

Muni Art Featured Artist: Tan Sirinumas

Streets of San Francisco

Originally from Thailand, I have been a proud resident of the Tenderloin for the past twelve years making art with and about my growing community in San Francisco. My paintings are layered with a passion for architecture, inspired by building textures and city life. For seven years I have been an artist, collaborator and educator with the historic non-profit Hospitality House in their Community Arts Program. CAP is a free art studio helping low income artists instill strength and self-empowerment through artistic expression in our neighborhood. I have experienced migration and displacement, so my work as an artist conveys that desire for belonging and place. `



The Changing Light

The changing light at San Francisco
is none of your East Coast light
none of your
pearly light of Paris

The light of San Francisco
is a sea light
an island light

And the light of fog
blanketing the hills
drifting in at night
through the Golden Gate
to lie on the city at dawn

Lawrence Ferlinghetti



Recipe for Happiness in Khabarovsk or Anyplace

One grand boulevard with trees
with one grand café in sun
with strong black coffee in very small cups

One not necessarily very beautiful
man or woman who loves you

One fine day

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, "Recipe For Happiness in Khabarovsk or Anyplace." Reprinted with the permission of the author. All rights reserved. Muni Art 2022, San Francisco Beautiful, sfbeautiful.org

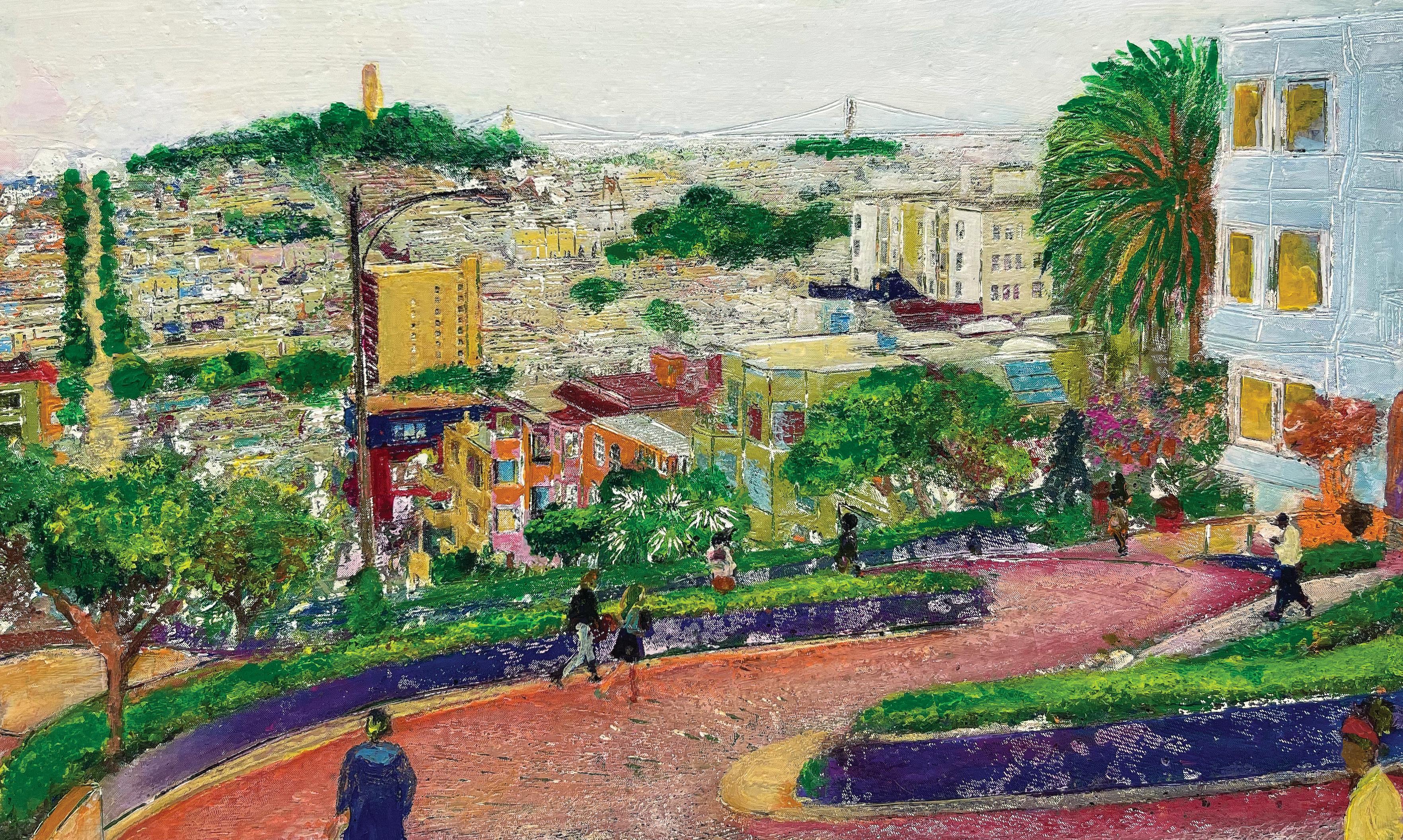


Populist Manifesto

Poets, come out of your closets,
Open your windows, open your doors,
You have been holed up too long
In your closed worlds.

Come down, come down
from your Russian Hills and Telegraph Hills,
your Beacon Hills and your Chapel Hills,
your Mount Analogues and Montparnasses,
down from your foothills and mountains,
out of your tepees and domes.
The trees are still falling
and we'll to the woods no more.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti



At the Golden Gate

At the Golden Gate
A single plover far at sea
 wings across the horizon
A single rower almost out of sight
 rows his skull into eternity
And I take a Buddha crystal in my hand
 And begin becoming pure light

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, "At the Golden Gate." Reprinted with the permission of the author. All rights reserved.
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from What is Poetry?

It is what exists between the lines.

A true poem can create a divine stillness in the world.

It is made with the stillness of dreams.

It is far, far cries upon the beach at nightfall.

It is a lighthouse moving its megaphone over the sea.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti



