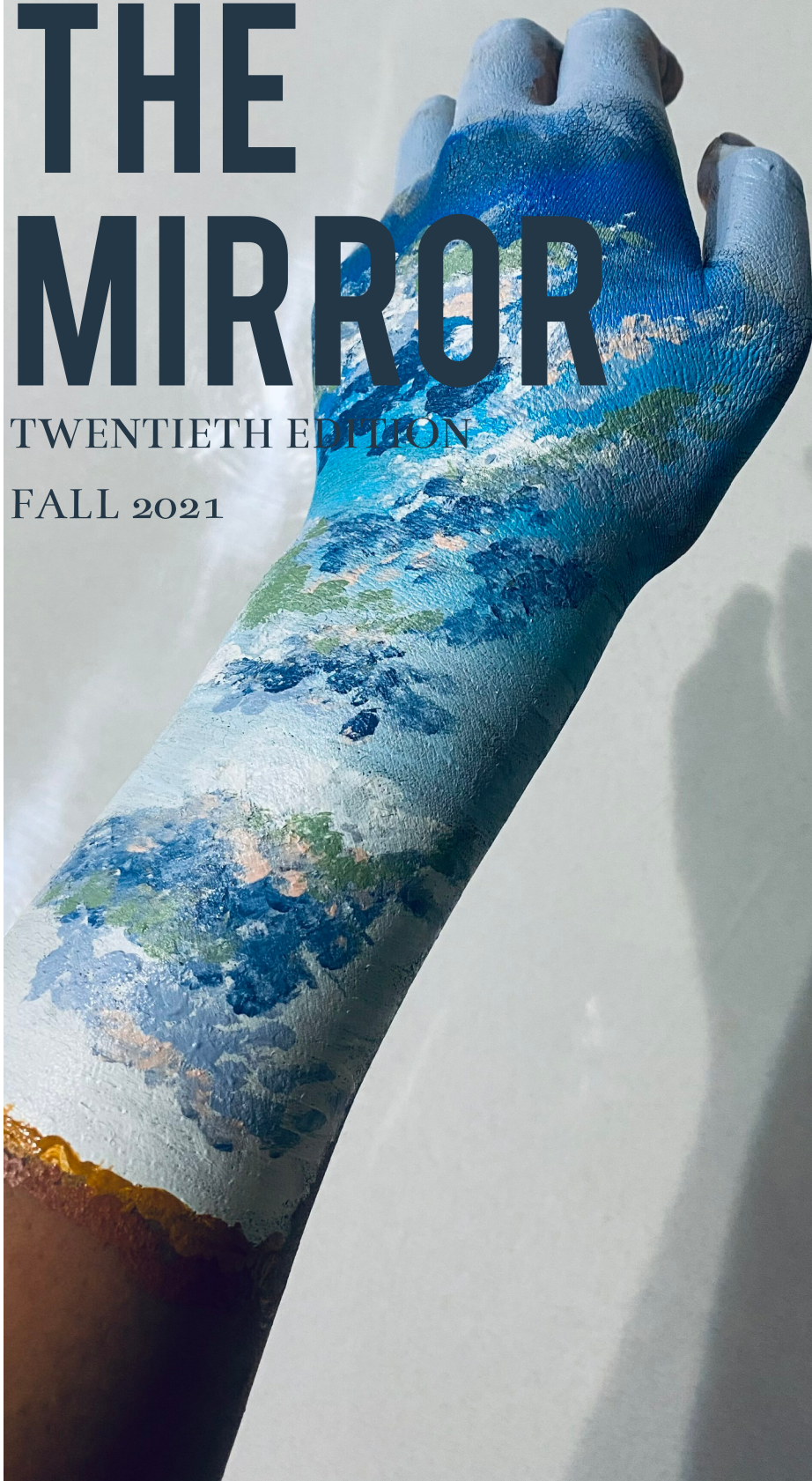


ST. FRANCIS CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL

# THE MIRROR

TWENTIETH EDITION

FALL 2021



# *Foreword from the Editors-in-Chief*

“Worthiness does not have prerequisites.” -Brené Brown

Few matters seem to rival the all-consuming impact body image has on individuals. With the rise of social media, the constant need to compare ourselves to others has never been more prevalent. It is easy to neglect the welfare of our bodies in our personal quests to achieve the body we believe will bring us happiness, one that conforms to harmful, illogical societal standards. While the “ideal body” is constantly presenting itself to us in various forms of media, it is vital that we actively resist these unrealistic, predominantly Eurocentric beauty standards. We must not only prioritize the state of our bodies through the development of healthy habits but celebrate all bodies, ones that display the diversity contained in beauty. By boldly challenging arbitrary body ideals, and recognizing the shift in ideas of beauty when social conditions and gender roles change, we can alter the way in which we view ourselves and foster a form of self-love that is all too powerful for societal norms. In this edition of *The Mirror*, we will delve into the varying perspectives of Troubies regarding body image, something that we hope you will sincerely enjoy and appreciate.

