

# THE MIRROR

A SUMMER IN ART EDITION - ISSUE 28



Poppins

Untitled by Maura McManus

A decorative background featuring numerous pink cherry blossom petals scattered across the page, with a single flower in bloom near the top center.

# **A WORD FROM THE EDITOR**

**Dear Troubies,**

**I must say, it feels great to be back on campus. Saying hello to my favourite teachers, seeing all of the new people in the hallways, It feels safe and familiar. I will say, though, even through the haze of “How was your summer?” and seeing friends and teachers again, it is sad that summer has come to an end. I personally, miss sleeping till 2-3 in the afternoon, going on trips, and not having to schedule to see my friends around the mountains of homework I now have. One of the best things about summer is having the freedom**

**to do whatever you want, including working on art projects. This edition is meant to highlight all of the hard work our Troubies have done over the long break, hence A Summer in Art. I am very excited for this year, and all of the art that will be published in the upcoming editions this year.**

**Stay cool out there,  
Rouelle Pereira  
Editor-in-Chief**

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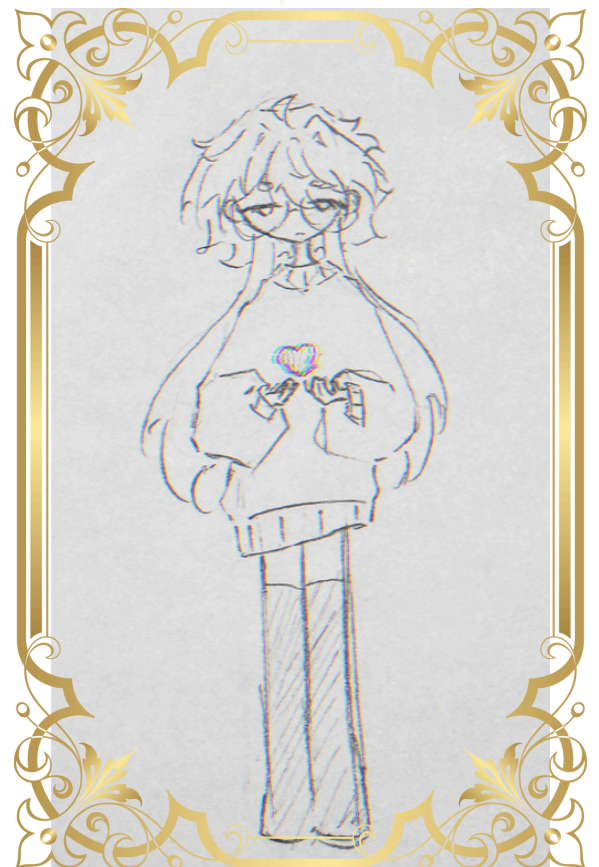
# UNTITLED

