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How to Cope

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Alyssa O’Keefe is a sophomore at Gettysburg College who has recently declared an English major with a writing concentration. She was inspired to submit her work to The Mercury thanks to her creative writing teacher, Sheila Mulligan. Other than writing, activities she takes part in at school include co-leading CHEERS and serving as a member on the Panhellenic council.

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How To Cope

A dream is a wish your heart makes when you're fast asleep. 
Paper gowns turn waltzing silk until mid-night. 
In dreams you lose your heartaches, whatever you wish for, you keep.

Magic wands summon cures, with a bop and a leap, 
Pumpkin growths are transformed, there is no fight. 
A dream is a wish your heart makes when you're fast asleep.

Malignant Sarcoma is salagadoola boola de beep. 
A singing laugh, no white hospital light, 
In dreams you lose your heartaches, whatever you wish for, you keep.

A prince to saunter in, the rescue from eternal sleep, 
To be stolen from the needles with a ball invite. 
A dream is a wish your heart makes when you're fast asleep.

Your mice wait to play, "When will she be back?" they peep, 
They dream of the day you will be saved from your plight. 
In dreams you lose your heartaches, whatever you wish for, you keep.

No daughter to lose, no crumbling body that weeps, 
No little bald princess pale as snow white. 
A dream is a wish your heart makes when you're fast asleep. 
In dreams you lose your heartaches, whatever you wish for, you keep.