

## **Hammill Peter**

### **"Central Hotel"**

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I found myself lying on the balcony,  
stripling terror, naked to the bone;  
the secret asteroid jungle nearly done for me -  
I saw it all just a moment ago.  
I know I'd better watch out  
for the Central Hotel...  
I'm not going back.  
Repetition, superstition, singularity,  
though every cell in the body has changed  
the walls move in well-accustomed hilarity -  
the circuit changes,  
but the joke stays the same.  
I know I'd better watch out  
for the Central Hotel  
I think I'd better get out,  
I'm not feeling so well.  
And I won't be going back,  
not if I can help it.  
I can't help it, I can't help it  
if I still am what I was;  
I can't help it, I can't help it,

can't stop the therefore because  
I can't help it.  
The grace of god shows I'll be going on,  
I'll be coming back.  
I know nothing of the miles of the marathon,  
I hear nothing of the footfall behind,  
I search for rythm and I find that I haven't one  
slow motion in the runner's mind.  
I know I'd better watch out  
for the Central Hotel  
I think I'd better get out,  
I'm not f  
eeling so well  
I know I'd better check out,  
but anyone here can tell  
I'll be coming back, I'll be back.  
I'm the Central Hotel  
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