Muni Art Featured Artist: Jocelyn Li Langrand

I CLOSE MY EYES AND SEE

This is a series about discovering the wonders of San Francisco through the unseen. Often when I love a place, it's the memories, feelings, and people that I attach with it, they become the stories of my art. I draw what's true at the moment through tiny details and emotions. One of my favorite authors Germano Zullo said, "The tiny details are not made to be noticed, but discovered. One is enough to enrich the moment. One is enough to change the world." Visit **jocelynlilangrand.com** for more.

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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

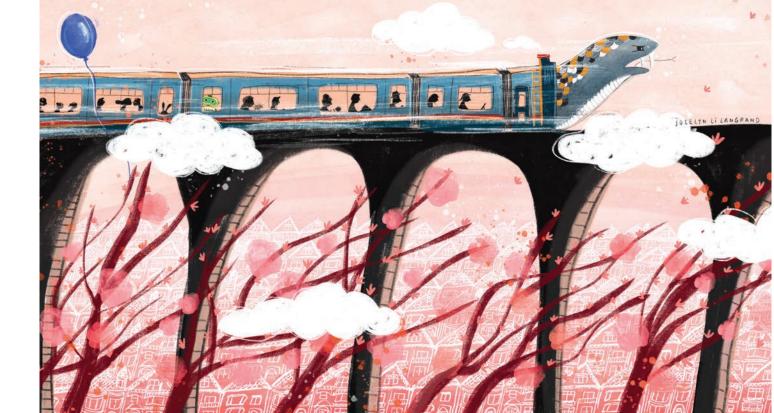
will they account for the rippling ponies that roamed outside Fremont?

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. Muni Art 2020, San Francisco Beautiful, sfbeautiful.org



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 sunruddy 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



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