



2021-22

# ST. JOHN'S LITERARY MAGAZINE



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Leah Morrison '23  
Jonah Pate '25  
Sam Perkins '24  
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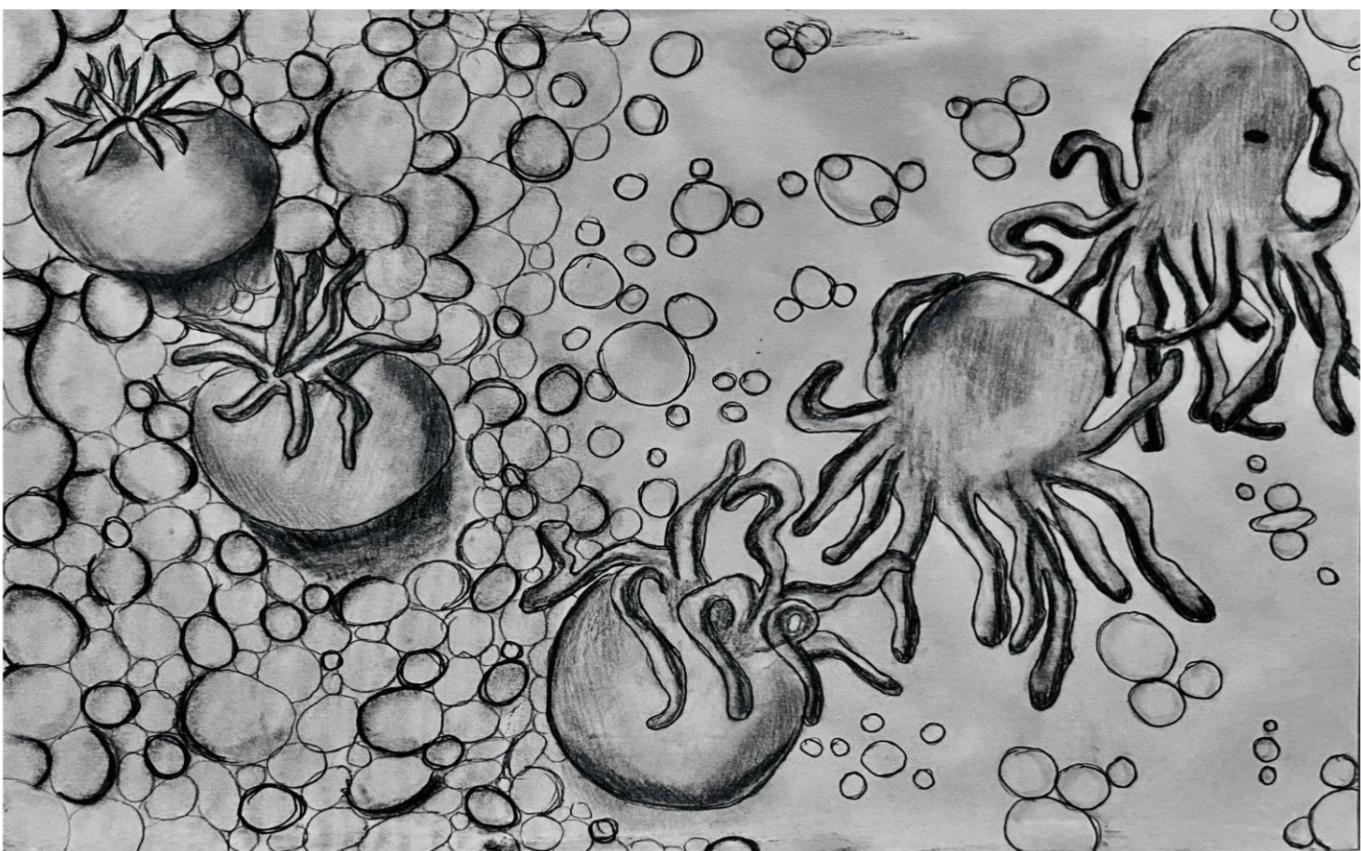
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Gabrielle Dessin '24  
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Keira Gomes '24  
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Barbara Heine '23  
Bridget Kelly '25  
Reese Kolasky '22  
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Anna Reyes '22  
Tony Romero '23  
Lucas Ruzicka '22  
Garrett Schuppner '22  
Anna Shirvinski '22  
Chris Tanzi '23  
Olivia Tomelden '25  
Martina Una '22  
Kyndal Walker '24  
Katherine Zalewski '22  
Zoe Zeitler '25

**Front Cover**

Pamela McCune '23

**Back Cover**

Barbara Heine '23



Kyndal Walker '24

### O Joyous Day! — Stephen Ledet '22

It was a frigid and brutish winter,  
I heard the snow lightly fall on the ground.  
The bright fire cackling did not hinder,  
The fact I could not soothe my soul earthbound.

The lack of light in my meager spirit  
Proved quite ominous in this holy time.  
The words of David could not defend it  
As he cannot combat it with his rhyme.

I look to fill the void with temporal goods,  
Yet my heart still aches out for something more.  
I seem to have lost myself in falsehoods,  
But now I see what I was yearning for.

The illuminating light has come at last,  
The newborn babe has saved my soul outcast.

### **Marigold — Lauren Conley '22**

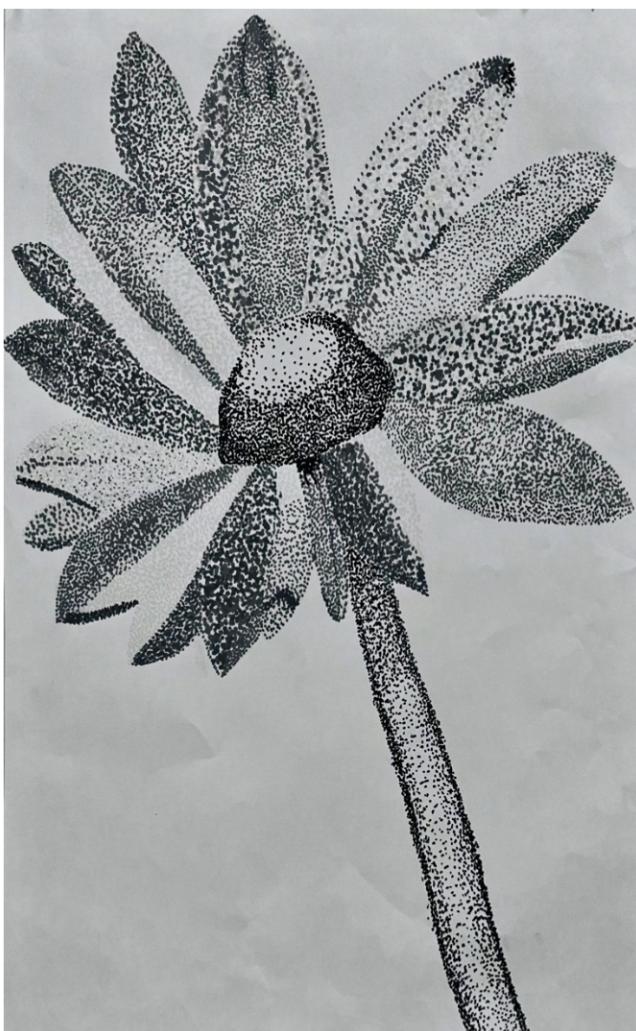
Of a loving life, I none picked to be mine,  
I pluck thy greeny stem—a stub of time.

