

Bodies Under The Falls

Panopticon

As the water passes over the rock bed, so gentle and
quiet,
You can hear their cries in the crashing water.
Bodies dashed against the rocks below where ghosts at
the galls roam.
The blood stained soil, their ancestral forest...
Where only trees now know of the horrors seen here.
Forgotten.
A nation left to weep, like spilling water over the
falls.
The water passes over stone, falling so far below.
Split blood and splintered bone where cherokee ghosts
roam.
Pale faces in the mist, demons who claim the mountains,
treading beneath looming cliff.
The cool, still air permeating your skin.
The rhythm of the water pounding the forest floor
whispers to us with the voices of proud warriors
overcome.
The treaty was broken, the land has been stolen.
THE FOREST IS HAUNTED.
Softly whispering in the dead air...
The blood stained stones in the deep...
Morosely contrasting against appalachian green...
Flows into the river, whisked away...vengeance was
claimed on that day.
Bullets for every pale face.
The price owed could never be paid.
Sorrow fills the air where tribal souls sleep beneath
the cliffs where ywahoo falls forever weeps...