

MASTER OF THE JUNGLE

By Pamela Jekel

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THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE says that every coat casts in its own season. If you have read the other Mowgli stories, you know that the time comes when the yearling becomes a stag, the cub hunts for his own, and the boy becomes a man. So it is that Mowgli came to leave one spring, in the Time of New Talk. Raksha, his wolf-mother, had said it. Baloo and Kaa had told the same: that Man will go to Man at last. And so, though the jungle had not cast him out, Mowgli found himself standing before the Council Rock as he had many times, driven there by his own heart. But now, he came to say farewell.

He found only his four Gray Brothers, Baloo, and Kaa coiled round Akela's empty seat. Bagheera came at last, his paw dripping from a fresh kill, and he said, "The Bull that frees thee lies dead in yonder brush, Little Brother. All debts are paid. Remember, Bagheera loved thee!" Then he bounded away.

And so Mowgli, now Master of the Jungle, changed his trails. For a season or two, he laired among Man, working in the villages as a cow-herder, a hunter, or a tracker of game. But the walls of the mud huts made him feel smothered at night, and the jungle called to him aloud with each passing breeze. Finally, he met a man called Gisborne, a White-Face who was an officer of the Department of Woods and Forests for the government. For all his high-sounding titles, he was simply a man who had found his favourite place in life—the jungle—and had also found a way to be paid for living there.

When Gisborne offered Mowgli the position of Warden of the Rukh, a tract of forest and heavy timber to the east of the Waingunga, he at first was wary, for Mowgli remembered the powerful aggression he had seen the White-Faces display in the hunt. But as he came to know this Gisborne, he saw that he loved the jungle and its people,

and so Mowgli found in Gisborne a brother and a new life. He took himself a wife, Shanta, a slender brown village maiden. In two seasons, she carried a son at her breast, for a forest wooing goes quickly.

Each month, the Government paid Mowgli a sum of silver to oversee his piece of the jungle. He watched for fires, kept the village goats from eating the young saplings, noted the movements of the game, and kept down the boar and the nilghai when they became too many for the good of the growing bamboo. It pleased him to know where each one of his jungle brothers drank at moonrise, fed before dawn, and would lie up in the day's heat. He and his wife lived in a small hut close to the river, and all the jungle passed by his door from one season to another.

Gisborne came and visited from time to time, and he was always startled to find Shanta ringed by four huge gray wolves, who capered about her and watched from the brush, growling if he came too close to either Mowgli's wife or his young son. She would call them out, crying, "Come, ye of little manners. Come and make service to thy master's brother." The wolves fawned around him then, while the mother stood nursing her child and spurning them aside as they brushed against her bare feet.

From time to time also, Bagheera made the long trek to see his little brother, grown to be a man. He would track Mowgli down by the river where he stood fishing, or he would snuff him out as he widened a belt fire-line, coming up on him quietly as smoke with a deep rumble of delight, to share the news of the season. Kaa came too, each year when the Rains were through, but he would not go near the little hut by the river. Mowgli's "small frogling" made his belly nervous, he said. Nonetheless, he came, for friendships in the forest, unlike those of Man, are never let to wither and die away for lack of care.

Old Baloo was the only brother who had not come to sniff out Mowgli's trail. Bagheera said, "He is blind altogether, Little Brother, and the way is long, eh? Soon, he takes a trail we shall *all* follow—" and here he groaned and scratched at his gray muzzle. "Some few of us are overdue. By the Broken Lock that freed me, these bones grow more stiff with each Rain."

But one dawn as Mowgli returned from the hunt, he found the ancient Bear sitting a ways from the door of the little hut, crooning a small song to himself as though two seasons had passed instead of ten.

Mowgli dropped a brace of rabbits at the door and went to his old friend, wrapping his arms about the shaggy shoulders, now silvered with age. "As is cold water in the hottest month, so is the sight of a friend in a far place!" he said, gazing into the Bear's eyes. And then he drew back. "Thou hast tracked me all this far way, by thy nose alone?" He smiled sadly, for Baloo's eyes were whitened with the cast of blindness, and he gazed up over Mowgli's head.

"Ahrrruuh!" the Bear snuffed, grinning widely. "I do not need eyes to find thee, Little Dreamer. Pheuw! The smell of Man is rank about thee!"

"It comes from sleeping within mud walls," Mowgli laughed.