Now passed the wilting willow's wallowing gate,  
My road done traveled in doubtful fate.

But when in that grassy meadow, my feet find ground,  
Contentment lies in the Marigold I found.

Marigold, O Marigold what do Thee hold?  
Thy Petals are my armor, I was told.

Marigold, my Marigold what do Thee hold?  
Life be short, but I be consoled.



### **Reese Kolasky '22**

### **Daisy — Jonah Pate '25**

The half sun sits on the horizon.  
Threatening to fade from view.  
My grandparents follow suit.

The ginger ale they now offer is cool,  
But not sweet like the cream soda once was.  
Hot air balloons no longer crowd the skies.  
The bracken grass buried under inches of snow,

and Daisy lies dormant.

## **Singing Little Boy — Cameron Mickle '25**

Warm in today's frigid cold dome  
housed at a spot like an hearth of a home  
and not embarrassed to go anywhere  
because he knew He was with him here.

Waiting on the corner ready even sooner than before,  
waiting to blow a sound no one can ignore.  
His sound could be heard from horizons away  
waking people from different cases of Thy way.

In the height of the hour  
birds chirped, People loved, and nothing was sour,  
it was all good, the singing boy had done it to an end  
when he knew Christ was his only friend.

**Nina Kuzichev '25**



## **Reach for the Stars — Breanna Valcarcel '23**

I am always amazed when I look up at the night,  
As the vast and never-ending darkness is overfilled with light.  
The shining light flows out in an endless stream.  
They always say, “reach for the stars,” an unattainable dream,  
But they are massive bodies of gas, not tangible objects with sharp tips.  
They are beyond reach that you cannot touch with your fingertips.  
But when I look up at the countless array, I see a multitude of chances.  
The possibility of reaching for the stars at that moment enhances.



**Chris Tanzi '23**

## Sundown — Josiah Flanner '23

Sundown.  
Lock all the gates  
To keep all the hate  
Out of town.

Anna Shirvinski '22

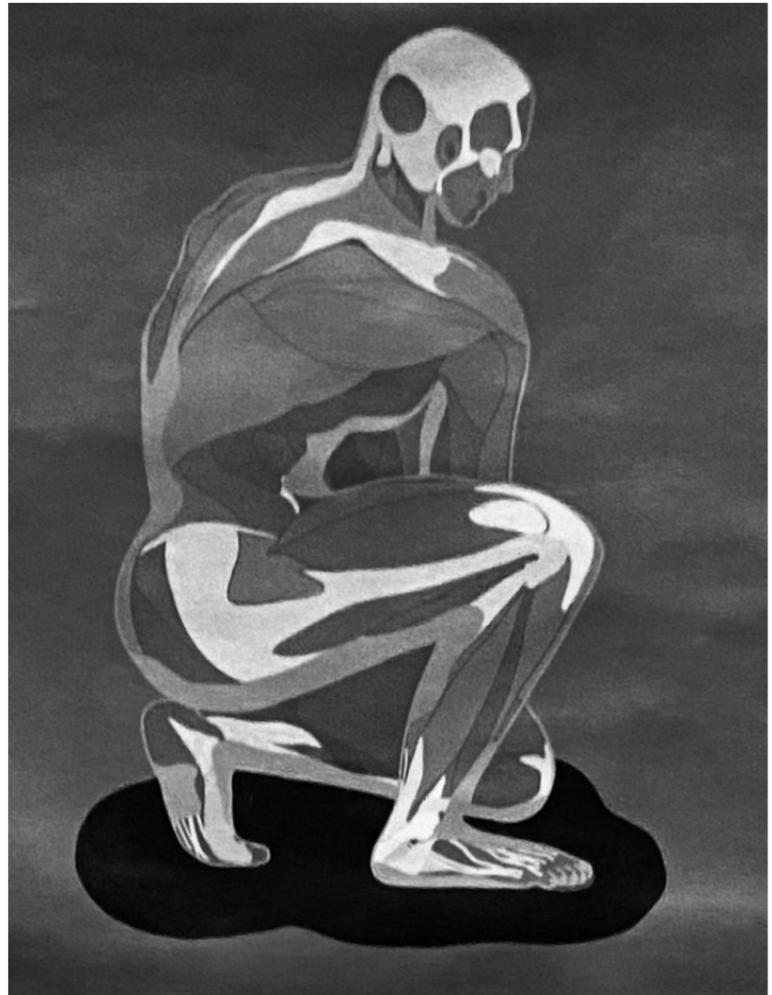
Darkness forms on the line,  
The dangers of night  
That don't show in the light,  
They wait around,  
Biding their time.

Pitch floods the sky,  
And fills the hearts of men  
With a fear they might die,  
But they press on.

Ever vigilant,  
Never ambivalent,  
They stand by guarding their hearts.

And try as it might,  
Darkness will not, it cannot,  
Fill them with despair,  
Even as fear fills the air,  
They keep the fight.

For the watchmen hope,  
Because deep down they know,  
Soon enough the sun will rise,  
And with it will the darkness go.  
It always does.



## **Radio Audience — Sam Perkins ‘24**

*Good morning Radio Audience*

*Are you ready for a day full of...*

**Garrett Schuppner ‘22**

CRIME

DEATH

DESTRUCTION.

*Today's forecast is...*

INSURRECTION

RACIAL INJUSTICE.

*and now for a brief note from our sponsors...*

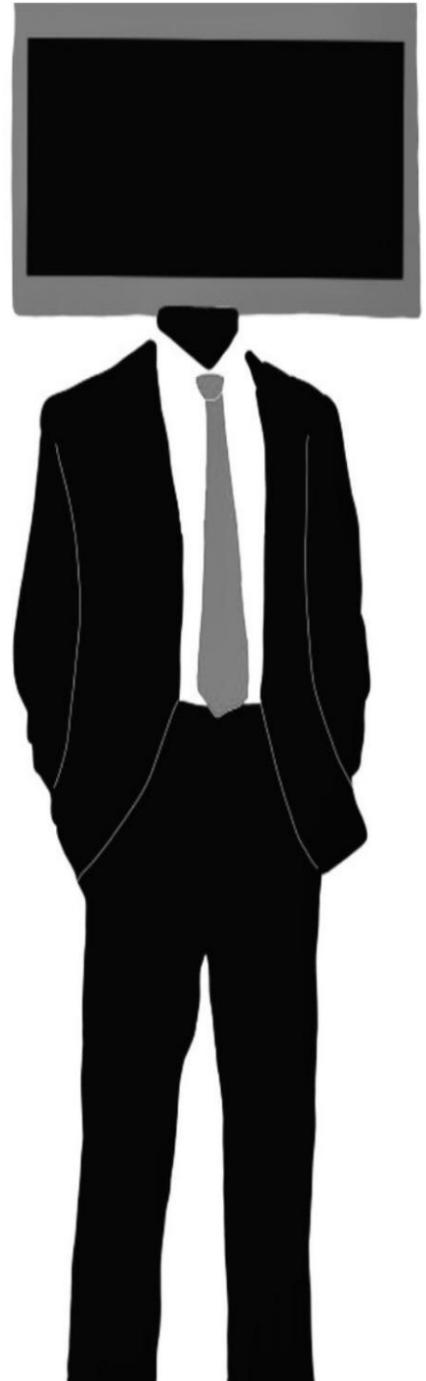
CAPITALISM

PROPAGANDA

CONSUMERISM.

