



City Jungle

Rain spits down.
Elephant cars thunder past.
Their bumpers smirk.

Their headlights flicker.
Shop doorways keep their eyes open on watch.
At the roadside hunched houses sneeze.

Newspapers take off like aeroplanes.
Hands in their pockets to keep them warm.

The gutter opens its mouth and gulps all the
water.

The motorbike roars as it goes down the street.

Streetlights bare their manky teeth.
Big black snake slivering into the light.
Lashes across the glistening black of the tarmac
night.

BY LEYTON