**Muni Art Featured Artist: Tsungwei Moo**

From macro to micro, of San Francisco

San Francisco’s humanity informs my art. The diverse culture, and liberal thinking, has been my main inspiration since I first arrived here from my native Taiwan. From macro to micro is my view of San Francisco. I believe that together, through love, compassion, and hope, we can inspire each other to come together on Muni. www.moogallery.com

**Artist Thanks:** Thank you San Francisco! I have been sketching, painting, photographing you, our City, since I first arrived here from my native Taiwan ten years ago. I thank my family, CCSF, SFB, fellow artists, friends, neighbors, strangers. Thank you for being in this moment. I am sitting next to you.
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, “Traffic” from Power Made Us Swoon.
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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
Thich Nhat Hanh 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

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.
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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.
Do Something Good To Others Today
Love is the bridge