



The Mirror
Spring Poetry Contest
- 2019 -

Foreword

It was the end St. Francis High School's Second Annual Poetry Contest. I was going over the winners with Mrs. Kropp and signing the award certificates when I paused to look over the other entries. Since I was not a member of the judging panel, I had yet to see the 40 poems that were submitted to the contest. Looking at them, I marvelled at the talent hidden in the minds and creative genii of my trouble sisters. It got me thinking, "Why can't everyone win?"

Although there are only three top prizes for this contest, everyone wrote beautiful, artistic poems. They cover a wide variety of subjects and forms. It seemed a shame that only the winners be acknowledged, as every poet who submitted poured her heart and soul onto the page. This is why, in this special edition of *The Mirror*, we are publishing all of the poems from the contest. It is worth reading every one of them within these pages; even though only three could win, poetry is a skill unbound by monetary prizes. It is a discipline that inspires us all and captures a thought in the words of a song.

~Anneke Zegers

The Mirror wishes to thank the following people who made the 2019 spring poetry contest possible:

Mrs. Duste Sellas,
Mrs. Jennifer Ferrara,
Jahnavi Mehta '20,
Lia French '18.

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Before I Act

Meg White

I am chained, barren
To this meaty flesh
As a speaker
From a withered dreamer's commentary reflects
On the luck of the draw
And the scientific evidence
That, of many, many millions, I
Perhaps personify some medical anomaly
Pronounced living, alive I cannot be
For the flesh eating bacteria of life grows sour
And infects this body for me
This sanctity of mind is compromised
Across mountain ranges of uninhabited lands
Where legless lemmings crawl, climb, stumble
And breed, one to another, providing for creating
Until I lack enough significance to forget
The woes and worries of older generations
Who stooped over giant grinding rocks
Hoisted unanimous voices to the sky
Ricocheted sound arguments across fields of doubt
Lifted defeated bodies away as does finality
Their flesh eaten away by decay, by worry
Their person forgotten, swallowed by the dust
A hundred years pass beside me as I wonder
Who can be deemed responsible for our utterly human conditioning

Curious, I think to God
But doubt, but fear
The stakes are higher if it is He
Who shall see my descent
Caused by criminality I choose when I commit
Sickest of sinners!
Scourge to self!
Sorrow upon society!
There shall be neither repentance nor reassurance
The burden will break down with time
Ancestry promises anonymity
It is sympathetic to survival
It is no cause for duress
No ulcers, no migraines, no tears
There are centuries to come, and centuries have gone
Existence is futile, a merely charitable experience
That I will gladly leave behind

We've Been Working

Allesse Patterson

I'd like to make it known

That I'm a man

A man of pride

(Mmhmm)

And I've been working

We've all been working

(Yes, child)

My Mama, my wife, my father, his father and his father too

(Uh huh, Uh huh)

We've all been working

I may be working with feeble fingers

But they aren't weak like you might think

(Uh Uh)

My skin may be dark

But it isn't toxic like you believe

(No sir)

So if you want us to go I say

No

No good sir

We've been working

We ain't gonna stop now

(Amen)

Whether you work with or against us that's up to you

But I just wanted to make it known

That I'm a man of a pride
And we've been working
And we'll keep working
All our lives
Thank you, sir
(*Goodnight.*)

Letter to Past Generations

Emily Martin

I resent you,
Because every night,
You looked up into the sky,
And saw thousands of stars shining bright.

But light you created,
And smog you ignored,
Now bars me from the heavens.
It hides the creations of the Lord.

I envy you,
Because you had the ocean.
You could swim through coral,
And watch dolphins.
You witnessed the ocean was royal.

But you took royalty for granted.
You put its strength to the test.
You killed it with your waste,
The heat is killing the rest.

I am bitter,
Because you could run through groves,
And climb the tallest trees.

You could bask in the summer sun,
And dance with the breeze.

But you filled up all the meadows,
And cut down all the trees.
The tallest things are houses.
Smog took over the breeze.

