

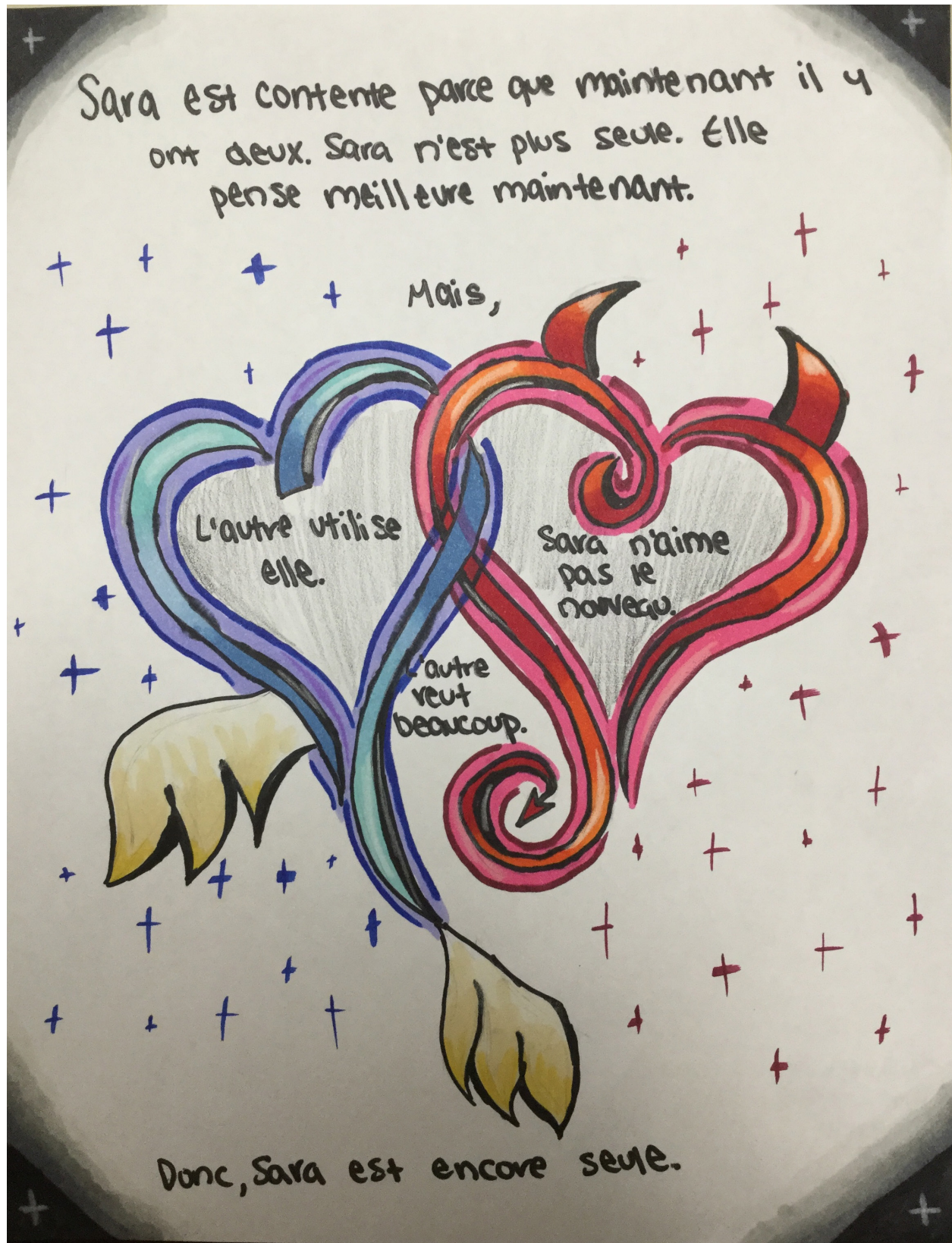
Hawk's Quill

Creative Writing Literary Magazine



2018-2019

Special Submission by Carly LeBlanc



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To Father Charles for your encouragement and support of this project. With you, everyday is a good day to be a Hannan Hawk!

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To Mrs. Terri Carlisle for providing us with the software possible to design this year's *Hawk's Quill*.



City Life

By: Casey Aucoin

A busy city bustling around me
Unknown places as far as I can see

Opportunities await me on every corner
A place so new I feel like a foreigner

Lights twinkle along the sounds of the city
I never thought car horns could sound so pretty

There's something nice in feeling so small
And something beautiful in buildings so tall



What Could've Been

By: Maya Bachemin

There's nothing I can do about it
But to move on and be strong.
The situation and the timing will keep us apart
No matter how much we may truly belong.

