


## **The Cu Chi Tunnels**

George Such

—  —  
We squeezed through a hole in the ground  
and climbed down metal rungs

to a shaft, lit by a distant lamp.  
We had to stoop, almost crawl, rubbing

along the walls, going deeper  
into the earthen scent, coming to rooms

filled with mannequins, some sitting  
around tables studying maps, some treating

the wounded lying on beds, one cooking food  
below a winding vent – an underground

village – a city without a sun.  
She had brought me to Cu Chi to see

how her people lived during the war, how  
the tunnels reached all the way to Saigon,

a network under the enemy's feet,  
deeper than even the bombs could reach.