

Muni Art Featured Artist: Steffan Sanguinetti

Streets of San Francisco

Steffan is a fourth generation San Francisco native with a passion for sports, exploring the outdoors, and funky music. He most enjoys making dynamic animations and bold illustrations, drawing inspiration from the motion and emotion of life in The City. The landscape of San Francisco allows for a new perspective everyday, even for those who have lived here their entire lives – Steffan aims to showcase these familiar sites in unfamiliar ways.



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



from **What is Poetry?**

It is what exists between the lines.

A true poem can create a divine still-
ness 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 mega-
phone over the sea.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti







