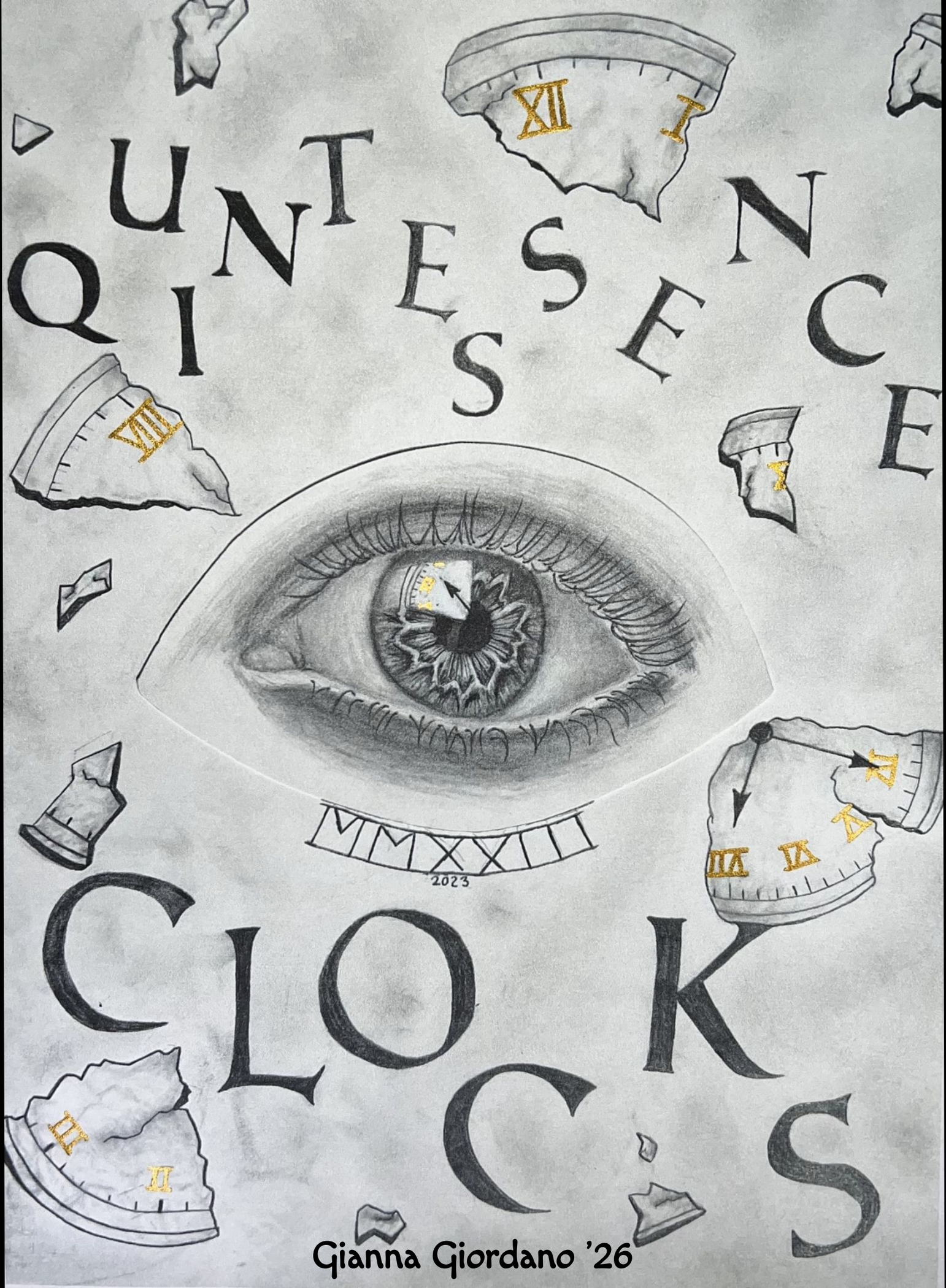


Gianna Giordano '26

INTRODUCTION

Time comes and goes like the seasons. At one moment, you're an eager freshman with seemingly all the time in the world, and the next, you're a senior wondering where the time went. Despite all that we do to try to slow down the clock, time is something that we can never control. One thing we *can* control, however, is how we use our time. If we cherish the current moment, we are making the most of the precious gift of time. Do not be stuck in the past or wish for the future. Do not wait for the weekend, the start of summer, or college to be happy.

Enjoy the little things that each day brings. Enjoy the morning's first peaks of sunlight, the blue skies of the afternoon, the beauty of sunsets, and the quietness of nighttime. Each moment of the day holds something unique and valuable. Each instance opens the door for new opportunities. Take the time once in a while to look around and be grateful for your current stage of life because you'll never get to relive the present moment. Perhaps, that is what makes time so special.

Erin Flatley '24





Alex Kupper '23

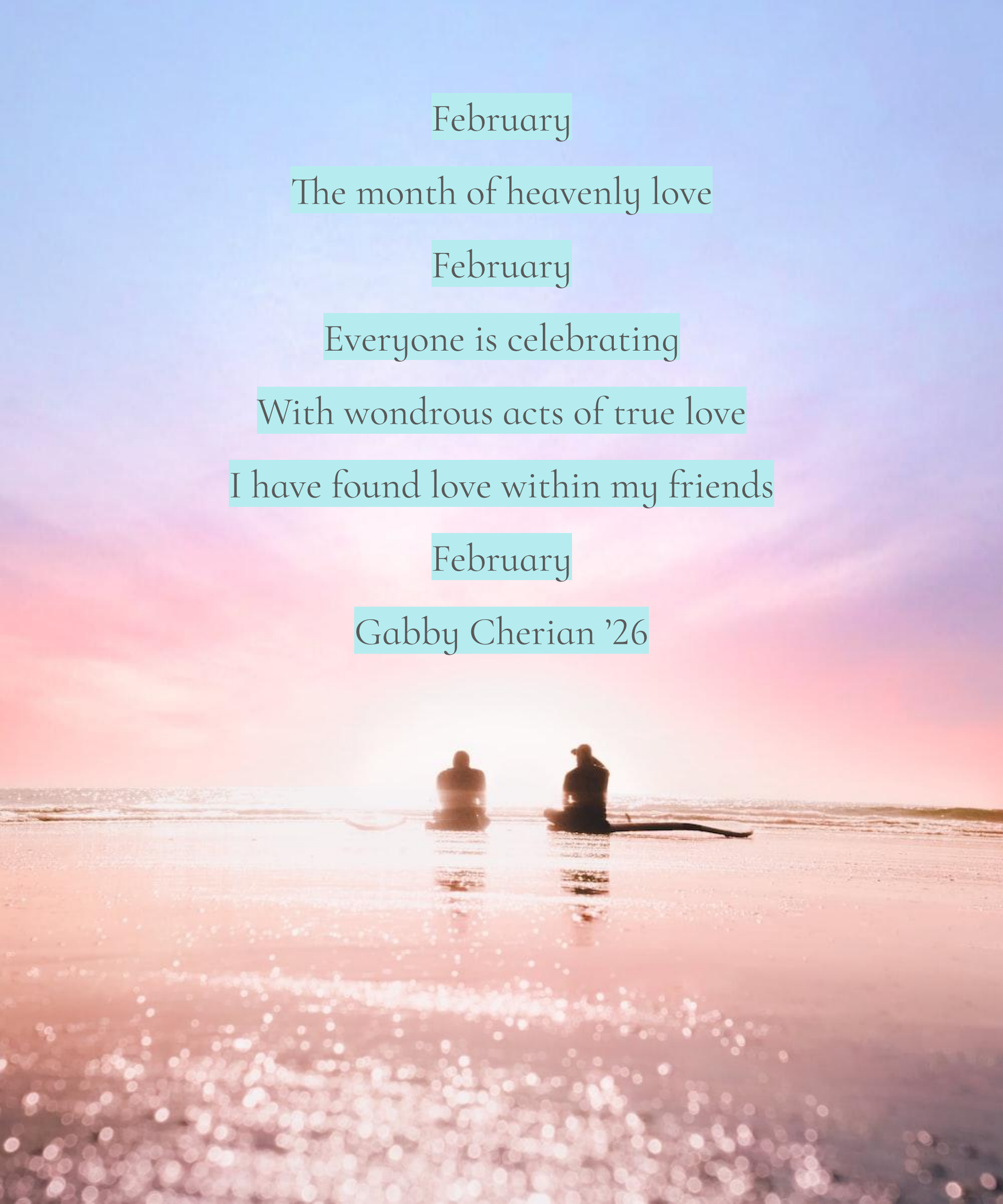
SUNRISE
6:00 AM

The quiet peace of a sunrise, the world seems to be still asleep, and the streets are quiet. The sun is a glowing yellow, occasionally accompanied by soft pinks and purples. The world is slowly illuminated by the gleaming rays of sun, peaking over rooftops and between trees. Everything is basked in a glowing orange haze. The light wakes you up, as a new day is in full swing. Soft chirps from birds in trees fly through the air. The grass is wet with morning dew, and the air is crisp. The temperature is still chilly, getting warmer by the minute, as the sun rises in the sky.

"Morning people" take advantage of this quiet time. Some go for a walk, some go to the gym, some make their plans for the day, and some get an early start at work. The early hours of the morning, greeted by the sun, is a special time of tranquility, the calm before the storm. The slow increase of light tells us that the night has passed, but a new day has just begun. We have time to make this new day into whatever we *want* it to be. The worries and challenges of yesterday have departed.

Erin Flatley '24




February
The month of heavenly love
February
Everyone is celebrating
With wondrous acts of true love
I have found love within my friends
February
Gabby Cherian '26

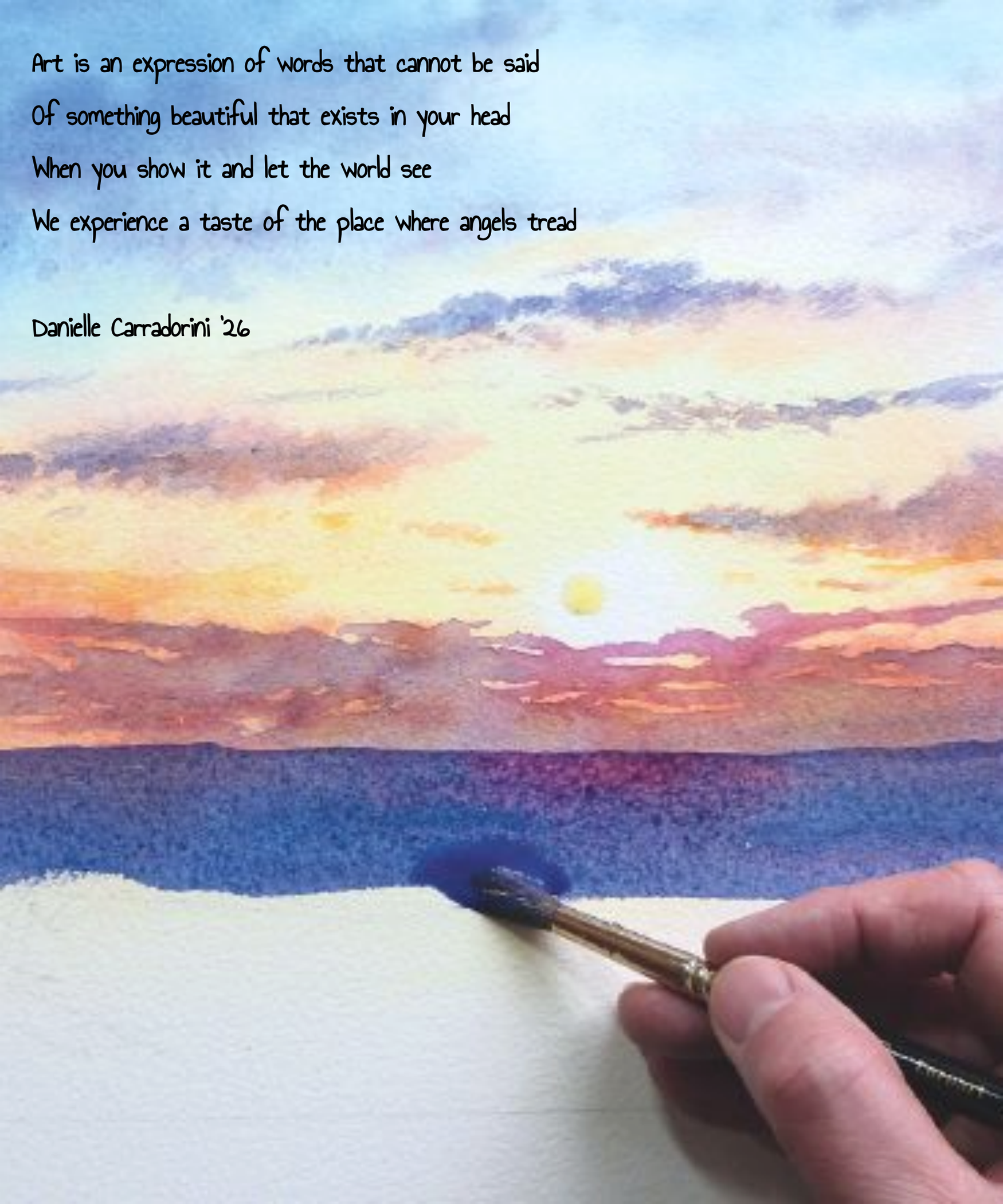
Art is an expression of words that cannot be said

Of something beautiful that exists in your head

When you show it and let the world see

We experience a taste of the place where angels tread

Danielle Carradorini '26



"Villa Has Introduced Me to so Many Memories"

Villa has introduced me to so many memories,

Learning, Loving, Laughing,

Loafers filled with pennies,

The best times are spent with friends at lunch cackling,

And as I count down my last days,

I recall all of the fun I have been having,

And I know that Villa has blessed me in so many ways.

It has taught me how to be a teammate, and write amazing essays,

And how to succeed in English and chem.

Villa's name I will always praise,

And I'll always be a Gem.

Olivia Burke '23

"How I Wish I Believed Them"

How I wish I believed them,

When people told me, "It will be over before you know."

Because now I would give anything to go back to my first day in Fresh Sem,

Or just to make time slow.

