

Limits?

THEY'RE  
EXACTLY



What  
you  
make them.

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# Echo

Theresa Arocena '17

Once I dreamed of a fairytale love

Something that could transcend through time

Create the romantic gestures  
of a closet romantic

But life had a different route

Love wanted no part of me

Giving me Echo's curse

Forced to relive the impossibility

Of a requited love



Adrienne Brookstein '18

## Manufactured Beauty

Thank God people can't read minds,  
They would see the real me  
With all of my bizarre thoughts,  
Embarrassing secrets and stories  
That I continually push down.

They would see all of my worries  
That keep me up at night.  
They'd see the ones  
That are permanently sketched  
Into my DNA.

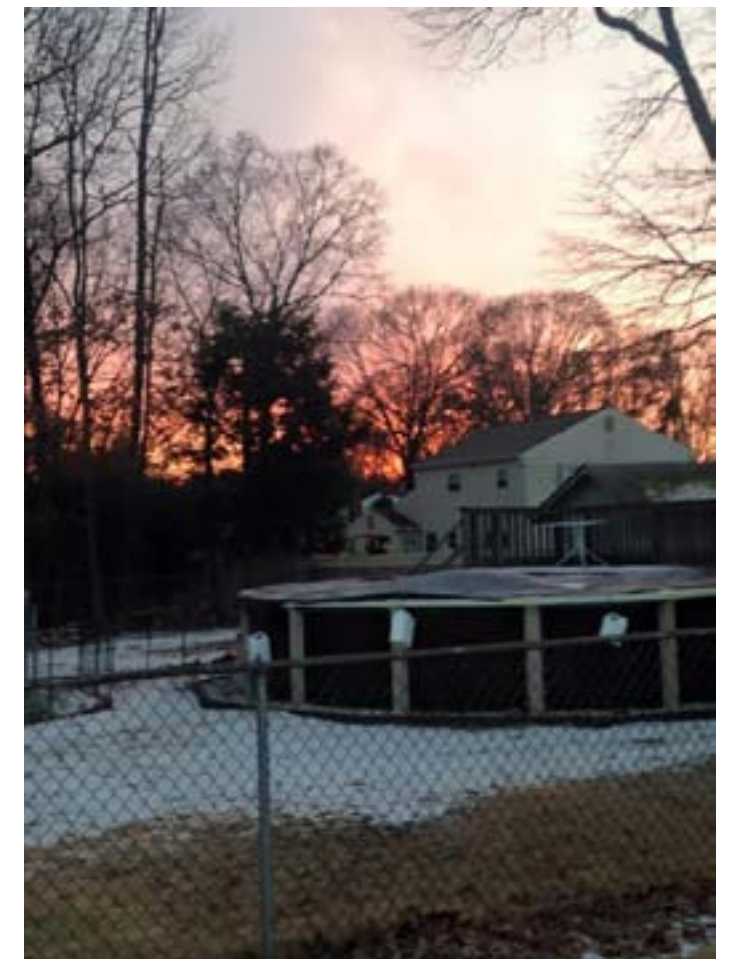
My mind is where I truly am,  
Yet I continue to hide myself away  
From the things that I know  
Will leave marks forever.

At times it's easier to be left alone;  
It gives me a chance to breathe to my fullest.  
I can let my walls fall down  
And let them crumble into the ashes  
Without trying to glue them back together.

We live in a world  
Where everyone wishes for perfection.  
Yet my mind sees the truth  
And quickly tries to escape  
From the fake world  
We all know too well.

It's hard to believe  
That I can get lost in my own mask.  
The makeup paints over my scars  
That show how strong I've grown  
From the lies that society  
Has handed to me  
In a little tube.

The mascara changes my sight,  
All I see is an idea  
Of what people want to be.  
They color my lips  
To conceal the secrets  
Of what we were meant to be.



Bria Riely '18



# *Silly Wendy*

Theresa Arocena '17

*Silly little Wendy*  
*Did you really think he'd come back?*  
*He's fickle Peter*  
*You'll be waiting forever*  
*Better to try to live without him*  
*He's not coming to take you away*  
*Stop waiting*  
*Before it's too late*  
*Or else*  
*You might be a lost forever*



