

Muni Art Featured Artist: Janet Rumsey

What If

Poetry speaks often of the invisible, while art is able to paint the invisible- a feeling, a moment or a bond. This series visually communicates feelings otherwise unseen. The use of simple lines, familiar monuments and abstraction will hopefully spark conversation, inspire kindness or ignite self-reflection. See more of Janet's work and experiences at www.obtusedesign.com or follow her on Instagram @obtusewoman.

Artist Thanks: Special thanks to friends, family and the community.



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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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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Thich Nhat Hanh I Step With You

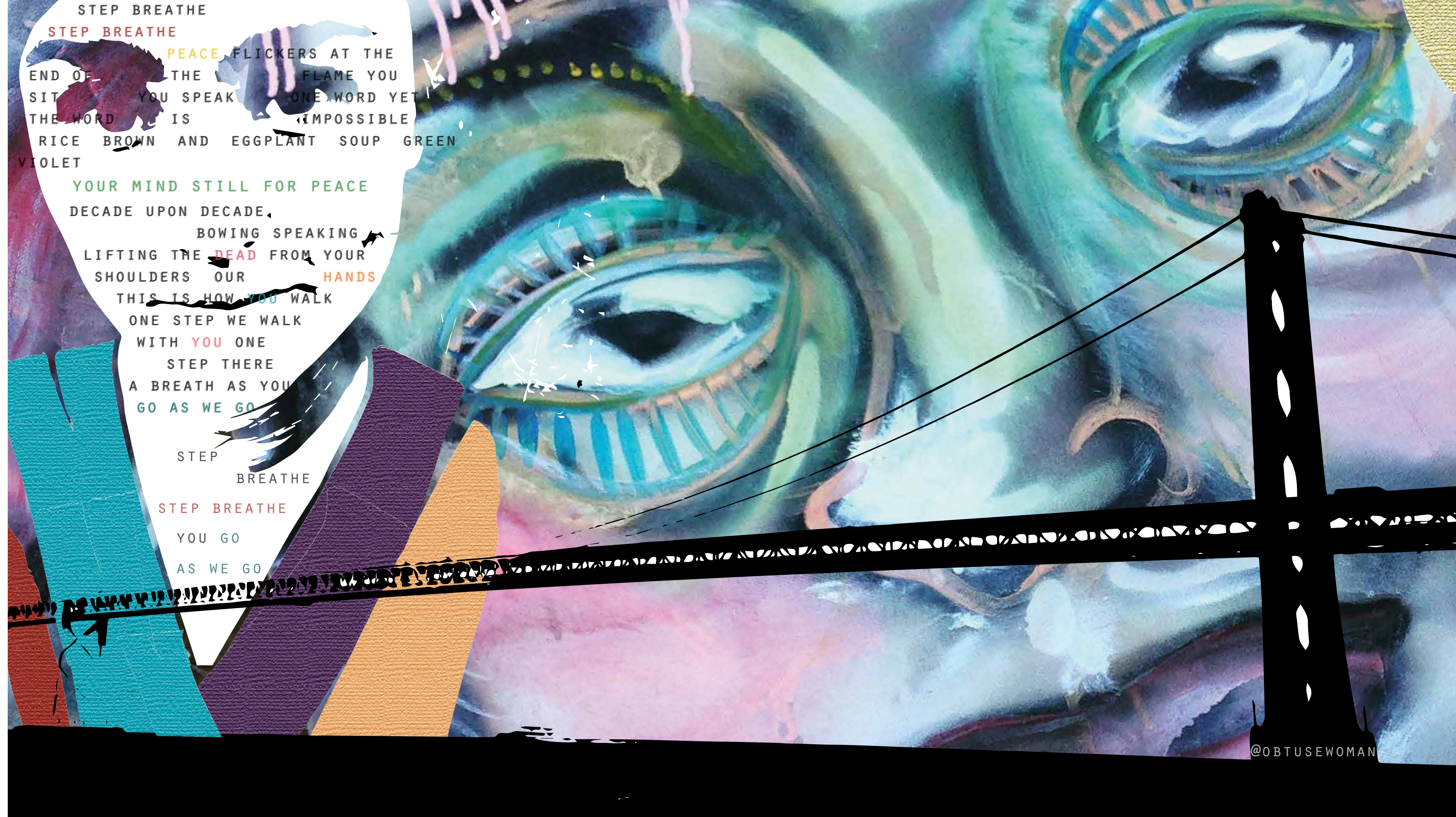
step breathe
step breathe

—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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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

STEP
BREATHE
STEP BREATHE
YOU GO
AS WE GO

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

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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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CAN WE BECOME THE FLOWERS AND THE TREES AND
LIVE AS THOUGH IT WAS JUST YOU AND ME?

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Sometimes there is stress.
Sometimes there is love.
Sometimes there is guilt.
Sometimes there is happiness.
There is always breath.
Remember that.

@obtusewoman

FOR IN THE FOREST I FOUND AN ENERGY THAT WASN'T IN THE CITY.
IT WASN'T AT MY JOB. IT WAS THERE IN NATURE.
I COULD NOT TAKE IT WITH ME, SO I HAD TO
RETURN OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

@OBTUSEWOMAN

