

Muni Art Featured Artist: Sebastian Raphael

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.



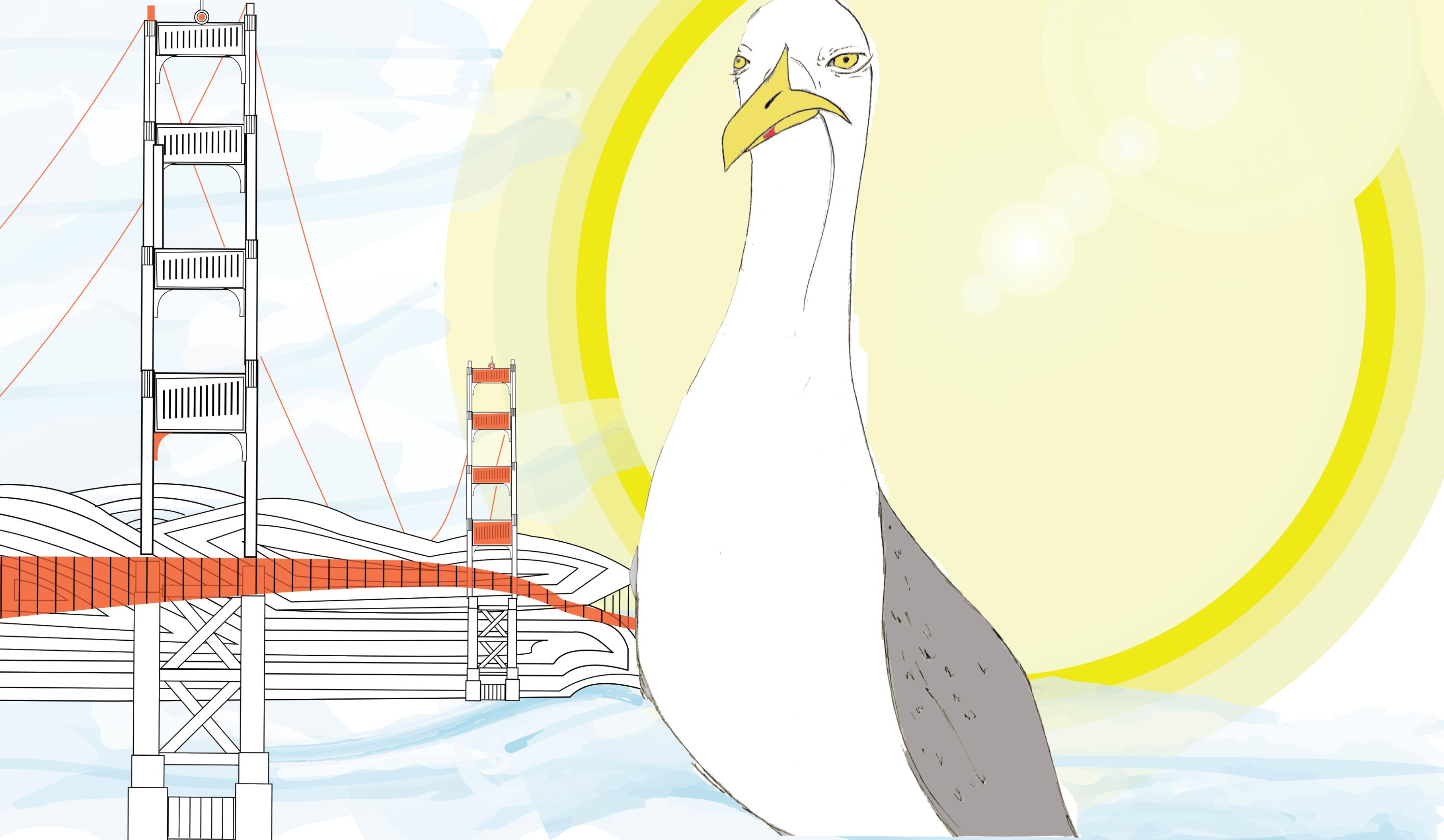
The Changing Light

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



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

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, "Populist