Quintessence 2022: "From Distant Shores"



Annalise Schuck '22

Introduction

While sailing on the seas, sailors create and share stories to pass the time until they reach the end of their journeys. Often we focus on the destinations of our journeys, but during the course of composing this magazine, we decided to focus on the pieces that make a journey memorable. Instead of wondering where we might end up or preparing for that moment of reaching our harbor, we should let ourselves be firmly in the present. Stories should not be to pass the time, but should instead be the instigators of change in thoughts, of change in selves.

A journey is when you shape yourself, when you can look into your soul and understand who you are and what you *could* be. Each person has her own story to share, her own memories, her own experiences that feed into every facet of her personality. The journey is unique, and in sharing the tales of that journey—from distant shore, to distant shore—we become closer as human beings on this vast, tumultuous sea. So take up the helm! Set sail! Discover what is out there on *your* journey, from port to sea to harbor, and *enjoy it.*

Safe travels,

Senior Editors,
Autumn Andrejczak '22 and Madeline Patrick '22



Catalina Sommer ’25

The Port

Here you are, at the port, preparing for your journey! Take this time to gather your supplies and to think things through. What will you be bringing? Whom will you be bringing? Where will you be going? What do you think your journey will look like? These answers may be different for us all, but all of us wish for success in our travels. We will find this success by planning ahead, even if we cannot fully predict what the future holds. We never know what might come our way.

You do not have to be on a boat and dropping sails in order to call your experience a "journey." Each day is a journey within itself, twisting and turning beyond our control. It can be intimidating to set sail into something new and outside our comfort zones, but we must enter our experience with a positive outlook. A hopeful and optimistic mindset will help us in times of uncertainty and challenge. Sure, the winds will come, but so will the memories. The challenges and hardships of our futures will eventually pass. Do not worry about the things beyond your control and simply enjoy the entire experience of the adventure that awaits you.

Apprentice Editor

Erin Flatley '24

Give a pep talk to an earlier version of yourself!

Meredith Glunz's tips for a good life

(as of her junior year of high school)

Pray more. Lean on God–As you'll learn, with this reliance on God, you will truly "set the world on fire." Control what you can in life and leave the rest to God. Life is too short and too precious to waste worrying about the uncontrollables. Stand up for what you believe in because your voice matters. Speak up. Give everyone a chance. Reframe your thoughts. See the positives. Take walks. Reach out to old friends and make new friends as often as you are able to. Laugh a lot. Be obnoxious! Wear the funky outfit. Volunteer for those in need. Travel and learn as much as possible. Seek God in everything. Sleep a good amount and drink a lot of water. Challenge society. Have a *Twilight* marathon (kind of joking, but not). Be authentically yourself. Although so many things are pitted against you, go to Church. Find a haven where you can be yourself. Seek out others who will help you get to Heaven and more importantly, seek out others who you can help get to Heaven. Build strong and stable relationships. Develop yourself and try to do better every day. Create memories. Use all your cookbooks. Smile more… there is no use in hiding your joy. Be passionate. Tell your stories. Be the good for someone else. Read more books. Dance and sing and draw to your heart's content. Be bold. Go to museums. Find friends that you can laugh with. Laugh at yourself. Do what you love. Wear the shoes! Watch the sunrise. Be kind to yourself. Go thrifting. Keep yourself accountable. Try new experiences. Embrace the crazy. Know that everything will work out. Take pictures. Love the little things. Stand strong in your faith. Move forward. Be creative. Stay humble. See the bigger picture. Never give up. Be moderate in your moderation! Believe in where you are going. Lastly, eat the dang ice cream!

Meredith Glunz '23



“Snowfall”

Glistening snow falls

Covering the trees and land

Such a pretty sight

Brigid Woolerton ’22

“Winter and Summer “

Winter

Frigid, Frozen

Sledding, Skating, Skiing

Scarves, Sweaters, Sunglasses, Swimsuits

Surfing, Swimming, Sailing

Fiery, Flaming

Summer

Erin Flatley ’24

What is an academic goal you have set for yourself?

Cece Kern '23

- An academic goal I have set for myself is getting a 4.0 gpa all four quarters. I also would like to get all A's whether it be A- or just an A.

Lauren Dennis '23

- An academic goal that I have set for myself is to try not to procrastinate with my school work, but rather to gradually work on bits at a time so that I am not doing it all last minute.

Morgan Nixon '23

- I want to accomplish getting all A's in a quarter and doing better on all my tests.

Olivia Shnayder '22

- An academic goal I have set for myself is to do my best. Not only do I want to do my best to succeed, but I would like to achieve all A's for each quarter.

Reagan Sharp '22

- An academic goal I have set for myself is to get into the college of my choice and have a successful career there learning and exploring the world outside of Villa.

Rylind Pasquito '25

- An academic goal I've set for myself this year is to stay organized because then I stay motivated. I also get my work done when I'm organized because I know exactly when assignments are due and I can plan ahead.



“Growth (Haiku)”

Sprouting from the ground

Beautiful colors unveiled

Blossoming flower

Brigid Woolerton ’22

“Rondelet: An Autumn Breeze”

An autumn breeze
Brings bright leaves swiftly to the ground
An autumn breeze
Means the world will soon start to freeze,
But as I listen all around,
I can only hear one soft sound:
An autumn breeze

Alyson Beck ’24

“7/14/77”

Eyes as defiantly wild

and untamed as fire.

What do you see

in your polaroid camera irises?

Is it a peace sign

on the walls of the underpass?

What will be contained

on your memory card

titled

“teenage years”?

Your first color

television set,

the grainy shine of

your electric blue lava lamp,

pictures of the band

you toured with

when you finally decided

to escape.

Have you finally

decided to escape?

Autumn Andrejczak ’22

“ethe(real) academia”

In the darkness of storms old castles sit

Their libraries dimly lit by mere lamplight

Ancient texts lie sprawled open on antique tables

And on the windows a harsh rain patters

But once the curtain of clouds parts

and the sun takes it place on the stage

its warm rays cast a sparkle to the dust in the air

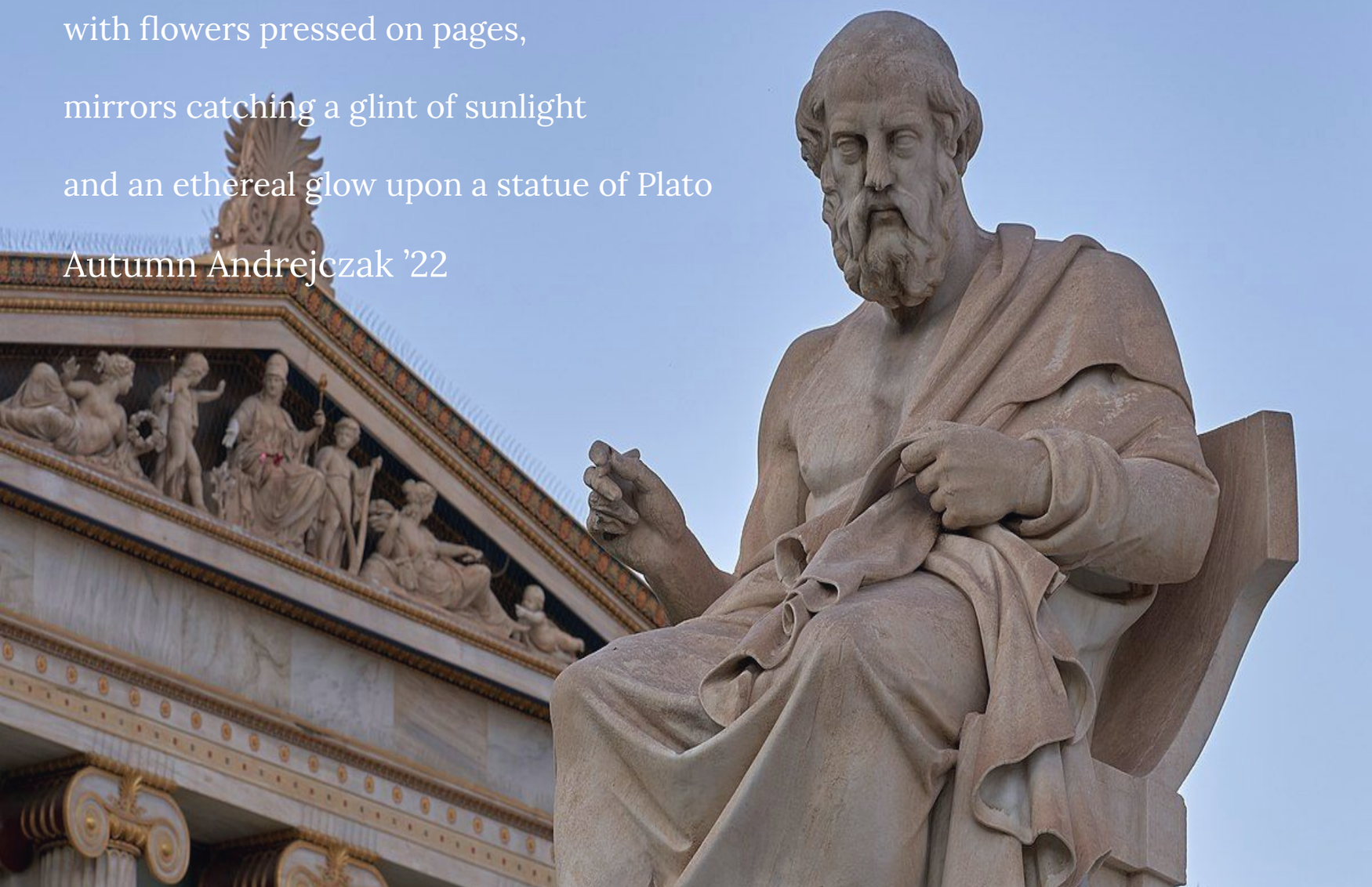
and what once was gothic becomes dazzling

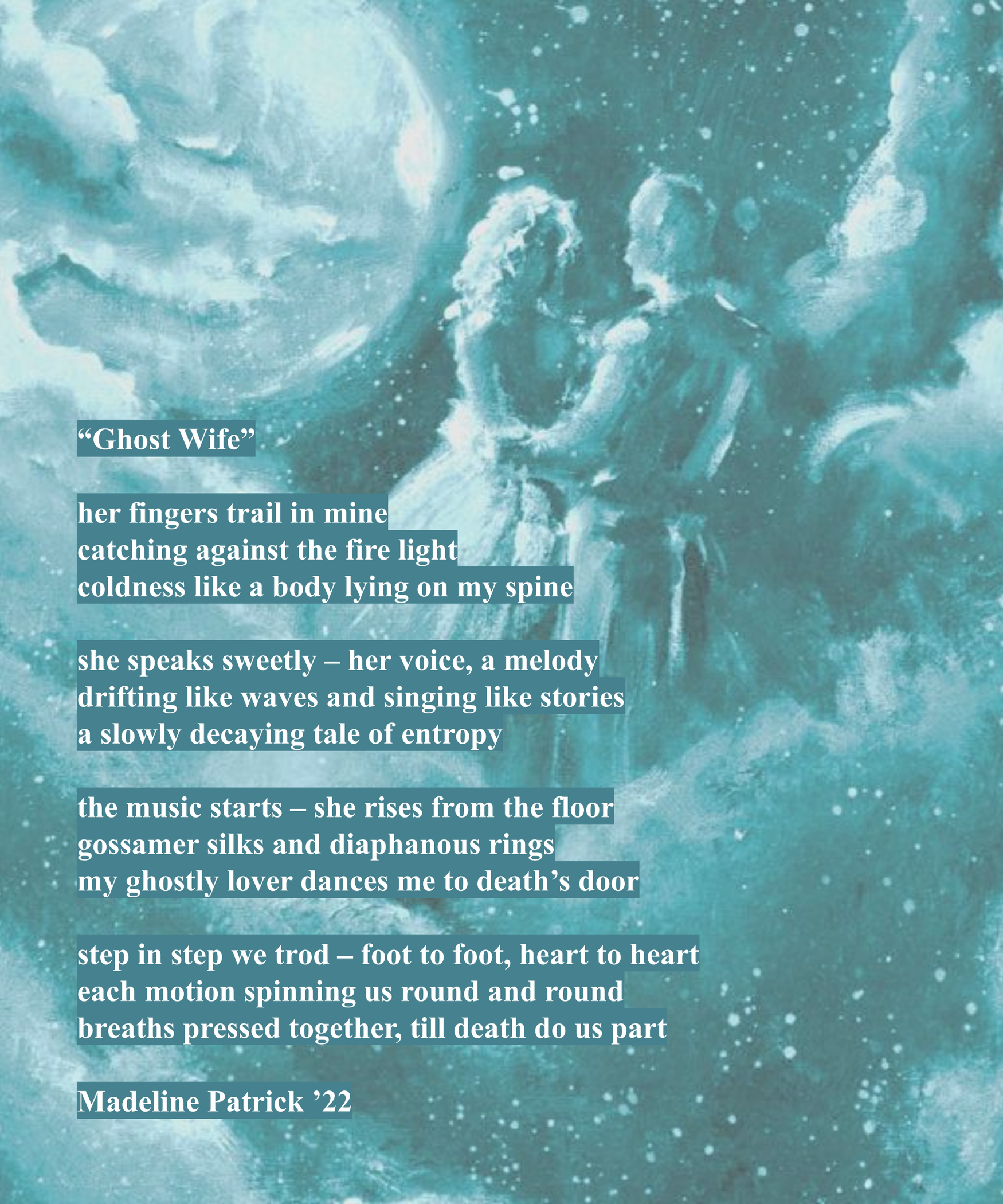
with flowers pressed on pages,

mirrors catching a glint of sunlight

and an ethereal glow upon a statue of Plato

Autumn Andrejczak ’22





“Ghost Wife”

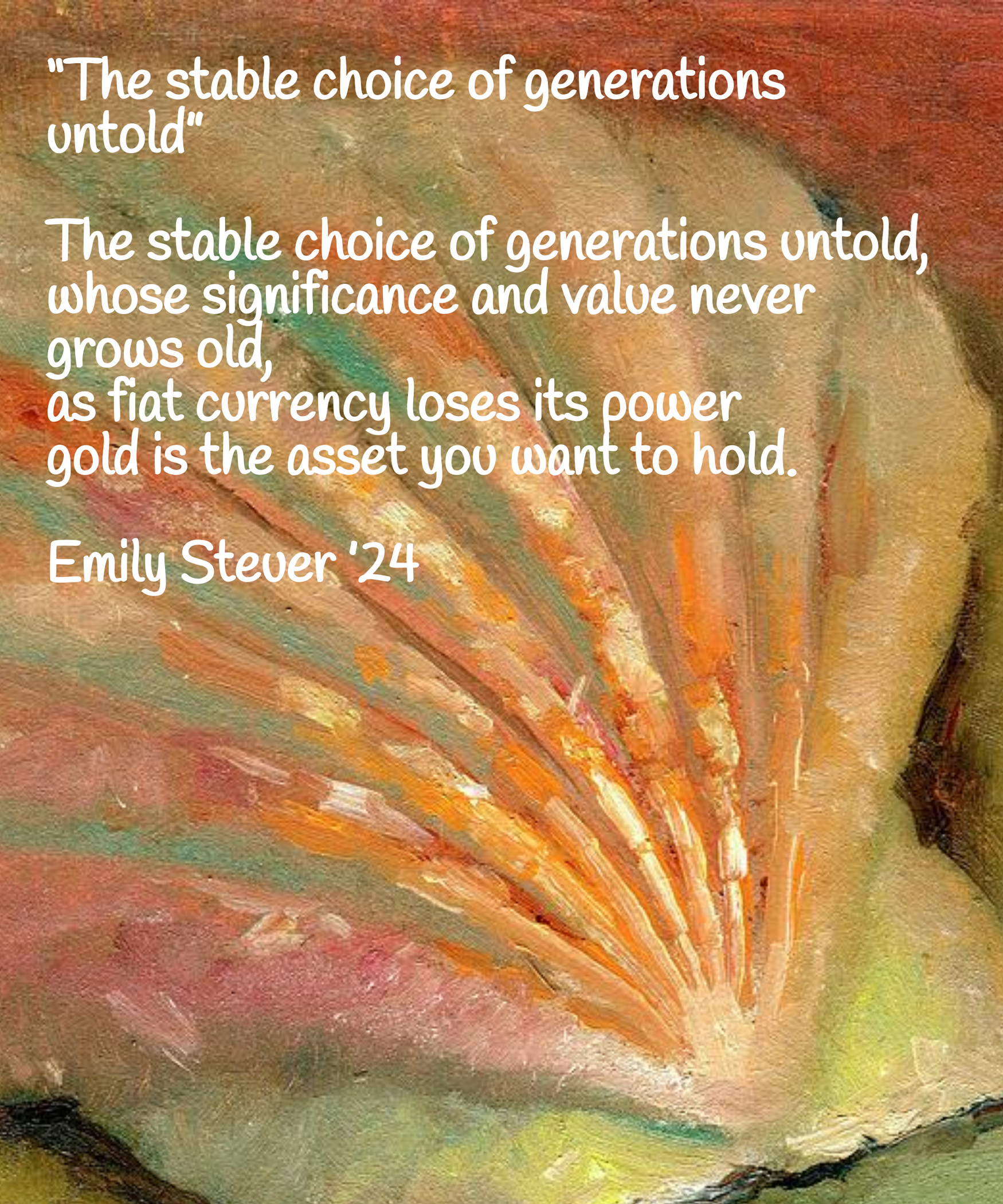
her fingers trail in mine
catching against the fire light
coldness like a body lying on my spine

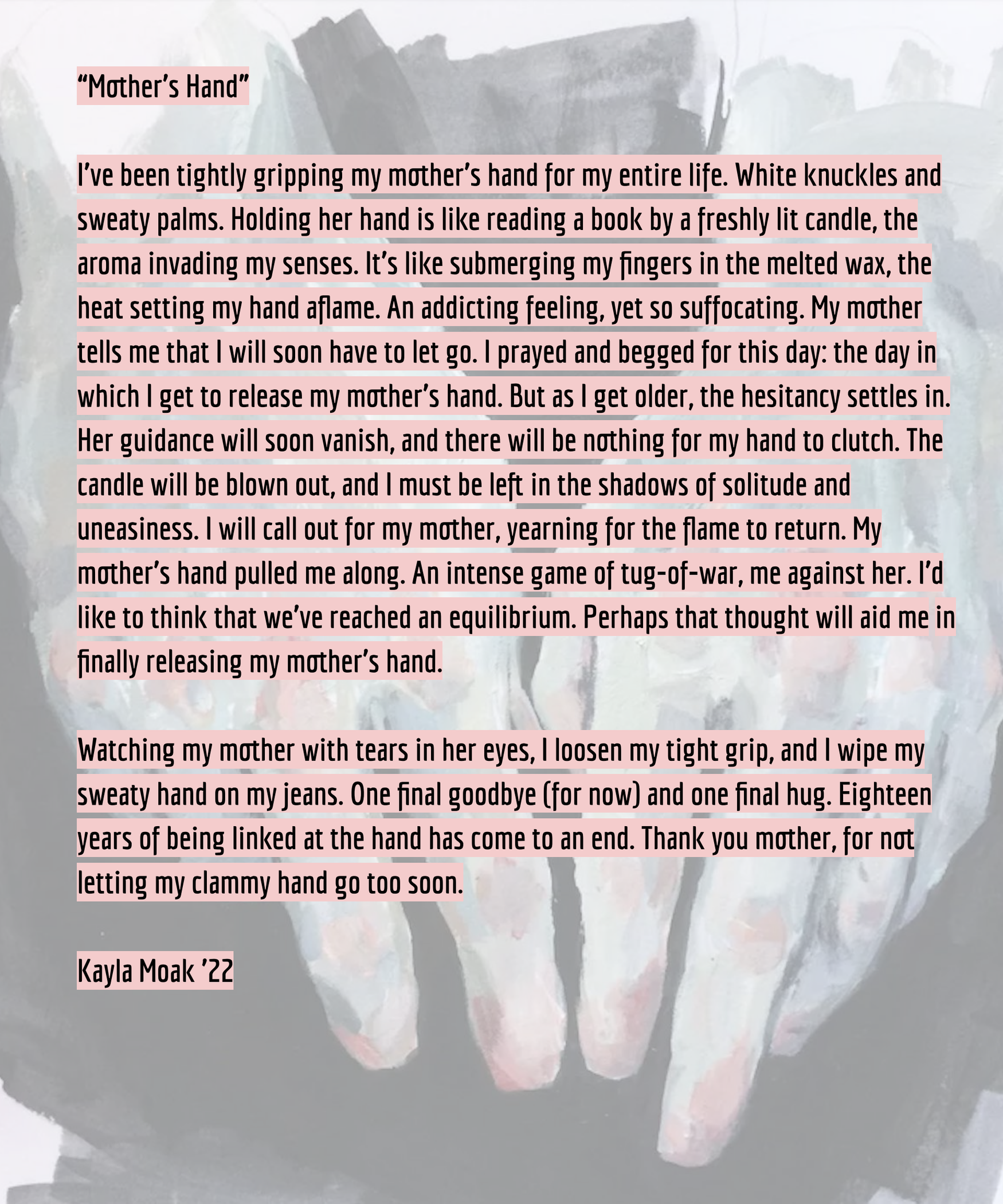
she speaks sweetly – her voice, a melody
drifting like waves and singing like stories
a slowly decaying tale of entropy

the music starts – she rises from the floor
gossamer silks and diaphanous rings
my ghostly lover dances me to death’s door

step in step we trod – foot to foot, heart to heart
each motion spinning us round and round
breaths pressed together, till death do us part

Madeline Patrick ’22


"The stable choice of generations untold"
The stable choice of generations untold,
whose significance and value never grows old,
as fiat currency loses its power
gold is the asset you want to hold.
Emily Stever '24

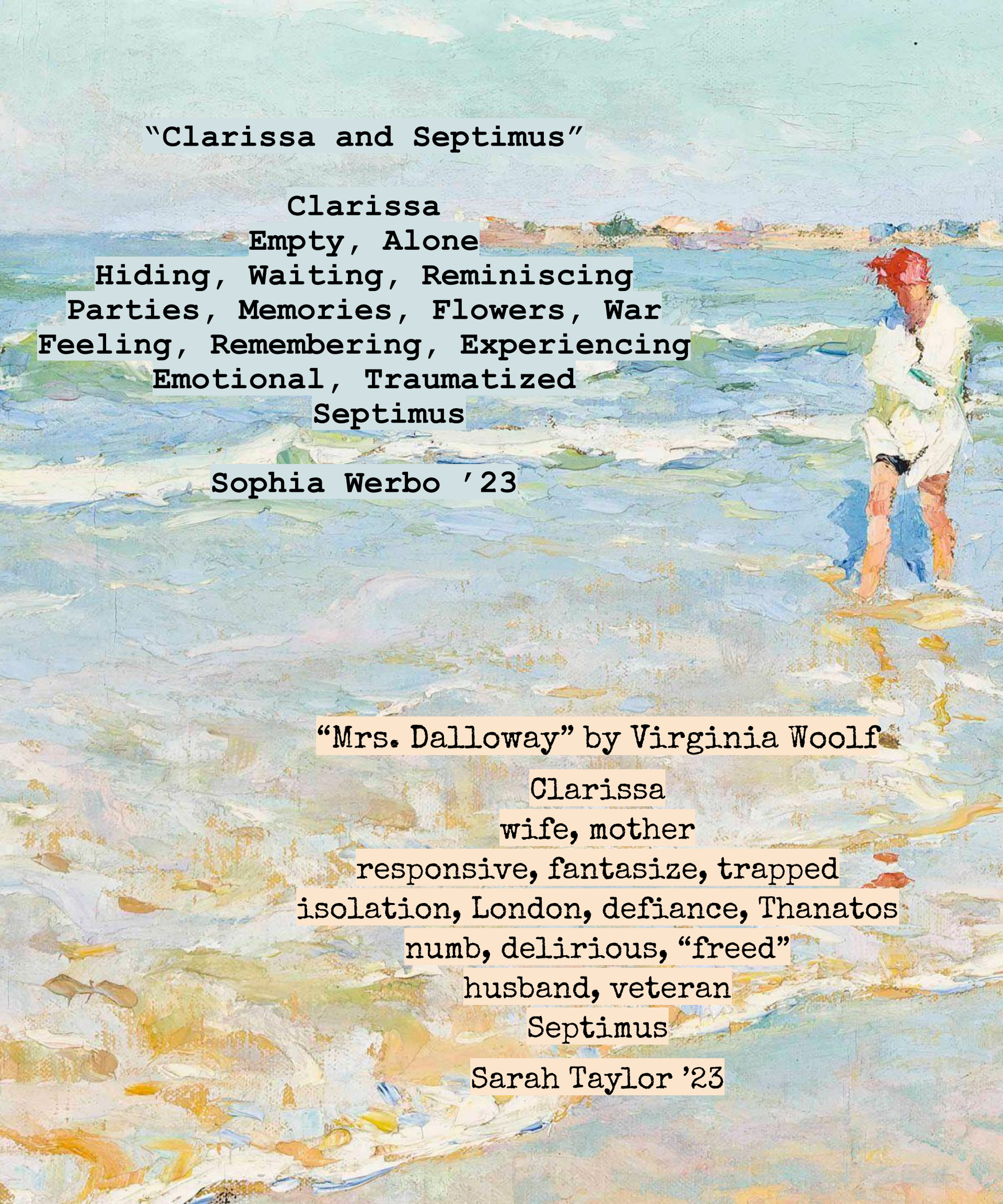


“Mother’s Hand”

I’ve been tightly gripping my mother’s hand for my entire life. White knuckles and sweaty palms. Holding her hand is like reading a book by a freshly lit candle, the aroma invading my senses. It’s like submerging my fingers in the melted wax, the heat setting my hand aflame. An addicting feeling, yet so suffocating. My mother tells me that I will soon have to let go. I prayed and begged for this day: the day in which I get to release my mother’s hand. But as I get older, the hesitancy settles in. Her guidance will soon vanish, and there will be nothing for my hand to clutch. The candle will be blown out, and I must be left in the shadows of solitude and uneasiness. I will call out for my mother, yearning for the flame to return. My mother’s hand pulled me along. An intense game of tug-of-war, me against her. I’d like to think that we’ve reached an equilibrium. Perhaps that thought will aid me in finally releasing my mother’s hand.

