

Jungle Dreams

By Carole Gauntlett

You're not such a fearsome tawny beast
Asleep on that sun warmed rock
Amidst your handsome sleeping pride
Surely you're made of stronger stock.

What are your dreams as you lie so still?
Do you leap through tall grass to savor a KILL?
Do you *pounce* with all of your predator's skill?
Do you make your prey succumb to your will?

Now something has wakened you,
You're up on your feet.
We zoo goers gasp and step back in retreat.

Do I see disappointment in your large feline eyes,
That the dream is now over and there's no jungle prize?
I'm sorry you're caged and not running free
But you're here for the children and grown-ups like me.

The children adore you, imitate your loud noise,
So roar for them now – for the girls and the boys.
They'll scream in fake terror and declare when they're through
“You're the King of the jungle and King of the zoo.”

I'll smile a big thank you and say “You're the best!”
And sweet jungle dreams whenever you rest.