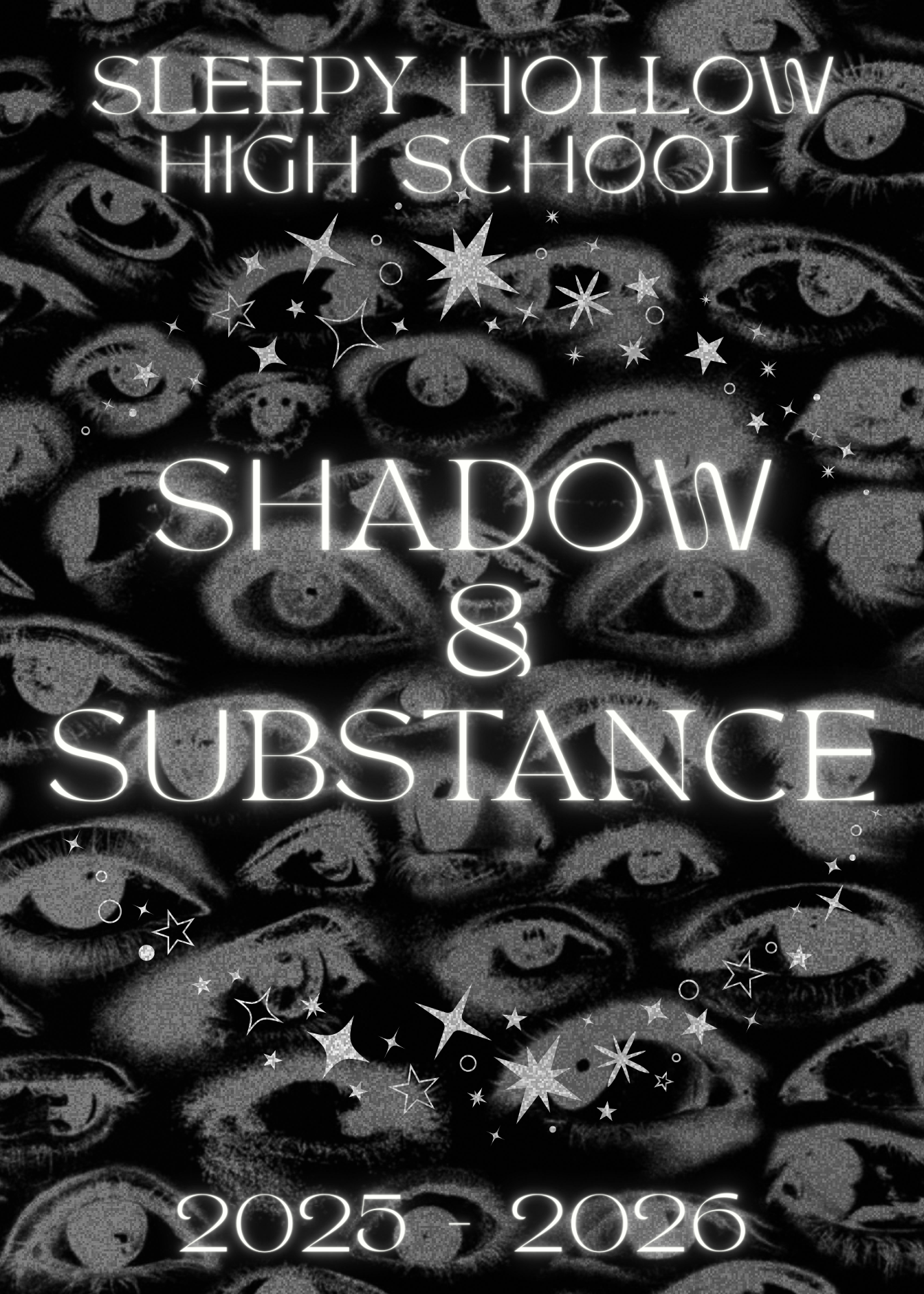
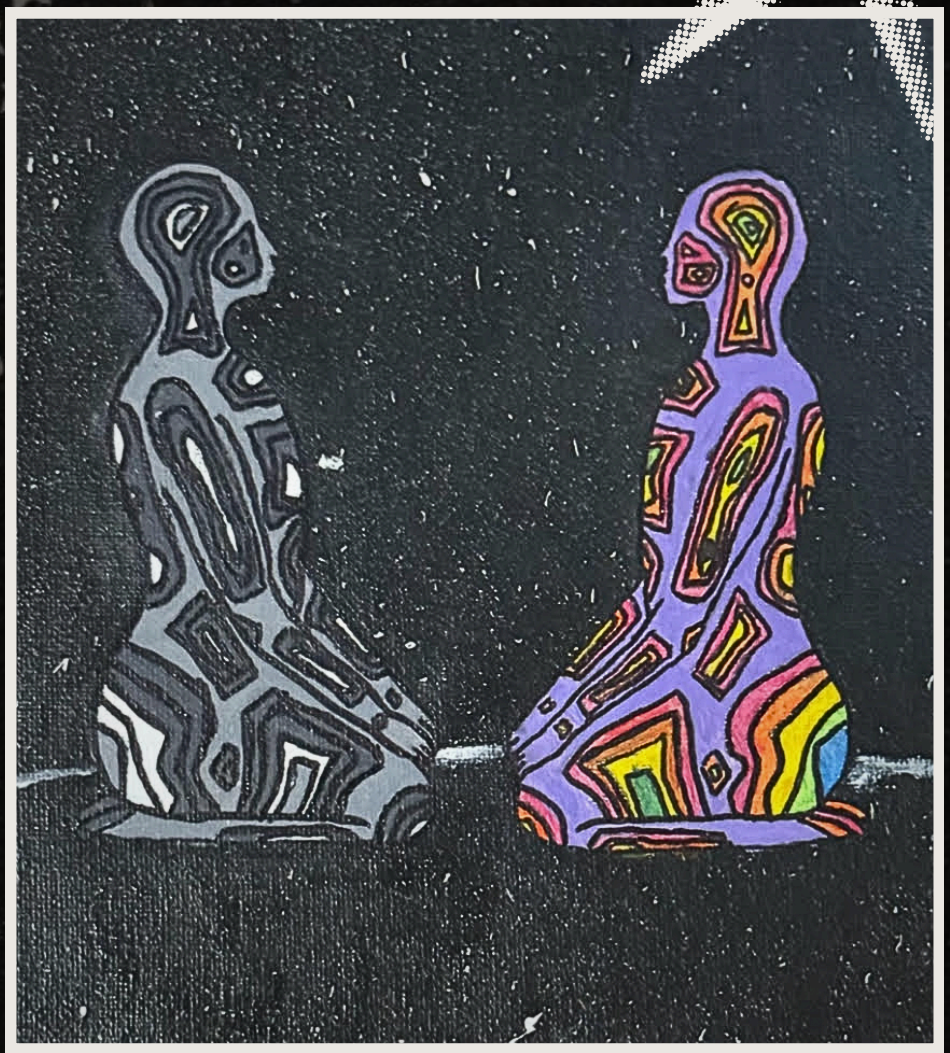
SLEEPY HOLLOW
HIGH SCHOOL



SHADOW & SUBSTANCE

2025 - 2026



Madelyn Cajamarca Guananga

The content in this magazine represents the individual views of featured writers and artists; it does not represent those of the advisors, faculty, administration and/or the district.

Shadow and Substance features writing and artwork created by the students of Sleepy Hollow High School. Our student-led staff carefully selects and arranges the contents of this magazine.

We gratefully acknowledge the following people:



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF & LEAD DESIGNER
Ivy Burk

STAFF MEMBERS
Joe Kelly

FRONT COVER DESIGN
Ivy Burk

INSIDE FRONT COVER DESIGN
Madelyn Cajamarca Guananga



FACULTY ADVISOR
Ms. Katherine Donahue

Many thanks to the Board of Education, Dr. Raymond Sanchez, Mr. Scott Dorn, Mr. Brian Fried, Ms. Sharon O'Grady, Dr. Debbie Brand, Mr. Daniel Larkin, Ms. Jessica Perez and the faculty of Sleepy Hollow High School for their continued support.

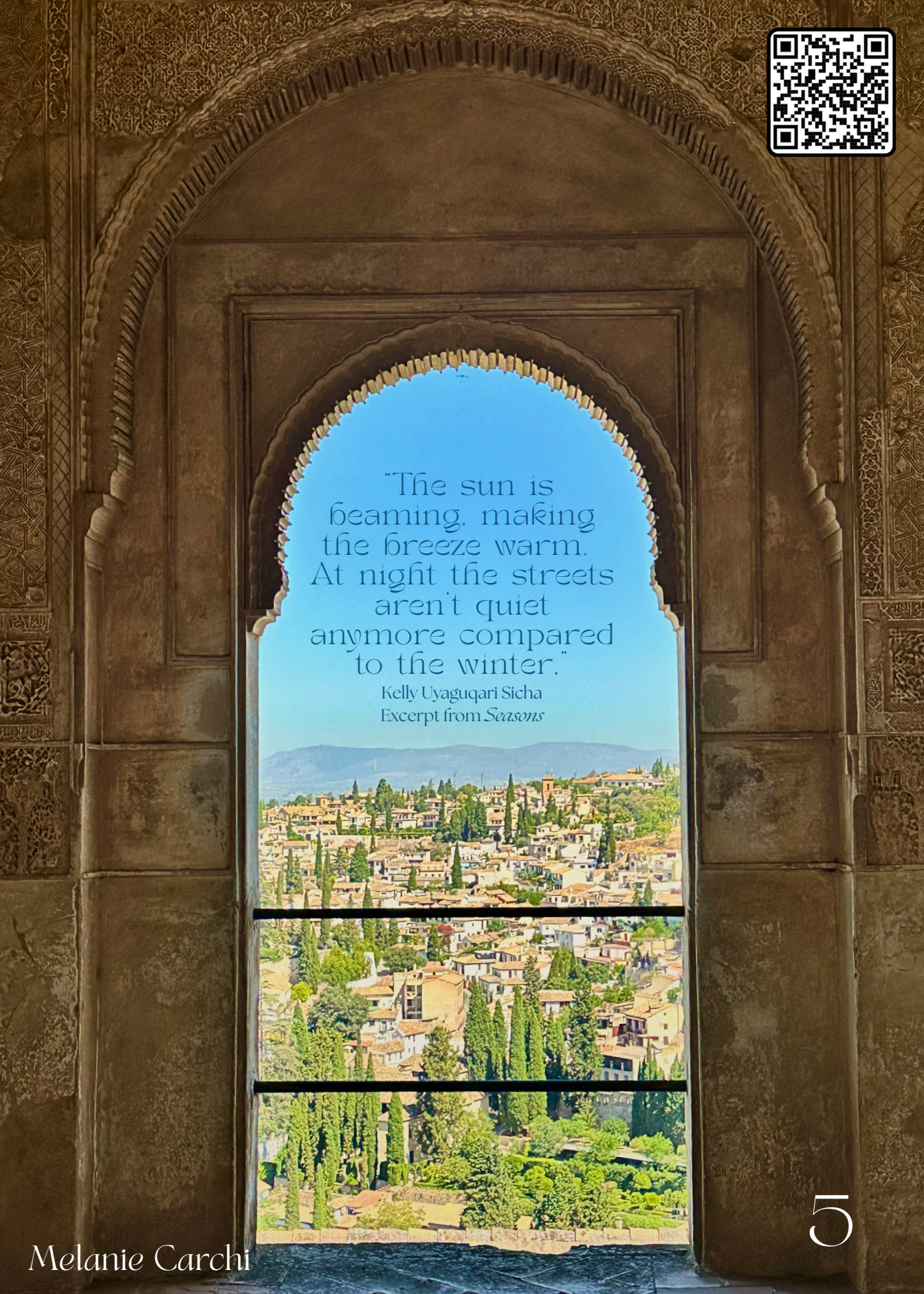
NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

They say that you cannot have light without darkness. I tend to have an issue with sameness, and as a literary magazine, Shadow & Substance definitely has room to explore the first half of its name. Why not highlight the shadows just as much as the substance? This is not meant to be a collection of teen despair or self-deprecation, but a spotlight on the personal experiences and perspectives of Sleepy Hollow High School students and their expression of those experiences.








