

Muni Art Featured Artist: Agustina Caprioglio

SF United 2020

This year was definitely marked by the Coronavirus. Hospitals are the main buildings of our city these days. They are our modern day temples, where people are born and die, where doctors and nurses work hard to take care of all. Particularly this year. I illustrated the hospitals surrounded by the neighbors' lights, showing their mutual support.

Artist Thanks: Special thanks to SF Beautiful for this great opportunity. Thanks to Pepe, my husband for his great support. My kids Joaquin and Mimi. And to my parents who always encouraged me to do art.



from **Lost Coast**

On a treadmill by the window at 16th and De Haro
I name pigeons, high wires, green car,
blue. There must be other names
for metal boxes, electrical labyrinths
rigged across the sky. Other names
for blue. Other than sea.
Not all birds that live in the city
are pigeons. Not all are birds.
I strap myself into the rowing machine.
What an exile.
What dry land, wet air,
flowers breaking through windows.

Jennifer Elise Foerster

An excerpt from *Bright Raft in the Afterweather* by Jennifer Elise Foerster.
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Stars

At dusk the first stars appear.
Not one eager finger points toward them.
A little later the stars spread with the night
And an orange moon rises
To lead them, like a shepherd, toward dawn.

Gary Soto



from **Persian Blue**

Tonight, our thousand and second night,
tell me the story of our laughter
through sudden summer rain.
Tell me the story of salt: on your shoulder,
chest, and chin. Tell me how that first week
we seemed to know our pasts by heart,
where we'd been and where we planned to go.

Derrick Austin



Cranes in August

They clutter the house,
awkwardly folded, unable
to rise. My daughter makes
and makes them, having heard
the old story: what we create
may save us. I string
a long line of them over
the window. Outside
the gray doves bring
their one vowel to the air,
the same sound
from many throats, repeated.

Kim Addonizio

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A. Copri

THE NIGHT PIECE

The fog drifts slowly down the hill
And as I mount gets thicker still,
Closes me in, makes me its own
Like bedclothes on the paving stone.

Here are the last few streets to climb,
Galleries, run through veins of time,
Almost familiar, where I creep
Toward sleep like fog, through fog like sleep.

Thom Gunn

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