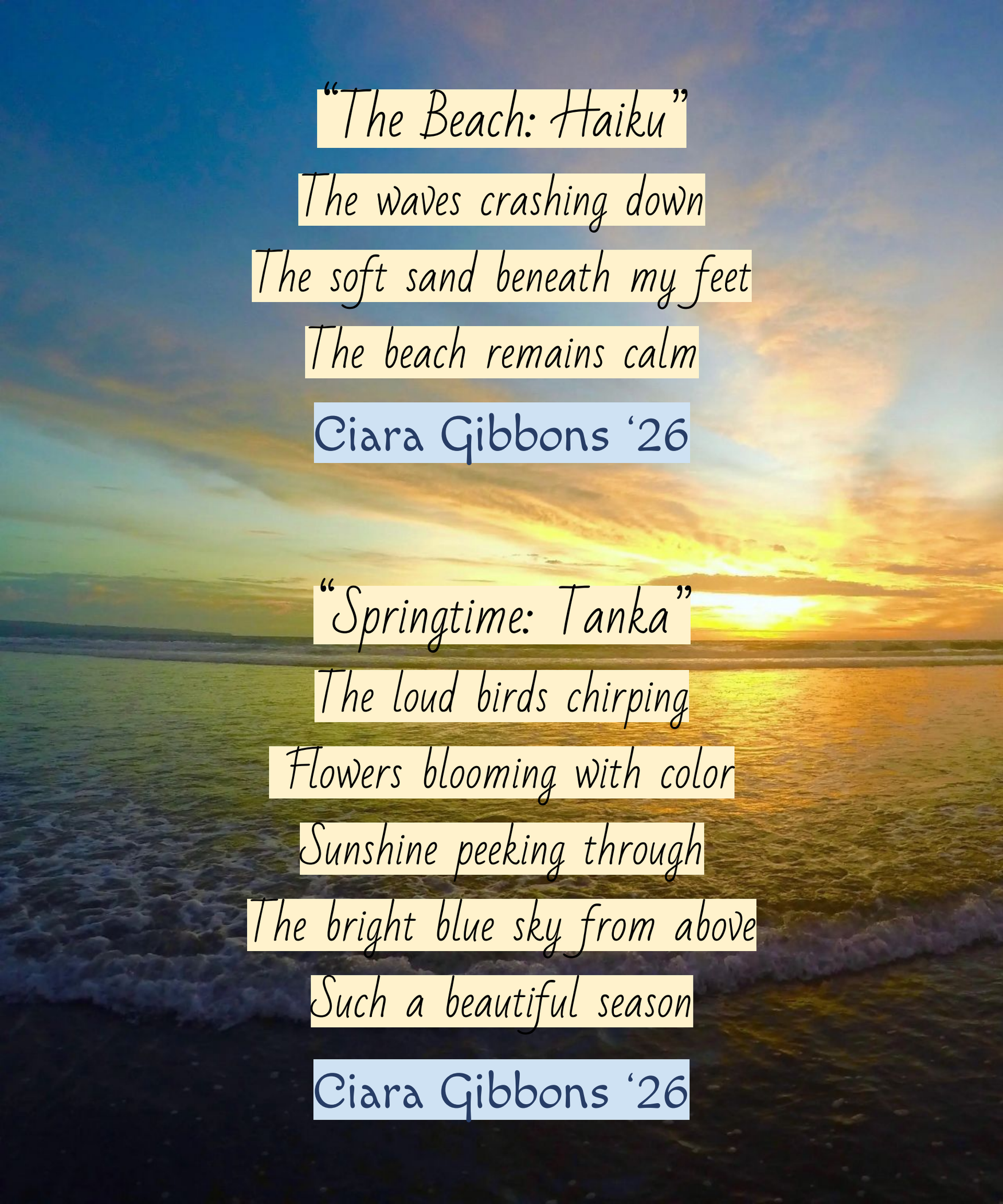
How I wish I believed them,

When people told me, "It will be over before you know."

Because now I would give anything to go back to my first day in Fresh Sem,

Or just to make time slow.

Olivia Burke '23



"The Beach: Haiku"

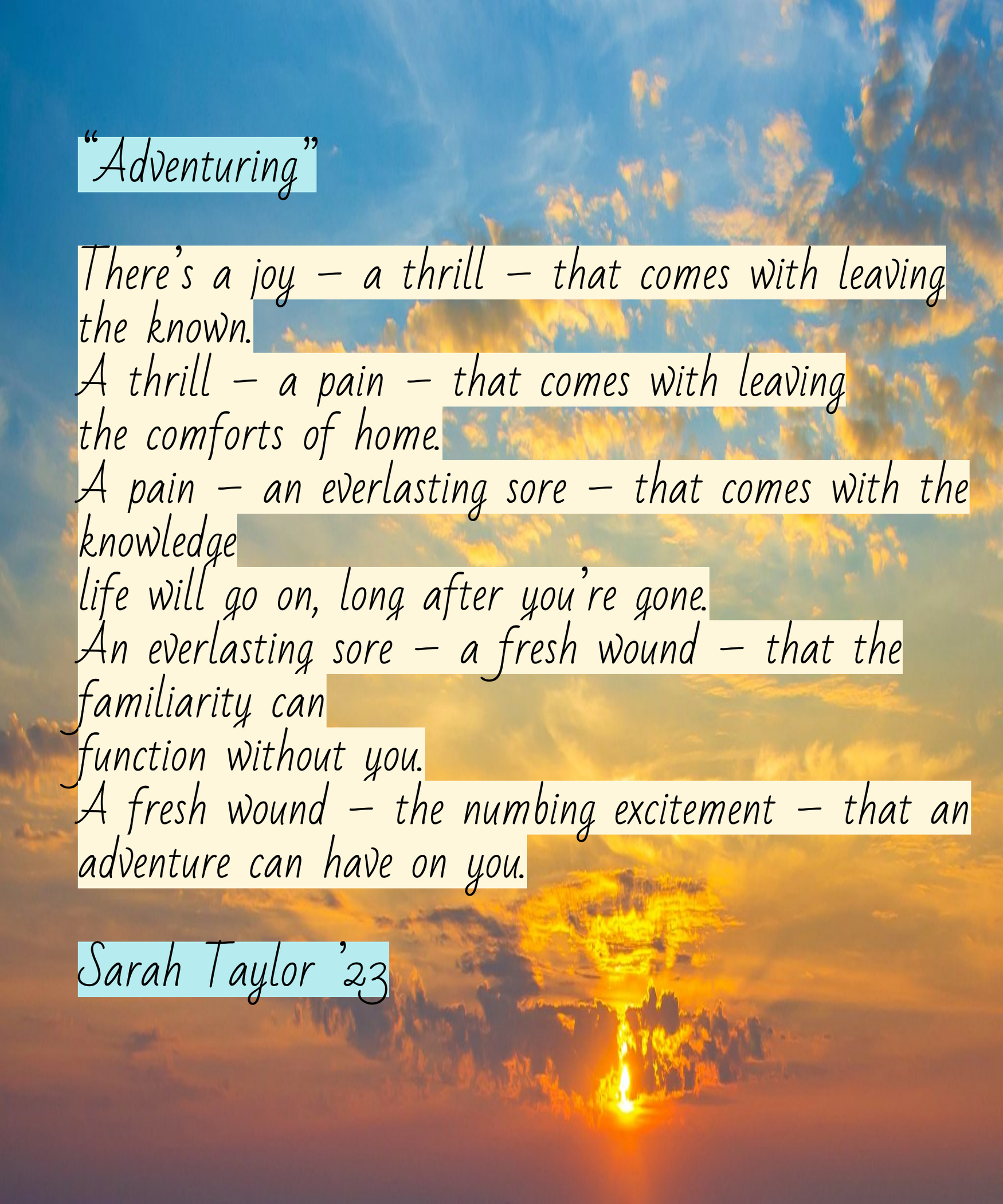
The waves crashing down
The soft sand beneath my feet
The beach remains calm

Ciara Gibbons '26

"Springtime: Tanka"

The loud birds chirping
Flowers blooming with color
Sunshine peeking through
The bright blue sky from above
Such a beautiful season

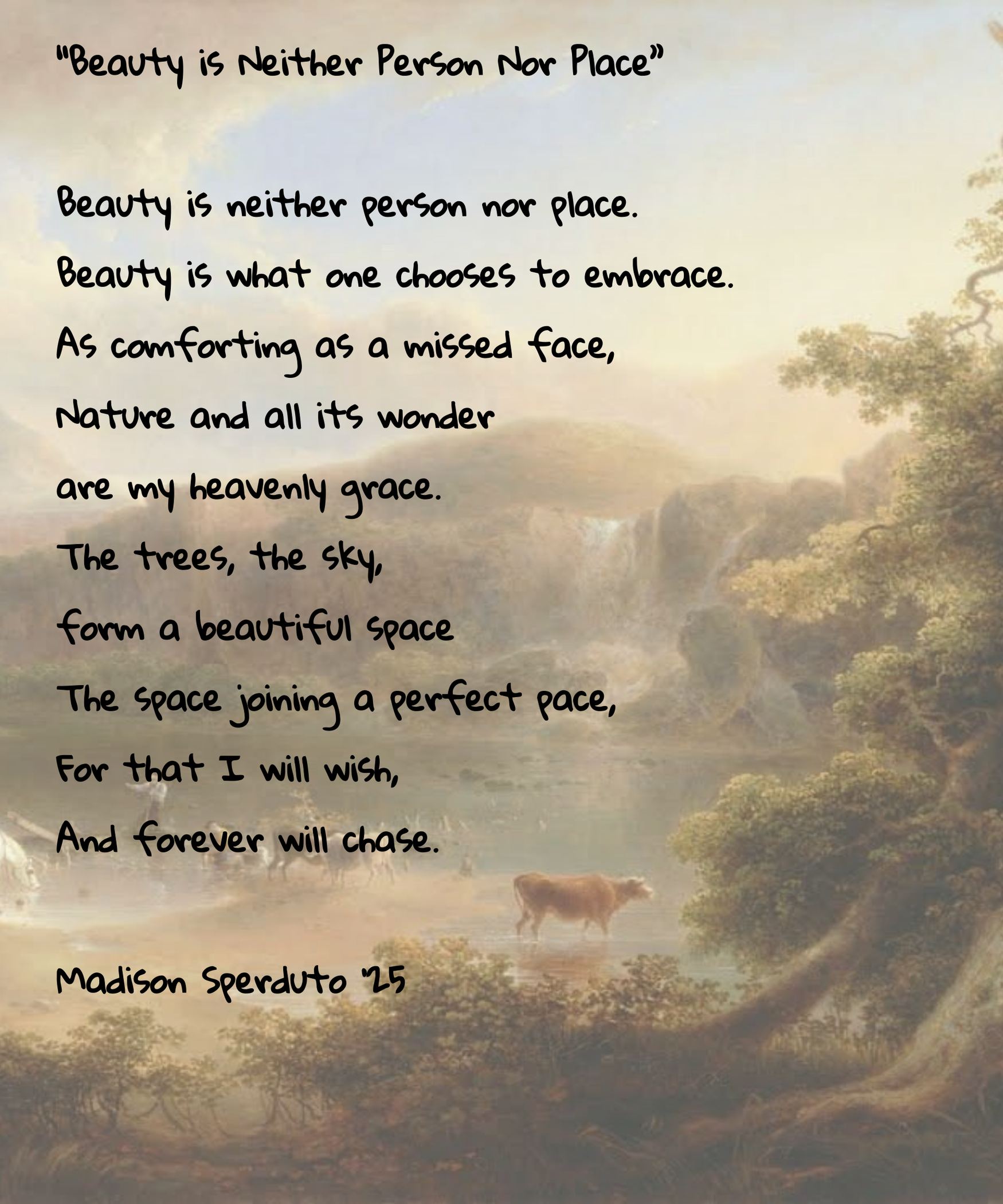
Ciara Gibbons '26



"Adventuring"

There's a joy – a thrill – that comes with leaving the known.
A thrill – a pain – that comes with leaving the comforts of home.
A pain – an everlasting sore – that comes with the knowledge
life will go on, long after you're gone.
An everlasting sore – a fresh wound – that the familiarity can
function without you.
A fresh wound – the numbing excitement – that an adventure can have on you.

Sarah Taylor '23



"Beauty is Neither Person Nor Place"

Beauty is neither person nor place.
Beauty is what one chooses to embrace.
As comforting as a missed face,
Nature and all its wonder
are my heavenly grace.
The trees, the sky,
form a beautiful space
The space joining a perfect pace,
For that I will wish,
And forever will chase.

Madison Sperduto '25


Friends
Fun, Playful
Learn, Dance, Love
Games, Dances, Sleepovers, Drives
Cherish, Sing, Laugh
Beautiful, Amazing
Sisters
Olivia Burke '23

What songs remind you of sunrise?

"Cherry Wine" by Hozier - Abby McGrody '24



"Harbor" by Clairo - Delaney Reynolds '24



"Here Comes the Sun" by the Beatles - Erin Flatley '24



"Olivia" by One Direction - Kai Moore '25



"Sometimes" by Mac Ayres - Gianna Felker '25



"Kalmia Kid" by Chloe Moriondo - Izzy DaSilva '25



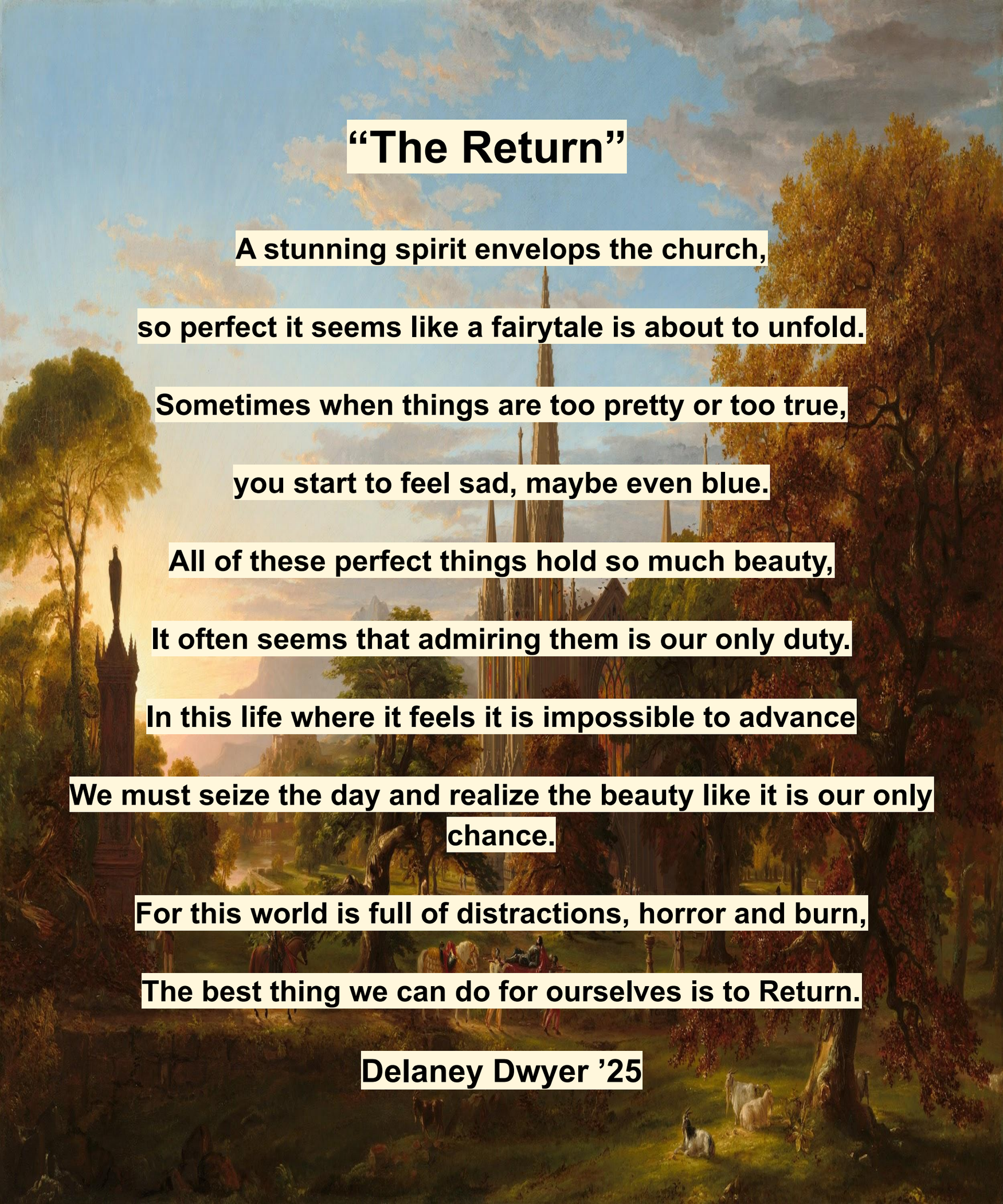
"Crash Into Me" by Dave Matthews Band - Val Tyshko '25



"Sunrise" by Norah Jones - Olivia Perri '25



Mia Mastromarco '25



“The Return”

A stunning spirit envelops the church,

so perfect it seems like a fairytale is about to unfold.

