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## Dream Realized

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### **Cover Page Footnote**

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## Dream Realized

by  
Keith Edward Hahn

I ride off-the dark closing in around me.  
My steed thunders below me as I approach my destination.  
The field I am riding in waves in the wind.  
The horse's breath shows in the air, but strangely, the air is not cold.

The two of us become one.  
My speed increases.  
In the distance rages an argument,  
between Sky and Earth.  
My transportation is no longer below me. I am on my own.  
Flying.

I soar upward into the storm where Sky strikes out at Earth with  
blazing spears of light.  
Thunder roars around me as the Earth cries out.  
I continue upward.  
As I look down the horse is still galloping across the ground.

Clouds begin to obscure my view, but the continuous flashes of light illuminate something  
ahead.  
I see my birth.  
I see my death.  
And everything in between.

Clouds and light combine,  
forming people I know.  
My mother.  
My father.  
My friend.  
And everybody else I have ever seen.  
They all speak a single word.  
"Go"

I drop down out of the clouds,  
and the ground is very close.  
I continue to soar,  
yet the ground is mere inches below.  
I see images from my childhood.

My flight twists through the trees.  
Kids playing nearby take no notice of me  
My speed once again increases,  
faster than before.

Again I climb upward.  
The clouds approach and I punch through  
into the light, the giver of life.

Higher and higher I go.  
The light begins to fade  
and the stars wink into existence.  
The air disappears-  
I don't notice.

Growing and coming toward me, the moon.  
Jupiter, the giant,  
the ringed Saturn.  
Onward...

Sights I cannot describe go by.  
Color makes up these celestial wonders.  
To my left- another storm.  
There is light but no sound.

Ahead: a pinpoint of light,  
growing brilliant as I approach.  
The light is tremendous- it does not burn,  
it merely comforts as its warmth surrounds me.

I awaken, lying in bed,  
back to reality.  
But then it occurs to me,  
Which is reality?

## Your Own Space

by  
Adam C. Slick

Driving there along beautiful Highland Ave., you'd never know you're on your way to the highest elevation in Rochester. The gentle sloping of the road and trees make it easy to forget how high you really are. That is only the beginning to the one-of-a-kind atmosphere you find at Cobb's Hill.

First-time visitors entering the park must wonder what the ominous black fence protects. Physically, it is not all that high, but the unforgiving charcoaled bars lack any hospitality. The message conveyed is very clear, "stay out!" However, walking up to the fortress reveals the unexpected indeed. Inside, there is a seemingly misplaced sprawling crystal-blue lake, rippling in the ever-present stiff winds. But don't be too quick to disrobe, because the sloping rust-stained concrete walls prevent anyone who jumps in from getting out. This lake is truly for your viewing pleasure only.