

Puppy Poem

By Ariana Berry

Pushing a puppy, cradled as lovely mother's embrace

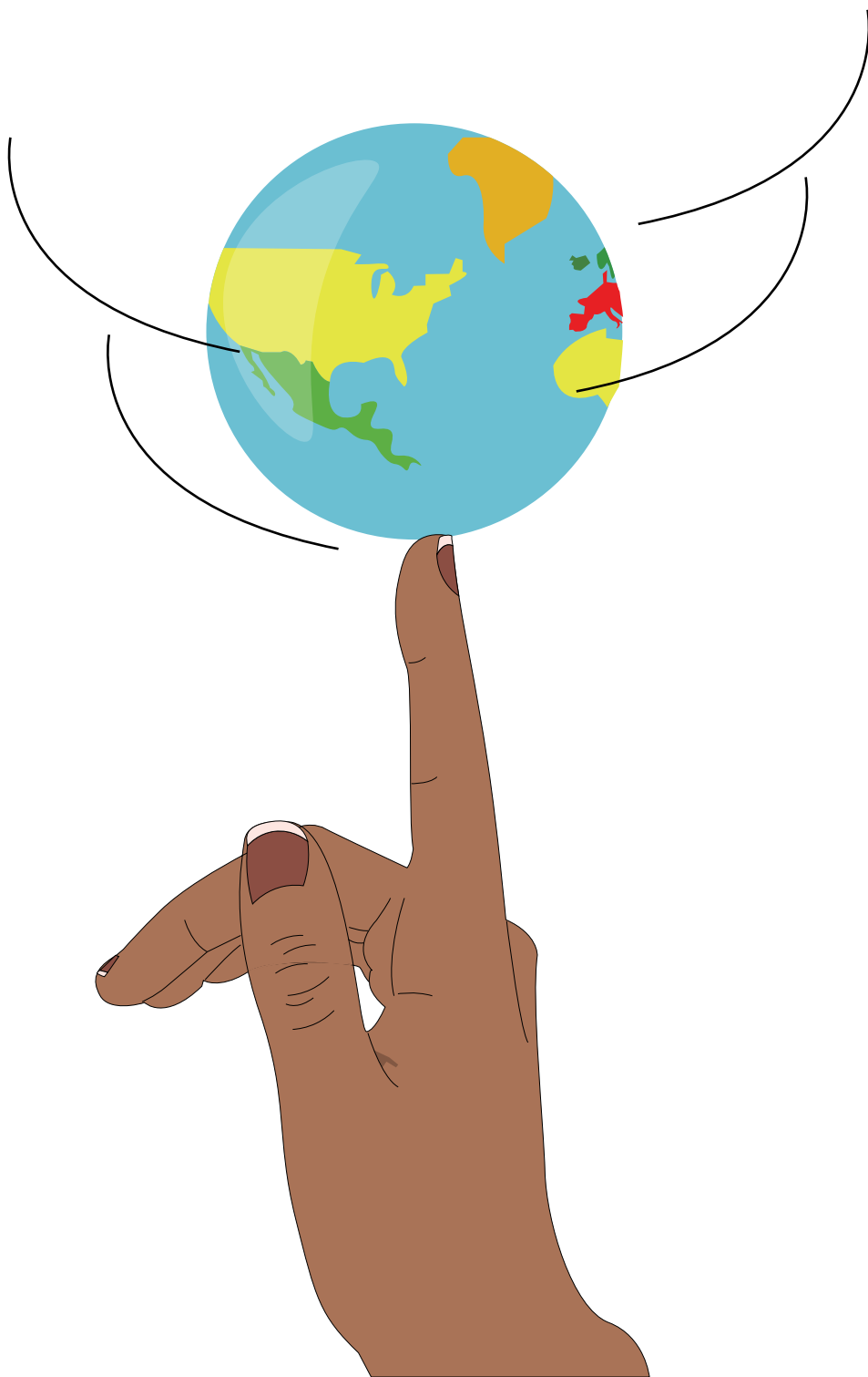
Love allures, through the smiles and thrills, satisfying the puppy's face

A beautiful black coat floating down the puppy's back like a boat in a summer night's sky

Love lingers through my body as I gaze at this puppy with a warmth that caresses me.



Stefanie Galarza



Stefanie Galarza

9 Billion Years

By Samuel Delcollo '21

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|---|---------------------------------|--|
| In the present moment | know everything is great But what if in 9 billion years No one remembers me and Kate? | 1,000,000,000 years from now | When the Oceans become dry Will the Universe remember How much of my heart she occupied |
| 100 years from now | After I've been dead for a while What if the world forgets How much she made me smile | 7,000,000,000 years from now | When the stars begin to burst Will the Universe remember She made me feel love first |
| 1000 years from now | After our generation fades away What if the world forgets How she always made my day | 8,000,000,000 years from now | When the last atoms have Scattered Will the universe even care About how much to me she mattered |
| 10,000 years from now | As society begins to fall What if the world forgets How her gifts made me want to bawl | 9,000,000,000 years from now | When the Universe has gone blank I'll look back and only remember being happy and for that I'll have Kate Roche to thank. |
| 1,000,000 years from now | When the last trees can't stand Will the Universe remember How I felt when she held my hand | | |

French Poem

By Andres Machin 21'

Je vois comme me fuit le temps comme le sable,
Entraîné par l'univers toujours implacable
Par la mer profonde, que l'on y traverse
À la même fin toujours, mais je suis encore averse.

