



Limits?

THEY'RE
EXACTLY

What
you
make them

Pi

E

C

es

All In a Golden Afternoon

I always like to wonder what people think and feel as they walk down Main Street in Disney World.

Are the children around the age of five and six bursting with excitement shown by pulling their parent's hands towards every single thing that catches their eye?

Are the teenagers just going through the motions of being in a park meant for toddlers, just praying to be back in the hotel?

Are the adults nostalgic about the good ol' days when everything was simple and a mouse who could talk was their only companion?

I honestly don't have a clue how to answer those questions. I could be right or I could be wrong.

But one thing I know for sure is how I feel surrounded by the magic of Disney.

I feel everything.

Ever since I was a little girl, Disney has been my passion.

Every movie, song, ride, and autograph has been etched into my heart forever.

I don't know exactly when my love for this magical world started and I don't know how, but I do know that since the beginning, my thoughts have been enraptured by anything involved Disney.

People always wonder why I feel this way. I'm too old to idolize a duck or a clownfish, but I pay no attention. Disney has one job and that job is to fuel the world's imagination and let them explore things that aren't possible outside of those gates, books, and movies.

Maybe I'm too old for this world, but I'll never turn my back on the thing that I love most because Disney never turned its back on me. I have a generation's worth of magic and love on my side.

I don't need to let go of all this when I grow older. I don't need to keep old signatures, imagining the characters who wrote them.

All I need to do is step up to those gates, walk through and feel every nerve ending, every pounding heart-beat, every shiver down my spine tell me what I've known all my life.

Disney is home.

Disney is where I want to be...

The background of the text is a soft-focus photograph of a tree with vibrant pink blossoms. A stone path or garden bed is visible at the bottom, and the overall scene is bathed in a gentle, hazy light.

Everything I'm Not

He doesn't want me

He wants her

Needs her

Aches for her

But she doesn't want him

It tears him apart

Hurts him so much

I hate her

but she's my best friend

enemy

There's no difference

She's me

But cooler

Prettier

Smarter

Edgier

She is everything I am

And more

So much more

But I love him

And she doesn't



C. Reistle '17

Letters from Hades;

My dearest Persephone, my selfless wife,
bring bittersweet spring back again.
I will miss your voice down here, like a babbling brook or sparrow's birdsong.
So stop your crying now -
you've watered the earth enough,
I cannot bear to see the flowers if it means to see your tears.
I keep my throne warm for you,
until we meet again
my lovely Persephone.



Spring Healing

i remember

chestnut hair,

rosy lips,

sun-kissed cheeks,

freckles mapped like complex constellations

your milky green eyes

followed the sparkly speckles of the dandelion

as they were carried away by the gust

unbeknownst to

you

were one of the wishes

short curls

chubby arms

as you watched the flowers die in winter,

i desperately wished for the beginning of forever

but what with the flowers,

and the leaves, shrivelling up,

and dying,

i'm beginning to learn

that change is the only forever

it's changing,

the fields and the trees, dead,

but spring will spring back

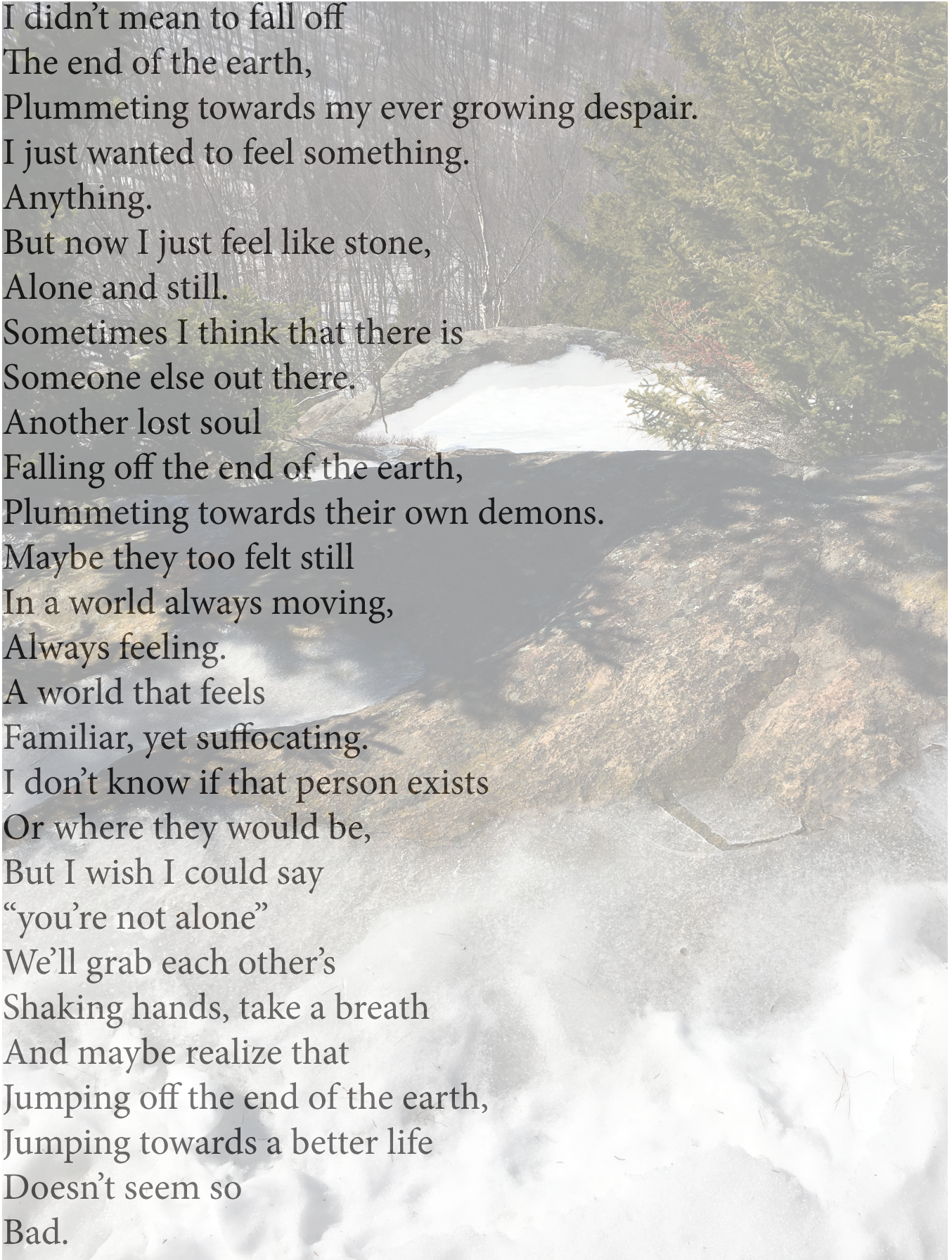
and i watch the snow melt

and i, like the dandelions,
will bloom again



J. Raposas



A photograph of a rocky cliff edge with snow patches and evergreen trees in the background. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

I didn't mean to fall off
The end of the earth,
Plummeting towards my ever growing despair.
I just wanted to feel something.
Anything.
But now I just feel like stone,
Alone and still.
Sometimes I think that there is
Someone else out there.
Another lost soul
Falling off the end of the earth,
Plummeting towards their own demons.
Maybe they too felt still
In a world always moving,
Always feeling.
A world that feels
Familiar, yet suffocating.
I don't know if that person exists
Or where they would be,
But I wish I could say
"you're not alone"
We'll grab each other's
Shaking hands, take a breath
And maybe realize that
Jumping off the end of the earth,
Jumping towards a better life
Doesn't seem so
Bad.

