

Poetry Series

**Hunter Dasten**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Hunter Dasten(May 3rd 1987)

Hunter Dasten was born May 3rd 1987 in Atlanta Georgia. He currently lives and writes in Savannah, Georgia. His poetry has appeared in Moonshine Arts Magazine, The Istanbul Literary Review, Ovi Magazine, and The Blue Fog Journal.

# A Ballerina's Dance

Her feet float above the stage  
as if carried by some unseen force.  
From my view among the generally admitted  
I can hardly make out the details of her face.  
But those graceful movements are so alluring  
each subtle step, precise, and all consuming.

She is the most vulnerable of all artists,  
performing a dance that demands every emotion soak through her skin.  
Each fluid movement pulls from the reservoir of her experience.  
Trained from a young age to move agilely across the stage,  
bearing the weight of the world upon her shoulders;  
My Ballerina has more heart than anyone else on earth.

This reckless transparency, on the stage, is her glory.  
Yet in the average corner of existence  
this susceptibility to the sun's rays  
would leave one suffering the harshest burns.  
My Ballerina hurdles from one emotional extreme to another  
with the cyclical tensing and relaxing of each muscle.

My Ballerina is a martyr for her art, and a saint among the flock.

Hunter Dasten

# An Immutable Act

Seven Suns and all that has come  
since the day your spirit took flight.  
yet it's only a candle's flicker in my eyes.

Tell me dear friend,  
what ever drove you to such an immutable act?

The pen falls heavy  
with the weight of these plaintive words.  
What shall become of how I miss you,  
now that time has had its say?  
As if a tumbling wheel of questions  
over and over I am the same in all my asking.

Tell me dear friend,  
what ever drove you to such an immutable act?

I am here standing tall  
atop these twenty four hundred days.  
Here with memories intact,  
I remain as dumbfounded,  
as on the day that was your last.

Hunter Dasten

# Beneath A Copper-Tint Sky

It was a beige sand beach beneath a copper-tint sky,  
where with each untroubled step we walked away our youth.  
The air carried the sound of crashing waves as the tide rolled in,  
yet my lips can still retrace the imprint of her kiss.

From what seemed an unfathomable distance  
we watched the shrimp boats slowly return to shore.  
One by one they shyly vanished  
as if they thought it best to let us alone.

In their passing I could not help but wonder;  
what glory is due reward for a sailor,  
surely exhausted, dirty, and sore?

The instant our fingers entwined  
a brief shock set a new rhythm to my heart.  
Once again transfixed by her gaze,  
I was absorbed by a mystery  
that I had no hope to comprehend.  
Do those men know the touch of one  
so perfectly matched to themselves?  
Has a grace like hers been crafted  
to compliment their souls?

Her cherry lips spoke a verse so delicate  
that the words could barely bridge the gap between us.  
And a torrent of passion shot through my veins,  
as if God's presence had finally been confirmed.

So with the dying light ducking below sea-oat covered dunes,  
we traced the last dozen steps of sand and made our way home.  
I will never forget the roar of those waves,  
or the smell of the ocean on that humid Georgia night.  
For it was on a beige sand beach beneath a copper-tint sky,  
where with each untroubled step I first knew what it meant to be alive.

Hunter Dasten

# My Dream

The burden of reality, and conscious procedures  
prevent me from fully recalling just how vivid your presence was  
though, I can venture with enough forethought, to express it:  
Your hair seemed to float in a dance of jubilation through the air,  
as if animated by the most crystalline ocean of a world yet conceived.  
And what myths my mind invents of your phosphorescent smile!  
Together we laughed with such enthusiasm it rivaled youthful innocence  
I would vanquish all ambition, all human longing still  
to have never left that dream, your presence.

Such attachment, I have never felt and may such a dream never come again!  
May nightmares populate my evening, and terror grip each awakening.  
I am not strong enough, to wake up with your face in my mind's eye.  
I am not strong enough, to handle that, when you're nowhere in sight.

Hunter Dasten

# She Watches The Sunset

The blue sky stretches far across the tepid marshland.  
A delicate amethyst which surrounds the crouching sun  
signals every cloud to it's place along the horizon.

She stands focused on the beauty of this days' decay,  
as a calm descends upon her with the weight of a falling star.  
She has found her peace in the flushing quiet that has consumed her mind.

I envy the setting sun as it marvels her eyes.  
For I have spent the eternity that is often young love  
wishing that I might find the answer in rhyme.  
Yet in this fleeting moment I graciously turn away.  
All that really matters is that she's found her eden  
in the docksides' fading day.