*Elizabeth Sylin*

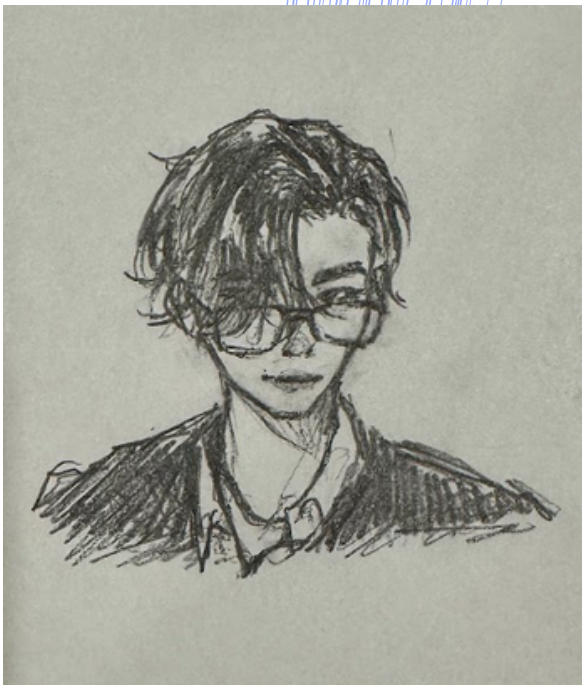
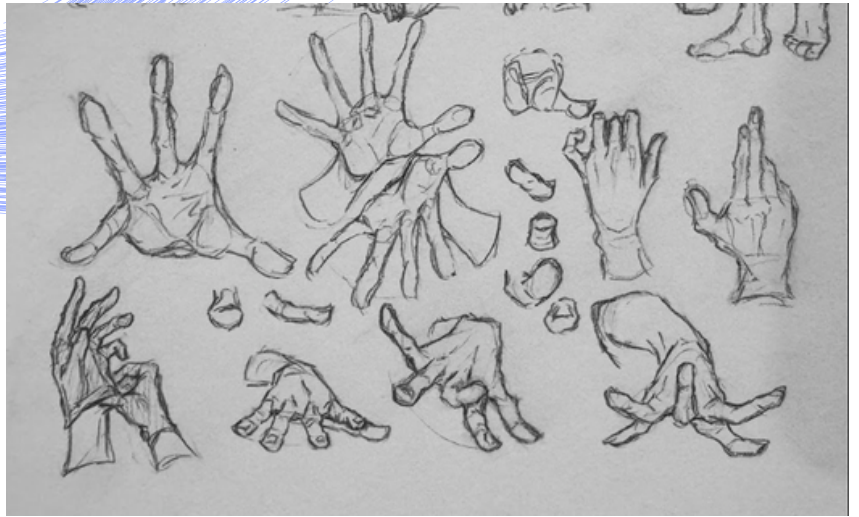


# UNTITLED

*Elizabeth Sylin*



UNTITLED  
*Elizabeth Sylin*



## City Lights

Oh the sky, how it changes!  
Bright city lights cover how the sky arranges.  
Only a few dots sparkle in the sky.  
Night feels nigh.

Like crumbs stars are so few.  
Who knew?

*Seyvene Kahwaji*



## Rain

Wind whistles, drops fall.  
As the evergreen trees stand tall.  
Sweet sound, fresh air.  
The weather seems fair.  
Dotting the pavements darker grey.  
It's the very beginning of May.  
Morning dew on spring's wildflowers.  
They sparkle for hours.

A hush falls...  
Sunny skies open up.

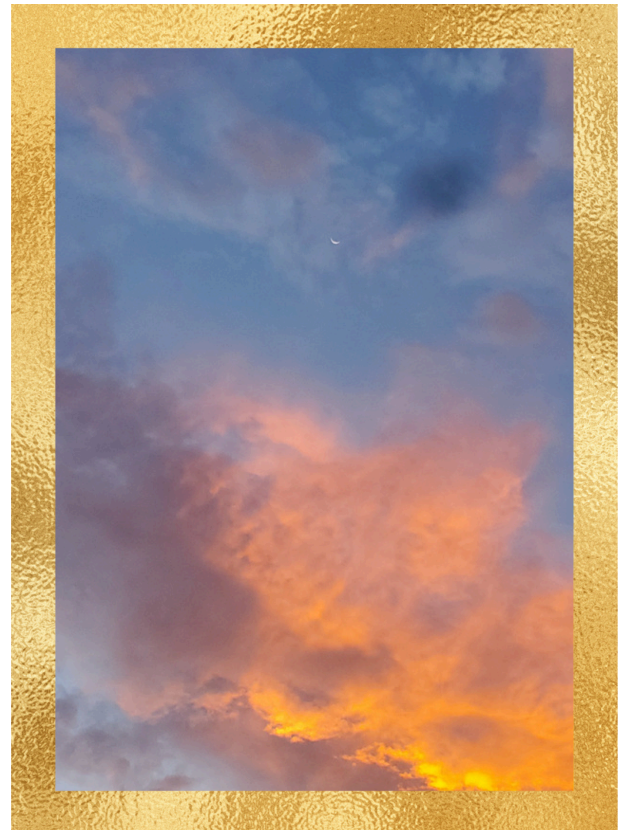
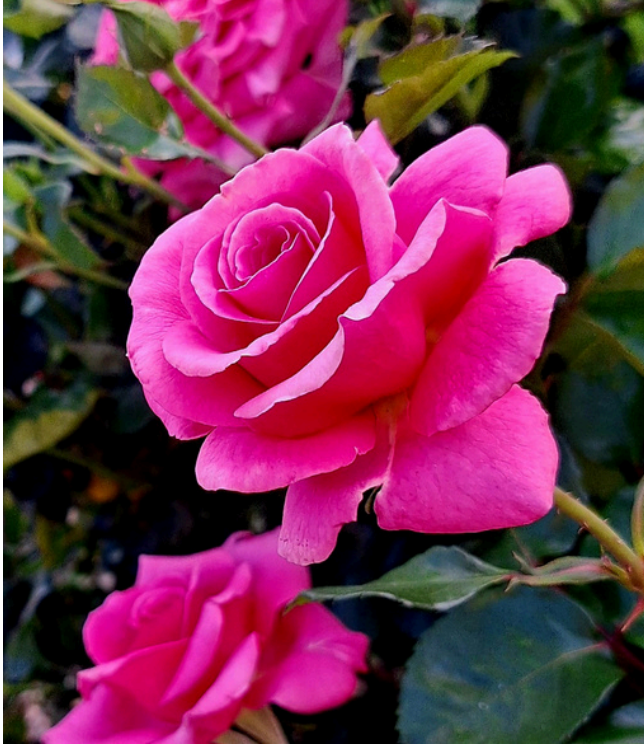
Trees sway slowly.  
Their boughs bend lowly.  
Rainy day.  
A cloud's whisper away.

