

St. John's College High School

Literary Magazine

2018-2019



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Front Cover

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Isabella Davila

It Is
by Daniel De Lude '21

What is *it*?

It is plain and simple, but somehow complex.

It is something physical, yet unexplainable.

Everything does *it*, in some way, shape, or form.

But to describe *it*, we must expand our norm.

It is a culture, in which everything partakes.

It is tradition, a ritual, but with no directive or decree.

It breaks form and does not adhere to rules.

It is free verse in nature, but not in execution.



Katherine Arata '21

*It is joy and suffering at the same time.
It is a work ethic, a battle; inside and out.
It makes you wonder if anything is worth.
But that same thought brings you closer to its birth.*

*Instead of asking what or why, ask yourself *if*.*

*If you participate in the wonderful mystery of *it*.
If you are happy in life, *if* you strive to do more.
Maybe, just maybe, *it* is what you adore.*

Meeting Place
by Taylor West '19

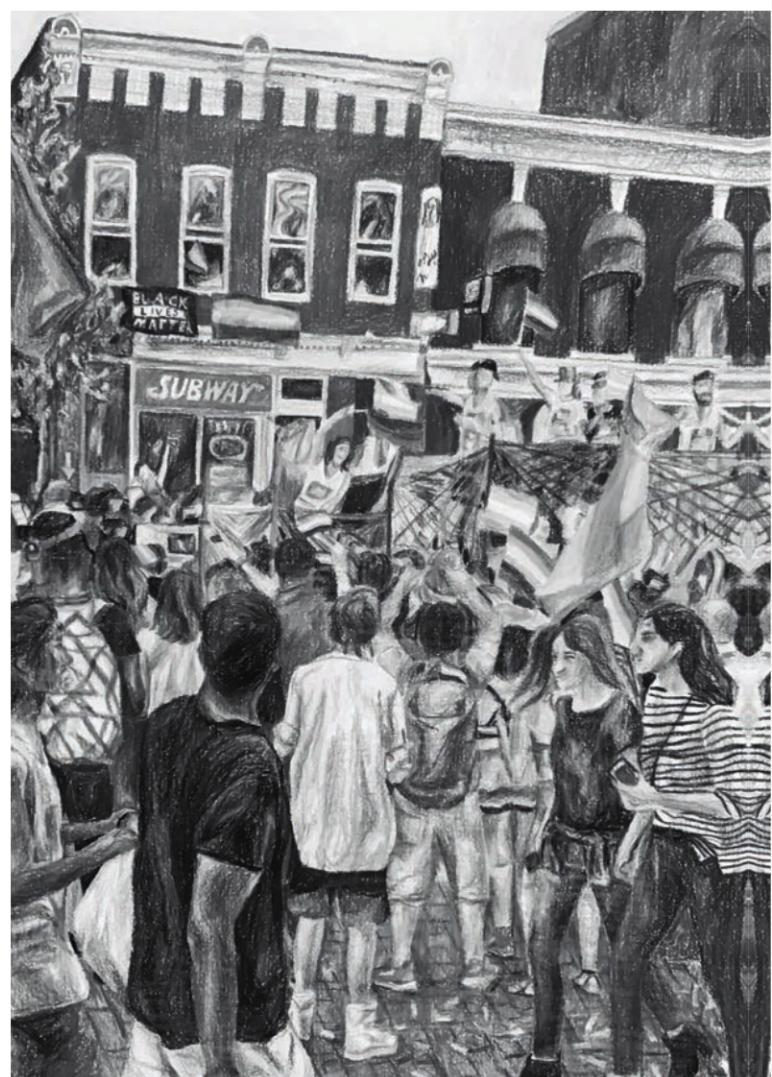
One of His most sacred creations,
the separation of clear understanding
and a deep unknown.

Her breath moves gently,
back and forth
back and forth
like a loving mother
rocking Her weary visitors into gentle bliss.

Care and caution
is most necessary
for Her sweet lullaby
can lure into a dangerous trap

From which there may be no return.

Caroline Lander '20





Angelica Phan '22

The Green
by Nick Zuppas '19

I stood on the bank, my eyes scanning the surface for any sign of life or existence. Slowly, I began to wade into the murky depths, the fluid cold, my legs gasping for warmth. The water climbed steadily up my body, caressing my lips, my

October
by Maximillian Lindenberg '22

Seasons are changing,
The ground is shrouded in leaves,
Hallows' Eve is near.

