

# Muni Art Featured Artist: Wendy Ackrell

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## How the Light Gets In

This series, *How the Light Gets In*, is not only my heartfelt response to the poems interpreted here but my entreaty to all those who ride Muni: please take a moment and look up. Even in difficult times, beauty and grace can be found everywhere. Look up. You'll be amazed at what you find. To see more of my work, please go to [www.wendyackrell.com](http://www.wendyackrell.com) and [@wendyackrell](https://www.instagram.com/wendyackrell) on Instagram.

**Artist Thanks:** I owe a great debt not only to my astonishingly loving and supportive family and friends, but to all the writers and artists who have formed me over the years. Their unknowing guidance and mentorship have provided me with such a rich and rewarding foundation and inner life.



## THE ANTIDOTE TO FASCISM IS POETRY

dear hidden gems  
riding on the bus

your green glow  
has something to say

to the artificial mind  
alive in those buildings

where time's spiders  
were invented to eat

the continual terrible  
boredom we emanate

looking down at our phones  
instead of a tree

under that cloud  
that looks like a door

**Matthew Zapruder**



## TRAIN THROUGH COLMA

But will anyone teach  
the new intelligence to miss  
the apricot trees

that bloomed each spring  
along these tracks?  
Or the way afternoons

blazed with creosote  
& ponderosa?  
Spring evenings flare

with orange pixels  
in the bay-scented valley—  
where in the algorithm

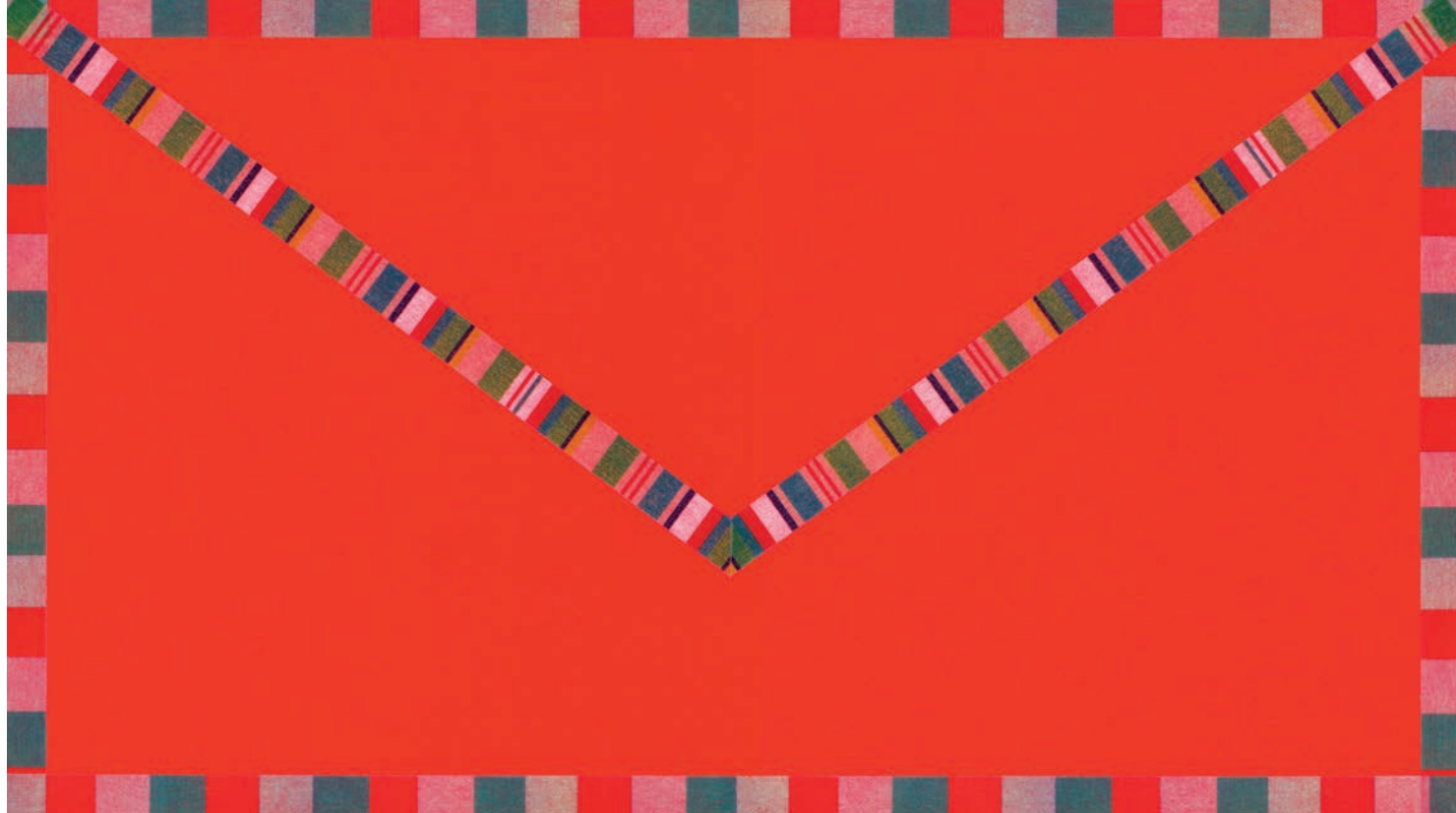
will they account for  
the rippling ponies  
that roamed outside Fremont?

When the robots have souls,  
will they feel longing?  
When they feel longing,

will they write poems?

**Tess Taylor**

Tess Taylor, "Train through Colma." Reprinted with the permission of the author. All rights reserved.  
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## Listening to the Caryatids on the Palace of Fine Arts

The curve of roof echoes the roll of golden  
coast hills solidified in travertine  
marble. In front, the reflecting pool's eye,

where the dome, the city's past, floats is split  
by swans. Once a city built from redwood  
plank and gold dust, until earth shook it down

to mud and ash. In 1915, twelve  
plaster palaces bloomed from the ruined  
Marina. For nine months, San Francisco  
grew fat again with visitors and fame.

The exhibition ends. Palaces razed.  
Only this mute Roman structure remains  
crowned in weeping stone maidens who,

whisper back to us in sea wind, bird song.

**Iris Jamahl Dunkle**



## Baker Beach

Close your eyes on that startled  
vision: fishing line strung taut  
by the waves' tall pressure: cold sugar  
of a fish's mouth clamping the bait's steel  
surprise. Hold fast against the tide, its spray  
finer than pleasure against your sun-  
ruddy face. Understand there's nowhere  
to go. I mean you have nowhere  
you must go. What we trust is the sound  
of the sea, its chill shock, our faith  
in its change. Rolling together and under  
and up and apart and on to the next  
body. This is the pacific.

**Melissa Stein**

## The Long View

Two lovers sit atop  
Dolores Park: they stop  
their argument to see  
a church, a bridge, a sea.

They play a little game:  
each man proceeds to name  
his list of lovers, dead.  
There's no one left unsaid.

Anxious pigeons wait  
for crumbs to fall. It's late.  
The weather starts to shift:  
all fog, all love, will lift.

**Randall Mann**