At least, that's what I tell myself.
It's the only way to get through.
But the truth is, I think of you
In every word I say and everything I do.

Perhaps we could've overcome the obstacles
That the universe threw our way.
But to you, I'm nothing but a memory
That fades more and more everyday.

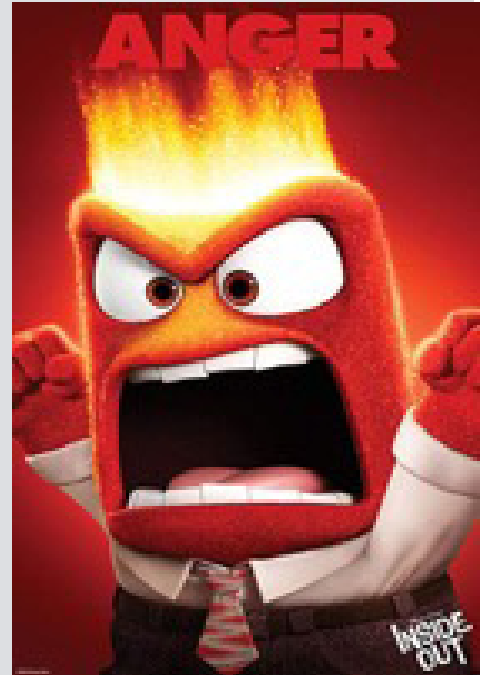
It's too late to tell you I miss you
And everything we had back then.
So instead I put on a brave face
While I think about what could've been.



Anger

By: Tatum Bonura

If anger was a person, I imagine him to always
be wearing red,
And everything in his room would be matching
from his walls to his bed.
His favorite color is red and will always be red
because it reminds him of his mood,
Which is understandable because it is a
common favorite color for a dude.
He wouldn't have many friends, except for a girl
who is kind who couldn't stay away,
Which always made anger mad because he
likes to always get his way.
He has a hard time controlling his emotions
when he gets mad,
But according to his one friend, he isn't that
bad.



Adapt and Overcome

By: Evan Burgess

Breast cancer can do a lot of things to a person
But it cannot destroy their faith
And cannot ruin their friendships
In life things may take you by surprise
But you have to take it and accept the change
This is not accepting defeat
But accepting the change
And change is beautiful

Summer Time

By: Collin Fernandez

Sitting on the beach
Listening to the sound of the waves
Swoosh swoosh.
Such a peaceful time
I'm in love with summertime.
Fall feels far from Florida.
Time to sit back and relax
Summer is finally here



Saying Goodbye to 2018

By: Adeline Fogle

2018 was not something to be forgotten
Even though some of the events were pretty rotten

California was on fire and children were trapped in a cave
Tragedies that forced people to be brave

Despite the chaotic episodes
2018 was a major crossroads

It showed what we could do if we worked together
We can sustain anything, no matter the weather



My Chick-Fil-A Confessional

By: Sarah Foy

I have a large flaw that I try to neglect
Some may find this easy to expect

I think that I may go to Chick-fil-a too much
My addiction is to nuggets, waffle fries, and such

Every employee probably knows my name
Chick-fil-a regular will be my claim to fame

8 count nugget meal, lemonade to drink
Why do I eat that and hope my waist will shrink?

I must confess that this habit is an issue of mine
But don't say anything next time you see me in the
drive-thru line



My Lazy Summer Break

By: Genevieve Gibbs

June in Louisiana, the sun beating down on the hot concrete streets,
While I lay in my cold, dark room in the comfort of my bedsheets.
My sleep cycle lasts around 10-12 hours, for I am a lazy person,
I'd wake up and lay on my back to play on my phone,
but never fail to drop it on my chin.

If I ever got out of bed, which was a rarity,
It was to go get fast food, such as Taco Bell or Wendy's, because I
don't go to new restaurants, I have no temerity.

The most exciting part of my summer was going to the beach,
the sand white and boiling hot,
I tanned my skin with no sunscreen until it was broiling like a crock pot.
But my favorite days by far, were the days with my pals
They made me giggle and happy! Yep, those are my gals.



7-7-7

By: Andrew Goldkamp

I am like a flower,
As I sit and absorb the light.
The sun gives me power,
Allowing me to grow to my true height.
The sun enlightens me and helps me to see,
He is not one but three,
He is like no other - he is the Holy Trinity.