"The sun is beaming, making the breeze warm. At night the streets aren't quiet anymore compared to the winter."
Kelly Uyaguqari Sicha
Excerpt from *Seasons*

In Response to Fahrenheit 451

Eugene Mjuweni

A corrupted society running on control
The destruction of books both new and old

I begin to ponder as I gaze into the fire
"Is Captain Beatty just one big liar?"

With each stolen & outlawed book that I read
I realize I've been living a life of slavery

Mildred, no longer will death do us apart
Because you hold no place in my heart

The world is empty, bland, and full of drones
And to think that once, this was a life of my own

Now declared as an enemy of the state
I flee to the countryside to escape my fate

A loud boom follows an echoing roar
Burned to the ground, my home is no more

The rest of us united together
We'll rebuild this city and make it better

The Fourth of July
Ada Shepherd

Sometimes, I forget what happened in 1996.

That isn't supposed to happen.
I need to remember.

The death, the invasion.

Can't forget
Can't forget it.

So much changed,
so much discovered.

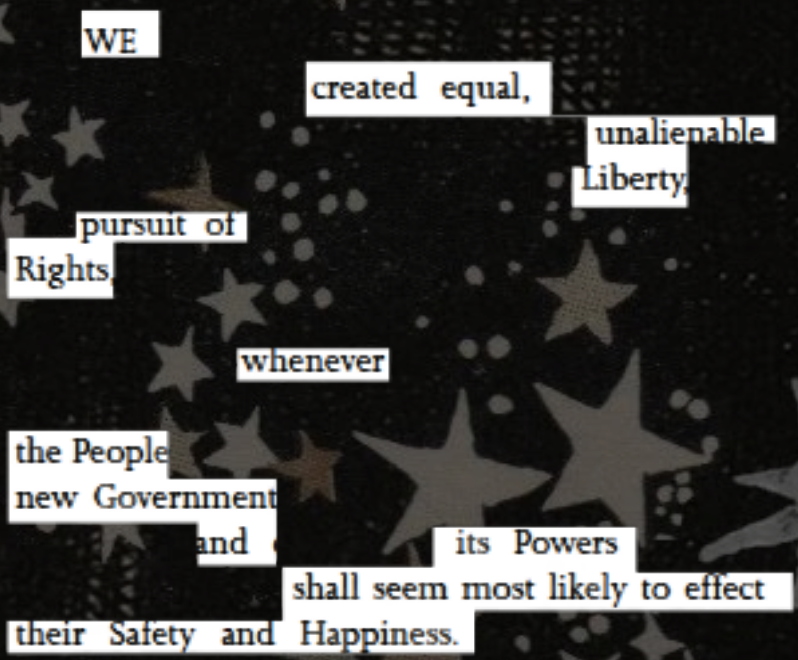
Read your book, Lucy.
Pray, Lucy.

It didn't work.

They came anyway.



THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



Ava Monegro

The Great Gatsby
(a found poem)
Kayden Pisani

Past the untold present
Or should I say the current,
We leap into a future so far,
And yet glide through it as though
On a boat with a grasp for what is
Except that exact Is can't be grasped.

Instead it eludes much farther, a place so far,
Down stream becomes a twisted blend into
The everlasting horizon.

Fear in the Silence

Anisa Hernandez-Murray

The jungle whispers in the dark,
A sudden sound, a racing heart.
Each step feels heavy, slow, unsure,
No one knows what waits before.

The night is long, the air is thick,
Time moves slowly, then too quick.
A letter folded in a pocket tight,
A reminder of home through every night.

Fear is a burden no one can see,
Carried like a stone silently.
Yet soldiers move, though they're afraid,
Finding courage in the choices made.

When the battle ends and the noise is gone,
The memories linger and carry on.
The war may fade from history's page,
But fear remains from age to age.

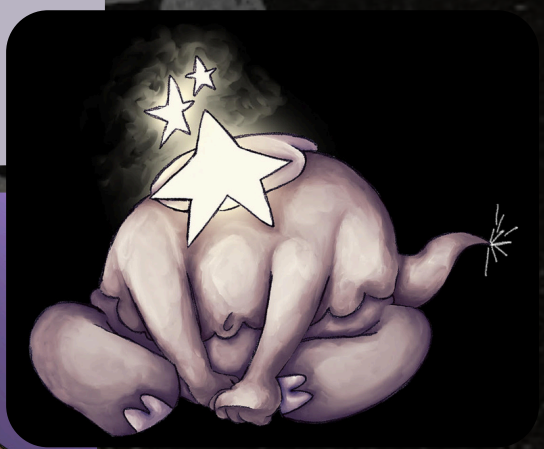


Student Spotlight
Joe Kelly '28



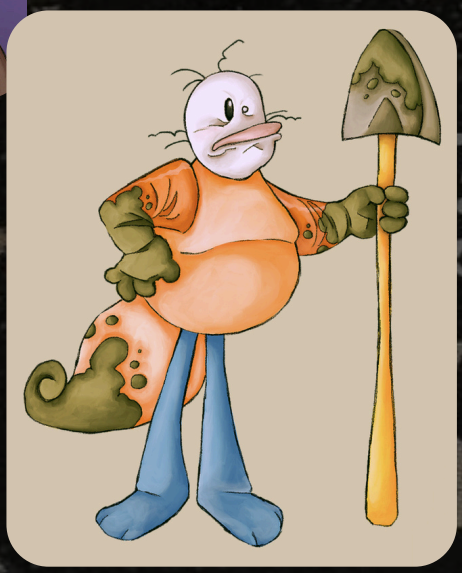












The Things They Carried

(Inspired by Tim O'Brien)

Jhodaly Coronel

They carried ghosts.

They carried grief,
love,
terror,
longing.

They carried the sky,
the humidity,
the monsoons,
the stink of fungus and decay.

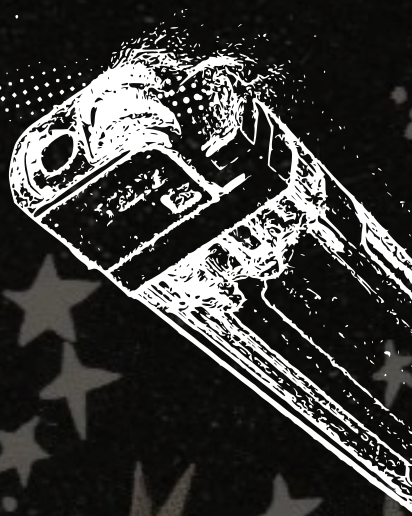
They carried the common secret of cowardice,
the fear of blushing,
the fear of dying,
the fear of showing fear.

