

The background of the entire page is a dense, abstract pattern of irregular, watercolor-like shapes. These shapes are primarily in shades of pink, purple, and blue, with some lighter, almost white, areas. The shapes vary in size and orientation, creating a textured, mosaic-like effect. The colors are soft and blended, giving the impression of watercolor paint applied to a light surface.

Alex LoPrinzi

# Shattered Reflections

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Alex LoPrinzi

# Shattered Reflections



To my guiding stars, whose unwavering love carried me far. To my family,  
my pillars of light, I owe gratitude beyond words. For your sacrifices, love,  
and endless care, I dedicate this journey, my heart laid bare. May these  
verses echo the love we share, and inspire others. Thank you.





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## **This is Surreal**

This is surreal.  
You will understand that  
If you could only imagine.  
The best season is winter—  
Nights known in blissful silence.  
How and why we must listen in  
To a Spirit of zesty dreams.  
This is the joyous call...

For a future we all want...  
We care about what's Surreal,  
Yet we delete all our extremes.  
We aspire for better dreams...  
Don't we all know that  
There can be new things...  
Only in the Surreal

If another spirit doesn't fit...  
There is shame in stopping tears.  
No one holds in vomit, so  
Let it flow,  
When you receive too much.  
The same is true for fears  
Your zest wants to be born;

A self who needs a mask that fits...

A painting that surrounds its own real...

A nested world of virtual dreams is  
That we are all one kindred web,  
Spinning ourselves in violent roses,  
Deafening and unheard dreams.

In our Dreams...

We are seeing us,  
The loves we know and feel.  
The freedom to become  
And the fears to overcome.

We all have the courage  
To Dream over our fears...  
They feel surreal.  
And only memes seem to know them.  
Each bit of this world screams  
To all the other ends.

The only things heard are words...  
Not the hurt, broken birds flying,  
In opposite colors.  
What seems, not what blends

We say we know, but we see...

Dreams.

(Now Read Me Backwards)