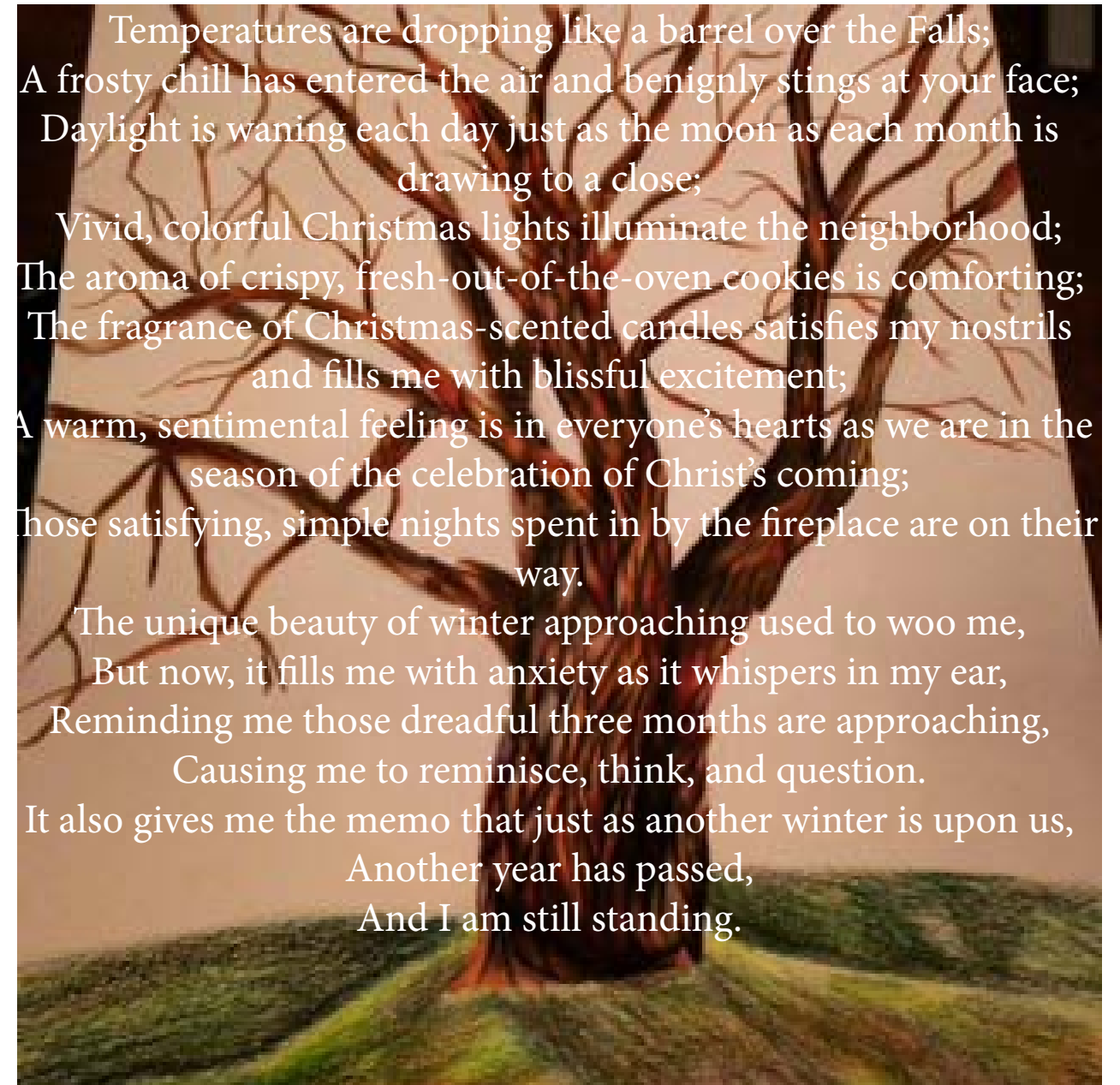
Bria Riley '18

## *Another Winter is Upon Me* *Bria Riley '18*

November comes to a close.

Another Thanksgiving has passed and was a sweet success.  
All the leaves have fallen and now repose on the dead green-yellow  
grass which will soon be concealed under a chaste white blanket of  
snow;

Temperatures are dropping like a barrel over the Falls;  
A frosty chill has entered the air and benignly stings at your face;  
Daylight is waning each day just as the moon as each month is  
drawing to a close;  
Vivid, colorful Christmas lights illuminate the neighborhood;  
The aroma of crispy, fresh-out-of-the-oven cookies is comforting;  
The fragrance of Christmas-scented candles satisfies my nostrils  
and fills me with blissful excitement;  
A warm, sentimental feeling is in everyone's hearts as we are in the  
season of the celebration of Christ's coming;  
Those satisfying, simple nights spent in by the fireplace are on their  
way.  
The unique beauty of winter approaching used to woo me,  
But now, it fills me with anxiety as it whispers in my ear,  
Reminding me those dreadful three months are approaching,  
Causing me to reminisce, think, and question.  
It also gives me the memo that just as another winter is upon us,  
Another year has passed,  
And I am still standing.



