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The Birth

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Kuper: The Birth

Unusual Attribute (on left), Photography — Dariana Rozier

Forward _Mina Pattanaik

I walk into the floodpath and
the world goes on. I take pictures of sunsets and
the world goes on. I miss being sad because
I could pretend everything stopped when I did.
I could pretend I was the most interesting thing
in the room. Last week a woman walked onto
the highway and cars swerved neatly around her
like water against an immovable object.

I don't walk onto the highway. I walk on the
crosswalk and look at the apartments where
neighbors are arguing: big broad gestures
like actors in silent films, stuck in a tin-box
windowpane. You could almost make a show
of what they're saying, soap operatics about
cheating husbands and neglectful wives.
I used to make a game of it. Now I don't.
Instead I go home.

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Iced Freddos _Hadley Weaver Rivera

It's hard not to think about what this could have been
When my heart is full of promises we just could not have kept.
One day I will find the words to describe what this all meant,
But now instead of trying to, I'll put it all to rest.

I'll keep each stolen moment like a collection in my breast.
And something I will never have is any one regret.
Sometimes love is fickle and can fight you to the end,
But sometimes it's too precious, it's better when it's left.

Given time to exist, given space to breathe.
Giving all we've ever wanted even when it's clear to see
That paths are meant to cross,
Ours was only brief.
Pulled in and then away like we're two waves upon the beach.



The Birth (on right), Jewelry — Kelly Kuper