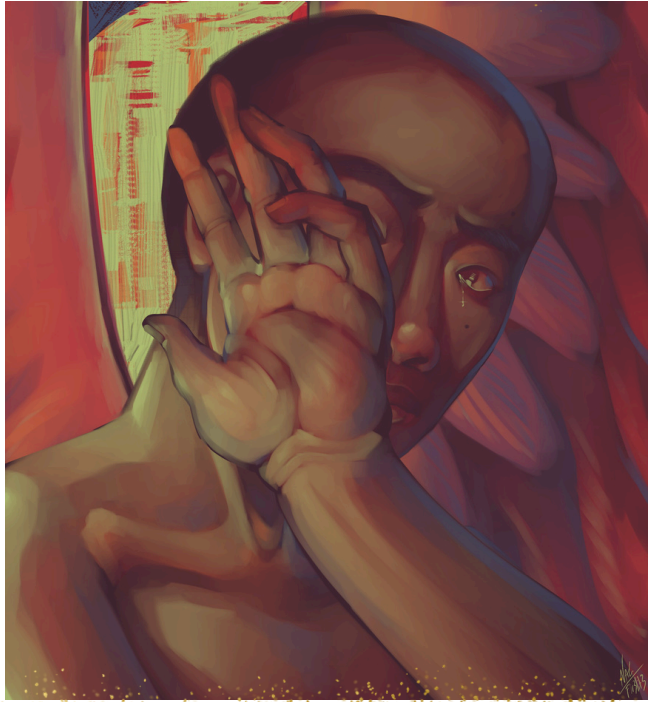
*Seyvene Kahwaji*



**THE ROSE AND  
SUNRISE**

*Kiernan O'Connor*





**MY FIRST DAY AS AN  
ADULT, AND I HATE IT**  
*Natasha Crowe*

**HOUDINI**  
*Natasha Crowe*



# NEW YORK IN FILM

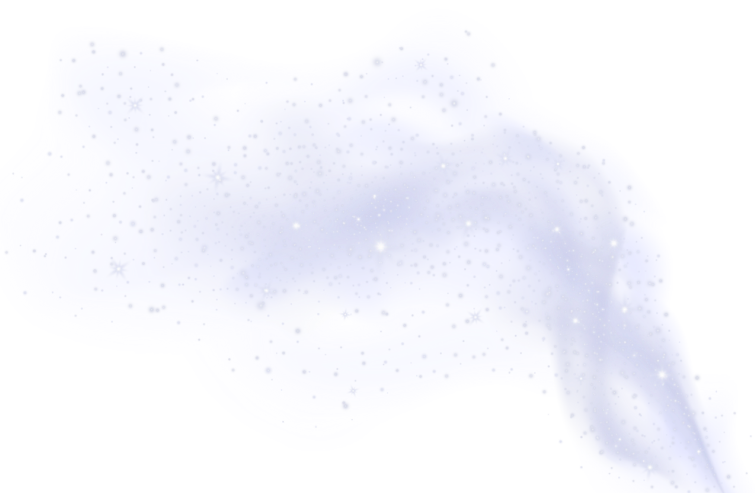
*by Rouelle Pereira*





## SOMEWHERE IN ANTARCTICA

*Natasha Crowe*



## THE CELADON

*Natasha Crowe*



WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THIS IS A  
REFERENCE TO?

*Anonymous*



## **Poor Atlas, always holding up the sky.**

Atlas holds up the sky with knuckles whiter than bone. The squint of his eyes shows his struggle, and yet, he might as well be stone.

When the people see his act, they applaud his strength that never breaks.

They believe they understand the toll the weight takes.

Atlas wonders if they realize the strongest stones have cracks.

How do they not know he is caught in his own trap?

Though the weight of the earth lights a fire to his legs, it isn't what makes his heart ache.

Atlas is a titan, mighty as can be, and he is fully able to hold the world for all eternity.

What else, then, can the titan not take?