*Welcome back Radio Audience*

*Are you numb yet?*



## **The Grind — Blake Russell '23**

When we get on the ice, it's time to grind.

Follow us forward or get left behind.

I thought Gonzaga was a threat but, honestly, never mind.

Those kids at O'Connell are gonna claim that we're unkind,

But there are teams with a bone to pick, so they should get in line.

We'll be out on the ice while you're riding the pine.

You want to mess with us, that's honestly fine.

But before you get on the ice, I want to remind,

As soon as we get going, we're ready to grind.

**Martina Una '22**



## **Skin — Camryn McMurray '24**

Bless my brown skin that's been passed down to me.  
Trauma that's felt from those who gave their life at sea,  
cause death was better than bondage and tears from brown eyes,  
being ripped from our fathers as black mothers cry.  
Bless my brown skin that's been passed down to me.  
Trauma that's felt from police brutality.  
Cause in chains we came here and in chains we stayed,  
physically and mentally, I watch my kin slain.  
But bless my brown skin with melanin like Gold.  
Bless the curls on my head each with a story of their own.  
Bless beautiful black minds that grab your attention  
with words that hold value beyond comprehension.  
Bless curves on black bodies and every step that we take.  
Bless strong black hands that toil to hold their place  
in society fought for with ample risk.  
Bless our black voices as we raise our black fists.  
For freedom and equality and for comfort within.  
Bless beautiful black people and their beautiful brown *skin*.

**Angela Haller '22**



## Fat Pigeons — Truman Dickerson

Fat pigeons crowd fat children  
They pick at fingernails  
Sweat in uniforms  
Squeal  
Pull out sunglasses  
Want to be nothing  
Want to major in marketing  
A wedding at some church  
Become dull beyond belief  
Pack lunches  
Save up and cut back  
Spend it all in Mexico lying on the sand buying cocktails  
Life is a race and you're losing  
Your coffin  
Reinforced mahogany  
Aching pallbearers  
Their knees hurt. The coffin's heavy.





