

Whether

Julia Holter

Fateful fateful weather
Whether surfing surf
The withered peels
Peels of all dismantled huts
The stunning architecture
Fills with wind

Wind wind exterior laughs any
Anyway
An inner ear serenity endures
But I hear trivial talk talk to to challenge us to
Assess our limitations
I'll keep the sunscreen in mind

Downward folding peaceful
A visitor
And temporary thoughts about my allergies
In order of importance and
Free-wheeling dreams
Blue gray firmly like all the toxic dust that lines the clouds
The angels spit down
The fences fall, the bridges crumble to letters
So that if I hear threatening words that force us all to sustain
those positions I'll bring my whiskey along