

# The Fall, Hotel Bloedel

And it's painless  
Sitting in subterranea  
Ancient reference  
To Mesopotamia

And it's quiet again  
Hidden fragments, surface now  
Repetitious history  
One more time for the record

2013 Philippsburg Confederate graves  
Are uncovered, throwing new light on  
This 19th century conflict, sparking a repeat  
These southern spectres were disease ridden, dusty, organic  
And psychic

Rebellious mistakes  
Occur again  
Everything moving  
In a circular fashion

Our words return in patterns  
Our minds, encapsulating time

Gregoror, satiated walking thru' capitol  
Stumbles on two thousand dead Thai monks in SS uniforms  
Then fled to Hotel Bloedel, outside Nuremberg  
A long way south, to a reasonable smell of death

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