

# Muni Art Featured Artist: Shannon Bodrogi

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## The Sunset Walks

The Sunset Walks series captures a flickering reverence for the muted avenues and takes the viewer on a walk through the neighborhood down to the ocean. Made on fabric using photocopy lithography and embroidery, the works highlight the ways a landscape can nourish our bodies and the evolving and dissolving experience of living beachside.

For more information visit [psiclopspress.com](http://psiclopspress.com).

**Artist Thanks:** I am forever grateful for my family, friends and the amazing community of artists, musicians and radically tender folks who have supported, encouraged and given me the space and time to share and be myself. I am thankful for this opportunity and for you reading this.



## 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**

Matthew Zapruder, "The Antidote to Fascism is Poetry." Reprinted with the permission of the author.  
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## 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.  
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## 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**

Iris Jamahl Dunkle, "Listening to the Caryatids on the Palace of Fine Arts." Reprinted with the permission of the author. All rights reserved. Muni Art 2020, San Francisco Beautiful, [sfbeautiful.org](http://sfbeautiful.org)



## 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 sun-  
ruddy 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**

Melissa Stein, "Baker Beach." Reprinted with the permission of the author. All rights reserved.  
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## The Long View

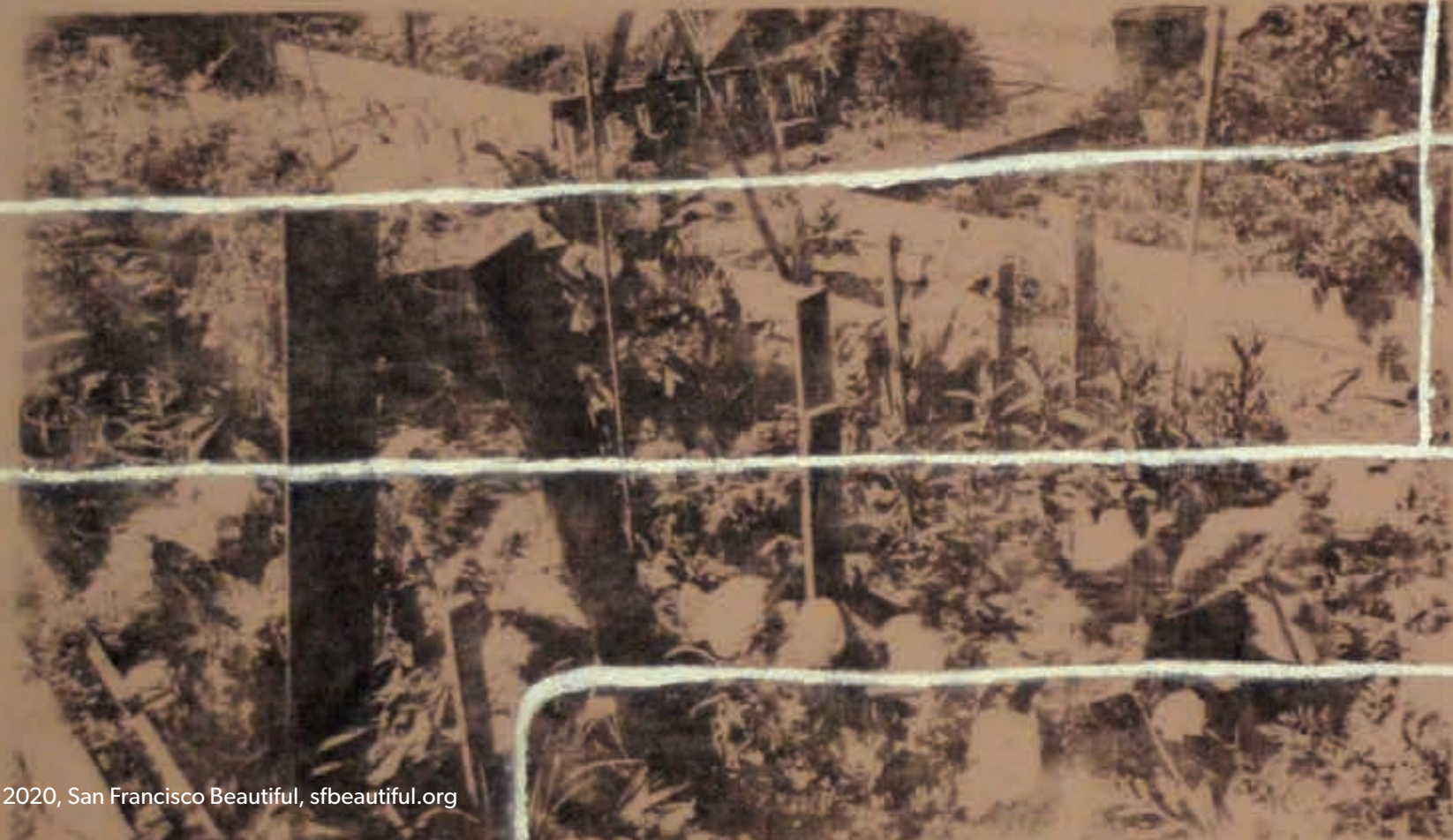
Two lovers sit atop  
Dolores Park: they stop  
their argument to see  
a church, a bridge, a sea.

