

# Weird Tales

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# THE JUNGLE

By CRISTEL HASTINGS

The snakelike vines reach out on every side,  
Weaving a swing where chimpanzees may ride  
And chatter in the sullen, lifeless noon  
While all about the purple shadows swoon.

The crumbling logs of trees lie everywhere,  
Encrusted with rare orchids here and there—  
Deceiving bits of loveliness to lure  
Unwary feet that brave the sodden moor.

The moon looks in between the fronded beams  
Of wicked plants that stand, until it seems  
The night is made of moss and leaf and bole—  
A hopeless wood—a place without a soul.

Never a star looks in this silent gloom—  
This tangled maze of green from Nature's loom—  
Never a sound, save macaws' chattering  
And chimpanzees'—haunting their aerial swing.