



Sahara Dawn

About seven years ago, after I learned my Mother had passed away over a pay phone in a chaotic Marrakech, Morocco kasbah while fending off very annoying hashish pushers. (pesky buggers), I decided not to return home to the States. I really wasn't up to listen to everyone incessantly asking "are you okay?" I just wanted to be alone and grieve awhile my own way.

I headed South in pretty much a stumbling hashish-tainted daze until I arrived at the very edge of the Sahara desert in Merzouga, Morocco. I hired a blue turbaned old man to take me out into the desert by camel to the largest dune he knew. If you haven't been there, the Saharan dunes are huge! It's absolutely awe inspiring to witness a sandy ocean of simple beauty all at once.

The old man took me out at dawn by camel to see the first golden rays of daybreak shoot across the sandy oceans. After a couple hours we'd reached the destination and he, along with the camel, lay down for a nap while I began to scrambled my way to the top of this gargantuan and dune. When I reached the top, it wasn't quite the break of dawn so I waited while I tried to catch my breath.

Something seemed very peculiar. I didn't hear even the slightest bit of sound. No planes, or wind, or animals, or distant murmurs. Nothing. Silence. Silence, except for the sound of my own breath. So, I held my breath to try and experience the pure silence whilst I waited for the sun to come. But holding my breath proved futile as well, because the silence was broken by this muffled thumping sound. At first, I thought "maybe the camel?" But no... I realized it was the sound of my heart beating. About that moment the first rays of daybreak shot out across the desert like golden pipes of shimmering light. I was healed! I knew my Mother, and she was right there in front of me... embedded in the beautiful break of day, in my mind, and all around me.



Mirror Man

I didn't want to go to the flea market that day. It wasn't just the record-breaking heat, or the sweltering balm, but that the light was glaring and oppressive in the way it washed out all the texture, life, and color. Still, out of boredom I went. I figured, if I just sat there in the air conditioning it's certain nothing interesting will happen. If I go, maybe I'll unearth some rare treasure! Maybe something... anything... might actually happen.

I meandered from lackluster card table display of forgotten debris to boiling booths of brain-scrambling banality. It was so hot and I felt like an ant hounded by some demented demigod with a giant magnifying glass focusing the already relentless rays squarely in my path.

Then I saw him. He looked sad and as if he were very far away. Like he was dreaming of what might have been. Or, remembering another life when he was a King! He just sat there... hoping to sell one of his magnificent natural wood-framed mirrors.

+The following are some of my photo images with some prose I wrote to go along with them as writing samples. I've got nearly zoo of these at <http://skiphunt.deviantart.com>



+Waiting for Antiqua

Ruined, I wait for redemption... Crumbled, holding tight to how it had always been... Shattered, to realize as it has been, and can be no more...

Seeing the past as the present... Tangible as grasping a mystic reflection. With all your all, you only make ripples until there is nothing more... Does it exist? Had it ever? Will it ever again?

It doesn't matter... The matter is... what is now.

Reflect on the reflection and you will know now what is all and always nothing at all.

-Reflecting pool in Antiqua, Guatemala



+It's not a Gang... It's a Club!

Jesus knew if he could just clone himself he could at least double his chances of being tapped to enter the club... He hadn't counted on Mary... so clever the girl. How could he compete with that motherly aura? That warm glow and Ave Maria backup that chimed everywhere she went. He didn't have a chance.

He pleaded his sorrow with San Francisco, but he wasn't try to hear that see... And I'll be damned if he didn't just rip ol' J's plan himself! But who can compete? I mean, when you got your Daddy's bankroll there ain't no soul can hold a candle.

Still, all were doomed to learn not only did they ALL get passed up for the devine invitation, but they became the club's cherry gilded entertainment for all to see...

Oh woeful divinity... when will they learn what the idols have known for all time?

- Mexico City



+Tussling Terrain

Fuchsia finally had a moment to herself away from the inhabitants. She knew she could grow to love this watery outpost...

Abundance knew she would just die just as soon as he could show her how the indigenous emulants walked on their pedal pad paws! How could they? Didn't they know? How unclean!