Sometimes when things are too pretty or too true,

you start to feel sad, maybe even blue.

All of these perfect things hold so much beauty,

It often seems that admiring them is our only duty.

In this life where it feels it is impossible to advance

We must seize the day and realize the beauty like it is our only chance.

For this world is full of distractions, horror and burn,

The best thing we can do for ourselves is to Return.

Delaney Dwyer ’25

“Relief”

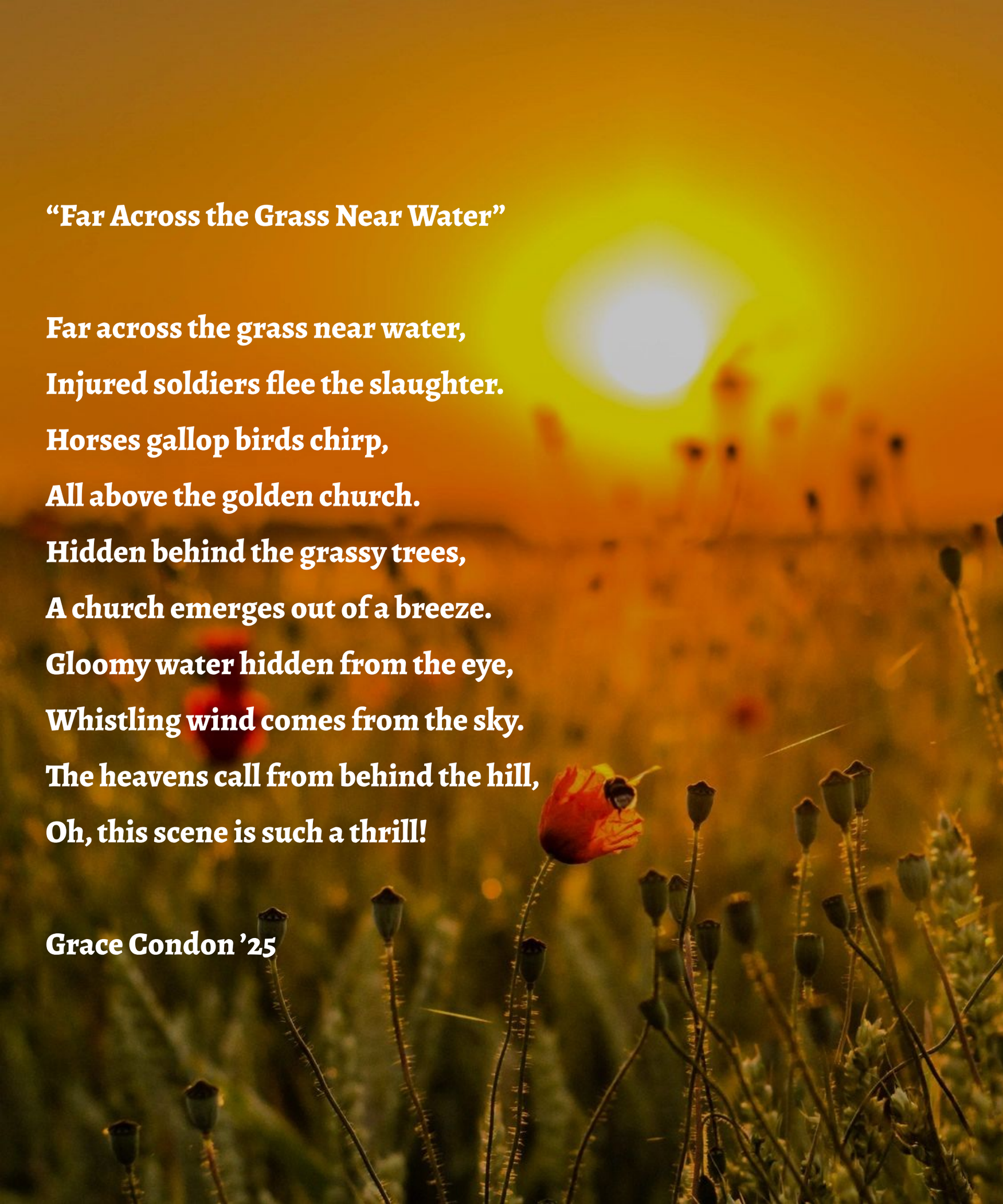
The warm, gleaming light makes it impossible to open my eyes;
As I do, I’m surrounded by a familiar yet intimidating crowd.
I scan the people in front of me, eager to see you,
Yearning for that feeling of relief when I recognize your face,
But this feeling never comes.
Instead, they respond to my confused, uncomfortable expression with their own,
Whispers of “What is she doing?” float through the room,
Quickly permeating throughout and engulfing my mind.
I find myself agreeing with them, until the relief comes.
I see you, buried and blended with everyone else,
Granting me courage and confidence,
I know what I am doing.

Abby McGrody ’24

“Temporary Renewal”

The sunlight cracks through my curtains, emitting a morning shine.
A new day has come, where I control my actions and thoughts;
A new opportunity to fight the feeling of letting everything intertwine.
As the day progresses, my confidence fades and as I look around me,
Everything looks the same; I cannot differentiate light from dark.
I brush off the feeling, focusing on the moment, ready to be present,
The hours meld together and suddenly, midnight has arrived.
The dreary, foreboding moonlight replaces the comfortable, promising sunlight.
I'm no longer in control, everything blends together.
Fighting to sleep, I await the next morning, but dread the next night.

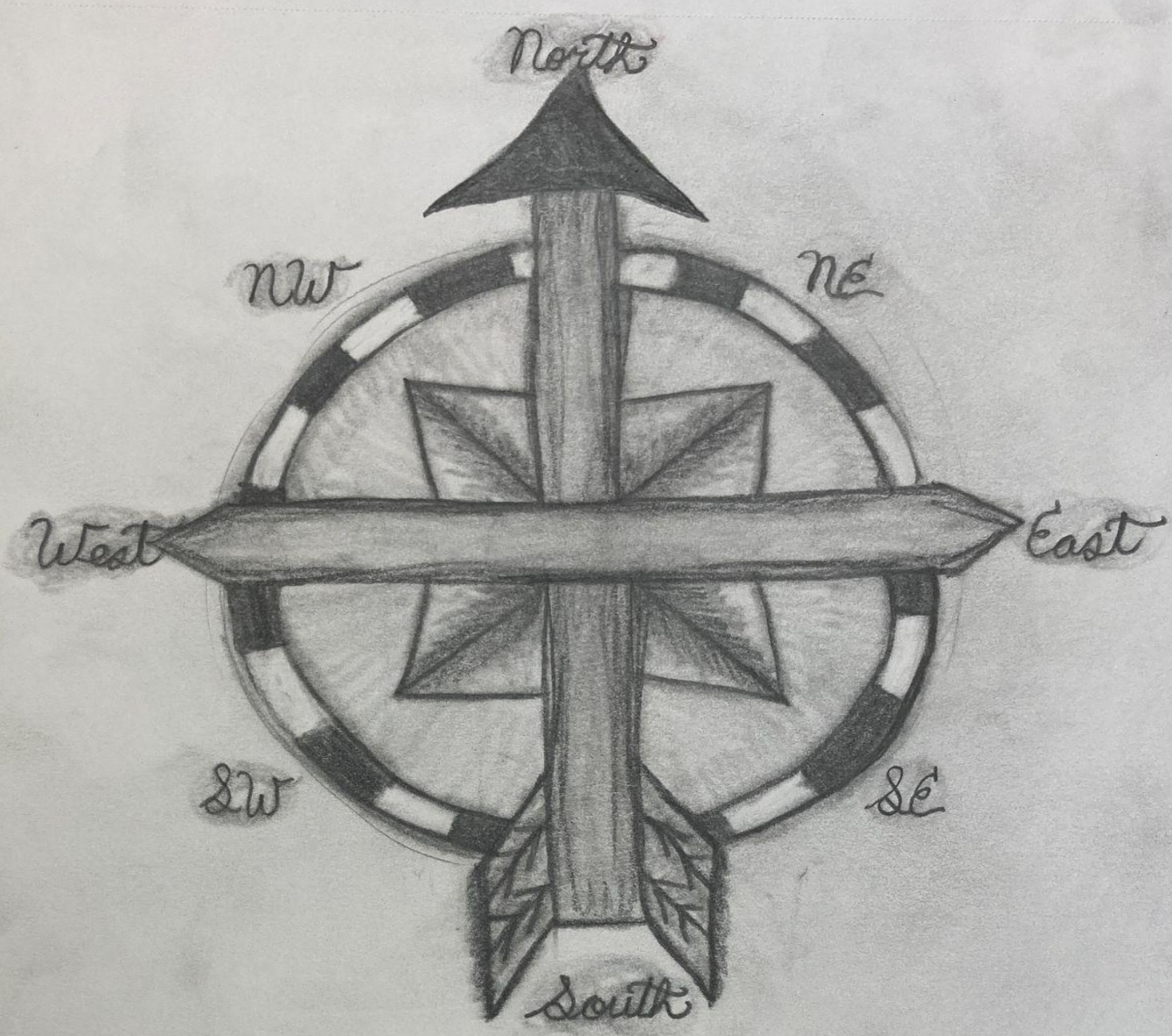
Abby McGrody ’24



“Far Across the Grass Near Water”

Far across the grass near water,
Injured soldiers flee the slaughter.
Horses gallop birds chirp,
All above the golden church.
Hidden behind the grassy trees,
A church emerges out of a breeze.
Gloomy water hidden from the eye,
Whistling wind comes from the sky.
The heavens call from behind the hill,
Oh, this scene is such a thrill!

Grace Condon ’25



Not all who wander are lost.

Mia Mastromarco '25

MORNING
9:00 AM

When you think of morning, you may think of classes and tests that you have to drag yourself to. Mornings can be tiring as you struggle to adjust to the pace of a new day. Maybe you think of the taste of breakfast, of eggs or waffles or bacon. Mornings are a time of beginning, the start of the day. People and cars spring to life as they make their daily commute to school and work. Coffee shops open to serve the tired souls who aren't fully awake yet. The birds awake, and chirp their own unique songs to celebrate the new day. The early bird gets the worm, and those awake to enjoy the morning get to enjoy the start of the new day. The poems in this section represent the start or the feeling we get with the new day.

Kai Moore '25



What songs do you associate with morning?

"New Flesh" by Current Joys and "Girl Put Your Records On" by Corinne bailey Rae - Izzy DaSilva '25

"Solar Power" by Lorde and "Amoeba" by Clairo - Gianna Felker '25

"The Adults Are Talking" by The Strokes - Abby McGrody '24

"Walking on Sunshine" by Katrina & The Waves - Erin Flatley '24

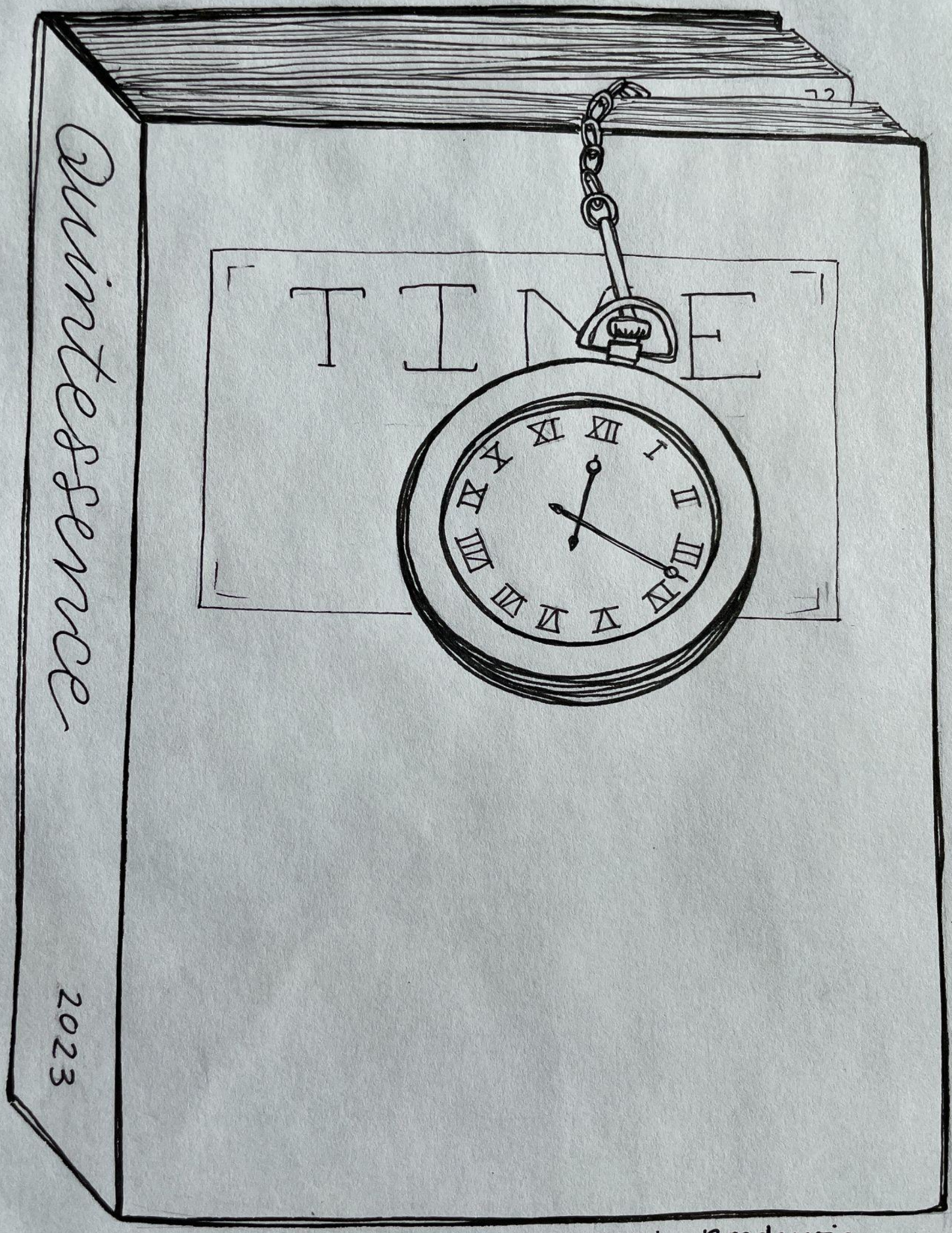
"Oh No!" by Marina - Kai Moore '25

"Good Morning" by the Dandy Warhols - Ms. McBrinn

"Golden" by Harry Styles - Eden Rosini '25

"Sunrise" by Norah Jones - Sasha Arbogast '23

"When Will My Life Begin" by Mandy Moore - Ms. Chirico


Quintessence
2023
TIME
Natalie Boedewig '24

"*The Fighting Temeraire* (1839)" by J.M.W. Turner

The vast sky that runs on eternally

Reminds me of the endless opportunities life holds

My dreams of exploring the world and creating memories

But there will be days where the world I've made my own will crumble

Like a ship under attack

Where there is a hopeless feeling that I will never recover from

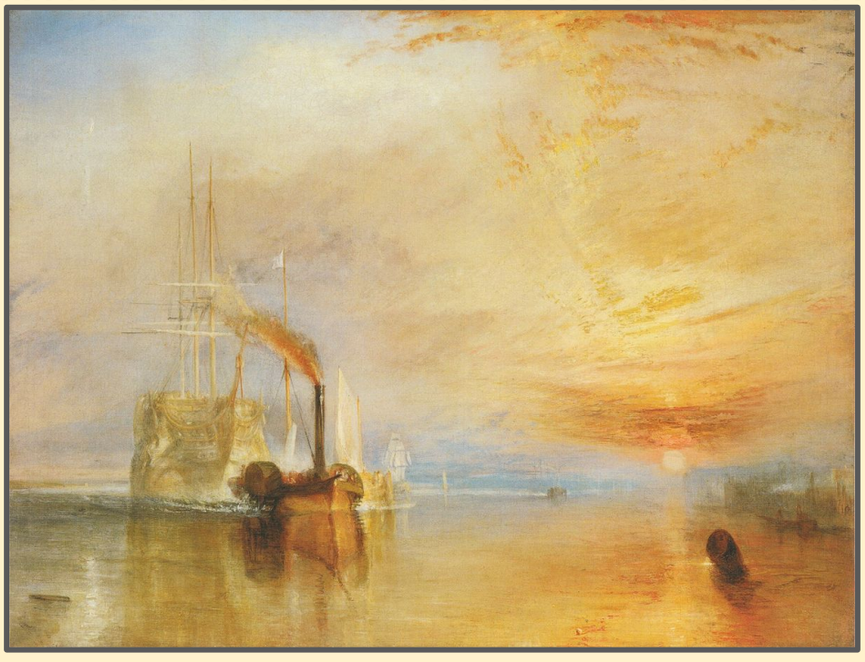
And the ship that attacks me will glisten in the sky with triumph

