

2024

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE HIGH SCHOOL
LITERARY MAGAZINE



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Sasha Darlan '25
Lance Egger '24
Sela Farrington '24
Milli Gimer '24
Keira Gomes '24
Alyssa Heard '24
Ivana Lopes '26
Aziza Pilcher '26
Sasha Plummer '27
Christiana Prout '24
Keiko Queen '25
Chase Ray '26
Addison Schmitz '27
Mary Temam '24
Laura Valentini '26
Sophia Weise '24
Phoenix White '26

Front Cover

Isabella Amador '25

Back Cover

Milli Gimer '24

Merry Go Rounds

- by Victoria Faison '27

Round and round and round we go,
Memories begin to unfold,
Laughter and smiles, sadness too,
Glimpses of happiness come about to you.
Who would know what this joy ride would bring?
Up and down, up and down,
The highs the lows,
This ride still gives you joy,
Even though you aren't so little anymore.
This ride is round, it has no end,
Friends and love will come around too.
This ride is free and it's not going anywhere
Just try and hold on as long as you can.



Christiana Prout '24

Sophia Weise '24



The Roots - by Sean Howard '24

I went to the forest
and no one remembered you,
not even the trees and the wind.
The carved initials on their bark
were just letters.
To a passerby it was hope.
The trees didn't leave,
they didn't want to move on.
They were given no other choice,
but to forget.

that time - by Ben Osuala '24

the grass is green,
the flowers are growing,
the skies are clear,
the birds are chirping.

the air is pure,
the green is glistening,
the weather is perfect,
my soul is flourishing.

the calm has returned,
the peace no longer in hiding,
the season of purity,
all life is thriving.

we request the presence of God,
we hear the church bells ring,
when the praise is the highest,
when the choir starts to sing.

when we ask for modern miracles,
when we look for the works of the King,
when we ask for perfection,
the answer has always been spring.

Keira Gomes '24



Ode to '28 - by Alex Provencher '24

Back in the day, when I was you,
There were a few things that I wish I knew.
Don't be shy, there's nothing to fear,
In the blink of an eye, it'll be senior year.

If I could go back to try once more,
If I could go back I'd open the door,
I would take risks and be more outgoing,
The sweater of life will always be sowing.

Freshman year seems like yesterday, so cherish the time,
Life is a mountain and you're destined to climb.
Climb to the top and never look down,
Only a matter of time until you're in a cap and gown.

Make new friends and hold them close,
These are the people you'll miss the most.
Don't be discouraged, don't settle for second,
Give it your all and be forever a legend.

Though a new chapter lies ahead,
Don't put old dreams to bed.
Remember your dreams, remember who you are,
As scary as it seems, you're destined to be a star.

Just some things I wish someone told me,
To live my life, and to live it boldly.
Now only you can decide your fate,
Good luck, Class of 2028.

"ንή" – by Mary Temam '24

/ne-sah-ah/ origin: Tigrinya

referring to women, also known as "she"

She who is...

pure and rare.

intelligent and aware.

the keeper of life.

diligent and bright.

unappreciated and rebuked.

ignored and hated by society,

yet chooses to show light in the calamity.

so eloquent and graceful

while portraying the might and firmness of an eagle.

me and she who is you.

the maker of the one reading this jewel.

a puissant word consisting of three letters and one syllable.

ንή, a simple word indeed yet ironically attaining

the meaning of the most powerful living being.