You had pure life within the palm of your hand,
But dropped it when you were done.
You took all of it away from me,
Now it is too far gone.

I Claim Them All

Annie Kapila

I claim the right for my worlds' slow shatter,
That I may learn the steel beneath my skin.
I claim nights lonely from friends who scatter,
To gain new confidence from deep within.
I claim each of my dark and dire days
Like stars at dusk, others will burn more bright.
I claim losing who I am, and my ways,
To find myself anew in what is right.
I claim old fears that I exist in vain,
To let new purpose soar like a wave's surge
I claim winter's bitter and icy rain
For spring's sweet shoots to once again emerge.
If my world had forfeited my sorrow,
I could not see joy sweeten the 'morrow

How to Journal

Erin Tooley

Pick up your pen and start writing.

Hug your pen close to your fingers

Indented with rough edges colored of gray and pink

Flick off the plastic bubble at the ball point and write

Write your dreams bubbled in doodles and bordered in swirls

Dreams of successes and mountain peaks

Helping solve the world's largest puzzles

Being a mother of four, loving and caring for her children

A father with a passion for family and throwing his son's first pitch

Turn the page.

Write your biggest struggles, your slopes and moguls

Your fires and flames of anger that make you scream into your
pillow

That make you dig your nails into your palms in rock fists ready to
plunder into the concrete

Tear paper and stomp on it

Burn it and crumble it up

Retract the pen and stop writing.

The She-id

Anneke Zegers

I sing of hands and of a woman,
Her fate to be a slave to men;
Her first adventure to stray from the kitchen
And wave goodbye
As her husband drives away;
Her second to grab his wrist
And block his blow
Before he strikes;
And her third--
Though she does not rule the citadels
Nor bleed wounds of love,
Nor birth a nation of warriors
To make battle
Against the descendants of man--
To stand behind papered walls,
With hair pulled back
And raisin hands,
Rinsing her captor's dishes
And wonder what would happen
If she put the kitchen knife
In its proper place.

Superficialstars

Alyssa Appel

ah the skies oh the Stars
how lovely they used to see
how powerful they used to be
once bright and once almighty
until we tried to create stars ourselves
thus bottling high and low Superficialstars
that drowned away their predecessors

ah the skies
oh the Stars
how charming they
used to seem
how vividly they
used to glitter
twice clear and
twice supreme
until we decided
to forge our own
thus canning cheap
Superficialstars
that blotted out
their progenitors

Dear Little Sister

Kat Alexander

I held you in my arms the day you were born
You were so tiny, so precious
So that day I swore
To not just be your big sister
But your friend and protector
I'd be there through thick and thin
I'd never leave you
And always be there to listen
I'd wipe your tears
And help calm your fears
16 years has passed by
In the blink of an eye
I'll soon be 637 miles away
But I'll be back someday
Life will sometimes keep us apart
But we'll never be separated
Because I will always be in your heart

Cherry Blossoms

Asia Coleman

It isn't fair.

Blossoms have a chance to completely renew themselves
To grow and flutter with the twirling winds
To be lively and be free

It isn't fair.

They are naturally born pretty
to float and glitter daintily through the air,
Showing off their ombre from white to pink
Sprinkling across the sky as if they were stars.

It isn't fair.

they can fall whenever they want and not be judged by it
To fall down and down,
never quitting on its self-destructive journey
It's scary.

Blossoms can die just as easily as they are born
Blissfully and slowly descending to the ground
until it falls too far

But, cherry blossoms are never truly gone,
they always come back next spring

A Hazy Romance

Alexis Cantelme

A sparkly, sheer candy
A sweet drop of honey
A shy, bashful flower
A stray piece of glitter

Pounding heartbeat
Crash of cosmic stardust
The result of a dozen blossomed stars,
Fell the forget-me-not of the angels

Seen through a kaleidoscope
An infinite amount of translucent films
All hold the same magic as the last

Thousands of eyes held hypnotised
Bodies in a trance,
Yet souls set free and spirits wild
Dancing in the wind