Boom.
Down.

A man dies
and the story lives on.

Stories are for eternity
when memory is erased,
when there is nothing to remember
except the story

The war ends.
The weight remains.





Seventeen and a Half

Ines McCoy

Seventeen. I'm ready for adulthood. I'm ready for college. I'm ready to start doing everything on my own. But what I'm not ready for is leaving my family behind. My parents won't call me down for dinner anymore, I won't wash the dishes with my dad anymore, I won't hear my mom humming as she tends to her garden anymore, my dad won't make my lunch anymore, I won't wake up in the same bed anymore and see my shelf of stuffed animals, and I won't head downstairs anymore and smell my dad's coffee. I have to pack it all up in a neat box and place it on the shelf next to one new shiny box labeled '18'. That box I have to take down and open, and fill it with new memories and experiences. Experiences that won't include my parents.




SAFE & SECURE
Who was the surprise guest at the Rolling Stones' show in New York?
See ROLLING STONES, Page 40
a shine to King's b
10. '1408' (2007)
John Cusack's hotel stay in "1408" is hell.
PLEASANT & AT HOME

Lila Sozen

"SONNET 10784207261"

Ryan Kundid & Thaddeus Kromelis II

My mom tells me I need to get cleaner
She hates the smell of my hair
The stench on me keeps getting meaner
But honestly, I just don't care

A group of flies, I hear them buzzing
The girls run away in dismay
My mom wants me to be like my cousin
And start to shower everyday

I love the smell of my stench
I never clean out my pads
That's why I stay on the bench
I tell Coach, "It's not even that bad"

One day, like a lamb to the slaughter,
My mom will lead me to the water

Brianna Rosario



Crísis de la Mediana Edad

Mirianny Beltre Bobea

When the blackout started, the only source of light from the pitch black barrio came from the houses with an inverter light. Those homes might as well have been made out of gold. Those were the houses with ceramic floors, Caoba cabinets in the kitchen, and more than two gigantic water tanks on the roof top that function throughout the entire house.

Those were the same houses people stole the internet from. If these homeowners had enough money to treat themselves, they technically had enough money to 'help' their community, too. But my house was better. It had toys, I slept with my mom in a big bed inside a cold room, and most importantly, I had American snacks that Grandma sent every few months from Nueva York and it even smelled like America: new.



At that time, Mami knew that our American life was soon approaching. I didn't know then, but she was abandoning everything she worked for, including her youth.
My first memory of Mami's mid-life crisis came right after midnight during the weekly blackout. Mami carried me to my bedroom and placed me on the left side of the bed, the side that was against the cold wall, then placed a long pillow parallel to me. I was pretending to be asleep because I liked when she carried me to bed. I watched as she got dressed up, not dressed down.

She put on a green dress, the one that sparkled with the warm reflection of the only oil lamp that we had to illuminate each room. The dress was short and tight, with an open back, like it wasn't showing enough skin already. I remember the smell of her perfume filling the room; it was strong but sweet. And I watched as her movement birthed the sounds of clinking from her gold and silver chunky jewelry. The last thing I saw was her mirror reflection, putting on green eye shadow with her middle finger as if she wasn't already 42 years old. As I started to fall asleep, I heard her black, pointy heels making a sharp echo as they tapped against the floor. Eventually, that clackety clack sound disappeared, and I abandoned my consciousness.

Let Love be Love Again

(Inspired by Langston Hughes)

Jaylah Hiciano

Men and women,
that's how it's written,
the only way to love,
or so they're told.

Don't slip up.

Hide your love,
it's a sin.
Everyone is watching,
judging every touch,
every whispered word.

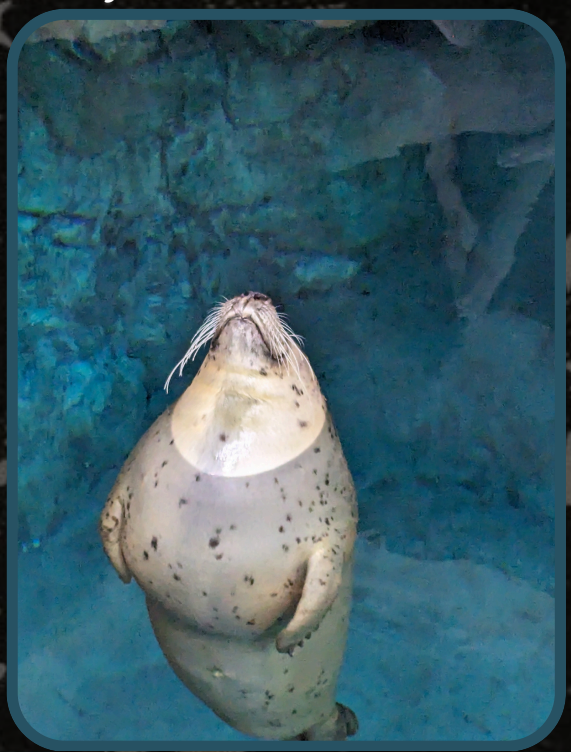
But loving out loud,
that's who I am.
Love can't be a sin,
love is a right.
You can't choose for me.

Let love be love again.



Ivy Burk







Sneakers and Sparkle

Ines McCoy

I never felt like a girl growing up. Not in the way where I believed I was another gender, I just didn't feel like a girl. I didn't do inherently 'feminine' activities growing up, meaning I didn't wear lots of princess dresses and I didn't play with dolls and I didn't have pink everywhere. My clothes were from the boys department. My Snoopy shirt, my shorts, my velcro sneakers. They weren't girls clothes in the colors meant for girls in the section meant for girls. I had friends who were girls. Girls who were shorter than I was, with narrower shoulders and thinner eyebrows. I had, and still have, thick eyebrows and a sharp jawline I've had since I was three. I had scrapes on every inch of my body from teaching myself how to skateboard on the concrete in front of my apartment. I was always stronger, I didn't know why. I didn't know why I could pick up three stacked chairs when my friends could only do one or two. I didn't know why my cheekbones were more defined than the softer faces that surrounded me. I didn't know why my eyebrows were so thick and called caterpillars. I didn't know why I was on the opposite end of the height order line when they were always bunched towards the end and I stood with the boys and only three other girls. I didn't know why they always made me be the boy while playing house.