Art by Crystal West, '18

# Was it Worth It?

Theresa Arocena, '17

Every word, every smile, every beautiful thing

Is imprinted and sealed into my very being

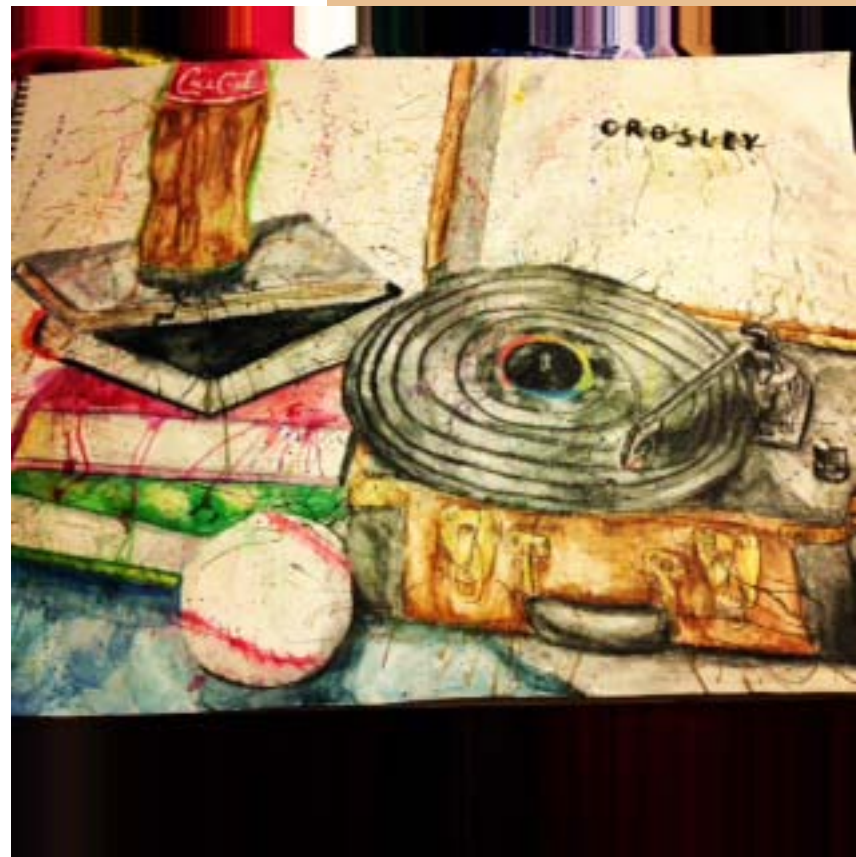
A constant throbbing

Half painful, half pleasurable

Reminding you of the wonderful and the terrible

Will it be worth it?

Of course



Art By Crystal West, '18

# Hate

Adrienne Brookstein '18

I hate how I can't accept you,

Take you for what you are,

Who you pretend to be,

Can't watch the act that impresses everyone

Except for me.

I hate how I can see through your painted mask,

I only see your distorted mind

That's always trying to break others down

To make yourself feel better,

You're always repulsed by the remorse

That follows your mistakes.



Crystal West '18

I hate that about you,

Only caring for yourself,

Blind to the damage that you've left on me,

My nerves are raw

Because of you.

Stress from you is breaking my very own bones,

Perpetually stealing away the joy that belongs to me.

You've left me feeling guilty,

Because I refuse to touch you

Or accept you for the creature

That will only break an infinite amount of hearts.





Crystal West '18

# RESTART

Can I have a restart?

I don't know if I'd change anything

Or leave it be

But I miss them

The days of

I love you's

Late night conversations

The half asleep laughter

Unrestrained words

To when it was me and you

Against the world

Theresa Arocena '17

# Angst

Written By: Adrienne Brookstein '18

I can't breathe.  
They crowd around me  
And I feel like I'm about to shatter  
Into dust.

My breath gets caught in my chest,  
And I suddenly feel like I'm fading away;  
Disappearing from a world  
That's always been too loud.

They'll try to talk to me;  
Try to make me feel like I fit in  
But it's obvious,  
Our puzzle pieces don't mesh.

I'm stuck here  
In my fears,  
Feeling like the elephant in the room,  
Never forgetting about the outcast that I am.

My heart punches against my chest,  
I've completely forgotten  
How to speak to you,  
When all I keep doing  
Is wishing  
That I could just say hello.

Picture By: Crystal West '18

# *Pieces Staff*

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( ° 5 ° )