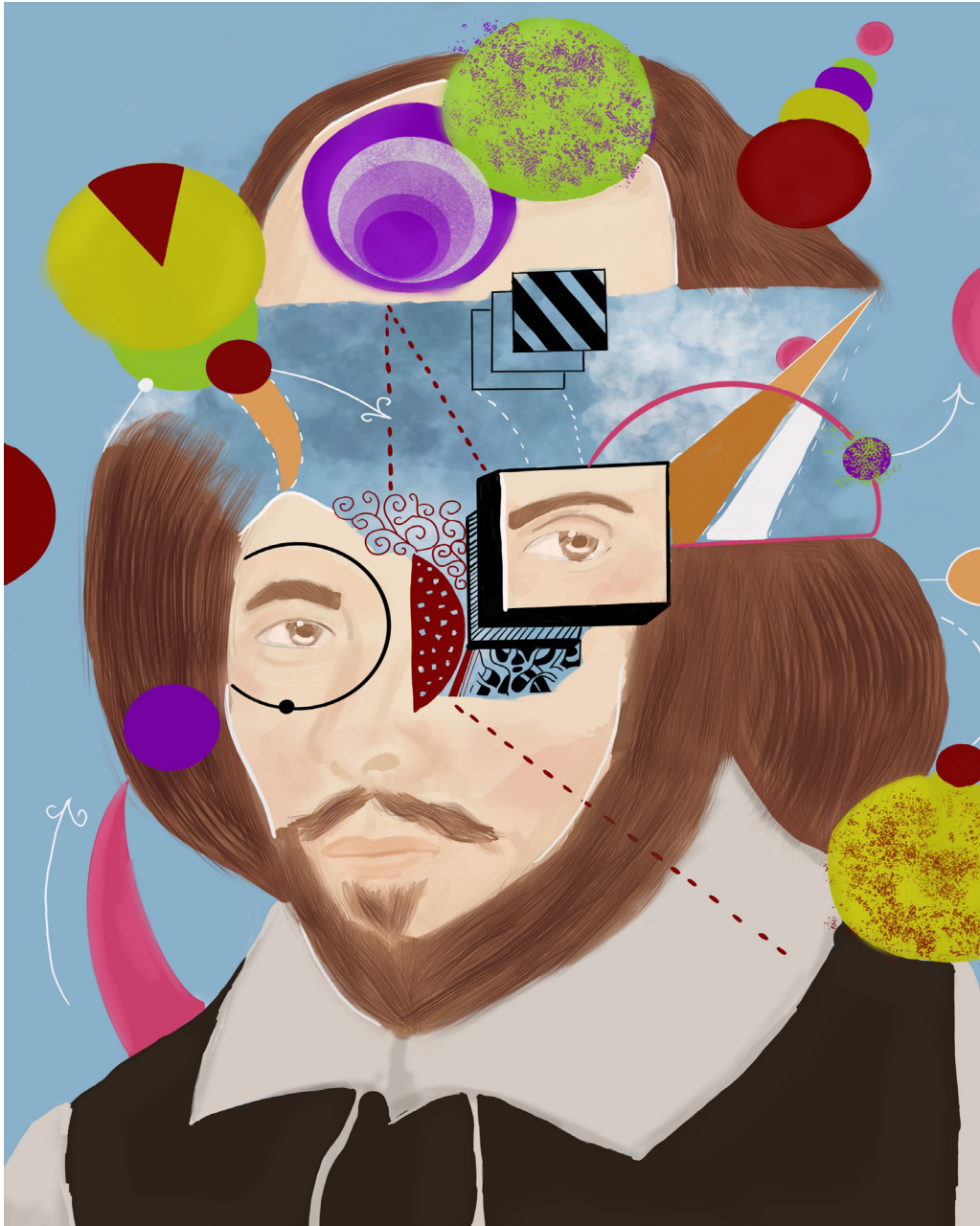


The Mirror



Nineteenth Edition
Spring 2021

Foreword from the Editor-in-Chief

“It is not in the stars to hold our destiny but in ourselves.” – William Shakespeare

Above reads one of the many wise and profound quotes of William Shakespeare that illuminates the human experience. From his sonnets to his plays, Shakespeare provides insight into how people live, love, and learn. He examined the unpleasant and dark nature of life as well as the heart and purity of it.