What could possibly make his soul quake?

The masses commend him for his strength and endurance.

They love his assurance of another day of sun.

Yet, as Atlas holds the sky for every new day, his will starts to waver, but not from the weight.

"Look at Atlas," they say, "his struggle proves his strength, and his pain proves his greatness."

"If our army were half as strong all our battles would already be won."

The sky does not hurt him, and the weight does not matter.

What shatters his heart is the truth he won't speak.

He's caged forever. Freedom, he seeks.

Atlas could set the sky down, even though his hands are not too weak

But if he ever decided to do so, they'd all speak of his defeat.

Their gossip would be abysmal, and Atlas couldn't bear for their praise to change to dismissal.

So he stands unbroken, though his spirit stays in a frown.

Atlas hates himself for not being strong enough to lower the sky down.

Too strong to be broken, but not strong enough to break the mold,

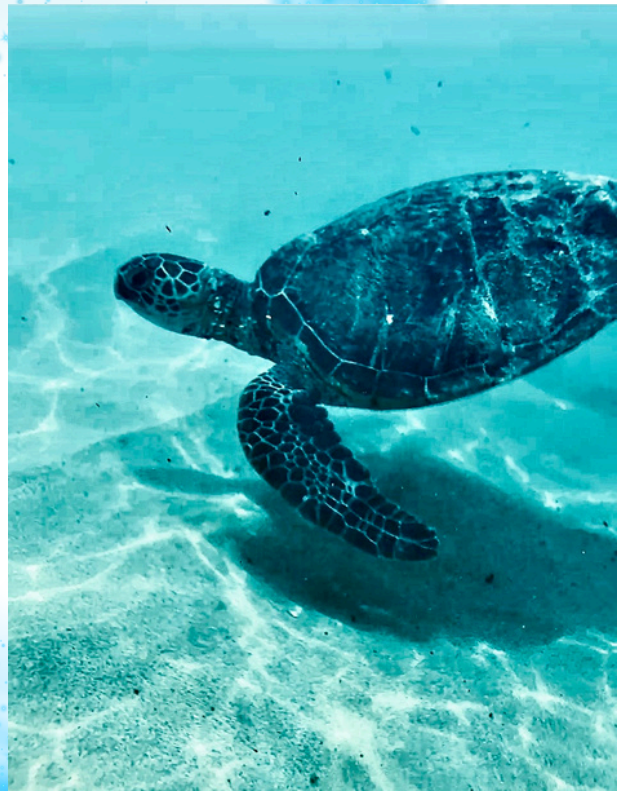
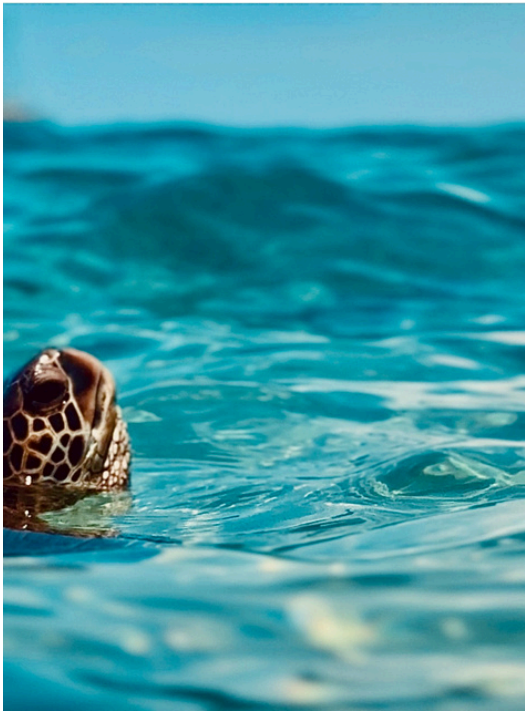
Atlas weeps for liberty, and because of the sky he will always hold.