Watching my mother with tears in her eyes, I loosen my tight grip, and I wipe my sweaty hand on my jeans. One final goodbye (for now) and one final hug. Eighteen years of being linked at the hand has come to an end. Thank you mother, for not letting my clammy hand go too soon.

Kayla Moak ’22



"Clarissa and Septimus"

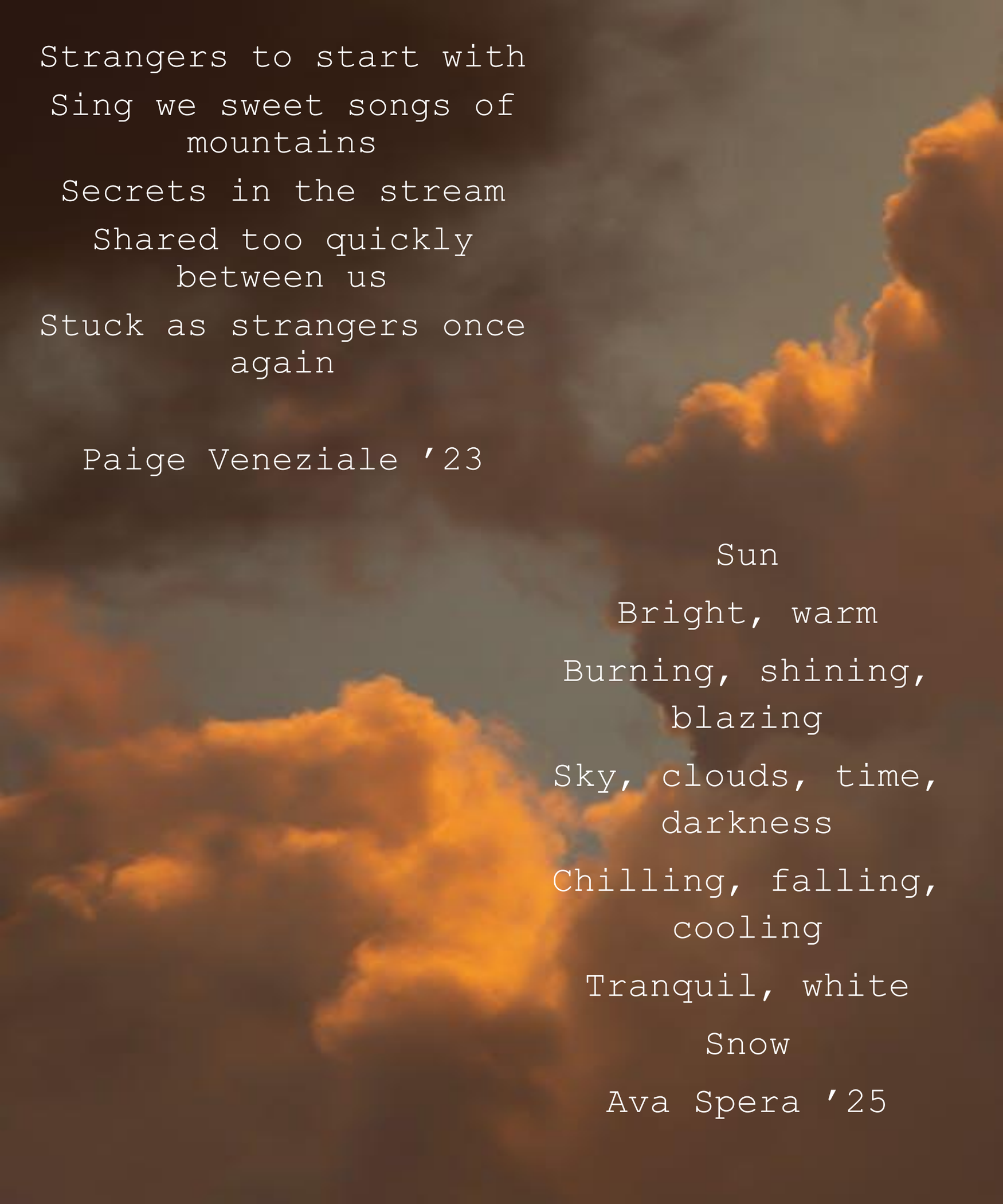
Clarissa
Empty, Alone
Hiding, Waiting, Reminiscing
Parties, Memories, Flowers, War
Feeling, Remembering, Experiencing
Emotional, Traumatized
Septimus

Sophia Werbo '23

"Mrs. Dalloway" by Virginia Woolf

Clarissa
wife, mother
responsive, fantasize, trapped
isolation, London, defiance, Thanatos
numb, delirious, "freed"
husband, veteran
Septimus

Sarah Taylor '23



Strangers to start with

Sing we sweet songs of mountains

Secrets in the stream

Shared too quickly between us

Stuck as strangers once again

Paige Veneziale ’23

Sun

Bright, warm

Burning, shining, blazing

Sky, clouds, time, darkness

Chilling, falling, cooling

Tranquil, white

Snow

Ava Spera ’25



"Sick"

A crystalline drop

The silent sound of complaint

The arrow takes aim -

Shoots for the green of envy.

A hit? A miss? Time will tell.

Giana Felker '25



“Beach”

Beach
Warm, Happy
Swimming, Laughing, Tanning
Waves, Sand, Ice Cream, Dolphin
Playing, Running, Sailing
Blissful, Calming
Shores

Olivia Burke ’23

“New Adventure”

A new adventure
Things you’ve never seen before
Leaving what you know
Remake yourself with what’s found
The world is a massive place
See every single corner

Gianna Carradorini ’22



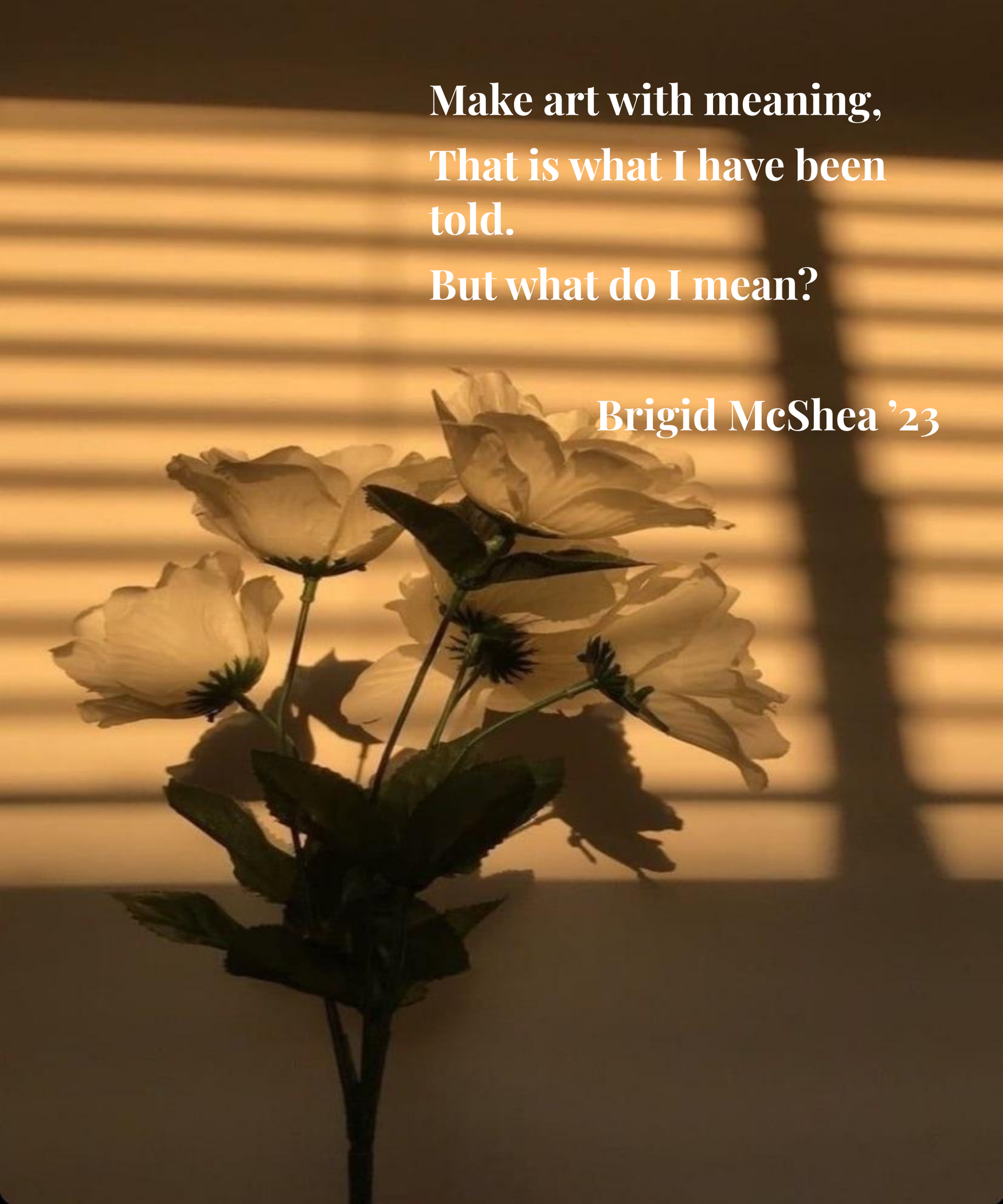
Sitting by a pond
The water sparkles and shines
The birds chirp and sing

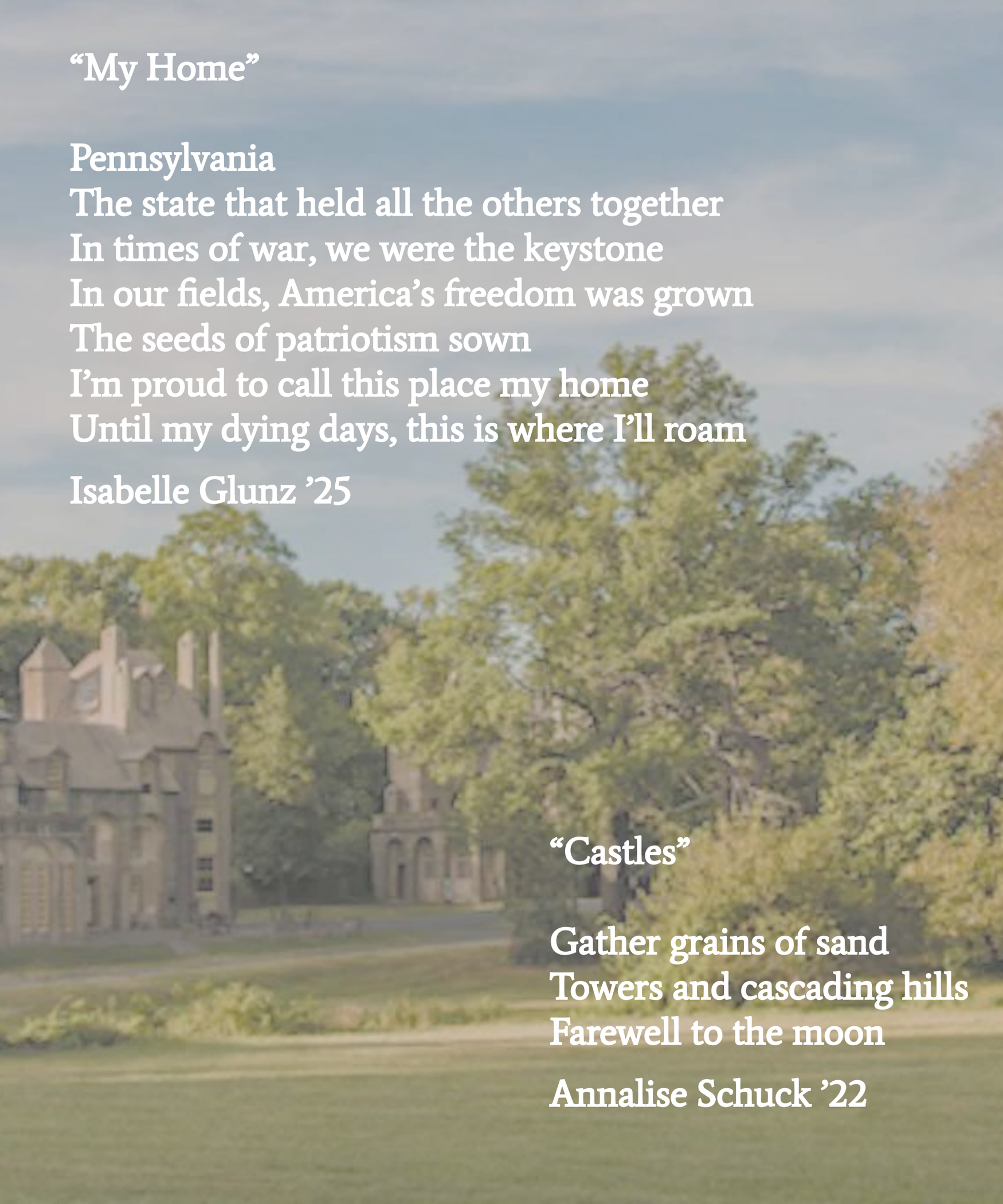
She gazes at him
He does not feel her staring
So, she walks away

Suburbs and corn fields
One bookstore and sole playground
What a boring place

I wish to travel
I desire to explore
Get me out of here

Ava Spera ’25


Make art with meaning,
That is what I have been told.
But what do I mean?
Brigid McShea ’23



“My Home”

Pennsylvania
The state that held all the others together
In times of war, we were the keystone
In our fields, America’s freedom was grown
The seeds of patriotism sown
I’m proud to call this place my home
Until my dying days, this is where I’ll roam

Isabelle Glunz ’25

“Castles”

Gather grains of sand
Towers and cascading hills
Farewell to the moon

Annalise Schuck ’22

“Rubaiyat - A Vibrant New City”

The air is fresh as I walk outside,
The new city is an adventure, so I read my guide,
I look around me to all the new sights I will see,
Whoa, this city is full of life, the happy dwellers implied.
I am excited to take a part in this new adventure,
To all the people I will meet and the information I will learn on the places I venture,
My mind is filled with love of the city I am beginning to explore,
This place really is an adventure quencher.
I walk down the street toward the marketplace,
I cannot wait to meet a new face,
To learn the history of this city and all its people,
Whoa, this is going to be an adventure I cannot replace.

Elizabeth Mellon ’23



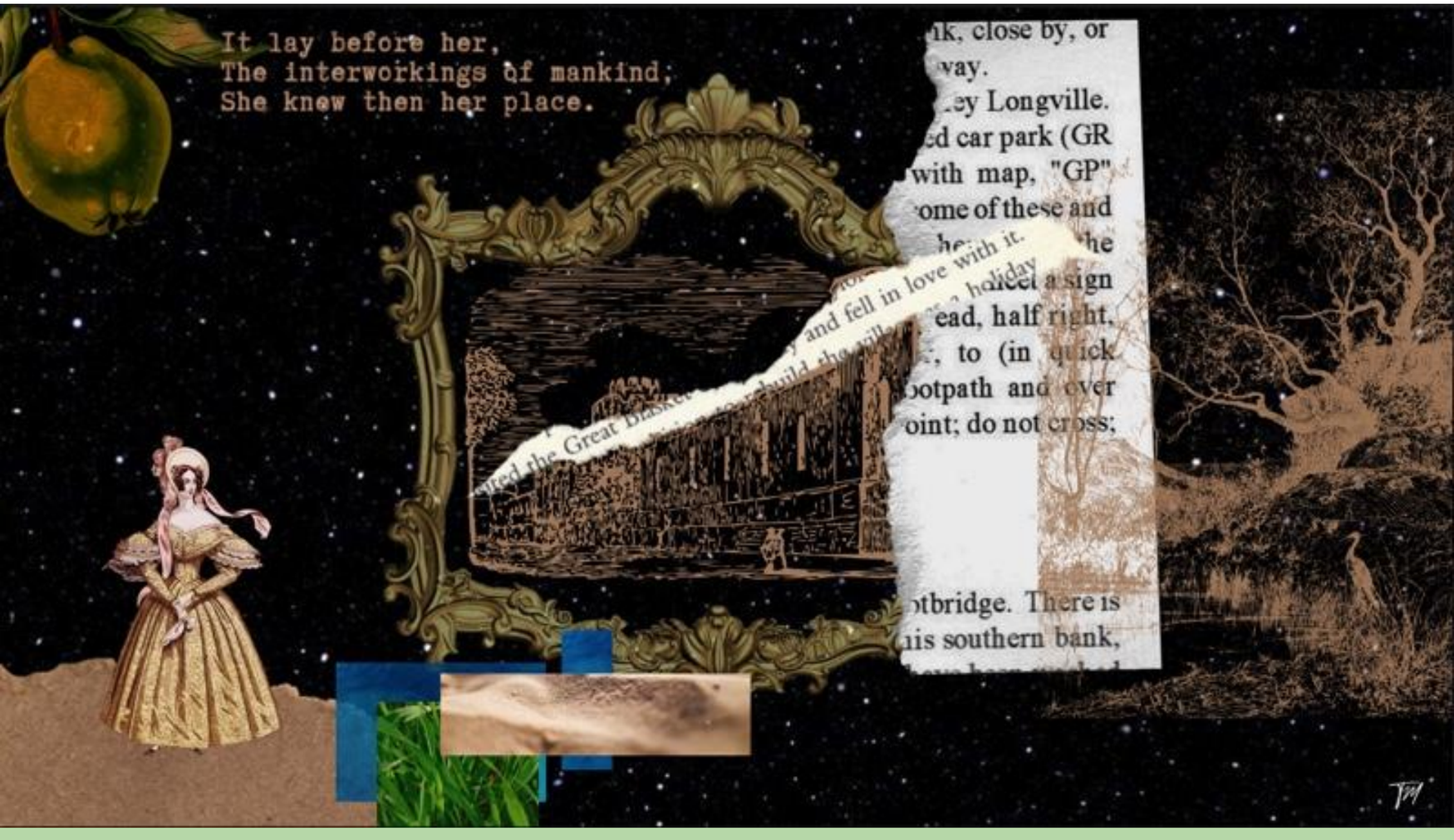


“The Southern Snow Storm”

This January blizzard is cold and harsh
The child wears her jacket and scarf.
Frost is in the winter air,
This weather in the south is very rare.
So everyone gets out of bed and goes outside
Kids all go for a wild sleigh ride.
The brutal wind might cause frostbite,
But the children keep saying they are alright.
Out of the sky, the snowflake falls
To cancel school, the Principal calls.
Soon the snow turns into hail
The kids must run back up the trail.
They rush into their homes and try to get warm
Everyone cannot wait for the next snow storm.

Lauren Redican ’22





Theresa McCann '22

“Monday “

When Monday rolls around
It’s back to the normal routine
With a to-do list that can touch the ground
No break can be foreseen

It’s back to the normal routine
Free time tends to disappear
No break can be foreseen
Just waiting for Friday to be here

Free time tends to disappear
Busy people working day and night
Just waiting for Friday to be here
In dark skies, office lights shine bright

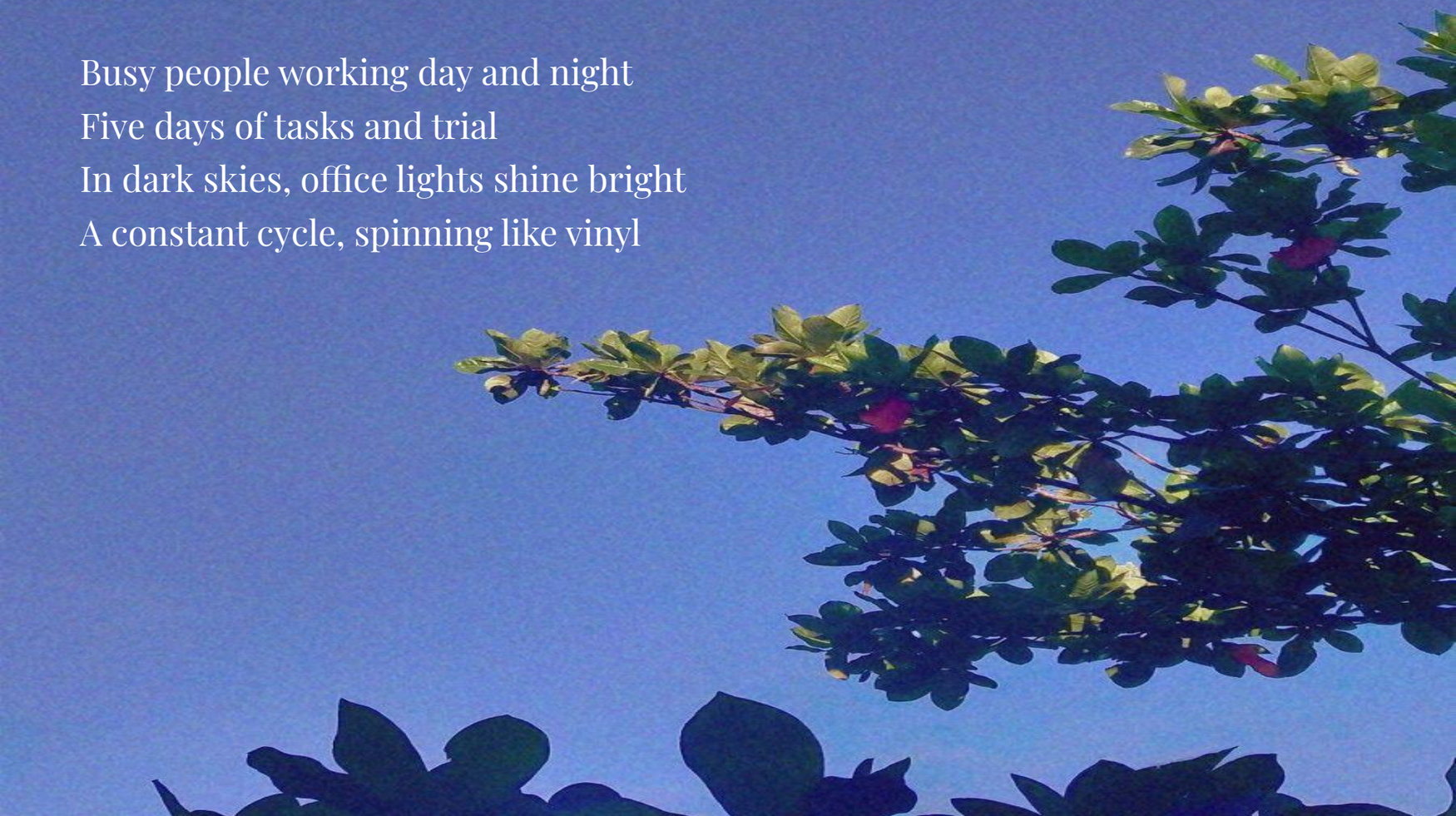
Busy people working day and night
Five days of tasks and trial
In dark skies, office lights shine bright
A constant cycle, spinning like vinyl

Five days of tasks and trial
New events added to the board
A constant cycle, spinning like vinyl
But seemingly with no reward

It feels like there’s no winning

With a to-do list that can touch the ground
But maybe it is a new beginning
When Monday rolls around

Erin Flatley ’24




Sunrise
early, fresh
rise, illuminate, begin
morning, daylight, dawn, sunup
gloaming, nightfall, dusk, west
darken, lower, dimming
late, last
Sunset
Grace Profy '22



Seventeen degrees
outside, that's what I
was told
Waiting for my car to
heat up, this is
getting old
Driving, I can see the
snow falling on the
roads
As I walk to school I
say, "It is very
cold"

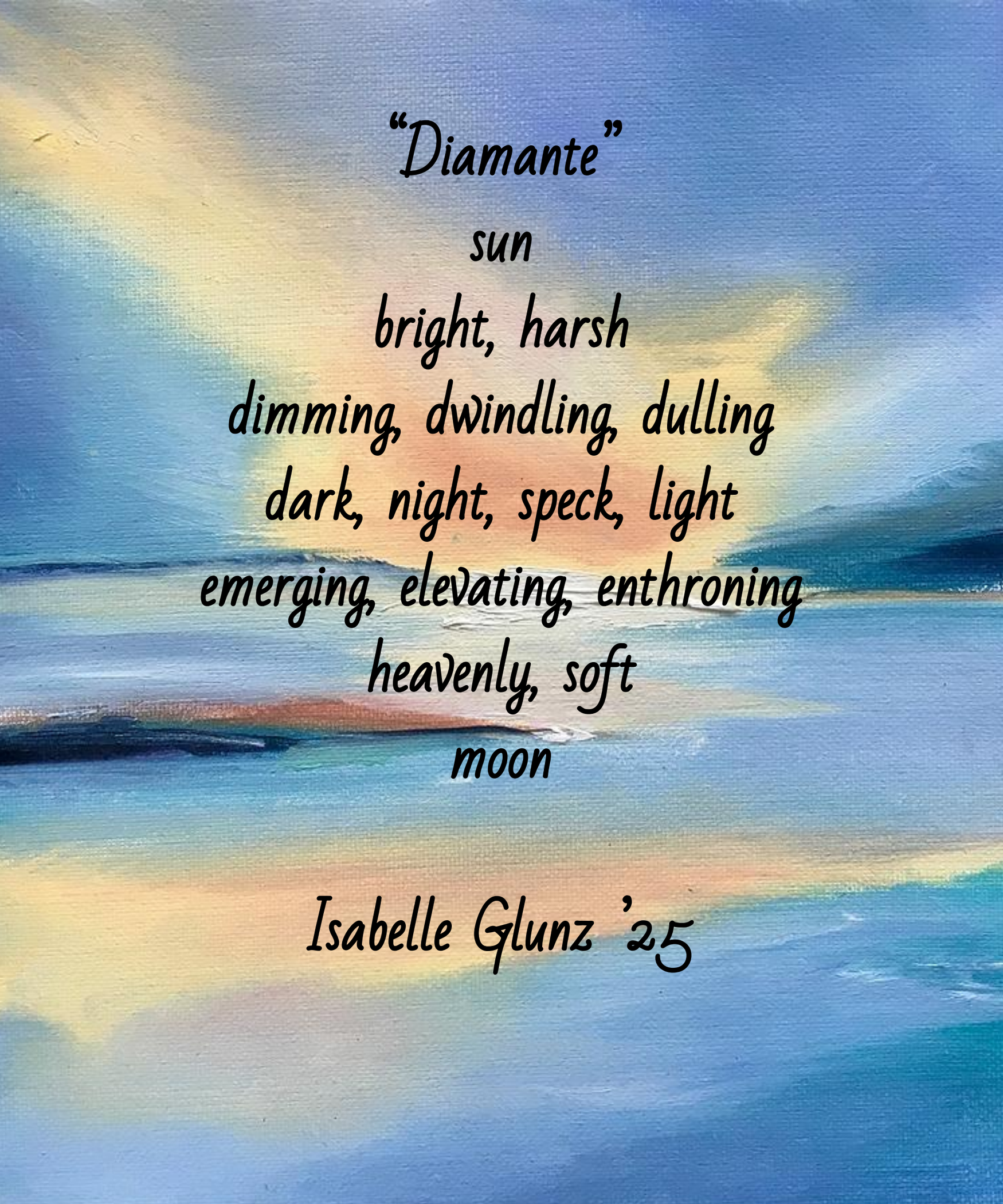
Ellie Kosmala '22

I do not feel
like
going to school
with all the
ice outside I
would
rather stay in
my blanket
with some nice
warm hot cocoa

Ellie Kosmala '22

I wake up in a groggy state,
Oh no, I'm going to be late!
I quickly rush through the
door
Checking the time, it's
half-past eight!