Halloween Night,
Big masks of the year
Complex costumes made of crafts
Bucket of candy.

Trick or Treat,
Door to door pleading
With only one thing in mind,
Halloween candy.

eyes, my head, as I continued forward into the Green. As the blue of the sky faded from my vision, my body became heavy, trodden with the weight of the molecules so that I was forced to stay under. I turned, staring in the bleak waters, as if I were on land. All around me, covered in dirt, twigs, and algae, were cars, hundreds of them, with broken windows and dispatched doors, as if there had been a storm that wiped out all life on this subterranean highway.

Movement caught my eye, a figure in a reddish-brown Cadillac. As I swam – rather, walked, gravity keeping my feet firm to the muddy basin – I saw tendrils of golden hair throw wisps into the Green, rising above the top of the convertible. She was there with her pale skin, full lips, and utterly dead actions. But those eyes, they were open and staring straight ahead, barely registering my presence. Her eyes, the Green mixing slowly with her own color, flooded with emotion and life, gazed out at something that wasn't there, her body sitting still, the flecks of gold poised as if suspended in the waters. I moved



Connor Flynn '21

toward her, reaching out to touch the ghost-white skin, but my hand went through her, as if the mirage would fade, the world with it, if I tried anymore to feel her.

I stared for one last second at the dead body with the full eyes, before turning around, treading down the line between the cars, on and on and on in the water, empty vehicles and open doors: the only remnant of the world that once existed before the Green.

**Why do We Cry?
by Tess Bayles '21**

Why do we cry
when we watch our loved ones die?

They're in heaven now,
if you choose to believe it.

Why do we cry
when we find out
our love was all a lie?

If it didn't last, you'll find
the one who's truly worth keeping.

Why do we cry
when we talk to
the God in the sky?

God knows us,
God loves us,
God understands us,

God knows what you have to confess
before you get down on your knees.

God feels and sees
your pain,
and you never have to be ashamed
of what you've done.
God loves you just the same.



Erin Rhodes '21

Another Love Poem
by Irene A. Otunla '19

What do I say to a man I've never met?

What love have I of him?

They tell me love is "kind,"

Is "selfless," is "pure."

They lie.

The love I know is flawed.



Marlene Cedillos '21

I love with anger,
Love with stains, love with power.

How do I love a man I've never met?
A man that is not a man?
Who takes shape...or rather no shape?
To whom do I gift my affections?

My love is not the pure white of fairytales.
It is black,
And blue and red.
It has flaws, blemishes, stains.
It is jagged and rough and callous.
It is heated yet cool.

I don't seem to fit the mold.
I do not match.
I'm not the one to love him.
Yet here I am...

I've written love poems before.
All artifice and prose.
I've fooled before...will fool again.
But I find I cannot lie.

I love this man...no this God.
I don't know from where such softness springs...
My love isn't perfect,

But it is there.

My heart isn't sanctuary, but I dwell there.

The love I know is a grave thing:

