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Monk Zhang

I don't have to watch TV today.
It's a quiet night
at Big Sur Lodge, and luckily,
I find no TV or wifi
in my room.

But I know it is happening
when I hear them talking
about Michigan
by their truck
with the radio on.

I take a walk; I call my parents.
I tell them my road trip
is wonderful.

I turn on the radio; I turn it off.
I don't quite understand
what they are talking about.

Next morning the radio plays
a sad song by Dinah Washington.
She said she could kill the man
and get on an express train.

And I need nobody to tell me
Leonard Cohen is dead
and a new president is born
as I drive towards San Simeon.