

ST. FRANCIS CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL

THE MIRROR

TWENTY-FIRST EDITION

SPRING 2022

Foreword from the Editors-in-Chief

The fight for equality has persisted since the first cause, the first protest, and the first revolution. Today, the fight for equality manifests itself in the pursuit of racial justice, disability rights movements, womanism and feminism, gay and trans rights movements, labor movements, and more. When it comes to what is fair, everyone is owed liberty, dignity, basic necessities, and equal opportunity. Yet many are denied these essential rights. The continual presence of discrimination, both legal and social, demands that we take action against all forms of inequality. There are many ways to approach involvement. We might focus on what needs are most urgent, what seems most ignored, or issues specific to our own communities. What is critical, above all, is that we all do our part to shape the world into a fairer place for those who experience marginalization. Volunteering and organizing for change is key. Speaking out in an intellectually informed fashion, especially as the years give rise to mediums which allow us to promote social causes, is also vital to legitimizing and gaining support for certain concerns. It is doubly important that we as students assert our propositions in order to bridge the gap between values and policies within a school setting. This is why, for the twenty-first edition of *The Mirror*, we have decided to promote the voices of students fighting for equality in all its forms. As action and meaningful change stems first from relevant accounts and discussions, we commend the strength of those students who have chosen to share their thoughts and experiences through these deeply expressive and personal artistic pieces.

~Aubrey Spowart

Acknowledgments

Editors-in-Chief:

Aubrey Spowart and Mia Sullivan

Editorial Board:

Aubrey Spowart and Mia Sullivan

Club Proctor:

Mrs. Kropp

Table of Contents

Front Cover

Untitled, Alexandra Ocon.....1

Photography

Sunset Hall, Zoe Smith.....15

Poetry

Ordered Differently, Arianna Ross.....5

For Us Who Bear Our Brandings, Anita White.....10

Condemnation, Anita White.....11

An Absence of Color, Charlotte Holt.....13

Separation Anxiety, Stella Davenport.....16

Alone in Observation, Sophia Simonelli.....19

Lover's Point, Samantha Rickards.....21

Dawn, Chloe Laird.....23

Red Flags at Morning, Amelia Ross.....25

Visual Art

Untitled, Olivia Garcia.....9

Untitled, Anonymous.....18

Untitled, Callaly Nguyen.....26

Ordered Differently*

Arianna Ross

I read in a textbook that people like us are disordered.
That we have some mental condition, that we're disturbed,
But in reality we're just different from them.

And we're not disordered,
Our existence just dissents from the order they would like.
We're told to be unique, but only if we're all alike.
Told that instead of three, there is only one strike.

And they're the ones that say what matters is on the inside.
But what if I feel on the inside doesn't match up with the
outside,

Then it doesn't matter any more.

But if love is so beautiful then why do you call mine ugly.
Because last I checked the definition didn't specify who you
could and couldn't love.

They're the ones that say love is beautiful. That love is good.
But if love is so beautiful then why do you call mine ugly.
Because last I checked the definition didn't specify who you

could and couldn't love.

And I'm hearing all these messages,
They echo in my head
I think back to what people to me have said

And it's full of hate.
People preaching pretty pictures
While they line us up at the gates....

But how could the way I feel be a sin,
When it's the purest thing I know?
A love that's unblemished...it's pure and white as snow.

And People say they just want to be who they want to be.
But I want to be who I am.
It shouldn't matter if I identify
As he, she, they, or them.

I want to wake up in the morning
Bursting full of light
But their hate drags me down
To the darkness that is night

And I want to scream and shout
Because I finally found my identity
But then I'm told I'm an obscenity,

Offending a far away entity.
And that I'm just confused.

I want to hold hands with the person that I love,
Without getting the looks from those that are "so above"
Hearing the songs of the birds,
Oh, look, there's the dove.

And sometimes I lay down,
I gaze up at the bright stars,
I contemplate the heaven
They say will not be ours

And I think about saying,
God doesn't make mistakes.

But He made people full of flaws,
And with fragile hearts that break.

He made people who judge harshly,
And they do it in His name,

But the bible is man's interpretation
Of the word of God He gave.
And we are flawed.

And everytime I see our rainbow,
All I think about is the flood,
Drowning in a world
Where instead of love we're shedding blood

Trying to grow like sunflowers do,
Tall, proud, following the sun
But instead we get dragged under
Under there the light we find is none.