My Love

By: Malorie Graffeo

Today is the day to spend with love
Giving flowers and cards is tradition
All chocolate is good but I like dove
Im lucky to have my own magician

Loving you is not just for this one day
Everyday with you feels this amazing
October 23rd was the best day, I will say
Blessed for answers to all my praising

Having you by my side is a blessing
When I close my eyes, I see your face
First, thoughts of you liking me was guessing
There is nobody who could take your place

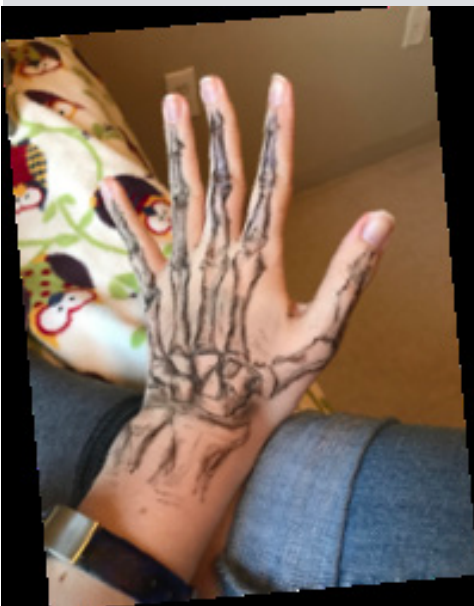
I truly believe you were made for me
Loving you makes me feel alive and free



Wilted Flower

By: Hunter Holmes

Ok
Right Now I'm feeling empty
The love you had for me was plenty
And now I'm on my own
Stuck on a Losers throne
Sorry I didn't love you
The way I used to
I hate Myself for it
Maybe I should quit
I'm sorry I gave you up
I'm sorry you were the back up
I'm just a wilted flower
Getting uglier by the hour
Colder in the sun
Just wanting to run
I always want to cry
Trying so hard to Die
Maybe I should leave town
I'll be gone by Sundown
I'm sorry I could never be enough
I'm sorry to have made your life so tough
But the truth is, I Love you
Remember that, I Love you
I've always Loved you



My Friend, Art

By: CJ Jordan

The stories leap off of their pages,
the music whispers in my ear—
a friendly feeling that I've known for ages,
one that brings hope and casts out fear.

Art is something I can't help but feel;
sometimes, it's the only feeling that feels like it's real.
Art is something that speaks to my heart,
and I can handle anything as long as I have art.

Idea

By: Sarah Labbe

Small, like a child
It's about to go wild
Oh the mind, where it goes
Only it knows
It can do so much more
If it were to explore
All it needs is a little creativity



Awareness

By: Peyton LaBorde

Breast cancer is really important to me
So many things are being done to bring awareness to the topic
Everyone recognizes the iconic pink color that represents it
One of the main things is the NFL players wearing pink in the month of October
Many people watch those games so it brings major awareness
It even has its own awareness month
This is good to see that it is getting so much awareness
Maybe one day we can find a cure



Ten Fingers, Ten Toes

By: Monet Leckert

I awake one day for the first time to a cold feeling
I'm not sure what it is but I feel something rubbing across my mom's tummy
I can hear her and my dad sniling, something about me seemed unappealing
They heard my heart beat but for some reason it let them feeling crummy

A few days later I was frightening by my dad shouing

Then I felt the cold feeling again and thought I might get to meet them now
He yelled "she's my litle girl too, don't do this to our family! Please stop doubing.

Then his voice faded, and a new one asked if my mom was ready now
He said it only hurt a litle, suddenly I begin to feel woozy and everything slows
Next came the pain which was worse than I imagined and as everything went black,
My dad broke down and whispered "my baby girl had 10 fingers and 10 toes,
and now there's no going back. "



Mardi Gras

By: Sophie Loeb

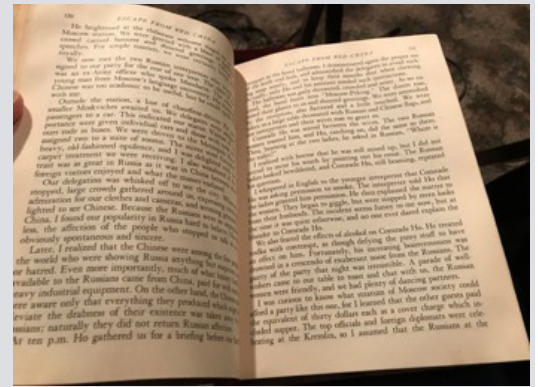
The season has finally come to town
And we are excited for it to be
It is all smiles and no one can frown
We are very overcome with such glee
Tis the Mardi Gras season, my friends
And we will happily welcome the day
From morning parades till the long night ends
Come into town where you can stay
Each year I wait for this awesome time
With amazing food and goodies to share
It gets me so excited, I rhyme
I am so ready for you to be there
So come one, no, I say come all down South
To a grand festival at the river mouth