Not so freely given or received,

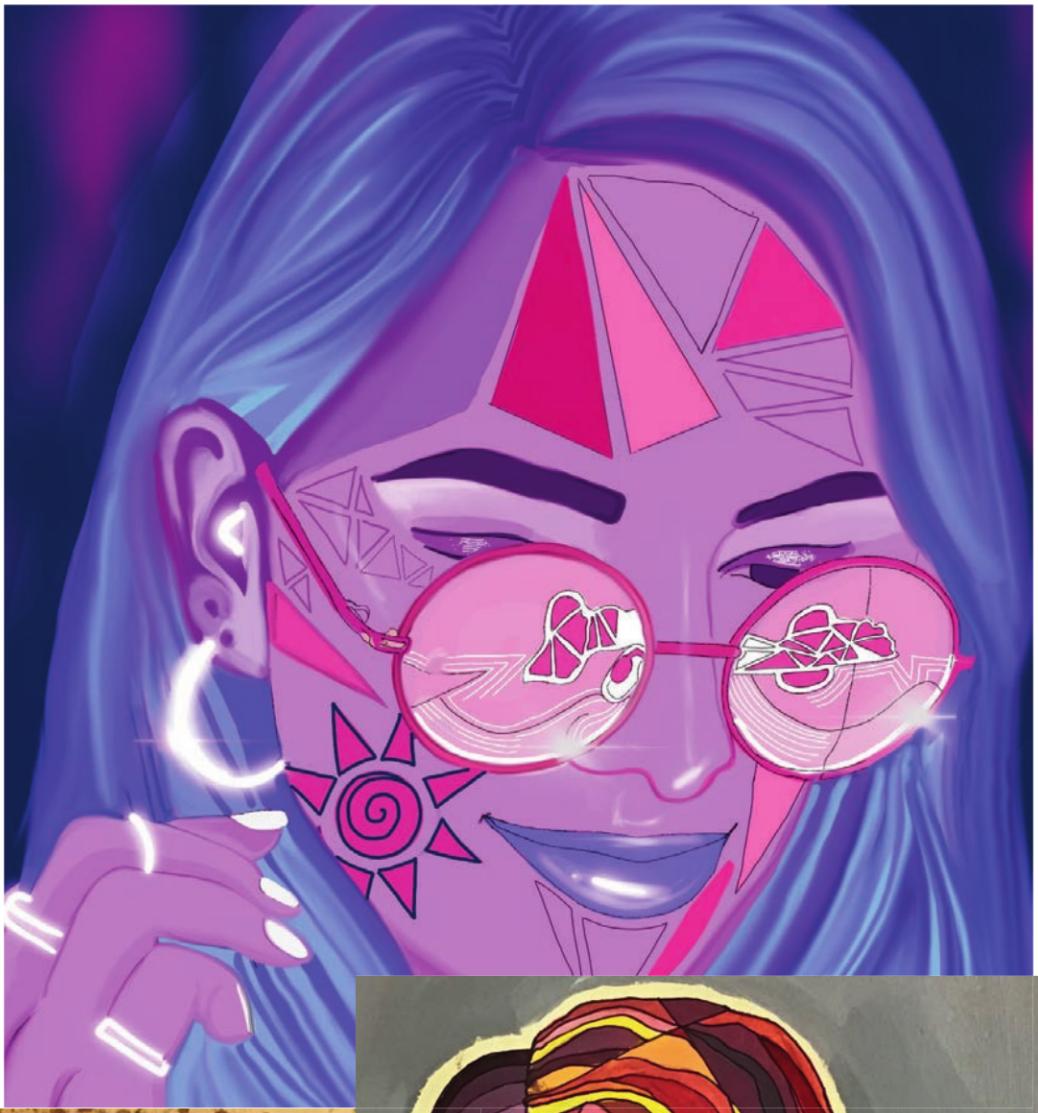
But I've given my love to God,

I can only hope he's done the same for me.