~Mia Sullivan

# *Acknowledgements*

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# *Table of Contents*

## Front Cover

*Airborne*, Yixin Huang.....1

## Poetry

*On the Stupidity of Glow-Ups*, Emma Dobson.....6

*Cookie Cutter Creations*, Ariana Ross.....7

*Dance With Me (Break My Heart)*, Kristina Woodling.....10

*I Serve Eye*, Ruby Ellis.....12

*Fatal Feelings*, Ruby Ellis.....13

*Tear Stained*, Ruby Ellis.....14

*Ravens and Wolves*, Ruby Ellis.....15

## Visual Art

*Untitled*, Lola Stacy.....5

*Beneath the Weeping Willow*, Kristina Woodling.....11

**Untitled**  
**Lola Stacy**



# On the Stupidity of Glow-ups

Emma Dobson

Once I get my glow-up I'll be pretty  
That's what they used to tell me  
But people don't change that fast and I'm not ready  
To change that fast

People don't go away for the summer  
And come back looking like a brand new girl  
And correct you saying "I'm a brand new *woman*  
And that's just how I feel"

People don't fall asleep at night  
And in the morning it's suddenly their turn  
It's not out of the old and into the new  
Like turning a page before you've read the last word

Forever hurrying to change  
Too much too fast all at once  
No time to just stay the same  
When everyone tells you what you're not

# Cookie Cutter Creations

Ariana Ross

Mirrors are supposed to reflect all of you

But all I see are scars.

My body holds me down here on Earth

But my mind is on the stars.

Up there, I dream of ways to be different.

Different hair.

Different eyes.

Different weight.

Because who I truly am is subject to much hate.

For some I am too tall.

For others much too fat.

Too white, too black, too little of this

And not enough of that.

See, we're all cookie cutter creations,

And when we don't fit the right mold,

We're cast off as extras

To endure the hatred and harsh cold.

Society wants us all to be a certain way,  
But the problem is its expectations are always changing.  
Sometimes I'm pulled in so many different directions  
That my soul needs rearranging.

Body image to me is not an image.  
It's more like an underdeveloped picture.  
My flaws go in and out of focus  
Self hate is added to the mixture.

Sometimes my mind breaks free from the rest of me.  
And tells me different things.  
She whispers not to change and says,  
"Don't you know your soul needs room to breathe?"

I yell back angrily.  
I tell my soul to change too.  
I say it will thrive in a different body  
One not so worn-- but brand new.  
  
I convince myself I don't need food.  
Because isn't beauty pain?  
And if I wash my wrists off fast enough,



Then the blood from them won't stain.

When you change yourself enough,  
You forget what you once were.  
So now the image in the mirror  
Has become a quiet blur.

Social media has become our prison,  
Although we're told it makes us free  
But it's the cage we can't escape from,  
And it brings chains that we can't see.

And some stories don't have happy endings,  
But rather is an ever going battle.  
Body image is the cross,  
Carried till cane from baby rattle.