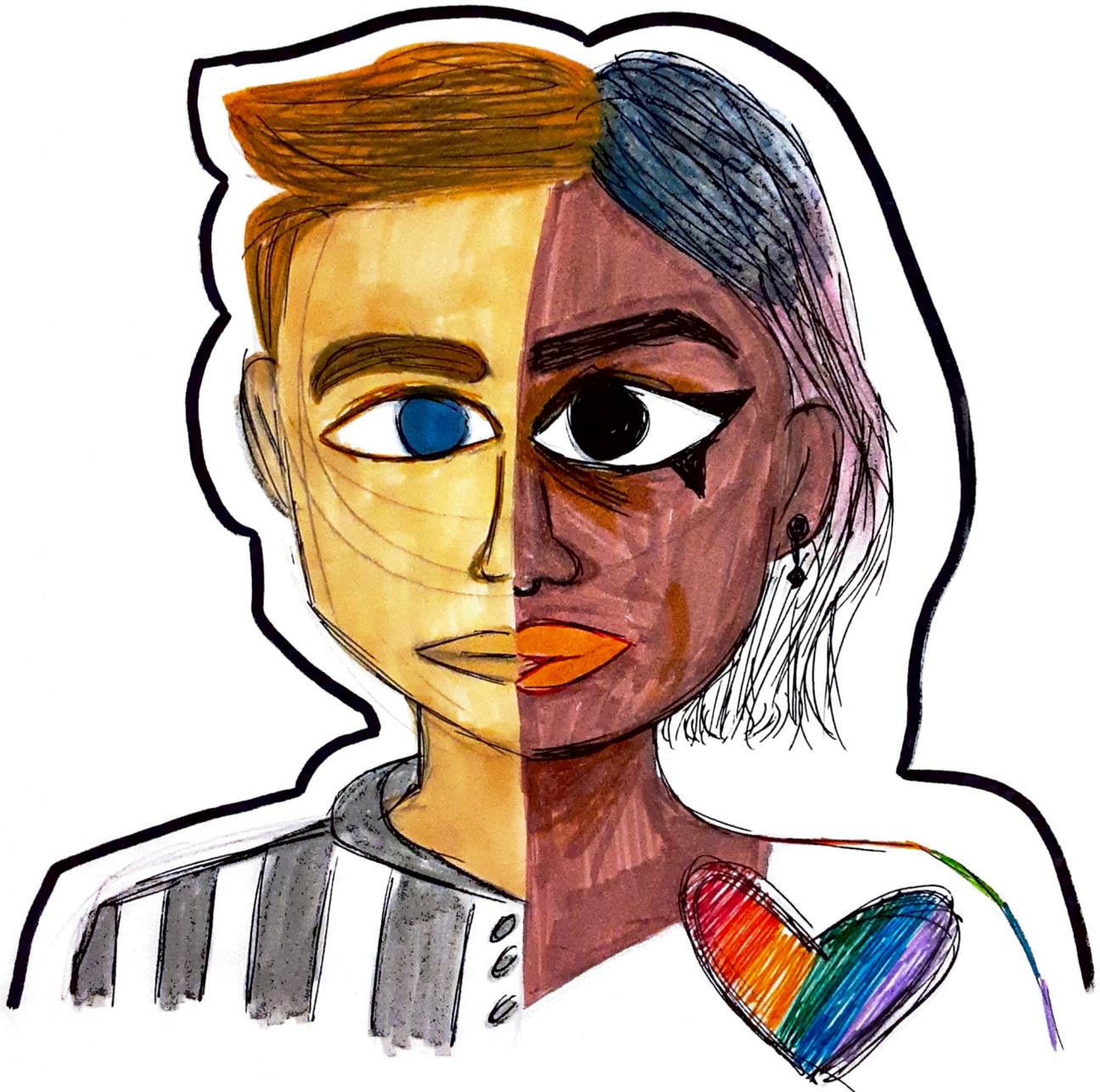
But I can't change who I am,
And I sure as... *hell* don't get to choose,
But if you stay true to who you are,
Then you can never ever lose

*Note: This poem has been edited to comply with St. Francis
guidelines.

Untitled

Olivia Garcia

HOLD US
TO THE SAME STANDARD.



For Us Who Bear Our Brandings

Anita White

For us who bear our brandings,
And speak with granite tongues,
And madness in mind's-eye,
To live is to live forever-
To settle is to die,

Us, the children of promise,

Our words bear careful fire,
To burn or ignite
The mud of mind,
The challenge of "better."