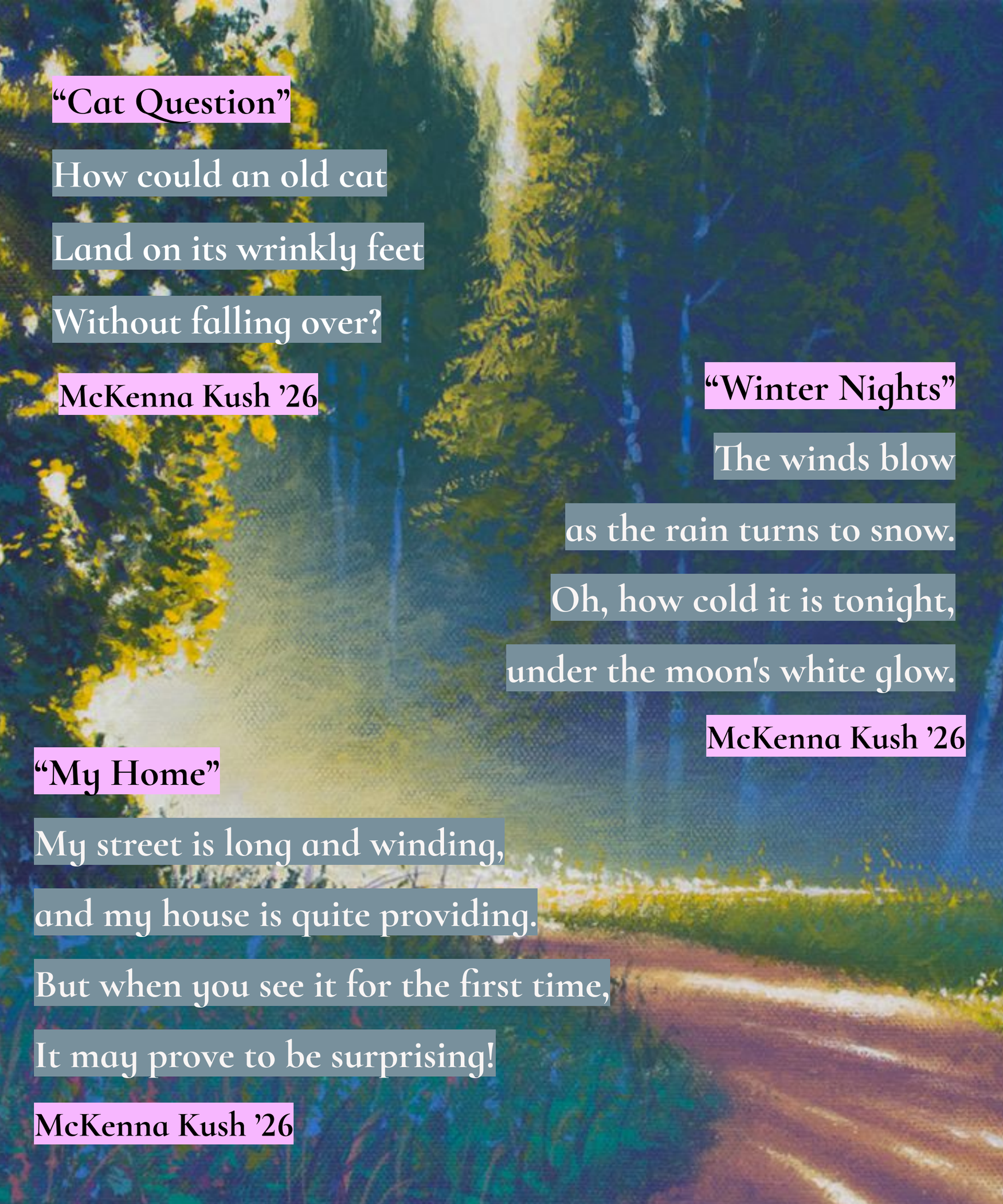
I will stay down in the broken pieces trying to heal myself

And when I am ready

I will look up to the everlasting sky that reminds me of my ambitions

Grace Cahill '25





“Cat Question”

How could an old cat

Land on its wrinkly feet

Without falling over?

McKenna Kush ’26

“Winter Nights”

The winds blow

as the rain turns to snow.

Oh, how cold it is tonight,

under the moon's white glow.

McKenna Kush ’26

“My Home”

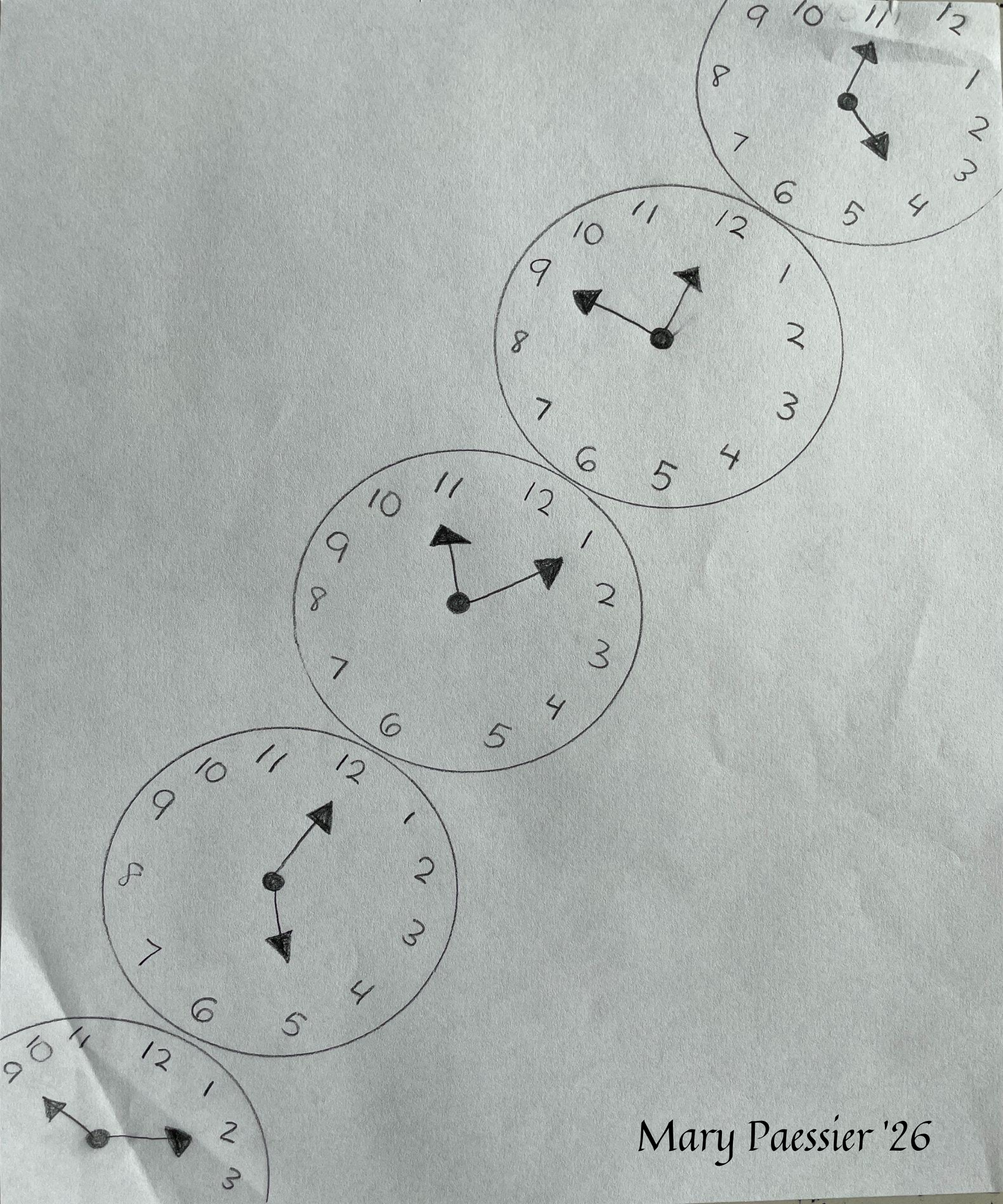
My street is long and winding,

and my house is quite providing.

But when you see it for the first time,

It may prove to be surprising!

McKenna Kush ’26


Mary Paessier '26

Mia Mastromarco '25



“Always Remember Your Keys”

Look upon the blossoming of the trees,

The sounds of the bees,

The starts of something new,

But never forget your keys,

The keys to who you are,

Never leave then too far,

Open a new experience,

Even if you leave with a scar.

Change can be scary,

But you do not need to be weary,

Live as though today is all you have,

And end your days merry.

Always look for the good,

Even if it is hidden under a hood,

Never allow something to completely break you,

Even if inside you feel like it could.

See the change of the seasons,

Understand the reasons,

Why some days you are happy,

And other days you leave with lesions.

Always try to give thanks,

Even when something feels like it yanks,

Remember that the sun always rises,

And in the end all we have are memories in our banks.

Liz Mellon ’23

“Ocean”

Ocean
big, blue
washing, waving, welcoming
creatures, colors, coves, coast
changing, cold, crashing
shallow, sandy
Ocean

McKenna Kush ’26

MIDDAY
12:00 PM

The sun hits its peak in the sky. Lunchtime, traffic, a breeze, a windchime. The crisp chill of the morning fades into the past as the temperatures rise, along with the spirits. Energy is flowing as people are hard at work, bustling in school, or just enjoying the sun's rays. Shadows escape and flee for cover as the light reaches its full capacity. Humans become plants, absorbing their vitality and life directly from the great star in the sky.

The intersection of morning and afternoon, the opposite of midnight. The homeland of the sun, the crest of each day. A chorus of creatures, colossal and microscopic. A hurried and panicked rush, or a peculiar lull of activity. So many possibilities and opportunities, yet only a mere minute out of twenty four hours. What time is it? Midday.

Gianna Felker and Izzy DaSilva '25




Photo Credit:
Meredith Glunz '23



"Untitled"

i am in great awe
great astonishment
great fear
when faced with the fact of life
the fact that so many other people
exactly my age
never got to see the light of day
for where they lived
when they lived
how they lived
circumstances took their lives
and so it feels like such
a blessing
to be alive
that is why it feels so odd to me
to face the fact of life
that it is yet still a curse
for i am waiting to be lifted

Isabelle DaSilva '25



Inspired By:
“Wivenhoe Park - John Constable”

Observation Poem

(perspective of the person in the boat)

A field of green

A sky of blue

A life that is free

With wild waters and the winds that blew

The tones of sun shine so bright

The shadow that follow crush that delight

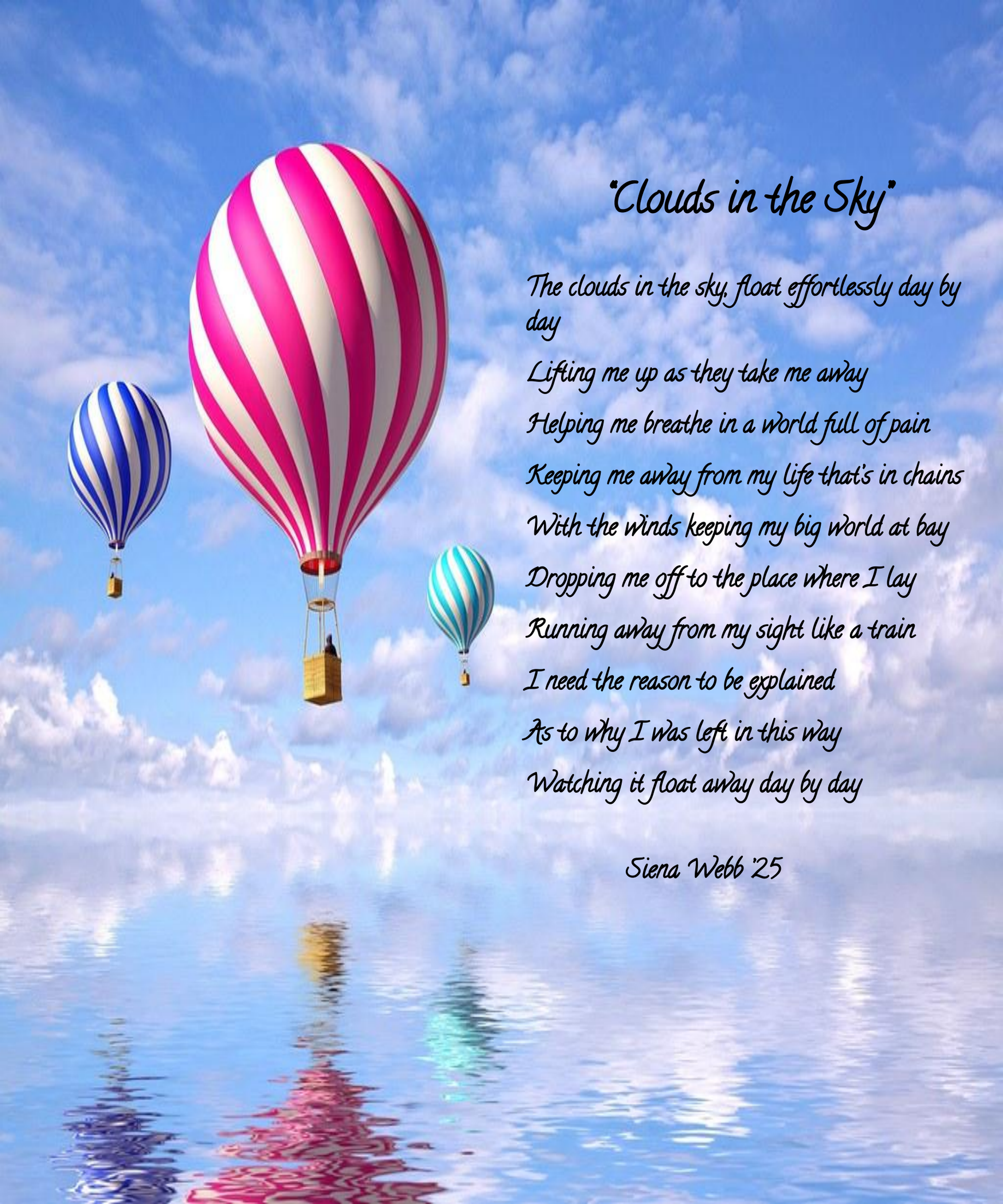
To sail away from the worries of life

Would never be a world full of strife

Let the open waters take me away

Doing this would fulfill my day

Emily Schmidt ’25



"Clouds in the Sky"

