

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