

## Distant Stations

### The Mountain Goats

I found an old rock in the dry dirt outside  
The door of my motel room  
It was a triangle with soft, rounded edges and a split  
down the middle of one corner  
It was darker than English moss, green like the soft  
frills of a peacock's plume

I waited for you but I never told you where I was  
It was who taught me how to write these kinds of  
equations  
I waited on the steps for you and I hid in the bushes  
whenever a car pull into the parking lot  
You taught me how to listen to these distant stations

Distant stations

I saw the sky break  
I threw a rock at a crow who was playing in the mulch  
of some rosebushes by the motel office  
Missed him by a good yard or two

I sang old songs from nowhere  
Los Angeles, Albuquerque  
I said a small prayer for the poor and the naked and  
the hungry  
And I prayed real hard for you

I waited for you but I never told you where I was  
It was who taught me how to write these kinds of  
equations  
I waited on the steps for you and I hid in the bushes  
whenever a car pull into the parking lot  
You taught me how to listen to these distant stations

Distant stations