*Anonymous*

# SUMMER WITH SEA TURTLES

*Natalia Esparza*



## Earth's Art

Sunny coast along a bay  
Water's edge at blue midday  
Island town, quiet as night  
Little houses, line of sight  
Beauty lies in nature's hands  
Especially in those foreign lands  
Languages, too, spoken 'round  
How I love this island town  
Earth's artist is a talented one  
With a coastal canvas, the piece is done

*Katie McWilliams*



# YOSEMITE

*Rose Haag*





## THE SWEETEST SUMMER

*Sophia Banderas*



## THE BRIDGE TO SACRAMENTO

*Sophia Banderas*



## Lily Pads

*Ann Wallflower*

A feeling of impending doom washes over me: a premonition that life will end and I'll die without a taste of peace. The sun was low, golden hour not long away, and my feet were taking me to the lake with increasing speed. Before I knew it, I was running. The view opened up in front of me: the water, a pale blue, reflecting the cloudless sky above, with scattered circles of every green along the shoreline. It was the most sacred landscape I had ever seen, God's Eden in middle-of-nowhere, Wisconsin. I came for exactly this, the lily pads, their blooming white flowers.



But the flowers, once open, were now shut tight, defensive, as if scared of what the dark would bring. Leaning over the water, my streaming eyes added drops to the vast lake. I stood there, arms around my waist, trembling, cocooned, and shut as tightly as the flowers I so wanted to see. I was so sure that seeing those flowers blooming would make me remember how to breathe. My body ached, wanting to stay there until sunrise and watch until I saw the petals slowly drop down and open once again. I knew that if I saw the water lilies I would be okay.

