

# Muni Art Featured Artist: Sebastian Raphael

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## Streets of San Francisco

Sebastian Raphael has always been fascinated by colors and words. Naturally he was drawn to Fine Art. The interest was cultivated during his childhood years and further developed when he became a fashion designer in Dubai, with over 10 years in the fashion Industry. Farther he developed his fashion skills with a fashion degree from Argosy University, Sebastian delved more into fashion design, had many successful fashion shows around the world, focusing on slow and sustainable Fashion. In 2021 Sebastian Raphael graduated with MFA in Textile design from Academy of Art University San Francisco, There he pursued his passion for education in order to teach the younger generation. Sebastian Raphael believes in the importance of arts to develop the behavior of future generations and to establish ways to integrate and develop society.





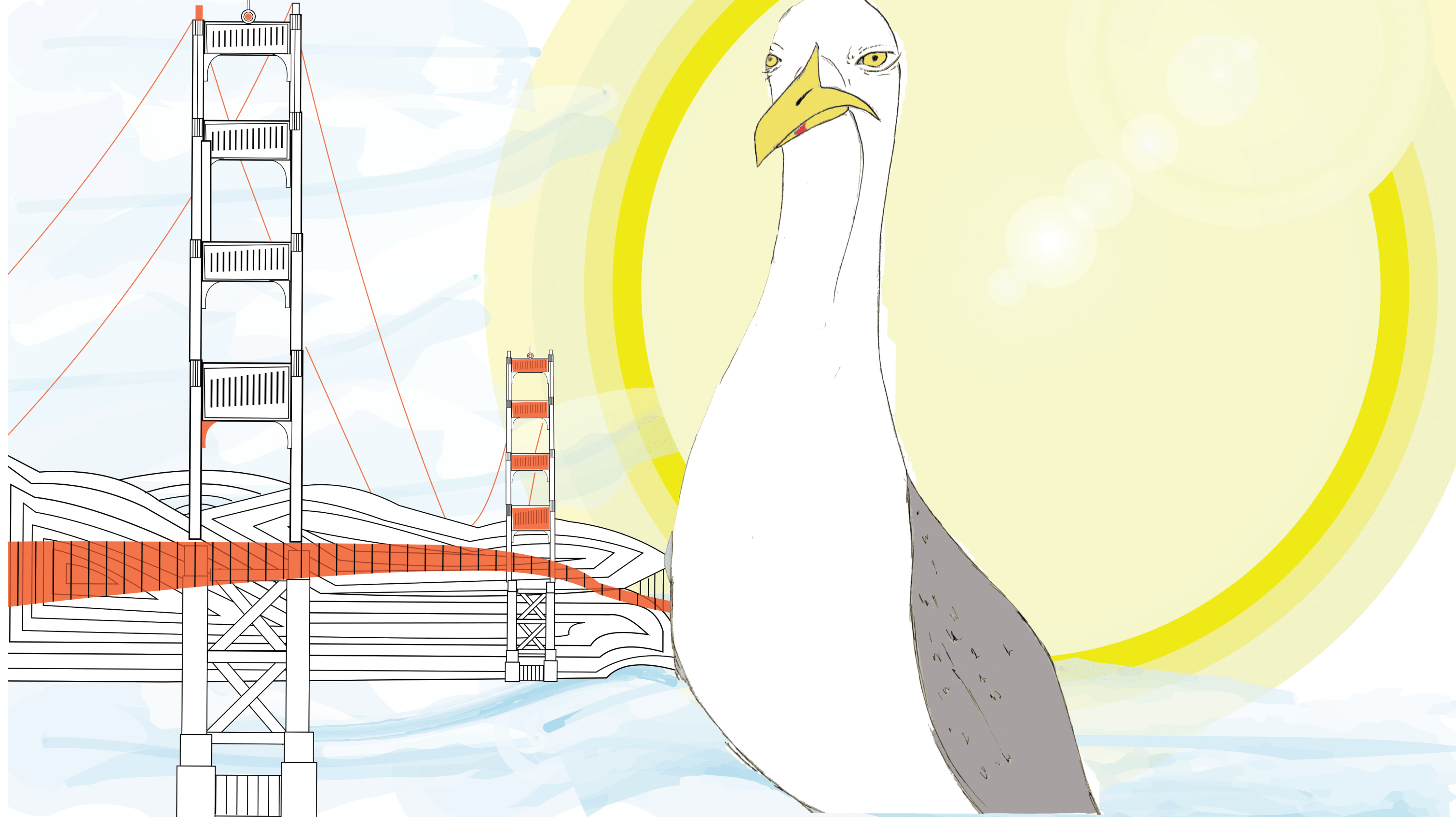
## The Changing Light

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

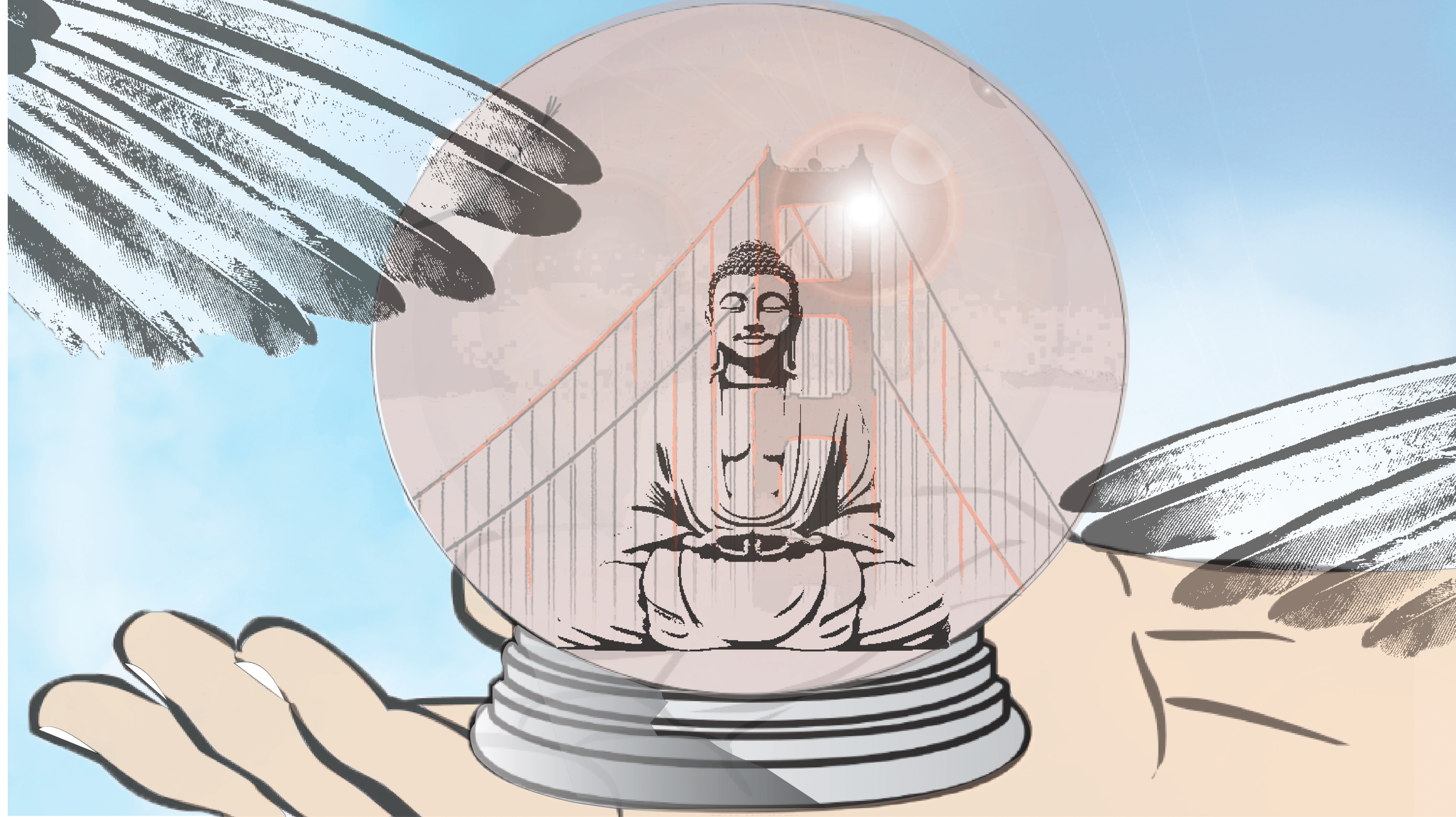




## At the Golden Gate

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**