Ellie Kosmala '22



"Diamante"

sun

bright, harsh

dimming, dwindling, dulling

dark, night, speck, light

emerging, elevating, enthroning

heavenly, soft

moon

Isabelle Glunz '25

At Sea

You cannot just prepare for a journey your entire life—you must take chances and risks, leap into the unknown, and place yourself into the hands of fate, steered still, of course, by all you learned at port. The journey is an exciting stage of life, where things are changing at rapid paces, and each moment brings new and exciting experiences. High school is a journey, college is a journey, and life is a journey. At the end of it all are your hopes and dreams, your purpose whether you understand it or not. It cannot be reached or understood without traveling the waves of the journey.

Not every journey is smooth sailing, and no journey remains in port. Occasionally, we must weather the storms that life throws at us whether they be pandemics, hard tests, death, or other such hardships that we must navigate. Still, those instances, those storms shape us, in welcome and unwelcome ways. The following pieces are students' reflections upon the journey that they have taken, or are currently undertaking.

Senior Editor

Madeline Patrick '22

What is the one thing you do to pass time on your journey?

- **Brianna Durante ’22: Keeping myself busy is what I typically do to pass time through the journey of my life. I do this through making plans with my friends, getting food (specifically Starbucks), hanging with my family, playing with my dog, watching Netflix or YouTube, or taking a nap. I feel it is crucial to embrace our free time and fill it with activities or people we enjoy. We have to make an effort to not become consumed with the journey of our life and let ourselves enjoy the little moments. The little moments in life are sometimes the moments that help guide us on our journey in a more genuine and realistic way and can open our eyes to our own personal destiny. I prioritize my future and make decisions that will positively benefit my life's journey while also recognizing the importance of being a teenager and living in the moment.**

- **Ashley Rosica ’22: I like to read books that take me out of my comfort zone. If it allows me to interact with new characters and plots, I enjoy the chance to find another world in someone else's words, allowing me to learn new things and take a break from real life.**

What is the one thing you do to pass time on your journey?

- **Reagan Sharp ’22: One thing I do to pass time on my journey is read. It is an outlet that lets me escape into a world that has no bearing on my life. The anxiety in my everyday life fades away and I am brought into the world of imagination.**

- **Lily Chacko ’25: Listen to music :)**

- **Eden Rosini ’25: One thing I do to pass time on my journey is to spend time with those I love, like my friends and family. As my one of my best friend's mother said, it is better to be bored with a friend than bored by yourself!**

- **Sara Zink ’25: To pass time on my journey of life, I enjoy playing the piano and learning new songs to practice. I also like to listen to music and spend time with my family.**

Teacher Response

What comprised your journey to teach at Villa?

- **I taught at Morrisville before coming to Villa. That year was really rough. I had given up on the idea of teaching. I saw this job posting and vaguely recalled a friend of mine graduated from here (Joanna Birmingham). I applied, interviewed, and the rest is history. I can honestly say I love teaching again. - Ms. Preedy**

- **At my previous school, I took on a different position that still allowed me to teach one class a day. I loved being in the classroom, and after two years, I missed working with students on a full roster. Finding this opportunity at Villa was a blessing, and I appreciate our students every day. I'm grateful for their bright energy, enthusiasm, and genuine kindness, and I'm so happy to be part of our Villa community! - Ms. Young**

- **My journey to teach at Villa was comprised of: a college assignment (hand delivering your resume to your grade school and high school alma maters); a former math teacher- turned-principal offering me a paid student teaching experience; an internal struggle to accept or decline that opportunity; a father telling his 21-year-old daughter to "take the job and then you can move out of my house"; and a whole lot of prayer and discernment to accept… that was 19 years ago. - Mrs. Carr**

- **Building self-confidence and overcoming insecurities has been a major part of my journey to this point. I remember being so nervous right before the start of my student teaching, not sure if I would be able to do a good job. In the many years since, I've been able to find my voice as a teacher. As with anything in life, it takes time and effort to get better. - Mr. Mayer**

- **A friend of mine who had been teaching at Villa recommended me to then-principal Sister Lucida. I came to Villa one summer afternoon for an interview (with my mother accompanying me so we could go to dinner afterwards), and the rest, as they say, is history. - Ms. McBrinn**

Teacher Response

What is the one thing you do to pass time on your journey?

- **I really enjoy making crafts. I have a Cricut, so I make all kinds of shirts, wall art, mugs, tumblers, wine glasses, etc. - Ms. Preedy**

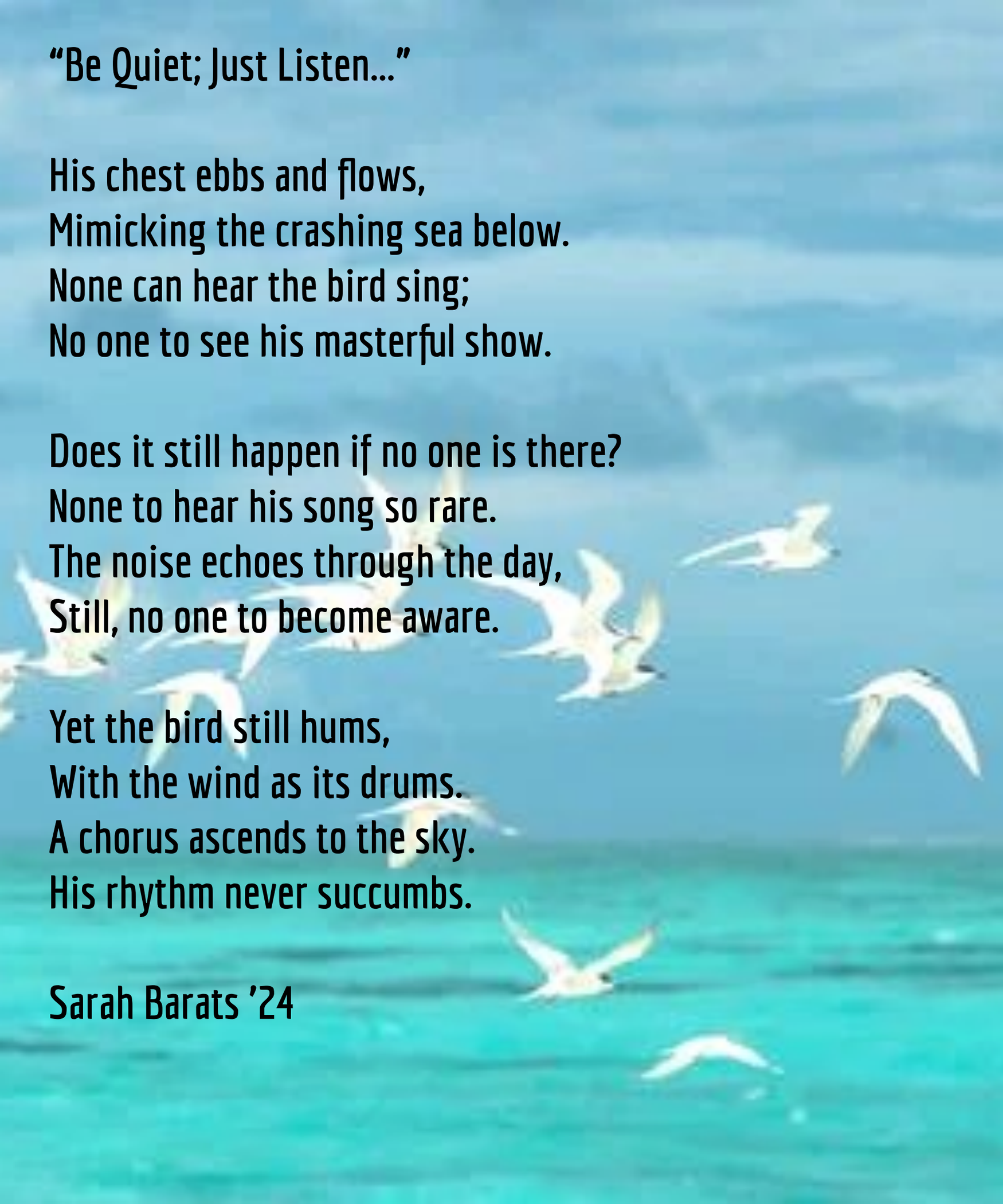
- **I love to read in my free time! I really enjoy reading about history, particularly American history. I think and talk about math so much for my job, so reading about history is a nice change of pace for my brain. - Mr. Mayer**

- **I read, walk, meditate, listen to music, play all sorts of on-line and board games, and do yoga. - Ms. McBrinn**

Who has influenced you on your journey of life?

- **This might not be a terribly interesting answer, but my parents have definitely influenced me. Ever since I was little, my parents have believed in me and encouraged me to do my best. - Mr. Mayer**

- **My parents with their love of reading and music. - Ms. McBrinn**



“Be Quiet; Just Listen…”

His chest ebbs and flows,
Mimicking the crashing sea below.
None can hear the bird sing;
No one to see his masterful show.

Does it still happen if no one is there?
None to hear his song so rare.
The noise echoes through the day,
Still, no one to become aware.

Yet the bird still hums,
With the wind as its drums.
A chorus ascends to the sky.
His rhythm never succumbs.

Sarah Barats ’24



“Reading”

Turning the pages

Entering a brand-new world

Losing track of time

Page after page book next book

The entrancement of reading

Brigid Woolerton ’22

“Love or Hatred”

Love

Affectionate, Caring

Adore, Cherish, Treasure

Passion, Fervor, Intensity, Zeal

Abhor, Despise, Detest

Hostile, Mean

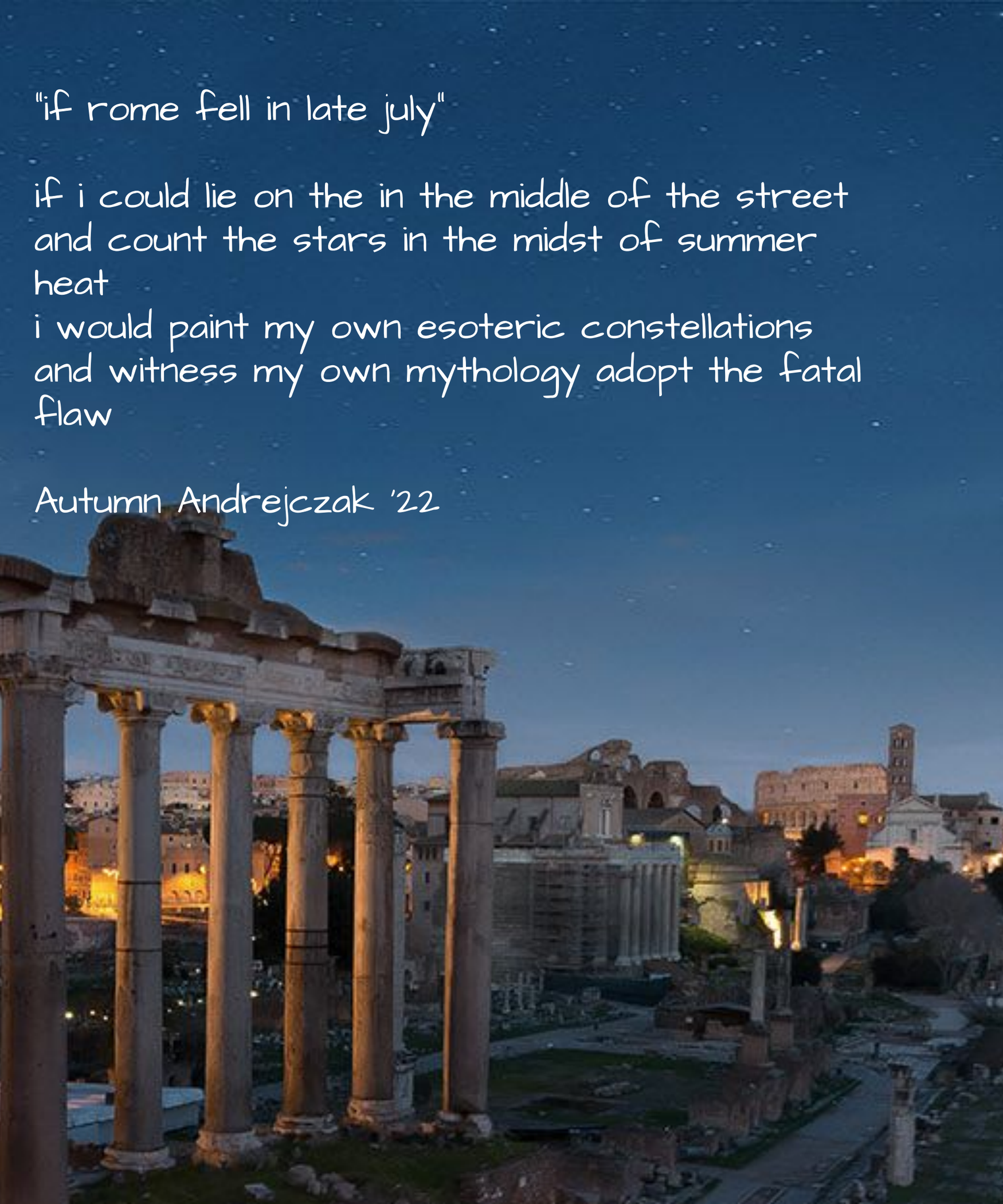
Hatred

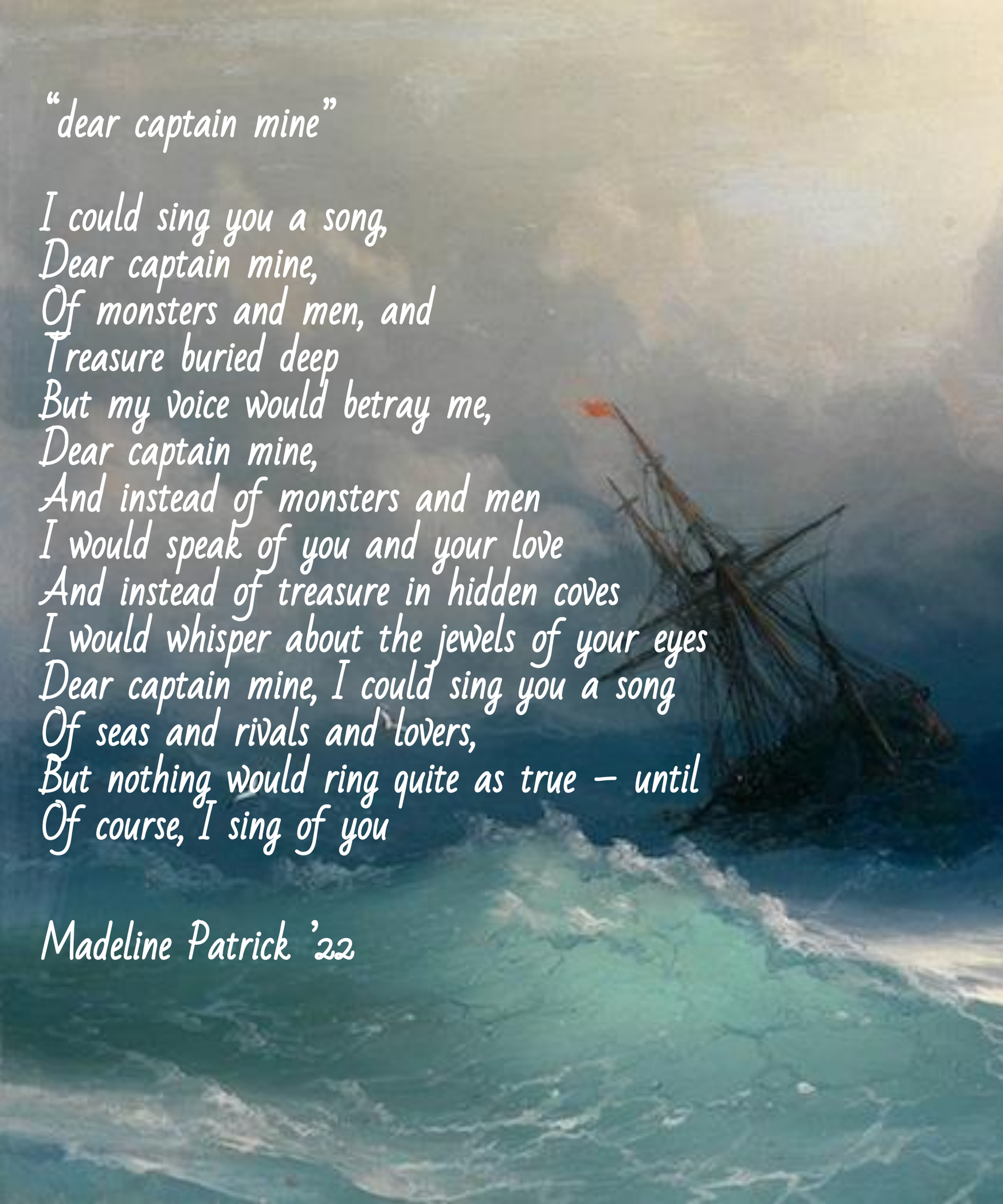
Brigid Woolerton ’22

"if rome fell in late july"

if i could lie on the in the middle of the street
and count the stars in the midst of summer
heat
i would paint my own esoteric constellations
and witness my own mythology adopt the fatal
flaw

Autumn Andrejczak '22





"dear captain mine"

I could sing you a song,
Dear captain mine,
Of monsters and men, and
Treasure buried deep
But my voice would betray me,
Dear captain mine,
And instead of monsters and men
I would speak of you and your love
And instead of treasure in hidden coves
I would whisper about the jewels of your eyes
Dear captain mine, I could sing you a song
Of seas and rivals and lovers,
But nothing would ring quite as true – until
Of course, I sing of you

Madeline Patrick '22



Theresa McCann '22

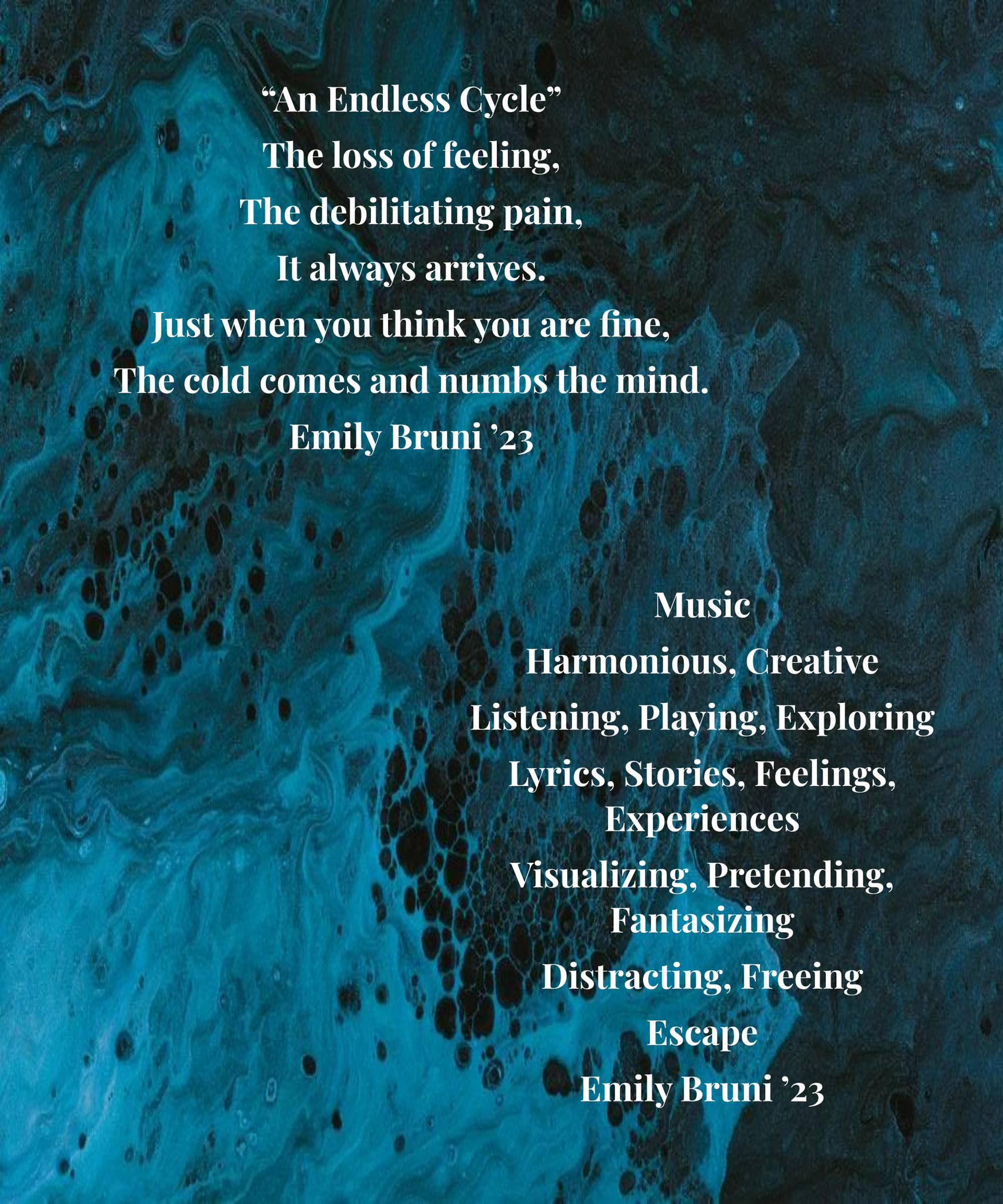


“Rondelet”
Missing someone
Can feel like a hole in your heart.
Missing someone
Can be like earth without the sun:
Harder the longer we’re apart.
Life goes on even when I start
Missing someone.

Natalie Boedewig ’24

“Meadow”
Pleasant, Verdant
Mooing, Yelping, Crowing
Cows, Goats, Sheep, Chickens
Munching, Bounding, Relaxing
Charming, Open
Pasture

Elizabeth Bowe ‘22



“An Endless Cycle”

The loss of feeling,
The debilitating pain,
It always arrives.
Just when you think you are fine,
The cold comes and numbs the mind.