"And sleeping with a mate," the Bear said dryly. "I am not so old that I cannot remember. But come. Come and tell me all thou has seen in these seasons, for thine eyes now stand near tall as my own."

So Mowgli sat within the Bear's encircling arms and told him all he had seen in the rukh, all the game he had herded, the saplings he had planted, told him of the battling bucks in the nearby plains and the ill-tempered boar who must be driven from the bamboo, and a hundred other comings and goings of the Jungle Folk about him.

And then Shanta came from the hut, her face twisted with worry. She would not come to Mowgli and Baloo, but only stood far off, staring at the huge bear.

"My husband," she called finally, her voice fretful, "wilt thou not come and help me clean these rabbits?"

Mowgli blinked in confusion. Never before had Shanta been unable to prepare whatever game he brought to the little hut. But he shrugged and went from Baloo to her side.

"Is this another brother?" she whispered when she had him alone. "This great hairy beast with the huge jaws?"

Mowgli chuckled. "This is the best of them all, heart of my heart, for he has taught me the Law. He is blind, but he has found me, nonetheless."

“Well, and he has neglected to teach thee some small part of wisdom, my husband,” she said in a small furious whisper, “if thou thinkest I shall let him stay. The Four Gray Brothers are enough beasts for one family, I think, and for one small son as well. He will lumber blindly and crush our Thambi with one paw, or knock him into the river, or perhaps sit on his sleeping basket—! Nay.” She shook her lovely head firmly. “Ye must ask him to take himself away, my husband, or I and thy son shall go to another place until he is gone.”

Mowgli scowled and scratched his chin, for he had lived long enough with a woman to know the set of that jaw. “Enough, little one. He has come, and he shall stay. Keep my son within the walls when he is about, if thou art fearful. For myself, I fear nothing save thy tongue. If thou wouldst keep my love, remember the love I bear for Baloo as well, and do not speak against him. Nay, not in *my* hearing.”

She turned and fled back inside the hut, and the sudden silence in the clearing seemed almost a reproach. Mowgli went back to the old Bear and sat once more at his side.

“What is in thy stomach?” Baloo asked gently. “For thou hast sat down heavily like an ox with a burden.”

Mowgli sighed. “It is nothing, my brother. Only a small fear which has laired in the woman’s heart. Hast thou never lived among the females for a time? They are winsome and warm, well enough, and many good things come of them. But they are mad and many times mad, mostly when it comes to their babes.”

The old Bear chuckled, shaking his head. “Ay, I remember. And a fine babe he must be. To think that I, Teacher of the Law, would live these hundred seasons to trail thy own frogling, Little Brother—“ his voice thickened with emotion. “Well, and it is very good, indeed.”

“Stay with us, then,” Mowgli said. “Thou wilt have all the ripe berries and river trout thy fat belly can hold, if my arm has any strength at all. And the woman will come to know thee as friend.”

Baloo reached out and cuffed Mowgli’s shoulder playfully. “Thou art still a Little Dreamer of Dreams, I see. But I will stay for a time.”

And so, the old Bear made the rukh his own, browsing at Mowgli's side as he fished and hunted and traipsed the woods. They often talked over old times and shared old tales, and if you could have stood quietly in the bamboo and listened, you would have heard Baloo chuckling with pleasure at how his man-cub had grown.

But one heart took no pleasure from the Bear's presence in the little clearing by the mud hut. Shanta still grew cold with fear—and something else which she could not name—when she saw the huge beast and her husband saunter off together for another day in the forest. She kept little Thambi far apart, looking cautiously all round the clearing before she would let him toddle forth into the light. When Baloo lay sprawled by the river, the boy was kept fast inside. And because he was his father's son, he soon grew restless and discontent with the confinement, squawling in fury each his mother bound him in his basket.

One day, Mowgli and Baloo followed the river to a deep pool which held a school of large and stubborn trout. The old Bear lay in the shade mumbling over some clover, while Mowgli angled a worm under a rock to tempt forth the fish.

The drifting scents on the breeze had put the Bear in a thoughtful mood, and he was humming softly to himself as he plucked first one, then another ripe paw-paw.