Power and perspective
Held by only one
The rest like fields of grass
Swaying with the breeze

But for some the kaleidoscope has fallen
Lay shattered on the floor
Ignorance gone with it

Standing there, real and raw
Is misery, yet truth
The binding of an old worn book
Beaten, but still held together

Two hollowed pools of lonely gray,
Rimmed in agony
Two streams of misery to match,
Seeping into every fissure and crack

Hidden in between two doors,
Which once led to the stars,
Are skies of grey and hazy air
Begging for release

00688044
Tessa Crouch

you have put Me on My knees

handed Me a gun

asked Me to pull it

I bleed

I sweat

I cry

I am made of flesh

you place Me in a machine

calculate My worth

Insecurity haunts My heart

one word was spoken

now it's inflamed by rage

gun in My hand

finger on the trigger

the barrel isn't pointed at My head

you made My list

Run

I'm loading My clip

stab Me

I will heal

burn My dreams

I will dance in the ashes

shred My heart

I will use the pieces to complete My puzzle
these demons inside Me are laughing at you
fueled by adrenaline

made from your venom
you see My victory has always been written in

My pain
eternal flame breathes life into My soul
a tree on a side of a cliff with no reason to survive
withstanding storms and droughts

I am that tree
burn life to the ground only to create life

I am the flower that only blooms in scorched earth
Every Accomplishment Will Be In

Spite

The Planner

Cecilia Crowley

i have no awards
no applause but for myself
my art does matter

past: only chaos
piles of paper intertwined
late nights and headaches

i was young, naive
lists and checks and planned out days
no effect on me

it reached the mountain
but I was in the low cave
i yearned to be free

my planner was there
things were recorded again
my tilted life fixed

i learned to like lines
papers stacked as they should be
wasted hours less

planning is live art

ideas and thoughts become real
Experiences

my art affects me
planners are records of life
mine tells my story

school, crew, charities
but with planning I did more
clubs, jobs, and speech team

planning made life more
less wasted time, more used time
it's my only art

creativity
for me is expressed in plans
my planner? a part

Beater Bike

Ashley Endean

I saw his bicycle today
Its paint was chipped and thinning
The body rusted and the tires were flat
But the basket still waited
And the bell still chimed
So it sat in his garage and waited

Stain

Marissa Gandolfo-Gillaspy

many hands have touched
the white countertop

yet it continues to shine
the white and the

reflection of window sunlight
and butterfly shadow

on the bleached surface
where i see a single

stain to rub away
and scrub gone

but i prefer the crimson blemish
the glimmer of error

Unspoken Truths

Ellie Fleming-Mullins

Many words to speak not enough time
You open your mouth but nothing comes out
Your heart aches and you just want to take a break
Yet you see those who've lost all hope
You take a second and choose to speak
The words begin to flow everything you've chosen not to let go
You speak about the words that should've been said
The children left for dead
Those taken to soon with no chance to truly live
The choice the living made that left others dead
But to what end
Why fuel the fires of hatred and continue the wars that take parents
from their kids
They say it's for the greater good
But children are killed just playing in yards
Bombs are dropped on the innocent who are just trying to get by
In a world full of opportunities why do we always open the door of
destruction
We let the hatred take the place of love
We choose to live our lives and ignore the rest of the world
Choosing to ignore the wrong done to those who deserved to live
and love
Instead of helping we close the door on the innocent
We continue our lives like everything is ok while people fight our
wars

We choose not to talk about sad things because we don't want to be sad

Take a second

Imagine how those feel that ran from a place they weren't safe in
And instead of being welcomed they are separated from on their families

They are stuck in a foreign country and they don't know what to do
Many people just say that has nothing to do with me
I'm happy and free at least that's what they think

Tomatoes in the Garden

Arden Hatch

Perfectly round, red
And shiny, I found
Delight in pulling
The warm fruit
from its vine
After its green hat
Was plucked from its head
And an expectant bite taken,
Betrayal was learned
in the texture
Of limp skin
And warm mush
With a side of seeds

