

MALAYAN NIGHTS REMEMBERED

Praying mantis framed against the moon,
In boxing silhouette,
Slimy, clinging leaches,
Are everywhere that's wet.
Soldier ants march on and on,
To find another foe,
Bugs and ticks give wicked nips,
And cause your blood to flow.
Mosquitoes bite by day and night,
There's bamboo everywhere,
Rubber trees shed their sap,
And snakes bring endless fear.
Slick beetles go flying by.
Attracted by any light,
Seldom seen in daytime,
But always seen at night.

The call of prowling animals,
Fills the clear night air,
Hunting for their evening meal,
And returning to their lair.

The stars caress the cloudless sky,
Like crystal eiderdown,
The jungle slowly sheds its heat,
The moon appears to frown.

Malayan nights bring delights,
And endless hours of fun,
Tiger beer brings good cheer,
Chased down with strong white rum.

The dance hall girls sell their wares,
And have something nice for you,
But do beware, have a care,
It won't be Asian flu.

The memories linger on and on,
From oh so long ago,
Of how we gave our very best
And fought a deadly foe.

Malayan nights still carry on,
But sadly without us,
We fought the fight, got it right,
And didn't make a fuss.