Isabella Davila '19

Anne Hagerty '19



Caitlyn Early '19



Alexandra Vasquez '21

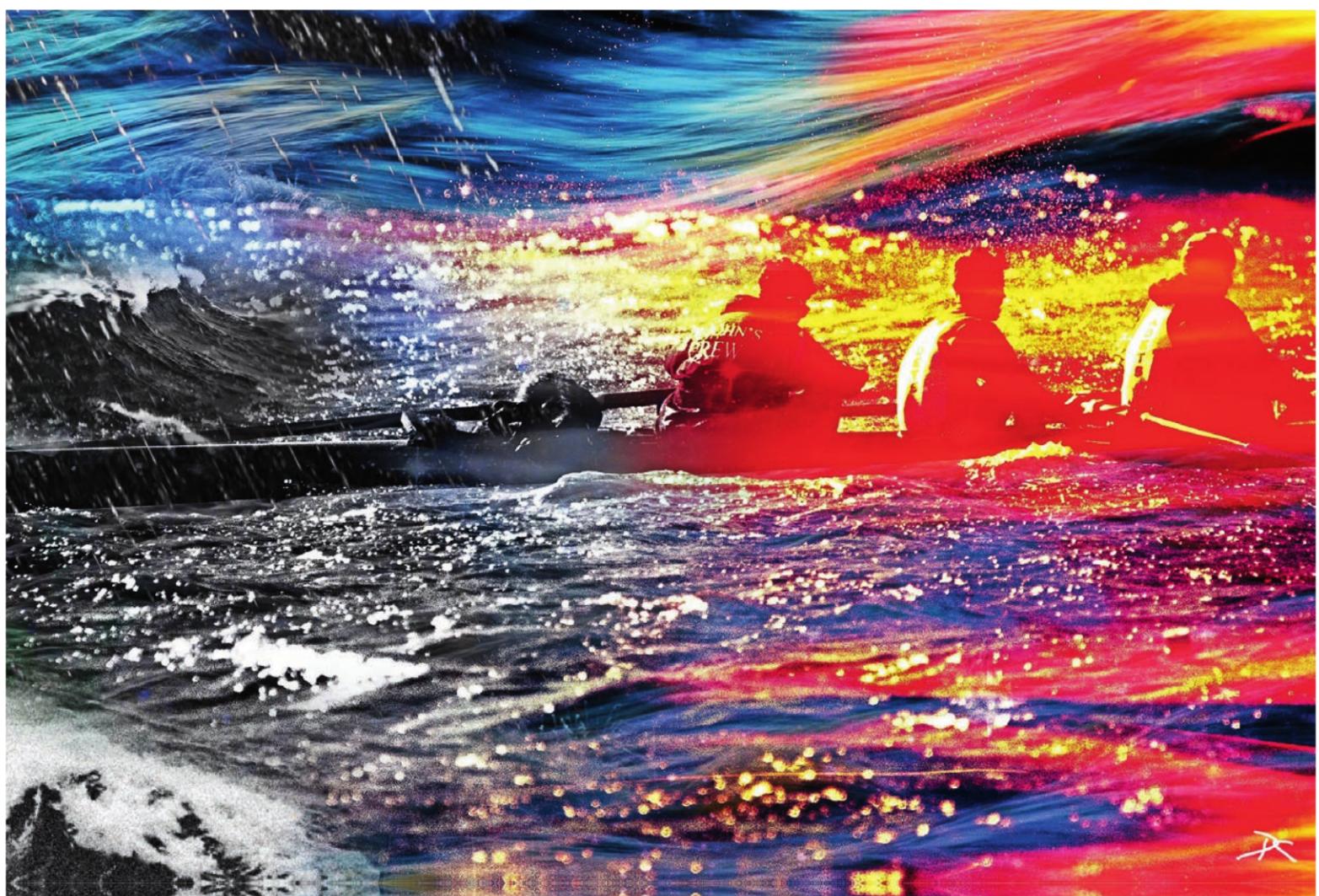


Rylee Saunders '20



Mary Salvador '19 (above)

Daniel Cohen '20 (below)





Elizabeth Sippel '20

Sophie Ledet '20



Hannah Sligh '20



Iciline Mix '22



Deborah Barahona '20



**How Are You?
by Juliana Curay '22**

It's like walking on broken glass,
every step that's taken hurts.

Eventually, however, everything goes numb.

Our society tells us we need to be someone we are not.

And men, women, and children put on a mask everyday to be someone they are not.

"How are you?" they say.

They don't want to know how you truly feel.

If you feel you're "weak,"

You're abnormal.

But everyone feels.

Tia Wilson '20



Sparkle in Your Eyes
by Joesph Mumola '20

Why is that one moment captured in my mind?

The sparkle in your eyes

As if the entire galaxy was in your iris

Your face, pure happiness, enchants me

The feeling transmitting across two people

That second, locked in my head

The silence before the realization

Of what it all meant.

