

## Jungle Ride

Fish

The car finally burned out around three. The blue beacon  
Of a silent patrol car threw new shadows into the street,  
Turning the window into a flickering monitor screen.  
I'd seen the kids torch the vehicle before I left, on a  
Nightly surfing run to a cybersex site in Chile.  
It wasn't as if they were getting rid of prints, everyone  
Knew it was them. They didn't give a shit. They just  
Wanted to see the flames, to throw a bit of light on a  
Situation. I looked up the hill at the spread of the estate.  
The streetlights glowed like campfires of an army on the  
Eve of battle, or fireflies trapped in the canopy  
Of an immense jungle.  
Jungle, young mental jungle,  
Here in the jungle, in the jungle  
Where men don't cry, and husbands lie, and you never have  
To justify a kickin'.  
When mates jump in to save your skin, if a chib is ever  
Pulled out in a square go.  
Jungle ride, jungle ride, tell me when it's over.  
Jungle ride, jungle ride, tell me when it ends.  
Oh, here she comes 'round again, here she comes round again,  
Here she comes round again, here she comes, here she comes.  
The glazed eyes of porcelain clowns stare skywards, at clouds  
Of goldfish, madly circling their own silent plastic worlds, high  
Above the children who stuff ping pong balls like pills  
In the mouths of slowly rotating heads.  
Intentions true as the arrow's flight wins a cuddly toy,  
To while away an evening. Outside this ring of light  
He'll claim his prize, she'll sport lovebites just to  
Prove to all he's been there.  
Jungle ride, jungle ride, tell me when it's over.  
Jungle ride, jungle ride, tell me when it ends.  
Oh, here she comes round again, here she comes round again,  
Here she comes round again, here she comes, here she comes.  
I crept along the edges of the parade, staying glued to the  
Shadows where the dogs slept uneasily on their chains,  
Under the caravans.  
I followed the drums and the pulsing light, until I came across  
A clearing in the centre, of which was the attraction.  
And then I saw her, an angel in a chariot, her hair  
Trailing behind her like the tail of a comet. And I knew  
That she was mine. I knew that we were destined  
To leave this place together. We didn't belong to this  
Carnage, and the knowledge of escape was the only thing  
Keeping me sane. But for now I could only watch and  
Wait, for this was an arena I dare not enter.  
On the rim of the machine the animals had gathered.  
Big cats at a waterhole, waiting on the weak and wounded  
To stagger into their territory, so they could exercise  
Some violence and feed their starving reputations.  
No climb-down in this standoff with the world.  
They already know that they can never win the war,  
But in this battle they're gonna do some damage.  
The pack will follow the stragglers into the dawn.  
Young mental jungle.  
Jungle ride, jungle ride, tell me when it's over.  
Jungle ride, jungle ride, tell me when it ends.

Jungle ride, jungle ride, tell me when it ends.  
Here she comes round again, here she comes round again,  
Here she comes round again, here she comes, here she comes.