Words

By: Ava McGee

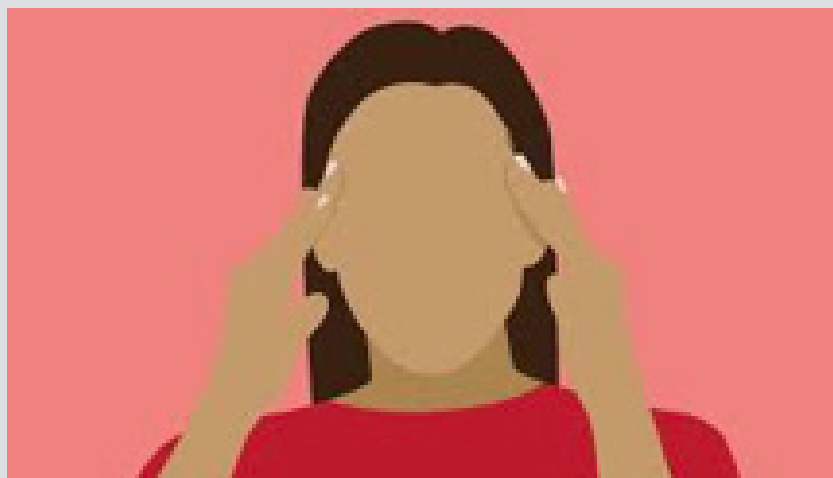
Words bounced from my mind
And flew through the air
Speaking wasn't so hard
With other people there
Writing down my thoughts, though
Has proven to be a challenge
because I know my words don't want to be stuck
on a page



Anxiety as a Person

By: Camryn Meaux

Who is the person standing at my front door that just knocked?
I'm praying I kept the four bolts and latches locked
What do I do if they are here to rob or kidnap me?
Should I hide in the closet or escape through a window and flee?
Step by step, I inch towards the door while my hands and knees shake
My heart thumps louder in my chest and my stomach begins to ache
Slowly, I carefully look through the peep hole with my right eye
Only to see my two pizzas being held by the Domino's delivery guy



A Short Walk

By: Adriana Michel

Along the broken path and trees of green
I look at all the colors in the sky.
Me and my thoughts admire the bright scene
As we sit there and wonder how and why.

The leaves begin to fall to the dry ground,
As the ground cracks more to form deep, dark veins.
How can such beauty, once robust and bound,
Become such a dark and dead dreary place.

The thought does not leave my mind, yet desists
As I hear the birds chirping while they soar.
So happy, wild, and free, they never quit
As if this was what their life was all for.

I make my way back to my starting point,
Saying goodbye to the last of the view.



The End

By: Dawson Millen

Graduation is approaching quickly.
Soon we will be going our separate ways
I wish I could replay the memories.
But I am also counting down the days.

Over the years I've made so many new friends.
Many of them were unexpected.
Will I miss Hannan? I guess that depends.
Im glad that I felt really connected

To not only the students but the staff.
It's time for this hawk to be a tiger.
In these past five years I have had a blast.
It's traditions burn in me like a fire.

Thirty-four more days until we will leave.
However this is where home will always be.



Laissez Les Bon Temps Rouler

By: Allee Morris

Down in New Orleans where the good times roll,
People line up on the sidewalk and neutral ground.
Floats do their best to avoid the worst pot hole,
And we wait to hear which king and queen are crowned.

I do my best to protect my face from the throws,
As everyone yells, "Throw me something, Mister!"
Every girl is wearing the same striped clothes,
And all that walking might give you a blister.

The smell of crawfish and king cake fills the air,
And intoxicated people stumble through the crowds.
It may sound bad, but it's the best time of the year, I swear.
It's definitely more fun than being up in the clouds.

At the end of the day, we're all tired and sweaty,
Just call it a day and throw up some confetti.



