

## THE LUFTINSPECTOR

*a poem by andre orbeliani\**

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As dark as Hell!

    This here is not Hell.

    Then, what is it?

    This is the Jersey mine near Salmo. BC.

And my headlamp went out.

    I turned the button for the spare

    Nothing happened/Thus darkness.

I am alone

    because I am a Luftinspector

    and I am a mile from the portal.

Nobody knows what a Luftinspector is

    they call me a different name.

but I remember/how this name/was given to me.