

# TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine 2018-present

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Volume 2023  
Issue 1 *TYGR 2023*

Article 12

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2023

## Dreams From the Cavern Wall

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### Recommended Citation

Aurig, Ash (2023) "Dreams From the Cavern Wall," *TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine 2018-present*. Vol. 2023: Iss. 1, Article 12.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/tygr/vol2023/iss1/12>

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**Dreams From the Cavern**

Beyond a world you beg to keep,  
Beyond the whispering fireside,  
Fall into the ancient starlit cave  
Rebirth and ruin await

If lucky, pray you see the nymph  
Shimmering in the spring flowers, unchained  
Ankles click with each willowy sway  
Each clod of soil labouring to release my dancer,  
Marking her birth with a grave.

Tensed joints, reigned in with a sinless pride  
A thousand tendons begging to be free  
What ten millions of hand that steal  
In the city far beyond the glade of trees  
Taught her mouth to redden and crust with blood?  
My swaying mist-maiden lusts not for an unnatural meat  
(Poisoned water showed lithe fingers to slash and sharpen her teeth)

Would she accept each gift, hold me safe as her own,  
If I turned to slaughter the predators  
Sear their eyes with my sword?  
Or would my warrior weapon desecrate her meadow home,  
Set her choir of wildflowers alight  
Send her deer into motion, her flocks of dark birds into flight?

A fool trusts the prey-eyes of my elf-maid not to burn bright  
Infused with hubris innate in man am I  
Never would a sinner reach their fingers for the woodland sprite  
But  
Only lovers risk the fear of the hunted and their infecting bite

When they tell that ashen remains  
Lie eaten  
(Decaying)  
Underneath the charred bending oak  
In my wildfire meadow tumbling down to the lake  
Do not search for my body, eaten by worms  
My chest stilled forever  
Or my crumbling bones covered in burns

You may see their eyes speak  
Wounded lies

Unsoftened into a clay flower,  
Pinching until I broke  
Buried in pots of a few fearful hearts  
Watching the tempest that washed and tore me away

Here they sing dirges for the living  
In favour of the dead creature behind me  
Never meeting with the soil to ask how my soul has fled  
Weeping for someone withered and mended  
Recreated in some other spirit's flittering light

My heart is uncaged  
The mist-queen sweeping through the night, unscathed  
I follow in her dancing flowered footsteps, flowers spring from her hooves

Sufficeth to say: caught in the net of her quickened eye  
Sufficeth to pray: on my weakening knees she steals my life  
Sufficeth to sing: tragic tales of her lyrical breath  
Liquifies my lungs with the consuming mold  
Stealing my flesh, melting my soul in the kiln  
So the wild spirit of old comes and makes a new creature out of me