

Fall, The "Hotel Bloedel"

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

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