

Jungle Epitaph

Great Tarzan is dead.
They bury him fathoms deep
in the junkyards of progress.
Man jack of muscle
long ago tapped,
the message found in his art
was garbled.

Yet innocence
taught us to read
each script as a portent
of our own inarticulate
struggle
toward the embrace
of something wild.

Lost gardens inside us

plundered like Africa,

our dreams mime

the barefaced truth.

Each night

Olduvai trembles,

at a thousand naked mirrors

we rehearse

the impostures of words . . .

Tom Henighan