

## A Jungle Bashers Lot.

The jungle path was long and hard,  
Progress was measured by the yard,  
How deep into that mass we'd go,  
Not even we would really know.  
The sweltering heat the sodden rain,  
Would hamper every yard we'd gain.  
As night would fall we rest in sleep,  
Until the early morning creep.  
Another day of search and track,  
With loaded kit upon our back,  
Of weapons always at the ready we carry on,  
So sure, so steady.  
A sound ahead, now what was that?  
So for a while, listen and squat.  
Was it the foe we'd come to hunt?  
Or was it just a monkey's grunt?  
An eerie silence fills the air,  
A sign of movement somewhere, where?  
So close are we to these our foe,  
We must advance, and bravely go.  
A fleeting glance, we do first see, as we creep to our enemy,  
They scatter every way do them, but they cannot outrun the Bren.  
Some fall in death for evermore,  
A gruesome sight on jungles floor.  
Young lads who'd grown up into men,  
Had done their job, but couldn't rest then.  
For there is plenty more to do,  
The follow up, the slightest clue.  
Oh. When will this thick jungle ever end?  
That had made boys grow into men.  
Another night to sleep and rest,  
Again tomorrow we'll do our best.  
We'll carry out those we have slain,  
We even do not know their name.  
Strapped to a pole, for all to see,  
Their bodies led beneath a tree.  
A lesson there, for those that may,  
To live their lives a better way.

*Dave Bishop  
Somerset Light Infantry.  
Malaya. 1954.*