

## The Mountain Goats

### "Distant Stations"

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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 you 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 pulled 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 rose bushes 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 you who taught me how to write this kind of  
equation.  
i waited on the steps for you,  
and i hid in the bushes whenever a car pulled into the  
parking lot.  
you taught me how to listen to these distant stations  
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