Because to know is the resist,
To write is revolution;

For there is immortality in dreams,
That never were;
And liberty for fools,
To whom hope is not a flame,
But a forest fire.

Condemnation

Anita White

The age of dying stars and silent cars,
When forests reek of burnt cigars,
I wonder which blue sky
Might be the last I ever see-
And with it beauty's legacy-
Lay blazing with the rest;

Shackled- we anticipate,
Our tickling clock, our tortured wait,
Until this blasted planet howls
For failed love- humanity-
Unearth her choking rhapsody
And bury it in sand;

And even when the sirens call,
When desperate pleas consume us all,
Pathetic pennies- still they scrape,
From oily hills of empty promise,
Take their fill of commerce's goddess-
But kill it in the grave;

Years like gunshots, sound the chimes,
For God forbid we live with time-
To breathe the way our parents could,
Emerge triumphant, cut the chain,
Spill what freedom can't contain!
Never check the price;

For children of the wildfire,
Descendants of this earthly pyre,
Can't afford a life of stars
Or carefree overflow-

So mourn us heirs to inferno,
Mourn the withering blue.

An Absence of Color

Charlotte Holt

I had always wanted the colors of the dawn to shine brightly and hug me just the way it did everyone else.

But the colors didn't fit me like they fit the other kids.

The circumambient tints and hues changed for each person and it fit them individually well.

The kids would come back, being proud and embraced by their parents for what they had accomplished.

Their parents were proud of their sons for being surrounded in hues of cool blues and greens.

The daughters for being warm reds and bright pinks.

The dawn looked at me, confused as to what colors to cover me in.

At first it tried pink and looked me up and down, deciding that it should try out blues.

Wrong.

The dawn was perplexed at what to make me.

I stayed silently waiting for the dawn to eventually glaze the pink colors over my skin but it didn't.

I was shielded from any forms of color, sent back to my parents,

They were waiting for me to be pink.

They were disappointed in me.

Their eyes gazed over my unpainted body and shunned me.

“You are not my child.”

“You are not mine.”

My conscience stood over my body in third person. Detached.

But I knew on the inside that I liked being colorless if the colors
didn't fit me in the first place.

Sunset Hall

Zoe Smith



Separation Anxiety

Stella Davenport

I'm not capable of separating

The lines where you begin and I cease to.

If I start to write my goodbyes, dear please

Still the tip of the pen until I stop.

I don't know if you see something I don't,

But the way you find value in this thing

That we share, not knowing you are better
than my better half, makes you gold upon gold.

Dearest, please know you are most opulent.

I said I made a list of all my trust,

And that for you is true; simply secret.

Coax it out of me, I dare you. You won't.

I'm not brave like you are, my lionheart.