Reflection

Madi Hunt

It echoes her thoughts
Placating the doubt
Connecting the dots
With rancor hidden from without

That impressionable eye can't see past
Its deluding surface bright
Garish in its undeserved clarity vast
For only her flaws does it highlight

What it shows is so profane
For it's merely the transcription of her brain

A Rollercoaster

Emma Johnston

Life is a rollercoaster
With its ups and downs
And twists and turns,
This much I know

But what do you do
When the bar begins to suffocate you
When it's getting dark out
And the ride is only getting faster

But what do you do
When all you want is to get off
So your world will stop spinning
And you can finally breathe freely again

I feel like I'm stuck on this coaster
Getting dizzy every time I go around
I fear the only way off is to jump
But I'm so far from the ground.

Biography of Kumander Liwayway

Kate Lorenzo

Remedios Gomez-Paraiso

Feminine, brave, and determined

Daughter of a provincial mayor, an ex-wife, and a single mother

Who loved perfume, made dresses, and defending her country

Who feared the Japanese who invaded her home but didn't back down

Who proved that women could also fight on a battlefield while looking glamorous

Who became known as the Commander who wore lipstick to war

Who was a resident of the Philippines

Who changed her name to...

Kumander Liwayway (means "Commander Dawn")

For a Moment, It's Quiet

Caroline Mark

For a moment, it's quiet.
I look out the window,
A million stars shine down, but there's only one
I see.

I clasp my locket and close my eyes,
Listening to the quiet.
Quiet,
Something I cherish, but never have.

"I wish" I say, but the next part is silent,
For my wish belongs only to me.

The summer breeze sings
With the chirp of the night.
The moon says "I love you",
And for just a moment, it's quiet.

Escape

Oge Okoye

My misery is very deep.
It covers me with all its weight.
The doubt comes in to make me weep.
Now I will leave this saddened state.

Solemn Archives

Megan Melavic

Drops of water collide with window panes
Achy spines rip open as the pages turn
Eyes shift to the bellow of the rain

Silence seeps through with nothing left to gain
Sullen green lamps flicker; no sign of return
Drops of water collide with window panes

Fingers to temple ease the strain
Pens scratch and scrawl surfaces until they burn
Eyes shift to the bellow of the rain

Eyes scan sentences; nothing gets retained
Headaches ashen as a condensed urn
Drops of water collide with window panes

Mentality takes the form of a failed membrane
Nothing goes in; nothing goes out, not to anyone's concern
Eyes shift to the bellow of the rain

Incentives pale and convert to inhumane
Students scatter, apprehension becoming taciturn
Drops of water collide with window panes
Eyes shift to the bellow of the rain

One home one family one responsibility

Free Writing #1

Emma Olver

I started out small

They I got tall

I was used

But not abused

I showed people's true intentions

And did not mention

I was the cause of their fall

It was not a brawl

I often wish I was a drummer

But I was I was part of the super suicide society of the summer

Night to Dawn

Isabella Pease

The night is bright with eyes that shine
In their place, they never stay, never straightened in a line
They turn and dance to catch the light,
Light, that pours from heavens face,
Heavenly eye do you keep me in your sight?
Heavenly eye have I fallen from grace?

With my hands, I trace into the night their shape,
But my hands did not place them so far from escape
By and by the night is painted to blush,
But I do not hold the brush

Whoever strings up the stars
And whoever paints the dawn
Why put the night behind bars?
Why is the picture of day so important that you must press on?

Fire

Emily Pu

she gazes into the fire
with an expression so bright,
that all the stars shudder with fear
and hide.

yet her heart is beating
with furious intent.
she hopes to find herself
once again.

but still through the red
the big
black
dot remains

Ryan Gosling

Giovanna Rudis

La La Land!

Oh, how
the tap
shoes resonate.

Tap.

Tap. Tap.

Tip. Click

Tap. Clack!

That actor.

what was

his name?

Rob?

Reb?

Roy?

Ray?

Hmm.