Emily Bruni ’23

Music

Harmonious, Creative

Listening, Playing, Exploring

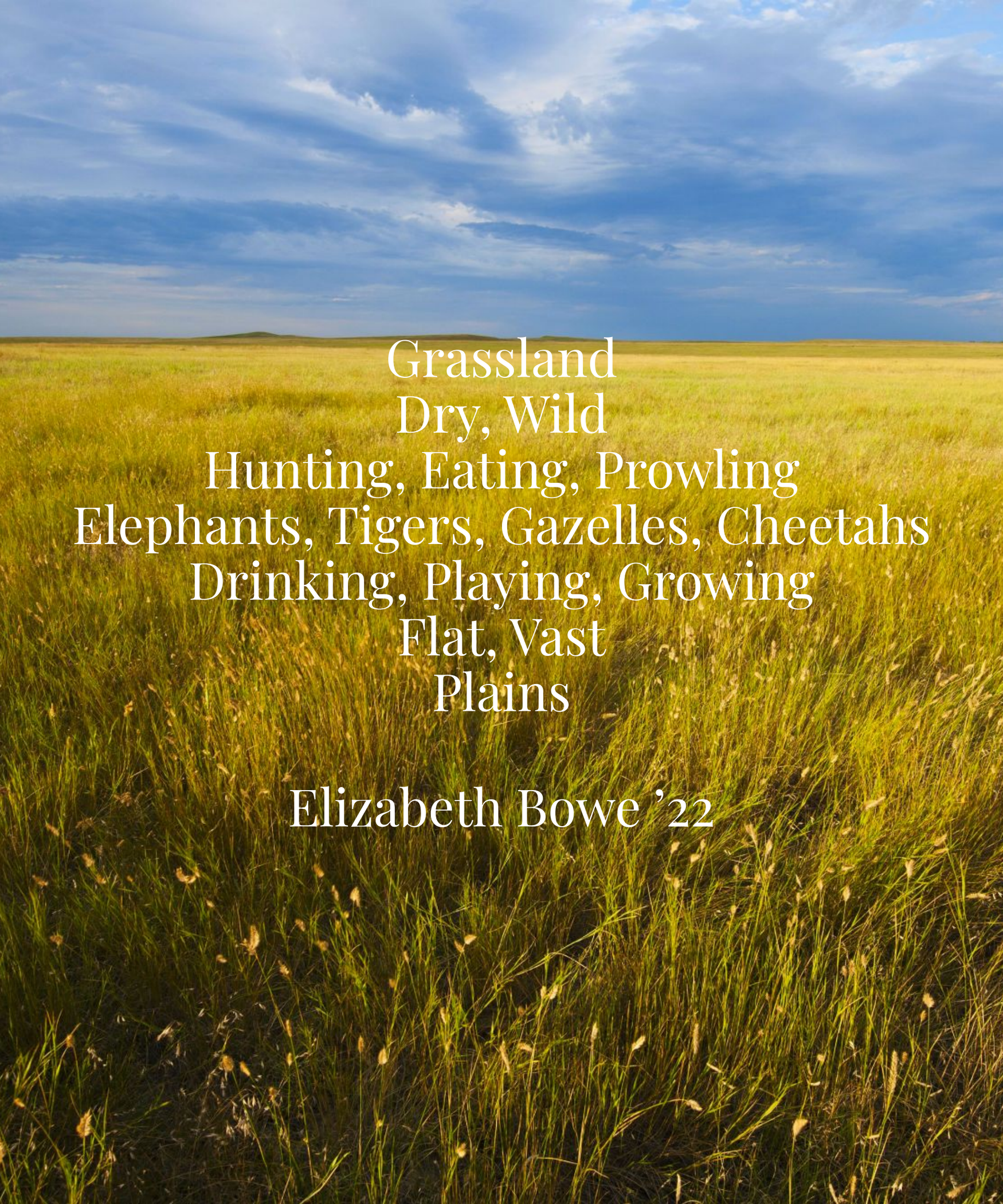
Lyrics, Stories, Feelings, Experiences

Visualizing, Pretending, Fantasizing

Distracting, Freeing

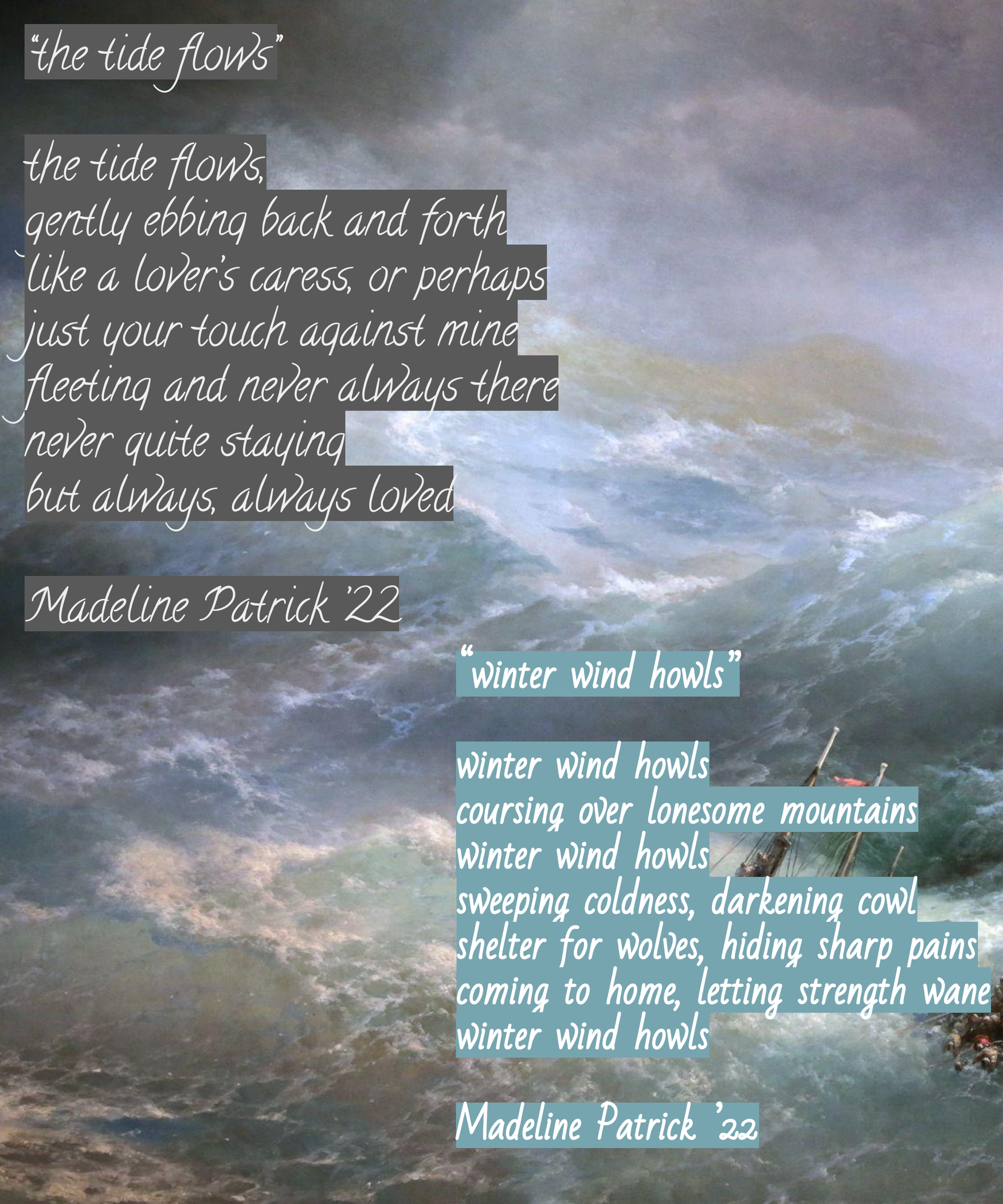
Escape

Emily Bruni ’23



Grassland
Dry, Wild
Hunting, Eating, Prowling
Elephants, Tigers, Gazelles, Cheetahs
Drinking, Playing, Growing
Flat, Vast
Plains

Elizabeth Bowe ’22



"the tide flows"

the tide flows,
gently ebbing back and forth
like a lover's caress, or perhaps
just your touch against mine
fleeting and never always there
never quite staying
but always, always loved

Madeline Patrick '22

"winter wind howls"

winter wind howls
coursing over lonesome mountains
winter wind howls
sweeping coldness, darkening cowl
shelter for wolves, hiding sharp pains
coming to home, letting strength wane
winter wind howls

Madeline Patrick '22

“Haiku Story”

She’s fun and bubbly,
She acts like wonder woman,
Always there for you.

But you will never know it,
It will go over your head,
You will only see

What you want to see.
You will ignore her struggles,
And applaud her wins.

She seems the ideal,
But in her own eyes, she’s not,
She’s an imposter,

Wandering, alone
Past dusty streets and run downs,
One step at a time,

Lonely and hopeless,
Because she will never be
What the whole world wants:

But what does it want?
Perfected photoshop girl,
No ills, no worries,

Just body and face,
No fat, no acne at all,
Many followers,

Perfect career,
Unlimited money source,
A perfect boyfriend,

Healthy mental health,
She seems flawless and perfect,
No problems ever.

But crowns slip sometimes,
In this all for yourself world,
Who will help her now?

Will her followers?
Or the people she calls friends?
Temporarily.

Real women cry,
Real women stand up to
Society’s wants.

Real women wish
For respect and dignity,
For rights that don’t kill,

For a better place,
For a way to make a change,
And for a purpose.

Real women dream
Of a world that will not take
advantage of them,

For a safe haven
That doesn’t favor
Bad body image.

Alas, lies will spread
For how could this be real?
Stop lying to us.

Society tells
That we are all united,
But still we falter

To raise up others,
To pick up those left behind,
To just stop lying,

Stop making trouble
And blaming your poor scapegoats
Who are not problems,

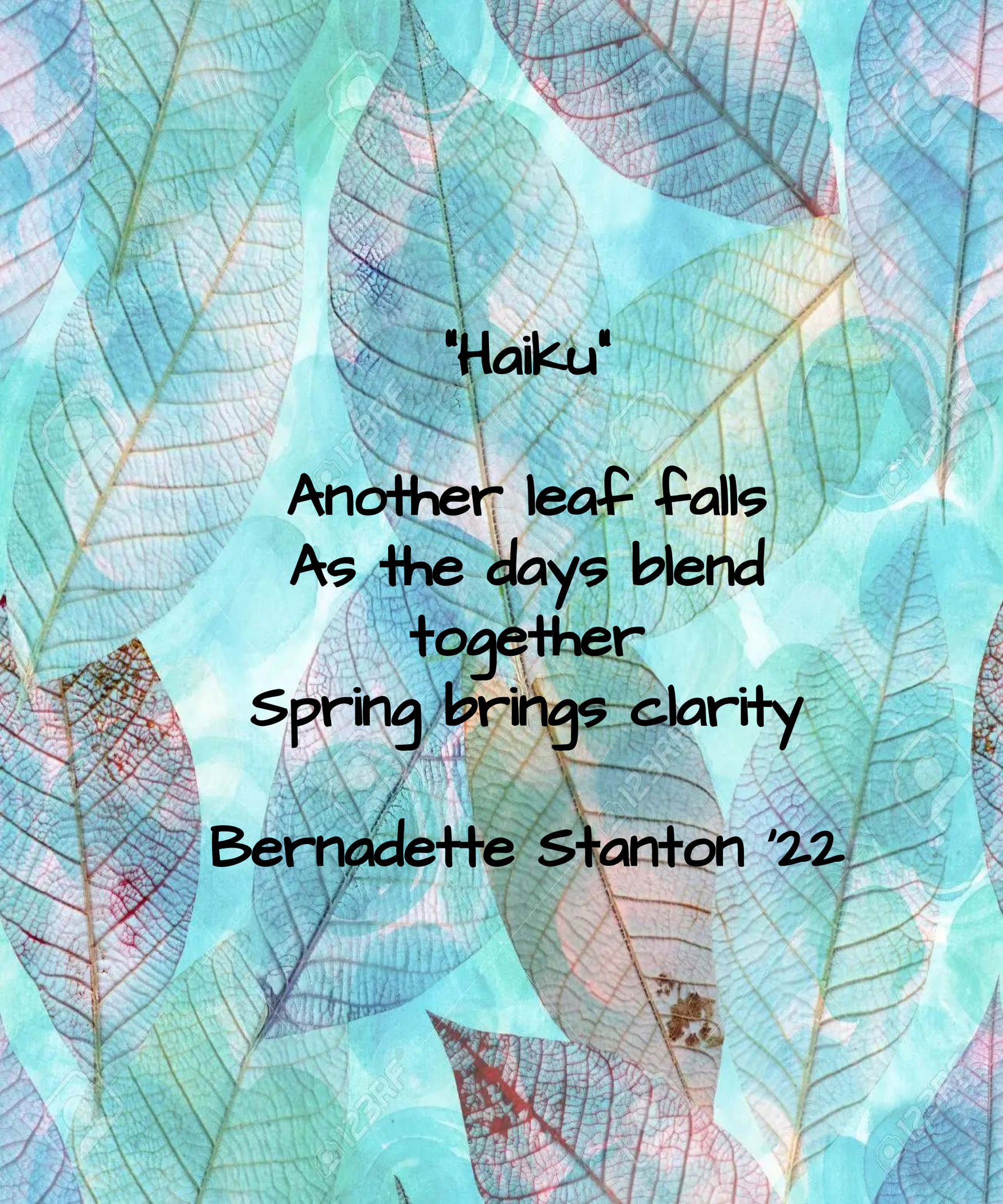
Stop telling us how
Strong we are when our rights and
Dignity are gone.

Stop championing
Rights that take away our lives,
It’s our womanhood.

We can play the game
Follow in your dishonor,
But we don’t exploit

The lives of women.
We would never stoop that low...
Recall that next time.

Meredith Glunz ’23



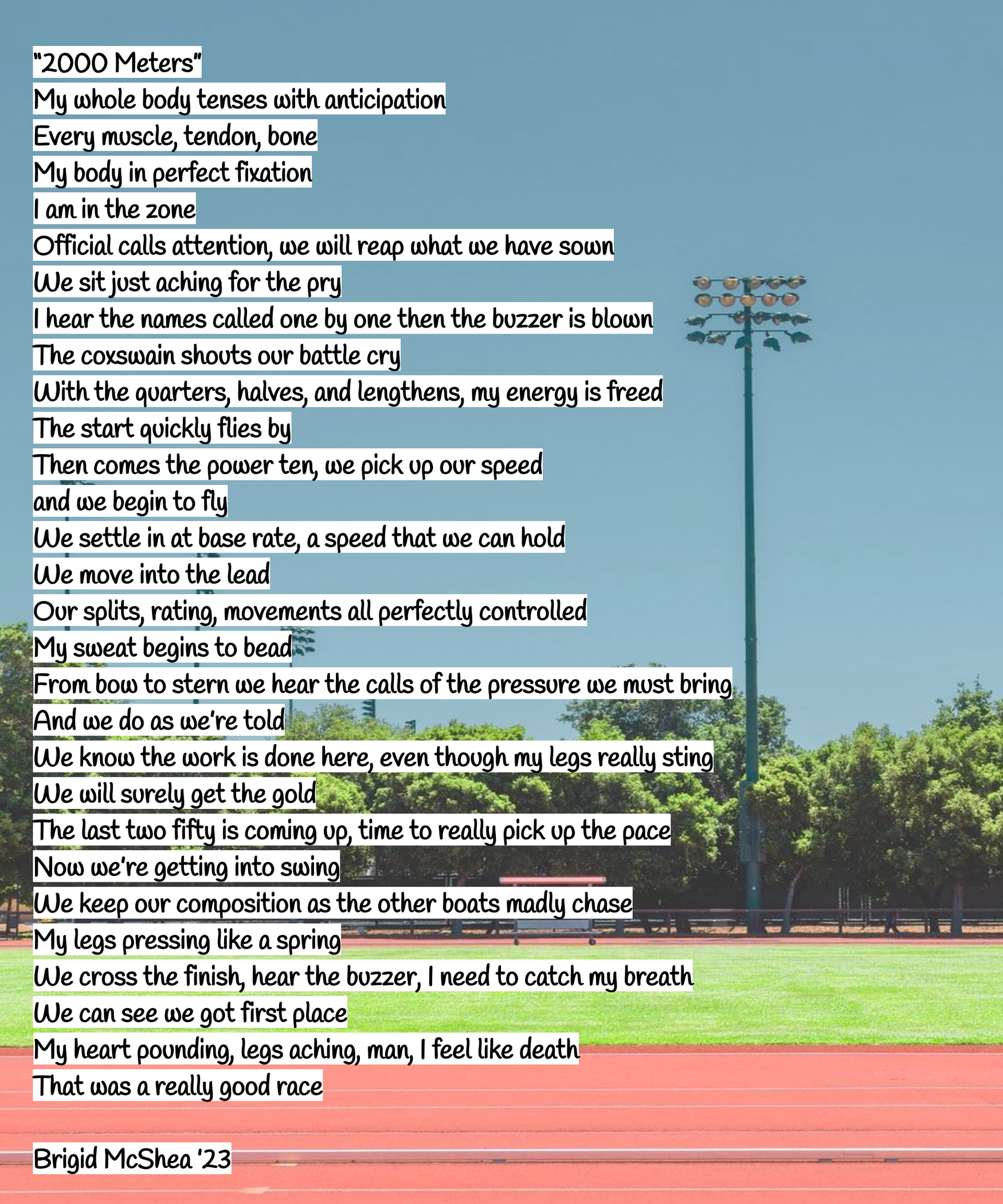
"Haiku"

Another leaf falls
As the days blend
together
Spring brings clarity

Bernadette Stanton '22



Theresa McCann '22

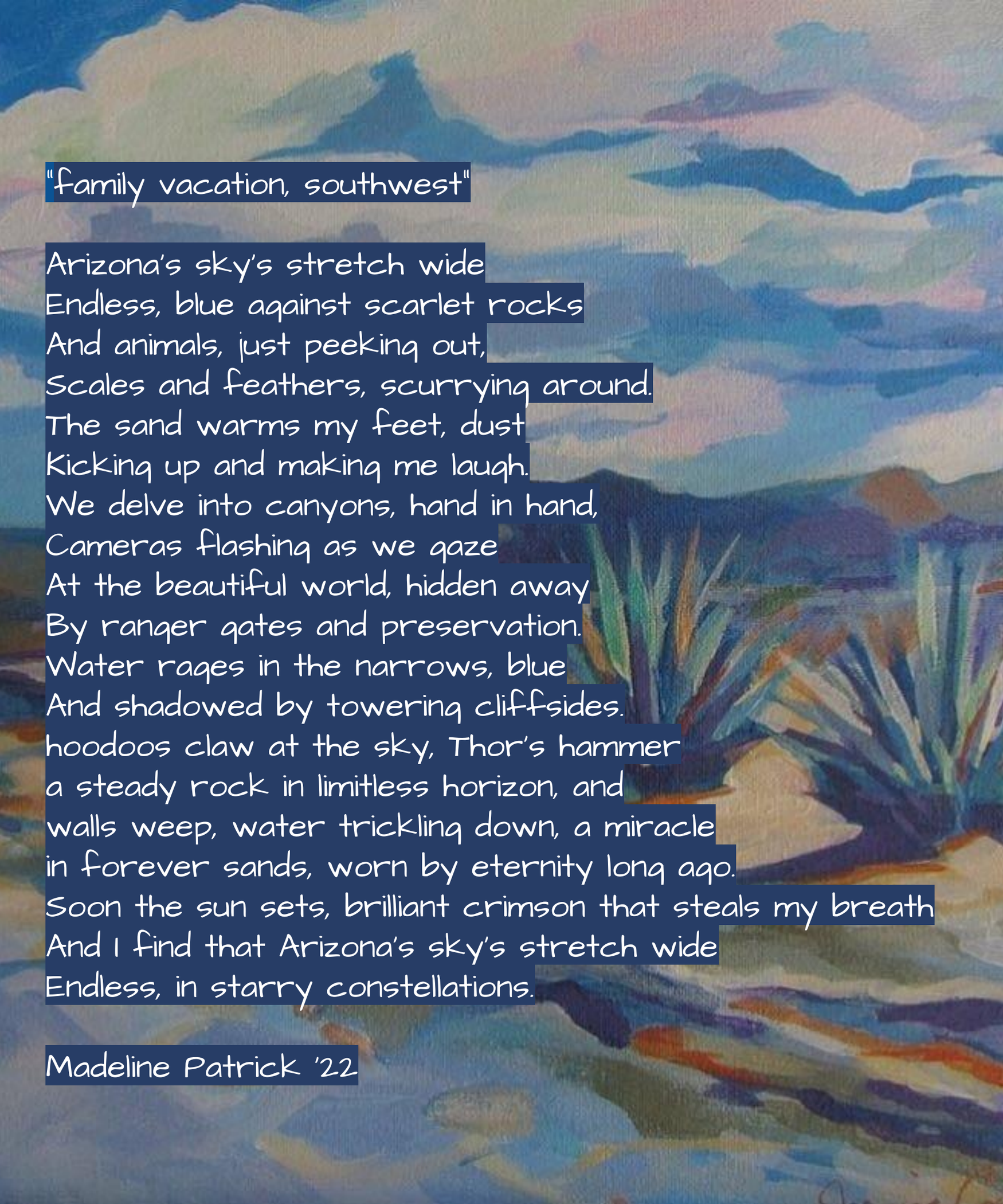


"2000 Meters"
My whole body tenses with anticipation
Every muscle, tendon, bone
My body in perfect fixation
I am in the zone
Official calls attention, we will reap what we have sown
We sit just aching for the pry
I hear the names called one by one then the buzzer is blown
The coxswain shouts our battle cry
With the quarters, halves, and lengthens, my energy is freed
The start quickly flies by
Then comes the power ten, we pick up our speed
and we begin to fly
We settle in at base rate, a speed that we can hold
We move into the lead
Our splits, rating, movements all perfectly controlled
My sweat begins to bead
From bow to stern we hear the calls of the pressure we must bring
And we do as we're told
We know the work is done here, even though my legs really sting
We will surely get the gold
The last two fifty is coming up, time to really pick up the pace
Now we're getting into swing
We keep our composition as the other boats madly chase
My legs pressing like a spring
We cross the finish, hear the buzzer, I need to catch my breath
We can see we got first place
My heart pounding, legs aching, man, I feel like death
That was a really good race

Brigid McShea '23



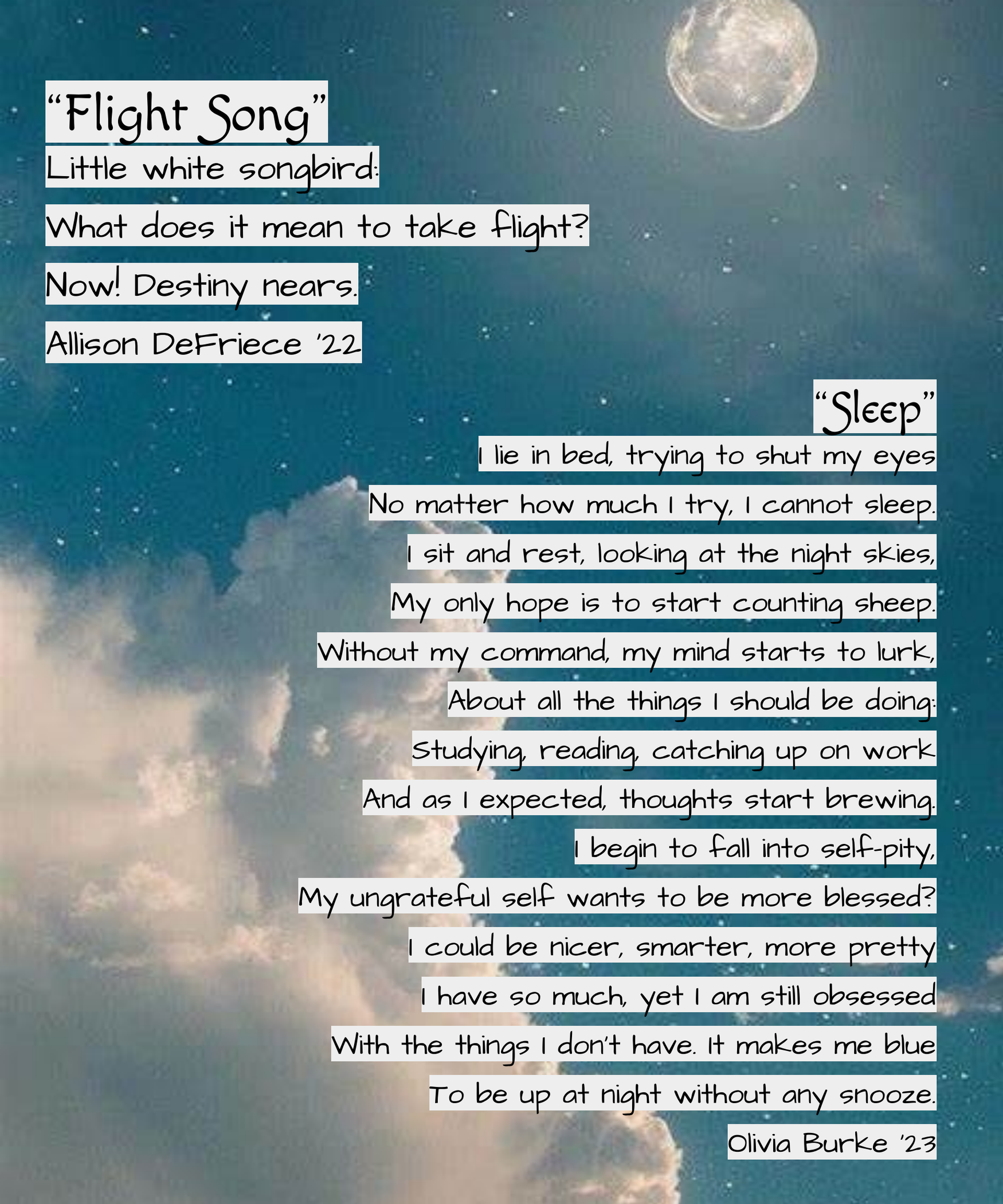
Sydney Houseman '25



"family vacation, southwest"

Arizona's sky's stretch wide
Endless, blue against scarlet rocks
And animals, just peeking out,
Scales and feathers, scurrying around.
The sand warms my feet, dust
Kicking up and making me laugh.
We delve into canyons, hand in hand,
Cameras flashing as we gaze
At the beautiful world, hidden away
By ranger gates and preservation.
Water rages in the narrows, blue
And shadowed by towering cliffsides.
hoodoos claw at the sky, Thor's hammer
a steady rock in limitless horizon, and
walls weep, water trickling down, a miracle
in forever sands, worn by eternity long ago.
Soon the sun sets, brilliant crimson that steals my breath
And I find that Arizona's sky's stretch wide
Endless, in starry constellations.

Madeline Patrick '22



"Flight Song"

Little white songbird:

What does it mean to take flight?

Now! Destiny nears.

Allison DeFriece '22

"Sleep"

I lie in bed, trying to shut my eyes

No matter how much I try, I cannot sleep.

I sit and rest, looking at the night skies,

My only hope is to start counting sheep.

Without my command, my mind starts to lurk,

About all the things I should be doing:

Studying, reading, catching up on work

And as I expected, thoughts start brewing.

I begin to fall into self-pity,

My ungrateful self wants to be more blessed?