(above) Chase Ray '26

(left) Mary Temam '24



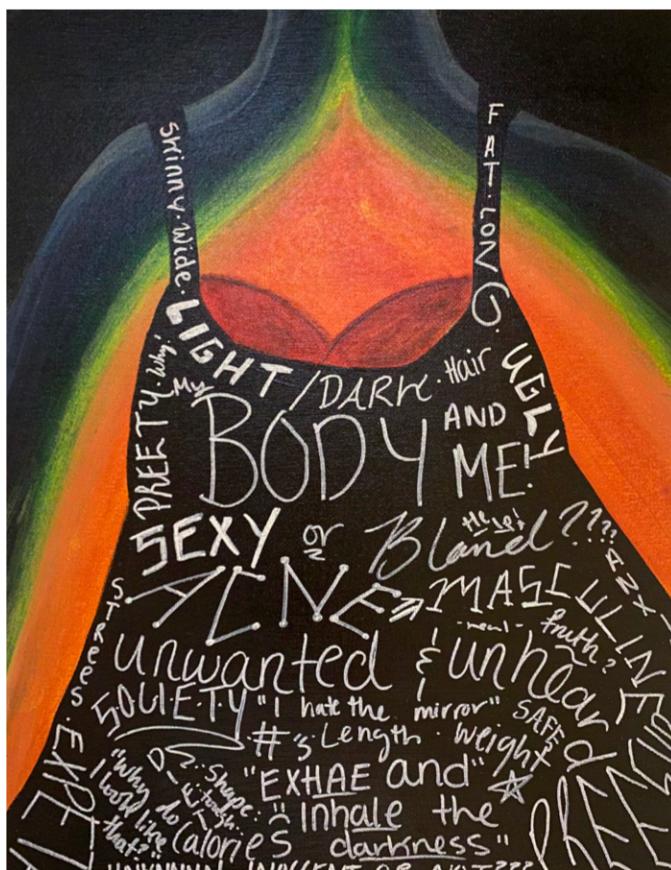
Me. - by Alina Carlson '25

I am a tree
Sturdy and strong
But to you I am nothing but a song;
You enjoy the words you give to me,
And not the words I wish to be.

My leaves stick out every which way
Where you think dainty petals should lay.
I like my fray,
Why should I be another in your bouquet?

My trunk too long,
My bark rough,
My leaves wither in the summer sun
I wonder, am I enough?

I am not a tree
Nor a dainty dandelion
I am not what you want me to be
I am just me.





Aziza Pilcher '26

Thrills of Halloween - by Allie Johnson '24

As the leaves, red and yellow, begin tumbling down,
The air gets colder, and the sun's rays begin to frown.
But the children are blissful and long for Halloween,
Costumes, chills, and candy create a magical thrilling scene.
"Trick or treat," the many children exclaim,
As they go from door to door, their excitement aflame.
The moon begins to rise and reveal an eerie glow,
It sets the stage for a haunting show.
Ghosts, ghouls, goblins, and witches all emerge,
Which cause the children to run away, scream, and diverge!
The thrill of Halloween sets their spirits free.
As they embrace the fright, their spirits ignite
With Halloween glee!



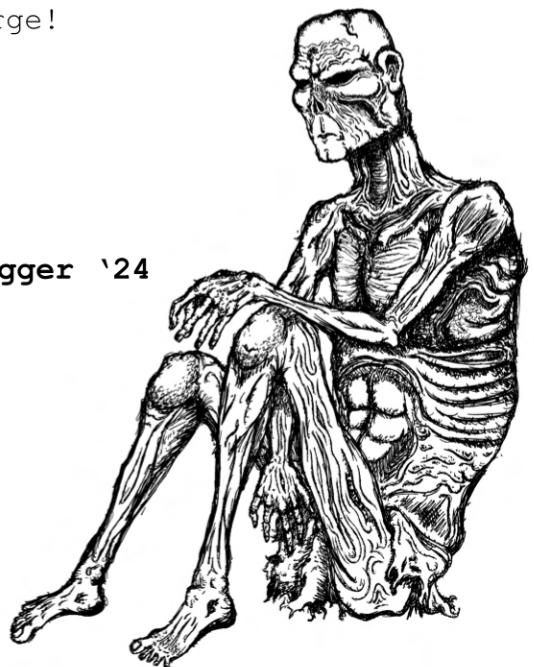
Milli Gimer '24

The Circle

- by McKenna Merz '24

Leaves fall,
Colors many.
Warmth of a shawl,
Season of plenty.
Hot cocoa so soon!
Blanket cocoon.
Spooky season now,
Soon a snow plow.
Ode to spring,
How I miss you
Birds sing,
Pink flower hue.
Summer next,
What to expect?
Fall once again,
The cycle never ends.

Lance Egger '24



Essential Satellites
- by Tyler Fay '24

The sky is no longer the limit,
the earth is no longer the boundary,
the mind is the means,
the journey is the passion,
the stars are the guide posts,
the satellites are the
communicators,
the dreams are our way,
the new frontier is awaiting us.



