

The Mirror



Eleventh Edition
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Foreword from the Editor-in-Chief

I love St. Francis Day and the energy of Homecoming week, but my favorite St. Francis tradition is often overlooked: the first day of school. Yes, it's hard to wake up with the sun after a summer spent sleeping in, but I love watching friends reunited after months apart. Even though most of the student population is wishing they were still asleep, there's something magical about watching the hugs and screamed greetings.

My first day of St. Francis as a freshman was overwhelming. The halls felt like a maze I'd never quite solve, and I only recognized a few faces in the horde of students.

As a senior, my first day returning to campus was a far different experience: I greeted all of my friends with an embrace and an onslaught of questions about how their summer had gone. Arriving on campus felt like coming home, and girls that had been strangers when I was a freshman were now familiar. As I walked to A block, I realized how much my perspective changed over four years.

~Kate Fernandez

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He Who Stands Above All

Alyssa Appel

He stands above all
Still hard is his fall
He set himself apart
Never bothering to open his heart

Mighty is his call
And the loneliness only a “minor” part
He tells himself the entire long haul
Connection will only make him weak, vulnerable

He doesn't realize it hurts him
He is a boat without a hull
A house without a roof
A wall with no door to push nor pull

He was unlike this at the start
He didn't always hold himself aloof
He is a coward, a fire without spark
He is scared, of gaining a heart--a mark



Looking Up
Emma Daniels

Battered Souls

Anneke Zegers

There once was a forest full of beautiful animals. Among these animals, however, there was one creature which did not belong: a she-wolf, badly burned from the trials of her youth. Her skin was bare and scorched in places, and her feet were raw and scarred. The other animals laughed at the she-wolf, calling her hideous and worthless.

No creature tormented the wolf more than the proud cat. He was the most beautiful of all the creatures, with wavy brown fur and agile, soft paws. The cat enjoyed teasing the wolf, for she was the lowest of all creatures in the forest.

And yet, whenever any of the animals insulted the wolf, she never replied with a snarl or growl. Instead, she smiled inwardly to herself. She knew who she was. She knew her worth.

Time went on, and life continued in the forest much as it always had, until the day that the great forest fire swept through the woods. Fleeing for their lives, the animals rushed through the clouds of smoke and dove into the lake, soaking themselves so the flames could not get to them.

The proud cat, however, was far from the lake when the fire first started. Trapped in the inferno, he blindly ran through the woods until the flames caught up to him. In the searing heat and wretched pain, the cat felt his hair burn away and paws become singed and scarred. Caught in the flames, he felt the agony growing deeper and deeper and prepared himself for death.

But it was not so. For the she-wolf, being no stranger to

flames and their vicious heat, was not afraid to go looking for other animals in the fire. When she found the cat, she lifted him atop her back and carried him to the lake, all the while suffering the heat of his smoldering body. Using the last of her strength, she tossed his burning form into the lake and collapsed on the shore. When the cat finally resurfaced, he turned to thank the wolf, who he had unjustly tormented for so long. As he looked into her deep, forgiving eyes, searching for the right words to thank her, a great, scorching oak crashed down on the wolf, crushing her body under a wall of flames. Without so much as a yelp of pain or fright, the wolf was gone.

Time went on, seasons changed, and a new spring brought life back to the forest. As the ashes brought forth young trees, a new generation of animals was also born, just as beautiful as their parents. It was among these creatures that the once-proud cat dwelt, now forever covered in the burns of his past. The other animals laughed at him, calling him hideous and worthless.

But the cat never retaliated or complained. He just smiled inwardly. He knew who he was. He knew his worth.

Trapped Nowhere

Nora Fluetsch

I've never seen an angel
Nor the pearly gates
I've never heard St. Peter's voice
Or forgiven those I hate

I've never felt the fires
Nor seen the brimstone rain
I've never smelt the sulfur
Or suffered sinner's pain

I've never felt so all alone
To rest here in the quiet
I'd never thought nothing could be so cruel
Or that I'd wish to riot
To rail against the judges, the jury, and the choir
Surely I've done good or bad, not nothing
As though my destiny was simply to expire

Yet here I am
Trapped Nowhere



Voice for the Voiceless
Sophia Gorona



It's Not As It Looks
Courtney Rutherford

No Better Than the Girl on the Floor

Noelle Oliver

Light. the natural agent that stimulates sight and makes things visible.

Camera. a device for recording visual images in the form of photographs, film, or video signals.

Action. the fact or process of doing something, typically to achieve an aim.

You are the light of my life, you clear my sight, I can see again.

I'll take your picture, keep it streamlined, frozen in time.

You've got a feeling, it's overwhelming, it's all that you hear.

Quiet.

Quiet please!

There was only silence in the theater, before she had even spoken, for your silence is her greatest noise.

