

Buckley Tim

"Jungle Fire"

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Somewhere old memories
Echoed from the street in a
Crying hole
Just a song from long ago
When I lost my easy gods to the Harlem insect laws
I heard your baited moans and the passing cars and
the swirling
songs and the black man's bones
Through the walls and the stalls and the cackling calls
You were there
You were an island behind the sun
Yes an island
Where my love could live and life breathes
>From deep inside
Deep deep deep deep inside
Mama Lie, I love you like a jungle fire

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