# **Dance With Me (Break My Heart)**

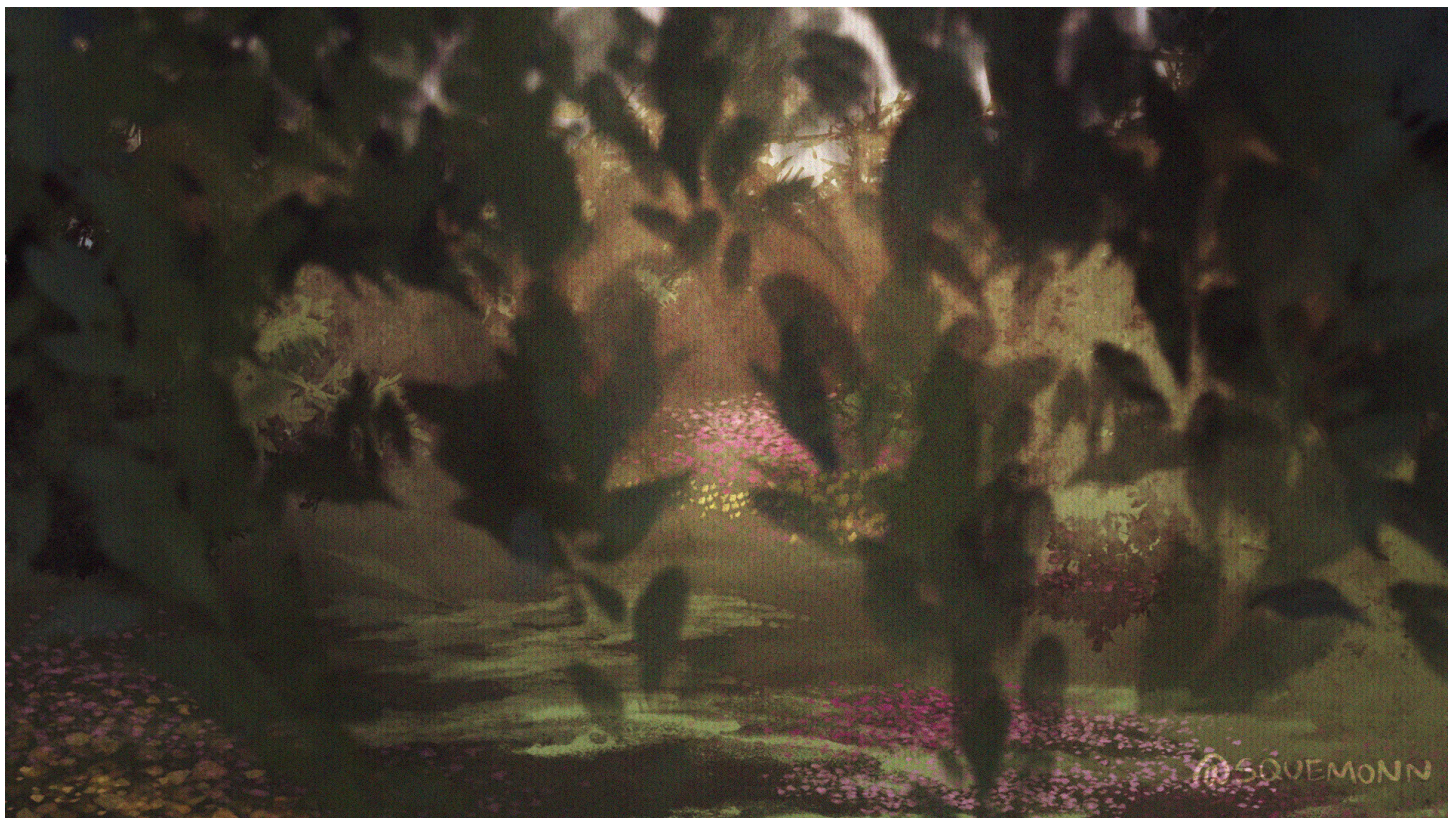
**Kristina Woodling**

I am holding my heart like a hand grenade,  
Not quite steady and out of place.

For there are words unsaid but not unmade,  
Those of which I can't embrace.

We dance like its a masquerade,  
Alas, I find, I have no grace.

But you don't either and together we swayed,  
Both of us scared but you set the pace.



**Beneath the Weeping Willow**  
**Kristina Woodling**

# **I Serve Eye**

**Ruby Ellis**

Eye found a problem

Then two

Then twenty

Till they consume all that's left of me.

Now I stare at my most basic form

I want to escape, craving my body reborn,

I peck at my face and squeeze my waist and scream all the  
things I want to erase.

It's a muted tone but I'm not alone,

Searching for ways to serve the Eyes

Corruption says to curve the prize.

What we need is healthy compromise

Not rooms filled with lies, demise, and stupidly ignorant,  
unqualified Eyes.

# Fatal Feelings

Ruby Ellis

I can't breathe but that's fine  
I'll come around just in time  
Honestly I should just go  
Sandman brought me a dream of all the low.  
So here, I will leave  
A rope I will weave  
Down to a sturdy oak  
I'll step off the wood and choke  
Hanging my troubles out to dry  
Come back tomorrow and hope they cry.  
Glare in a pool and see a bloodbath  
It drips down me and I can't see my path  
If I keep walking will I leave more than one body  
Mark on my map till it becomes all dotty  
If I create a personal genocide  
Just know I also died, just inside  
At least I can burry everyone in a mass grave  
It will steal their honor but that's hard to save  
Sorry to take you all with me  
I know the toll I took but you're my key  
To my lack-of-composure made selfish sleep of closure.

# **Tear Stained**

**Ruby Ellis**

I had a bad day, night and dream

But tomorrow I can lay in bed and reflect

And talk to a screen

All the things you've seen, heard and been

And yet you still wonder why day is night and rain is prosperity

Someday you'll see it clearly.

# Ravens and Wolves

Ruby Ellis

One to one

A pair to some

And unbroken bond to our rest

As soon as we left our nest,

You could depend on me as I did to you

Your guidance and my providence

A species apart, but a duo like very few.