Rosalind Bender '26

Sela Farrington '24

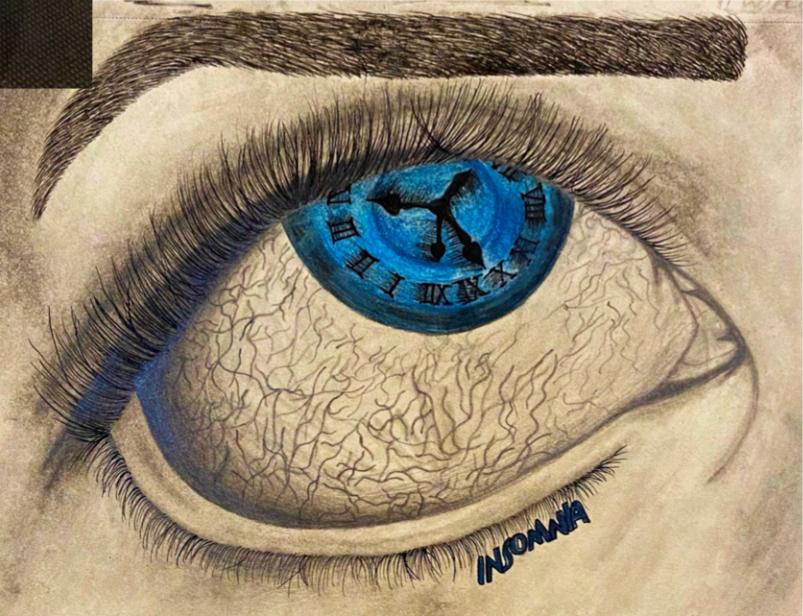
God Is a Mystery
- by Daisy Overmyer '24

God is a mystery.
"God is beyond anything we can box into a category"
He himself invented and is history.
He created all that is good and knows us and our story.

We should "love sinners more and sins less"
We shall love every person because they are made by Him
Even with their imperfections and halting mess.
He is even nature, from leaf to leaf, to every limb.

He is truly beyond our grasp
He is everything.
This might be scary, but fear not, don't hide behind a mask
He is our Lord, our protector, our King.

If you can't see Him just look far or near,
Every place, any hour, everywhere.



*Inspired by: Sandra Schneiders, "Taking Nature Images of God More Seriously" and
St. Thomas Aquinas, "God Creating Good vs Evil"*

The Pink Tax - by Claire Hart '26

The color pink is not a crime,
But we are punished for our femininity.
Why is it that a tie can cost a dime,
But a bow costs \$2.50?

It is like we are on an island
That we never can escape,
We try so hard,
But all they do is take.

We search for equality
We hope someday we can find,
We need people to know
The color pink is not a crime.



days after days - by Caroline Compagnone '27

what does it mean to be a woman?
the mornings where your mascara holds well.
the days where crying seems like the only option.
the evenings when that boy texts you back.
the days you were fighting for the right to speak.
the afternoons you spend all your money at the mall.
the days where you come second in the world.
what does it mean to be a woman?



Alyssa Heard '24

Marenna Clark '25

(next page)

(top left)

Phoenix White '26

(top right)

Sasha Plummer '27

(bottom)

Molly Beck '24

SJC Buffalo Chicken Wrap

- by Eduardo Zavarce '24

In the SJC cafe, I take a seat.

A buffalo chicken wrap, I'll defeat.

Spicy and tender, in a tortilla's embrace.

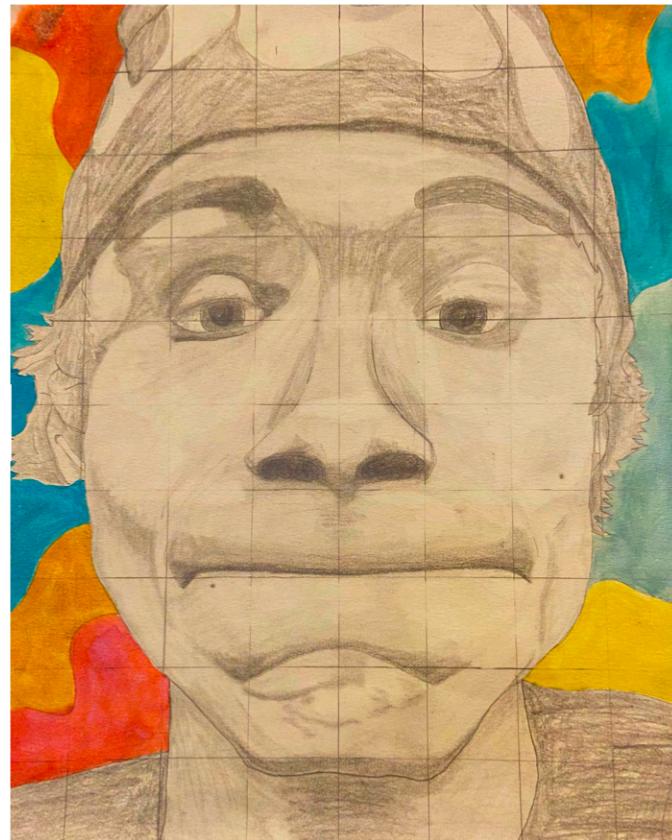
Flavors pirouette on my tongue, a delicious taste.