I didn't want to play the boy - I'm not a boy, I'm a girl. I never got to be a little sister or a mom. I had to play someone's brother and I never knew why. I never embraced a more feminine side of myself until the end of sophomore year when I wore shorter skirts and shorts in the summer and tried to find dresses to wear. I started buying push-up bras and did my hair and makeup in ways to erase those more 'masculine' aspects of my childhood. But I could never erase the masculine bone structure I was born with nor can I erase the pictures of me in knee pads, wrist and elbow guards on a skateboard in clothes made for boys.



Joselyn Loza-Lojano

(From "Borderbus", by Juan Felipe Herrera)

But where do we go hermana

they broke my father's legs

I just want us to be together

so many years

pulled apart

mother told me the most important thing

freedom, kindness and doing good

for others

I told you to be quiet

Emily Zurita

Freedom comes from deep inside

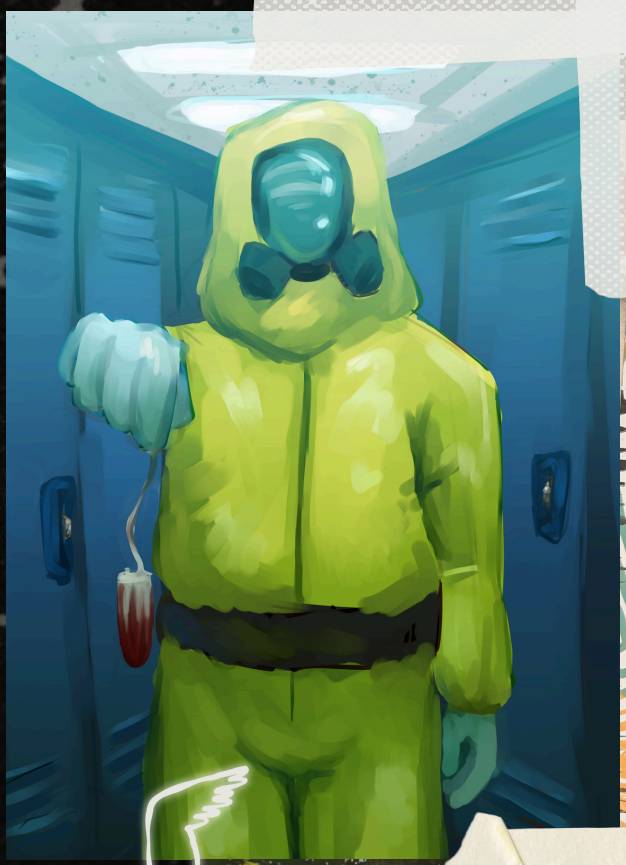
all the pain of the world lives there

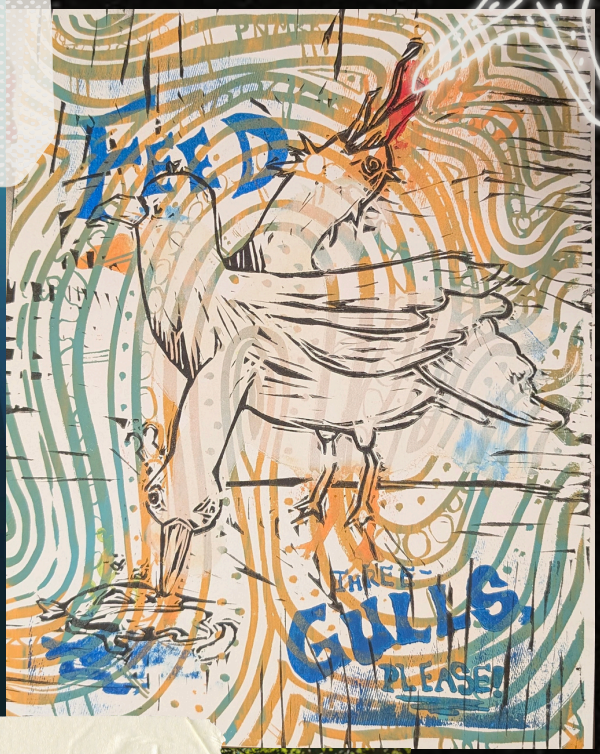
we shall be free

all of them



Student Spotlight

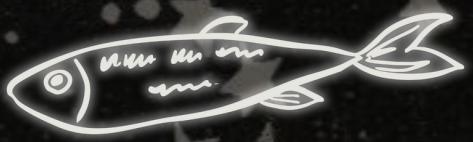






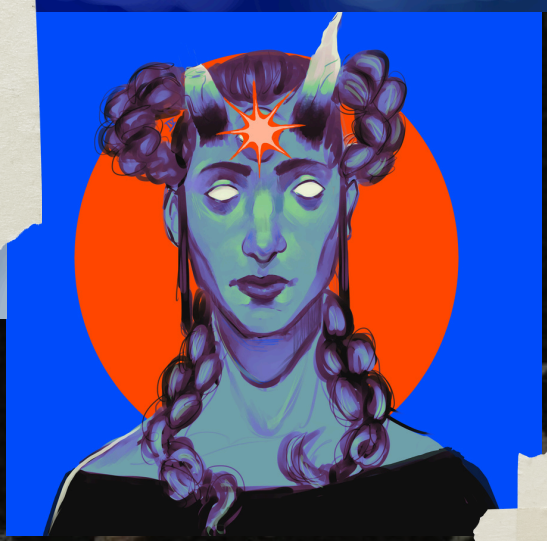
Ivy Burk '26













Excerpt from *Loch and Key*

Ivy Burk

“Sitting on the splintered planks of the porch, I watch, mesmerized, as smoke billows wildly from the coals smoldering beneath the grill. The clump of ash blocks light from the setting sun as it disappears behind the evergreens. The surrounding mountains form an echo chamber of children's joy, the sorrowful calls of loons before they vanish beneath the still surface to clamp a pike in their razor-sharp maw. I tug at my damp shirt, the fabric clinging to my warm, sweaty skin. The creek separating the cabin and the lake flows freely, reeds extending to brush affectionately against each other. The sounds blend with the wondrous exclamations of young children scrambling out of the water as my cousin holds up a painted turtle like a gilded trophy, dripping with pride.”







