

## Fish "Jungle Ride"

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The car finally burned out around 3. 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 climbdown 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 (rpt)  
Here she comes round again, here she comes round  
again  
Here she comes round again, here she comes, here  
she comes.

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