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RUNE
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Table of Contents

Art

Insecta de Darwin
Mechaprimon
Giraffe Reflections
Bumblebee
Through the Bamboo
Garment District
Nostalgia
Kenmore Bus Station
Harlem
Poom (Embrace)
A Well-Told Story
Jump Drive
Leviathan
Repetitive Vision Redux
Bubbles
Ilium
The Mist
Violinist
If I Had Four Camels
Canoe Under a Dark Sun

Vanessa Trevino
Keith Orlando
Manting Lao
Carolyn Joseph
Benjamin Reynolds
Ashley N. Powers
Dohyun Lee
Erioseto Hendranata
Akimitsu Hogge
Euipoom Estelle Yoon
Divya Chhabra
Carolyn Joseph
Victoria Wei
Floor van de Velde
Sonya Han
Tian Mi
Adrián Jiménez-Galindo
Eunice Lin
Elaine Kung
Jessica Noss

Literature

To Begin
11-06-2012
Greener Pastures
A Mantra for Dissolution
Empowered by the man in the white lights
Institute
Classroom Beast
spatter!
Firebreathing
Funeral
Sleptight Baby
Self-Portrait
The Heart Wants What the Heart Wants
Singular
Polaris

Ana Vazquez
Olivia Papa
Alex McCarthy
Evelin Henriquez
Berj Chilingirian
Heather Acuff
Jessica Noss
Stephanie Cheng
Danielle M. Cosio
Jennifer Li
Danielle M. Cosio
Christina Curlette
Francesca Sembri
Joyce Zhang
Ray Hua Wu
The Heart Wants What the Heart Wants

There comes steam in the afternoon when
It is cold outside and warm inside.
Or vice versa.

Rhapsody in Blue. I read it out loud. The cover’s faded to a green.
It doesn’t matter though. Never did, never will.
“It’s not literal,” she explains.

She sits and I sit. The pedals punch the floor.
The keys fight back. Crablike fingers against ivory beach.
Her shoulders hunched in concentration, swelling in rhythm.

And maybe there will be time to repurpose myself.
Future me will make peace with past me
And all will be fused and wondrous and bright.

The time is not now. Youth has not left me.
I am allowed to change. I am allowed to be nothing.
Lasting courage has not yet replaced fervent fits of passion.

“The Heart Wants What the Heart Wants.” She reads.
She tugs the bottom of my shirt as if wanting to make
The words a little longer, a little more than literal.

I paid too much for the shirt. Too little for the words.
We wear what we are. What we lack and we need.
Words are just closer to being than being is.

“And what does the heart want?”
Mostly blood, I suppose.
Sometimes love.

Francesca Schembri