Photos by Ivy Burk

Student Spotlight

Cadence Hsiung





‘26

Untitled

Christopher Urgiles

I was taking anesthesia with hard breaths
after the anesthesia I was confused

confused I woke up after the surgery
wake up with lots of pain in my mouth

my mouth had lots of pain after the surgery
I had an emotional, painful, moment

immediate pain as my teeth touched each other
immediately I cried and barely breathed

open and shut, open and shut, my eyes fluttered
when I kept my eyes open, I saw my body

my body I felt so overwhelmed
overwhelmed, drooling out, and grinding with blood

breathless, blood from my mouth felt like hammering pain
I was taking anesthesia with hard breaths

Exposure 2

Alexis Chacha

I walk in my room and the sunlight hits the room and suddenly everything looks louder than it did at night. My bed is still messy, my clothes piled up all over my bed, and socks half crumpled on the floor. My backpack was thrown on the floor after another day of school. I'm on my bed scrolling through TikTok, AirPods in, while my Rocket League is updating on my computer. The sun is beaming on my PC setup, I see the dust flying around as I play the game. Trying to win my match before my mom calls me to do something. Her music is playing too, mixing with the sounds of my game.

I look over at my sister, tapping away at her laptop like it's going to disappear. “Can you turn it down? I can barely concentrate,” she says. I shrug and turn my volume down. She rolls her eyes and goes back to her work, clicking those keys like her existence depended on the words she typed out. My dirty clothes slide off my bed, and she gives me a death stare. “Pick that up before I tell mom,” she says. The room is a mix of her loud typing, my controller clicks, and music from both of us.

I lean back on my bed and just take it all in. Even with all the noise and mess it feels like ours. For a second I just sit there letting everything happen around me and I realize that this is exactly how it's supposed to be.

City Lights and Oasis Nights

Alexa Zhinin

It was the beginning of September, that strange in-between time when summer still lingers but the city has already started to cool. I remember how the air that night smelled faintly like rain and street food. The kind of night that makes New York feel endless. Donovan and I have been friends since last summer. He lives in London so I don't see him often but he is the kind of person who always seemed to have somewhere to be. He spends his nights at rooftops, bars where the music was too loud for anyone to actually talk. He isn't wild, not really. Just... curious. Always chasing something just out of reach. He has this confidence that isn't loud but makes you look twice. The kind that made people want to be around him. He has a small circle of three or four friends he actually trusts.

That September night, he texted me out of nowhere, “Meet at Grand Central Station.” No explanation, no plan. That was typical of him. He liked things unplanned. When I got there, the station was in its usual chaos. People rushing, announcements echoing overhead, the air heavy with the smell of hot pizza and perfume. I spotted him leaning against a pillar, hoodie up, backpack slung over one shoulder, sneakers a little scuffed from walking too much.

He gave me a half smile, that look that said, trust me, and we headed toward the 1 train. We spent the night weaving through the city. He showed me the places he liked most from his stay so far. A tiny pizza shop in Greenwich Village that stayed open until 3 a.m., a side street in SoHo covered in murals that changed every few weeks, a quiet bench near the Hudson where you could see the skyline without all the noise. That’s what I liked about being with him, how he made the city feel smaller. At some point, we had a car waiting for us. I didn’t even ask where we were going anymore. With Donovan, plans just happened. He says things like, “Just come,” and I always did.

By the time we got off the train, the air had cooled. It smelled like wet pavement and stadium lights. Then I heard distant music, deep and echoing. The crowd around us was buzzing with that energy that only happens at concerts: people dressed in black, some carrying old band tees, others holding their phones like tickets were treasure. Donovan didn't say a word, just led me forward until we reached MetLife Stadium.

Inside, the noise hit like a wave. The lights were blinding, the air warm from the thousands of people packed together. The sound wasn't just loud, it was physical, vibrating through my chest. I looked around and laughed because it was all so much. He didn't laugh. He just looked out at the stage, steady and quiet, like he'd been waiting for this moment but didn't want anyone to notice.We stood there for hours, letting the music take over. The songs were older, ones I'd heard in passing the kind my parents might've played years ago. But they filled the stadium like they'd never stopped being relevant.

Every now and then, I'd glance at Donovan. His expression never really changed, but there was something behind his eyes, like he was somewhere else, hearing more than just the music. When the show ended, the crowd began to spill out in every direction, voices hoarse, everyone still glowing from the adrenaline of it all. The night felt too alive to end. We walked back through the streets, laughing at random things: a group of fans still singing in the parking lot, a guy trying to sell fake shirts outside the gate, someone blasting music from their car. The city, even outside Manhattan, never stopped moving.

THE REST OF US

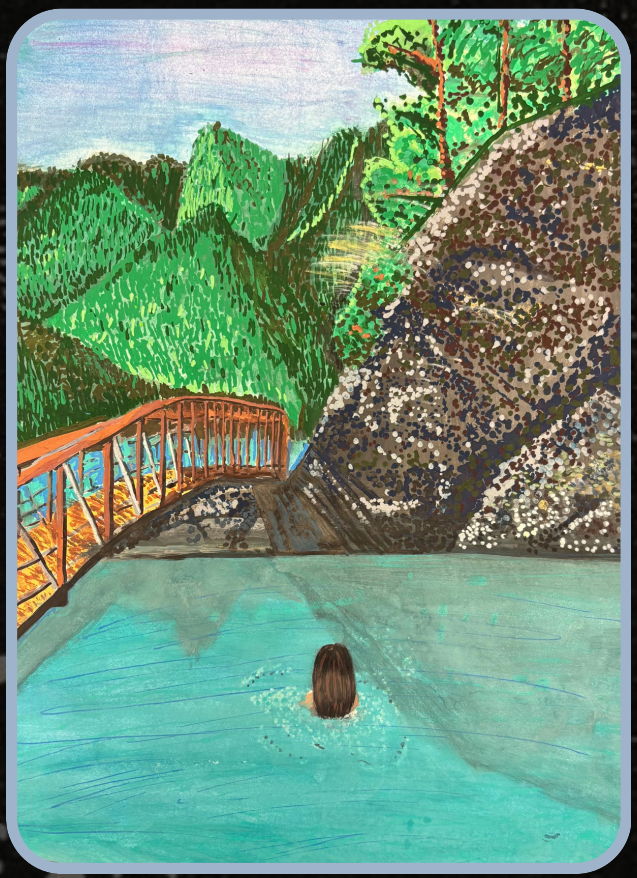
Finn Murphy

It's quiet on the mountain
He's been here for the
longest
Speaking would be quicker
but it hurts to be honest
Wasn't born a quitter so the
climb is upon us
And I can't slow