**Zoe Zeitler '25**

**Bridget Reap '22**



**Sam Lander '22**

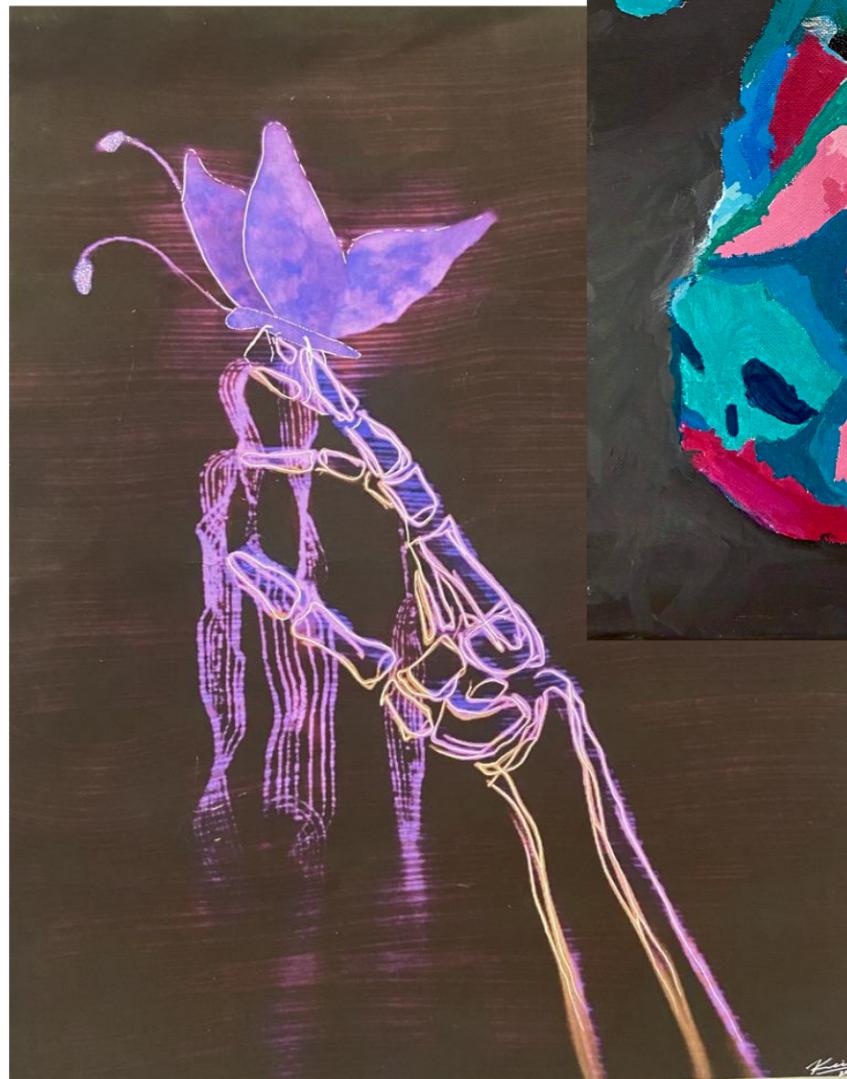




Olivia Tomelden '25



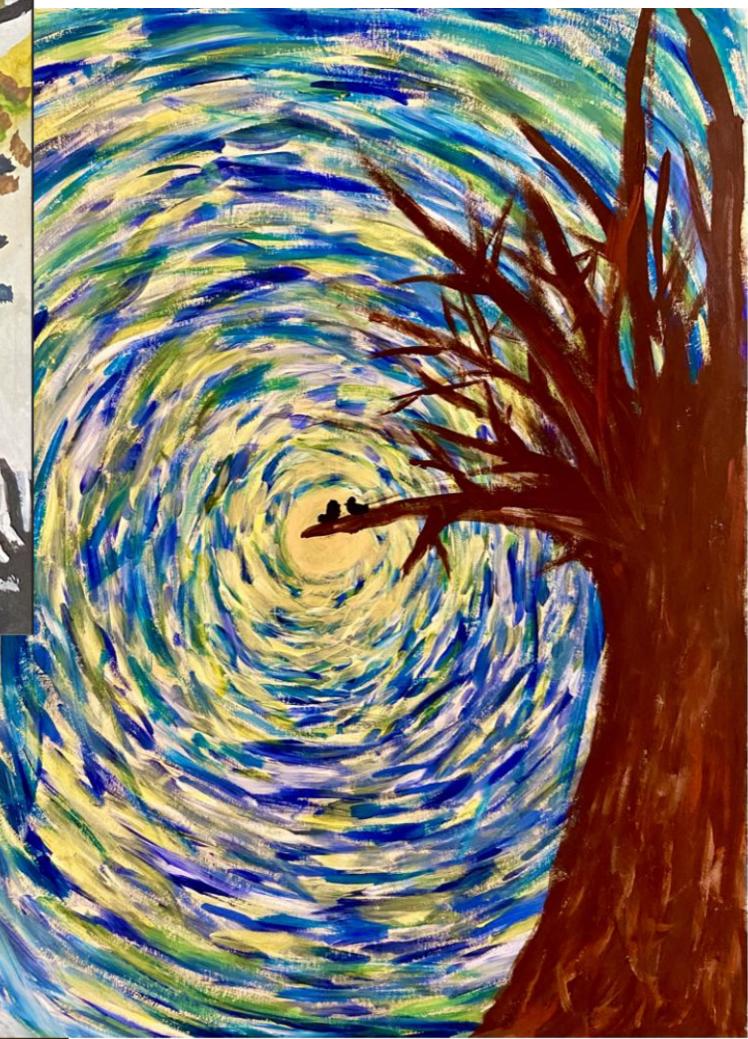
Eva Lang '25



Keira Gomes '24



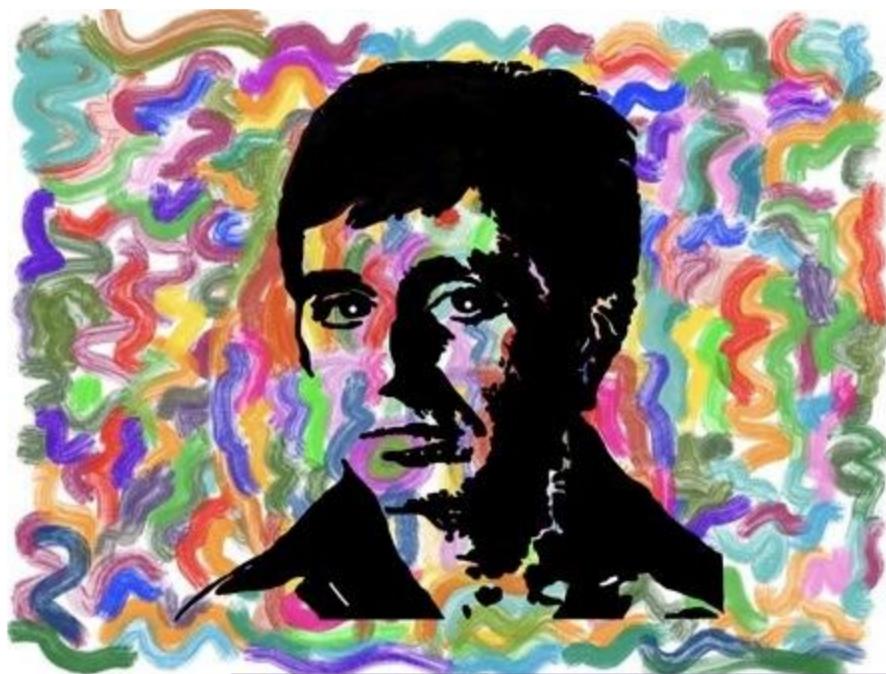
Gabrielle Dessin '24



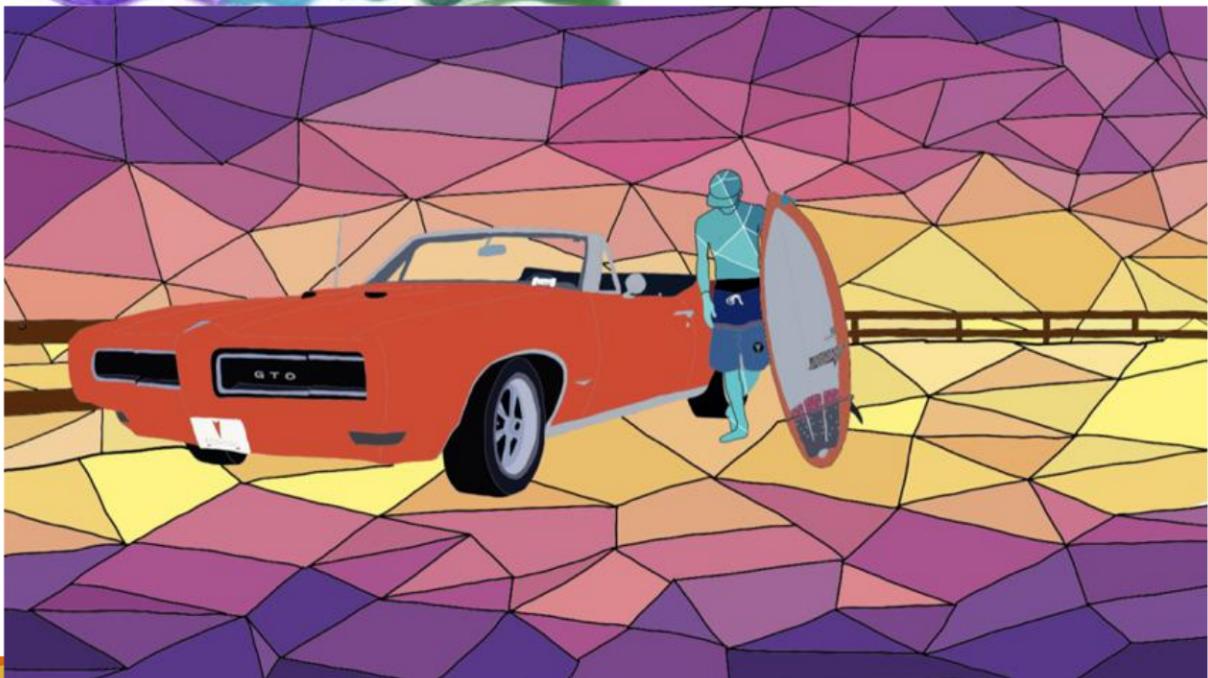
Kathryn Maxwell '25



Menna Meshesha '23



Peter Chamoun '22



Tony Romero '23



Bridget Kelly '25

## **The Sound — Abigail Linson '24**

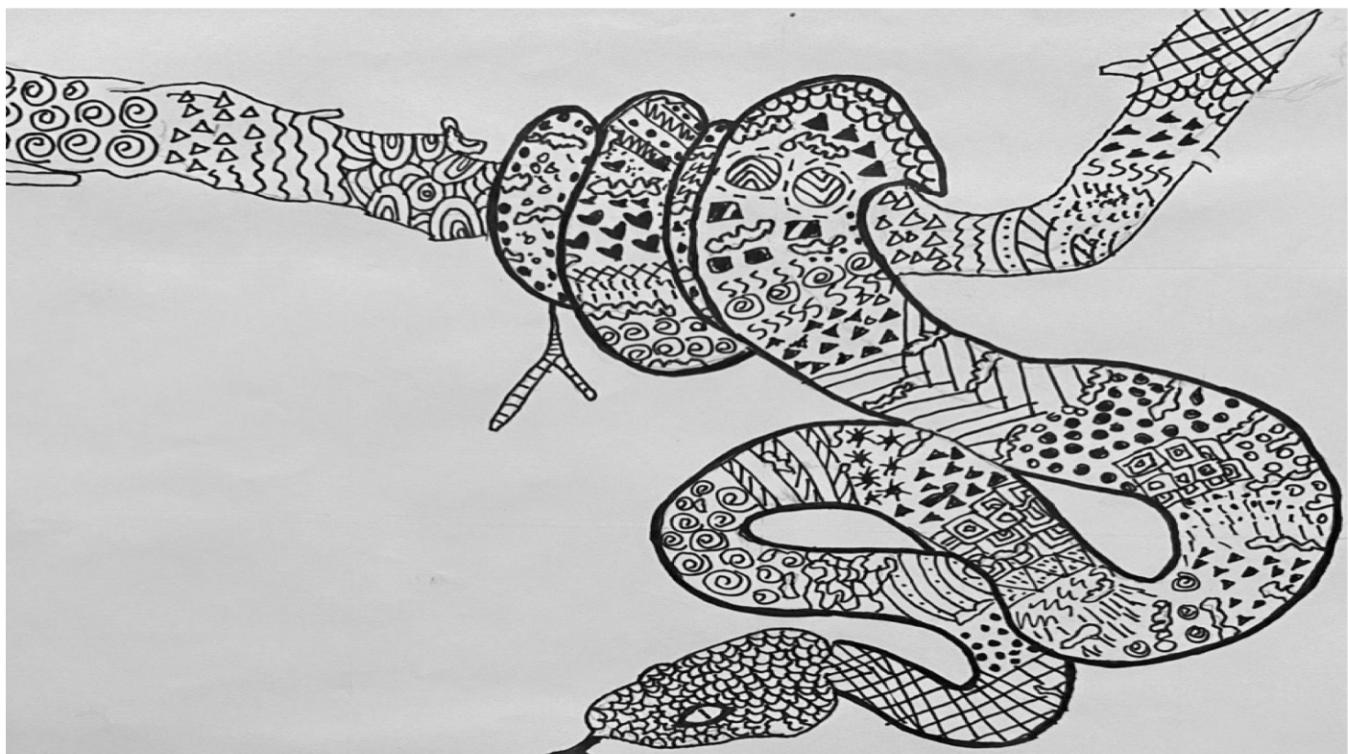
Just like a tree  
Fallen far from me,  
