



cor. t. 'hurtle 2025



objects
at rest



softer towards it and
it will soften back
softer towards it and
it will soften back
softer towards it and
it will soften back
softer towards



I no longer want it
I no longer need it
all I ever wanted
all I ever needed
gone with the wind
gone to the seed
won't you sit by
won't you set my
fire my world on
fire won't you
let it go out
gently let me go
gently with the
wind to the
seed on fire
.....





objects
in motion

Cott Martle 2025



I once had a story to
tell it was a grand
story perhaps an epic or a
ballad. One day I tried
telling it as I had done
so many times before and
I realized I had forgotten
all the words how it went
and who the characters were.
Maybe it wasn't my story to
tell anymore or maybe it never
was to begin with, but to tell you
the truth I don't really miss it.

