

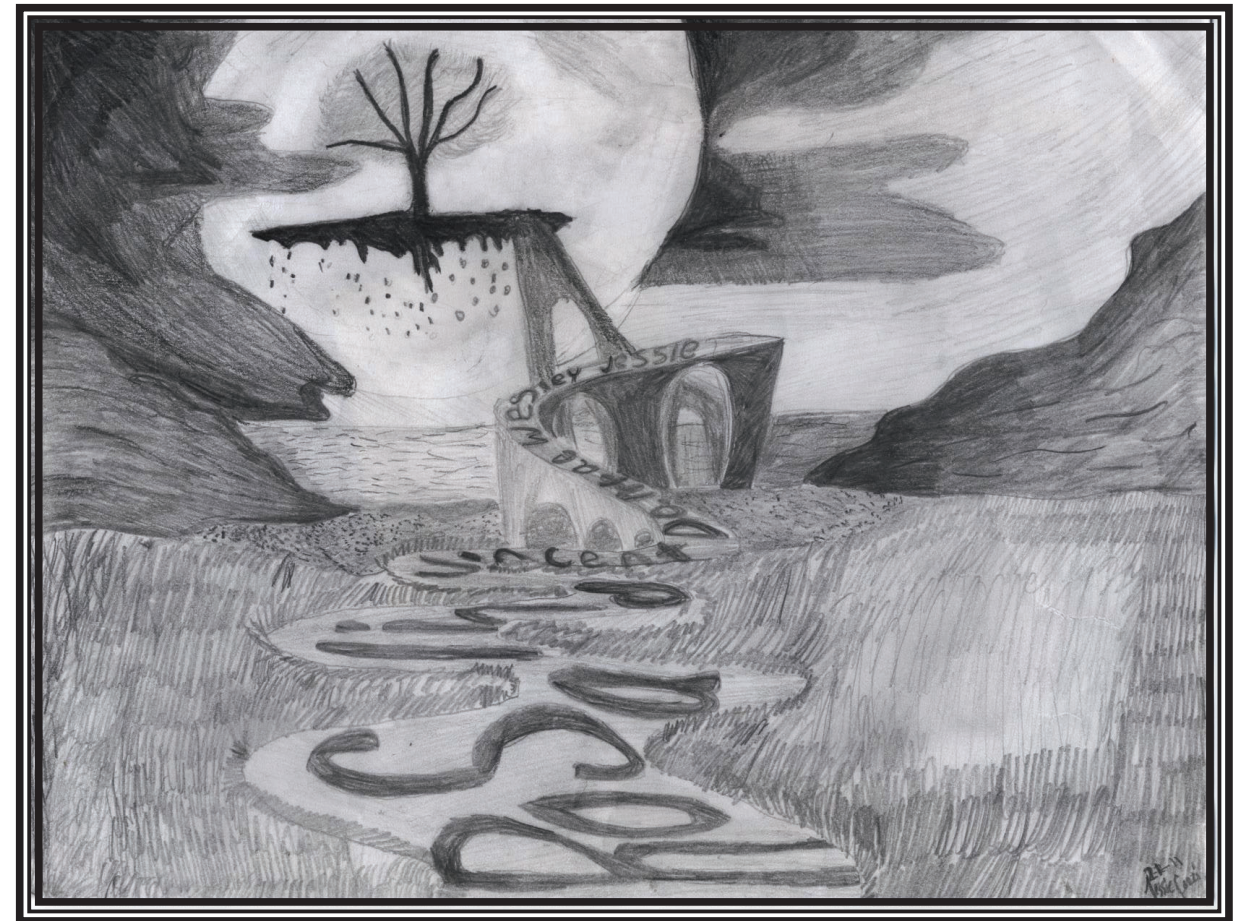
DEAD THEFT SUNDAY

“Many predefined years
cost me my...
divine”

Those who pass judgment make me colorblind.
The shame of my shadow makes judgment-passers blind.
My exterior stereotype binds my interior shine.
I'm incapable of sight; their assumptions are mine.
Now I am drunk with insecurities.
Many predefined years cost me my divine.



*by Marcy Beutlich
Poetry*



*The Land in Which I Dream
by Jessie Cozzi
Artwork*