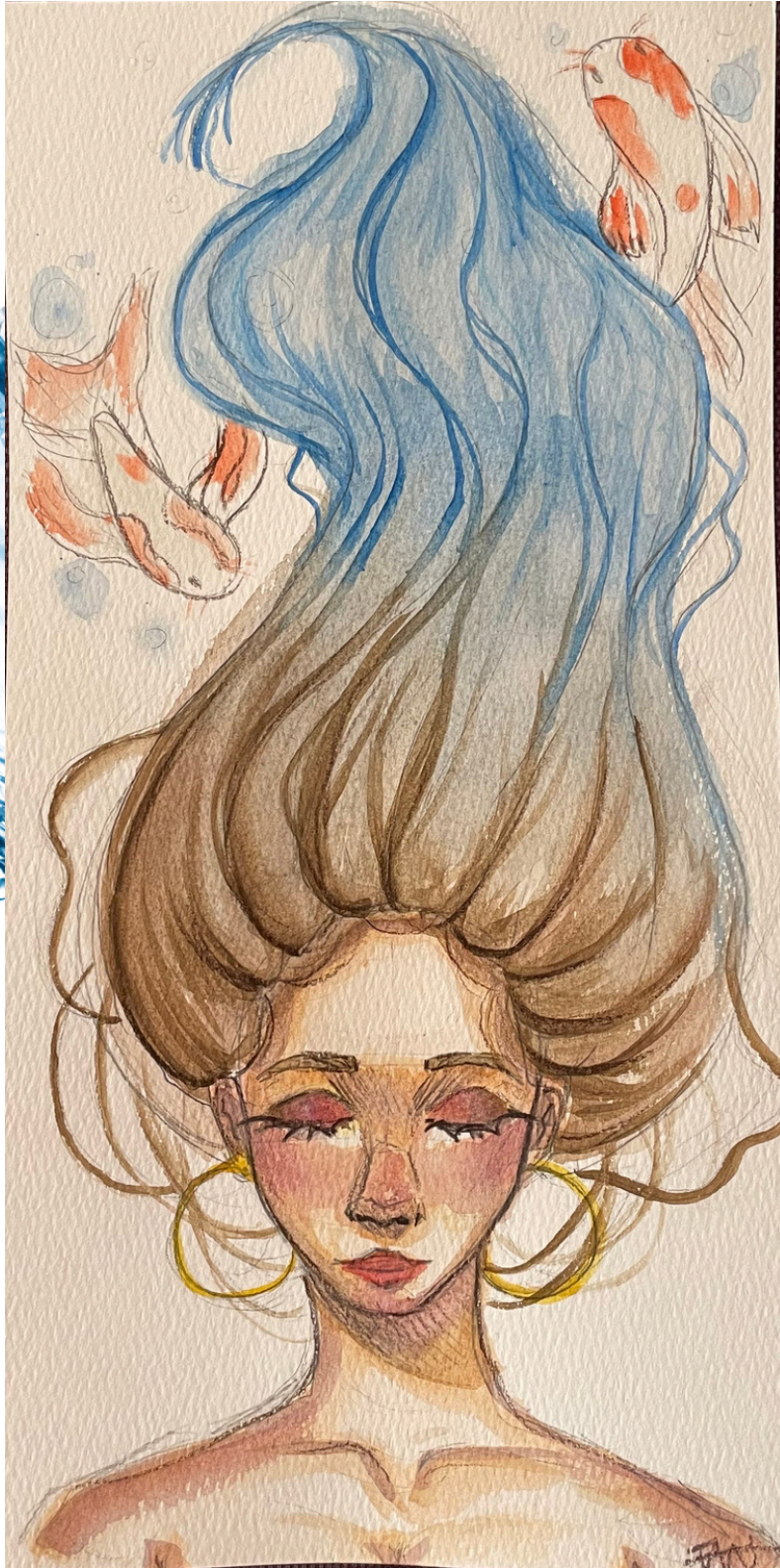


So I stood, and prayed, and cried above those closed buds, begging them to unfold. I imagined myself bundled up at their roots, waiting for my moment to bloom. I wanted to stay there until I knew one day I would feel like my bones fit right inside my body and my skin didn't burn from the air.

But they were waiting for me, calling me from below, so I had no time to think of the right words to write down before I joined the lily pads.

