

Muni Art Featured Artist: Donavon Brutus

Seven by Siete by 七 by Pito by Bảy by семь by Sept

This series of geometric illustrations was created to show a sample of the diversity that exists in the Bay Area. The name is derived from the seven by seven square miles of the City, and the 7 most common languages spoken throughout the Bay Area. Many pieces have loud bright colors that contrast the subjects, which often are withdrawn and meditative. Check out www.DonavonBrutus.com for more.

Artist Thanks: Shout out to all of my friends, family, colleagues, patrons, and complete strangers who lent me their support and voted for my work. Also shout out to the friends, family, and colleagues who didn't vote, but also didn't unfriend me while I spammed my campaign. Looking forward to continue earning your support.

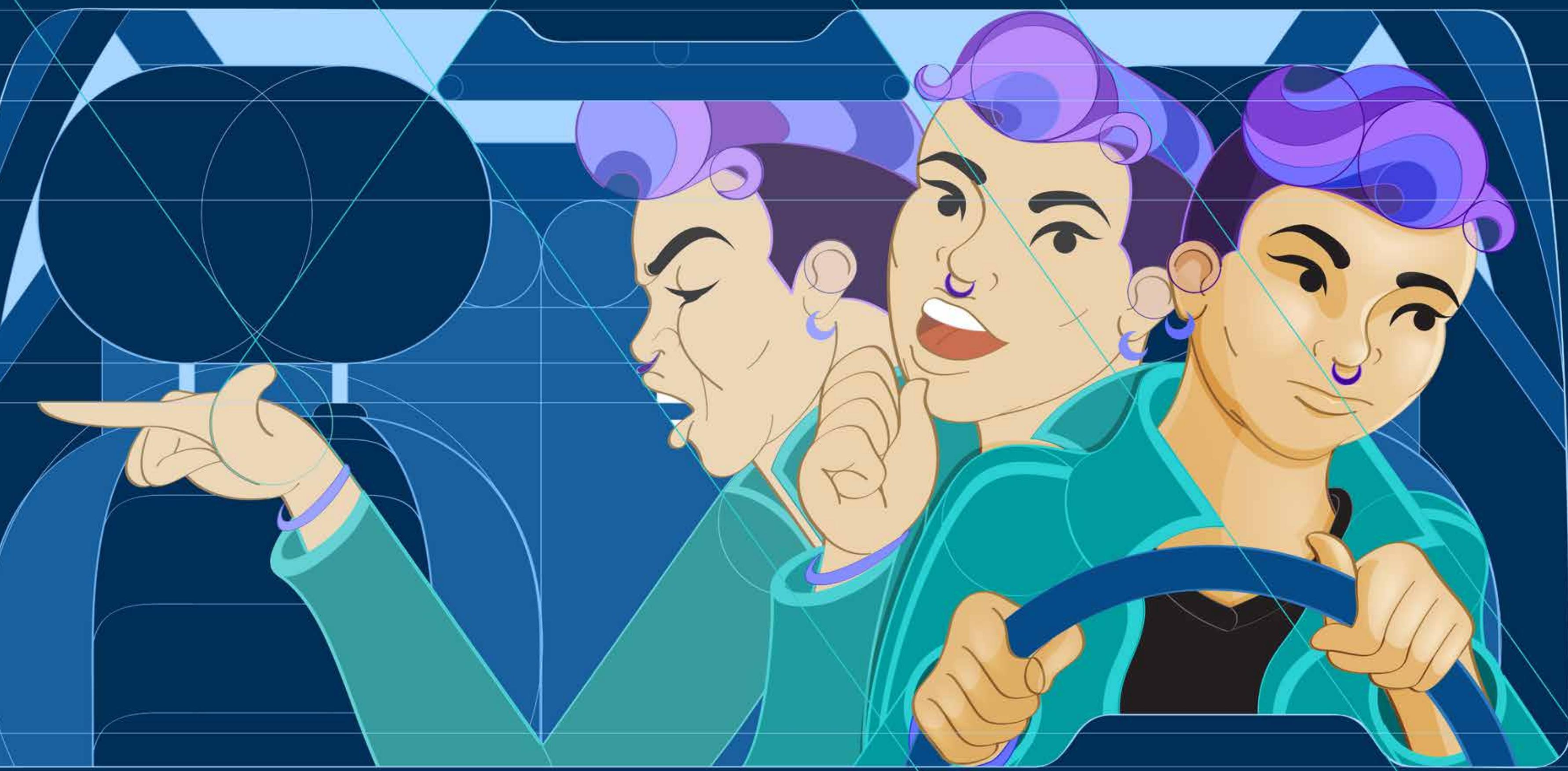


Traffic

Woman warrior when stuck in traffic
sings love songs, screams, screeches her wheels
across the lost metropolis
puts locks on certain memories
to survive. She has nothing
to say to you
she has everything
to say to you
she sees you in the next car—
forehead pressed to the steering wheel
stereo blaring
sweeping your mind with your eyeballs.
You're a full-blown adult now—
blind as a hubcap to the unseen world.

