

# 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 Many pieces have loud bright colors that contrast the subjects, which often are withdrawn and meditative.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](http://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*.  
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*Brynn Saito*

## 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."  
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*Dawn Burt*

## 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

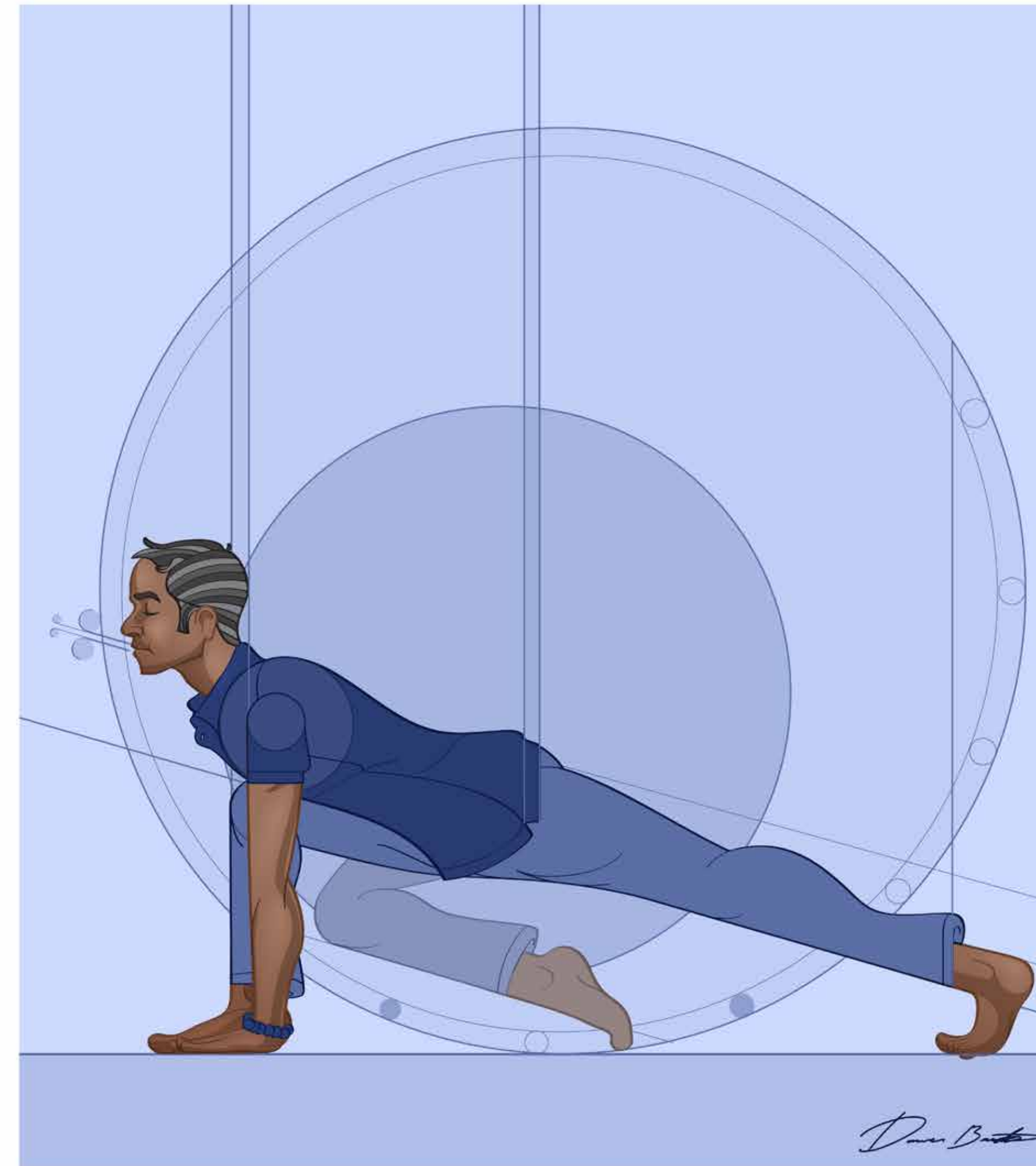
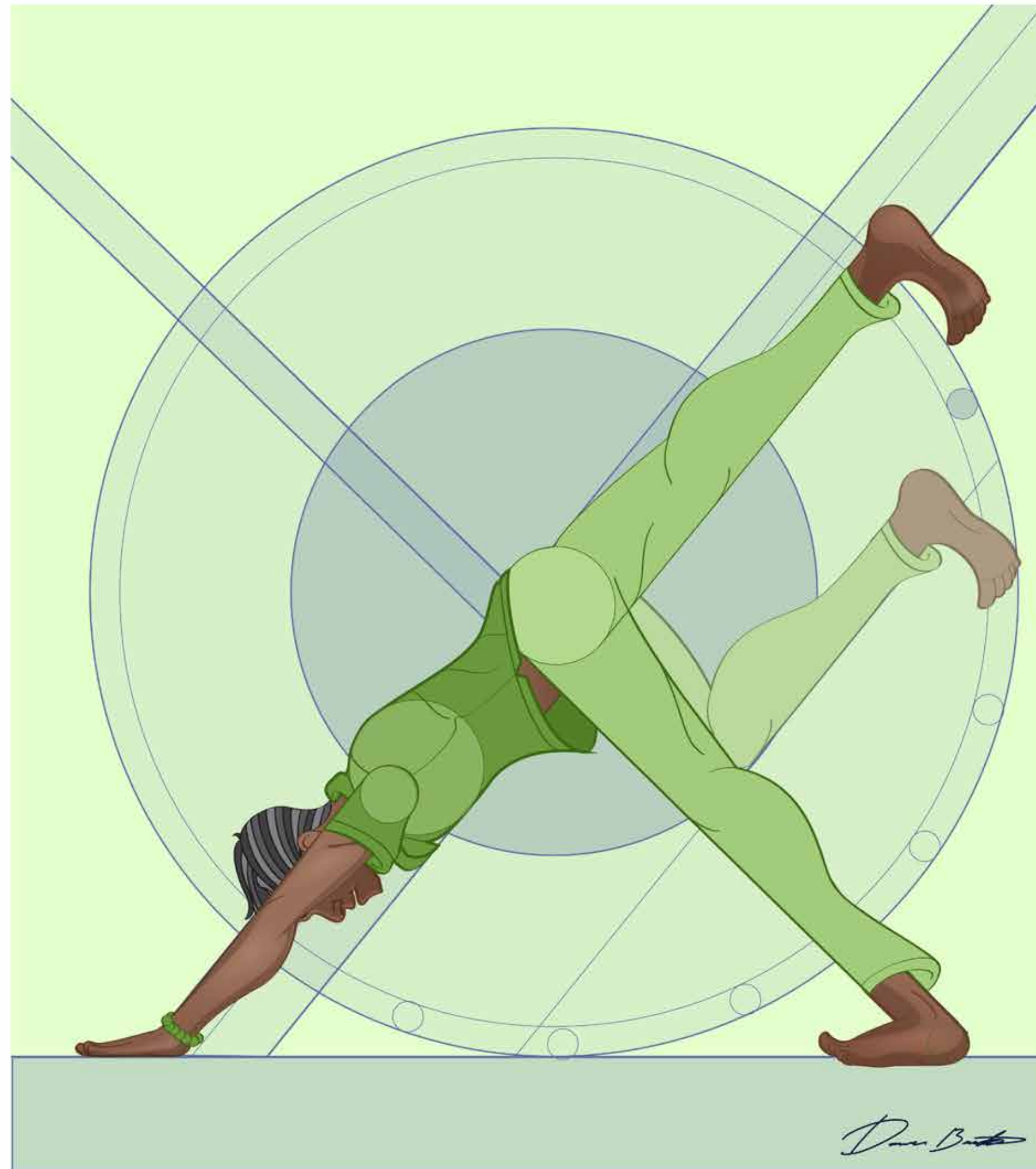
rice brown and eggplant soup green violet  
your mind still for peace  
decade upon decade bowing speaking lifting the dead  
from your shoulders our hands  
this is how you walk — one step we walk with you  
one step there  
a breath as you go as we go

**Juan Felipe Herrera**

Juan Felipe Herrera, "Thich Nhat Hahn I Step With You"  
from *Notes on the Assemblage*.

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**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.

**Kay Ryan**

Kay Ryan, "Relief" from *The Best of It: New and Selected Poems*.  
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*Daniel Bunker*