The clouds in the sky, float effortlessly day by day
Lifting me up as they take me away
Helping me breathe in a world full of pain
Keeping me away from my life that's in chains
With the winds keeping my big world at bay
Dropping me off to the place where I lay
Running away from my sight like a train
I need the reason to be explained
As to why I was left in this way
Watching it float away day by day

Siena Webb '25



"Magnets"

there is a certain magnetism to human experience

the push and pull of people

the ever-existing repelling and attracting magnetism of human connection

it will endure the lengths of time and the bounds of death

Isabelle DaSilva '25

"True friendship"

Real friends always help

Their comforting words are a

Simple act of love

Julia Grunwell '26

“You Only Live Once”

Adventures

Beautiful, Fun

Laughing, Watching, Talking

Cities, Parties, Beaches, Mountains

Playing, Hiking, Swimming

Heartfelt, Adorable

Memories

Liz Mellon ’23

“Tanka – The Bubbling Spring”

The bubbling spring
The blue water sparkling
Fish flitting about
Lily pads peacefully float
A picturesque oasis

Julia Grunwell ’26

Inspired By:
“The Ninth Wave” - Ivan Aivazovsky

The sun in the sky

And the waves in the sea

Show how much its beauty means to me.

A fire in the sky is seen twice a day

Its waves are fierce and hard to bare

but people still seem to get there.

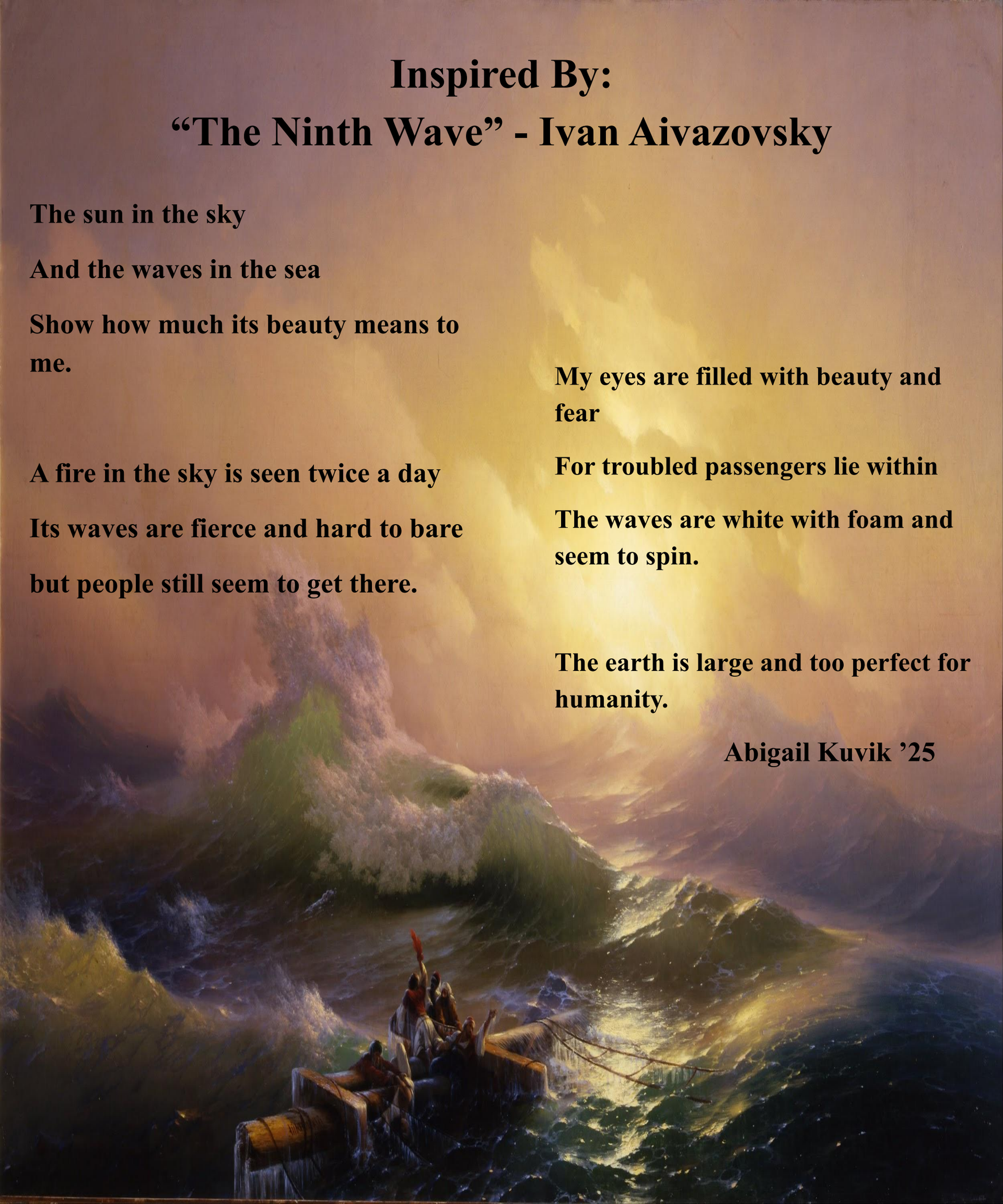
My eyes are filled with beauty and fear

For troubled passengers lie within

The waves are white with foam and seem to spin.

The earth is large and too perfect for humanity.

Abigail Kuvik ’25



Mad Libs Reviewed

When I was six-years-old, I used to play Mad Libs with my older sister. We would dig through the mountains of board games and old clothes in our closet before finding a tattered but legible book. Then, we would slide up against the wall of our upstairs hallway and find the perfect page to start. My sister, Nadya (or as I called her, Nani), would go through the blanks and shout "adjective!" "noun!" "verb!" Being only six-years-old, I wasn't quite sure whether an 'action word' was a noun or a verb, but we'd get there in the end. Finally, gazing at our finished product, we would read it aloud to any audience we could garner, whether it was our parents, our four-year-old sister, or the wind rustling the trees outside our window. To us, it was the greatest work we had ever read.

…

As trivial as it sounds, I think that Mad Libs are a metaphor for life, not only the creation of them, but the game itself as well. Thinking back to when I used to play with my older sister, I remembered how carefree and relaxed everything in life used to be. We would make mistakes, ask foolish questions, fall flat on our faces, and then get right back up and laugh it off. I noticed how, as we grew up, we took ourselves far too seriously. In trying desperately to balance priorities and responsibilities and appearances and *Oh my God are they talking about me?,* we forgot about fun. We disregarded and tossed aside all the values we held as children because they were "unimportant," and we forget about the things that used to truly bring us joy and the feeling of running through sprinklers and our toes in the sand and what it feels like to *live*...But this is about Mad Libs.

…

Though they may not be formal or traditional, Mad Libs are a form of literature, and perhaps it is their own lack of solemnity that makes them so remarkable. I give Mad Libs five stars.

Gianna Felker '25

Copyrighted Material



MAD LIBS®

THE SPACE SHUTTLE

In 1981, the U.S. launched the first real Space _____ (NOUN). It was named *Columbia* and was piloted by two brave _____ (PLURAL NOUN). They had practiced _____ (VERB ENDING IN "ING") for two years and were expert _____ (PLURAL NOUN). *Columbia* took off from _____ (CITY) using its powerful first-stage _____ (PLURAL NOUN) and soared off into the _____ (ADJECTIVE) blue _____ (NOUN). At an altitude of _____ (NUMBER) feet, it went into orbit around the _____ (NOUN). For people watching from Earth, it was a/an _____ (ADJECTIVE) sight to _____ (VERB)! Who could really _____ (VERB) that there were two _____ (PLURAL NOUN) in space? It was mind _____ (VERB ENDING IN "ING"). After _____ (NUMBER) orbits, the shuttle landed _____ (ADVERB) at an air force _____ (NOUN). It was a/an _____ (ADJECTIVE) day for the U.S. Space Program.

AFTERNOON
3:00 PM

The clouds scatter as the sun begins its decline from the midday sky. Kids wait patiently as the clock continues to click. Afternoon - the school bell rings and after-school dismissal begins: carpool lines, big yellow buses, seniors driving away, music blasting. Activities: *Quintessence*, sports, music, dance. The possibilities are endless. An afternoon drive, hands out the windows, music blasting, sun beaming, wind swirling around.

You arrive at home. Time to relax; take a breath; unwind from the day. Quick round of homework, music playing in the background. A nap, perhaps, to find calm? Hobbies - reading, walking, hiking, watching tv? The laptop undone, the glowing beam of *Netflix* coming from the screen. The sun begins to fade, a quick reminder that the fun of the day - afternoon - is almost over.

Sarah Taylor '23



What song reminds you of the afternoon?

"Wouldn't It Be Nice" by The Beach Boys - Erin Flatley

"Fight or Flight" by Conan Gray - Kai Moore '25

"Tuesday Afternoon" by the Moody Blues - Ms. McBrinn

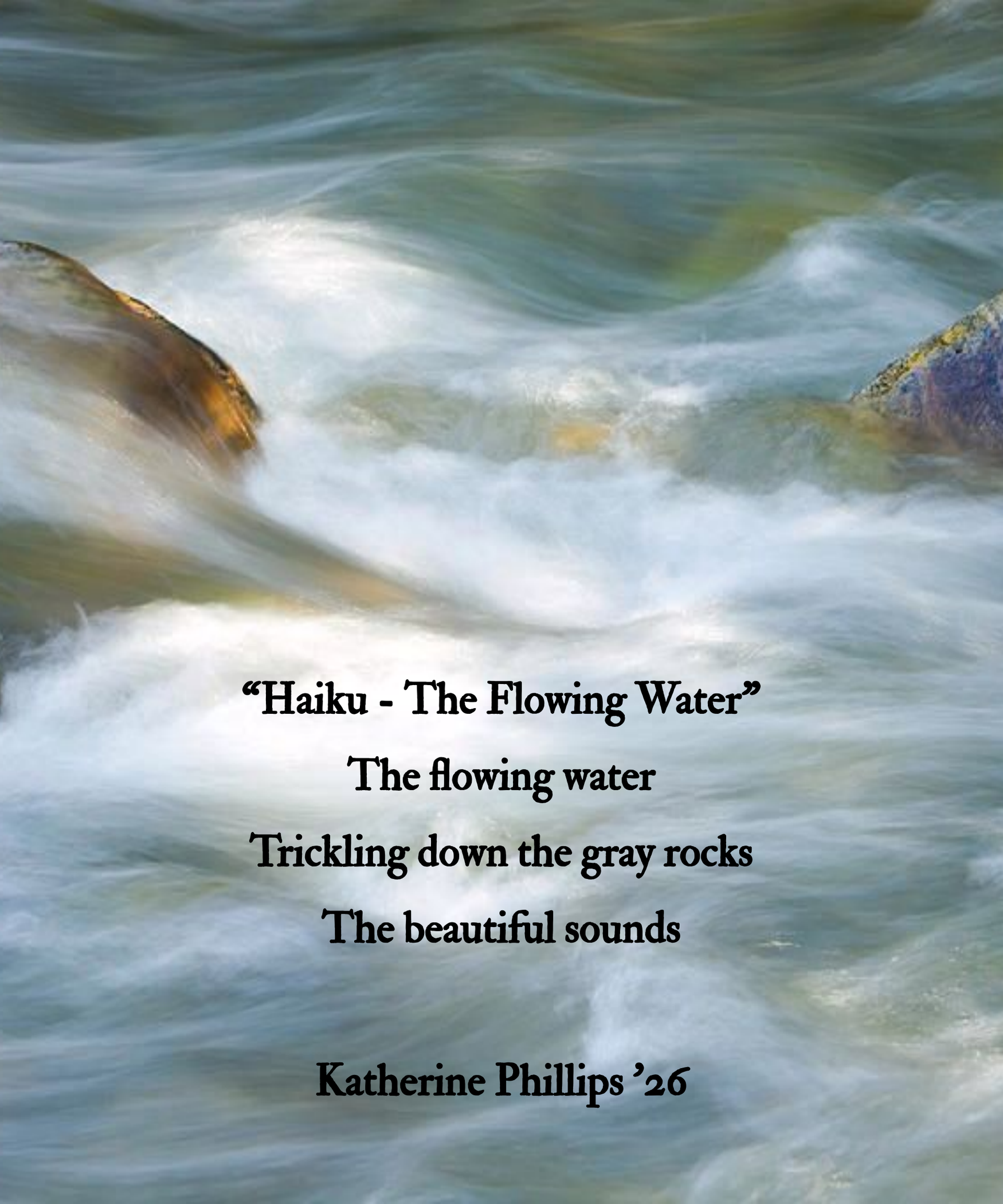
"Inner Smile" by Texas - Meredith Glunz '23