Brynn Saito

Brynn Saito, "Traffic" from *Power Made Us Swoon*.
Copyright © 2016 by Brynn Saito.
Reprinted with the permission of Red Hen Press.



Love Poem Three Autumns Later

In East Oakland, in my temporary flat,
I wash your empty plant pot
at the kitchen sink.
In the dirt, loosened from the crevices,
tiny flecks of sand—the same
slant of auburn as the pot—
I gather and carry them to the lake.
The water is still. The sky
drifts to the left where memory lives.
Forty years a swamp, I say, opening my palm.

Charif Shanahan

Charif Shanahan, "Love Poem Three Autumns Later."
All Rights Reserved.



Thich Nhat Hahn I Step With You

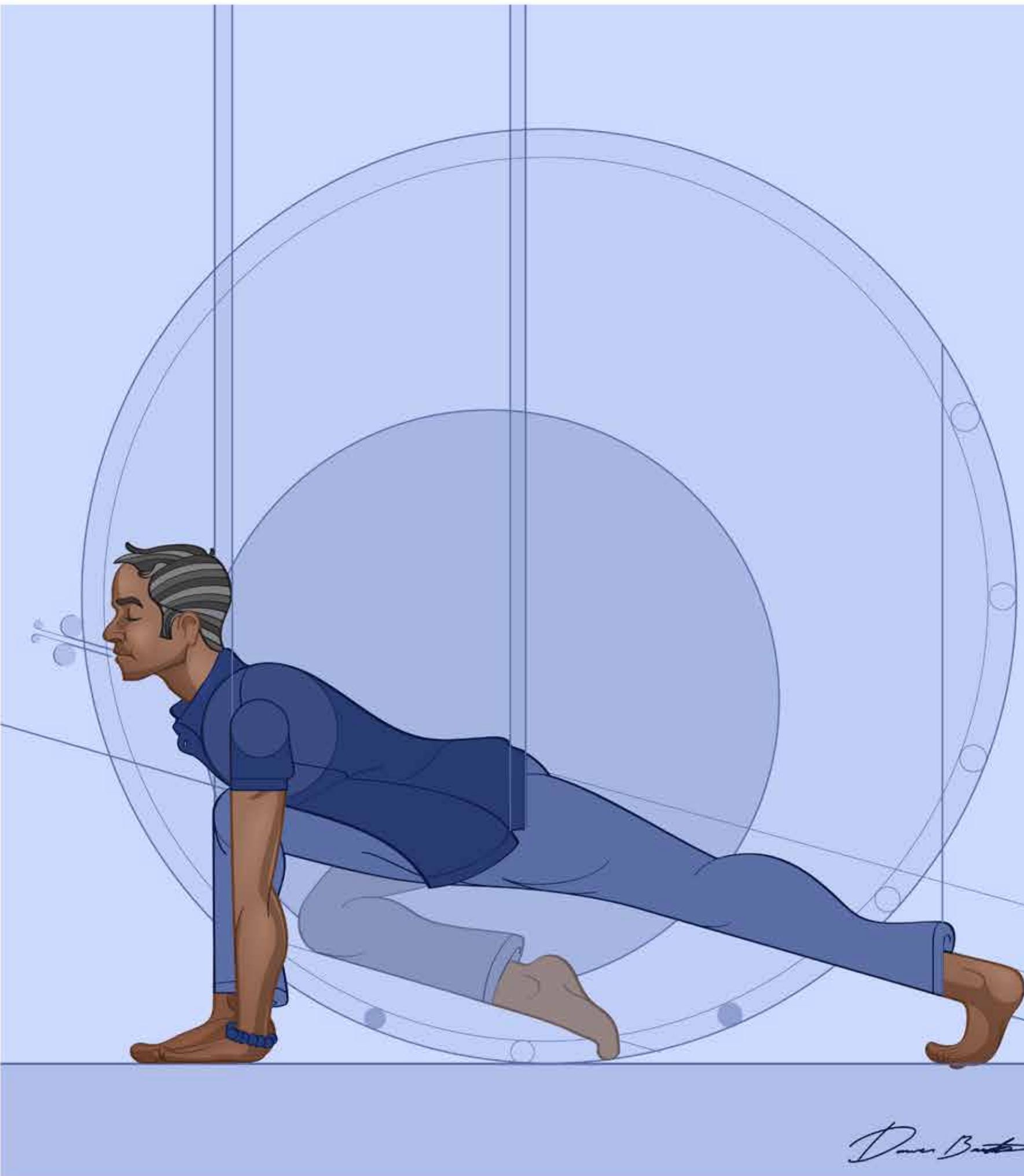
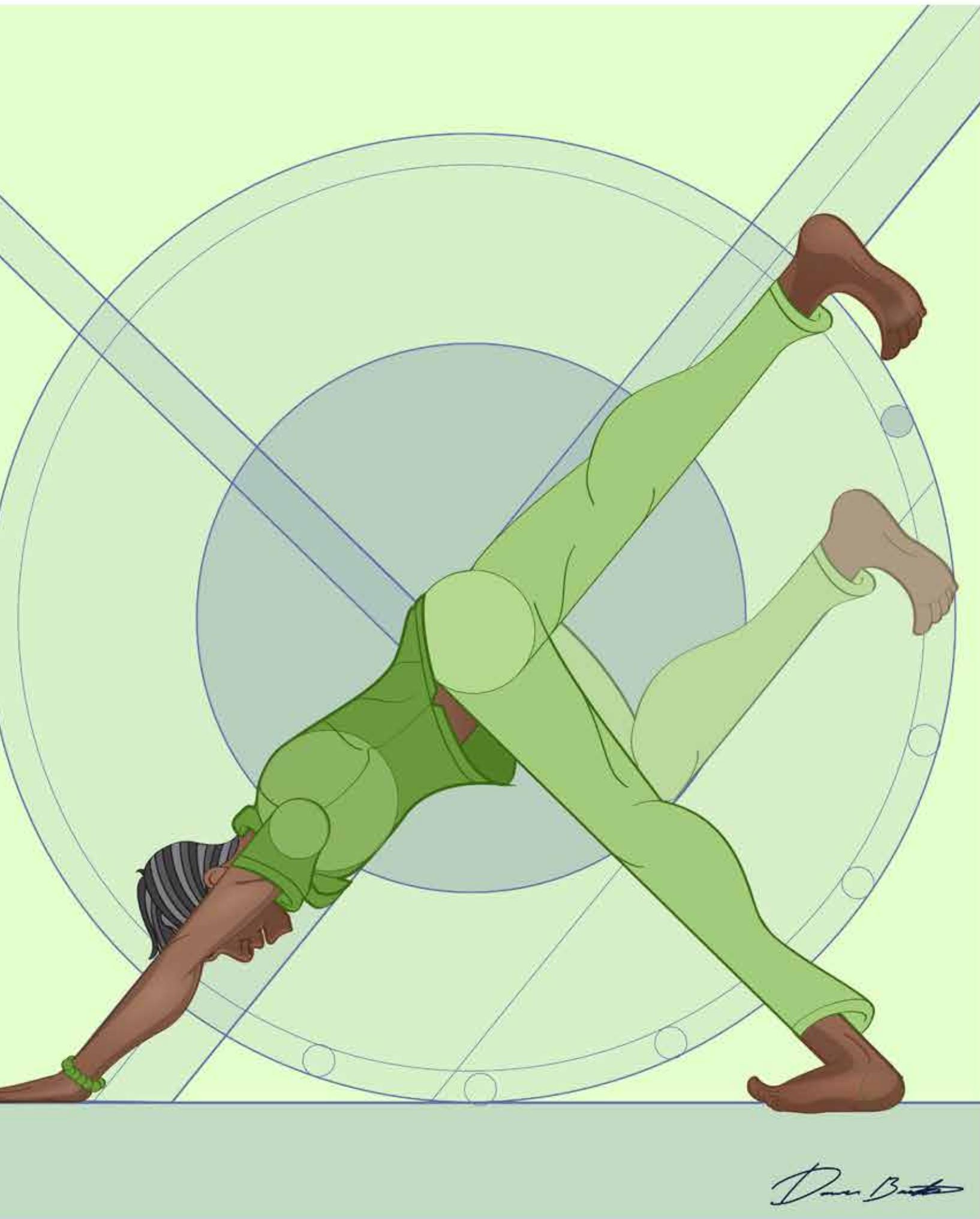
step breathe
step breathe

—peace flickers at the end of the flame
you sit you speak one word yet the word is impossible

rice brown and eggplant soup green violet
your mind still for peace
decade upon decade bowing speaking lifting the dead
from your shoulders our hands
this is how you walk — one step we walk with you
one step there
a breath as you go as we go

Juan Felipe Herrera

Juan Felipe Herrera, "Thich Nhat Hahn I Step With You"
from *Notes on the Assemblage*.
Copyright © 2015 by Juan Felipe Herrera.
Reprinted with the permission of City Lights Publishers.