Best
film goes
to [hold]
La La Land! Wait!
No that
was actually
a mistake.
It was Moonlight.

Poor, poor,
Ryan. Yes!
That was
his name. How
could I've forgot!
After all this
poem is about
Ryan Gosling.

All Leaves fall victim to Time

Ava Schaedler

All Leaves fall victim to time
rustling and tustleling, changing and rearranging,
Once ere, never ere the same agáin.

All that is bright and colorful, excuburent and youthful,
will fall with age, shrivel, and wither.
The most vibrant, vigorous, vermilion Leaf,
will still eventually fall from its tree;
The once passionate love-lusted red hues,
and youthful yellow tints with outgoing orange undertones,
fade to the raggéd and jaggéd, lustless and bloodless brown.
And then unto dust.

Victims lie to the mercy of Time:
Life slaughtered, Youth assaulted, Passion stolen, Love murdered.
No justice shall be brought upon the perpetrator, for He continues
his
rampant path of violence and destruction upon all the good and in-
nocent.

None can escape his clutches of death, nor his cage of forgotten
memories.
He will never allow his victim to rest until he finally pushes them to
dust.

He drags them to the end before they are ready to leave,
before they are ready to say goodbye,
before they are ready to be forgotten.

All Leaves fall victim to Time;

“For you were made from dust, and to dust you shall return” Genesis
3:9

Night Poem

Caroline Sorrells

Night comes down, totally surrounds
Calm and mysterious, all else drowns
She floats by the moon and the stars
And pulls forth from her many drawers
Dreams slow and gentle as an endless sleep
Nightmares dark and scary like an endless deep

Spring Equinox

Maizie Steyding

New life, once dormant, emerges;
The green buds of the apricot tree open,
Small, white flowers blossom,
The vernal sun shines down upon them.

The green buds of the apricot tree open.
Buzzing bees drink the sweet nectar,
The vernal sun shines down upon them.
The aroma of lavender fills the air.

Buzzing bees drink the sweet nectar,
Carpeting the garden.
The aroma of lavender fills the air.
Hatching chicks chirrup in hunger.

Carpeting the garden,
Small, white flowers blossom.
Hatching chicks chirrup in hunger;
New life, once dormant, emerges.

Just Because

Gabriella Thomas

Those restless nights
Where we wandered the empty street
When we got into fights
And walked barefoot to soothe our aching feet
I'm thankful to have you
To have a friend by my side
There was always mischief to get into
And our songs came and went like the tide
Our story will be told one day
When in the future we are old
Of the mighty things that we will say
And when our fate is unfold
They'll talk of our courageous deeds
How we stared fear in the face
How we put aside our own needs
To help with the future generations race
Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow will come
And I'll always have you by my side
Not a sidekick, but my equal
Someone in whom I can confide
One day we will do great things
But for now let's see what life brings
Disappointment and sadness are sure to come
And we'll have to meet it when it does
But remember that happiness and achievement,
there will be more than some
So let's live our life, just because

Rhythm of the Sea

Michaela Voron

I am the Rhythm of the Sea
with the waves I

fall

for you

I am the Rhythm of the Sea
but you don't want my sand between your toes
as I crawl to your feet all you do is flee

I am the Rhythm of the Sea
polluted with the thought of you

I am the Rhythm of the Sea
a fool in love with man
doomed

My heart beats with the Rhythm of the Sea

I love you,
don't you love me?

Take a moment to consider

Madeline Wagner

Take a moment to consider
A little girl of 9 years,
Energetic, creative, full of life
Who's about to have her world redone.

Walking down those crisp clean halls,
Tracing her hand along crisp clean walls,
Wearing her crisp clean gown,
Wondering what she did wrong.

Needles entered her tiny frail arms.
Strong smells hit her nose.
What am I doing here? She thought to herself,
I'm not sick, am I?

Her parents carried a big brown bag
The next day she went home.
She didn't realize her journey of sickness
Was not quite through.

Take a moment to consider
A young woman of 17 years,
Energetic, creative, full of life again
Rising above her sickly boundaries.