“How is it that this Warden Man can give the woods to thee?” he asked Mowgli. “It does not belong to him, eh? And yet he puts thee here and says, ‘Yea, over all this art thou master.’” The Bear rumbled as a thought struck him. “In thine own hills, where thy mother gave thee suck, there are those who might dispute such a charge. Are there no Hathis here, no Kaas, and no tigers to say nay to thee as master?”

“There are all these things,” Mowgli said, his eyes intent on the silvery shadows of trout. “But what have they to do with me? I count the herds as they move, Kaa's brothers never cross my trail, and as for tigers, I hate all tigers—and if one kills within my rukh, I shall drive him forth.”

“And for this, they give thee the gift of silver?”

“Ay,” Mowgli said patiently, “but I would not hurt the jungle for any gift, old friend. It is my home.”

Baloo scratched his head solemnly. "Bagheera was right. Thou art of the jungle and yet not of the jungle, still. Ye left to lair with Man, ye said, yet ye stand with one foot on each side of the river."

Mowgli sat down and sighed. "It is not an easy thing, Baloo. When I was of the jungle, all things were clear to me, and each thing was only itself. Joy was joy, fear was fear, and hunger was in my belly alone, not in my heart. These things had not yet trespassed, one onto the other. Now, I am a man, and life is older. There is no joy without the knowledge of pain. Likewise, there is no sorrow without the comfort of hope. But it was simpler then."

"Considering this," Baloo answered slowly, "thou art following the proper trail, I think. Perhaps the only trail for thee. But what of thy young frogling? Will he have no Teacher of the Law to guide his steps?"

Mowgli chuckled. "Wouldst thou take on another cub, old friend? Ye said ye had enough of tossing blossoms to ungrateful whelps."

Baloo grinned. "It is true talk. I said as much."

"I had no father and no mother, save thee, my brothers, and the jungle."

"Enough for any cub," the Bear said softly.

"The jungle alone knows. But my son has both father and mother and the jungle besides."

"And the Law?" Baloo absently batted at a low-thrumming hummingbird, as though to belie his concern.

"He will learn Man's Law, and what he needs of the jungle's, I shall teach him, as is seemly."

Now, it was the old Bear's turn to sigh hugely and roll over, facing Mowgli. "As ye wouldst have it, O Warden of the Woods. But I am not to teach thy frogling even the smallest piece of—?"

"He does not even speak his mother's name yet, old friend. Let it come in its own time."

The bear thought that once Thambi began to speak in Man's tongue, the jungle's would come hard to him, but he decided to say no more about it.

Another day, Mowgli had traipsed far up into the hills, and Baloo was dozing in the shade near the mud hut. Shanta had come out of the hut, peered at the old Bear suspiciously, and when she saw that he slept, she took her water jug onto her head to go to the river.

“Stay within,” she whispered to her little son, “and I shall be back before the shadows grow longer.”

But Thambi could no longer abide the blankness of the hut floor, and so he stood up on his fat little legs and pushed with all his strength on the rush door of the hut. To his great surprise, it opened enough that he could slip out into the clearing.

He stood for an instant, swaying on his unsteady legs, looking this way and that for his mother. Then, he spied old Baloo under the neem trees. Without a moment’s hesitation, he toddled over to the old Bear and slapped him on the haunch, clucking to himself.

Baloo woke with a start, felt about to see what had fallen on him from the branches, and smelled little Thambi. The child was brown as a nut, with tousled black hair and beady black eyes. He sat on the ground and stared up at the bear, not the least afraid.

“Huhnhn,” Baloo crooned softly, nuzzling the boy. “Thou art mightily like another frogling I recall, Little Man.”

The child giggled and pushed Baloo’s wet nose away, tugging at his fur all the while. Baloo gathered him carefully closer and raised his shaggy nose. He sensed that Shanta was nowhere about.

“Hast thy father told thee of the time he sat just so and learned the Master Words? No? Well, and ye shall hear it now, Little Brother,” Baloo began. Of course, Thambi could not speak Man’s talk as yet, but because he was still a cub, he found Baloo’s talk easy to understand, as his father had before him. He chortled and nestled closer to the big bear.

“Long ago and far away, where the Waingunga flows—” Baloo continued, his muzzle close to Thambi’s ear.

Suddenly, Shanta came up the riverbank and saw her little son within the Bear’s grasp, his head almost within his jaws. She shrieked and ran towards Baloo, forgetting

her natural terror of the great beast. Baloo snorted and pulled away, but not in time. Before he could avoid her, Shanta yanked the water jug off her head and threw it full in the Bear's face.

