

Today, I was accused of being a Nazi.

By Anna Von Reitz



I know too much, though nobody told me.

Nobody left me anything but an American tattoo.

And the cologne called 4711 that smells like plum blossoms.

And a way of walking through the rainstorms in spring, smelling the Earth, and thinking yes, I have inherited too many graveyards.

I wish I could turn off other people's memories of who they were and who they are.

I wish that the hardships were not so much a part of every one of us.
Most of all, I wish we could stop becoming what we hate—

Because there we are, all the liberal progressives unconsciously acting as Fascists....

Telling everyone else how to live and what to value....

Judging everyone according to a Liberal Stick and
Not listening.

Maybe that's how we become Nazis?

Hannah Arendt said it a long time ago.

It's no brilliance of mine to repeat it....

But we do become what we hate and love what we loathe.

Just think of all those ineffectual Trump Haters out there?

Turning into Orange Men despite themselves?

Taking on a New York accent

Learning to grease the palm?

It's funny isn't it, that we become what we hate and the wheel of karma
Hides that fact from us

Until it's too late.

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