"Free" by Florence & the Machine - Ms. Chirico

"Flower Power" by Greta Van Fleet - Olivia Rueger '23

"Cecilia" by Simon and Garfunkel - Olivia Rueger '23

"Don't Stop Believing by Journey" - Sarah Taylor '23



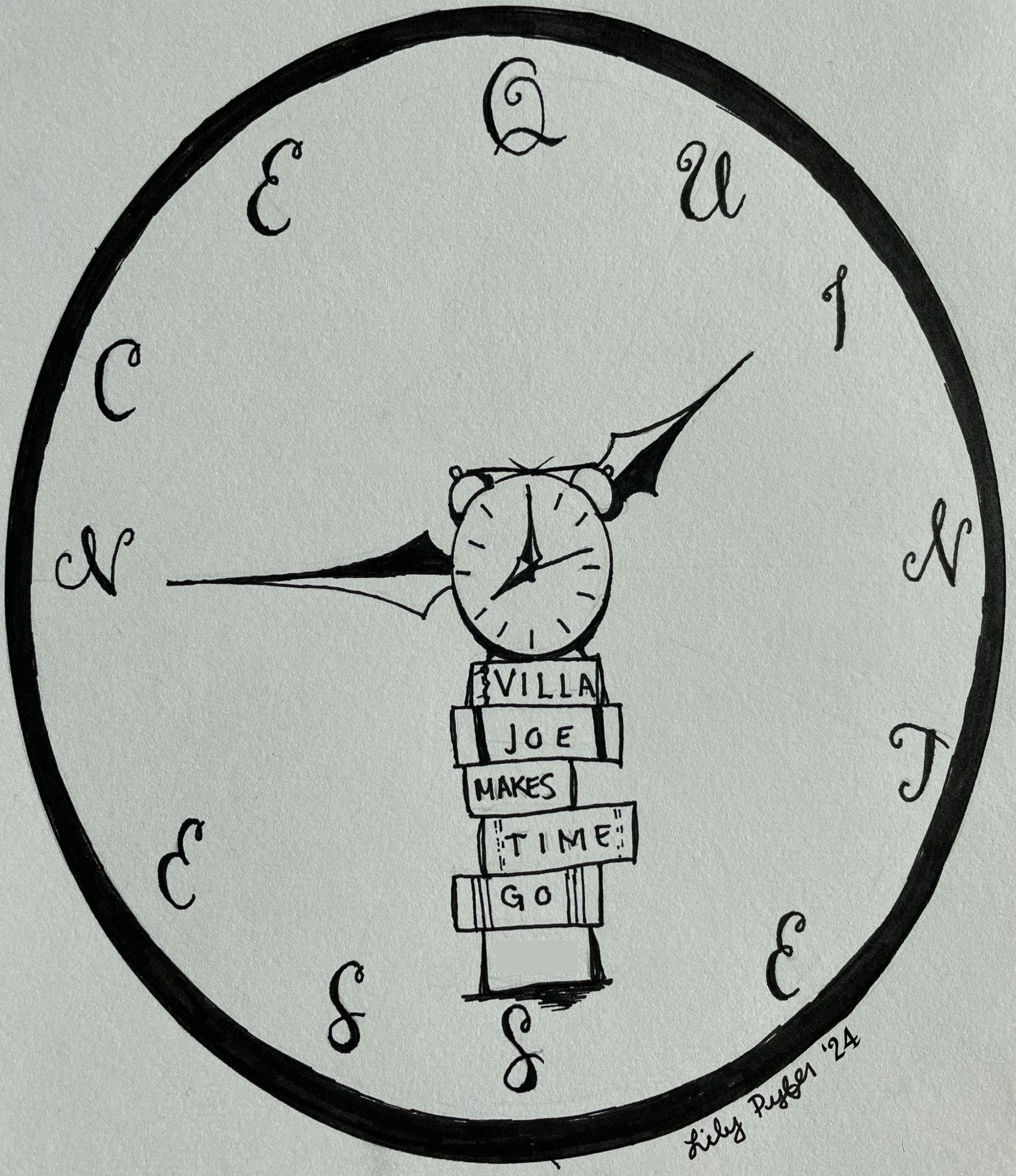
“Haiku - The Flowing Water”

The flowing water

Trickling down the gray rocks

The beautiful sounds

Katherine Phillips ’26


VILLA
JOE
MAKES
TIME
GO
Lily Pyfer '24



“Girl of Moss”

she longs to be a girl of moss
entangled in the grass and the leaves
for she can be one with the branches in which she swings
but most of the time she rests
she rests in the field of flowers with a crown of daisies on her head
with bright colored eyes and dreams beyond
no one will find her out there among the trees
for she does not want them to
she just wants to be

Isabelle DaSilva ’25

SUNSET
6:00 PM

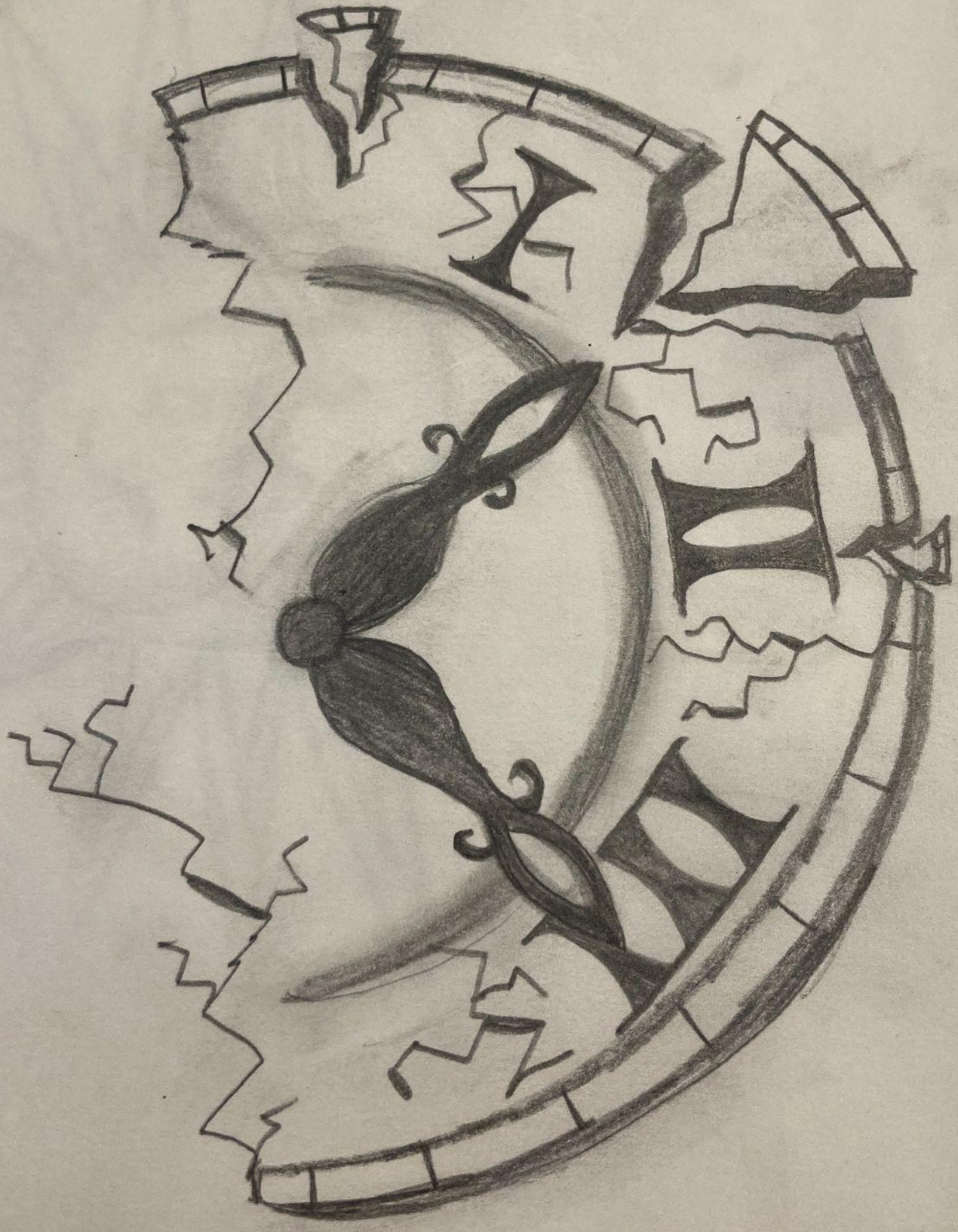
Sunset is often a relaxing time that many look forward to. It is when the sun starts to sink on the horizon as it says goodbye to another beautiful day. The sun illuminates the sky with pink, orange, and yellow hues that get our phones' attention. Sunset is the time of slowing down; the work or school day has ended, children are out playing until the sun is no longer glowing, the aroma of dinner on the stove is surrounding the house, and phones are flying out of pockets for the perfect "golden hour" picture.

The world is preparing for a restful night. Everything begins to still, and we reflect on the day whose time has come to an end. The sun is hanging over the crashing waves, swaying grass, or glistening snow. It is the moment in time where the world seems simple, peaceful, and loving.

Night owls prepare themselves for a productive night, full of "to-do" lists, and the early birds prepare for sleep, pouring their glass of water for the night. The experience with this time of day is universally beautiful, and, at times, life-changing. Everyone around you most likely has a story about their own moment with a sunset. Sunsets can tell life stories, bring back memories, or act as a sign from a loved one. Some of these experiences are shared by our students and faculty, along with amazing pictures.

Delaney Reynolds '24

Mia Mastromarco '25



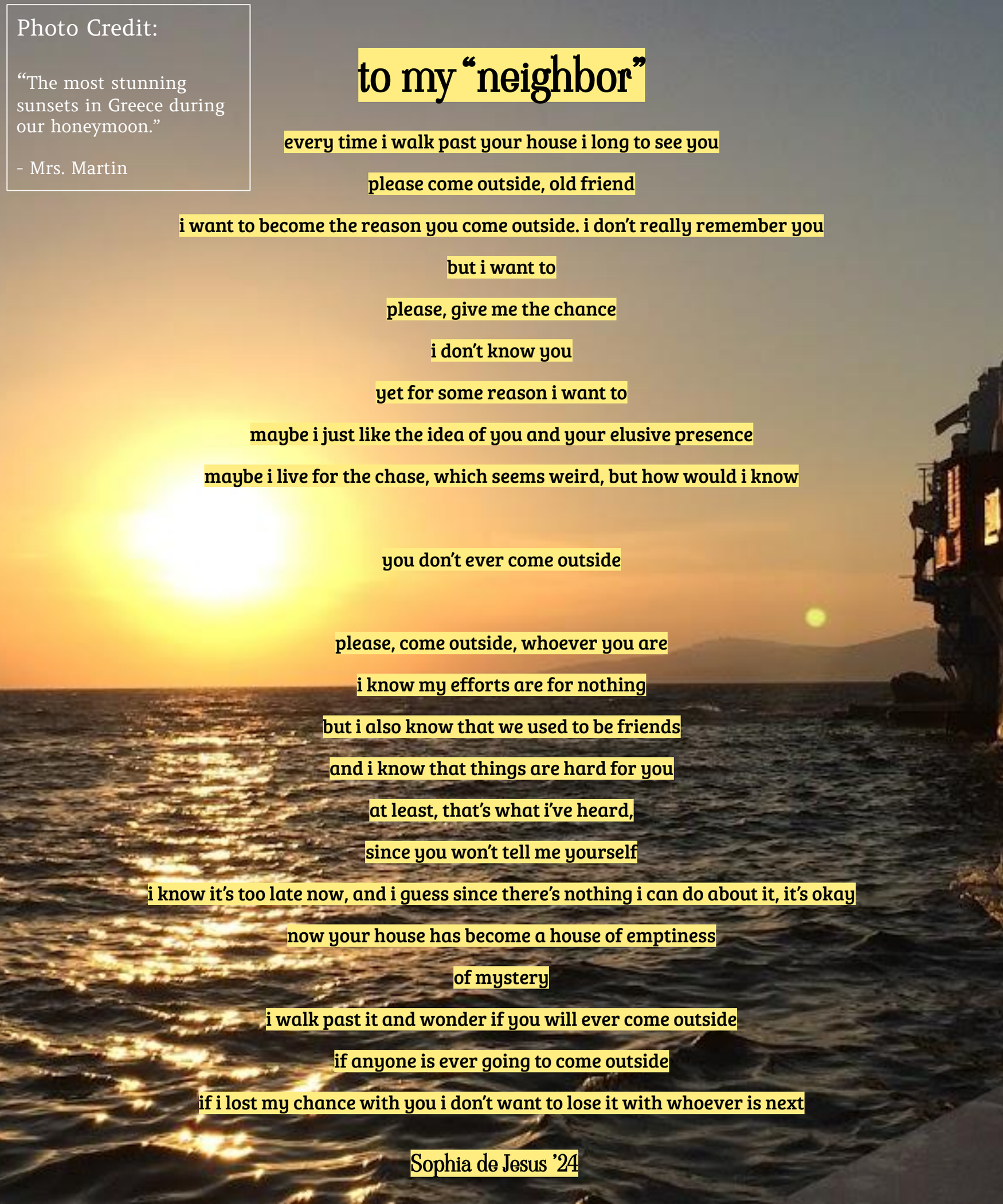


Photo Credit:

"The most stunning sunsets in Greece during our honeymoon."

- Mrs. Martin

to my "neighbor"

every time i walk past your house i long to see you

please come outside, old friend

i want to become the reason you come outside. i don't really remember you

but i want to

please, give me the chance

i don't know you

yet for some reason i want to

maybe i just like the idea of you and your elusive presence

maybe i live for the chase, which seems weird, but how would i know

you don't ever come outside

please, come outside, whoever you are

i know my efforts are for nothing

but i also know that we used to be friends

and i know that things are hard for you

at least, that's what i've heard,

since you won't tell me yourself

i know it's too late now, and i guess since there's nothing i can do about it, it's okay

now your house has become a house of emptiness

of mystery

i walk past it and wonder if you will ever come outside

if anyone is ever going to come outside

if i lost my chance with you i don't want to lose it with whoever is next

Sophia de Jesus '24



Photo Credit:

“This summer my friend and I went down the shore for the weekend and walked along the boardwalk the first night. We were staying in Wildwood, and there was a beautiful sunset with perfect weather.”

- Erin Flatley ’24


Jordan Higgins '24

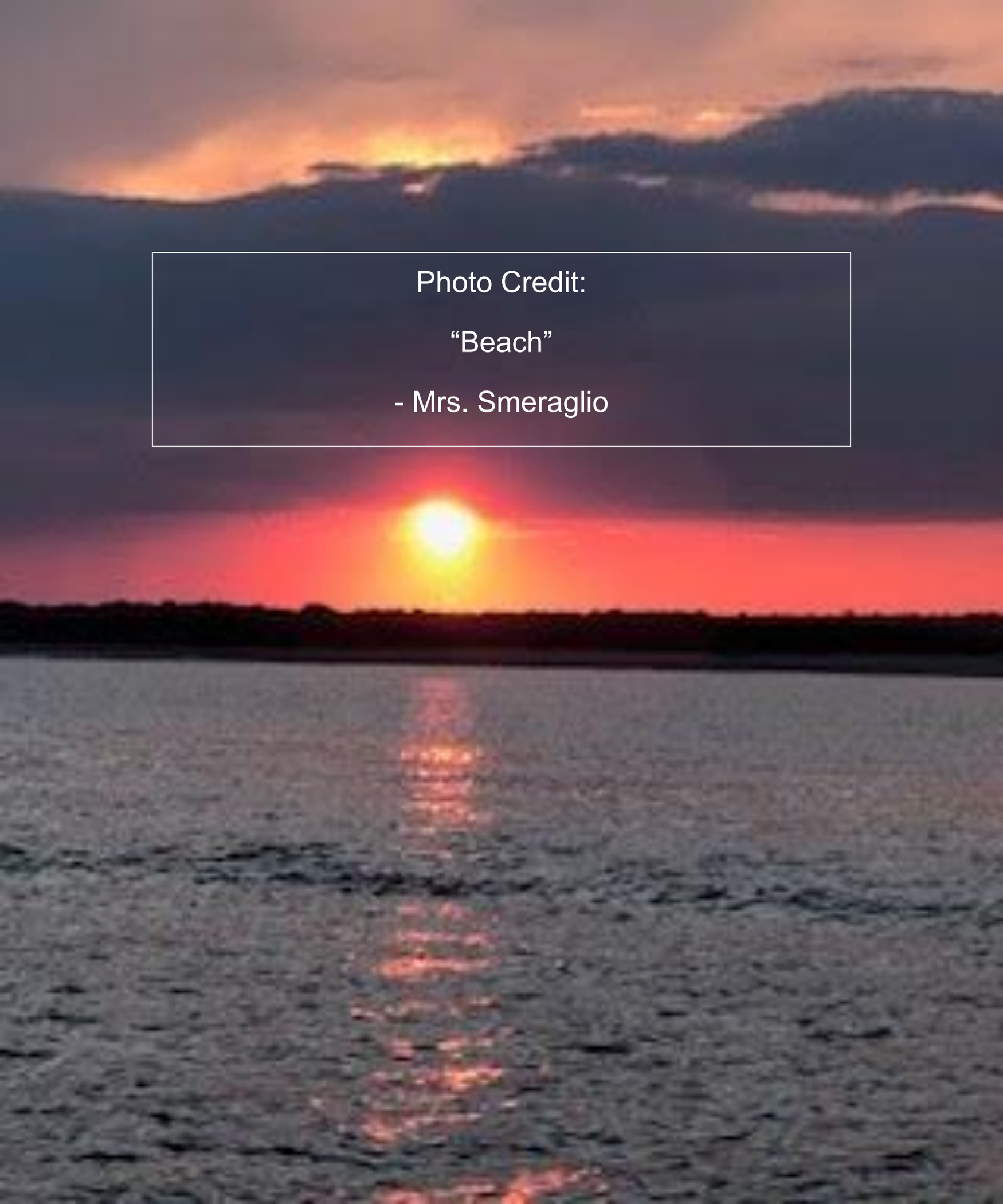


Photo Credit:

“Beach”

- Mrs. Smeraglio



Photo Credit:

"Back in college,a group of friends and I were making a movie for a film competition. We wanted one of the scenes to be set during a beautiful sunset by the lake at Core Creek Park. When I think of beautiful sunsets, I think of those good times we had working on that movie and spending time with each other."

