

## Phoenix 2003

### Cold Chicago

Sleeping,  
half-sleeping in a cramped front seat,  
as the chilly north wind  
off the Lake whips  
around my car,  
a tortured, small, withered plant  
twists violently  
outside the car door.

In the middle  
of Southside  
sleeping cold to the world,  
a street person stares  
from a lighted corner,  
empty busses haul ghosts away  
as the cold, moist wind  
tickles my knees  
inside the car.  
*Dwight Hunter*

### Lawn chair

As the wind  
chilled my back,  
undulating waves  
of cool air  
tumbled down  
the vertebra stairway:  
I became less angry  
about the talk of war.

Relaxed  
in my lawn chair  
with the cool wind  
churned by the green  
Cottonwood leaves  
fanning the air above me:

A red, bloody beachhead  
filled with American  
armaments  
and blown-up souls shout,  
"We can't relax!"  
*Dwight Hunter*

## Phoenix 1992-93

### BOGUE PRAIRIE

By Dwight Hunter  
Miles stretch into memories  
quickly  
as the highway  
resembles a black ribbon  
amidst a sea of green grass  
outlined by barbed-wire fences

The wind whistles  
through the barbed wires  
held taut by wooden and steel posts

And not a person for miles  
no trees to block a view  
just loneliness—  
a real sense of being all along  
between the open prairie and the sky

Sand-covered roads lead off  
from the sticky tar highway  
the sand and car tires  
converge to sound  
like a racing motor  
screaming at its highest decibel

But the sand-covered road  
with its dips and gullies  
tolerates only the patient driver  
so turn around  
foolhardy adventurer  
go back to the comforts  
of a tar road

Memories remain  
of the whistling wind  
and the loneliness of a road  
which had no destination