

# Spectacular Views

## Weird Fields

In steep cliffs  
with rocks all piled up  
mysteries of your passing luck  
Ages past  
shells and bits of bone  
forming new limestone  
to give things their turn

There are no bad words for the coast today  
You never knew why you felt so good  
in the strangest of places  
Like in waiting rooms  
and long lines that made you late  
and mall parking lots on holidays.

There are no bad words for the coast today  
when we hold our breath until nothing's left  
it all starts to fade.

We can see the stars  
from where the birds make their homes  
staring back at us.  
Indifferent  
but distanced perfectly  
projected endlessly  
it's so fucking beautiful.

There are no bad words for the coast today  
then you ask what's a palisade  
and if we're too late for happiness?

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