

THIS IS NOT A DREAM

This is Not a Dream is an exuberant ode to childlike imagination. The piece is inspired by the poem “Nostalgia” by Genevieve Louise Lynch. In it, she depicts a busy street scene of fleeting pedestrians, passing trolleys, and a single paperboy calling out the day’s news. Because of the chaotic hustle and bustle, none of the townspeople notice the subtle magic of the moon and star-shine above them.

The title *This is Not a Dream* has two meanings. Firstly, it captures those extraordinary moments in life that feel magically surreal, prompting a desire to pinch oneself in disbelief. Secondly, and antithetically, it serves as a call to those caught in a malaise, seemingly awake but oblivious to the enchantment around them. *This is Not a Dream* is an invitation to awaken to the whimsical, ordinary magic that may be overlooked amidst the routines of everyday life.

This is Not a Dream is dedicated to my grandparents: Carole Lewis, Ted Walczak, Linda Lewis, and Joe Lewis. I carry your love and support with me always. This one’s for you.