## 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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