PLEASE, PLEASE, BE QUIET.

But why? Why quiet? Why do you request what to the rest of us is evident and present?

To you, it's silent. You fail to think of anyone else as you watch the girl on the stage in front of you sprawled out in a puddle of her own tears.

PLEASE BE QUIET...

She sobs. You get up and leave.

Stupid girl. It was so quiet you could drop a pin and here it crash to the ground.

Yes. Yes it was. In your ears.

In her ears are the deafening screams of her past, the constant ringing coming back to haunt her. Her tears are an ocean and she's drowning but you'd never know because you'd never look.

The flashes of the past. The cameras in her eyes, constantly recording. Storing everything.

What do you hear? What do you see?

Flash

Action

Light

Photo

Picture

Smile!

Memories

S I L E N C E!

Shhhhh...

I don't want to hear this anymore... they're so loud... they won't leave... I want to forget...

that is not of your luxury

You return to the girl, picking away at her. Why little girl? Why do you cry like a selfish child who was not granted an unearthly wish? You expect this silent screaming to continue. But then she speaks.

You will never feel what I feel, know what I know, see what I see. At least, not really, because words do not exist that even begin to express my pain, my joy, my love, my hatred, for you and the things you did to me and the people I loved, the life you nearly de-

with your self centered IGNORANCE. You will never know how truly stupid you were to think that I was alone in my fight, that I would keep my mouth shut, that I would listen to your lies and follow you blindly. You saw me as dumb, and I was, but I knew my strengths. You saw yourself as powerful, and you were, but I knew your weakness, and your weakness was what you thought made you strong.

And then you realized you were wrong. You stop cold, your blood curdling at her words that she had thrown, the power in them. You thought you had been right. You were so sure of it, but now how can you be so unsure?

Funny how just a few words can change it all.

The not so little, not so silly girl, sprawled out on the floor, continued.

She laughed.

But who am I to judge? After all...

I'm insane, and what are you?

And then it hits you.

no better than the girl on the floor.



The Real Beauty of Life
Libby Slater



Reflection or Shadow?

Emily Bartylla

My Eye, the Sponge

Kelsi Towle

I watch many things through the door of my eye,
Observing behind the film that may lie.
Colored and glossy, Iris and all,
Know I of all those in submission, the invisibles in thrall
Of Love the dictator.

Through your eyes, I'm sure,
I rest translucent, plainly pure,
Nothing more than a wave
In the image you crave.

You behold your own picture,
Of the "minor" things you do unto me.
You justify these actions,
As their creator, you defend,
Every one of them to the end.

But there's more, my friend,
Far beyond the mere trim,
Of these images of what I endure,
That your mind soaks in.

Look through my eye,
My eye, the sponge,
That absorbs the words you spit at me,
And all the wrong you've done.

Open my door,
And peer through to watch,
All of my tears you've sent forth,
And the grief you have caused.

So before you justify,
What you have done,
Absorb who you are not to you,
Through my eye, the sponge.



Fly
Mae Winnington

The Living Dream

Katie Isherwood

A small little girl just sat by the window,
Sat by the window of a car
And watched the green hills wave by.

The rain poured down
And then the sun came round
To cast a rainbow on high
For all the birds in the sky.

“Little child?” asked the mother
“Go to sleep for a while.

The sky is all gray
And the mountains far away.
We’ll be there in a long time.
Just dream a dream of thine.”

“Oh, mother,” she replied.
“This is not a dream of mine.

This is a dream of fairies
And kings and rustics.

If I closed my eyes
It would pass me by.

Besides,” she said,

“Our best dreams come to us
In the moments we run waking
Not the moments we lay sleeping.”

“Queer child,” her father said,
“The kingdom you seek is not here,
Not here in this bleak place.

Please, rest and be at peace!
You will need your strength
In the comings weeks.”
“No, Papa, you fail to understand!
All moments are dreams
that bring joy to life.
This real world of ours
Contains a magic not of ours
That is pure and light,
A treasured gift for our delight.
To waste it would be a pity
After all the tears we shed
And all the trials we end.
Oh, my loved ones, do understand
That every moment like this
I will live through to my last.
One by one, on and on

Till Time comes at Dawn
to fetch me so, all gone.”
The tiny tot’s speech done,
The parents waved on.
The child no more slept
And the fairies twinkled yet.



Beaming
Bailey Moon

The Falling of the False White

Sofia Schumaker

Maybe her mind was just so broken nothing could ever put it back together. An echo of screeching metal and unpredicted blasts of air whispered in the ears of the woman who had no name. She shuddered at the sounds, her boney fingers lightly pressing into the silky material of the quilt laid in her lap.

She could remember those same boney fingers at a time when they extended without constant hills, straight and long as they flew to delicately pointed yellow nails. They were now gray--broken and chewed.