Tout me paraît si incontrôlable
Est-ce que la vie, qui nous semble tant violable,
Nous allons tous passer, peut-être un vrai fait?
Peut-être le seul fait, dans cette portrait
Que le miroir me montre, auquel
Toujours je me trouve à son encontre

Mais est-il vraiment un grand douleur
Si nous tous sommes témoins à ce cruel voleur ?
Cependant, j'accueille encore le soleil
Que dans cette vie rien n'est pareil,
Que me brille, me remplissant avec joie,
Est-elle une telle surprise que l'on si puisse croire
qu'après de la vie mon âme passera
à cet endroit où vivrons et jamais mourra?

Là je te verrai et son lueur brillera
et la présence de Jésus jamais foncera

*I see time flee from me like sand on the
beach. Dragged by the always relentless
Through the deep sea, which one traverses
Always to the same end, but to which
I am still averse. It all seems so out of
seem to us so true?*

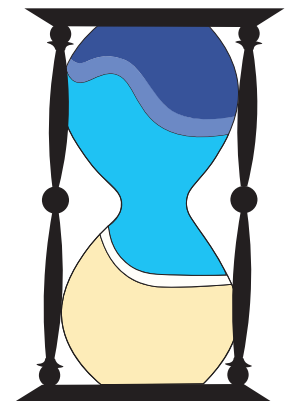
*Violable, Can pass by us in
a on second, is it in this portrait.
That a mirror shows me, to which
I always find myself. But is this pain
If we are all a witness to it together? However,
I still welcome the sun To which nothing in life
can be compared, Which shines on me and
welcomes me with joy Is it such a surprise that one
can believe. That after this life my soul will pass on*

*To that place where we live and never die? There I
will see you and the light will shine.
And the presence of Christ will never darken.*

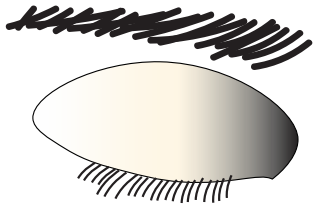
I see time flee from me like sand on the beach
Dragged by the always relentless universe
Through the deep sea, which one traverses
Always to the same end, but to which I am still
averse. It all seems so out of touch
Is it that our lives, which seem to us so violable,
Can pass by us in a second, is it true?
Maybe it's the only truth, in this portrait
That a mirror shows me, to which
I always find myself.

But is this pain really that much
If we are all a witness to it together?
However, I still welcome the sun
To which nothing in life can be compared,
Which shines on me and welcomes me with joy
Is it such a surprise that one can believe
That after this life my soul will pass on
To that place where we live and never die?

There I will see you and the light will shine
And the presence of Christ will never darken.



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Week By Week

By Crystal Roldan '23

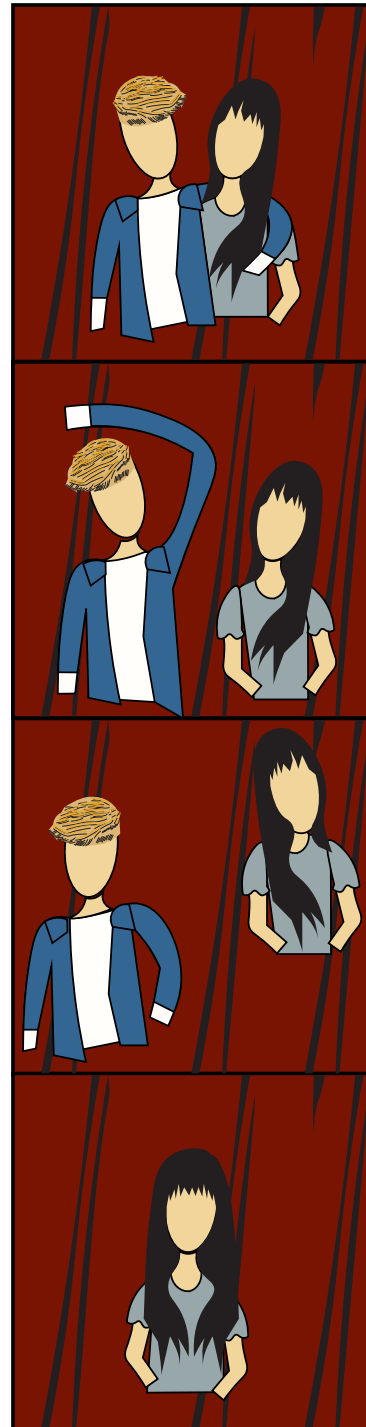
Week 1, positive, with no taste and no smell.
You hold me tight and say it's okay, like you do so well.
My head hurts and my throat is aching.
You tell me to do the dishes, but my body is shaking.