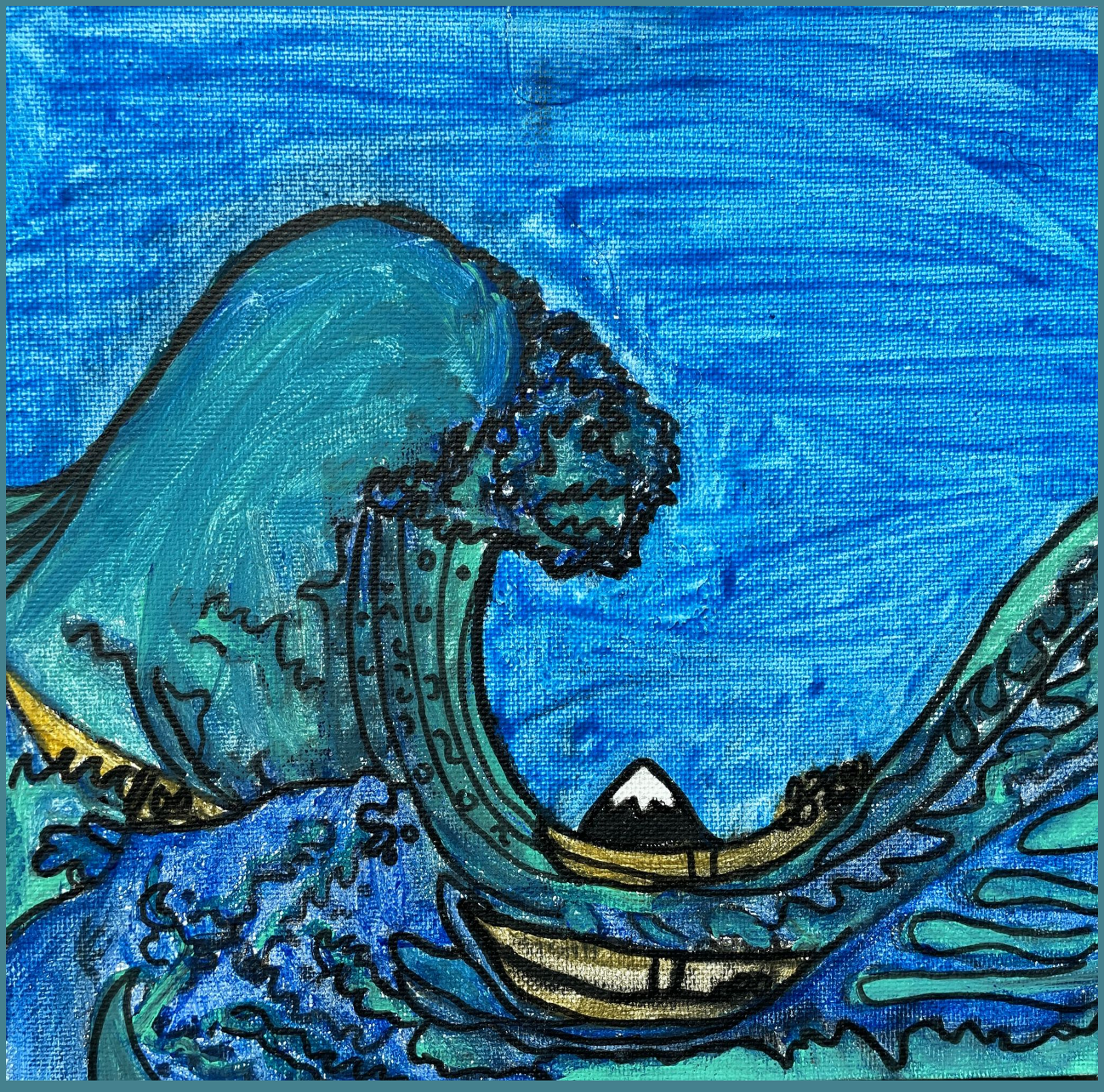
I could be nicer, smarter, more pretty

I have so much, yet I am still obsessed

With the things I don't have. It makes me blue

To be up at night without any snooze.

Olivia Burke '23

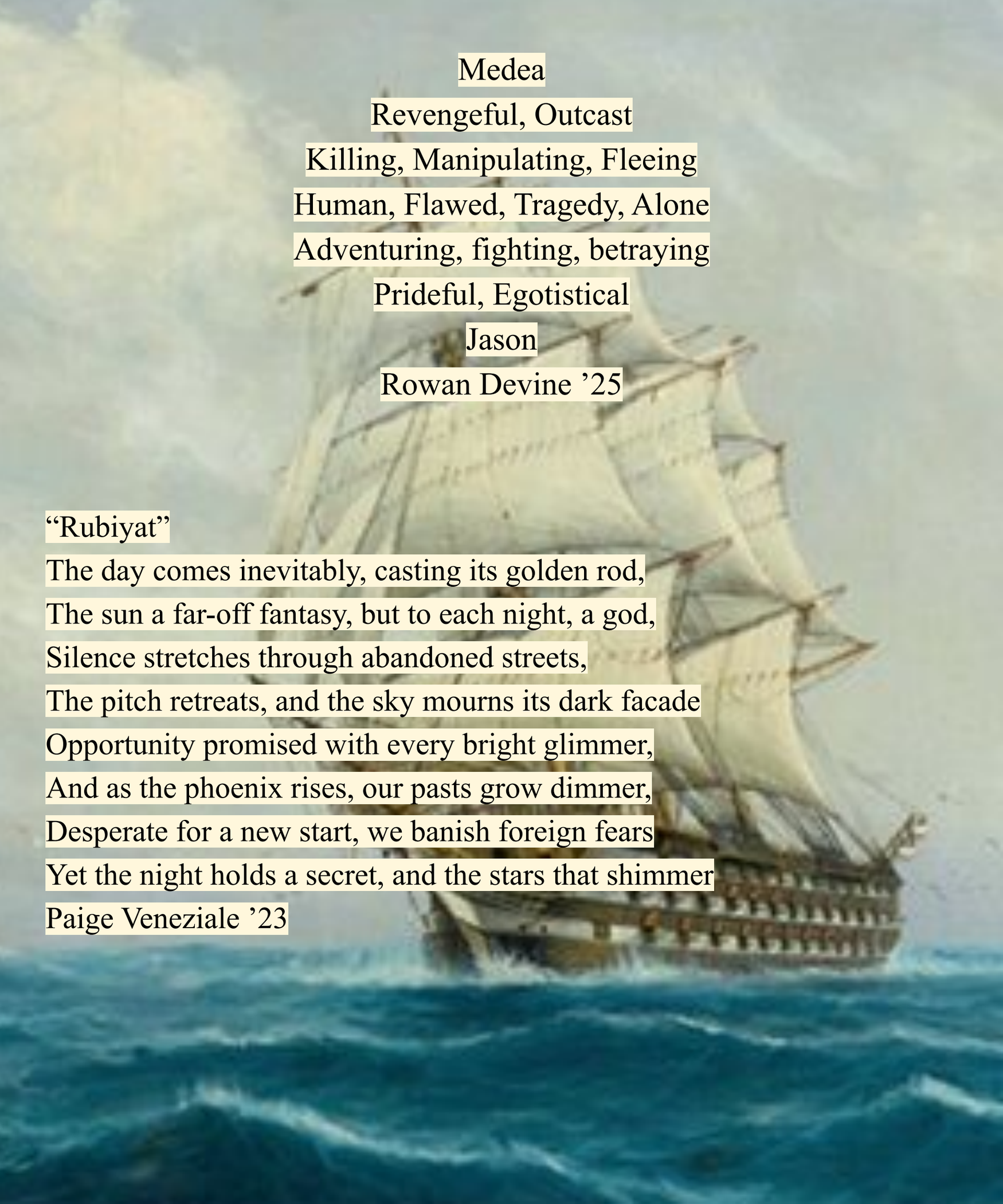


Julianna Marino '22

“The Tale of the MOREMOST & The *LessLeast*”

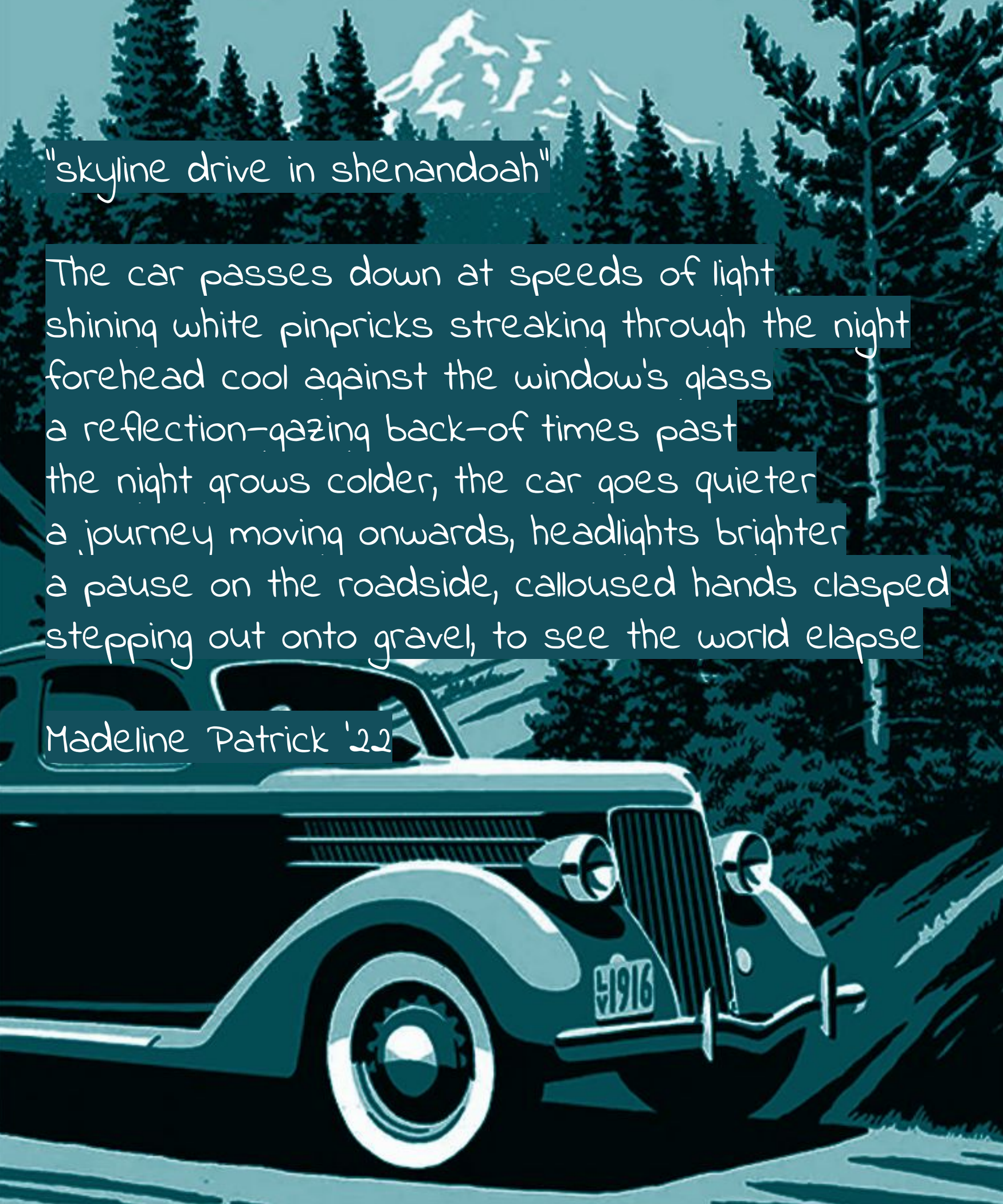
Once upon a time, there was a ferocious monster, the MOREMOST, who was infamous for his griddy. He was feared by humanity, as this griddy caused 7.0 magnitude earthquakes. Nobody ever took the time to realize how wonderful the MOREMOST truly was. One day, looking for his favorite bubble berries, he unknowingly griddied into the cave of the *LessLeast*. The MOREMOST and the *LessLeast* locked eyes across the ice cold cave. The *LessLeast* was not even bothered by the MOREMOST’s 7.0 magnitude earthquake as he griddied—in fact, she embraced this and found him exciting. The MOREMOST asked her to marry him and move into his volcano of fire, and she gladly accepted. Soon after, they became the best superlative couple to ever live.

Julia Hobson ’24 and Hannah Klingenberg ’24



Medea
Revengeful, Outcast
Killing, Manipulating, Fleeing
Human, Flawed, Tragedy, Alone
Adventuring, fighting, betraying
Prideful, Egotistical
Jason
Rowan Devine ’25

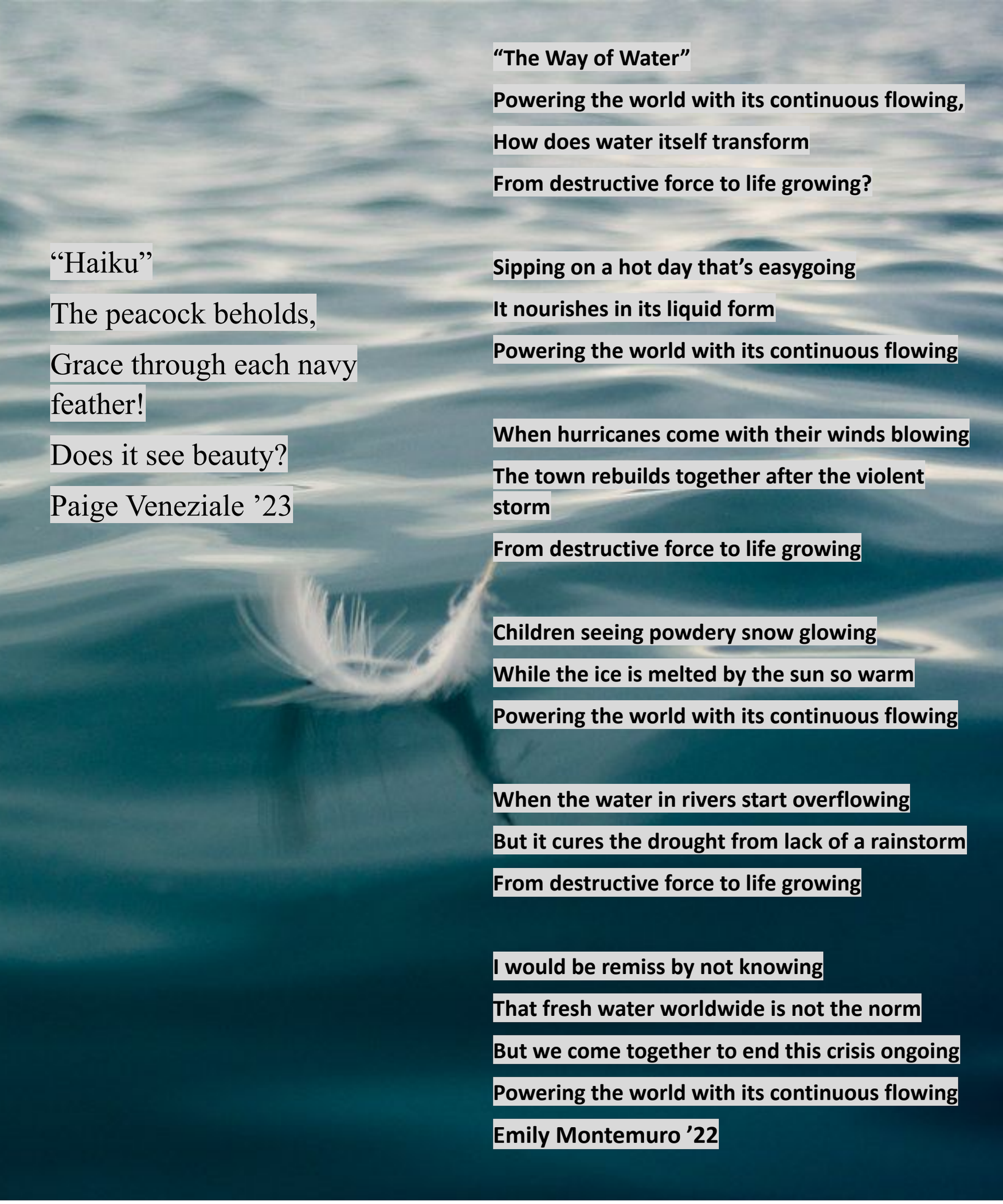
“Rubiyat”
The day comes inevitably, casting its golden rod,
The sun a far-off fantasy, but to each night, a god,
Silence stretches through abandoned streets,
The pitch retreats, and the sky mourns its dark facade
Opportunity promised with every bright glimmer,
And as the phoenix rises, our pasts grow dimmer,
Desperate for a new start, we banish foreign fears
Yet the night holds a secret, and the stars that shimmer
Paige Veneziale ’23



"skyline drive in shenandoah"

The car passes down at speeds of light
shining white pinpricks streaking through the night
forehead cool against the window's glass
a reflection-gazing back-of times past
the night grows colder, the car goes quieter
a journey moving onwards, headlights brighter
a pause on the roadside, calloused hands clasped
stepping out onto gravel, to see the world elapse

Madeline Patrick '22



“Haiku”

The peacock beholds,

Grace through each navy feather!

Does it see beauty?

Paige Veneziale ’23

“The Way of Water”

Powering the world with its continuous flowing,

How does water itself transform

From destructive force to life growing?

Sipping on a hot day that’s easygoing

It nourishes in its liquid form

Powering the world with its continuous flowing

When hurricanes come with their winds blowing

The town rebuilds together after the violent storm

From destructive force to life growing

Children seeing powdery snow glowing

While the ice is melted by the sun so warm

Powering the world with its continuous flowing

When the water in rivers start overflowing

But it cures the drought from lack of a rainstorm

From destructive force to life growing

I would be remiss by not knowing

That fresh water worldwide is not the norm

But we come together to end this crisis ongoing

Powering the world with its continuous flowing

Emily Montemuro ’22

"An Oath Alone"

You have been traveling down this road for a long time. Too long, you think, but you're never quite sure. What is the value of your opinion, anyway? You're just a traveler. Traveling.

Alone.

Your sword swings by your side, digging small furrows into the ground, your hand nudging against the sheath every third step - an oath, written in the lines of your frame. The hilt has no gem adorning it – you sold it and the nations medallion that came with it a long time ago.

Less time then you have been traveling though.

You're just a traveler, alone.

Sometimes you pass by a village, the sunlight weak against your face especially when you pull down your hood. The villagers usually cast their eyes away, never quite staring into your shadowed gaze. You try not to let it hurt. You're never quite sure it doesn't.

You aren't sure about a lot of things.

The people along the road tend to call you things. When their words aren't snatched away by the wind you hear whispers of *monster* and *oathbreaker* and *wolf.* They aren't inaccurate.

But they aren't the truth.

(You aren't sure about a lot of things, but you are sure of this: you are a monster when you need to be, and a hero when you have to be. You have a promise to keep – to yourself, and all you love, and you will not let the darkness that dwells in your chest pull you down. You can't. You *can't.*)

The truth is…

"Mister?" A little voice pops up to your left, and oh, it's just a little. She's small, dressed in rags with her face freshly washed with all the efforts of a tired mother. Her eyes, however, stare into yours. "Are you okay?"

You don't speak, only kneel down before her, your limbs aching, your knees worn from battle. You stare into her eyes, trying to soften the hardness that's made its home in them. You give a single nod.

The grin on her face is worth the years alone. It's worth *everything.* "Good! Thank you for saving us, mister!"

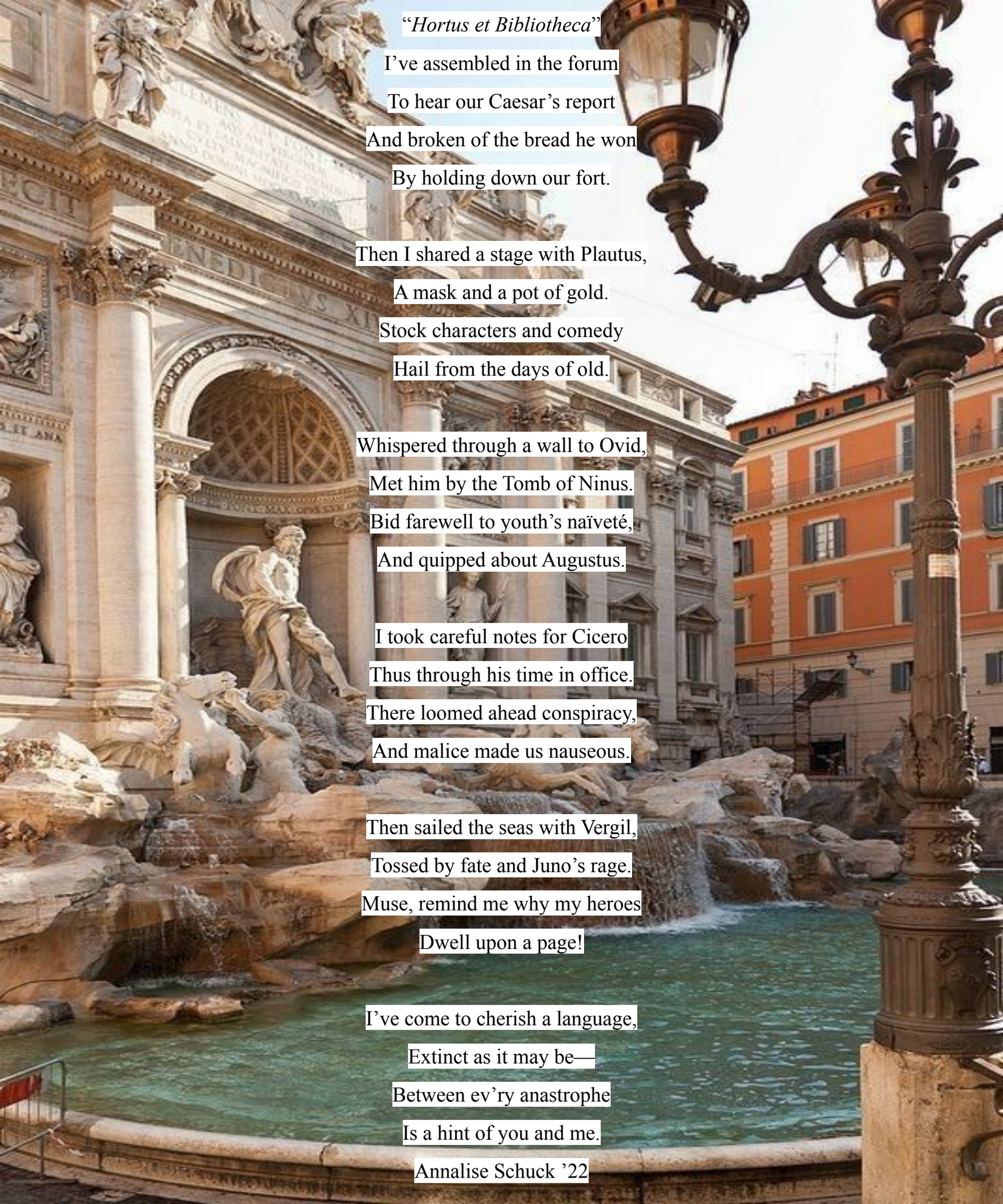
There's monster blood on your sword. There's a cut on your lip. The little girl has no wounds, no injuries, no dirt save for the dirt that comes from living where the world doesn't want to save you. Her parents look on from the distance, unafraid.

The little girl leaps into your arms, knocking your arms wide and clutching tight around your middle. "No one else ever comes by – thank you! Thank you!"

You have traveled alone for many years, swearing an oath to protect those who cannot protect themselves, who the government has shunned you for, for breaking the oath of serve those who are higher. You are loyal and unbreaking to what matters, and you finally – *finally* – smile.

"You're welcome," you tell this little girl, and the road you have been walking for so long. And then – "Thank you," for giving you *purpose.*

Madeline Patrick '22



“*Hortus et Bibliotheca*”

I’ve assembled in the forum
To hear our Caesar’s report
And broken of the bread he won
By holding down our fort.

Then I shared a stage with Plautus,
A mask and a pot of gold.
Stock characters and comedy
Hail from the days of old.

Whispered through a wall to Ovid,
Met him by the Tomb of Ninus.
Bid farewell to youth’s naïveté,
And quipped about Augustus.

I took careful notes for Cicero
Thus through his time in office.
There loomed ahead conspiracy,
And malice made us nauseous.

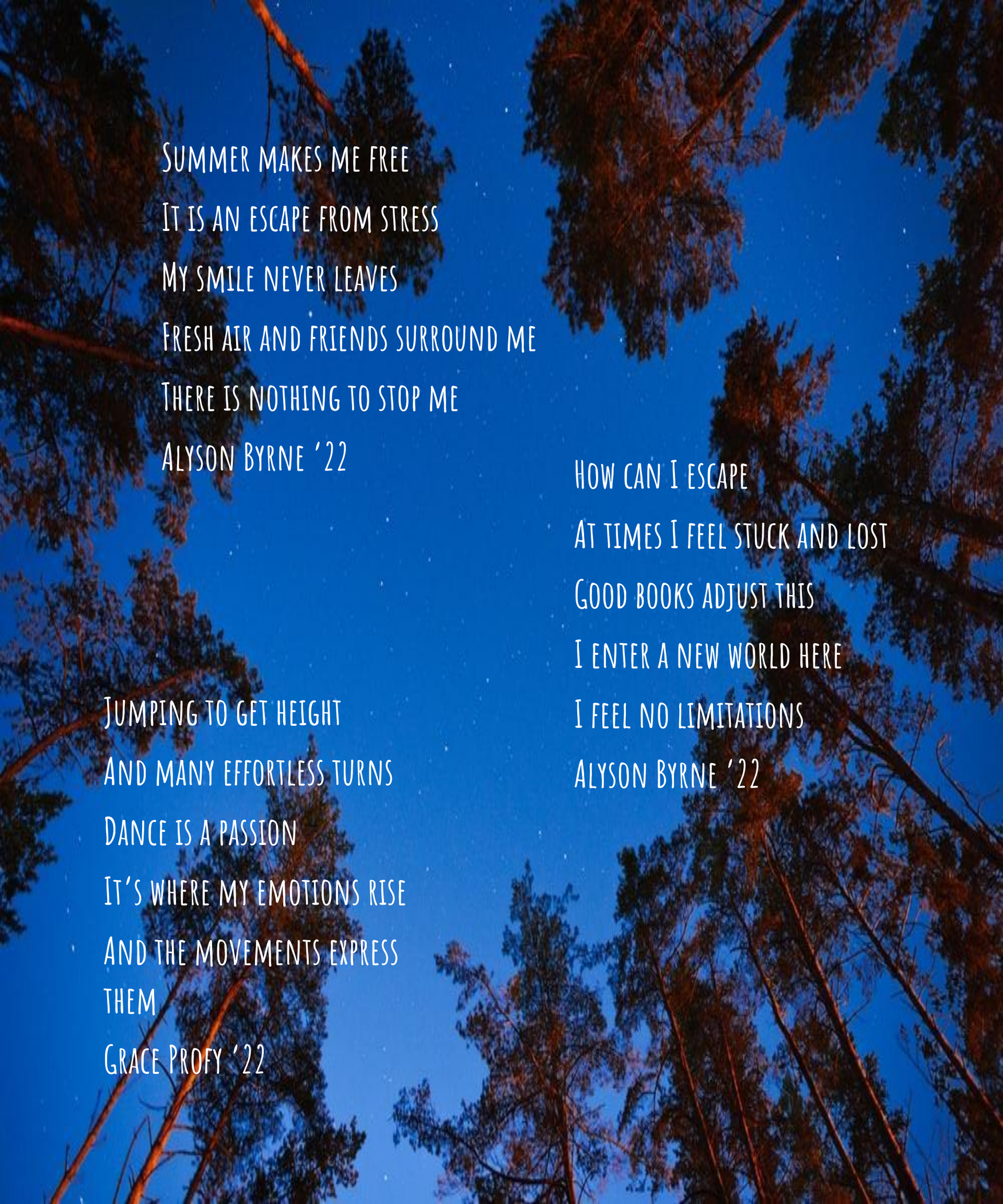
Then sailed the seas with Vergil,
Tossed by fate and Juno’s rage.
Muse, remind me why my heroes
Dwell upon a page!