Manifesto." Reprinted with the permission of the author. All rights reserved.
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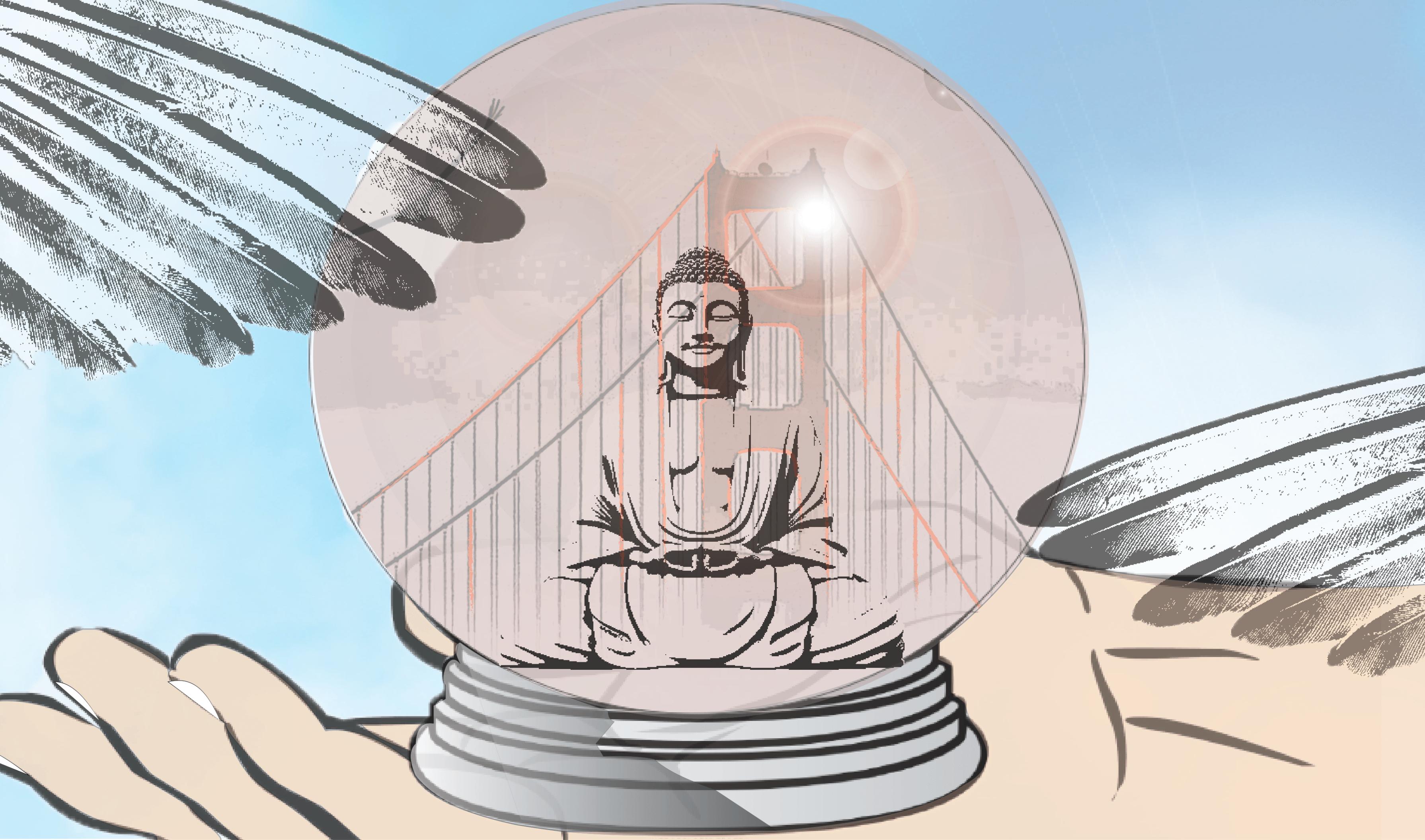


At the Golden Gate

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

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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