To a Student

POEMS ARE ANGELS
come to bring you
the letter you wdn't
sign for

earlier, when it was
delivered
by yr life

Diane di Prima

Diane di Prima, "To a Student" from *The Poetry Deal*.
Copyright © 2014 by Diane di Prima.
Reprinted with the permission of City Lights Publishers.



Relief

We know it is close
to something lofty.
Simply getting over being sick
or finding lost property
has in it the leap,
the purge, the quick humility
of witnessing a birth—
how love seeps up
and retakes the earth.
There is a dreamy
wading feeling to your walk
inside the current
of restored riches,
clocks set back,
disasters averted.

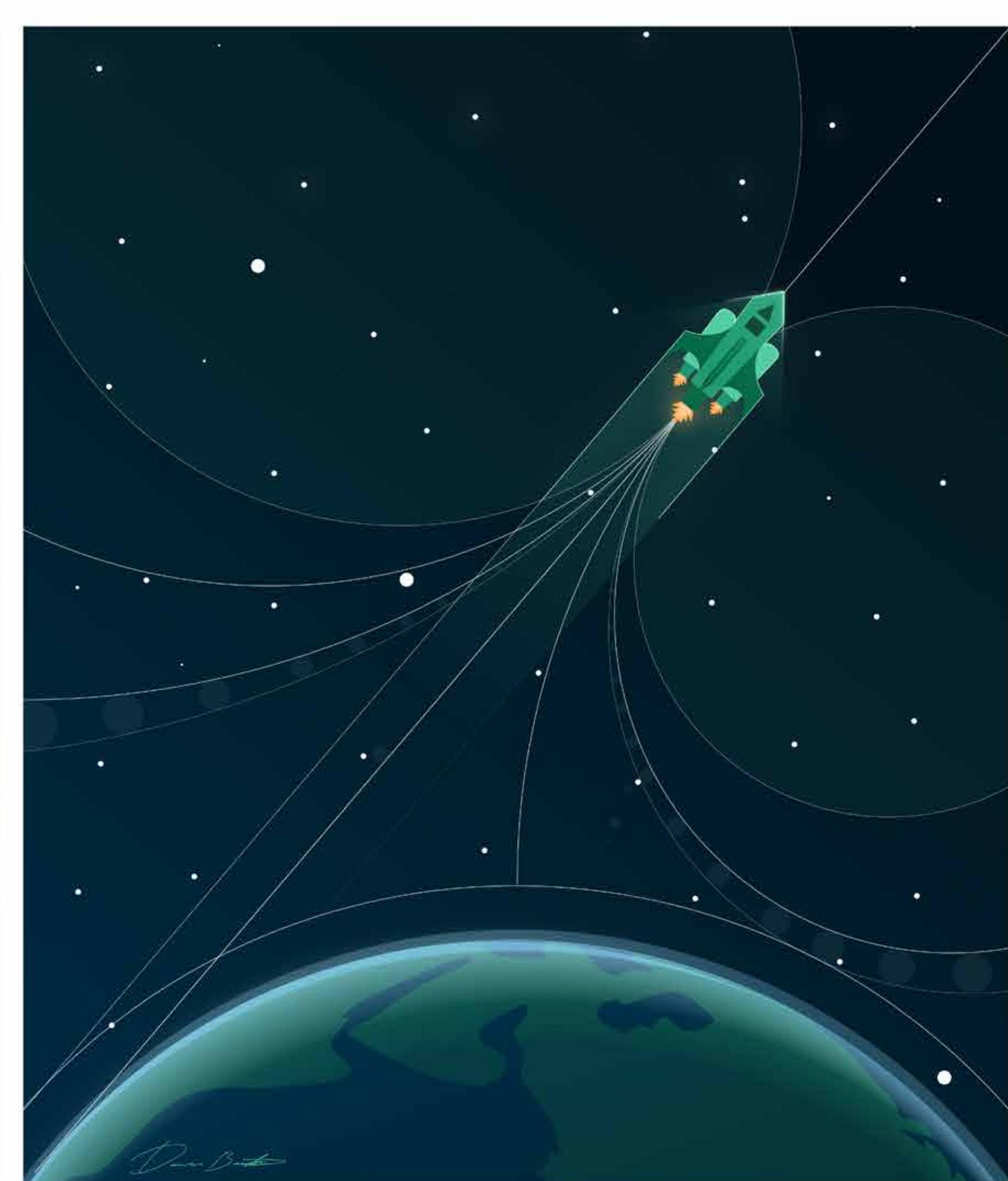
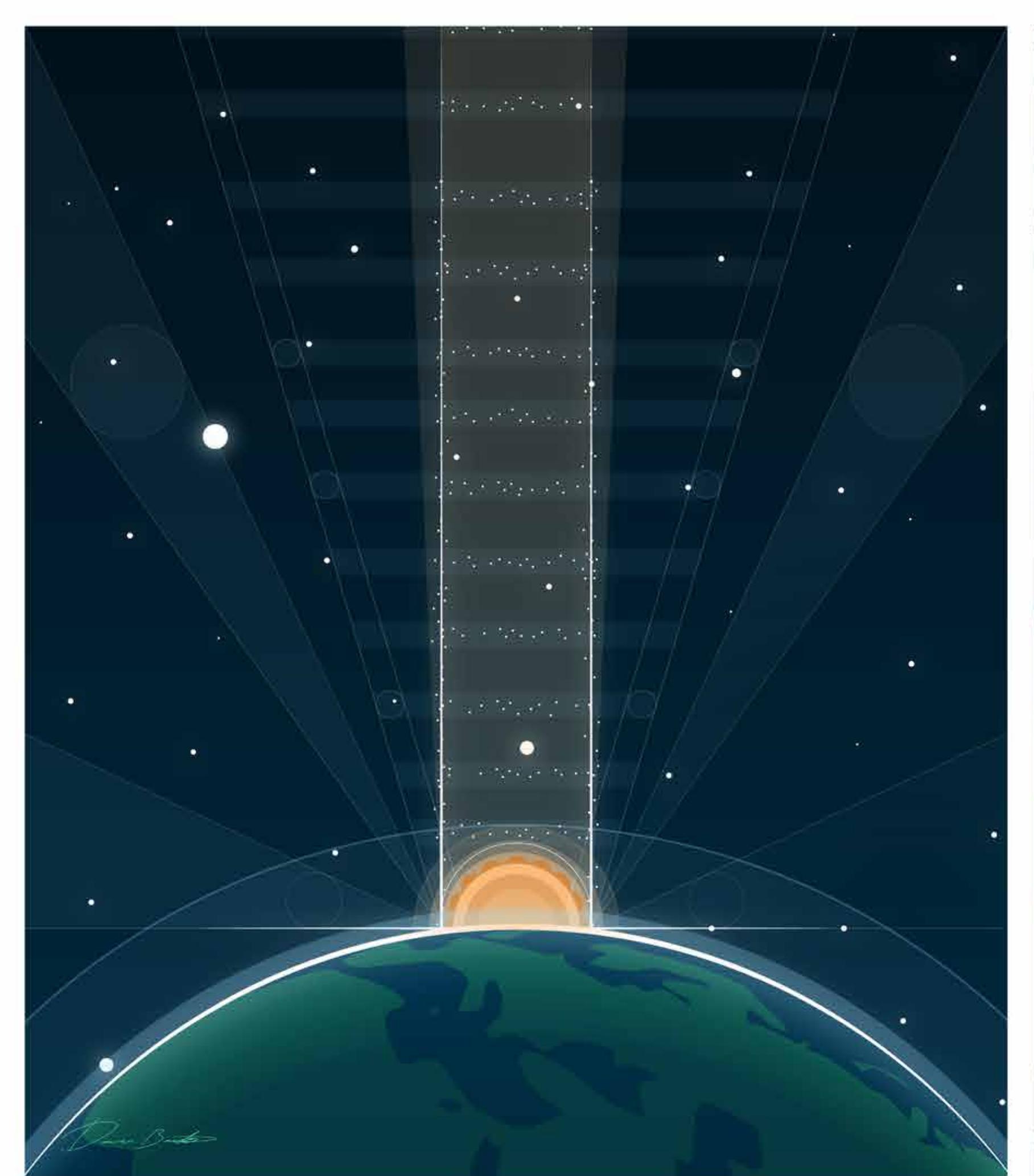
Kay Ryan

Kay Ryan, "Relief" from *The Best of It: New and Selected Poems*.
Copyright © 2010 by Kay Ryan.
Reprinted with the permission of Grove Press.





Dawn Bratto





Dan Brash