It touches the ground,  
But can it make a sound?

Just like me  
No one can hear its plea,  
The last noise it makes:  
The sound of its lonely aches.

Just like these aches  
I've felt these same breaks.  
There's no one to hear,  
But it doesn't disappear.

Just like this sound  
No one is around,  
But it comes from me,  
So I have an answer for the tree.

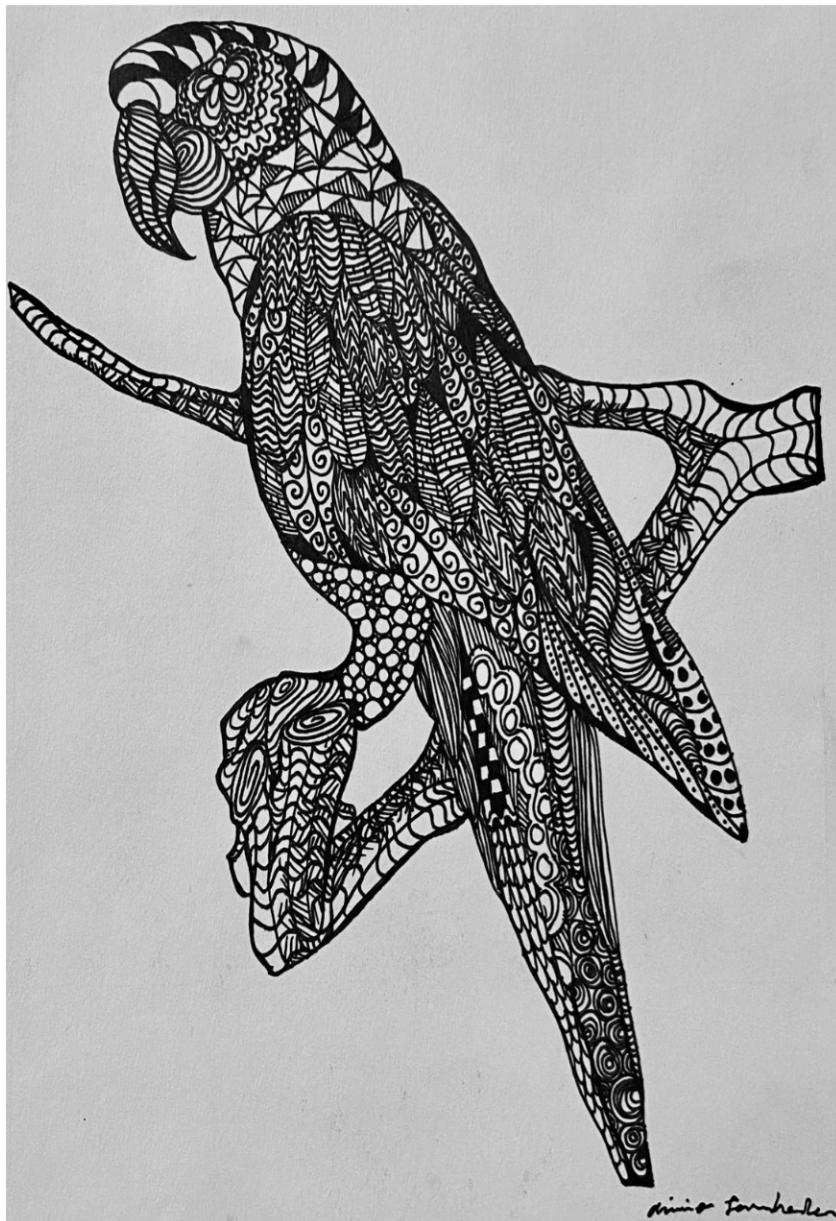
**Mia Mora '25**



## **Seasonal Haikus — Eleanor Droege '24**

Snow silently falls  
From the heavens up above,  
White blanket below.