I’ve come to cherish a language,
Extinct as it may be—
Between ev’ry anastrophe
Is a hint of you and me.

Annalise Schuck ’22



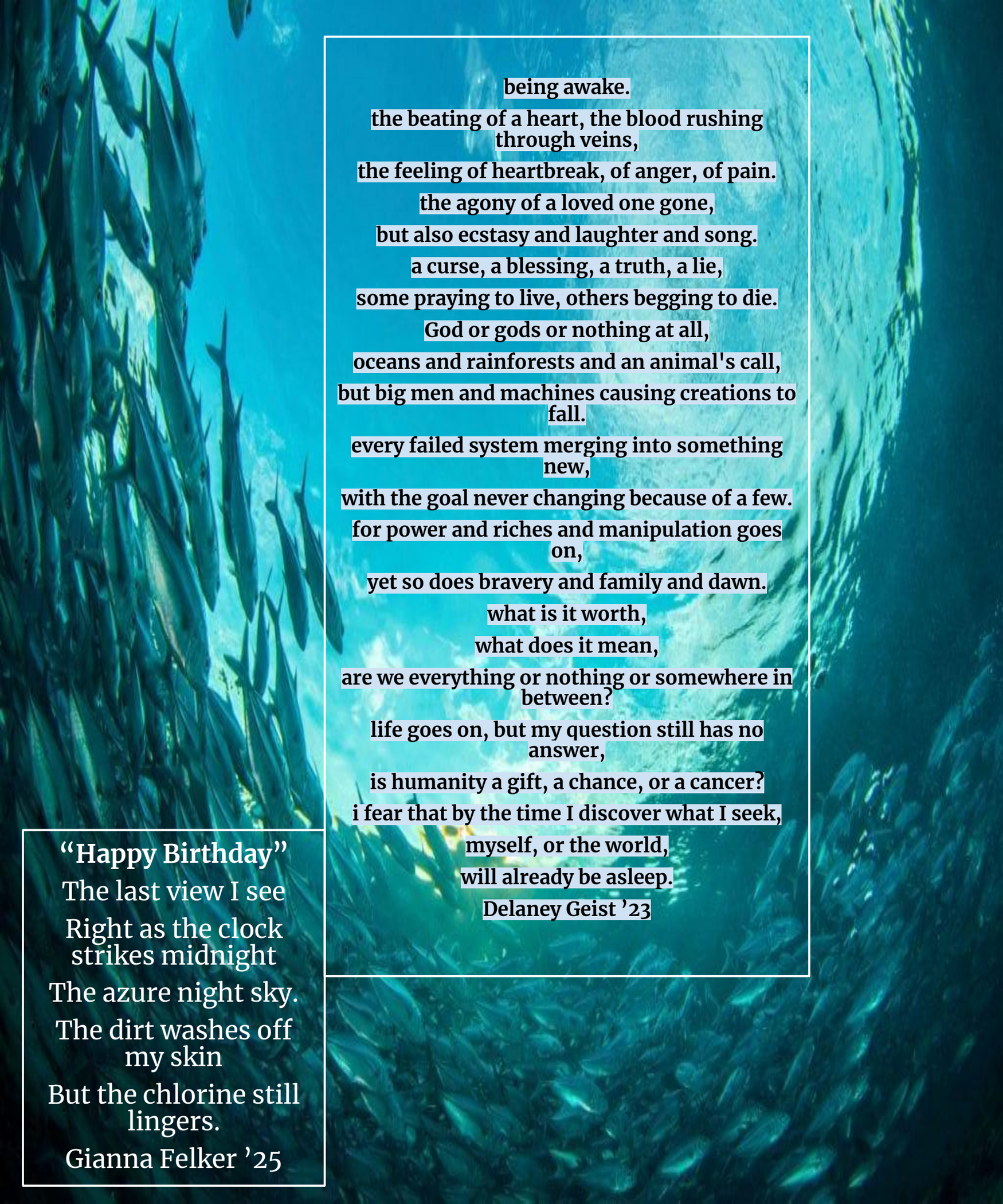
Julianna Marino '22



Summer makes me free
It is an escape from stress
My smile never leaves
Fresh air and friends surround me
There is nothing to stop me
Alyson Byrne ‘22

How can I escape
At times I feel stuck and lost
Good books adjust this
I enter a new world here
I feel no limitations
Alyson Byrne ‘22

Jumping to get height
And many effortless turns
Dance is a passion
It’s where my emotions rise
And the movements express them
Grace Profy ‘22

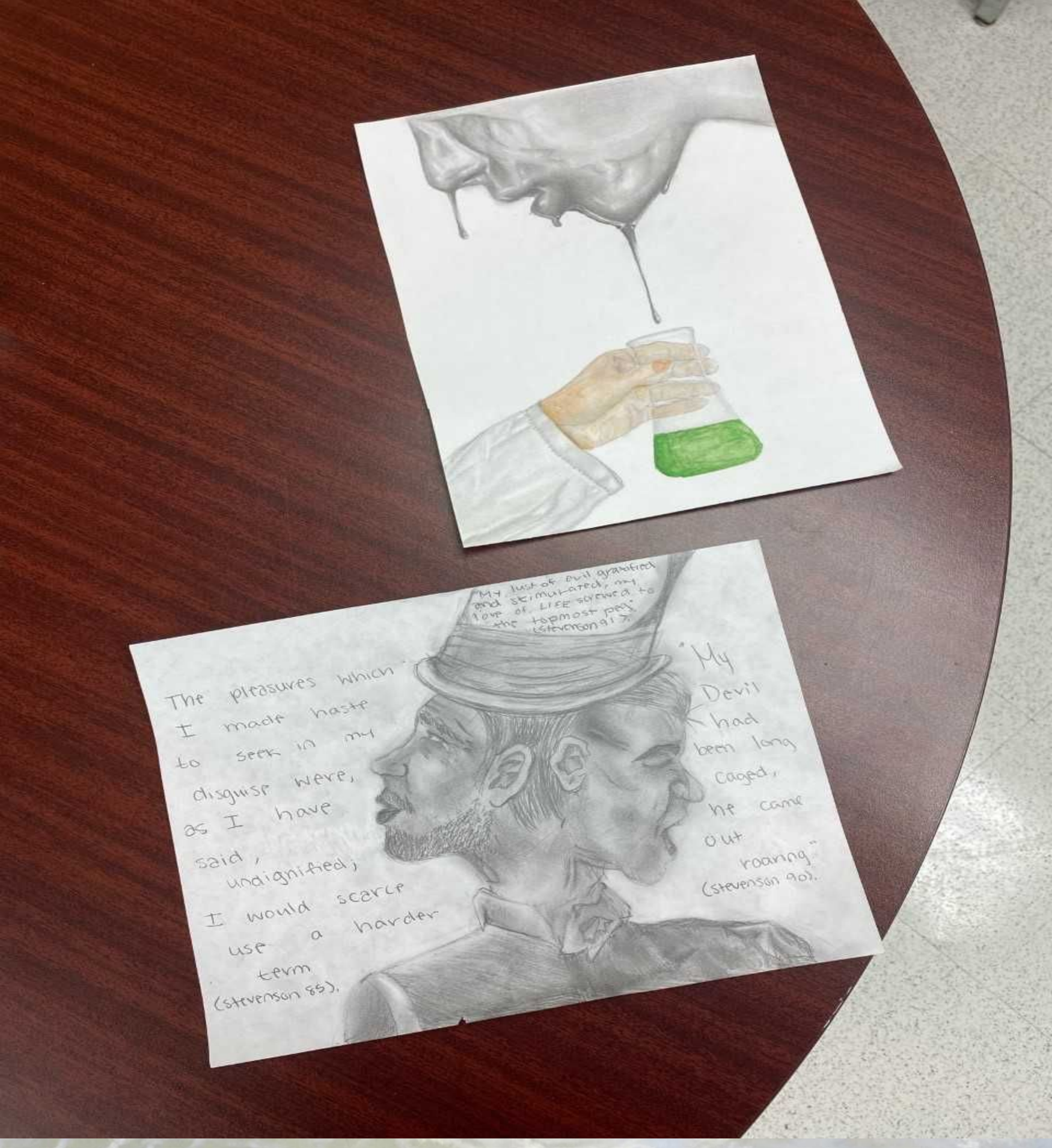


being awake.
the beating of a heart, the blood rushing through veins,
the feeling of heartbreak, of anger, of pain.
the agony of a loved one gone,
but also ecstasy and laughter and song.
a curse, a blessing, a truth, a lie,
some praying to live, others begging to die.
God or gods or nothing at all,
oceans and rainforests and an animal's call,
but big men and machines causing creations to fall.
every failed system merging into something new,
with the goal never changing because of a few.
for power and riches and manipulation goes on,
yet so does bravery and family and dawn.
what is it worth,
what does it mean,
are we everything or nothing or somewhere in between?
life goes on, but my question still has no answer,
is humanity a gift, a chance, or a cancer?
i fear that by the time I discover what I seek,
myself, or the world,
will already be asleep.
Delaney Geist '23

"Happy Birthday"

The last view I see
Right as the clock strikes midnight
The azure night sky.
The dirt washes off my skin
But the chlorine still lingers.

Gianna Felker '25



Top Artwork: Ava Pagliaro '24
Bottom Artwork: Lily Pyfer '24



“The Lesser of Two Evils”

When you’re the lesser of two evils
Everything may fall at your feet
Or your life could lead to upheavals
And you just cannot take the heat

Everything may fall at your feet
And everyone is satisfied
And you just cannot take the heat
When you find satisfaction has lied

And everyone is satisfied
Lesser evil has taken its toll
When you find satisfaction has lied
Maybe evil is just a black hole

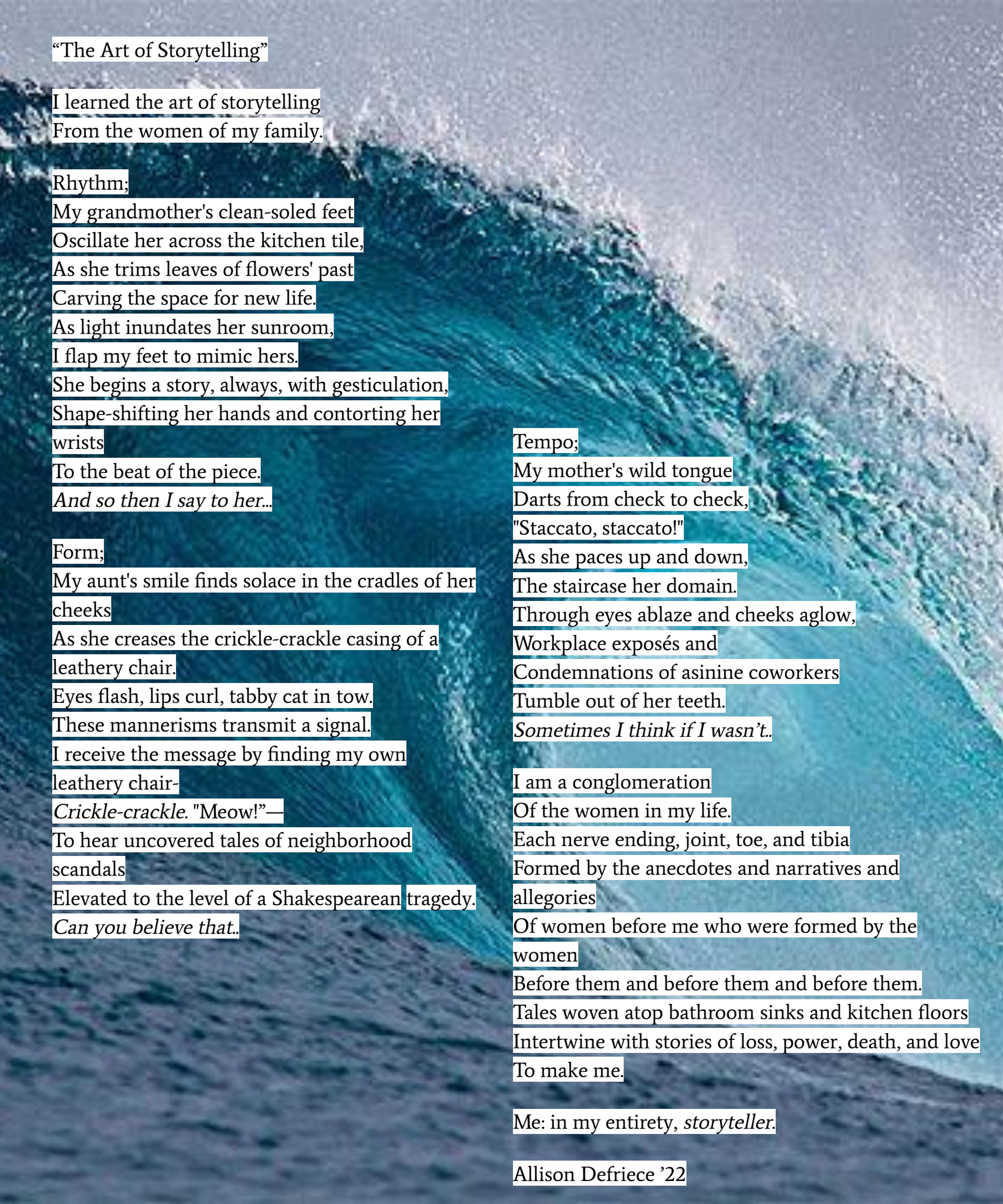
Lesser evil has taken its toll
Has it been greater evil all along
Maybe evil is just a black hole
And our virtues are just not that strong

Has it been greater evil all along
We as humans cannot comprehend
And our virtues are just not that strong
It's not like we can just pretend

We as humans cannot comprehend
Suffering is the cause
It's not like we can just pretend
Evil leads us to its jaws

Suffering is the cause
When you’re the lesser of two evils
Evil leads us to its jaws
Or your life could lead to upheavals

Meredith Czyz ’25



“The Art of Storytelling”

I learned the art of storytelling
From the women of my family.

Rhythm;
My grandmother's clean-soled feet
Oscillate her across the kitchen tile,
As she trims leaves of flowers' past
Carving the space for new life.
As light inundates her sunroom,
I flap my feet to mimic hers.
She begins a story, always, with gesticulation,
Shape-shifting her hands and contorting her wrists
To the beat of the piece.
And so then I say to her...

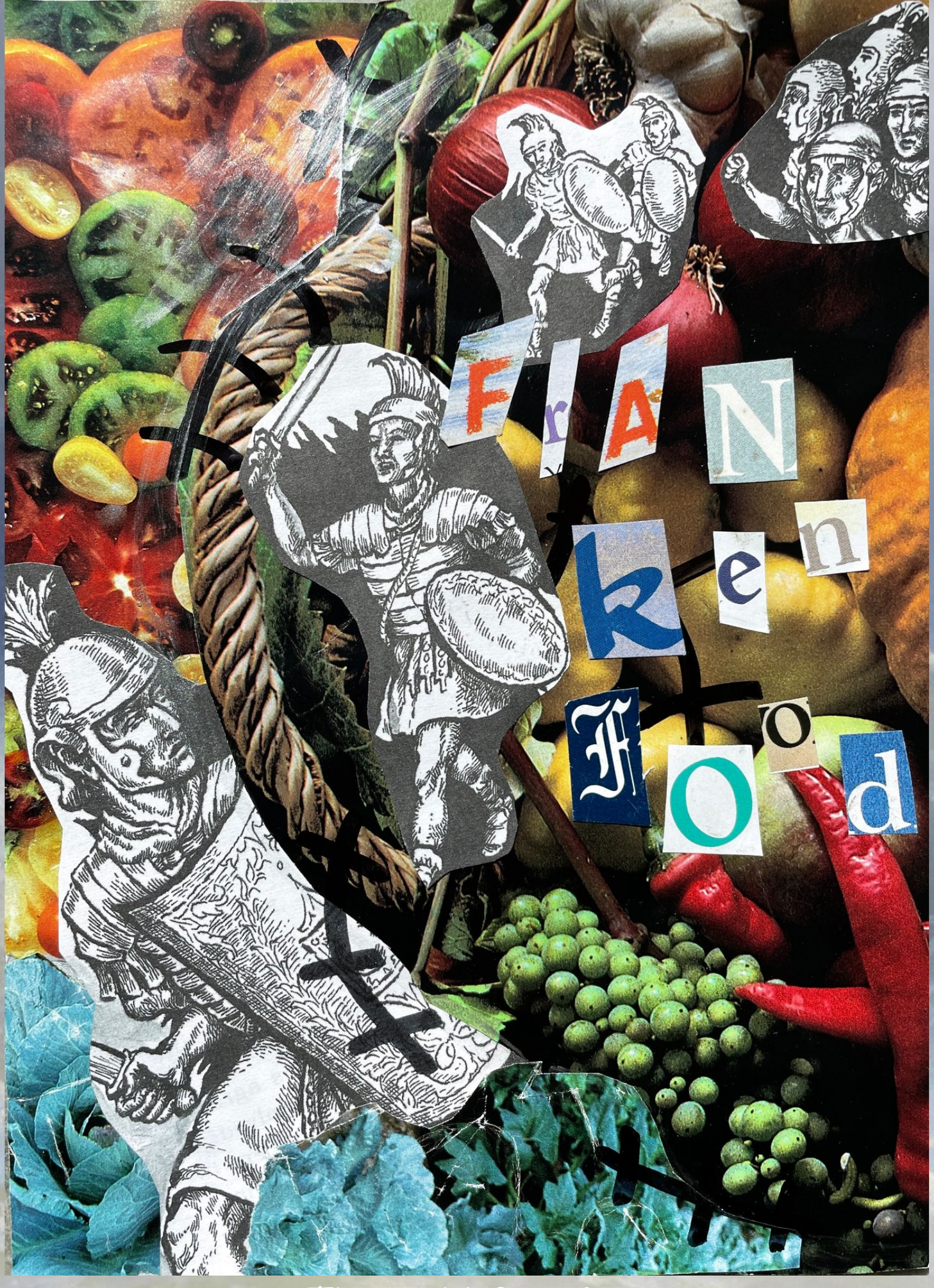
Form;
My aunt's smile finds solace in the cradles of her cheeks
As she creases the crickle-crackle casing of a leathery chair.
Eyes flash, lips curl, tabby cat in tow.
These mannerisms transmit a signal.
I receive the message by finding my own leathery chair-
Crickle-crackle. "Meow!”—
To hear uncovered tales of neighborhood scandals
Elevated to the level of a Shakespearean tragedy.
Can you believe that..

Tempo;
My mother's wild tongue
Darts from check to check,
"Staccato, staccato!"
As she paces up and down,
The staircase her domain.
Through eyes ablaze and cheeks aglow,
Workplace exposés and
Condemnations of asinine coworkers
Tumble out of her teeth.
Sometimes I think if I wasn’t..

I am a conglomeration
Of the women in my life.
Each nerve ending, joint, toe, and tibia
Formed by the anecdotes and narratives and allegories
Of women before me who were formed by the women
Before them and before them and before them.
Tales woven atop bathroom sinks and kitchen floors
Intertwine with stories of loss, power, death, and love
To make me.

Me: in my entirety, *storyteller.*

Allison Defriece ’22



Theresa McCann '22

“Section 1: Seas of (Im)mortality”

The Sailors’ Galley is open all night. After the boardwalk has cleared of tourists and the fishermen have the dock all to themselves, the inns and taverns become filled with those who live their lives on the moonlit sea. Caspian is one of those men who follows the same routine each night. He docks his boat, steps onto the creaking wooden boards, then starts toward the seaside restaurant up on his left. On his way, he bids greetings to the men who cast their lines over the sides of the dock to fish. The immortal glow of the dormant boardwalk fair lights his way.

Upon entering the busy tavern, Caspian is greeted by rowdy old friends and acquaintances. He takes his usual place at the bar, satchel over his shoulder, and joins the musings of those who sit by his side. Each patron has a story written in the features of their face, and Caspian’s is one that shows in his old age and the lines that are a result of a million smiles and a million laughs. As he leans over a freshly made drink, he indulges in the stories of others before reminiscing about his own. Droning on are the sounds of fists clashing as well as the expletives shared by a group in the midst of a bar fight. The salt in the air is always stronger in the galley, as it is trapped in the rotting wood and creaking floorboards.

“Now, I might be over-exhausting myself with dreams of the impossible, but don’t ya ever wonder how much more this world has to offer?” He asks the younger man sitting next to him. Oliver is his name, if he remembers correctly. They had only met recently, the last time he visited the tavern. He told Caspian of his wife and kids and how sailing was just a pastime, and Caspian had therefore encouraged him to make it a ‘fulltime’. Oliver and the rest of the patrons then broke into fits of laughter. Caspian was so stubborn that he would do anything, even make up words, to get people on his side.

“Sometimes. But I like to stick to this area for now. I don’t like straying too far from the shore,” Oliver responds, taking a sip from his own drink.

Caspian shares a hearty laugh. “Oh, but you *should* stray far from the shore. You’re young. There’s too much of the world for you to wait to explore it.”

“Come on, Caspian, cut the lecture. What did you bring back this time?” One of the more impatient lads, named William, leans over the counter to ask. Some of the other fishermen snicker and share joking glances.

Caspian reaches into his satchel, removing a collection of sea glass that mimics the appearance of a kaleidoscope. It shines in the light of the dim overhead lamps, and the group of sailors and fishermen views it with enchanted gazes. Sea glass is one of the items every younger sailor idolizes, but not many of them have been sailing long enough to find some.

Caspian lifts it up with a grin before placing it back in his satchel. “Hard to find the real stuff with how much fake sea glass is sold nowadays.”

“What else do ya have for us tonight?” William inquires.

“Oh, lots of old compasses, here’s a few if ya want a look.” He deposits them onto the bar counter, and now even the bartender spares a glance as he dries a couple glasses. “I also found a drachma.”

“An old one?”

“Aye. Must be from Ancient Greece.” He takes it out and places it onto the counter as the sounds of the barfight continue to reside in the background. “I used to hear stories of Ancient Greece all the time as a child.”

Oliver whistles. “Those coins must be worth thousands.”

“Experience and memory are more valuable than money,” Caspian sharply reprimands. “Besides, what’s money to an old man like me? I’d rather be rewarded with more time, more energy to explore these vast seas.”

And as he says this, with eyes full of the constellations that his ancestors named, he dreams.

Once midnight is a distant memory, and the sun's emergence from the calm sea is just hours away, Caspian takes his satchel and steps foot on the now-empty dock. The ancient drachma remains between his calloused fingers, which are scarred from decades of hauling sails into the air and steering ships to new horizons. The idea of decades having passed causes Caspian's tired eyes to widen in the slightest manner. Yet he holds the coin tightly in his fist. When he was just a child, and his father was teaching him to sail, Caspian would be told stories rooted in Greek legend about ancient sea gods. The wishes of their ancestors had been granted by these gods in response to an offering dropped into the ocean's waters. Maybe Caspian's wish could be granted, too.

Even though he was previously planning to return home for a much needed sleep, Caspian instead pockets his coin and walks toward the boat that bobs in the water. He sets foot on its aged deck, raises its sail, and sets out on a journey of chance.

The waters are calm at this time of year, as there are no storms in sight and the tide is low. Caspian stands at the bow of his ship, the light of the moon reflecting in his blue eyes. The harbor has faded in the distance, as has the glow of the boardwalk attractions, and instead the mist of the ocean has taken their places. The beam of a distant lighthouse shines across the waters and back again, moving back and forth as a buoy would. The luminescence is strong enough to guide sailors back to their shores, but not strong enough to detract from the light of the stars.

Caspian has felt the warmth of the coin in his hand ever since he stepped foot off the docks. He isn't sure when or where or even how to give the drachma to the sea, so he denotes it to "a certain feeling," then stands calmly in wait for it. The moon makes her way across the sky, soon being replaced by Eos' glowing dawn. Time keeps passing, and he's wasting it. So, he leans over the bow, feels the salty air on his face, then gazes into the darkened sea. The wish for more time to explore this world is on the tip of his tongue, and it translates roughly to immortality. He never settled down, after all, only made fleeting friends along his travels over the years. He wouldn't be losing anything but a fear of death.

His hand reaches out, and the coin falls from it with a mere "plop" before it is swallowed by the foamy waves. Caspian waits, slumped over the edge, watching tentatively for some sort of jarring movement.

The Heavens do not open up to a choir of angels, nor does the sea stir with a sudden storm. The water simply rises and falls without any acknowledgment of Caspian or of humankind at all. For the first time in his life, he feels the heavy weight of an existence without meaning. For the millionth time in his life, he doubts. But that doubt breeds acceptance. What did he expect from an old legend? A blessing? A curse?