The zesty, spicy blend of the crisp chicken,

My eager taste buds begin to thicken.

With each delicious munch, I start to grasp

A wonderful flavor, the buffalo chicken wrap.



Rafferty Bankert '27

The School Known as SJC

- by Jawanna Onuoha '25

I look up to the sky, what do I see?

Flocks of birds, flying over me.

Father God, please bless me in SJC

In Your Presence Lord, that's where I want to be.

Why bother being filled with anger and hostility?

Keiko Queen '25

All that I want is for others to see

The wonderful work that You've started in me

In the school known as SJC.

Don't know where on earth on I'd be

Without such a supportive community

Every single day, I am filled with glee

In the school known as SJC.

From my past, I know I'm free

God Himself dwells within me.

Can't wait for everyone around to see

The wonderful work that You've started in me

In the school known as SJC!





Senseless - by John Teter '24

We figured out a way to have our creation
see, smell, hear, taste, and touch
much better than us.

But to see without love is blind,
To smell without love is inept,
To hear without love lacks art,
To taste without love is contradictory,
To touch without love is cold.

We hope to fix its programming soon.

Victoria Andrade '24

Paxon Cooper-Berthe '25

Forever King - by Jetson Bonilla '27

Julius Caesar, great ruler of Rome,
Conquering lands and stories left untold.
A leader so bold, feared by many,
His power and legacy shown as plenty.

But by betrayal, his reign was made short,
Betrayed by his own friends in a terrible court.
His name immortalized in history for long,
Forever remembered, forever strong.

Despite his fall, his legacy lives on,
In stories of victory and things done.
Julius Caesar, a man of crazy might,
Forever shining in the history's light.





The Traveller - by Tim Giles '24

I am the traveller,
I have journeyed the earth.
I have been journeying since my birth.
I have sailed the seven seas,
I have seen giants bigger than trees,
(I could only reach to their knees).
I have seen the monstrous frights,
Lurking and plotting in the night,
(Be careful, they definitely bite).
I have seen the creatures of the deep,
Who hunt all day and never sleep,
(If you ask me, a bunch of creeps).
I have seen things with nine eyes,
With two tongues and spiked thighs,
(I've heard one of them even flies).
I am the traveller,
I have viewed all the views,
From crazy to mundane,
I have still not seen you.



(top left) **Ava Boza '26**

Molly Beck '24

An Hour of Nostalgia

- by Corine Lynett '24

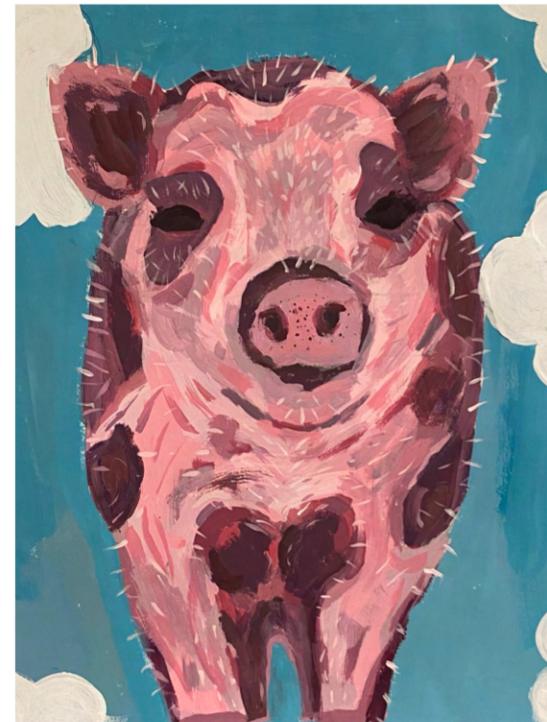
It's 8pm and there is not care in the world,
As the lingering rays of sun bounce off the endless ocean,
Everything escapes my mind.

Yet suddenly, the path ahead of me is long,
the waves ebbing, my childhood is a distant memory.

It's 9pm and there is not a care in the world.