Drip drop the rain plops,  
Soft rain races down the window.  
Damp ground, new flowers.



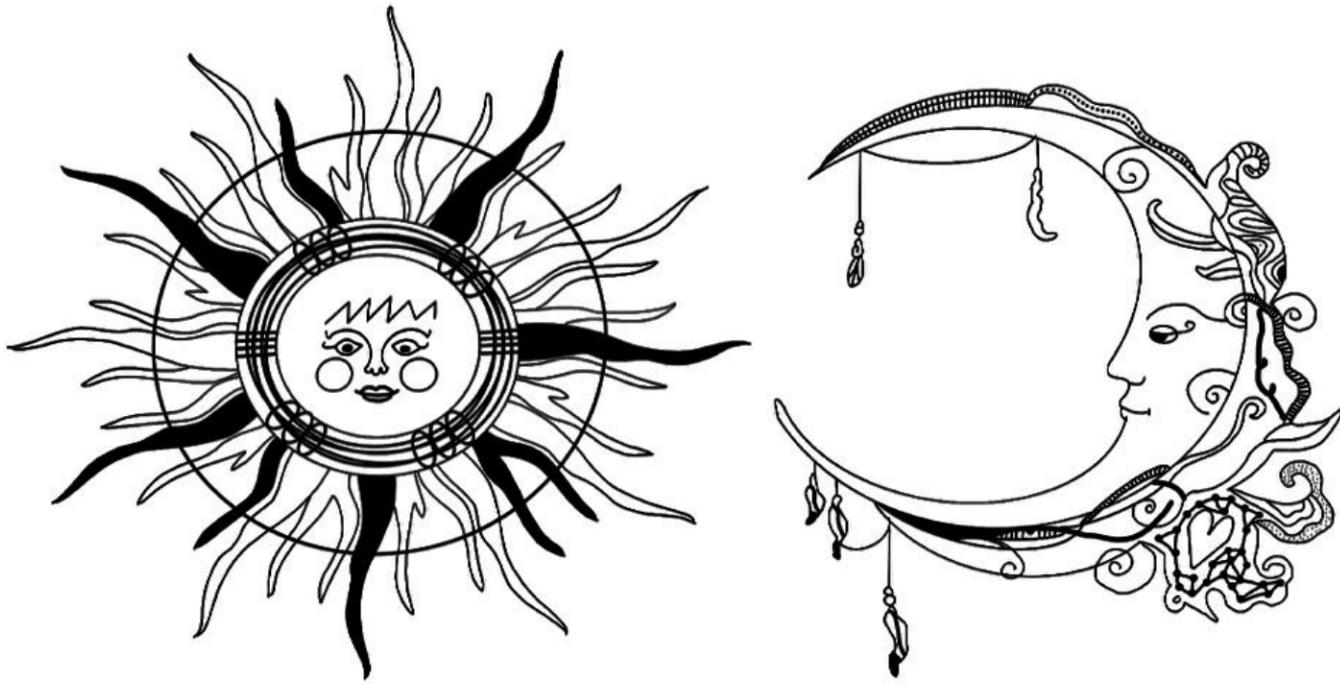
Hot rays redden skin,  
Sweaty, bright, warm happiness,  
Blue skies and sunshine.

Falling down off trees,  
Red, orange, and yellow leaves,  
Sit in useless heaps.

**Olivia Tomelden '25**

## Rain — Elizabeth Melaku '23

I am sitting alone in a house so warm.  
I hear the thunder and notice a storm.  
The rain comes down in special drops,  
and hits the ground with many plops.  
The rain goes down in a pitter-patter,  
and on the ground the water splatters.



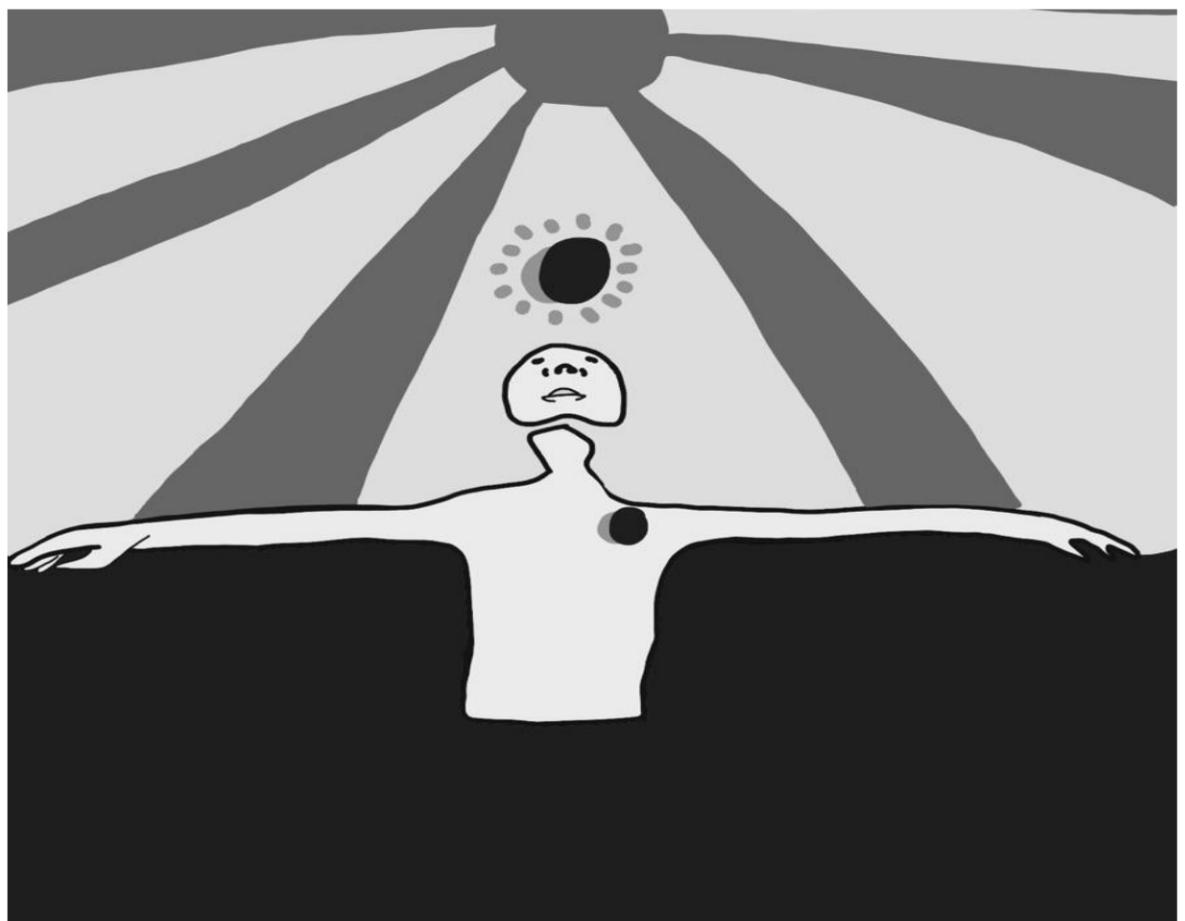
## Peter Chamoun '22

I go outside and breathe the air,  
I am drenched but I do not care.  
The raindrops feel so very fresh,  
and feel so cool on the flesh.