A. Brookstein

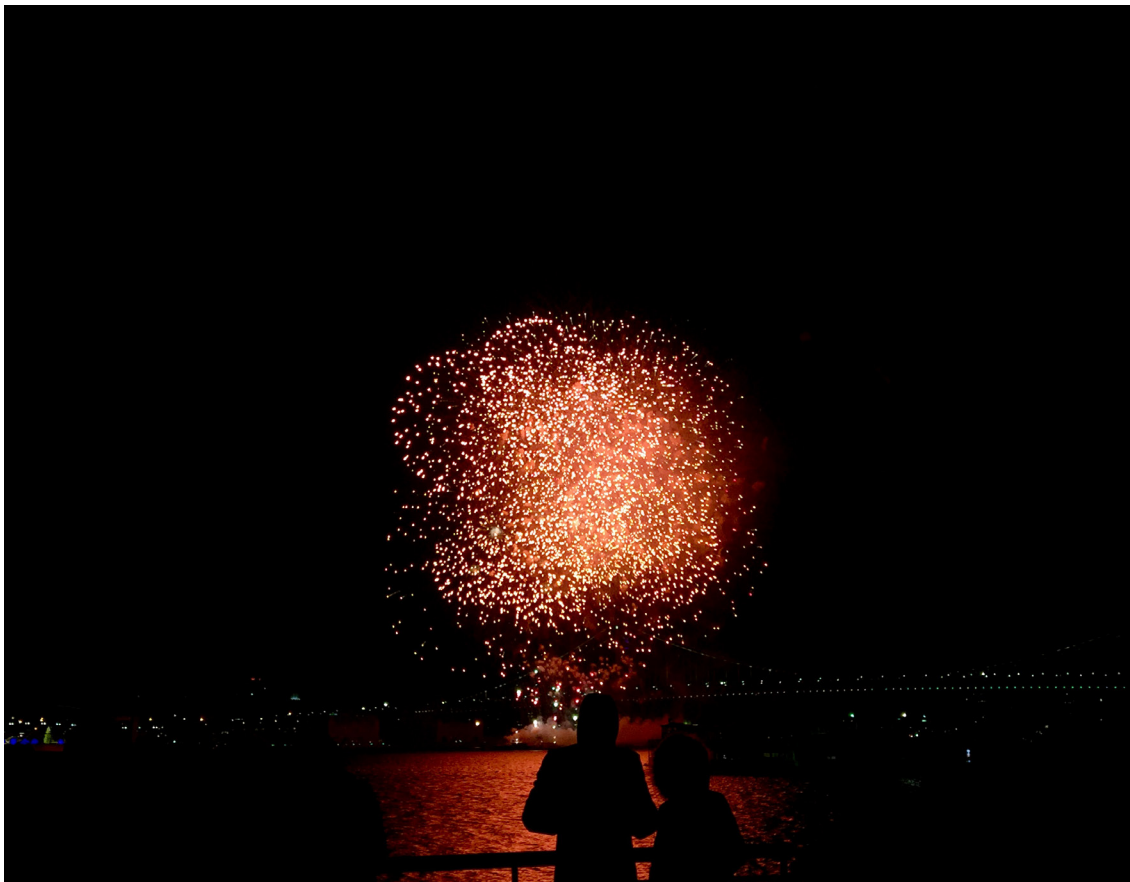
To future days

Your smile is warm, genuine
and if you wanted to exaggerate it a little more
you could even say it's near perfect.

Your eyes are beautiful,
and I wish that I could look into them
without trembling so hard
that I feel as if I'm dying.

I'm starting to love
All of these little parts of you
From a glimpse.