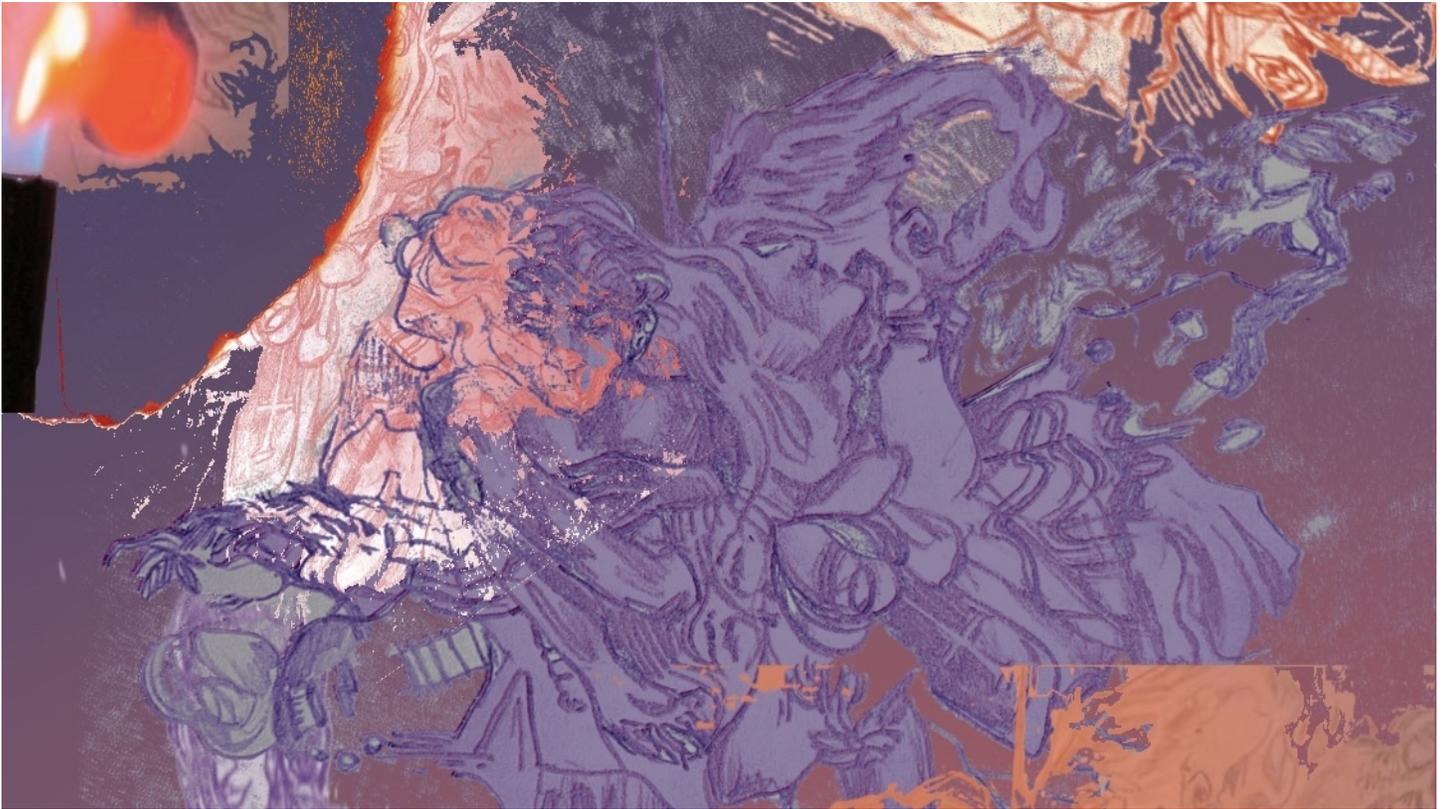
If you want to use that against me, do.

There is nothing I will do to stop you;
Heartbeat in my split lips, bleeding, smiling.

Obsession story in pentameter;

Sob story when you're not looking my way.

All I ever wanted was for you to
take me seriously. I will stand by.