The Athlete - Ariel Rodriguez '27

We find our stage in the fields where dreams come true.
Our performance so magical it seemed like we flew.
Above the clear blue sky, our hearts will soar.
As cleats meet the earth, we want more.
In rhythmic dance, we chase the ball's embrace,
Each touch a tale of skill, of hope, of grace.
Through chants and cheers, the crowd's passionate call,
We weave our symphony, all together, standing tall.
From goal to goal, the stage we roam,
In every pass, a promise to our home.
We paint our legacy with sweat and tears,
Adjusting our tactics as we switch our pairs.
As the clock begins to tick, our hearts beat as one,
In every tackle, battles are fought and won.
A triumphant yell follows each goal,
We discover our essence as we take control.
Athletes march on a field where passion reigns and ambitions ignite.
Every step they take is a witness and purpose to fight.
Every breath is a story waiting to be told.
A tale of bravery and boldness as we attempt to win the gold.
Beneath the sun's glowing rays, we claim the grounds,
In every stride, only determination resounds.
With muscles flexed, and minds as sharp as steel,
We push beyond, to test what we can feel.
In every leap, we reach for new heights,
Through sweat and pain, we chase the brightest lights.
With every kick, we write our legacy,
In every jump, we find our destiny.
The stands may roar, with passion and with might,
But in our hearts, we own the silent fight.
For in this game, where dreams and skill collide,
The athlete's spirit soars, forever side by side.
As the final whistle blows, the crowd jumps,
in victory or defeat, our journey had its bumps.
But in the end, what matters most is not the score we defend
but rather our passionate devotion for the never ending game.



Addison Schmitz '27

Arise - by Izzy Dominski '24

With every sunrise is a chance to renew
An opportunity to do something new.
The past may linger, a shadow's embrace
But with new beginnings, it can erase.

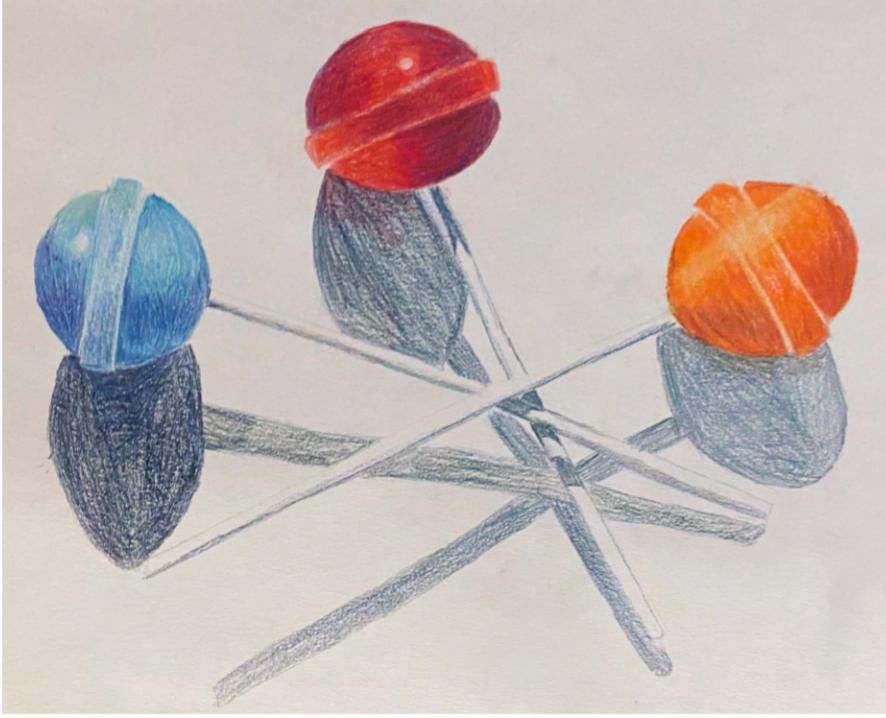
Instead leave behind your fears
And enjoy your future years.
Each day is waiting to be told
So treasure this like gold.

Do not hide away, and be lead astray
Instead, choose to seize the day.
Create a life that colorful and true
One that can only fit you.

Your journey may be unknown
But during it you will have grown.
So embrace your path, with a heart full of grace
And in new beginnings, you will find your place.

Morgan Campbell '24





The Art of Family

- by Gigi Ghatt '26

The canvas looked the same

Devoid of color or picture.

The artist stares in shame

Of what to paint, unsure.

All the colors blurred to gray

Only within the artist's mind.

Uninspired thoughts did stay,

A new idea he could not find.

Katherine Aquino '27

Home to his joyful child girl,
With her, the artist's eyes brightened,
And color returned with a whirl,
The artist's creativeness was heightened.

Thus was the tale of the season,
Of the artist who had it all to prove.
His daughter solely was the reason
The artist gained his new groove.

Sasha Darlan '25 17



Modern Pilgrimage - by Adrian Bonilla '24

It was on a winter dusk, when I found myself there,
a merciless chill which bowed to none.

It was on these nights, that lack of sun,
that death would capture those unaware.

Yet, we stood, well and unharmed,
thanks to the aircraft which housed us all.

