

The Jungle

Bazil Frueh

He loved a boy
who played him
like a windpipe,
filling his throat
with air and spit—

enough to
cultivate a jungle,
roots and branches
piercing through
his ribs.

They frolic
in flesh eating basins,
snarling their teeth,
and baring
their breasts.

They wager life,
tempting the mamba
who spews venom
into their
flaccid backs.

They drink
the rubbery sap
flowing from
the evergreen,
stumbling through ferns and ivy.

To clear the fog
they burn sage,
but haze
lurks back
to haunt overgrown promises.

Tied together,
they embrace
on wobbling ground
as darkness shades their bodies
under enveloping canopies.

There they stand
and wonder:

*How can we preserve a jungle
without sunlight?*