# RIVER GIRL

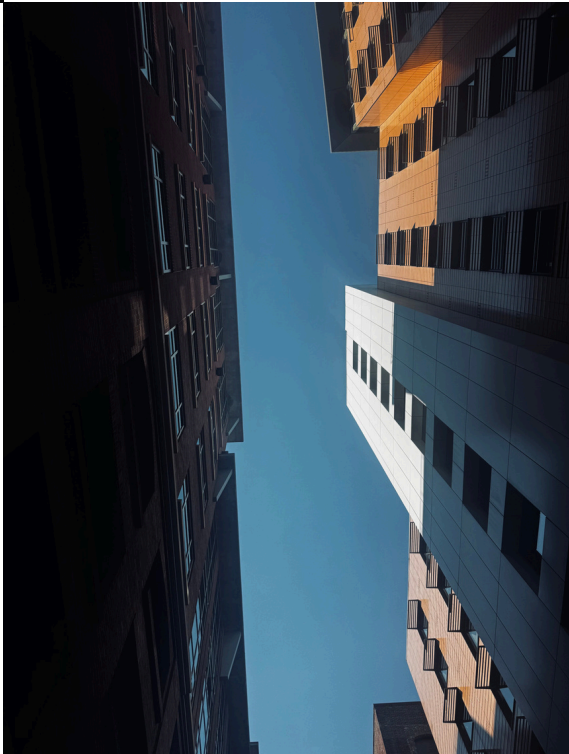
*Thomasina Nicholson*





## CHASING THE HORIZON

*Lillian Olsen*



## THE SKY BETWEEN

*Lillian Olsen*

## SHADOWS ON THE HORIZON

*Lillian Olsen*



## HORIZON IN BLOOM

*Lillian Olsen*



UNTITLED  
*Maura McManus*



# UNTITLED

*Ana Thorsen*



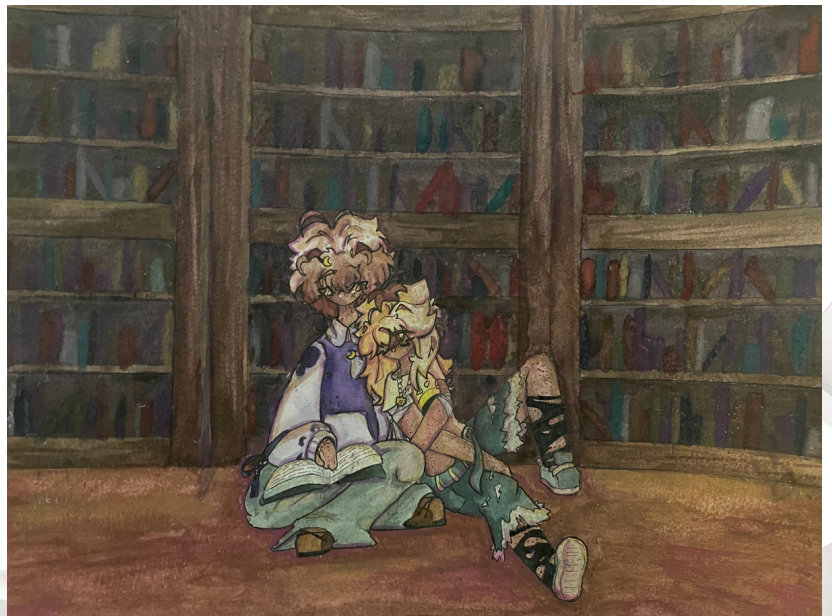


## COFFIN

*Alexandria Reznikoff*

## LIBRARY

*Alexandria Reznikoff*



# UNTITLED

*Alexandria Reznikoff*





**UNTITLED**  
*Catalina Murphy*



## **When I See You Again Next Year**

When I see you again next year, will your humid breath still enwrap my sticky skin?  
Will your scorching air continue to laugh and persist at the presence of the measly little  
fan I carry?

When I see you again next year, do you promise that you will be as patient as you were  
when I put down my pencil in defeat?  
Will you wait for me to pick it back up again and begin anew?

When I see you again next year, will your fire continue to burn just as brightly?  
Will you continue to glow with mischievousness as I bring my marshmallow too close  
to your burning touch?

When I see you again next year, do you promise that the children by your receding  
tides will continue to run and laugh as you chase after them?  
Will you wait for them to return older, a little more wiser, and still seek them with the  
same excitement as they approach you with a newfound caution?

Before you see me again next year, know that I have changed, and you will have  
changed too.

When the days last longer and your rest is short, I know that you have arrived and  
when that time returns again, I will await you with open arms.

*Christie So*