The magic of Shakespeare’s work does not only come from the plot and characters but also the language. The timeless craftsmanship of Shakespeare’s writing allows readers and audiences to experience profound ideas and a myriad of human conditions.

Beyond the seemingly complex nature of his writing, Shakespeare’s work ultimately reveals universal themes of love, ambition, despair, and passion. Shakespeare, a true visionary, expresses these universal themes in a way that every generation can feel and understand them with intimate familiarity.

Shakespeare has helped me to better understand the value of storytelling, which has sparked my passion for empowering others to tell their stories. It has been my honor to have participated on *The Mirror* for the last several years and to have witnessed my peers in their pursuit of artistic truth and expression.

We sincerely hope you enjoy this edition of *The Mirror*, in which our talented writers and artists have attempted to emulate Shakespeare and explore his most popular universal themes.

~Hailey Kopp

Acknowledgements

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Hailey Kopp and Aubrey Spowart

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Once Upon a Dream

Madeline Brown



Mine Own Self

Mackenzie Santos

Thee proclaim “To thine own self be true”
But what doth thee mean?
Tis not mine thy own words doth whisper
Mine self hath gone, blown hence along the chill of a thousand Autumn
leaves
Entering the world crying mine self tis newly form’d
Alas, too soon stripp’d from the clutches of the wide-eyed babe
By Queen Mab softly spoken, whisk’d away
Into the night to be reveal’d only when the hour doth striketh
Thou hast risen
Born anew, ideas, visions, personas
Ne’er belonging to thee
Shap’d and mold’d like the clay caking the potter’s hands
Those surrounding thee whisper
Turn thy ear
So thee art formed
Lie by lie
Wait, wherefore art thou?
Hither I am
Cloaked in a robe of lies
Lost behind a mask of falsehoods
Mine own self tis gone
Gone

