Tunnel

Cynthia Cook
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote
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Single file plodding endlessly in the dark damp
run my hands along the rough, wet walls
shuffle my feet along in time with the others
moist musty air filling my lungs with its disease
message is passed on down the line
disembodied voice whispers in the void ahead
I listen, I scowl, I pass on what I've heard anyway
low grumble and a curse behind me
he doesn't like what he's heard either
I hope he doesn't blame me for that; maybe not
I hear that the whisper has continued down the line
He sighs defeatedly and I want to reach out to him
Fear stops me, after all I could have misread him
He might have just been sleepwalking when I woke him
and that bitch up ahead of me might hear us
she doesn't like me and would like to get rid of me
but I didn't know that when I stepped in behind her
She doesn't scare me half as much as letting go of the walls
I have to keep my hands against these walls
to keep the darkness from caving in on me
They are so damn close, they choke the life out of me
keep my struggling for breath as this hole swallows me down
Hating myself for letting this thing consume me
for having believed what they said and following them
God knows what madman started those lies and passed them on
somewhere down in the bowls of this monster
that is quietly ingesting us, making us part of it
I believed that these walls would protect me
keep me away from those horrible people
that took my childhood and chewed it up along with my name
and left it along the tracks of an electric train
so maybe I'm protected from them now
but I will never be safe again, not while I'm here
and I can still hear their voices in the dark
I never watch my back, I keep my eyes inward
to make sure that I don't fade into the darkness
I used to believe that these walls could protect me
and keep me away from these awful people
that took away my childhood and chewed it up
and left it by the tracks of an electric train
their voices will never stop grating my ears
and I have that I've nowhere to run
even though I know their greasy fingers can't reach me
really I am protected from them now
but I'm not safe, not while I'm here
I never have to watch my back
but I have to keep my eyes inward
I have to be sure to keep track of myself
I have to keep making sure that I'm still here
so I don't fade into the darkness along with the rest
and I keep my hands running along the walls