## Sky — Leah Morrison '23

They say that the colors across the sky  
Can appear more spectacular to a person's eye  
When among the clouds they can recognize  
The sight of a familiar smile.

Katherine Zalewski '22



Sunsets are quiet, they do not make noise,  
But their love is as loud as a yelling voice.  
A wonderful answer to a simple prayer,  
Is a beautiful sunset, so you know that God cares.

When I look to the sky I can hear him say  
That he is by my side each and every day.  
From the day God decided it was his time to leave,  
He's shown me all kinds of colors, so I can always see  
That he loves me, and sees me, and hears what I ask,  
And he'll give me the answers before the right time has passed.



Anna Reyes '22

I have always loved sunsets and funny shaped clouds,  
But nothing compares to my love for them now.  
One thing I know for certain that I will now share,  
Is that the sky looks different when someone you love is there.



## **Beginnings — Caleb Altizer**

**Lucas Ruzicka '22**

The brown, barren tips of the trees  
No sign of color, lacking all leaves.  
The weather is cold, the sky filled with white.  
When again will the sun shine bright?  
As this dreary season comes to an end,  
We let our old grudges make amends,  
We leave all our troubles in the past  
As this winter season we surpass.  
The branches are in bloom,  
The smell of flowers as strong as perfume,  
As the temperatures rise,  
And the earth is wrapped with clear skies,  
We begin this new chapter in our lives,  
As the spring season arrives.

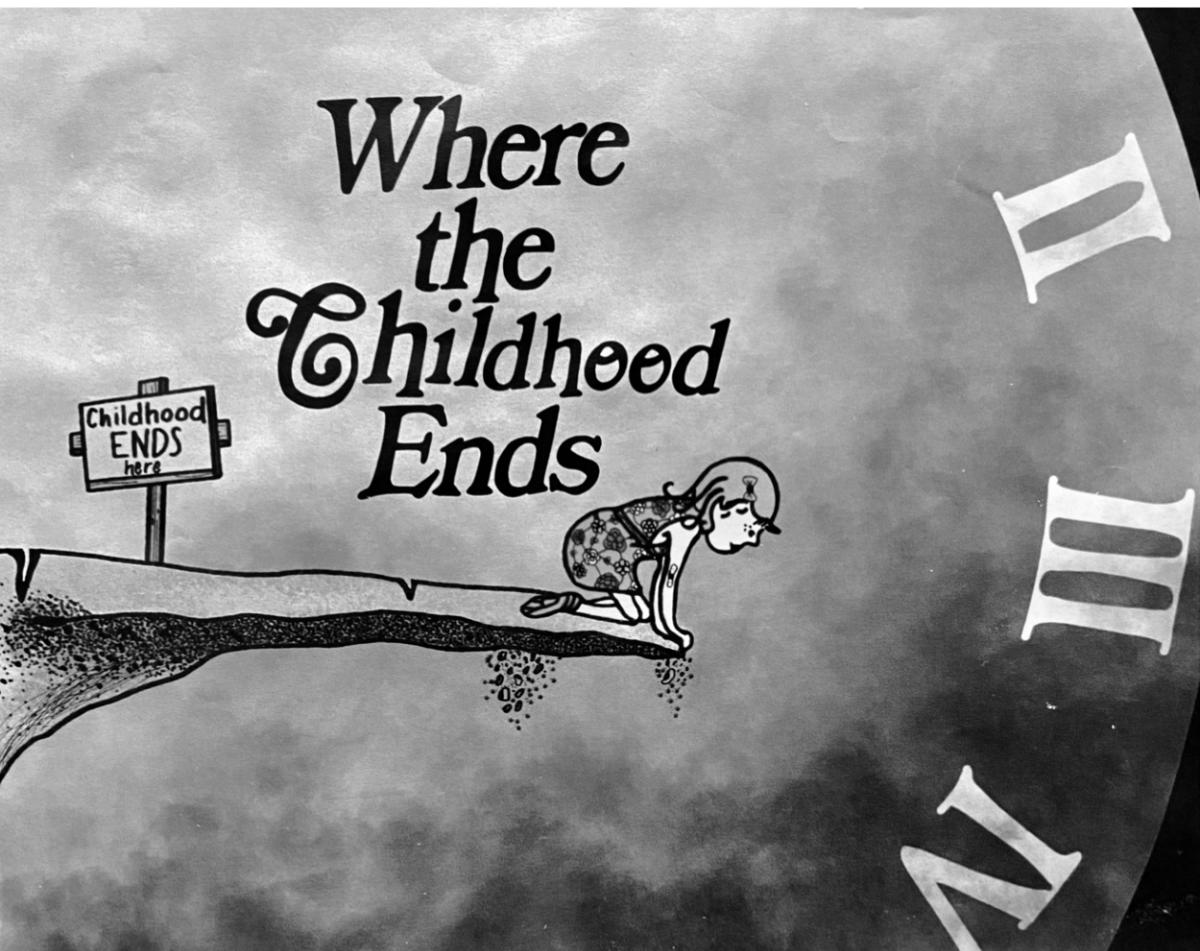
## Royal Tea Party — Olivia Darvish '22

They were princesses having tea. Lifting their dainty and unpolished pinkies into the air, as they gracefully sipped warm apple juice from her mother's china cabinet. The extravagant gowns, luminous pearls, and classical tiaras: dirtied t-shirts, silly bands, and obnoxiously high ponytails. Riding unicorns, fighting dragons, and dancing at balls; adventuring throughout their kingdom made them believe that time was infinite.

"Time to come inside" said the Queen.

Three teacups had shattered, but it was of little significance, for their perfect

kingdom had been overtaken. Each of the princesses replaced their teacups for responsibility, and tiaras for headaches. They realized that time is finite, and never returned to their little kingdom, otherwise known as Childhood.



*Where  
the  
Childhood  
Ends*

Molly Gilgunn '22

## The Carousel — Lauren Conley ‘22

The day was long and wide with the sun eating away at the sky. Juniper, though lackluster in her appearance, was sitting quietly on a bench in The City Park. Fading in and out of her novel, she looked up and saw a dark-haired girl of eight or nine, hitting a blue rubber ball against the playground fence. Next to her at a reasonable distance, a mother stood gossiping about x, y, and z. In time, it would come to pass that x grew out of his stutter, y had ADHD, and z eventually married y. All of this is now irrelevant to the story I am telling.

“I want to go on the carousel. I’m bored,” said the dark-haired girl as she raced toward her mother.

“Not today, Sweetie. I’m busy. Maybe some other time.”

