

# Hunting

## Mount Eerie

With no wind tearing through  
No air in the morning  
The haunting of the building is left to me

To appear in the room  
To embody a specter  
To fulfill the pregnant former factory

Flooded with fluorescent light  
Drowned in ventilation  
Offices alone at night, humming

Dwelling on the past to bring the dead to life  
I walk slowly every night  
Through the empty rooms of the changing shape  
Hunting the white stag to see beyond

To the ancient pursuit  
Following a feeling  
To here where you found it dead in the mud