Westbound, she was,
and along with her, a beggar, who sat amongst the finest leather.
Who would have been frozen, or dead from this weather.

She must've been younger than her fellow passengers,
except, no older than myself.

She wasn't the type to dress in silk, nor fur.

There was a distinction in the air,
for her aura was not that of a wealthy lady
nor one who can afford the fare.

Weeks prior, she had saved enough scraps,
and this was a dream come true, perhaps.

And it was by divinity,
or some omen by the Lord and His Trinity,
that the beggar cradled a child in her arms.

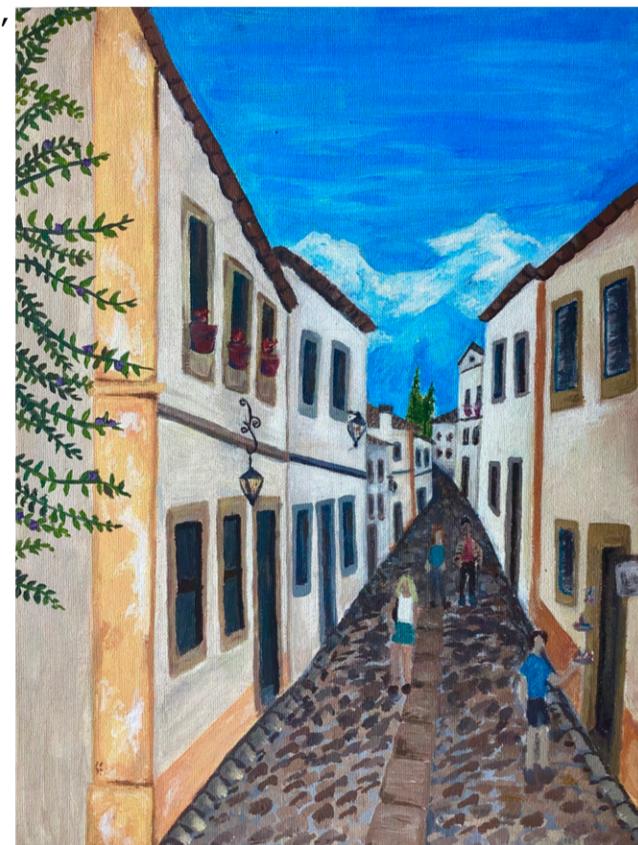
And it was a great shame,
that instead of an alarm,
we'd been awakened by its boarding of the plane.

It was wrapped in thin cloth, the babe.

And for the great sin of bringing an infant on the flight,
not many forgave.

Next to the poor lady and her baby sat a trader.

Who, without wasting a second,
opened his laptop to attend to his emails.
They must have been quite important, I reckon
for he claimed his work consisted of simple sales.



Ivana Lopes '26

Or, was it dishonesty,
that dressed the man?
Claiming a person of modesty,
with his grand suit fitted,
surely, there was 'no rest for the wicked.'

And in the row behind them,
flew a student,
who, out of habit, remained awake,
and although it was nearly daybreak,
drank his cup of coffee
westbound, he was, leaving his posse.
His eyelids drooped every now and then,
similar to the clothes around his skin.
However, he was better off than most men,
if it hadn't been for the debt he was in.

With him, a doctor,
which, unlike the others,
took her time to get comfortable.
She had been sleeping since we came from the terminal,
and had bags under her eyes like an owl.
So while her breaths were light,
she always kept her work in sight.
Not far from saint-like,
oblivious when the next patient might strike.

And perhaps the most brave of the group,
was the pilot,
though, his homeland was cursed with strife,
and many, striped of their life,
stood with metal wings on his chest.
All of our lives were warlike.
Tonight, this flight was going west.
Maybe that's what we all had alike.



Isabella Amador '25

Remember the Determination - by Andrew Dang '24

In February's embrace, we honor the past,
Black History Month, a time to reflect,
On struggles faced, resilience steadfast,
Inspirations rise, stories to dissect.

From fields of oppression, voices arose,
Defiant and strong, they forged their own way,
Through trials and tribulations, they chose
To stand tall, undeterred, come what may.

From Harriet's courage to Martin's dream,
To Maya's words that still resonate clear,
Their legacies shine, a timeless stream,
Guiding us forward, dispelling fear.

In February's light, we celebrate.
The triumphs of a people, are never late.

Meredith Crowell '27





Laura Valentini '26

VROOM – by Jack Fabiano '27

In metal frames they dance upon the roads;
Their engines hum a symphony of might.
Through city streets where stories they've bestowed,
Each journey made a tale of day and night.

