

Muni Art Featured Artist: Wendy Ackrell

How the Light Gets In

This series, *How the Light Gets In*, is not only my heartfelt response to the poems interpreted here but my entreaty to all those who ride Muni: please take a moment and look up. Even in difficult times, beauty and grace can be found everywhere. Look up. You'll be amazed at what you find. To see more of my work, please go to www.wendyackrell.com and [@wendyackrell](https://www.instagram.com/wendyackrell) on Instagram.

Artist Thanks: I owe a great debt not only to my astonishingly loving and supportive family and friends, but to all the writers and artists who have formed me over the years. Their unknowing guidance and mentorship have provided me with such a rich and rewarding foundation and inner life.



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

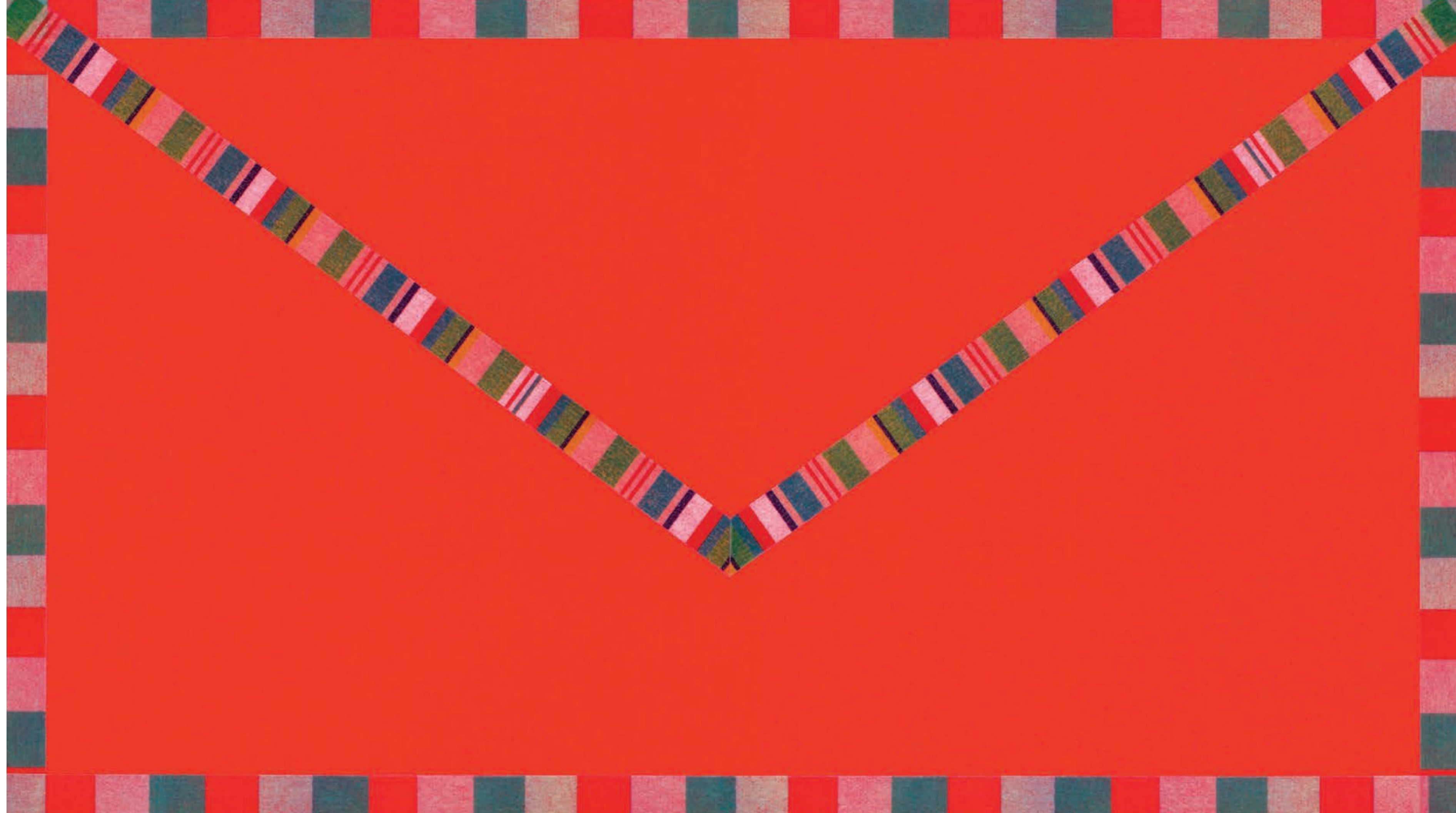
will they account for
the rippling ponies
that roamed outside Fremont?

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 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

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