As the view could take your
breath like a cigarette
Leave you breathing through
a hose slowly withering
At the peak the water froze
and the air was thin
Thought their kin would be
my own but I'm different

Hold my soul
Wind your throat
Point your toes
Run away from home

Rocket silo
We could fly up
When you're piled up
We could fly up





Rose Karpenstein

Exposure I: The Girls bathroom mirror

Emily Zurita

Many girls go to the bathroom and the first thing they all do is go to the big mirror and look at themselves.

The mirror is supposed to be a place where one either admires themself or looks at themself in a positive way.

A mirror that should reflect you and what you see has now shifted. Many girls look at themselves but always focus on the small things that bother them. The mirror now becomes a place where it takes away the beauty of a person because now it's only focused on the flaws. Now what should have been a fun positive trip to the bathroom becomes a reflection of the imperfections.

This trip now becomes a trip where the silence around you becomes alive, where now the flushing has disappeared. All you're focused on is just your negative image of yourself in that reflection. You try to bring out your brush, you try to put on your blush, you try to put on the last bit of highlighter but nothing is satisfying anymore. It's like every little thing you try to add, the more the mirror takes away.

Now, after all this time, the girl still can't see her beauty. They're still too focused on feeling off and not pretty. They may look away for a second, thinking they're ready to leave, but then a second look happens. In this second look, your eyes start becoming like magnifying glasses, hunting that one last piece of hair sticking up, and the last piece of mascara put on wrong.



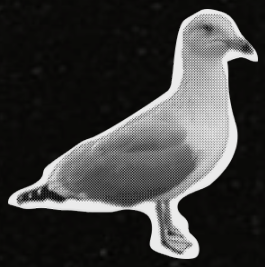


What was meant to be a short trip to just go in and come out has now become an emotional place. A girl could just walk in having the best day of her life with their friends, but then once they glance at that mirror, all that disappears.

Now the bathroom trip becomes a nightmare. It becomes a place where it's only focused on imperfection. Not knowing that the mirror is only one part of the beauty.

Many forget the other parts that make them as well. Like their laughter and personality.

This mirror now becomes a place that strips away everything from the person, leaving the truth disoriented.



The Story Before Me

Ryan Ullaguari Alvarez

Three months until graduation. Lately, everyone has been talking about memories from when we were younger. Someone will mention a teacher from fourth grade or something that happened at recess, and suddenly everyone is laughing, voices overlapping, desks scraping as they turn to each other, like they're all back in the same moment again.

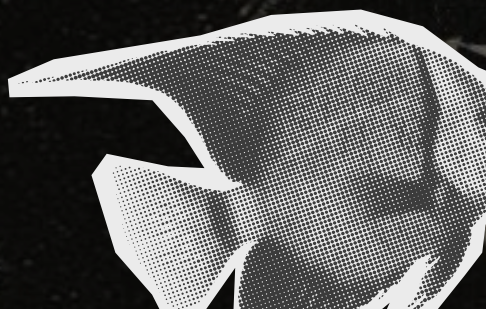
I usually just listen.

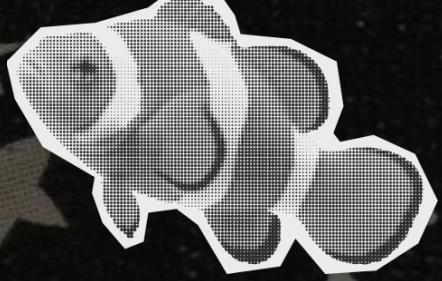
Their stories feel connected, like they've all been part of the same timeline since the beginning.

But I wasn't.

I came to this school in seventh grade. By then, everything already existed—friend groups, inside jokes, memories that went back years. Walking into the school felt like stepping into the middle of something that had already been happening for a long time.

Seventh grade was quiet for me. I spent most of the year trying to figure out where I fit, watching people who already seemed to know exactly where they belonged. It wasn't until eighth grade that I really started finding friends, the people who eventually became the ones I'm closest to now.

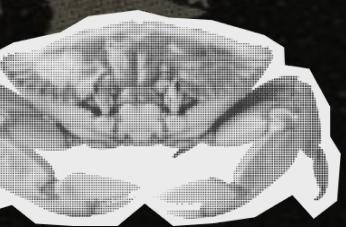




The Story Before Me
cont.

That's the strange part. The people I'm best friends with have a whole childhood together that I wasn't part of. When they talk about birthday parties, recess games, or teachers they all had, they remember each other as kids.
I only know them as the people they became later. Sometimes I laugh along, but it still feels like I'm standing just outside of something I wish I could step into. I'm glad I found my place with them now, but part of me still wonders what it would have been like to grow up in those same classrooms, to be included in the memories they return to so easily.
My memories come from somewhere else—another school, different people, a whole set of experiences no one here really saw. And when everyone is sharing the same past, mine feels distant.
Now graduation is coming up. In three months we'll all walk across the same stage. For a lot of people, it feels like the end of something that started when they were little.
For me, it's proof that even if you come in late, you can still find your place in the story.





Student Spotlight





CODY CHOI '26

Melanie Carchi





Anonymous

The spiral began to change. New responsibilities, big decisions, fears and dreams. Stressful and bad times, highschool was a steep climb. Family issues, friends came and go, failing tests, goes to show. But now, the spiral of childhood has come to an end. A new beginning, around the bend.

And then the spiral began to change. New responsibilities, big decisions, fears and dreams. Stressful and bad times, highschool was a steep climb. Family issues, friends came and go, failing tests, goes to show. But now, the spiral of childhood has come to an end. A new beginning, around the bend.