Yet his eyes widen, and a realization crosses his features. He is spending the majority of his time worrying about his future, calculating the amount of days, months, and years he might have left to live. In this time, he is remaining stagnant from fear, unable to explore without distraction. He should have always been grateful for the time he has had; not many old friends have been granted the same surplus of years. And maybe he is already immortal, not in flesh or mind, but in memory.

Caspian stands with evidence of this new outlook traced along his aged features. He then makes his way towards the sail and starts towards the endless horizon upon which dawn is creeping.

***

The next time the door opens to The Sailors' Galley and a smiling Caspian enters, the usual patrons of the bar look at him with slight confusion. The old sailor takes a seat at the bar as he always does, places his satchel upon the counter, then clears his throat. Oliver turns his head to him, whereas William eyes the leather satchel and Caspian's obvious detachment from it. The bartender washes a couple glasses, but every few moments, he looks up to the different atmosphere and raises an eyebrow. There is incoherent shouting causing turmoil in the back of the bar that seeks to fill any silence.

William is the one to ask the question as he leans forth with a gleam of curiosity in his eyes. "Did ya bring anything back for us?"

"Some wisdom from an old sailor, if ya will take it," Caspian responds.

"Aye." Oliver nods his head.

"As a sailor, or as a fisherman, you're given the gift of wanting to uncover the sea's secrets all by yourself. Our ancestors were afflicted with the same thing; that's where the stuff of legend comes from. However," Caspian places his hand on the table in order to emphasize his point. "Sometimes that comes with a price."

There is a moment of silence as Caspian's confidants wait for an expansion on this idea of 'price'. When Caspian merely sits and drums his fingers against the wooden counter, Oliver clears his throat and speaks up. "What sorta price?"

"You're fed by the need to discover. When you aren't out there on the sea, ya starve. It can make ya forget the importance of the rest of life, of forming bonds and living in the moment, as that hunger for the future can distract you from the now." Caspian pauses, his eyes overwhelmed by their own reflection of the waiting ocean. "I was like that, and I didn't realize until I was out on the sea hours ago. I don't want all of ya to realize in the twilight of your lives. So, I'm telling ya now. We'll all be reunited with the sea someday. Don't forget the land in the meantime."

Autumn Andrejczak '22



Ava Pagliaro '24

“Swimming”

Panic seizes as I realize that I’m drowning.
My arms flail and words fail
I can’t remember how to swim.
Cold shackles clad my ankles and wrists pulling me down.
The harder I try I come to find
I can’t remember how to swim.
The surface is just visible as I sink deeper into the depths.
My skin they cut painfully deeper but
I can’t remember how to swim.

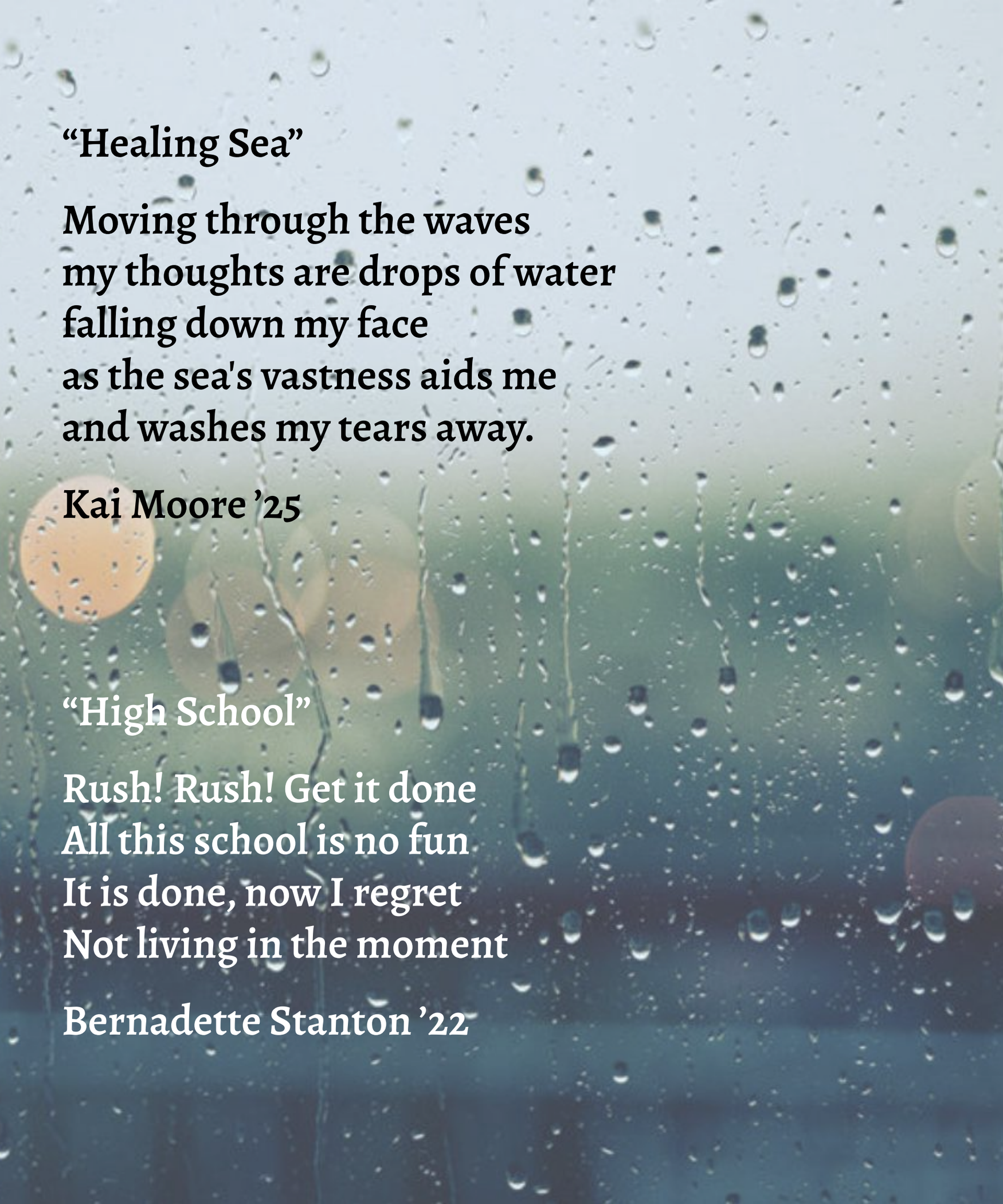
Clinging emotions and painful memories keep my shackles sealed.
I tell them no but I can’t let go
I can’t remember how to swim.
Sinking deeper into the chasm of my past, I watch swimmers above.
Years go by as I silently cry
I still can’t remember how to swim.
One day hands extend down toward me from the surface far above.
My lungs are burning but I can’t help my yearning
Can I remember how to swim?
Hands lift my shackles and my head breaks the surface, finally taking a breath.
My journey was long but I grew strong
I remember how to swim.

Kate Abdalla ’22

“Life on the Sea”

God is a life jacket in a tumultuous sea
Always willing to love and protect
Even if a riptide pulls us astray
God throws a rope to lead us to safety
Even if our boat may capsize
God is always there to right us
Even if the wind may blow us off course
God will steer us back

Isabella Glunz ’25



“Healing Sea”

Moving through the waves
my thoughts are drops of water
falling down my face
as the sea's vastness aids me
and washes my tears away.

Kai Moore ’25

“High School”

Rush! Rush! Get it done
All this school is no fun
It is done, now I regret
Not living in the moment

Bernadette Stanton ’22

“The Least Important Day in Your Life”
The sun’s come up a thousand times,
Its morning light purple on snow.
And still, there are more flights to climb.

I’ve wondered how the bells should chime;
How the Clockmaker’s river flows.
The sun’s come up a thousand times.

Life is not a victimless crime
When coasting on the status quo.
And still, there are more flights to climb.

For Samsa hardly lives part-time;
A homebound roach does well to grow.
The sun’s come up a thousand times.

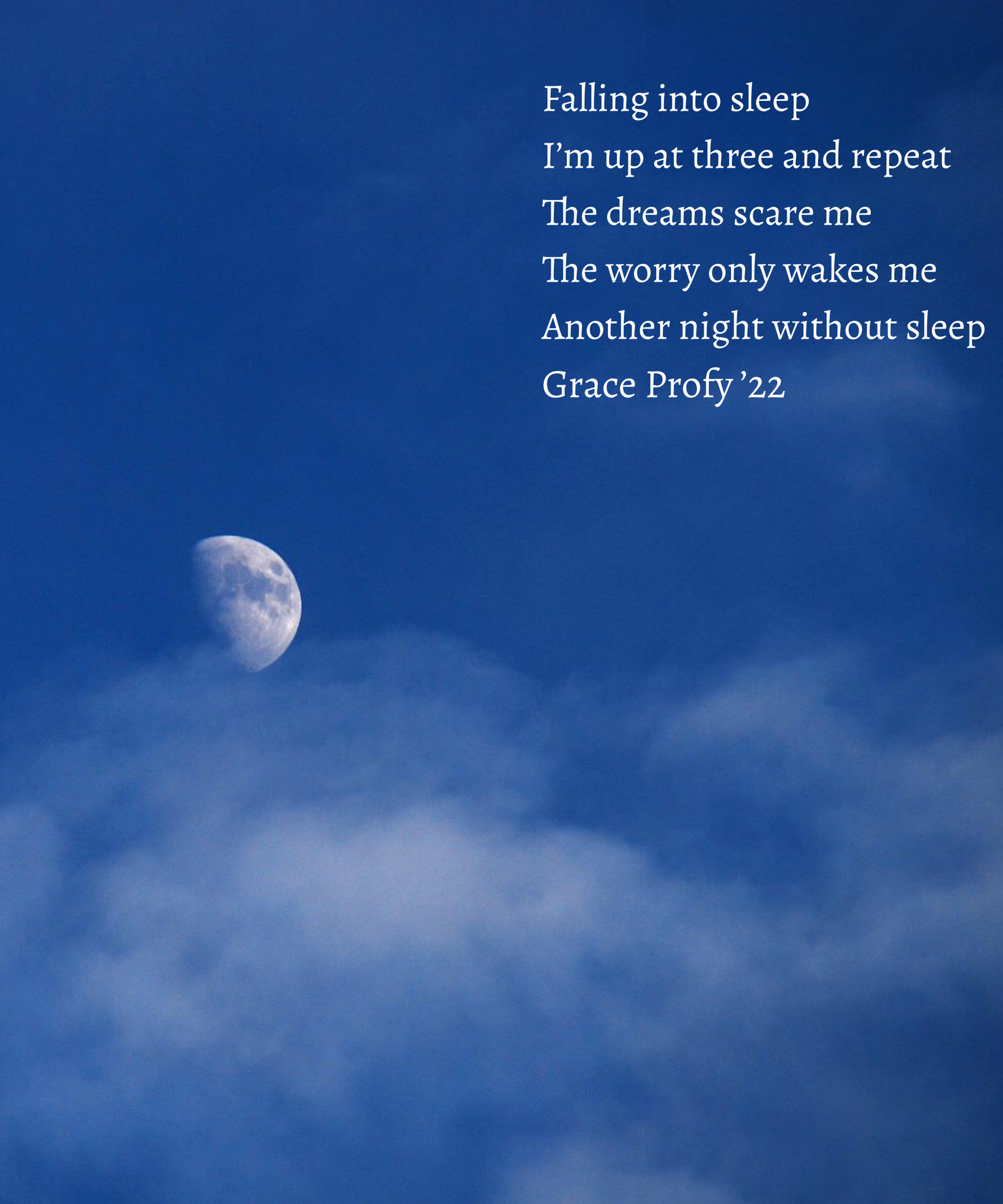
Yes, each sunset has been sublime,
Setting Grover’s Corners aglow.
And still, there are more flights to climb.

Existence must not be a mime,
Tired motions, silent and slow.
The sun’s come up a thousand times,
And still, there are more flights to climb.

Annalise Schuck ’22



Theresa McCann '22



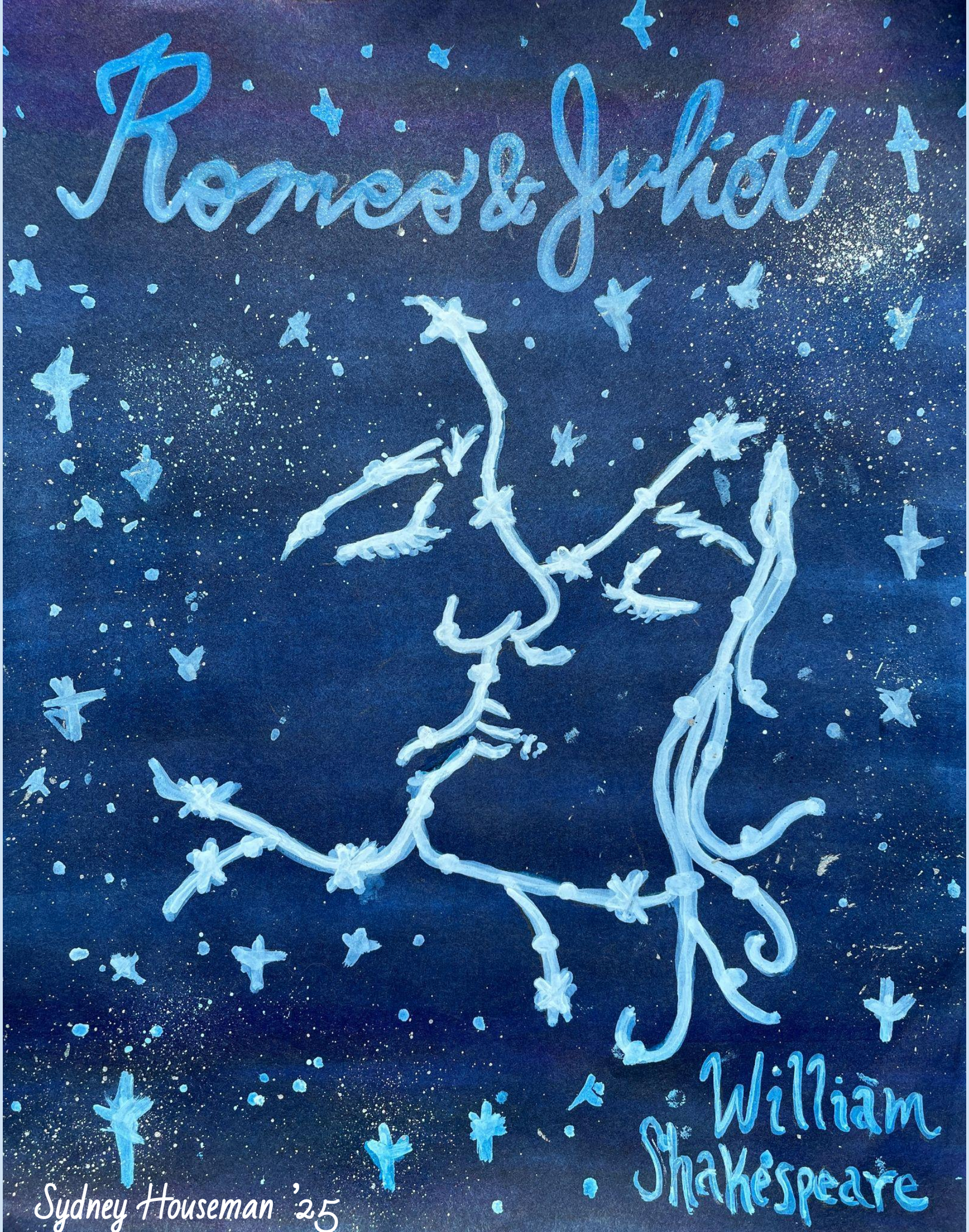
Falling into sleep
I'm up at three and repeat
The dreams scare me
The worry only wakes me
Another night without sleep
Grace Profy '22



"Haiku"

I am not worried
I put my faith in Jesus
I am not frightened

Isabella Glunz '25


Romeo & Juliet
William Shakespeare
Sydney Houseman '25

The Harbor

Welcome to the Harbor... you have made it to your destination! Whom have you brought with you? What lessons did you learn? What memories have you made at sea? The journey of life has tested your strengths, weaknesses, and faith. You have made it through storms and tranquil seas. The memories you have made are precious treasures that you will keep always in your heart. These moments at sea have ultimately brought you to your final destination to find purpose in life. On your adventure, you have impacted others, inspired creativity, and experienced unique things. Your journey has given you many new friends, opportunities, new beginnings, and for some, closure. It is finally time to tie up your sails and I hope you have learned to be the captain of your own boat during this long adventure.

Delaney Reynolds '24

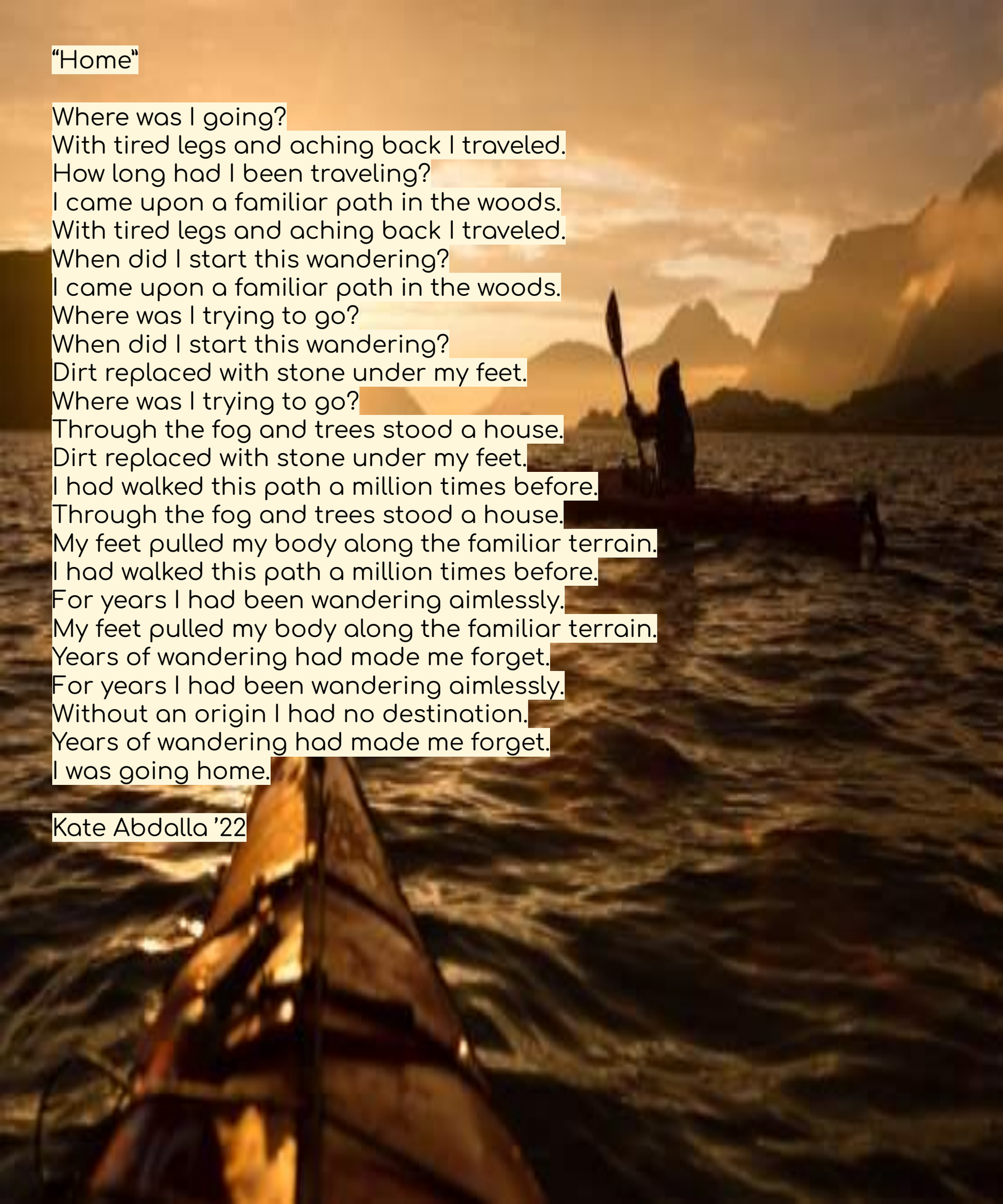
What do you dream of doing or being when you are older?

An actuary.

– Kylie Fair '22

My life's goal is to one day become a polyglot. I have always been fascinated by languages, and I hate the idea of growing up and not being able to speak them all (even if speaking every language known to man is impossible). I would love the opportunity to be able to read things in their original languages without things getting lost in translation and to be able to speak with people I wouldn't otherwise be able to communicate with.

– Hannah Buckleman '23



“Home”

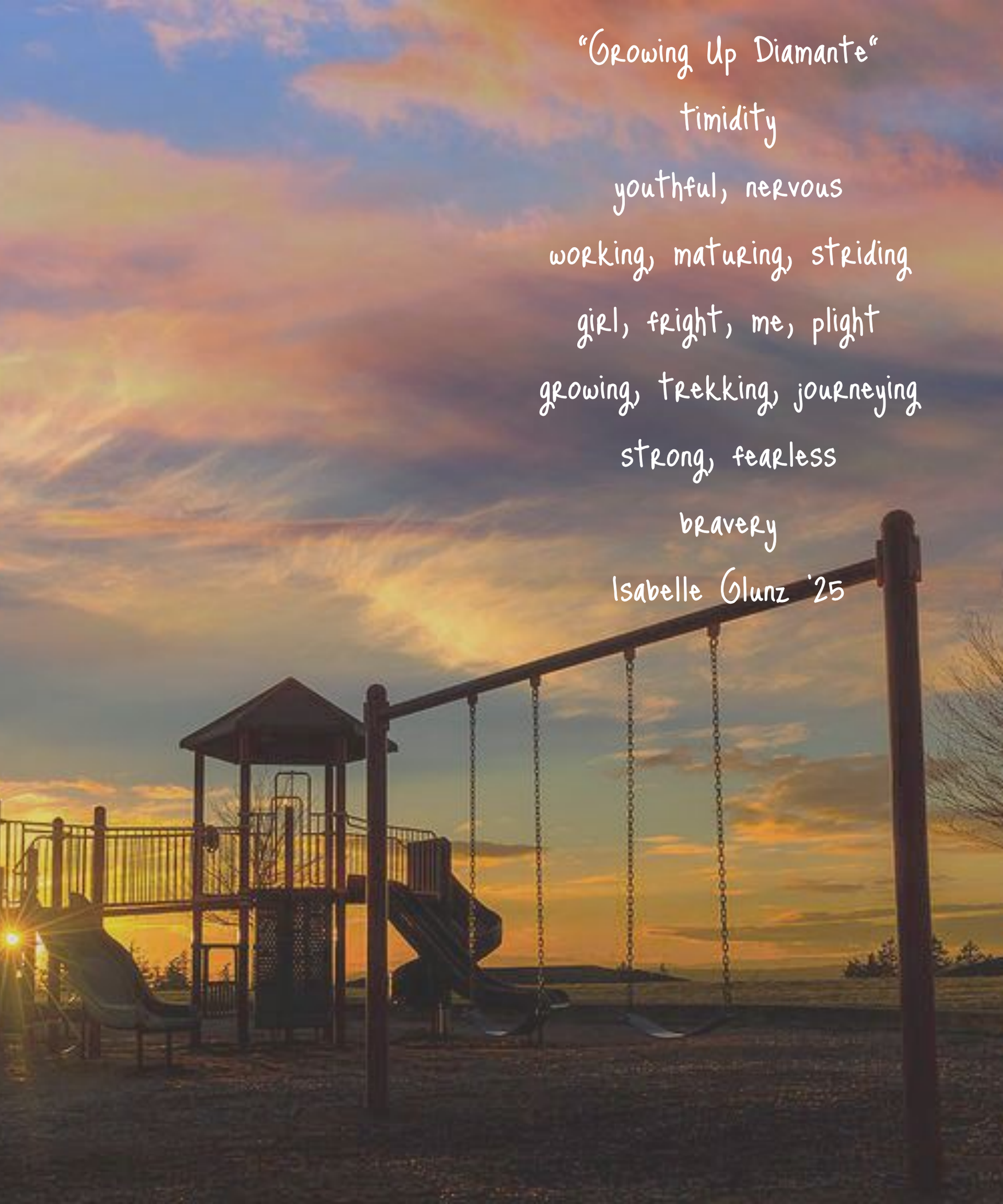
Where was I going?
With tired legs and aching back I traveled.
How long had I been traveling?
I came upon a familiar path in the woods.
With tired legs and aching back I traveled.
When did I start this wandering?
I came upon a familiar path in the woods.
Where was I trying to go?
When did I start this wandering?
Dirt replaced with stone under my feet.
Where was I trying to go?
Through the fog and trees stood a house.
Dirt replaced with stone under my feet.
I had walked this path a million times before.
Through the fog and trees stood a house.
My feet pulled my body along the familiar terrain.
I had walked this path a million times before.
For years I had been wandering aimlessly.
My feet pulled my body along the familiar terrain.
Years of wandering had made me forget.
For years I had been wandering aimlessly.
Without an origin I had no destination.
Years of wandering had made me forget.
I was going home.