The jug caught Baloo on his tender muzzle, smashing into bits and drenching both him and the boy with cold river water. Thambi wailed indignantly; Baloo coughed and gagged with shock, and Shanta grappled for the child in his paws, screaming, "Get back to thy lair, ye forest devil! Keep off my son!"

Baloo did not understand her words, but there was no mistaking her tone. He laid down the squalling boy at her feet and quickly shambled away.

That night when Mowgli returned and heard the tale, he searched the river high and low for the Bear, calling his name repeatedly in the darkness. "Baloo, Baloo *obe*, my brother!" he cried, but only the mocking howls of the monkeys answered him.

He returned to the little hut saddened and silent. He took Thambi on his knee and absently dandled a piece of chapatti for his grasping fingers. The boy chuckled and snatched the bread away greedily.

Shanta watched her husband closely from under lowered eyes. Finally, she could endure the silence no longer, and she repeated softly, "He had him in his great arms, my husband. I could do naught else."

"Thou could have believed me when I told thee that my brother would never hurt the little one." Mowgli said heavily.

"Perhaps not of a purpose!" she replied angrily. "But even without trying, such claws can kill, can crush!"

Mowgli shook his head, unable to say more. He could have told her, he knew, of the countless times those same paws had held him gently, led him surely through the jungle without mishap. But he knew also that her mother's heart would not hear him. And truly, how could he find fault in her for this? He could drive her before him and beat her in anger. He could shout. "Thou art an evil woman, and this matter shall be an open sore between us!" But to what use? He sighed and resolved to say no more for the sake of peace in the little hut. The old Bear was gone, and no word of Mowgli's would bring him back, as in the old days. Two other hearts sat before him

now, awaiting that same word, two who looked to him as he had once looked to Baloo.

He ruffled his son's hair gently. "So, little one, thou hast had a great adventure, eh?" he patted his wife's hand absently and saw that her eyes welled up with quick relief. "Ye should call thy mother *nawal* [mongoose] hereafter, for she would surely fight Death himself for thee."

The next morning, Mowgli took himself into the jungle to drive away some wild boars who were tusking among the young bamboo, and he tried to put his mind thoughts of his absent friend. But Baloo was not so very absent after all. He had listened from the thicket as Shanta scooped up her son and took him back into the hut, fussing and weeping over him with fright. He had waited there in the shadows as Mowgli returned, and heard him call again and again—but he remained silent. He knew that his presence would drive a wedge between Mowgli and his mate, perhaps even cause her to take his son away forever. And so, the bear remained hidden—yet he could not leave, for now that he had held Thambi and smelled the sourness of his ruffled black cub-hair, felt the warmth of his fat fingers, there was no place else in the jungle where Baloo wanted to be.

The season of ripe berries came to the rukh, and Shanta tied Thambi carefully at her hip to traipse the thickets, searching for the best, most ripe patches.

"Thou must call out when ye see them, Little Man of My Heart," she crooned as she wrapped him in gay cloth. But Thambi only chortled and beat on his fat legs, for he had not yet learned to mimic her sounds.

Shanta left the mud hut and followed the trails up the hillocks to where the berries and the lantana grew thick and purple. She untied the boy from her hip and set him down in a clearing where she could watch him, dropping some sticks of bamboo at his feet.

"Play me some music, Thambi," she called as she bent to the lower branches, "whilst I gather these which thy father loves best." The boy picked up the bamboo sticks and began to drum on the earth, crowing and thumping loudly.

Baloo had silently followed the two up the hill, staying hidden in the thick lantana. Though he was blind, he needed no eyes to tell him where Thambi and

Shanta had stopped. He settled quietly in the brush, smiling to himself as he listened to Shanta's endearments and the boy's answering prattle.

The sun was warm and the time so pleasant that the old Bear nearly dozed in the berry thicket, his huge head on his paws and his memories far away. His mind's eye followed a river of shadows back to a time when he had watched another man-cub play in another forest clearing, when he had felt the whole jungle was still before him to be explored, before the seasons lay so heavily on his shoulders. He sighed with pleasure and chuckled to himself, lifting his muzzle out of the damp brush. Then suddenly, a new scent brushed his nose, and he jerked up to alertness. Complete quiet had settled on the berry bushes: Shanta had ceased her croonings; Thambi no longer beat his bamboo sticks.