Untitled
Anonymous

Alone in Observation

Sophia Simonelli

I walk through the crowd around me

Alone in my own world

I feel physically connected through the crowd,

But mentally, alone in observation

Everyone is heading to their own destinations

Somewhere only they know about

Walking at the pace of their heartbeat,

Or walking as if the weight of the world was holding them down

My eyes are like lasers as I walk,

Searching for meaning in my surroundings

I began to look into many eyes

The stares seeking into my soul

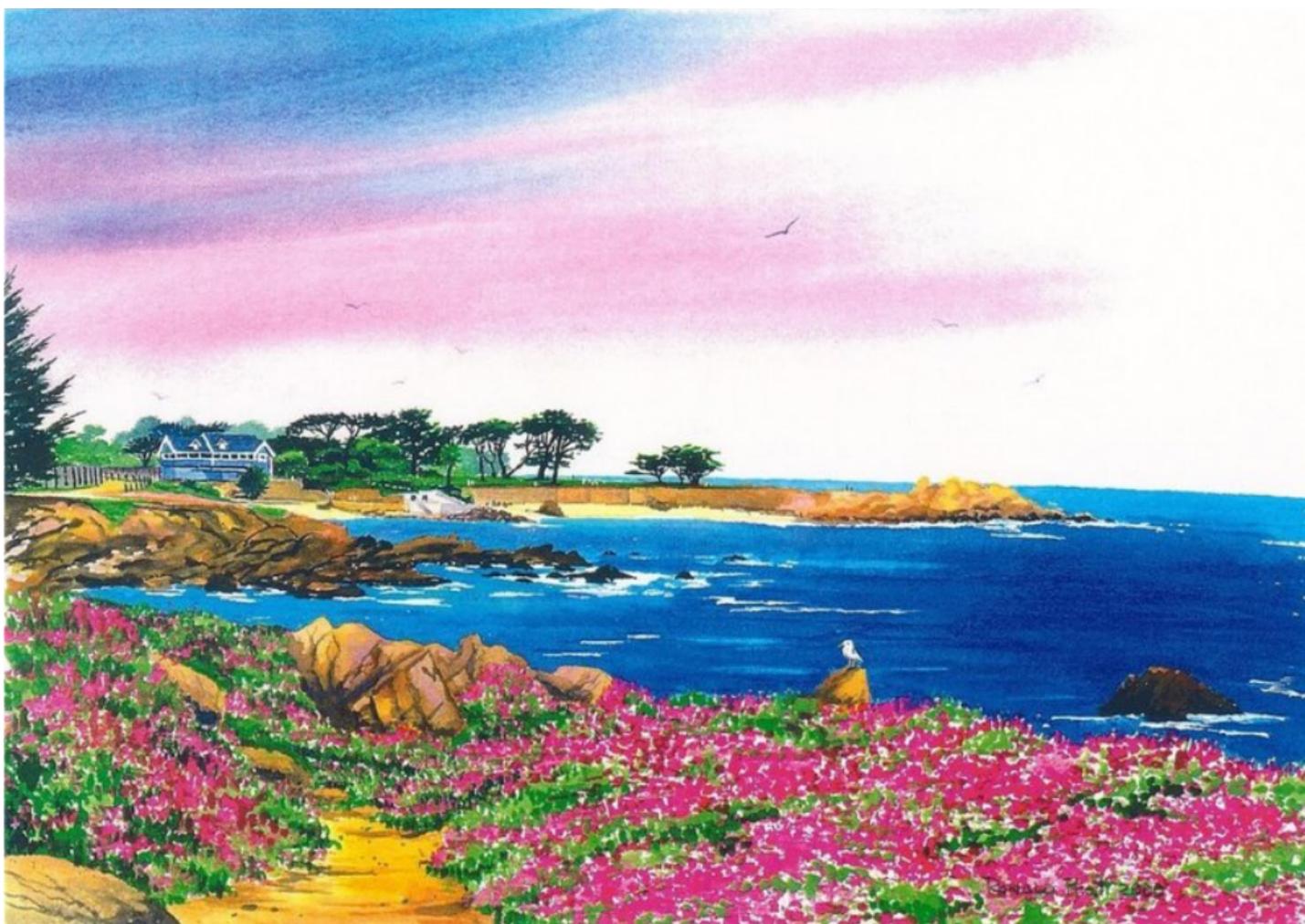
The thoughts continued to dance through my head

Letting them lead me throughout the crowd

I focus on the earth's pressure beneath my feet,

I focus on the earth's pressure beneath my feet,
As I walk through these busy streets

I start to wonder as I walk,
Do all these people walk with meaningful intentions?
Or do we share the same intentions,
Walking alone in observation



Lover's Point
Samantha Rickards

Lover's Point

Samantha Rickards

I came to a path with a sandy road
The air was crisp and clear
I saw seagulls floating like clouds up above
I knew the sea was near

The smell of salt stung my nose
The flowers vibrant shades of violet and yellow
The water danced in white ripples
Yet the large rocks stayed firm and mellow

When my slow pace wore me down
I sat on a wooden post
The sun set slowly in the sky
As I admired the breathtaking coast

Dawn

Chloe Laird

I can feel the night behind me,
And the Dawn before me.

Leaning and bending.

She towers as she rises from the ground.

Standing upon her two legs at almost six feet tall.

Dawn, with her dusted cheeks and soot painted lashes.

She smells of dew, honey, and ash.

Long deep hair, tied behind her neck with a silk ribbon.

Her movement, appears calculated yet effortless,

With her fair hands speckled in freckles,

And her ever so gentle steps around the house,

She appears to be floating, sauntering, as if she were weightless.

The emerald in her eyes holds promise,

Reflecting the envy I bear.

Her knowing smile carries rapture,

Her knowing smile carries rapture,
Mirroring the bliss my lips seem to lack.

All that I could want,
All that I could desire to become,
Dawn stands before me with her coveted facets,
As I retire to the night I can feel behind me.

Red Flags at Morning

Amelia Ross

It isn't in the heat that things go wrong,

In the heat tempers run shorter,

sure, a fuse is more likely to blow

But it isn't in the heat when things go wrong.

It is in the wind that kingdoms crumble,

for it is fickle and full frantic energy.

Making storms of water, of earth, or fire.

It is not in the heat that things wrong

'Cause it is in the wind that disaster lurks.

Untitled
Callaly Nguyen

