

Coast to Coast

San Francisco calls out across wide open corn fields to Brighton Pier.

I heard the message outside my window;
In the wind passing over the beach,
Amongst footsteps and uphill heaving

there's a distinct bell.

And arguing about the right way to fold *jiaozzi*.

There is a voice that sounds like it is screaming:

Screw the landlords and billionaires!

Have you tried the new Indian place around the corner?

I heard he finally got a green card.

It's a lot redder than I expected...

They repainted the crosswalks again—

Amongst the footsteps and the uphill heaving

there's a distinct bell.

And San Francisco is calling out

to Brighton Pier.