Sadness

By: Samantha Neely

She is a complex person; emotions running wild
I imagine this emotion like a small child
A tiny little girl, curled up in a ball
Tears streaming down her face, ashamed of it all
She sniffles quietly, trying to hide her broken heart
Anger and confusion rise in her head to do their part
A small, fragile girl with hair that is soaked with tears
Coming to play is anger, betrayal, sadness, confusion, and most of all, fear

Hannan Events

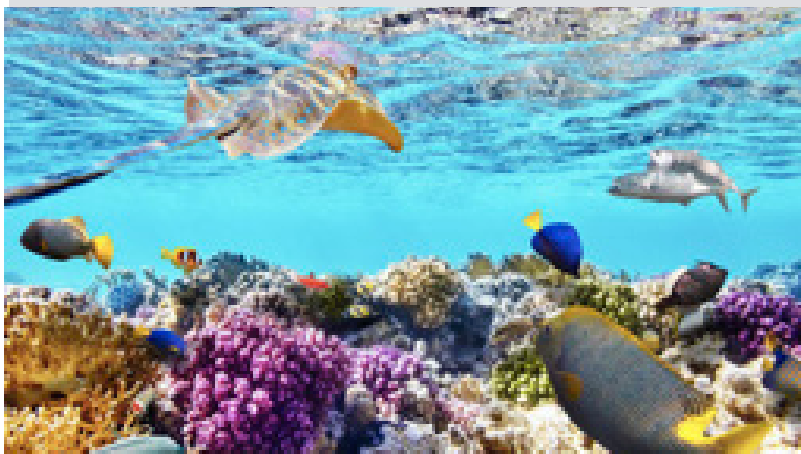
By: Will Neely

There have been many events this school year
But my favorite was the ropes course because I was without fear

There was much to do over there
We just had to be sure to not have our ropes tear

We would have climbed very high
But there was rain coming from the sky

The rain did not stop
And we all left to go back to our desktops



Sea Life

By: Callie Pescay

A little fish in the sea
Seaweed dances in the current beneath him
Sand swirls as the waves crash
A boat rushes by and stirs the peace

A little fish in the sea
The water hugs him
The sun rays pierce through the waves to greet him
Then a fisherman catches him and eats him for dinner

Keys

By: Katelyn Richards

Her fingers danced across the keys,
Sending notes throughout the room.
Spectators look and freeze
As the light melody expels the gloom.

The melody soon dies,
And the pianist stays in her place
Until cheers and cries
Bounce throughout the empty space.



The Fire

By: Savannah Ross

I look at my red hair fire as ever
Everyone who messes with me thinks I'm not clever
We can see how it gets more red with the things you say
Might want to be careful because you can't put it out with water from the bay
I might be dressed in all red and that should be an indication of who I am
With the way I get back at people you will want to scam
You should have learned when I told you not to mess with me
I will make you no longer be able to sing with glee

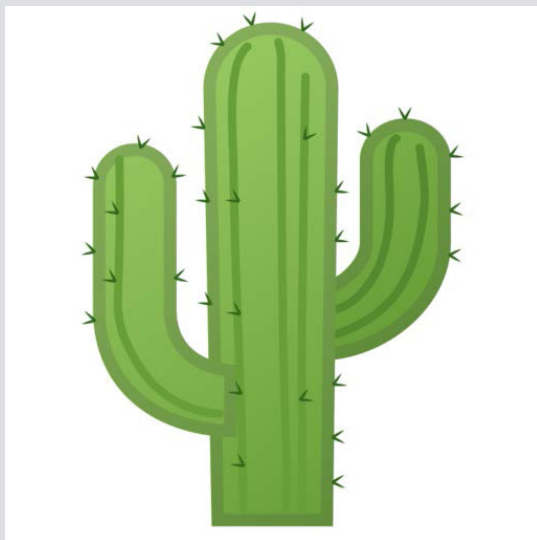


The Beach

By: Abigail Roy

Whoosh, whoosh
The shining waves slammed onto the sandy shore
I sunk my chair in the deep sand
And threw on my sunglasses

The sun coerced me to sleep
My skin was hot with color
The waves and birds were a lullaby
And the sand was a soft bed



Silent Night

By: Sara Trapen

The sacred silence of the desert
A cloudless sky overhead
No glistening water dancing in the light,
A deep, dread silence
The only audible sound is the wailing of the wind
the red-tailed hawks saying "screech"
as the ravens go "croak"
"Chirp"
The crickets call in unison

Failure

By: Alexandra Wolfe

My love awaits my touch in the shadows
His coarse words barely reach my loving ears
His back is turned with his stone-cold heart closed
Yet his warm embrace tames my darkest fears

He screams to me and I try to reach him
Yet my aiding hand only feeds his rage
His hurtful words make the future look grim
I have molded my home out of his cage

I love him with my entire heart but
His heart is already full of complaints
He asks for love, but his mailbox is shut
I never quite see the picture he paints

Screaming and yelling til both of us cry
One reason I hope for our love to die