Hunter Dasten

# That Little Girl With Her Hands To The Sky

Have you ever clung to a desire for so long  
that your eyes saw nothing else?  
The most beautiful part of existence is the ability to dream,  
to aspire toward a goal, no matter how lofty!

Like the little girl with her hand outstretched to the stars,  
hoping for just one touch of the cosmos.  
Try as she may, with all of her might  
soon she will realize she cannot reach very far.  
That little girl does not cry!  
In fact she simply sits there,  
smiling.

And soon tonight, like many before  
her mother will call with affection,  
peeking out the front door.  
'Sweetheart, my darling where are you?  
It's getting late and you need your sleep! '  
That little girl does not whine!  
In fact she just walks in,  
smiling.

The little girl with her hands to the sky,  
is content with the knowledge that tomorrow is another day.  
Her arms will be one day longer,  
and the stars will still be there.  
Her dream may wither until it can't even be seen  
but her dream will never tear.

Hunter Dasten



# The Climb

Tragedy surrounds us in this life.  
The seeds of Hatred, Cruelty, and Oppression,  
easily grow to rival the heights of Redwood forests.  
It's so easy to find yourself lost in this cold dark world.  
But I promise you together we can breach the canopy,  
and from our perch we will see the sunlight!  
As it reveals bliss too is boundless,  
If you're willing to make the climb.

Hunter Dasten

# The Dance

My memory is a Polaroid picture left in the sun.  
The scene is discolored and warped,  
and I'm left with only an abstract memory  
as if I had heard the story second hand.  
But in the language of my heart  
the events are crystalline.

I scaled the wall of a nervous sheer cliff,  
and climbed toward the mountain top revelry.  
My fingers gripped the walls with such intensity  
that the rocks crumbled in my hands.  
Just as I thought I had lost my hold,  
and all I wanted to do was hide,  
you said yes.

I made my way through the emotional spectrum,  
in the time it took us to sway from left to right.  
Do you remember when we danced?

Hunter Dasten

# The Perfect Word

I have attempted a spiritual bargain.  
I have called upon God and sold him my world  
so that I might invent you,  
the perfect word.

It's very utterance would be so sweet,  
as it lingers a moment,  
before rolling off your tongue  
you'd swear that it was dancing upon your taste buds.

It would sound of your own youthful laughter!  
A linguistic reminder  
of a time before heartache and pain.  
The laughter of a past  
when boys chased girls without any motive.  
A laughter so innocent we experience it vicariously now  
only when we watch children running around the playground.

I have sold my world to invent you one word!  
Spoken, it would shelter you from the harshest winter winds.  
Spoken, the enormous snow drifts dotting this urban expanse  
would dissolve away revealing a white sand beach.  
Spoken, the street lights become magnificent palm trees  
beckoning you to rest beneath.  
Spoken, the cars transform to rolling ocean waves before your eyes.  
Each dropp of water works in unison to serenade you night and day.

I have spent years trying to invent you one word.  
I will continue unabated until my last breath escapes me.  
Consider this my solemn oath,  
I will invent you that perfect word!

Hunter Dasten

# Those Eyes

Can you peer through those eyes?  
The radiance must be blinding.

As I gaze into them I've come to understand  
what the ancients must have felt,  
looking up toward the shimmering night sky.

All the mysteries and wonders of life  
are clearly reflected, as is the light.

And even if I'd never be sure  
just what chemicals kindle a stars faithful burn.

I would still spend every night  
dreaming up poems about your eyes.

Hunter Dasten

# Tightrope Walker

I move above the anxious crowds  
in a perilous tightrope act.  
With each word I write  
every confession & concession made,  
I'm led another step further  
from the safety of my private platform.

Half propelled by sheer fervor,  
half compelled by an adrenal fever!  
With all the momentum built  
I cannot help but move forward!

Each word must be carefully plotted,  
and chosen only when the timing's right.  
For one misstep, a single shuffling of the feet  
will rile up the cynics thirsting for a snuff-show.

What is it to write a poem & what is it to be a Poet  
if not a Tightrope Walker standing high above the crowd?

Hunter Dasten

# When The Storm Comes Around

Should you find yourself at the captain's helm,  
as everyone around you is jumping ship.

Do not lose your stride.

Do not miss a step.

Because I will be right beside you,  
braving the storm.

As the cruel dark clouds loom just above the bow,  
and the torrential rains begin to fall.

Your nerves may get the best of you,  
but that's perfectly natural.

All you must do is reach out and take my hand.

I will calm those panicked thoughts  
causing your mind to spin.

I will stand at your side through hurricane force winds,  
and together we'll be able to keep our footing.

Life may attempt to send us to the ocean depths,  
but together we will survive this hellish night  
to see the sun again.

Hunter Dasten