Week 2, day by day, you start to skip class.
Somehow this is my fault—what's with all the sass?
I comfort you, I go out of my way,
But you start to yell at me, just please go away.

Week 3, we fight, about who knows what.
I'm sick, I have to stay, so I slam the door shut.
Stuck in the same house, there's nowhere to go.
You victimize, you blame, and I can't say no.

Week 4, we're negative, we can finally be free—
But why do you still want to fight with me?
I'm leaving, you have issues, there are tears in my iris.
Were you always like this? Or is it the virus?

Week 5, unexpected, you call and say "this is your fault!"
My laugh is contagious, "you were like this from the start."
I didn't get us sick, there's no one to blame,
But I know how this works, and I'm ending this game.



Stefanie Galarza

Immaterially Invaluable

by Dominick Mastrodonato '20

Reflect and introspect now.

Focus on your mind and use these words as a thought guide.

Consider whomever or whatever you hold dear and memories you want to preserve.

Let the thoughts be as they may come.

Think without overthinking.

What affects one of us affects all of us, yes.

However your experience has been, we all have suffered and will suffer in the long run from Covid-19.

Hope in and with solidarity is key to rising up and out.

What you want and imagine might be another's dream too.

Is it true that we often think about things for reasons of self-interest?

No shame in that. The nourishment and sustainability of the planet is in both the universal and particular interest.

You may be quite optimistic about the future of the global population during the pandemic or you may be outright pessimistic or somewhere in between.

For imagination's sake, let's explore the pessimistic side.

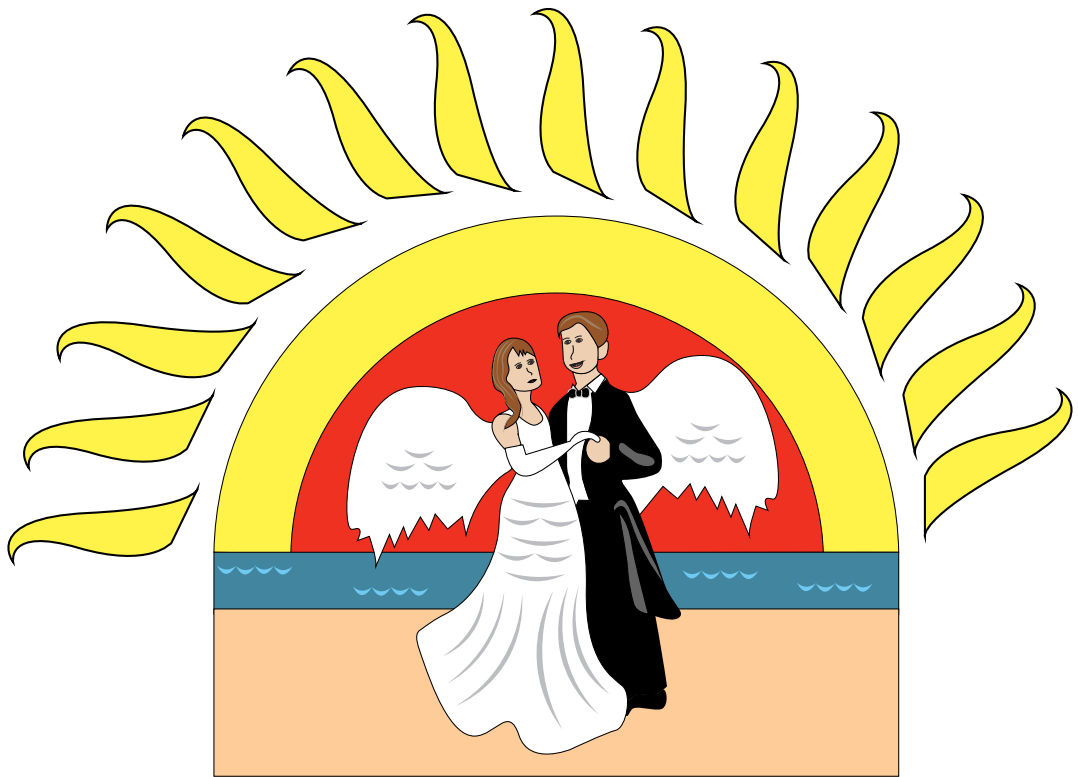
We are all going to die. Even without Covid-19, climate change, poverty, violence, it is factual. Let's also say that you will personally die from this virus or at least in its pandemic. Bear with me.

Make every second count. What's your happiest memory? Where did it happen?

When we die, I believe that there will be an intermediary limbo in which we will be free to briefly revisit the places that were dear to us on earth before we see God and reunite with our loved ones.

There's a joyous sense of hope when we're in a place, perhaps multiple times; begin to feel like it means something and we will remember it forever wonderfully.

I believe what I've written here to be true and I share it with you for my own interest and yours. Hopefully, it will give you some solace and even confidence because when you begin to react positively, you begin to act positively, rippling that attitude to others and ultimately finding the immortality of your spirit. Think without overthinking.



Stefanie Galarza