No longer she walks,
She runs across the field.
No longer she stops,
She goes at full speed.
No longer is she halted
By life's attempt to stop her.
She powers forward
No matter her illness.

Take a moment to consider
This young woman of 17 years,
Changed after being faced by illness,
Running at full speed
Towards her dreams
With a needle in her arm.

SLAM for Society

Julia Zara

Maybe you've heard the modern myth of little boy Maverick.
Mini, mangled, malnourished, marooned,
yet manifestly magnificent,
little boy Maverick.

Maverick lived in a materialistic metropolis
with malevolent millionaires and multi-million money mansions.
Managed by maniac monarchies who did not
have the minutes for mere "mistakes" like Maverick.

Maverick had no one to care for him,
minus the mystical Mr. Moon,
and even the mystical Mr. Moon
would go away sometimes.

Poor Maverick's mellow morals were far from
mean-spirited, and in fact he was merciful
as he mosyed in the midst
of meritless money-makers.

Mechanical men and women with melodramatic memories
set on whether their manors were massive enough.
And here comes meagre Maverick meddling in scraps
to make sure he still has flesh on his nearly meatless bones.

Maverick's masked materialistic metropolis doesn't realize that money
is a meaningless and mindless monster. Money undermines humans'

fundamental morality. It is an embarrassment--a humiliation--that could really use some modification.

One morning, mini, mangled, malnourished, marooned, yet manifestly magnificent, little boy Maverick, set out on a mission. He moved to a mountain so that millions could hear his message.

“My materialistic metropolis! Look in the mirror and make your eyes open to the malfunctioning mechanism that is mankind! God, our muse, made this world a masterpiece with meadows and melodies and meals!

Miraculous meals! I marvel at my last memories of milk and medication and mathematics. We have turned this magnificent matrix to misery and misbehavior!

I am the mere messenger from the Messiah. I hear him in my heart. He calls for emancipation! Reformation! Termination of discrimination!

That, money-makers, is my proclamation.”

The Thought

Tallulah Bajar

There's the thought that's in my head
I want it so much to go away.
It keeps me up at night in bed
It's haunting, picking, wanting to stay.

I want it so much to go away,
This thought does nothing but play me.
It's haunting, picking, wanting to stay
Tormenting my mind, unable to see.

This thought does nothing but play me
Anxiety takes hold of my skull.
Tormenting my mind, unable to see,
What once was bright has now turned dull.

Anxiety takes hold of my skull,
It keeps me up at night in bed.
What once was bright has now turned dull,
There's the thought that's in my head.

The Ghost of Ophelia

Nicole Lawrence

OPHELIA: Horatio, would be in thyself's best conscience to listen.
You've seen the old king's
shadow, now mine. This good lesson do keep.
I have plagued myself with unrequited love tis what drove me to
drown.
I am not free, yet my tale is finally mine own.
Dead man's fingers floating above my shallow grave
I drift, my mind crying out to my mother above
Her soft brown hair caressing my cheeks
The salt spray of her ocean orbs did cast a shadowed cloud around
me
I lifted up, below the current into her embrace
When I was six years young my father would sing,
"Lena my love
You lay in a meadow above
The breeze that sways the wild willow
Your daughter's hair flows within the shallow
The happiness on her face she creates
Tis you my love whom she radiates"
I love him, I did love him, I loved him
He says, "Let the doors be shut upon him that he may
Play the fool nowhere but in's own house."
Irony plays a little fiddle in a full room
I loved him, I did love him, I do love him

If fools play the fiddle of love
I'll stay in thine house forever more
The selfish, passionate Hamlet oh, why the heavens did you curse
me with his fate?
Love is blind on the deaf ears of revenge
He loved in fire while I died in spring
Hamlet could not see who I am
Merely that I could become
I was trapped in mine own freedom
already strong but plagued with him
Obedient I did become, following every rule under the sinking sun
Lena and nurture flew hand in hand
Polonius tried the best he could
But fathers seem to chase the sun
And sons do seize the day
Instead, I hung the moon
But twas not enough, I echoed love he once did lose
I was springed³
by mine own freedom
The snare was set and I was to wait
Fate has never known his own reflection
He laughs in the face of love and what a fool I was
I knew the tricks yet I played the game
That of father, son, and lover
Secrets I wished you'd keep
Fell dead upon deaf ears
I remember falling into my mother's embrace
The slow cool spring swallowed me whole

The last image I hath remember
My mother braiding my hair
She whispered to me, “Look, grown aslant the brook, those violets
you never did yield.”

