.  
It fills up before your very eyes,  
Brackish water stains your lungs.  
Plop, Plop, Plop.

The tide rolls in,  
Limestone walls curl all around you.  
The moldy, wooden staircase to Hell,  
It creaks beneath hesitant feet.  
Walk too quickly, and it will send you down.  
Plop. Plop. Plop.