And then Baloo heard a new voice rasp through the silence, and the hairs bristled up the back of his shoulders. If he could have gazed upon the little clearing, this is what the Bear would have seen.

Shanta was frozen, white and still, half-in, half-out of the berry bushes, her hands in mid-air as though to beseech. Thambi had dropped his sticks in wonder, and he too sat still as stone. His wide eyes were fastened on what lay coiled and swaying on the ground between himself and his mother: a huge King Cobra.

"Do not move, do not stir, my heart! O be still, my life!" Shanta whispered in a shrill whistle of fear and horror.

But the snake barely glanced in her direction. He towered over Thambi's head, his hood spread wide as a water lily, within easy striking distance of the boy's brown legs, and he crooned an evil song.

"O ay, be still, little frogling, until I say thee to ssstir," the snake hissed. "Thou art child of the Master of the Rukh, are ye not?"

Thambi's eyes followed the snake's every sway, fascinated and frozen as a young sparrow. Some instinct bade him be silent, the same instinct which makes a dappled fawn drop to cover when a hunter passes near.

"Ay, thou art of his blood, that I can see," the snake continue, his slithering tongue testing the air above Thambi's head. "Once, long ago, I met thy father in another place. I would have struck him down, for my people wanted his death. But

his tongue charmed me, even as my tongue charms thee now, eh?" The cobra lowered his head slightly so that his eyes were gazing directly into Thambi's, and his tongue wickered in and out hypnotically. The boy swayed slightly forward, his eyes drooping under the snake's stare.

Shanta screamed and stepped forward, but the Cobra whirled in a blink, hissing and spitting in anger. "Stay ye sso!" he commanded, his eyes glittering. "I shall say when thou canst stir!" Shanta froze once more. A low keening whimper came from her throat, like that of a snared rabbit.

The snake turned back to the boy, revolving almost leisurely on his black coils. Baloo moved slightly closer in the brush, his back haunches trembling. "O ay, thy father and I have crossed trails," the cobra continued, "and some there were who said that where one man walked, others would soon follow. But I did not listen. Not ssoon enough, fat little frogling. And now, thou hast come. And behind thee shall come others." The snake jerked his chin at the woman behind him. "Ah-sh-sh, from just such as she, thy mother. But if thou dies? Then she shall go elsewhere, taking her nest with her. No more mud huts on the river; no more beating of the bushes in berry time." The snake moved slightly closer, and his voice dropped to a wheedling tone. "Most assuredly, little frog, I bear thee no ill will. And had thou not crossed my path, as impudently as thy father did once, I would have let thee live, no doubt. For surely, thou art comely as thy father before thee. But thou art *Man*."

Suddenly, Baloo raised up on his haunches, his great head and shoulders looming up out of the brush. "We be of one blood, ye and I, O Hama," he called to the cobra in the snake's tongue. "Leave the man-cub alive!"

The snake looked up, mildly surprised. "Art thou here as well, Teacher of the Law? Indeed and truly, this frogling is well-comraded at such a tender age. But ye need not plead his life. Call for his father Baloo. I shall have one or the other of them, for the death of either shall rid the rukh of Man. But I shall let *him* choose. For the sake of old memories and an old story-song, eh?" The snake's eyes turned angry. "Call him, Baloo! I await his pleassure!"

Baloo turned to Thambi, and his voice dropped low and gentle, luring the boy's eyes away from the swaying snake. "Say this, man-cub, say after me: 'We be of one blood, ye and I.' Quickly, manling, speak the Master Word!"

Thambi seemed to comprehend that something was wanted from him. He screwed his mouth up with concentration, trying to mimic the sounds the bear made. Hama hissed with rage as the boy's eyes darted away to the bear, and in that instant, Baloo crashed out of the brush and upon the snake. His terrible great paws swept down on the spitting cobra, who ducked and weaved, trying to strike at the boy. A mighty claw slashed, Shanta screamed in horror, and Hama lay writhing in agony on the ground, his back broken—but not before he had sunk both fangs deeply in Baloo's shoulder.

Shanta scooped up her son and retreated into the brush, frantically checking him for bites. The cobra convulsed and twisted once, twice, his body jutting at odd angles in the dust, until finally he lay still. Baloo sprawled beside him, panting heavily. Shanta put back her head and screamed as loud as a dozen peacocks, calling for Mowgli again and again, her lament wailing through the forest.