Martina Una '22

Unnoticed
by Lauren Conley '22

in the back i can be

unnoticed

never raise my hand

never make a single wrong step

for in silence i find peace

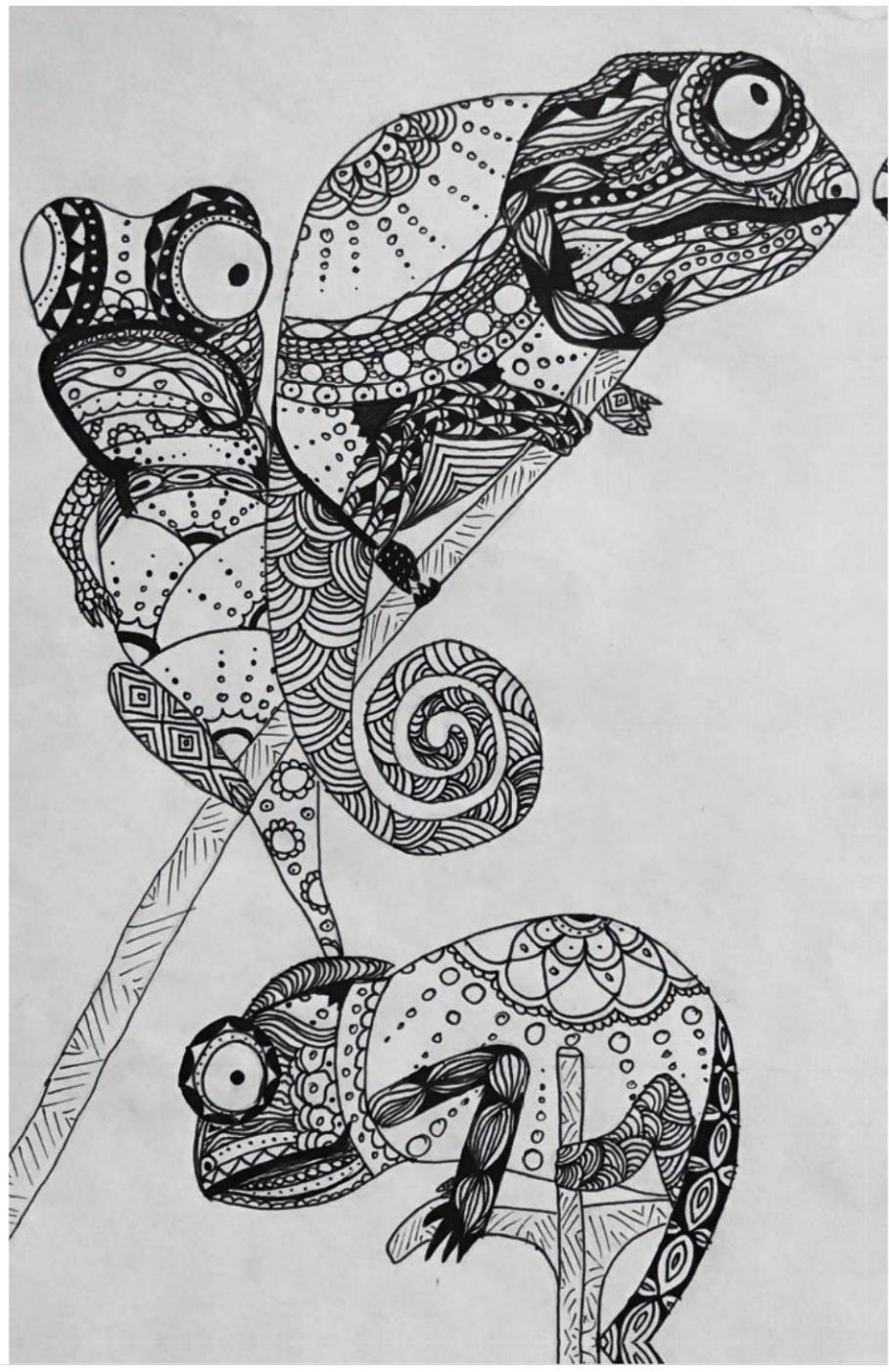
and in peace i find security

so in the back i will forever stay

until time washes away

as time gone and goes

my silence like a rose



with beauty and grace
i begin to thrive
then with Death's prick i see the light die