Carefree. The world was a spiral of
Never lazy. Sunny days, scraped knees,
a summer begun
on concrete, ice cream.
barefoot
1986,
all
Never
stress
mosquito
Carefree.
Never
1986,
a
on
mosquito
stress
all
barefoot
begun
summer
concrete,
knees,
lazy.
days,
scraped
spiral
of
world
was
a
spiral
of

The Boys' Bathroom

Dylan Pasato

The third floor bathroom doesn't smell like a bathroom; it smells like chemically enhanced fruit and rot. It's a thick fog that clings to your clothes and the back of your throat, masking the scent of floor cleaner and adolescent anxiety. If you stand by the sinks, you'll see kids checking over their shoulders every second - quick flicks of the wrist and the silent, heavy exhale into their hoodie sleeves. We call it "vaping" but here it looks like a disappearing act. The vapor dissipates in seconds, but the tension lingers. It is a private rebellion staged in the most public of spaces. Educators talk about "nicotine danger" and "long term danger," but for the boys in the end stall, it's just a momentary exhale: a way to turn internal pressure into a visible cloud and then watch it vanish leaving no trace like a ghost. In this small high school, the hierarchy remains intact: the scouts near the door, the users in the shadows, and the sellers in the corner with their hoods up, looking around for their next victim. The regular people walking in avoid eye contact, wash their hands, and pretend they don't see the strawberry scented ghosts - a habit that everyone knows about but no one acknowledges until the fire alarm goes off.



Student Spotlight



Yaslin Cappellan '29



My Name Is
Gabby Morel

The name I go by is not the name I was given. The name I was given is long and confuses people. However, the name I do go by is buzzy and high pitched like a mosquito buzzing right before it bites. It's been used affectionately, used against me, and used when I wasn't even in the room.

I've hated my name for a long time. In fact, I've gone most of my life wishing I was named something different. It always felt worse knowing the backstory behind why my name was chosen. My mom wanted to have a daughter named Gabriella since long before she had me. While everyone's parents had deep meaning and history for the names they gave their children, mine did not; my mom named me after the dog in a television show she watched as a kid.

For years, I resented the name I was given. I felt that my name was "too hispanic." As a child, Hispanic women would tell me that my hair is too messy, my skin is dark and tan fast, and make fun of me for not speaking Spanish. All of these things were used against me from a young age as if I was in control. I started straightening my hair and avoiding the sun, and being called Gabby instead of Gabriella because it felt less cultured. I wanted to be seen for who I was, not for the color of my skin. I got highlights in my hair and started wearing makeup. My biggest wish as a kid would have been to be viewed as a white girl.

As time's gone on, I've learned to embrace my beauty and culture including my name. I now prefer being called Gabriella in professional settings and prefer my friends to call me Gabby. Instead of hating my name, I've grown to love it.

Love/Fear
Anna Bartolacci

I am not afraid of love
Because I am not afraid of things worth fearing

I can ignore those things worth fearing
as long as my life remains uncompleted

I'll be afraid for as long as I'm breathing
but I must be fine because my heart's still beating

and any day, my heart can race
as long as it stops before it breaks





Overlooked
Lea Garrido

It's almost like you completely forgot.



an exposure of section 118

art and writing by Ivy Burk

She sits there, on the edge of her too-small seat, gripping the bottle of lukewarm Pepsi, sans cap, while the clock ticks down silently. The boys in front of her lean back, deliberately encroaching on her personal space. Each one takes up more space than she ever has, ever will. It isn't fair. One of the many old men across the aisle stands, jeering loudly and spilling his beer all over himself and stumbling up and down the stairs. Everyone's eyes are still glued to the clock, the ice, the net. He settles back in his front-row seat, a collection of beer bottles at his feet. They blow the whistle. Behind her, a woman asks, "What's offsides?" and while the woman receives an explanation from her partner, the boys in front of her laugh and tease amongst themselves, ridiculing someone who only bothered to attempt learning for the sake of love. What's their problem?The woman can tell they're laughing at her and tells her partner that she doesn't think this is the sport for her.

"Grow the game," they say, encouraging other white guys to tune in to make less room for everyone else. Inclusion is just a word. The horn sounds throughout the arena, signaling a win for the home team. She missed it. She can't bring herself to care, knowing deep down that this place is not for people like her. On the way out of the arena, men in the opponent's colors spit bitter words at her, forcing guilt into her chest for daring to enjoy something they think she shouldn't, especially without a man. To her, it seems that all men know how to do is make decisions for women. Despite the exponentially-growing population of young men with similar opinions, seeing other women force their way into a community that wasn't made for them ignites a certain inextinguishable hope in her chest.



"A red sauce I dare not bring to my lips,"

Jonathan Polanco Molina

A red sauce I dare not bring to my lips,
A disgusting hue fills my thoughts with dread.
Taste or smell... On the floor, my insides spread.
Being near it, I feel my courage slips.
Get- Get it away from my fingertips!
A puddle on my plate I cannot tread.
Each droplet instills fear within my head.
I can't embrace it, trapped in ketchup's grips.

I just can't, and my friends laugh as they dine.
I hate that red, that nasty, yucky red.
Perhaps one day I'll pass that threshold line.
But until then, my terror laid to bed.
Pesky and scary. A fear I confine.
This sauce conquered my silly little head.



One Final Poem
Lana Boomgard-Ramos

Tell me why I broke your heart?
As you stand there in the trees,
Sword sparks flickering between us,
My hand passing through your arm.

You are my dream come true.
When my younger self slept,
she imagined you, waiting for her.

Now I stare back at that broken man I made.
A battlefield around us and a history we share.
Generations of crowns and poison,
And we stand here, wild and lost in the woods.

It was my choice to be happy,
the choice that ruined your life.
But I won't lie to the love of my life.
Not even to save his life.

I'm sorry I met my soulmate,
I already had one, and he was you.
I wish I could keep the time it was only you.

Promise to remember the girl
Who made you human,
Not the one who needed more.
It's not our fault you're a hearth
and I'm the Lady of the Lake

Meet my in dreams,
Join me in forever land
Where a choice was never made
Where we never felt pain
Where I whisper "I love you"
because you're asleep,
not because I regret them

In forever land you're my forever
You can touch me in the sand
And I won't stain.
And together we will be the same.
Goodbye,
To the One I never wanted to leave
To my would-be forever
To my dream, and soul, and hearth
I'll see you but you won't see me