An Ode to Prufrock

Clarisa Bautista

I hear the raging waves all around me
Tumultuous, their thunderous crashes are deafening
Until...nothing. I'm standing on a clear cerulean coast
The horizon in plain sight

The world stretches so far
It seems anything is possible,
But nothing is possible, too
I think I like the latter option more.

I'll stay here

Is that even a way to live?
With all the highs and all the lows
Entangled, entwined in the experience
Every time I can't seem to take the leap

I ask you a question and either you say "I've been feeling the same way, too"
Or you scoff in the kindest way possible and dismiss
My burst of built-up bravery held back for so long,
So maybe I'll stay here

Where some day they'll show pity
For a woman who spends most of her time with herself

Wake up...work...home...sleep....Repeat.
Wake up...work...home...sleep...Repeat.

Should I stay here?

She'd miss all the late nights
Driving with the bright lights
Stars twinkling, glowing white
No destination in sight

The warm mornings, warm coffee
Warm homes, warm souls

The chit chat, the laughter
Talking about anything and nothing

But she wouldn't miss the dark days, dark nights
That stretch on into the abyss
Should there be one misunderstanding, one mishap, one fallout

The bitter cold and icy chill
Of someone hardened having been
Struck down from the highest summit

I think I'll stay here

Hamlet

Jade Borg

Dutch Bros, or Starbucks? That is the question--
Whether 'tis nobler to suffer without caffeine
The block schedule, A through H, with no coffee,
Or to give in and order a grande iced cinnamon
macchiato with Almond milk and extra whipped cream?
By this drink we end the heartache and the thousand
natural shocks that high school is heir to--
'tis the beloved caffeine to be wished for!
To sit in the parking lot traffic, or wait it out.
To wait it out, perchance to be late for practice--
ay, there's the rub,
For in that painful wait what panics may come
When we have accepted our delayed arrival,
Must give us pause. The parking lot
That makes us struggle to be on time.
For who else could handle the stress besides a Troubie,
The sleepless nights, early mornings, and AP classes,
The club meetings, NHS activities, the AP Lit essays,
When she herself might simply transfer classes?
Not that of a Christian Brother's Falcon.
Who would bear these burdens,
to study six hours for an exam and in-class essay,
But that the dread of not being called into the dean's,
The undiscovered office from whose bourn
No trouble returns, scares us into being our best selves,

And makes us rather fearful of Mrs. Cost's power
Than transferring high schools completely?
Thus the fear makes us stronger as Troubie Sisters,
And thus we carry on with all our work
At times thrown off our course by Jesuit boys,
And this distraction ceases all our actions.
The fair caf cookies! --in thy beauty grand
Has turned my cafeteria pin to sand.

Parody of Hamlet's "To Be or Not to Be"

Madi Bowen

To read or not to read-- that is the question:
Whether 'tis better in life to study
The boring and old facts of history,
Or to sleep and be extremely rested
And, by sleeping, be happy. To read, to sleep--
No way-- because by studying I learn
The information and the ways of life
That are much needed-- they're useful lessons
Devoutly to be learned. To read, to sleep--
To sleep, perhaps a while. There's the problem,
For in my sleep I waste such precious time,
When I could have studied these crucial notes,
Must I stop now. There's the reason
That makes this highschool girl stay up so late.
For who could stand the notes and books from class,
Th' many tests, the studying for hours,
The need to sound smart, the endless homework,
The lack of self-confidence, and all else
That comes with going to an all girls school,
When she has to face such competition
With so many girls? Who would work so hard,
To write and rewrite a flawless essay,
But to dream of attending a college,
The final goal all teenagers want but
No trouble returns from, because the fun
And experience makes us more grown up

Than we were during our four highschool years?
Thus success makes a woman of this girl,
And thus my plan to be a great leader
Is what makes me unsure of the future,
And the young, independent woman who
With all her strengths and weaknesses will show
That each girl can let her intelligence grow.