Mowgli heard his woman's call from way across the river, where he hunted for nilghai tracks. He knew instantly that such a howl of fear and grief meant death—someone's—and he raced in the direction of her wail with his heart pounding in his throat. He burst into the berry clearing to find Shanta on the ground with Baloo's head in her lap. She wept over the bear quietly while Thambi watched solemnly at her side. One glance to the broken cobra and the bear's swollen, darkening jowls told him the tale.

"My brother!" Mowgli cried, and dropped to his knees next to the shaggy head.

Baloo opened his eyes and looked directly at Mowgli, though he could not see a thing. "'Twas Hama," the bear said weakly, "come to eat yet another frogling. His ... his bite went in like a needle, but it goes out like a plough."

"He saved us both," Shanta sobbed. "The great *naja* would have slain our Thambi, save for his swift claws."

Mowgli scarcely heard her. He gathered the bear's head onto his own lap and sat rocking gently, crooning a private song into Baloo's ears. "Dost thou remember,

old Bear, how I swam beside thee, so many seasons past, and told thee the Master Words at thy bidding? Bagheera scared Patwari out of his pinfeathers that day, with a yawn bigger than Hathi's."

Baloo chuckled painfully. "Thee called me 'fat old Bear,' even then, I think." He struggled to sit up as a thought took him. "Thou must teach thy frogling the Master Words, Little Brother. Almost did he say them to Hama! I must teach him—"

"H'sh, my brother," Mowgli soothed him. "Lie still and remember. Remember when ye and Bagheera pulled me from Hama's black pit? Remember when ... when ... " and then Mowgli stopped, for a terrible stillness had come over the bear, and his body fell slack in his arms. Baloo was dead.

Mowgli lay the bear gently down and stood, his arms to the sky. He put back his head and howled into the jungle silence, howled as only a grieving wolf can howl, pealing his sorrow and his loneliness loud and long until the trees rang with it, and every creature for miles around knew that the Teacher of the Law was no more.

That night, as the moon rose over the rukh, a small band of brothers met by the river. Mowgli stood on a rock over Baloo's body and called to the night sky. At his feet in a ring sat his four gray wolves, who lifted their muzzles in unison with his cry. Bagheera slid into the circle, an inky black shadow, silent and solemn. Together, they sang the forest song of the dead, and when they finished and the wolves had turned away, Mowgli and the panther kept watch over Baloo, as jungle custom decreed.

In the silence, Mowgli turned to Bagheera and he said, half-aloud, half to himself, "There was a thing Hathi said once. A true talk, I think."

"Hathi said many things of wisdom," Bagheera replied softly.

"But this thing was of Baloo," Mowgli said, and his voice thickened with pain. "He said that hearts are like horses. They come and go against the bit and spur. I did not know what he meant then. The way love binds. I do now."

"And how does this touch our brother?"

Mowgli turned away, his eyes downcast. "Hathi said that Baloo did not know this wisdom. That only the old heads learn it." His throat tightened with a dry sob. "I wish that he had realised the peril of the love he bore me!"

Bagheera dropped his grizzled chin on Mowgli's bare knee and said gently, "He knew, Little Brother. He knew well enough. And he would have followed no other trail." He thought for a moment in silence. "He was not, after all, blind in his *heart*."

Finally, slowly, Mowgli was able to smile as he sifted through his memories.

They sat in the moonlight until the jackals had ceased howling. As the dawn began to send creeping fingers between the trees, Mowgli and the Black Panther still sat, side by side, and if you could have listened, you would have heard first the boy, then the great cat, chuckle softly as they traded memories of seasons gone by.

This is the forest death song which Mowgli, Bagheera, and the wolves sang over Baloo. It is sung over any great dying in the jungle, and is the first thing which every hunting creature learns after the Master Words.

Death Song of the Hunters

A cub opens night-eyes,
A nest stirs, a whelp cries,
A calf stands to teat-size,
And in them, the jungle lives on.

The kite cracks the gaur's head,
The jackal is full-fed,
The dawn finds the new dead,
And from them, the jungle lives on.

The sun sears the mango,
The Rains lay the grass low,
The earth turns, the winds blow,
And always, the jungle lives on.