

A Jungle Aristocrat

The silverback gorilla lounges in Volcanoes National Park's dense rainforest as one would lounge on a cushioned sofa in a private members-only club drinking cognac and smoking a cigar.

His eyes are open, yet he does not move. Perhaps he is simply relaxing in the lush jungle greenery, or maybe he is contemplating life. Hard to tell.

His nose and mouth are rugged. His face is not particularly handsome, but there is softness in its appeal as is the same with his deep-brown coloured eyes. Fur covering his cheeks and forehead looks silky and smooth. One can easily imagine he attended an appointment with the barber earlier in the day for a proper shampoo and blow-dry.

The silver fur across his back makes him look dapper and distinguished, and I suspect this appeals to the female gorillas in an oh-so, swoon-worthy way. He is powerful, yet he appears gentle. He is primal, but he is refined.

And he is grand, just like his other family members, but there is something aristocratic about this silverback gorilla. I feel like he has opulent stories to tell and others cannot match his narratives. Maybe he has secrets and no one to tell them to. If he does, I want to hear them.

He is rare and exquisite, and being near him, I feel honoured in his presence. In his world, I have been granted permission to enter even if it is just for an hour.

But a short visit does not matter because in my lovely illusion, as I stand so close to him, I envision drinking champagne and spending hours being wonderfully transfixed by his perfectly enchanting tales and humanesque intelligence.

Swoon-worthy indeed.