Kate Abdalla ’22





Theresa McCann ’22



"Growing Up Diamante"

timidity

youthful, nervous

working, maturing, striding

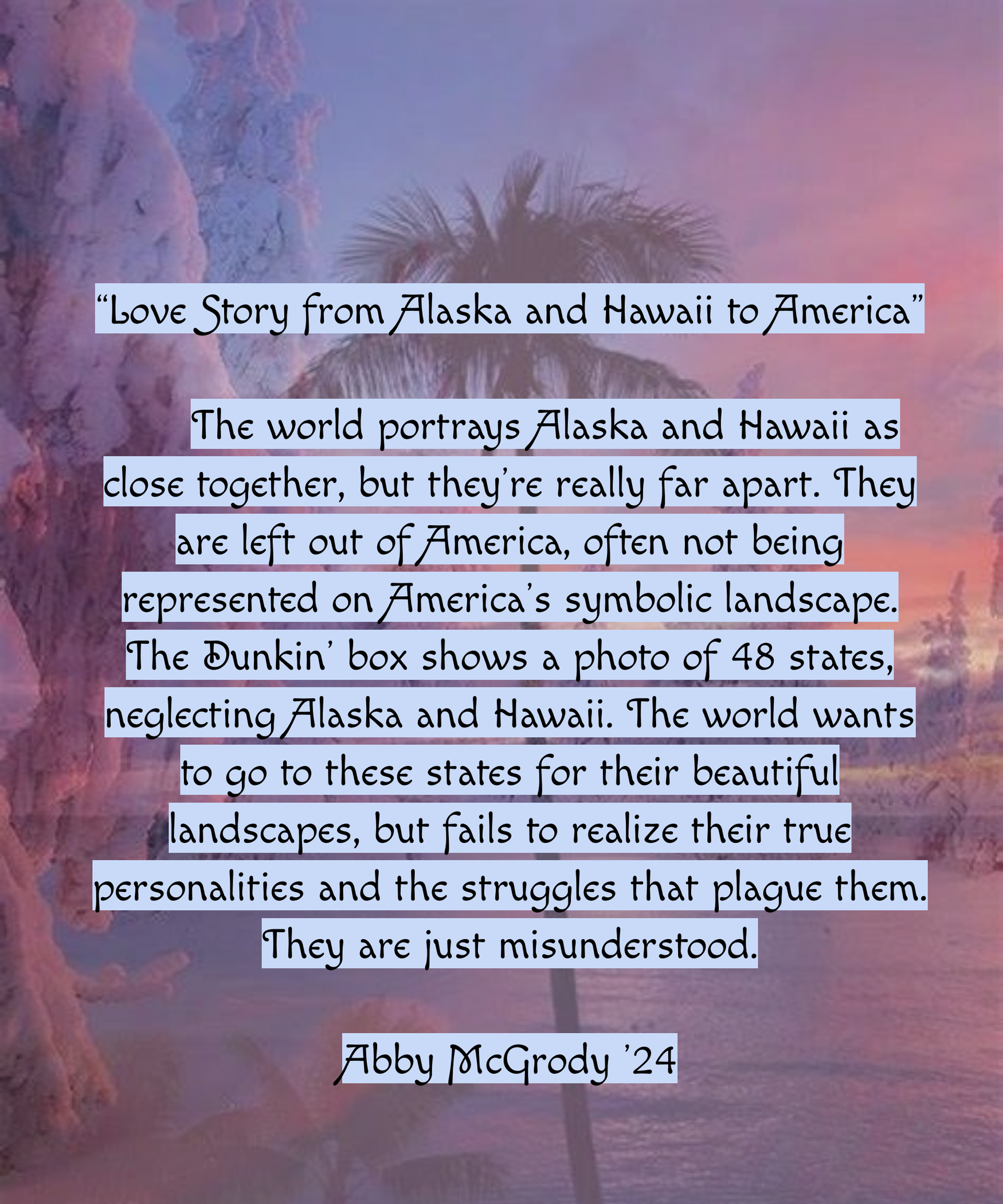
girl, fright, me, plight

growing, trekking, journeying

strong, fearless

bravery

Isabelle Glunz '25



“Love Story from Alaska and Hawaii to America”

The world portrays Alaska and Hawaii as close together, but they’re really far apart. They are left out of America, often not being represented on America’s symbolic landscape. The Dunkin’ box shows a photo of 48 states, neglecting Alaska and Hawaii. The world wants to go to these states for their beautiful landscapes, but fails to realize their true personalities and the struggles that plague them. They are just misunderstood.

Abby McGrody ’24



“The Art of Wandering”

We were the travelers that men so often wrote about in epics. Our journeys, though treacherous, were brimming with the beautiful scenery of which poetry is born. Our maps were simply vacant tablets of stone upon which we etched our trail along the way, and our gazes drifted to the stars, seeking the body of light after which shapeshifting beings modeled their forms. That one outstretched star would guide us through the night in the way that a siren would entice us into the treacherous water. Loneliness clung to some men like a lost dog, but along the way, you would always meet some wanderer who was trailing along the same pathway. After all, it was best to travel through the looming woods with someone by your side.

Autumn Andrejczak ’22

“If I Could Do It Again: Mrs. Dalloway”

Would I make a different choice
I do not know
But I doubt I could handle more
Than my current blow after blow
Everything I wanted
All wrapped in a bow
But never what I needed
For my life is nothing but a show
I miss her beaming smile
Her ability to always be on the go
Her laughter and heart
Always surrounded by a glow
I miss myself when I was with her
When I was not quite as hollow
Before I painted my face
And my spirit in one go
Yet this is only wishful thinking
Nothing more than a shadow
Of the girl I once was
Now a woman looking enviously at her window

Delaney Geist ’23

“As a girl, I dreamed”

As a girl, I have often
Craned up my neck,
Climbed up to the highest points,
If only to catch a glimpse, of
Silver birds flying high.

As a girl, I have often
Smiled at the sound
Of rolling jets and engines,
Thunderous and almighty,
Letting them shake me to the core

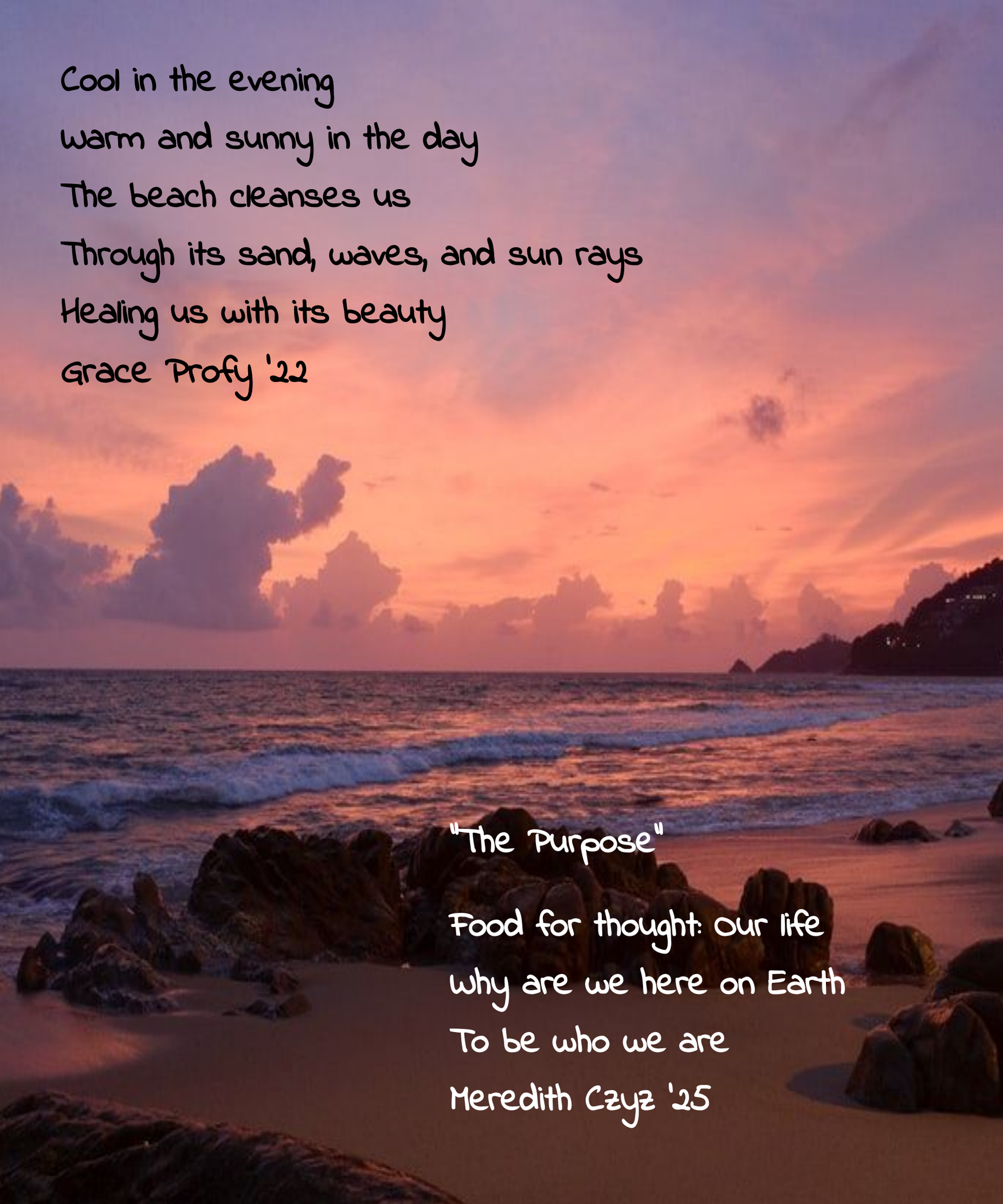
As I girl, I have often
Dreamed of peering out windows
To distant worlds below, safe in a
Chamber of metal and glass
Flying high, limitless and free

As a woman, I now
Grasp that dream, that chance
In my own hands, helmet on
And mouth smirking, as I fly
To heights I have never reached before

Madeline Patrick ’22



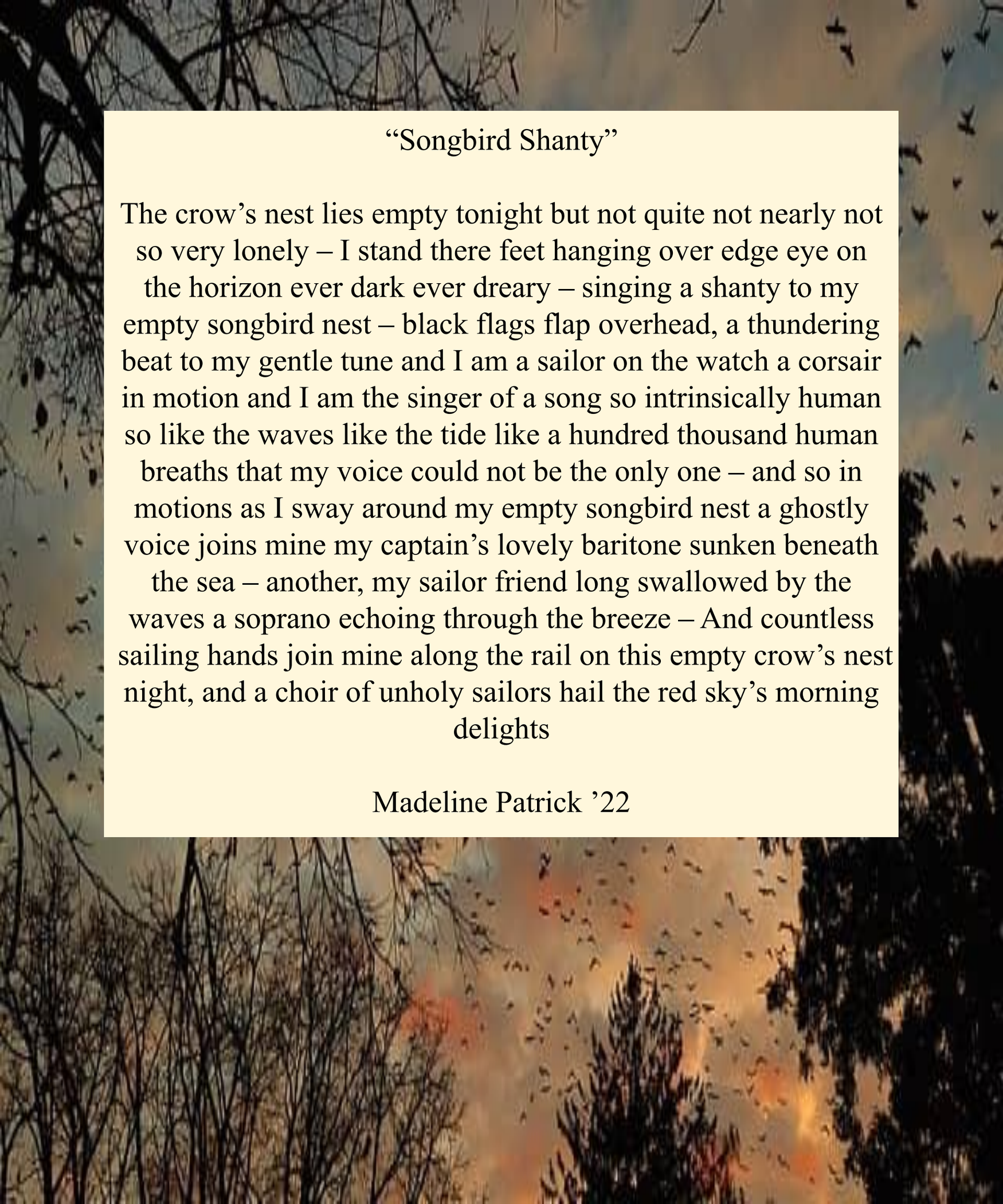
Theresa McCann '22



Cool in the evening
warm and sunny in the day
The beach cleanses us
Through its sand, waves, and sun rays
Healing us with its beauty
Grace Profy '22

"The Purpose"

Food for thought: our life
Why are we here on Earth
To be who we are
Meredith Czyz '25



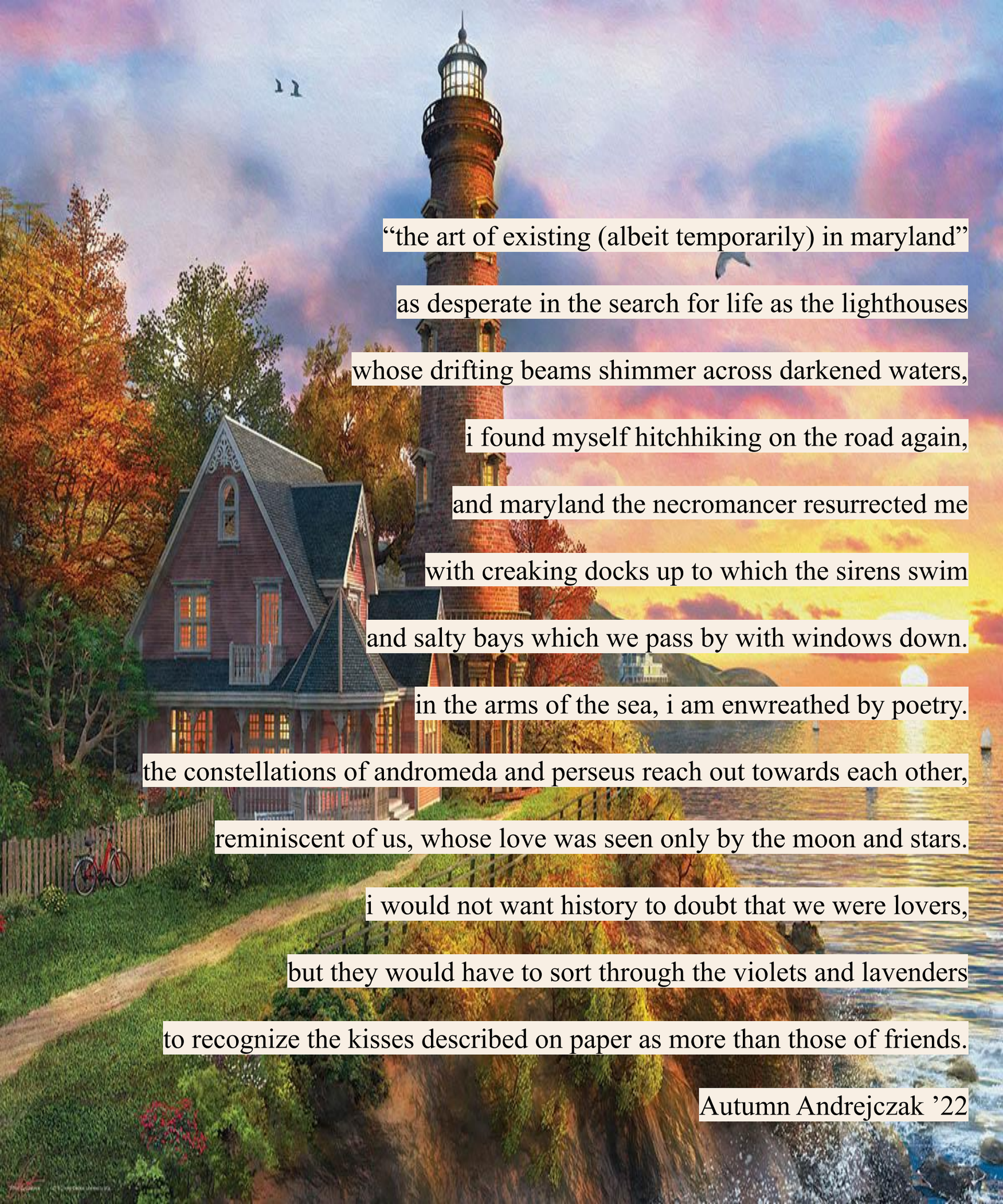
“Songbird Shanty”

The crow’s nest lies empty tonight but not quite not nearly not so very lonely – I stand there feet hanging over edge eye on the horizon ever dark ever dreary – singing a shanty to my empty songbird nest – black flags flap overhead, a thundering beat to my gentle tune and I am a sailor on the watch a corsair in motion and I am the singer of a song so intrinsically human so like the waves like the tide like a hundred thousand human breaths that my voice could not be the only one – and so in motions as I sway around my empty songbird nest a ghostly voice joins mine my captain’s lovely baritone sunken beneath the sea – another, my sailor friend long swallowed by the waves a soprano echoing through the breeze – And countless sailing hands join mine along the rail on this empty crow’s nest night, and a choir of unholy sailors hail the red sky’s morning delights

Madeline Patrick ’22



Izzy DaSilva '25



“the art of existing (albeit temporarily) in maryland”

as desperate in the search for life as the lighthouses

whose drifting beams shimmer across darkened waters,

i found myself hitchhiking on the road again,

and maryland the necromancer resurrected me

with creaking docks up to which the sirens swim

and salty bays which we pass by with windows down.

in the arms of the sea, i am enwreathed by poetry.

the constellations of andromeda and perseus reach out towards each other,

reminiscent of us, whose love was seen only by the moon and stars.

i would not want history to doubt that we were lovers,

but they would have to sort through the violets and lavenders

to recognize the kisses described on paper as more than those of friends.

Autumn Andrejczak ’22

"Not a Thing with Feathers"

A dream is not a thing with feathers.
It does not lurk in the shadows
or curl in the recess of the mind.
It dwells in the chest, in the hollow space
Just beneath the heart, cradled when
Hands reach up to clutch onto its warmth with iron grips.

A dream is not a thing with feathers -
It is not like hope, which makes men do
Foolish things in the name of possibility, or
Like facts, which makes men remain in the land of reason.
A dream stirs up in the chest and makes men
Do impossible things, outrageous things,
Things that none have dared to do before.
A dream makes eyes dazzle and hearts set afire,
A dream, a goal, ambition, a dream makes the impossible possible
And wildest fantasies soundest facts.

A dream is not a thing with feathers.
A dream is a thing with wings.

Madeline Patrick '22

"greater than i've ever known"

there is fire inside my chest,
a burning, a bonfire, an explosion,
of longing and the knowledge that if my life
the life of my soul, my heart my body,
is to be anything, it is to be in pursuit
of dreams greater than I've ever known

Madeline Patrick '22

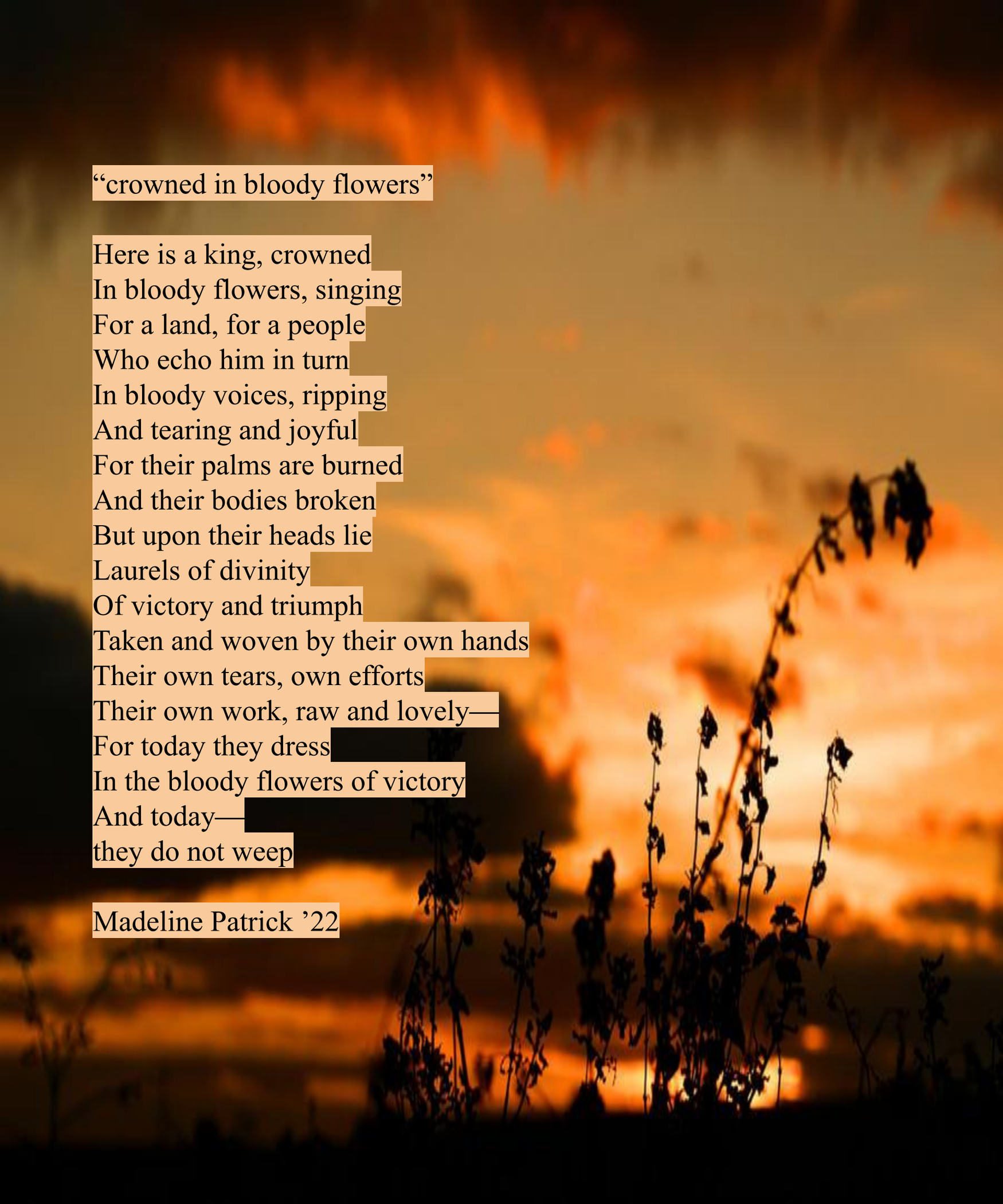
“Virelay: A Fall Nighttime Run”

Swiftly running on the beautiful tree lined path,
The charming sun shines,
My quick feet hit the fallen leaves with a heavy wrath,
As I run through the vines.
I know winter is coming soon as I see the pines,
The sun begins to set,
My run begins to chill as I pass my street signs,
Saying “Hi” to neighbors I met.
Sprinting as quickly as I can so to home I get,
The sun has diminished,
It is time for me to say hello to my pet,
The run is finished.

Elizabeth Mellon ’23

I listen and laugh
Sitting around the table
During our dinner
My family all present
My favorite time of day

Jaclyn McDade ’22



“crowned in bloody flowers”

Here is a king, crowned
In bloody flowers, singing
For a land, for a people
Who echo him in turn
In bloody voices, ripping
And tearing and joyful
For their palms are burned
And their bodies broken
But upon their heads lie
Laurels of divinity
Of victory and triumph
Taken and woven by their own hands
Their own tears, own efforts
Their own work, raw and lovely—
For today they dress
In the bloody flowers of victory
And today—
they do not weep

Madeline Patrick ’22

"*La Amistad <3*"

Unfamiliar tongues
Syllables blend together
You say *mi amiga*
I may not understand you
But friendship is still friendship

Vowels and consonants
In combinations unknown
We laugh together
Despite this wall between us
Tú eres mi amigo

Hannah Buckleman ’23

“A Broader Definition”

“Family is blood,”
Everyone always tells me,
But I know deep down
Anyone you choose to love
Is your family as well.

Emily Bruni ’23



Theresa McCann '22

“I think being seen by just one person, intimately and horridly, through good and bad, would be enough”

you wish for immortality even though it already lives in the cracks of your hands,
the ability to capture the waters of the sea and stitch the droplets into parchment,
bring stability to the seasons and render them one.
you have no one, but you have every word ever spoken,
by stranger or acquaintance, by friend or foe,
veni, vidi, id scripsi. i came, i saw, i wrote it down.
doesn’t it feel akin to being a god,
now that you know how to
to dance in bare feet upon sunburnt concrete in the middle of winter,
swim in the waves of the california coast whilst dreaming in an old virginia lighthouse,
live the rock n’ roll dream of the seventies even though you’re having tea with a halo of the moon?
you are the ruler of the circumstances of being.

Autumn Andrejczak ’22

Quintessence 2022 Staff

Editors In-Chief:

Autumn Andrejczak

Madeline Patrick

Apprentice Editors:

Erin Flatley

Delaney Reynolds

Cover Art:

Annalise Schuck

Staff:

Abby McGrody

Sophia de Jesus

Erin McFadden

Izzy DaSilva

Sarah Taylor

Kai Moore

El Schwenker

Isabelle Glunz

Ava Pagliaro

Meredith Czyz

Ava Spera

Moderators:

Ms. McBrinn

Ms. Chirico

Thank you for reading!

A Note on Images and Artwork

Artwork created by Villa students is indicated with the student's name and graduation year.

All other images were obtained from Google Images unless otherwise specified.

