

The Mirror

ISSUE 23 | SPRING 2023

The Escapism Issue

WISH

BY CHARLOTTE HOLT



FOREWORD FROM THE EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Hello, Friends!

We are the new Editors-in-chief! My name is Lydia Vlahos, and I am a senior. My co-chief is junior Stella Davenport. We are excited to bring a new breath into our school's literary magazine. As co-editors, we plan to not only publish issues online but also print several copies that will be available to view in the library. I believe that there is something about a printed copy that is so reassuring and romantic. We plan to not only include art and writing in between these pages but also interviews of artists on campus, in-depth research on the issue's theme, and other literary and artistic articles to tie the whole publication together.

As an intro to the school year, we are finally publishing the Spring 2023 edition which was delayed over the summer. Because of the delay, we also get the honor to publish our 2023 Poetry Contest winners. Congratulations to all the participants. Your creativity and technical skills are outstanding. As many of you know, submissions are open to everybody, and we are so excited to see our student body's creative spark.

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“undreaming”
by makena adams

something so fascinating about the unawaking.
the dense plane of mirage and unknowing
where dreams reside, forever ungoing.
from a pocket of the unconscious
brings forth unrealities of mind
over matter, of unwriting. unwish
that creates unpaintings un-
of unfated demons and
deities, all unseeing and
unfeeling but begging to
once more waltz among the shimmering unsleeping cities.

threshold of the undreaming.
unfantasies by the thin, hazy
undesires sights. bewildered
the fleeting, distorted
no remnant or stain of
away from perception.
far off horizon, leaking
then dissolving into the

“The Wildfire”
by Maddy Villere

Does the forest know before a fire starts its rampage?
Does it anticipate the impending destruction?
No, of course it doesn't.
It simply exists in the moment, revels in its own life.
But the animals can sense it; they know.
Why don't they warn the Trees?

A spark, a tiny match.
The Redwoods start to burn,
The crow sounds its call.

By morning, most of the young ones have perished,
Yet the old ones stand tall.
They have survived this before.
They will survive this again.
The young left behind don't know of this pain.
They will learn, and it will change them.

Few remember how the forest was before that fire.
But I remember--
I remember how we were.
I remember how we were.
I remember how we were taken from each other.
That match burned us to the ground.

“Have you lost your way?”
by Makena Adams

Have you lost your way?
Do not worry, the path is near.
I say.

Stumbled too far across the endless bay?
Arms of apparitions to anchor you to abyss, did
appear.
Have you lost your way?

Through branches of willows, shriveled and gray.
The beastly blowing boughs, your sight did blear.
I say.

I told you, did I not, my word you must obey.
Caught in this cursed country, be not so cavalier.
Have you lost your way?

Please, here with me, forever stay.
Down in the depths of the darkest dreads, my dear.
I say.

Try as you may.
(I desire nothing but exquisite fear.)
You have lost your way.
I say.

2023 POETRY CONTEST

First Place: “Racehorse” by Stella Davenport ‘25

There’s blood seeping from the scrapes in my knees
Between both of us we know it’s not right
Your skin’s intact and you’ve left me begging
Take a good look, I’m bleeding out, alright?

You call up your bookie ‘cause your racehorse pouts
I come running back at a fervent pace
Eager in spite of you, my skin cries out
Racehorse can’t win when he sees your face

Finally on your knees and you’re pleading,
Mercy surrounds us like darkness in night
Mercy is mine, I know how you’re needy
I’ll leave you that way with the racehorse in sight

Tepid water drips from the barn’s sink spout
Gentle percussion for the funeral procession
March me out behind the barn to the pasture,
My broken leg dragging, we both know how this ends

