

# Muni Art Featured Artist: Krithika Sengottaiyan

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## Streets of San Francisco

Hi! I'm Krithika Sengottaiyan a textile designer attending the Academy of Art University. I've been living in San Francisco for the past 4 years and I absolutely adore this city. Apart from creating Art, I thoroughly enjoy reading and this initiative embodies everything I really value and it gives a great honor to give back to the city that has shaped me into this person



## 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](http://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

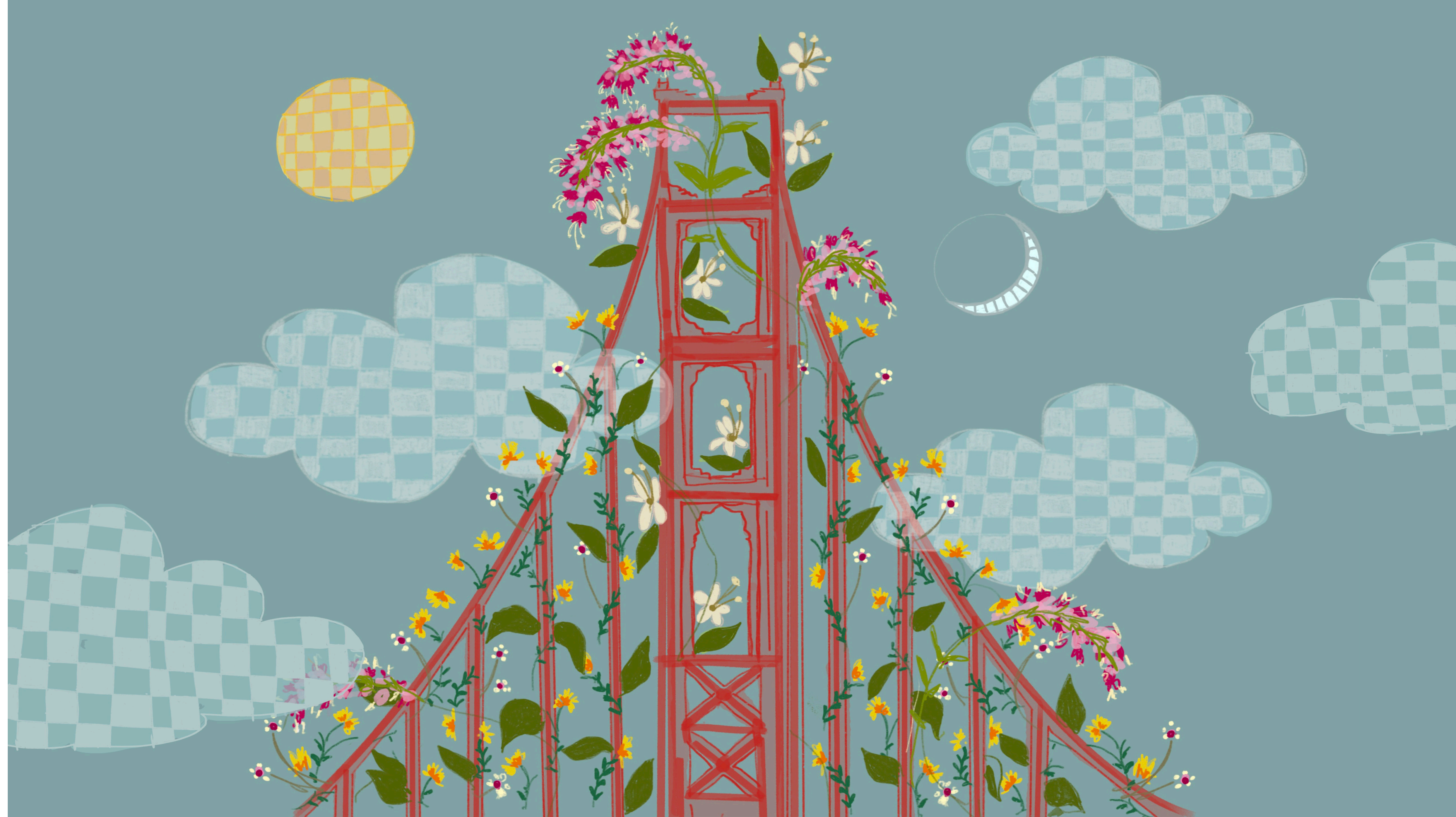
A single rower almost out of sight

rows his skull into eternity

And I take a Buddha crystal in my hand

And begin becoming pure light

Lawrence Ferlinghetti



## 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**