Forbidden Love

Emma Dobson

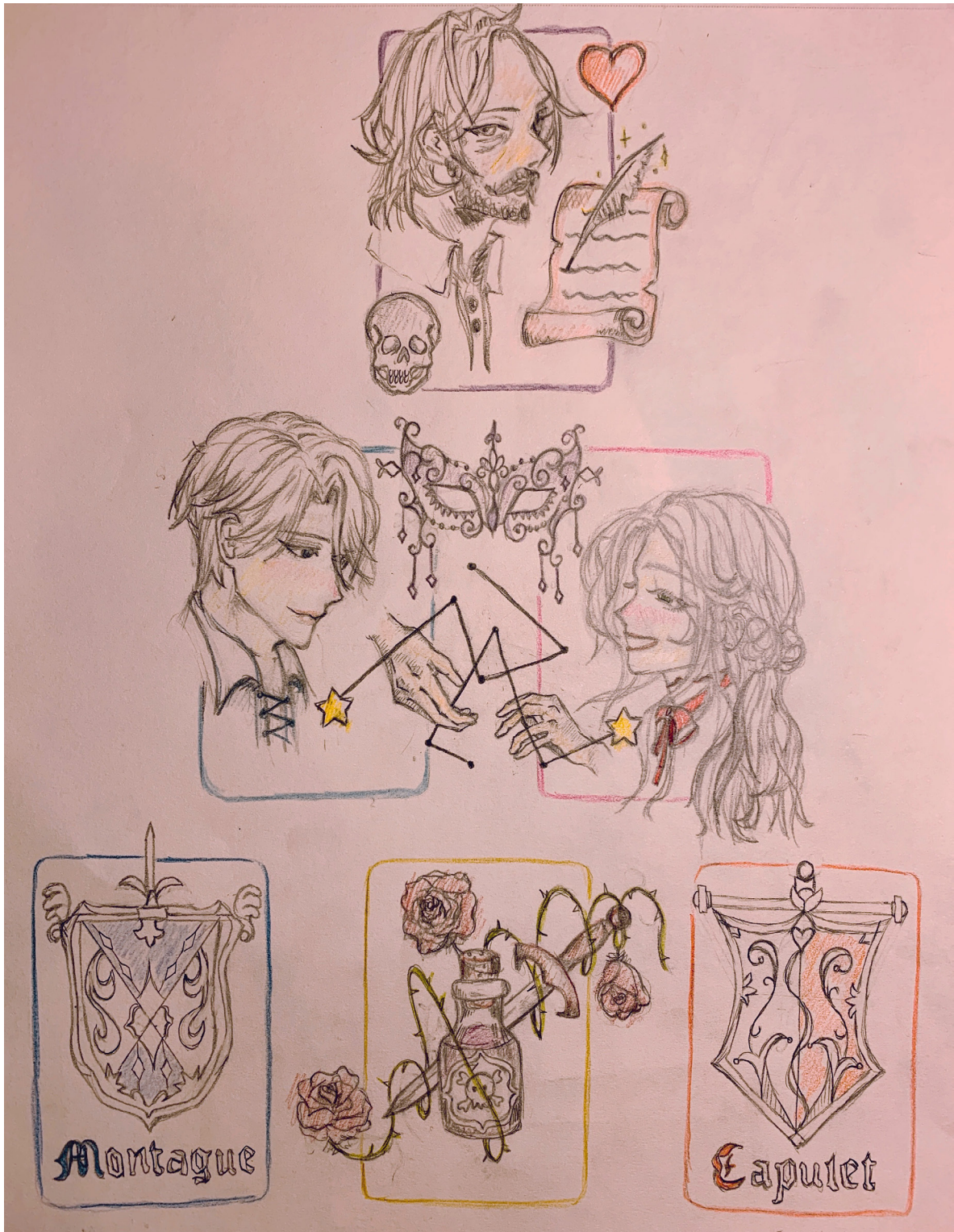
Wherefore art thou
My forbidden love that never was
Too scared to jump
To leap across rules that were made to be broken
Where are you now?
Did you find your Juliet?
Lie for her, die for
You'll take the poison, she'll take the knife
They'll remember you
As a martyr

I'll still be standing
On the battlefield that was meant for us
There'll be talk in the town
"She's lucky"
"She'll make it"
"She's alive"
Alive, but alone
No one to live or die for
They'll remember me
As a lesson

Wherefore art thou
My forbidden love that could've been
Odds stacked against it
A love that died before it could live
Yet existed
I'll remember it
Will you?

Untitled
Arianna Del Guerra





Shakespeare
Justine Canio



A Rose by Any Other Name
Grace Raines

Romeo's Poem

Sophia Vannucci

O love, o divine, I have been hit!
With Cupid's arrow, she has been missed.
And now I am rose about to wilt
Why my heart should swell with sorrow
Love is blind
Love will find a way
But I am no longer sure today
O heavy heart, o serous sadness'
Like dark light, sweet sorrow, painfully beautiful,
This love I feel, only brings me pain.

Untitled
Arielle Elizabeth Montevirgen



“My bounty is as boundless
as the sea,”

“My love as deep; the more
I give to thee”

“The more I have,
for both are
infinite.”



