

THE
TUNNEL
VISION





The

Tunnel

Vision

Selected poems
by two subterraneans



INTRODUCTION

This is a small selection of the most passable lyrical verses composed by the duo of Per Nordgren, "*The Bard of the North*", and David "*The Crooning Dandy*" Scheutz.

These engaging poems were submitted* to this editor by the authors, together with hundreds of other surprisingly slight and ineffective poems, and were chosen for their relative legibility and brevity.

- THE EDITOR

**Attached to an equally engaging assortment of £50 notes*

P O Ê S I S

The Tunnel Vision
by David Schentz

Seismic Inferno
by David Schentz

Moleman and Molemaid
by Per Nordgren

The Blue of the Sky
by Per Nordgren

THE TUNNEL VISION

We will go underground
into the subterranean sunset
Tell the world what we've found
Never to forget

We're digging a hole
in professor Brown's back garden
Lead the life of a mole
We don't mind if the
work is oh so hard when we
Find the inner sanctuary

The ground is hard
But we are harder
The lithosphere
takes us farther
In our wonderful contraption
of professor Brown's conception
A new world will be made
Measured out in spades
After burial
follows resurrection

Through the dirt and the soil
we'll descend into salvation
Canonised by the toil
of the excavation
Worms show us the way
to a kingdom of hidden treasures
To dig is to pray

Hear our
voices filled with pleasure sing
When we are tunnelling

SEISMIC INFERNO

How long would you say it's been
About four hours or a fortnight
Would you say the walls are caving in

Where is your face
Why did you take us to
This lonely place
And then forsake us
The ceiling's come down
We're back where we started
Who needs the crown
Of an underground martyr

Or is it just a trick of the light

Did you hear peculiar noises
Like a chorus of voices

Show us your face
Why did you take us to
This lonely place
And then forsake us
The ceiling's come down
We're back where we started
Who needs the crown
Of an underground martyr

MOLEMAN AND MOLEMAID

All around us darkness black as coal
Ever onwards
 further down the hole
And all the while
 the constant scraping sound
Of moles and moles and moles
 digging all around
Somewhere, who knows
 waiting to be found
Are molemen, molemaids
 down here
 living underground

Moleman
Ever since the world began
Molemaid
Don't be afraid

Then one day
 a breach in the tunnel wall
We fell into a strangely glowing hall
A gathering performing mystic rites
Dancing all around stalagmites
That was when we knew we had found
The molemen, molemaids
 down here
 living underground

They made contact
eventually
And spoke in English
naturally
They took us to the queen of molemankind
A lady of a wise and cultured mind
She told us from this day we were bound
To be molemen, molemaids
down here
living underground

THE BLUE OF THE SKY

PART 1

This world's a wondrous, peculiar place
In any number of ways
Under a wide cerulean dome
Is the place we call home
Is it perfect? No it's not
But it's the only one we've got

Usually not one to boast
But I've traversed its innermost
I ignored all the ifs and buts
To explore its very guts
Through miles and miles of solid ground
And this is what I found

The blue of the sky
Is a tonic for the eye
And the grass, where it grows
Is where to place your toes
My soul is stirred
By the chirping of a bird
The very sight, by the way
Of the moonlight on the bay
Fills me up with surprise
So does a simple sunrise

CONTINUED 

THE BLUE OF THE SKY

PART 2

I've often wondered, and now I know
What it's like down below
First of all, I must remark
There is beauty in the dark
But some things that I have seen
Made me long for pastures green
Where the air is soft and clean
And there's nothing in between
You and the ones you love
And the blue skies up above
Now that I'm coming up for air
I must declare

The blue of the sky
Is a tonic for the eye
And the grass, where it grows
Is where to place your toes
My soul is stirred
By the chirping of a bird
The very sight, by the way
Of the moonlight on the bay
Fills me up with surprise
So does a simple sunrise

Under the continental shelf
I tried to find myself
I went searching in the caves
For that one thing that saves
I could not return before
I had finally reached the core
What I saw there made me weak
Things of which I cannot speak
And though I'm thankful for all that I learned
I never shall return

P O S T S C R I P T

These poetries were found
In an envelope
They have been presented as written
Warts and all
Though in this case, no warts
— that's disgusting —

But full of all

- *T H E E D I T O R, 2 0 2 3*