

How pretty is the tragedy.  
The way we are losing it.  
We stare, construct, pollute,  
Politely showing we don't care.  
How pretty is the view!  
The amazing sunset.  
Maybe the best  
In town.  
The crown  
Of our state.  
How funny is fate...  
Wind, rain, disaster.  
The water we're unable to feel,  
The coastline we sew with bricks  
And rocks and suddenly is lost  
And now there is only road;  
And what used to be a beach  
Where people went to enjoy  
To see, to have fun,  
Now welcomes no one  
And its completely our fault.  
Of that, I have no doubt.  
Here is the poem,  
Like waves in a lake.  
I know you wanted something  
About how our nature and history  
Can amaze.  
But I'm brave.  
And I'm gonna criticize.  
Because we are losing the prettiest sights,  
The whole thing is happening  
In front of our eyes.  
Let's not pretend that it's okay.