Abundance couldn't get over her restrained pleasure bouts, and he was beside himself... pleased he could finally share the post with Fuchsia. He had know idea she would take to the landing this well and giggled as he spied her tussling in the soil grain.



Mexico Days (This is the last 4 paragraphs from a longer story)

Before the sun rose the following morning, I'd packed my bag of soiled clothing, and caught a couple hours sleep before heading off for Zacatecas. I'd been told of a shorter route via San Tiburcio and that the usual seven hour trip could be done in about four hours. Once the bus had left the Huicuta area, I figured I could chill out a bit from my perpetual federale paranoia.

The bus careened into a bone-dry bus depot at a "T" that is the highway running between Zacatecas and Monterrey. After the bus driver took lunch, the crowded bus pulled away leaving only myself and an older Huichol Indian man waiting outside the depot of San Tiburcio. The only evidence of any town at all was this small bus station and a truck stop on the other side of the highway. The Huichol and I had been assured the connecting bus to Zacatecas would be by in about a half an hour. So, I made myself comfy and sat on the nearest smooth stone and the stern-faced Huichol staked out a spot of shade near a power pole and stared out into the desert. Over the next hour or so, we both paced about in the white hot afternoon, checked our watches, and tried to dodge the frequent dirt devils that'd whirl over, covering us in fine bone powder and filling our exposed orifices in dusty desert soil.

Another hour passed. We'd both been kind of avoiding eye contact although I really wanted to chat with a "real" Huichol who was most likely returning from his annual peyote pilgrimage. I finally tried to break the ice with the usual cigarette offer, but he said he didn't smoke. I replied, "Good! They tell me they're really bad for you."

I noticed the deep lines around his eyes as he squinted hard from the afternoon blaze. I remembered I had an extra pair of terminator style, brushed metal sunglasses and offered them to him as a gift. He gladly accepted my offering and put them on. I tried to contain my amusement with the site of an old Huichol man in full traditional Huichol costume sporting wrap-around terminator sunglasses.

Finally, he began to make some small talk and his stern face soon softened. In the midst of our conversation, a Mexican tourist traveling with his family in a suburban walked over to introduce himself to the shamanic looking Huichol. After a brief greeting, he held out a handful of small packets containing chicle gum and offered some to the Huichol. He then looked at me, hesitated, then put the rest of the packets in his pocket and drove off. As I guarded my eyes from the cloud of dust the massive suburban left behind, I looked over to the Huichol who was about to pop the last chicle into his mouth. I said, "Humph! No chicle for Gringos..."

The Huichol hesitated, thought about offering me his last chicle, then popped it into his mouth and let out a huge laugh as his stony face broke into a smile almost as bright as the desert sun suspended in the brilliant blue sky.



Cogstantinople © Skip Hunt 2004

He was crushed by
the machine just
because he wanted
a 5 minute Coke and
smoke. Pleading with
the raging no one, the
cogs ground him down
until he finally gave.

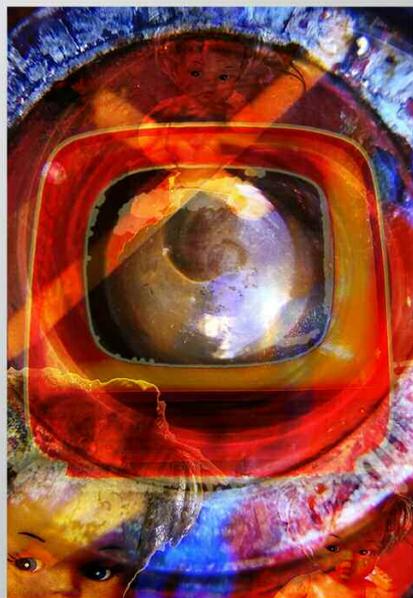
+This is a series I did just for fun.

I used the composite images as stock for
sale on various stock image sites, but I
decided to add a little prose to
them as a promotional piece.



SanSebastianMess © Skip Hunt 2004

Torn from the heavens,
they tried in vain to
reconstruct. Gods know
how they tried, but in
the end they were all
reduced to less than
the paper they were
printed on.



Tee Vee Baby © Skip Hunt 2004

TV baby takes a stab
at the all-seeing eye
and gets lost in the
mindless, swirling
vortex of banality.