- Mr. Mayer

"Old Friends"

Old friends.

The days of youth slipped away,

But their memories stay.

Reminiscing on the past,

Nothing ever lasts.

Life moves on,

Just like dawn.

The sun starts to set,

But they never forget.

About their unforgettable days of youth.

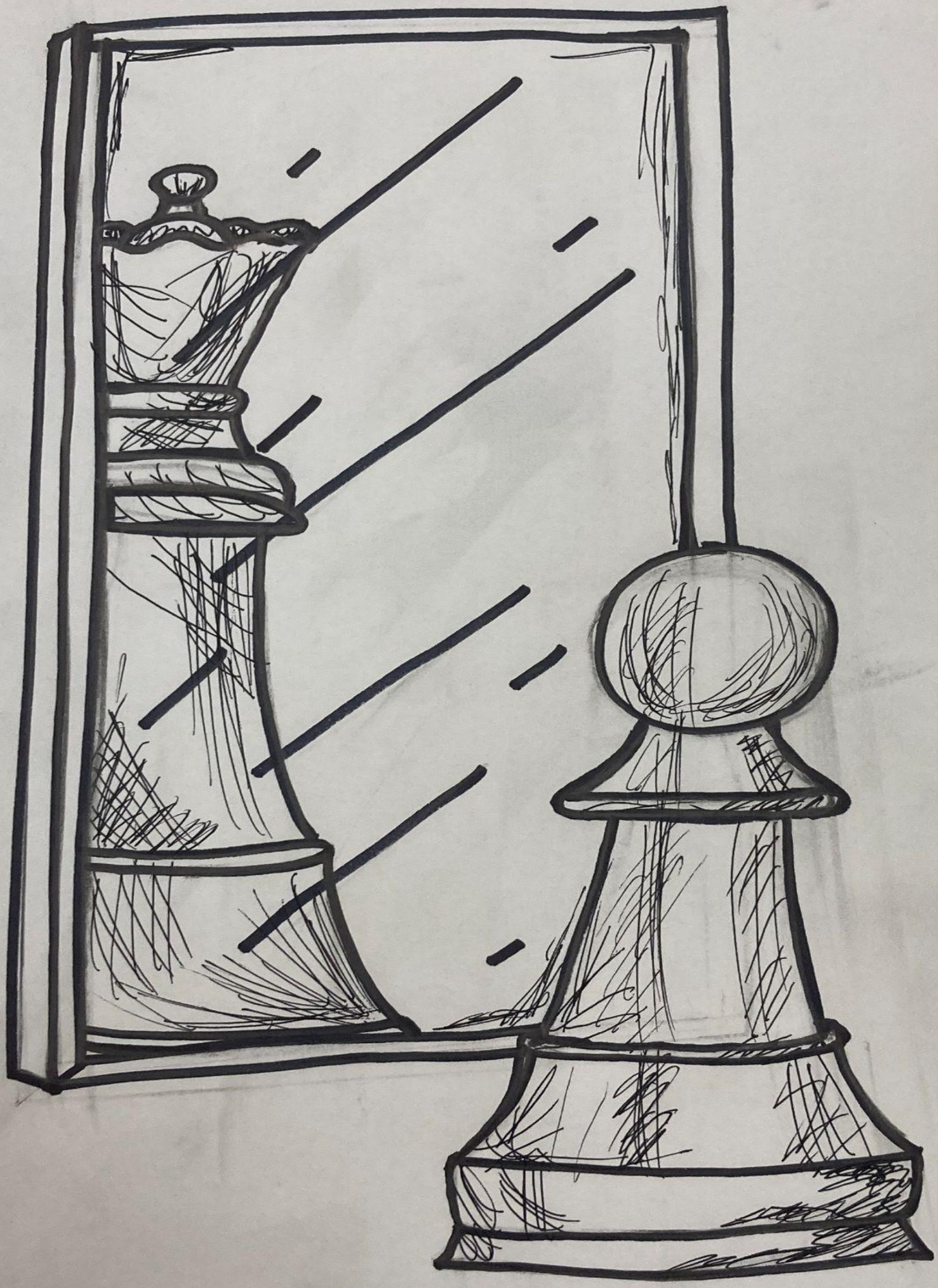
Megan Ross '25



Photo Credit:

“Summer”

- Emily Schmidt ’25



Mia Mastromarco '25

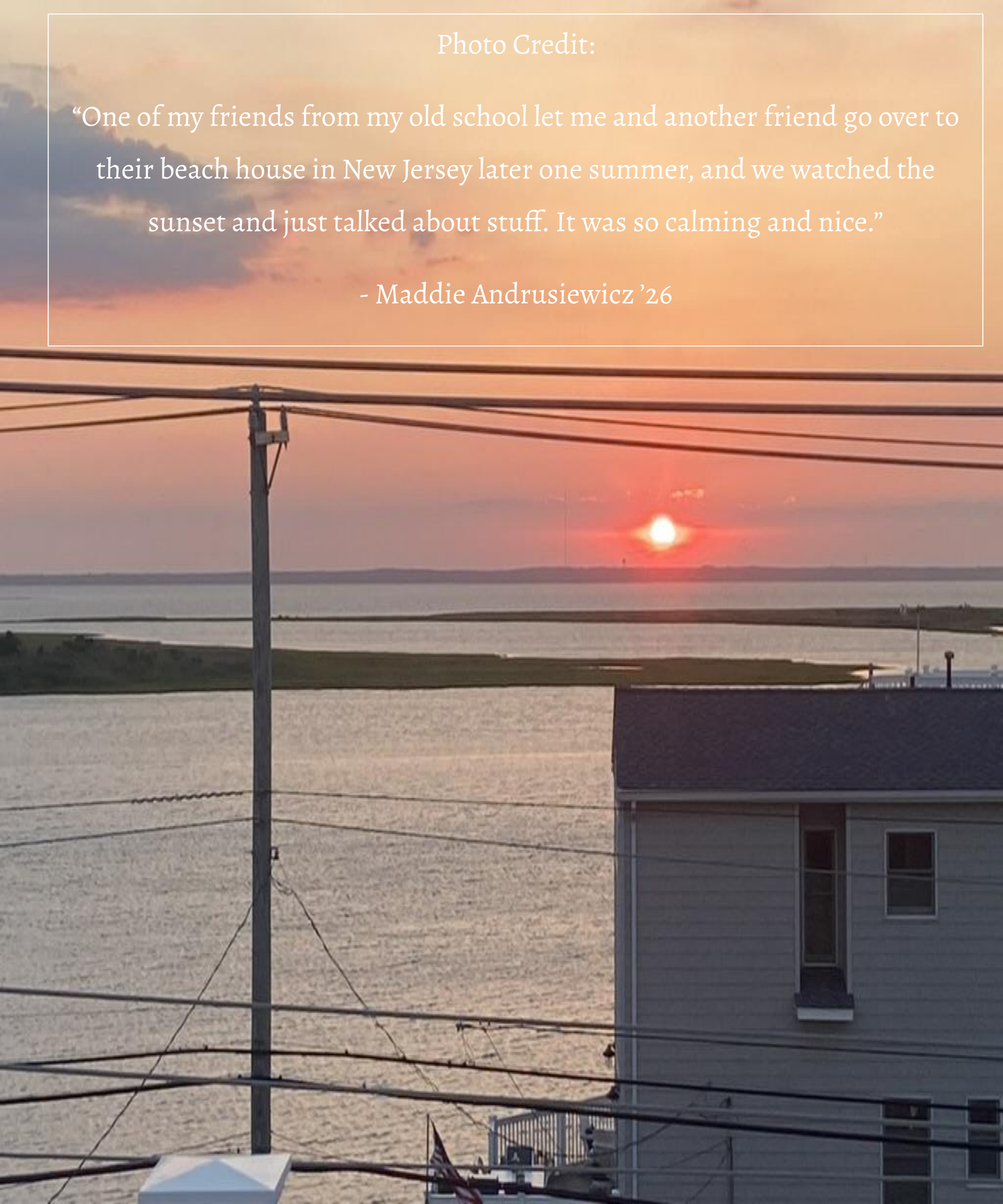


Photo Credit:

"One of my friends from my old school let me and another friend go over to their beach house in New Jersey later one summer, and we watched the sunset and just talked about stuff. It was so calming and nice."

- Maddie Andrusiewicz '26

“Haiku: Yippee!”

“Yippee!” I cry out

I do not have to worry

I have no work due.

Madeleine Andrusiewicz ’26

“Tanka: Perfection”