Aim your shotgun high, speed racer,
Scraped knees, eyes low, the bet’s on

Second Place: "Tied" by Jessica Sami '23

And what happens then?
After the scarlet string unravels
and the Sisters snap the thread
After the hourglass drips its last grains
onto cracked glass
When the stars dull
and blink their last dying breaths
What happens then?
Will I be tormented with a hazy memory
of the absence of your skin against mine?
Will you tuck my crumpled letters
underneath an old wooden desk?
Will you remove our photographs
from the museum of our interlocked hearts?
Answer me – what happens then?
After I cease to haunt your thoughts
like an unwanted spirit
When your image branded behind my eyes
dissolves into blackness
Will we go on like strangers?
Avoiding the name, shivering in the diluted
relief of warm goose-down
Relishing in the heat of the artificial
I fear, my beloved bygone, that loving you
Is infinitely more painful than losing you
For we have slipped through each other's loose grasps
for quite some time now
And are no longer content
with being hoisted up by the tip of a pinky
as an afterthought.
We drift like loose leaves in an autumn breeze,
flitting to our capture
crumbling at first touch.
For now, I wonder,
what else is there to do but to helplessly wait?
What can we say to each other
To make the knifed exclamations,
the edged cut in our eyes,
the bloody tears streaming down
Recover from blow after blow?
Undoubtedly, it is beyond our minds' comprehension
Fate, in her boundless mischief,
will intertwine our threads together again
and loop the cords around our flushed necks
in effervescent duty.
Yet until then,
we will never be more than
what we are right at this moment
A knot tangled in red string
Where a bow should be.

Third Place: “Escape Lies Where Fibonacci Hides” by Hanna Wysoczynska ‘26

I look at people, their eyes all around,
their vision is blurred, lost and never found.
Their gaze reaching for something far away.
Perhaps in a world where they'd rather stay.

These people have set foot in places they've never been.
Now, they see what's happening but never take it in.
I try reaching out, but they're stuck somewhere in between,
in a parallel world that no one could have foreseen.

Both yesterday, and tomorrow,
all the love, the pain, the sorrow
has taken up all our lives,
empty wishes, heavy sighs.

Wishing the past was different, our futures much less blurred.
This feeling of detachment from our present world.
Twenty one hour days, three vanished to what surrounds.
Deaf to our world because of the noise from all around.

Floating, floating, these people are not here,
looking at their phones, close but never near.
Lost in their own realm, escaped, but locked out.
Everybody's head, stuck in their own cloud.

We've lost our ears, and through the tears, our years seem so much longer.
And with the pain we have obtained, our escape becomes much stronger.
With stars they fight, with all their might, that light will fill their presence.
And I will pray that one fine day, they'll be okay and present.
As we fall, we must stand tall, we crawl: desires revealing.
And though I try, I won't lie, it's hard to defy the feeling
of being stuck in the never, I try, however, forever I won't forget.
I'll understand, feeling damned, needed a hand but wouldn't fret.
Was never here, nor truly there, no air found in my chest.
Known that before, internal war, now sure I'm at my best.
We've hit dead ends, but with our friends, we'll mend what was destroyed.
Truth we'll face, our lives retrace; find grace in formless void.
We'll learn through time, to be fine with limes that aren't lemons.
We'll make that drink, and with a clink, we'll cheer to luck from Heaven.

I
am here,
no more fear;
from the past I grew,
if I made it out, so can you.
Spreading the word so you can know there is always hope.
In life, there will be things that affect us, but one day we will all find a way to cope.
And that is what we will hold on to.



“Social Anxiety”

by

Xixin Huang

“I wish you
would hate
me”
by
anonymous



“The Body” by Kyrielle de Dios

The body bears a visible bruise
Swollen and purple, making its stand
And it spreads throughout its canvas
Making its mark, taking its claim
Stewing in rigor
And the body grows pale
Silvery sheen like a shadow
Gray washed across its face

Like the moon, pure and cratered
The color drains from the apple
Losing juices, red fading
And the old spots shine through
Brown and bruising

And the body sits still
Waiting

Waiting for the white cloth draped over
Stuffed in the cold lockbox
Shut tight and hidden six feet under
Above ground, they'll plant flowers
As if the body can appreciate it
The body didn't choose
Didn't want this

So would you still love me, if I was just that,
A body?

Gone of all the quantity you loved about me?
When all that is left is the quality; slowly decaying
It's now just all you saw on me, not in me.
And if they unraveled me, rotten; unpretty
Would you still love me?
Or would you look on in disgust, sadness because,
It's just my body.

Forget it's the body you clutched
And hugged, and held, and knew
A body that recognized your touch
And knew what to do
Recoiled or moved closer
Forget it,
It's just a body

On the side of the living,
I am just my body
I am but a doll for the show
To appraise and enjoy
And when I'm dead,
That's all I am too
To be handled and dealt with

I will never be both at once,
I can never be multifaceted
On Earth I am the body
When I'm gone they'll be nothing left of me,
Just a body

It's not me, I am no longer the body
It is just rot,
Just decomposition
Because they only want the body when it's blushed
and ripe
All red and plump; glowing with life

My body bears a visible bruise
Swollen and purple, making its stand
But darling, it too, bears an invisible bruise
Because my body remembers you