The mother quickly turned away, inhaled her cigarette, and continued her grown-up talk. The girl, as ingenious as she was, exploited her mother’s distraction and took the ruby red wallet out of her mother’s purse. Walking away, she made eye contact with Juniper, saying nothing, showing off her blue rubber ball instead. Curious or concerned, Juniper folded her page, stood up, and followed the girl toward the turning carousel.

The carousel stood in the center of the park like the star jewel of a crown. Because it was warming to the soul, it emulated a sense of familiarity to a passerby, inviting them to come closer. The girl, following that familiarity, trailed behind a gray stroller. Stopping where the line began, the girl finally looked behind her, seeing Juniper a mere foot away.

“You followed me.”

“Yes, I did.”

“I’m really not supposed to talk to strangers, but you don’t count.”

“Oh, really. I don’t think we’ve met before.”

“We have. I saw you on the bench reading. Crazy people don’t read. They drive white vans.”

Juniper couldn't help but smile because, intuitively, she knew it to be true. "Do you like carousels?" Juniper asked within the breath of a laugh.

"I don't know. I've never been on one."

"You should probably go back to your mom to make sure it's okay. You don't want to get in trouble or get hurt."

"My mom never lets me do anything."

"Oh, I see."

The line moved up. Both gave five dollars to the ticket man (though "man" is a term he has not yet matured to) and started looking for their own wooden horse. The carousel's chant sounded, and each horse gradually creaked up and down for a two-minute ride. Then, getting off their noble steed, they saw the girl's mother waiting at the exit. Anger streamed down her cheeks, and she clutched her purse with a similar intensity of a child to its blanket.

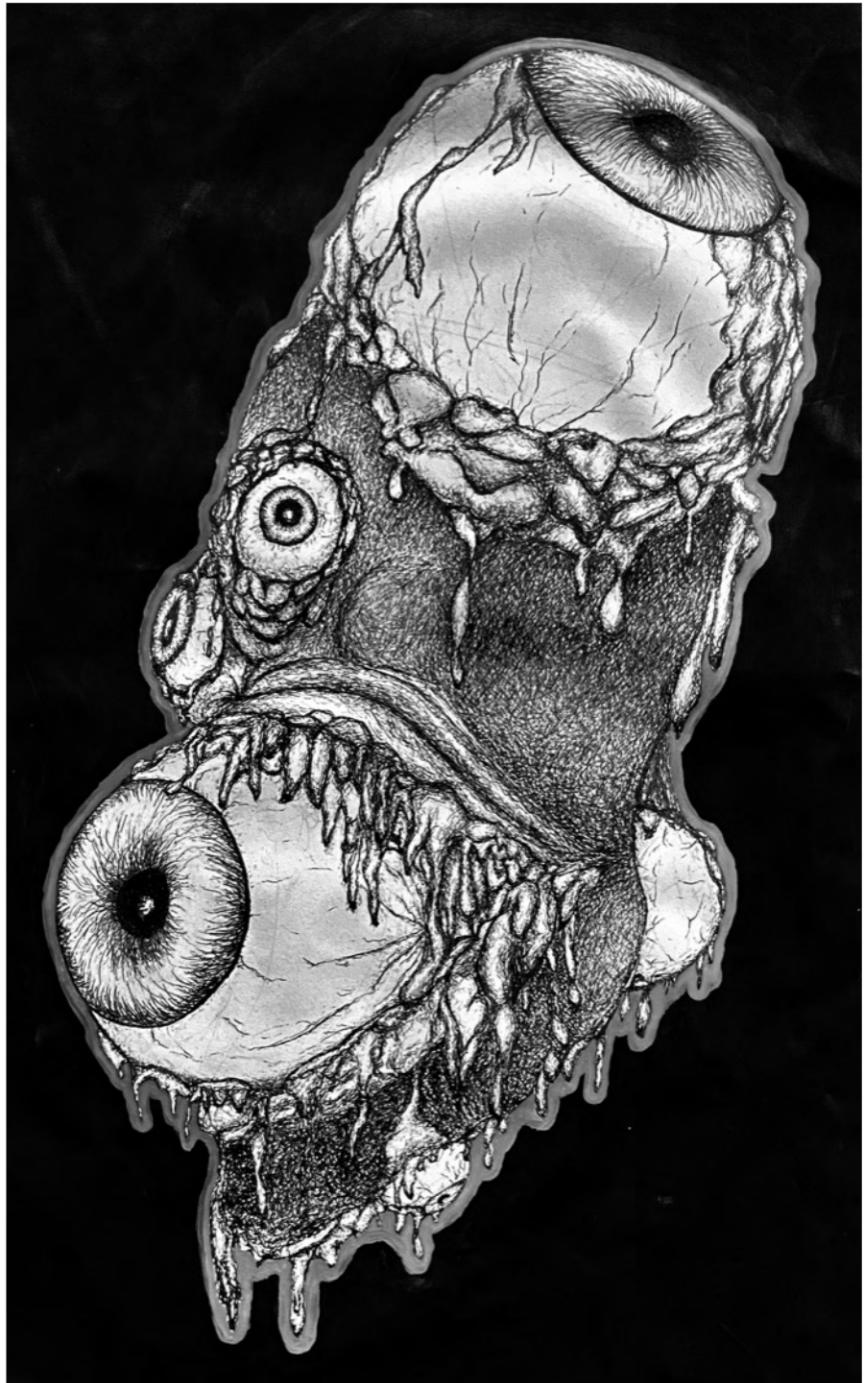
"How could you..." The rest of her sentence couldn't escape her tongue. The mother grabbed her daughter by the shoulder and began to walk away. The daughter's blue rubber ball didn't have the chance to walk away with them.

Juniper found another bench opposite of the merry-go-round and sat down. Opening her book again, she couldn't seem to read. She just kept watching the horses spin, children laugh, and memories made. People are quite funny like that. They look, never really seeing what's directly in front of them. If Juniper truly could see, she would discover the day to be familiar. She would remember her mother's ruby red wallet. She would remember her mother's fleeting attention. She would remember her lost blue rubber ball. Humanity, as my experience has noted, is too fleeting to see.

Juniper's body was found dispersed on the pavement at 2:36 PM on Wednesday, March 16. Death was on impact. She thought her mother would now finally pay attention. She was a living memory (a rather dreary existence) in an

Earthly span of thirty-four years until I, in mercy, revealed myself. And as I saw her soul leave its feeble body, I heard the chorus of a familiar tune—the carousel's chant.

Sometimes when a soul is in pain, it forces me to give it back to a time of peace or something that soul craves to relive, so that they can take my hand and follow me more willingly. For Juniper, it was her first ride on The City Park carousel. Pulling her toward me, I gave her the blue rubber ball she lost all those years ago. She warmed it between her fingers, and I stared at her uncommon affection towards it. Then with a childlike reflex, she dropped the ball and spread out her arms, asking to be lifted up. Carrying her away from the carousel, I brought her into the light as the blue rubber ball bounced to a gradual stop.



Ella Platt '22





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