It hadn't always been this way for her. She could recall a world that once held warmth, coiled around her once slim fingers and warmed by the hands of a boy she knew was now all but a dream. The world abruptly vibrated with a violent tremor beneath her scrawny feet.

The nameless woman held her ground, daring to take another look at her gaunt fingers in the midst of the chaos surrounding her every side. Her fingers were now a forever shade of brown, dirt layered atop her shivering hands. That dirt was the constant reminder of the wretched world holding her captive.

The cold breeze of winter brushed atop her skin like chilling buckets of ice cold water, seeping into the pores of her skin. Suddenly, she went numb. Her body still stiffened, preparing herself for the onslaught of winter to continue compressing itself across her no longer fair skin. She was unable to feel the touches of frigid air but instead a warmth inside her chest. She wanted to burst out crying, but she couldn't understand why. She knew deep down it wasn't

because of the world as it shattered around her, ending in the cries of the people fighting beside her in the bare wastelands. Instead she looked down, feeling a pull towards the single quilt she gripped in her shaking hands.

Her heart fluttered within her chest. She couldn't remember who had given it to her.

The evening snow converted to dirty shades of yellow and red, releasing in quiet spurts above the heads of her friends and enemies.

Peeking out from the small snowpiles were the small points of stiff brown grass, blowing, and chiming off the ice in the wind's cold draft. The wind left and came with the chilling fortune of death. Still, it had not yet beheld them all; there was still hope lingering in the air. The woman with no name shivered, letting out a short puff of air.

A sudden grimace marred the curves of her reddened cheeks as the sounding of boots plowed into the snow from her left, coming from beyond the thick mounds of ice. Through the gale's rolling wind she could hear their haggard breathing.

Her back tightened, and her eyes shifted back toward the alluring quilt in her arms. The silk softened in her hardening grip, calming her ruptured nerves. The perfected stitching of green stems held onto cleverly designed pink petals of various shapes and sizes. The colors of a sinking sun engulfed across the backspread of the quilt, and the brighter colors nearly drove her mad. She hadn't seen such beauty in so long.

Her fingers skimmed the middle of the orange flower buds, mouth slightly parting. It was a beautiful sight to behold in the ghastly flat lands of fetid snow she'd become so used to. There was not a sight of green to be seen for miles from where she stood. Yet

here it was, light green stitched into the fine sewn patchwork that she clutched.

“Hel-Help me...Please!”

She brought the quilt close to her chest and shut her eyes, her face shifted with pain. The images were always there, unless she opened her lids. There was a wound within her heart, and it suddenly began ripping back open, all over again.

She froze. No-no-no, she repeated over and over again within her head.

“Guard her, Peter!” The voice was so close to her now that she was sure if she opened her eyes, he would be right there, staring right at her.

“Thilia!” The voice echoed in her ears with the heart-wrenching pain of her greatest loss of all.

She would see those lips again, those eyes, the color of a brilliantly blue ocean. She'd once swam in those oceans, but that world had long since died.

She screamed within her head, slamming her fists against the invisible hold that kept her in this repeating coffin. She begged for it to stop, so loud that her head began to ache, but nothing ever broke it.

Jack Frost

Joy Clouser

Snow, powdered, glistens
Jack Frost then listens
To the children's laughter
Acts as their only proctor
Warm bodies glide right through him
Their stories guided by a whim
Keeps them safe in secret
Present in simply spirit
Smooth sledding hills
Made with precise skills
Just for playing
Guides and trying
To reach the time when
The children can see him then
Cold snowballs will hit his body
Instead of flying into the lobby
Darkness will soon descend
Then the children will go to bed
And Jack Frost will ensure
That their dreams are all pure
Until the sun then rises
In the winters blue horizons



Above, Below
Kate Fernandez

Perspective

Kathryn Uliana

I used to think my problems were the biggest deal in the galaxy. Until I got some perspective. I would think that a failed test was worse than a hurricane, or a failed test was the equivalent of a world war.

It wasn't until I traveled the cosmos did I realise the insignificance.

I saw Earth from thousands of miles away. Just a small teal speck amongst the undetermined amount of space.

Not until I floated amongst the celestial bodies, felt the warmth of the sun on my face, spun around saturn's rings. I was cleansed of negativity in the starshine, danced happily in the moonlight and felt loved by a sunbeam. My problems are just a scream into the void. Even the most famed among us will be dust in the wind. If that's my legacy, I chose to be happy.

I choose to live my little life knowing that in the long run, all that will matter is "Was she happy?"

Knowing that I am lucky to have a roof over my head when some are praying for a bench to sleep on. I am grateful to the brave women who came before me so that I may have my education. And I am grateful to the creator for giving us the the universe, so we may all have some *perspective*.

