Muni Art Featured Artist: John Keating

Inside The Bus

These pictures are a combination of translated poems and observances made in my jaunts around the city. When I apply my pen to the paper I become immersed in the work. My hand flows freely and I try to capture the subject, not through the lens of a camera but through the pen in my hand. Our city provides fantastic material to work with.

Artist Thanks: Thanks to Nancy Bliss and Hilary and the gang at Look Gallery, SF Beautiful and to Yves Nicolas, James Grant, Sue Kubly, Jacquie Harris, my parents and my sisters for their years of support.

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

"Stars," from The Elements of San Joaquin. Copyright © 2018 Gary Soto.
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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

An excerpt from "Persian Blue" by Derrick Austin from Trouble the Water (BOA Editions, 2016).
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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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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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