T. Andrews



A. Brookstein

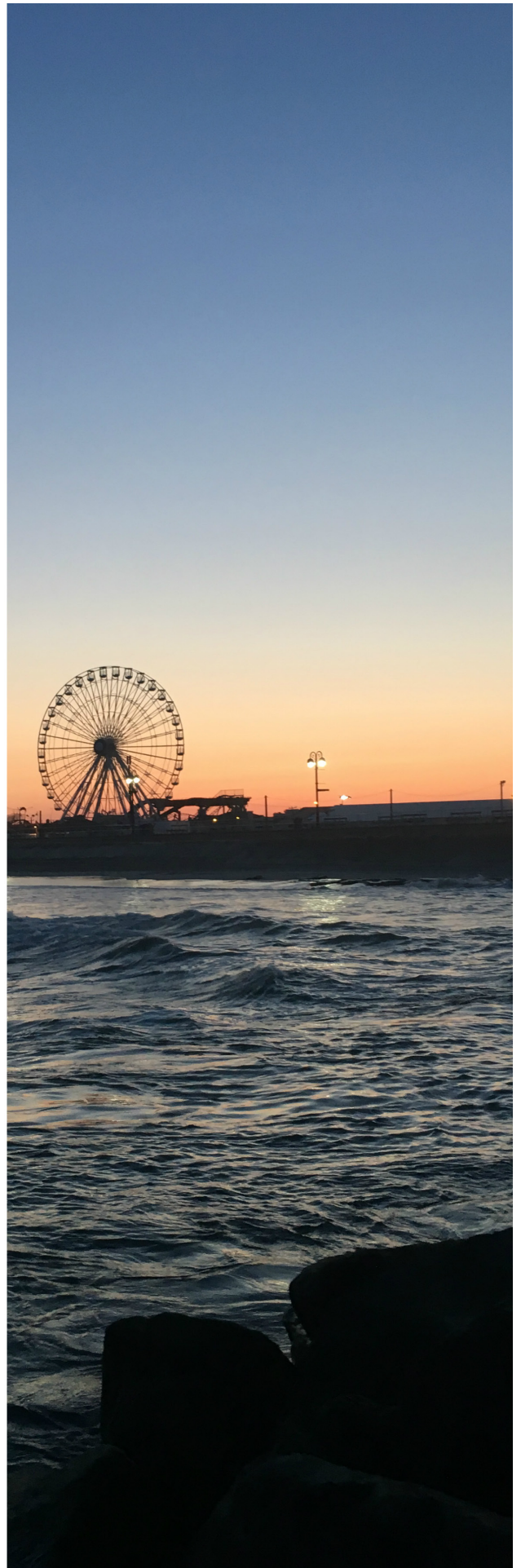
a breath of fresh air

The rain is falling heavily upon my heart,
And the wind chimes are panging against my lungs.
This feeling hurts inside my bones,
And my stomach aches when the worries return.

Alphabet Poem

Could you stop
Dragging me down with you
Every step of the way?
Forever will you continue to
Goad me on and
Hate the person
I am today.
Just leave me alone or be
Kind to me.
Love me and
Make me whole instead of giving me
Nothing.
Ordinary people don't feel this way.
Please, I'm tearing myself apart from the inside out.
Quench this beast
Rumbling inside my heart and in my head.
Stop this madness that I can't control.
To the outside world I'm fine.
Useless words can't save me now.
Viscious and vulnerable,
Withered and wilted.
Xenial I try to be, but to no avail.
You are the thing I'm most ashamed of.
Zealously, I will evade you for the rest of my life.
Anxiety, the
Bane of my existence.

E. Faust



ember, ember

i was smart,
i knew better
but my curiosity
sparked and i
quickly burned for you

passion **ignited**,
the flames lapped at
my hands and
blisters lined my chest
with **scorching** fire,
i burnt myself over
and over again

a **blazing** trail
lies in your wake, and i
join the line of
burn victims

i should have listened.
where there's smoke
there's fire

Simple

I don' t like feeling like this
Or thinking the way I do.
I just wanted a simple life
Where the grass was green and the sky was blue.

Leave me alone for too long
And thoughts swarm like bees.
Fail to keep my fragile life afloat
And I' ll fall straight to my knees.

People say courage and hope
Are things we should desire,
But that' s not always easy
When doubt and regret spread like wildfire.

I want to be that little girl again
Who loved fiercely with everything she had.
I want my old life back...
The one that didn' t always seem so sad.



C. Steinman



C. Reistle '17

The Perfect Storm

My head is stuck in a hurricane
And I no longer can feel the blows.
The constant fears that pursued my mind so long before have
disappeared,
and now this emptiness is stuck in the pit of my stomach.

I can't find the light to lead me out of this nightmare.
I never sleep, and I never wake.
I'm constantly stuck in this limbo that never ends.

Numb to all feelings, words, and full of empty meaningless
thoughts.

And here I stand without a rhyme or a reason
That used to keep me in time with the beat.

Here I am marching to my own façade



WAR

War,
Blood
Destruction
Most selfless sacrifice
More like most stupid decision.
You get free college,
All it costs is your soul and humanity.
Skills,
Learn how to kill someone because you
were told to.
Support your troops,
By not sending them off to die.
You love your country,
The best way to show it is to die because
some old rich guy wants oil.
You don't want your kid living at home
when they're 25?
Better that then dead at 22.
That experience will help you get job
When you're wheel chair bound from a
land mine.
Cattle
Lining up for the slaughter house.
Bodies
All they are.
Cut your hair,
Sell your soul.

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