With wheels as swift as thoughts in lovers' dreams,
They glide through curves, a graceful, artful feat.
In polished sheen they catch the sun's bright beam;
their elegance a spectacle to meet.

Yet underneath the hood a heart beats strong,
a throbbing pulse of power and of fire.
Their roar a chorus in the traffic's song,
As they fulfill their destined grand desire.

Oh cars, you chariots of modern age,
You carry us through life's unending stage.

Victoria Andrade '24

The sun

hung

lazily in

the sky,

with its

golden

rays

shining on

the garden

with a

warm glow.

The air

was filled

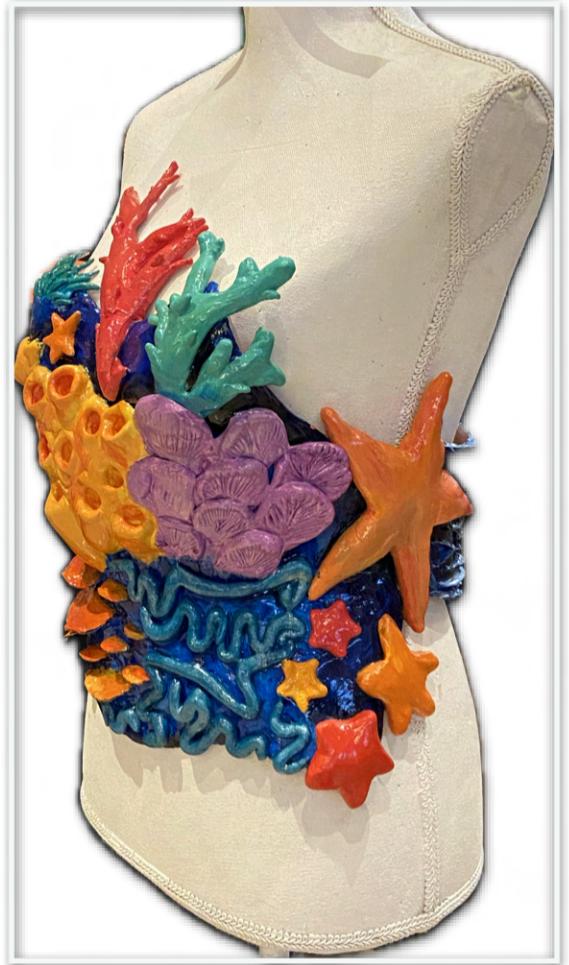
with the



fragrance of flowers, with an array of colors displayed in the gentle breeze. As he wandered through the garden's winding paths, Mark felt a sense of calm wash over him. Surrounded by nature's beauty, he let his worries slip away, focusing instead on the colorful world around him. He stumbled across a pond, and saw its surface shimmering with reflections of the surrounding area. Lily pads floated on the water, their pure white flowers blending with the deep green leaves. Lost in the beauty of the moment, Mark sat on a nearby bench, closing his eyes and listening to the soft rustle of leaves overhead. Time seemed to pause as he engaged in the

peacefulness of his surroundings. As the sun began to set, casting long shadows across the garden, Mark immediately rose from his seat. With a contented sigh, he turned and made his way back through the garden, carrying with him the memory of a perfect afternoon spent in the arms of nature.

Andrea Ciconte '24



Prologue to novella: "Plot 13" – by Olivia Del Rosario '24

Sooted hands grip a stone, cold handle. Dust clouds are sown into his cap and his once blue denim jeans. Sparsely separated blades of grass poked their tips to the moon. The paling light dips around the rocky ground, only to be overtaken by voids, hand dug. Drystan wipes the salt from his brow and raises his stiff body. The chilled air, as if from the god of the north winds, Boreas himself, whistles past his fabric layers and sends shivers down his spine. He leans on the rusting shovel, puffing ghostly air into the cold night.

"Are you almost done with plot 13?" A scratchy voice splits the silence. "It's almost half past twelve!"

Drystan wearily faces the direction the scratch came from. Dull, dusty blue eyes belonging to a moonlit figure stare across the yard back at him:

Jan, who kicks the newly made pile of dirt.

"No" he sighs, "I have been running into too many stones."

Jan sits with his back to broken marble. Perhaps once white and gleaming, the marble is left grey, cracked and crumbling. He pulls his cap over his face and crosses his arm. Drystan rolls his



Ivana Lopes '26

eyes. He could not scold Jan because he was

volunteering his time to be with Drystan. Jan was the same as when they both lived on 12th street with its uneven cobblestone and feral cats.

Always looking out for Drystan and taking him on new adventures. Drystan liked to think they were inseparable.