Polaroid

Ava Deaner

On my wall, a collection of polaroids each with a separate meaning,
all important.

One in particular strikes the light in my eye.

Third row up, second one to the left.

Printed ink in different colors: red, blue, pink, gray, as many as your
mind can imagine.

Conserved on a cheap film holding my best memory.

On that Polaroid is Carolina; my best friend.

The 87 mile 2 hour drive that separates us from seeing each other is
painful but we make it

work

We met at diabetes summer camp.

I've always had a hard time talking about diabetes but at camp I feel
free to be myself.

Camp is ten days long, sleeping under the stars and lots of outdoor
activities.

I didn't really want to be there but Carolina got me to love camp.

Every meal was spent with her energetic personality that always
brought a smile to my face.

Time flies by so fast that by the time I realize it's day 7

Sadness, feeling or showing sorrow

I feel sad

I don't want to leave; I never want to leave

As the end of camp slowly creeps closer to us, day by day, hour by
hour,

I think of the friends and memories I've made that I will always hold in my heart.

No phones allowed, but Mado had a Polaroid

Flash!

Click!

The world went slow

This will be an everlasting memory never forgotten

Never to be put in the back of our minds

5 minutes

5 minutes left and then I'll be gone till 365 days later

Tears running down my face

Gone

Ten days gone by so quick

Gone in the flash of a Polaroid

Third row up, second one to the left.

Third row up, second one to the left.

A colorful photo made of printed ink on a cheap film.

Memories.

Father

Susanna Graciano

The difference between a dad and a father. A dad, someone who has always been there for you, taken care of you, wiped your tears and taught you how to kick a soccer ball. Father, a biological term. Someone who was maybe there for your birth. Came in and out of your life, and the only thing they taught you was how to cook. He maybe had his moments. You could turn on your music, then he'd change it to his Enrique Iglesias songs and you would stand on his feet and he would dance. He would pretend to almost drop you then do some type of cool spin that would make you laugh. Then he would have his bad times where he would be packing up to leave for work and as he was he would be yelling at you and your siblings. He then walks out the door. He slams it shut before you can tell him, I love you dad, be safe. It's not like he would listen anyway. Sometimes you miss him, sometimes you're glad he's gone. But other times your thoughts are a hurricane because you can't decide whether he is a "father" or a "dad". I remember asking my older sister one time, do you ever wonder how often dad thinks of us. She responded with, he is our dad obviously he thinks about us all of the time. I didn't really know how to respond because the last time I had seen my dad from that moment, it was a careless memory, so I didn't think that he had loved us. In that moment I had only thought of him as a father. My family was the same, no one ever knew whether he was a father or a dad. But it didn't matter as much to them as it did to me, he was the person that all the boys that took you to dances would be afraid of, that in the future would give me away at my wedding. Having a "father" and not a "dad" is missing a huge part of your childhood. The pictures of him

hang on my wall, the projects that I had made on Father's Day for him sit on my dresser. Every picture tells a little part of our story. My dad was obsessed with the rodeo, there is a frame with a picture of him riding a white horse and it is trying so hard to knock him off, but he would never budge. This picture always represented how strong our family was. Until it wasn't so strong anymore. Our whole family had signed it and gave it to him on Father's Day two years ago. We always made sure to leave the picture at the front of our house so that when he left he would see it. When he would leave, we would always want that to be the last thing he saw so that we would have hope that he would come back soon. He usually did, until the one day he didn't. From this day on I have always known that I unfortunately had a "father".