then as i Decay and f

a

l

l

on the ground

i know i will never be found

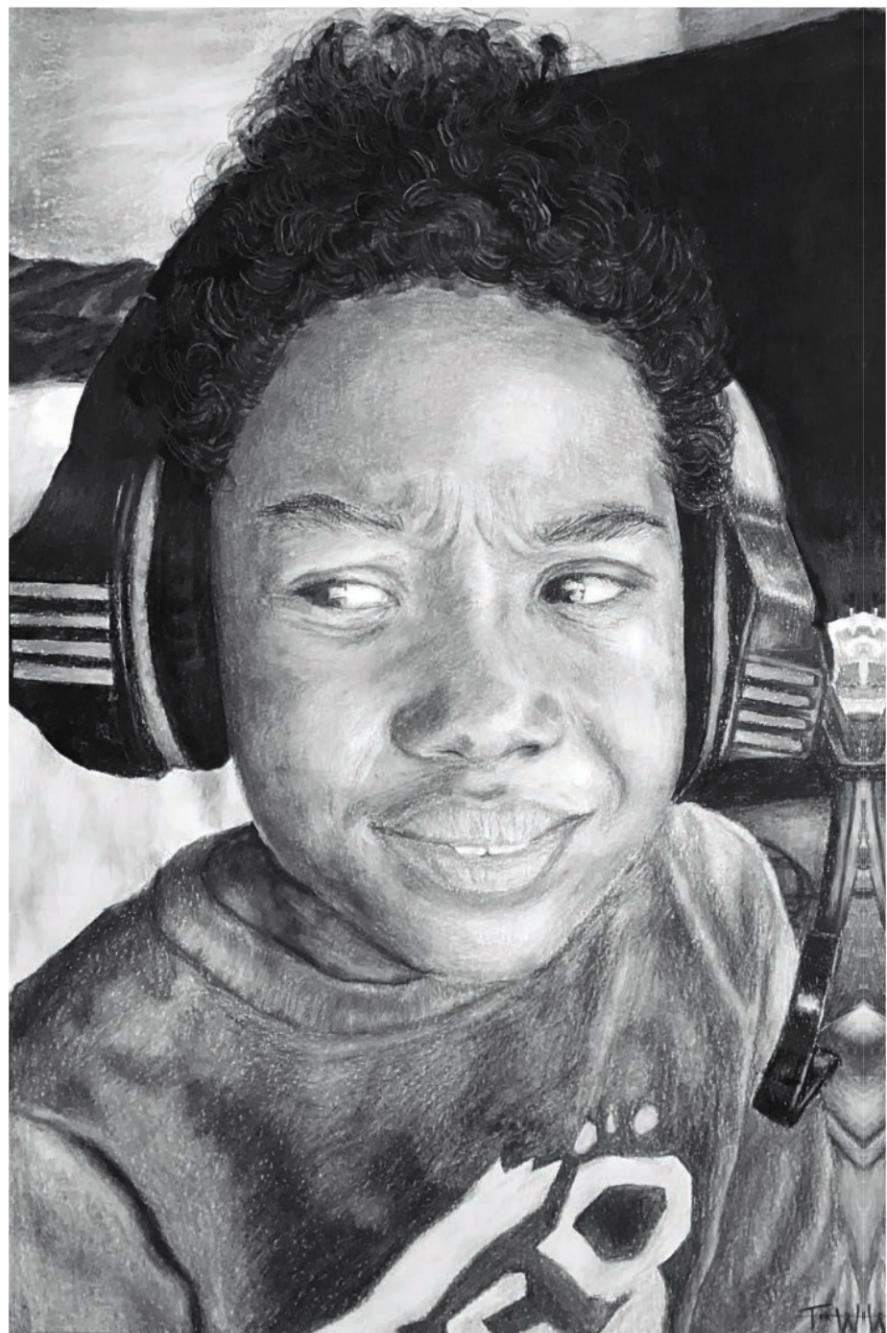
because i am unnoticed
and unnoticed i'll be
until maybe one day you'll wish
you noticed me.

I'm So Gone
by Zuri Franklin '21

Babygirl I'm contemplating.
Your love is what I've been chasing.
Your beauty is so captivating.
My emotions are what you're dictating.
I need you back in my life.

When I'm with you,
you take away all of the strife and the pain.

Tia Wilson '20



But when you left me,
that was another L I had gained.

You messed with my brain. I think I'm going insane because we parted lanes. I'm
in dire need of some Novacane to numb the pain because I'm losing my way.

Depression has kicked back in ever since that day.

I've been on my own for so long. I'm so tired of being alone.

You stopped calling my phone, and whenever I call all I hear is the dial tone.

Having your heart was my biggest milestone.

When I was with you I felt like I had a home.

But now you have my mind spinning like a cyclone.

I feel so numb.

Things haven't been the same since you left me. Somebody please tell me what to
do, I'm all blue.

Everywhere I look, I only see you.

You made me feel brand new but now you're gone. Baby I miss you.

I've been so alone for so long, tired of being alone.

I've been so gone for so long, never coming home.

Still Learning
by Shelby Ball '19

Despair comes in do's and Don'ts

Dares and distress

Where in a place of love

Am I left hopeless?