Back when they could run without care and feast on oven roasted ham on cold winter nights.

Back when things were simple. Back when...Drystan shut his eyes. Those thoughts were not worth the trip down memory lane.



Chase Ray '26

Jan let out a cough from his sawdust throat. "Drystan," he said in a whisper, "go back to digging now".

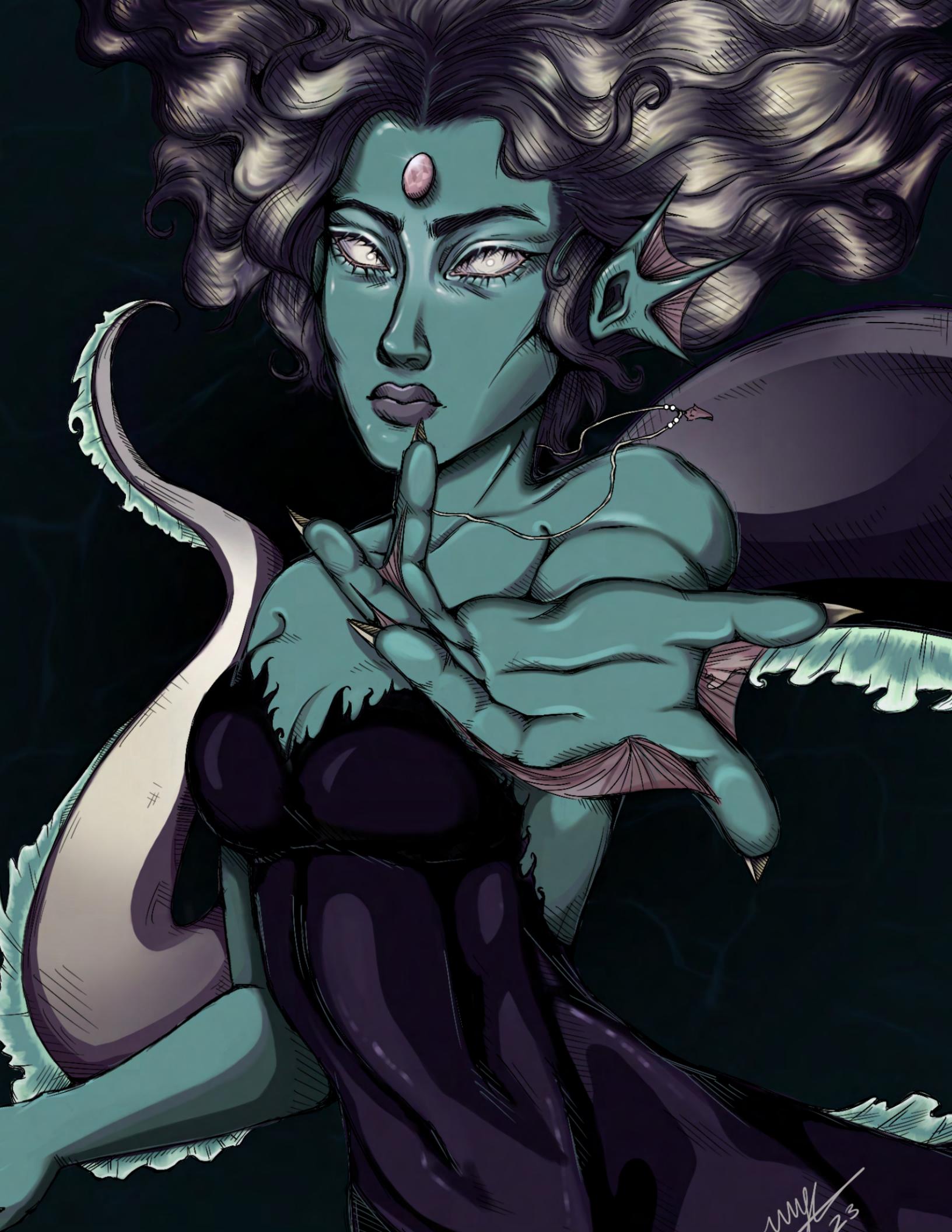
Sooted hands returned to the stone-cold handle. Dirt was



Isabella Amador '25

with his best friend? The third reason was, he stopped. No, the third reason, Drystan frowned. He was sure there was a third reason. It would come to him later.

heaved into the air and loosely rained down, forming a new pile. He only signed up for this job for three reasons, or at least that is what Drystan told himself. The first reason, the money. His pockets were practically dragging under the weight of nothing. The second reason, he could not deny Jan and his great find. How could he say no to a well-paying job



MKF 23