



trent hunter
geography

platetectonic

platetectonic
shifting forces
lifting scraping
moving leaving
gaping voids and
mountains heaving
crashing scarring
deeply weakly weeping
weakly weeping

leaving faces
things I know
familiar sights
and favorite places

soft the soil
sinking pushing
fingers into dirt
the longing heart
the beating earth

my face pressed
my arms outstretched
my will it reaches
bonding to the earth
like clinging roots
that push and feel
to spread to sink
to anchor fast
to live to last
to anchor fast
to live to last

sublimation

words flowed free
unusual enough for me
I am slow to speak
we told of
our lives in different worlds
lived in different worlds

lights went by
refracted in rain and glass
and the hours past
drifting off
the sound of the street below
and the stereo

sublimation
lifted me
out of my seat
out of my seat
into the air
I slowly floated away

when I cried
noone was there to see
how I felt inside
when we left
you kissed me on the mouth
kissed me on the mouth

sublimation
lifted me
out of my seat
out of my seat
into the air
I slowly floated away

north

red on the left
green on the right
I forget which way
is north tonight
flat on my back
lying in the grass
watching planes pass

I know whats up
I know whats down
God knows I know my way
around this town
but I can't recognize
try as I might
the stars tonight

things I remember
I can't talk about
I'm running to help
my mind sort itself out
and I'm losing forever
the things I forget
with each step

the sound of my breathing
my heart in my chest
the faster I move
the more my mind can rest
so I find myself here
every night
under street lights

colored lights

you knew a band we saw them live
they played a hidden college dive
the sound was 1995
we never stopped to wonder

the bar was on the second floor
the guys were from this record store
you didn't work at anymore
we never stopped to wonder

the colored lights they blinded me
the music somehow blinded you
and there was nothing we could do
we never knew
we never knew

in afternoons we met in parks
we walked around til after dark
we let the summer leave its mark
we never stopped to wonder

and down by the river
we talked and we talked
about music and movies
and books we had bought

the fireworks they blinded me
the setting sun it blinded you
and there was nothing we could do
we never knew
we never knew
and so I left then you left too
we never knew
we never ever knew

radio

the other day I heard
a song on the radio
I wish I could have
stayed but I had to go
and as I left my house
I couldn't help but smile
I hadn't thought about
you in a long while

stepped out my door
and turned to the subway
wondered if I'd ever
run into you one day
last thing I heard
you were living in L.A.
I haven't heard from
you in a long while



IMMIGRANT



Except where otherwise noted, this work is licensed under
<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/3.0/>