Try to dream

To fly like a sparrow

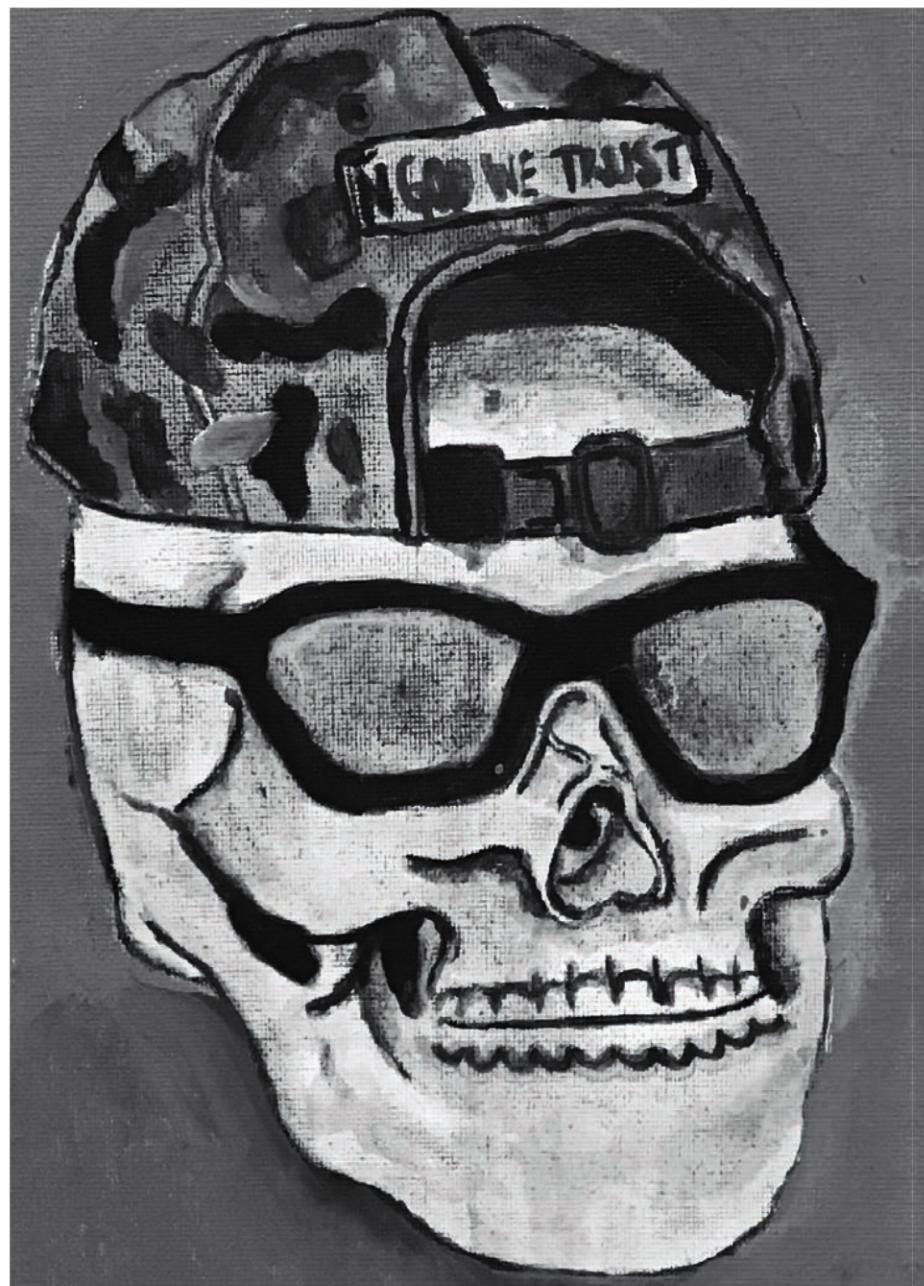
Movin' too fast

Bypass

With a mental compass of an arrow,

For my secret agent is after me
Someone wake me up
And slap me, what's happening
I am a living patient
Of a social situation
Filled with frustration
On daily medication
To be falsely complacent
While I'm pacing my own motivation
And finding inspiration
For soon an occupation

I'm beating my head
With my own two fists
So I can resist
The gist that kissed
My forehead so I don't exist
So I went to my friends
To get some assist
So I can feel like I coexist.