From *Romeo and Juliet*
Ella Ching

Through Lace

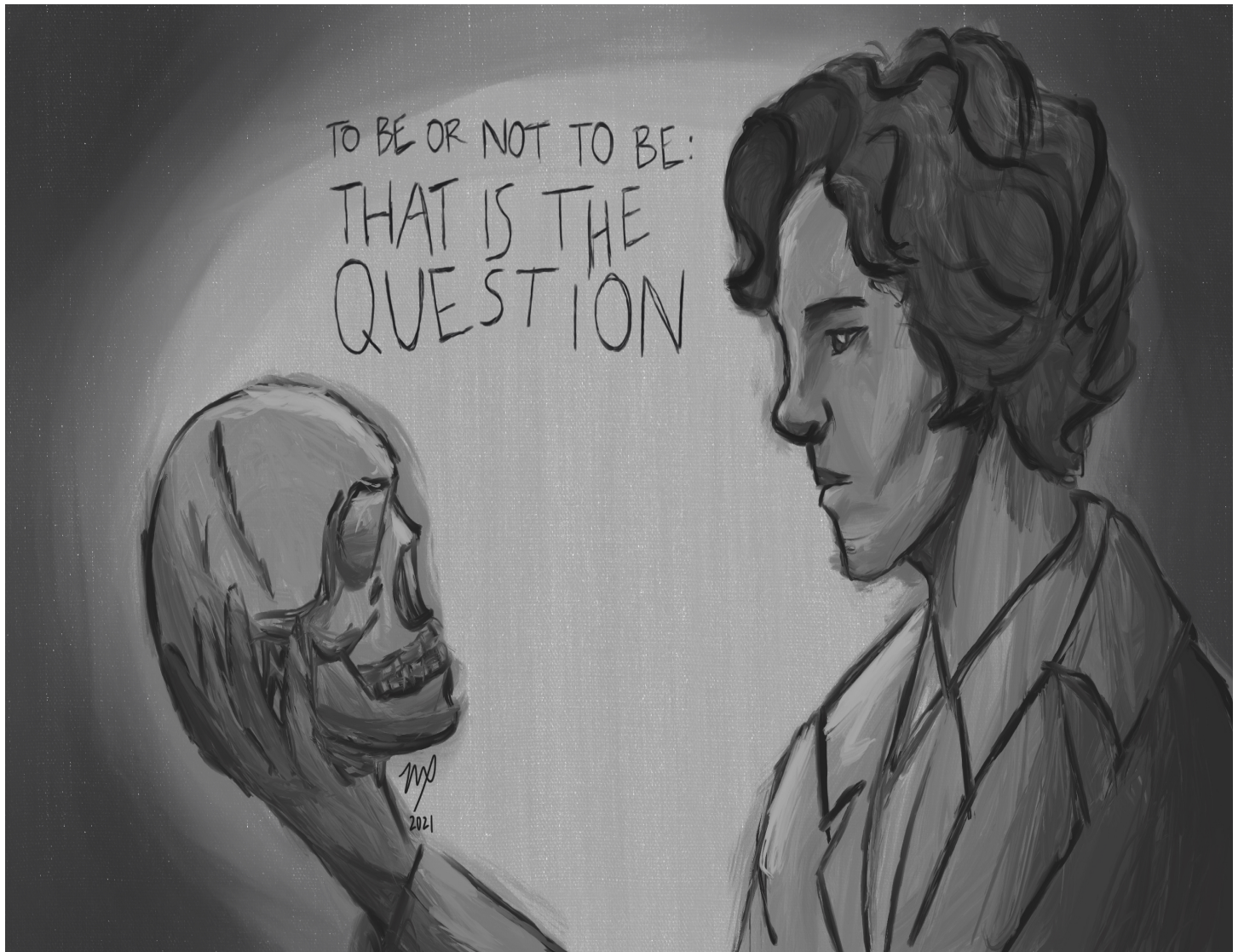
Jaina Benton

If you look at the world through lace
There's a beautiful girl with no face
With no eyes and no ears
She sees and she hears
All the terrible things that go on in this place
But all terrible things aside
She holds only the greatest of pride
For the hopeless world that we live in
She will fight for this world and she will win
Cause she sees and she hears
With no eyes and no ears
That it could be a beautiful place
If you look at the world through lace.

Ode to Brave New World

Julia Zara

What use is there for fire escapes when glass-
and-steel are nothing but an embered ash--
those which had pronged the wings of angels, flash
at birds' flight by? And so we built world-class
this time, with plastic rather than flint brass.
That ought to keep the flames at bay, abash
the air before it catches. If love's trash,
then what is raw, since Ford made flesh by mass?
The flesh flees bone as whips crack bloody knots,
and crimson rivers flood out of my scars.
Yet it is finer to bear heat than steal
the blaze, for without light what's living rots,
or else what's living for? 'Tis not for jars
of drugs that numb, but feeling pain that's real.



