JEFFREY TALMADGE

Nijmegen

I like that I'm in a small, clean room in an old hotel; that overlooking the Wall where the river meets the hill, what's left of what the Romans built is standing still.

The castle didn't fall — it was torn down and hauled away, brick by brick to build something else, so that now its dispersed through Nijmegen like smoke, or better — like pieces of the pyramids, rewoven into the fabric of the place.

Rain comes in nearly parallel to the ground.
Wind whips through high trees and around circular ruins, carries the sounds of traffic past what's left, past what's coming.