

Forbidden Tunnels and Passages

by Brandon M. Dennis

Secret passages are everywhere,
All you have to do is look.
Some are in your house,
And some are in the earth.
Some are in your yard,
And some are in your basement.
But some are in the dark places
Under the floor,
That combine both house and earth,
And for me, these tunnels were the
Most interesting,
Especially the one under the hearth.

I lifted up bricks,
Swept away the ash,
Chipped away the mortar,
And a secret tunnel appeared,
Filling me with astonishment.
I was small then,
And could fit through tiny holes.
So I squeezed my body through the
Rupture in the earth that I had created.

Down, down I went, and
The path twisted this way and that;
Like a

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staircase,

Or corridor, rather.
It brought me to the secret places,
Places below my house,
Where no one ever went.

There were many treasures there,
Like hidden jewels,
Long forgotten by those

Who hid them away as if they were ashamed,
Or did not want to share.
I found shiny rocks and smooth rocks,
Sharp rocks and large rocks,
Old nails and nuts too,
Rotting boards and rat's nests,
Plastic tubes and glimmering wires,
Roots from the trees nearby,
And little puddles of water.
Companions they were
In the dark recesses,
Below the trampling feet of my
Oblivious family.

To the left, a corner,
Darker than the rest,
With nails everywhere;
A tempting invitation.
I gazed up and saw
A space between the walls!
Oh what fun; a ladder-like passage!
I climbed up the

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Concealed in my secret hideaway,
From all the things
That would take me and
Put me in a normal,
Regular,
Horrible,
Boring world where
There is nothing new,
Vibrant,
Youthful,
Or exciting in anything.

And what was this?
A hole in the wall,
A hole that led to a secret chamber!

I climbed through the hole,
(It was tight, even for me!)
And crept into the small, dark chamber.
There were tracks above me,
And wheels on the tracks,
And the noises in the house
Were amplified.
I placed my feet
Against the wall,
And pushed with all my might when, Lo!
My chamber moved, strait out and then,
Light fiercely met
My sensitive gaze.
When my eyes made
Peace with the light,
I found myself in a
Room well known,
Sitting in a drawer,
That was in a chest,
Which rested against the wall.

And so I found
My greatest secret:
The chest with a drawer,
That led to forbidden
Tunnels and passages,
Far below the earth.
A secret door,
That led to a magical world of
Dwarves and gnomes,
Tunnels and kingdoms,
Treasures and dragons,
Adventures and misfortune,
And all the other things
That logic shuns,
Yet exist in a world all their own.