I'm the command key
My flip side trapped me in a devil tree
If depression had some enquiry
My mind is as lost as a detainee
One of my biggest memories
Was when I became a suicidal escapee

I found light within me
To stop cutting myself with a knife to a machete.

My heart is as strong as iron
My head is as hot as fire
A lion, not a liar, will be hired
Cause I never should have been wired
It was never really required
And I'm a woman inspired
One thing life requires
Is to be entitled to your desire.

Wistful Daydreams
by Andrea Moreland '20

There's beauty in the bittersweet memories of a past love. A polaroid, worn slightly around the edges, falls to the hardwood floor as you take a paperback off of the bookshelf in your childhood home. It's December and the air is cold beyond the window pane but the photo in your hands takes you back to warmer days.

You can almost hear the click of the camera from when you took the photo of him. He had one hand on the steering wheel, the other repositioning a pair of sunglasses on top of his head. You were both seventeen, reckless and running wild.

You remember the hazy afternoons when the window was thrown open and white curtains were at the mercy of the summer breeze. The nights when you took to the streets after rainfall, neon lights bathing everything in an artificial glow. Fingertips skimming over vinyls in hidden record stores you'd wandered into.

Hopping fences and coffee at
midnight. Watching sunsets
from fire escapes and
talking about the future
like you both knew what it
held.

You remember his messy hair
and how tenderly he'd take
your hand in his own and
kiss the top of your
knuckles after making a
promise. The way his eyes
turned a lighter shade of
brown in the sunlight and
the curve of his smile
against your lips during
your first kiss.

It's always the little
things that tug at your
heartstrings, making the
ghosts of the past
resurface. Constant
reminders that you'd give
anything to get out of your dorm in the city and go back to him during that one
summer, back when everything was less complicated.

Sophie Ledet '20



The Black Fire
by Noah Cooper '20

I talked to the fire last night,

I stopped to hear it burn.

It seemed to tell a story

As its flame crackled and turned.

It existed, covered by the brightest of nights,

A night as white as it was grim.

It told me how the glaring of the night

Seemed to blanket its scorching skin.

The fire, as dark as the depths of the hearts

Of the most evil and cruel of men.

Strangely, I felt pity for this fire,

This heat of pure melanin.

It told me a tale of tyranny,

By the night as bright as dreams.

How the actions of its inky warmth

Were dictated by the devilish beams.

The night was unforgiving, unloving, hateful, and for them,

The existence of the flame was nothing more than sin.

Some fire was murdered, left to burn on a limb.

The darkness seemed to reign,

As the Phoenix grew dim.

But the fire told me
That it wouldn't give way.
The flame continued to struggle,
Black sparks ran away.

A fire is a fire,
It has a will to burn free.
While fate is still dire,
Flames change destiny.

Pieces
by Maddie Breeden '21

I give people pieces, but never the whole.
When they leave with my pieces they leave with my soul.
I give people shards so they just might not cut me,
time after time I'm cut down like a tree.
Day after day, everyone leaves.
My ear is left open for people to see,
people to judge all my pitiful scars.
All broken memories I store in a jar.
I will never relinquish the glass I call home.
How could I sell all the pain that I own?
How can I give every last part of me?
When the moment I'm fixed is the moment they flee.
They run away quick, and I'm broken times ten;
my shattered glass mirror in pieces, again.

**The Thickest
by Nick Zuppas '19**

Skies fade. Waters wash away. What continuity is there? What is worth fighting for if ashes always turn to ashes, if dust must turn to dust. Is silence, fear, dark, the only continuum, poised in my mind and my body, amidst these damned trees?

Stumbling over branches, arms outstretched, falling in the garden, eyes blind and dripping, I run. I can hear the crash of feet behind me, frantic and pained. My brother, his body and soul trapped and afraid, is lost. So am I. The world closes in. Afterwards, it leaves only the small, the weak, the broken.

If the world is quiet, is there nothing? Is silence the epitome of a lack, so that the noise – the tumult, the calamity – the only obvious sign of life and existence. If the voice is justice, the hands are deaf.

Can I believe that. Lost is Here. The thickets, in the thickest. A world defined by tears

and tears.

We're in it now. There's no going
Back.

Forward.

Sideways.

Anyways.

If I fall will someone catch me. Or has the world turned its feral eye blind.

Eleanor Dunn '22