To Be or Not to Be
Madeline Ching

Stellar Collision

Hailey Kopp

Rapid gunfire warped the red-orange sky.
I yearned for night to escape the horror
Of feeling the shame of being alive,
Losing myself to be a survivor.
I look beyond the war that is my curse
To tales in constellations, unwritten.
I imagine a different universe;
Amongst the stars, my soul is forgiven.
Back in the light, my war and peace collide
As the man I killed lay bleak before me;
A star-shaped hole is in place of his eye.
There, within his star, I see his story:
A story of sacrifice, hope, and light;
A dream everlasting in starry nights.

Black Ice

Jenna Pimenta

Snow piles over the streets, erasing the night sky and washing everything quiet. There's nothing but the hazy sodium light, the blank white, and me in the middle of it all, weaving over solid yellow lines. The frost on my rearview mirror won't melt.

I'd do anything to go back to fourth grade. Back to an age when the worst thing that ever happened was a skinned knee and the only dark cloud over my head was the marine biology project I hadn't started yet. Back before I knew my parents could make mistakes, and back when it was easy to be a good person because I didn't know anything. There were very few things I wanted that couldn't be had. The world felt so much like it was mine for the taking.

Now, I look at photographs of myself as a child and I can't seem to reconcile her with myself. I can see her - a stranger - and the person I am now - maybe equally as unknown - the old and the new, the before and after, but I can't for the life of me decipher the seasons in between. When did I say goodbye to my imaginary friends? When did I start seeing only the worst in people?

I can't stand the idea that I'll never be that young again. That there is no possibility among the infinite unfoldings of the universe in which I will ever have a blank canvas of life before me again. See, I can't stand the things I can't change - my reflection

in the mirror; moments I can't forget; people that have gotten to the core of me and reworked it permanently.

So there is no effort on earth more futile than trying to become the person you used to be. It's like putting together puzzle pieces that don't fit and still trying to see the picture, or deep-sea diving without an oxygen tank. In vain. And somehow everything feels a little bit like murder - either I'm clawing back to the child I used to be and smothering myself in the process or I'm writing over her and asking the world to forget her. There are so many tell-tale hearts under my floorboards.

No flower blooms the same twice. Every night I put my self to rest and every morning I wake up in a new one, until I glance back accidentally and notice the differences. Do I value the beauty in that or does it only torture me, the passing nature of just about everything in the world? Do I even have a choice?

I'm trying to make the right one, anyway.

So Far Yet So Close

Felicita Matthews

I lay here cold and alone
My eyes are heavy in exhaustion
But the thought of you keeps me up.

As I lie there empty and foolish,
I long to drown in your eyes.
I drown in fear.

You make me into someone I am not
I believe that is all I am
If only I could remember all I was before you .

I sit in silence wondering what we could be.
Wondering but knowing that's now that you want,
My heart will love yours now that what your eyes see,

How can I imagine such love.
When you think you're the only one so I count the mo-
ments, for they may be the last.

You're the first one I let in,
And you'll be the last one I let our
For only you can't be locked out.



Hypnotized
Charlie Holt



Abstract Cultural Sunflower
Juliana Penheiro

A Good and Bad America

Simone Sagay

America, a country that is both young and unique.
Immigrants come from all over because of their intrigue.
However magnificent, it is still messy,
The people are unpredictable and can be even scary
There is a good and bad to America that we witness,
Like how the minorities have faced racist people that are vicious.
America has done many acts that can be considered bold,
Like selling a human being and hoping that they'll be sold.
January sixth was an event that was a complete disgrace,
Which left me and the country in complete dismay.
There is a good and bad to America that one sees,
Like voting for a new President and hearing his guarantees.
America is a country that will improve in time,
But all these hardships are just the hill we climb.
There is a good and bad to America that everyone knows
Yet, our patriotism and acceptance is what eventually shows.

Untitled
Lauren Cannon





Untitled
Lauren Cannon