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**





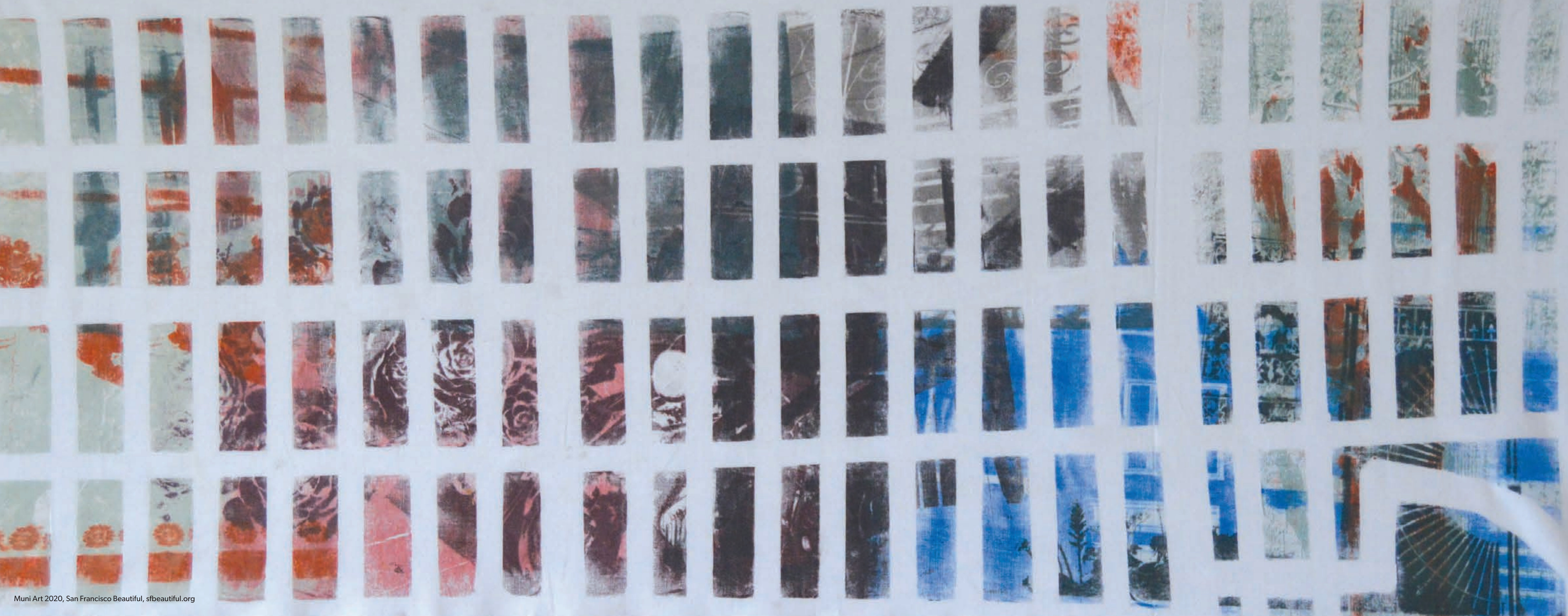
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# NOURISHMENT









*Heavy mist rustling*



*Dunes shift beneath my feet*