If I were perfect

I would be very upset

Cause if you’re perfect

You cannot improve yourself

There is nothing to work for

Madeleine Andrusiewicz ’26

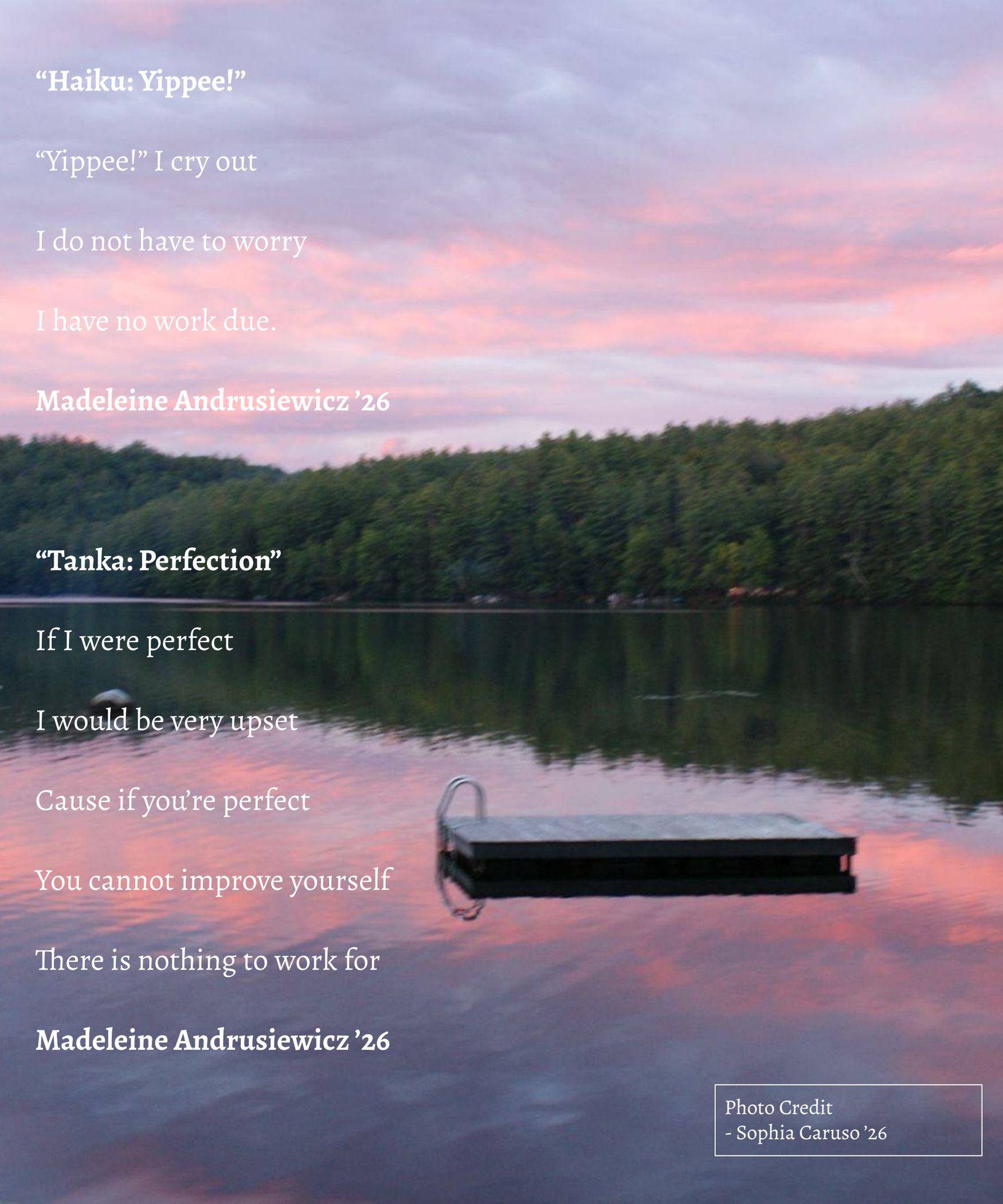


Photo Credit
- Sophia Caruso ’26

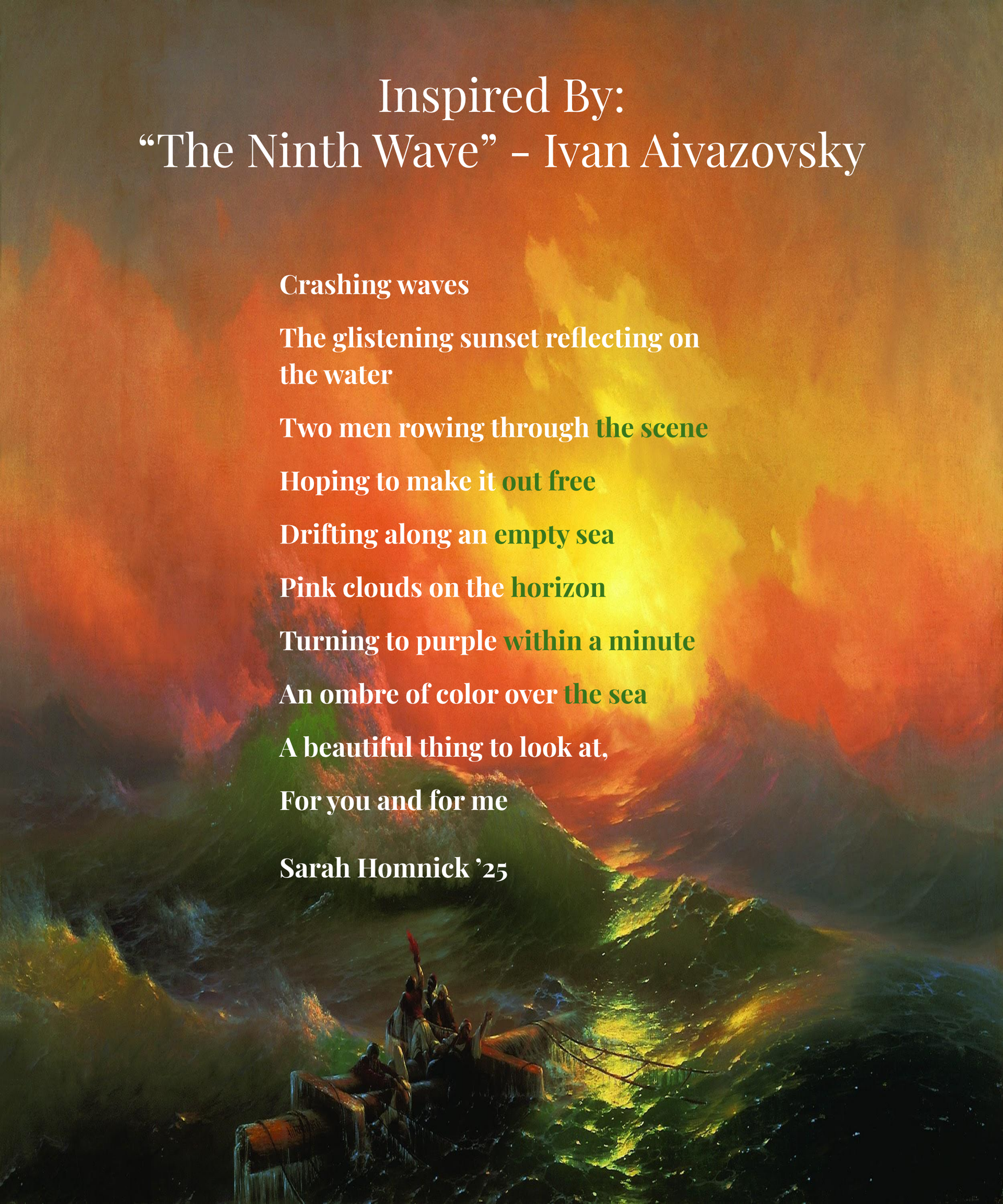


Photo Credit:

“Antelope Canyon wall hues.”

- Ruby Chen ’26

Inspired By:
“The Ninth Wave” - Ivan Aivazovsky



Crashing waves

The glistening sunset reflecting on
the water

Two men rowing through the scene

Hoping to make it out free

Drifting along an empty sea

Pink clouds on the horizon

Turning to purple within a minute

An ombre of color over the sea

A beautiful thing to look at,

For you and for me

Sarah Homnick ’25

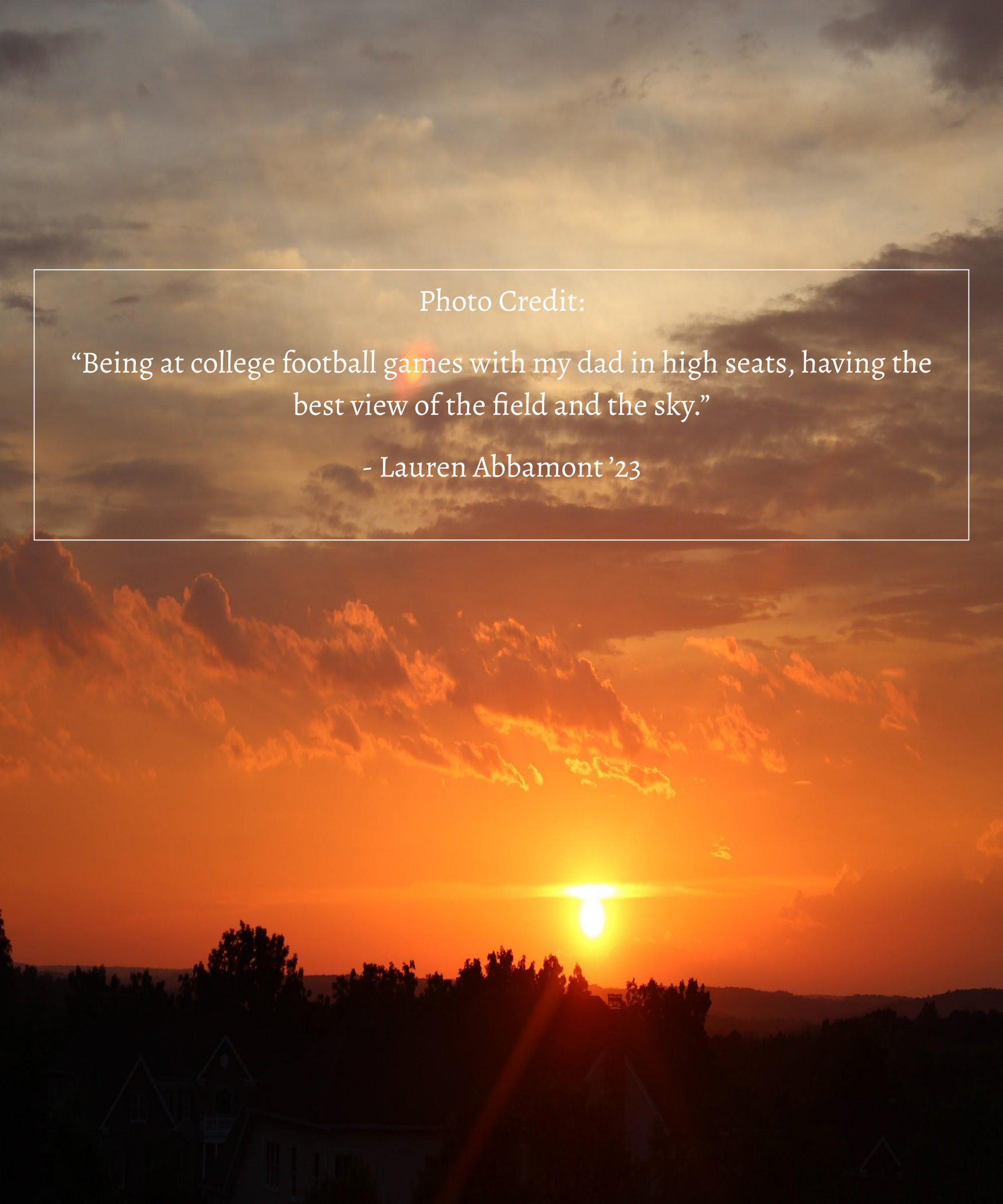


Photo Credit:

“Being at college football games with my dad in high seats, having the best view of the field and the sky.”

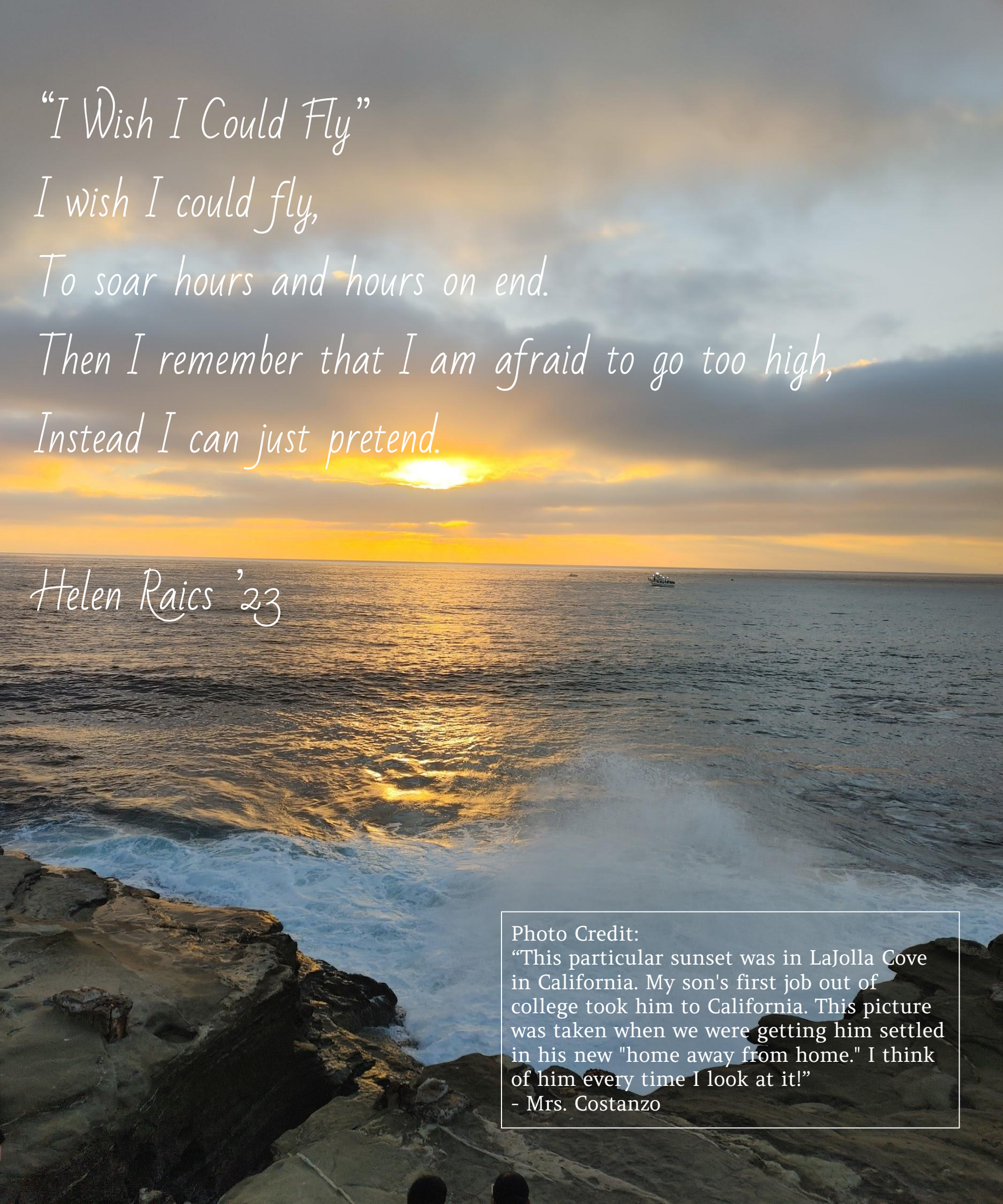
- Lauren Abbamont ’23



Photo Credit:

“I was in Ukraine, before the war started, visiting my family. In this photo, I was so happy. I couldn't wait to return and visit again and eat the food there. The restaurants no longer stand and my family is in danger. I miss what was once a comfort to me.”

- Valerie Tyshko ’25



"I Wish I Could Fly"

I wish I could fly,
To soar hours and hours on end.
Then I remember that I am afraid to go too high,
Instead I can just pretend.

Helen Raics '23

Photo Credit:
"This particular sunset was in LaJolla Cove in California. My son's first job out of college took him to California. This picture was taken when we were getting him settled in his new "home away from home." I think of him every time I look at it!"
- Mrs. Costanzo

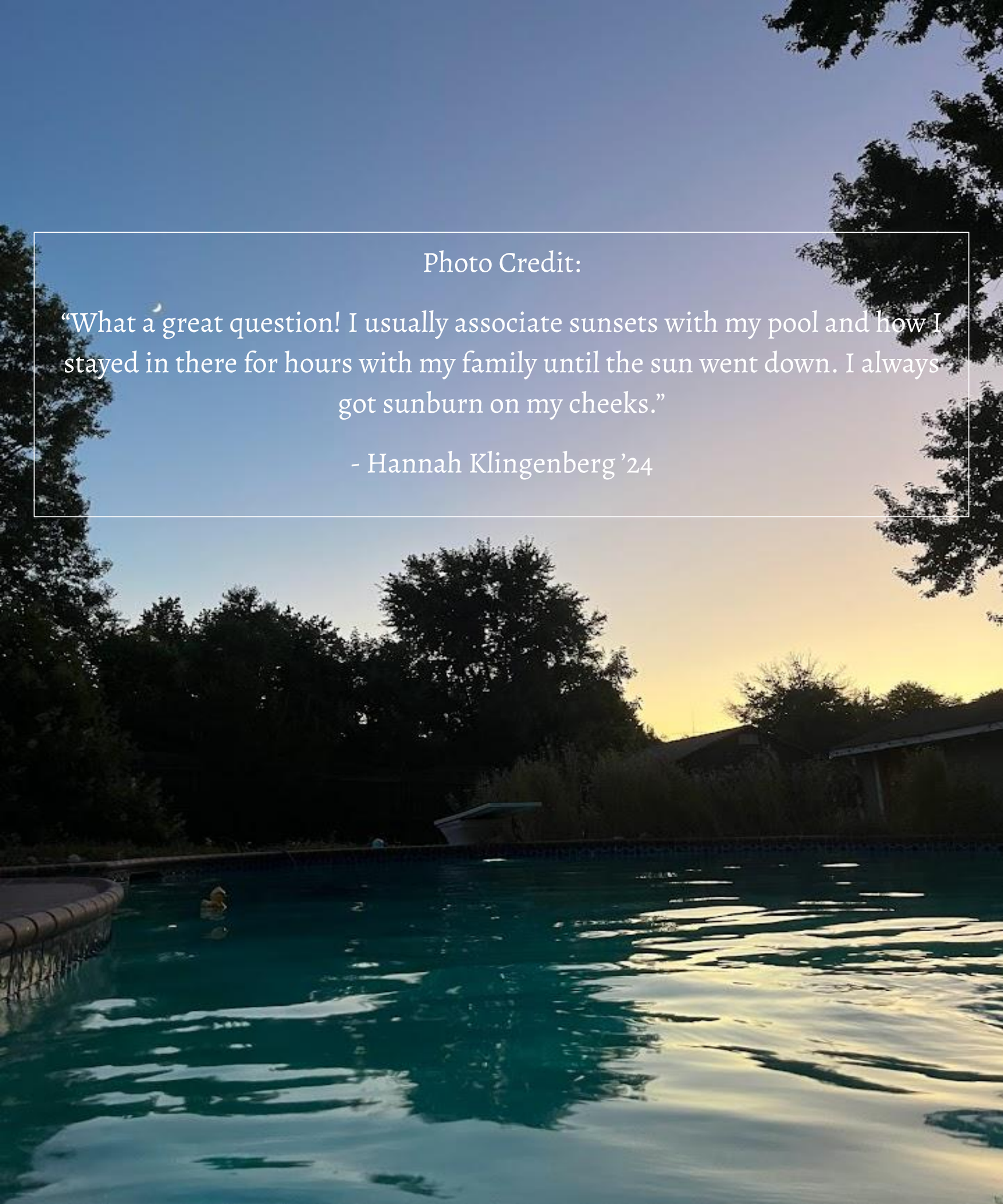
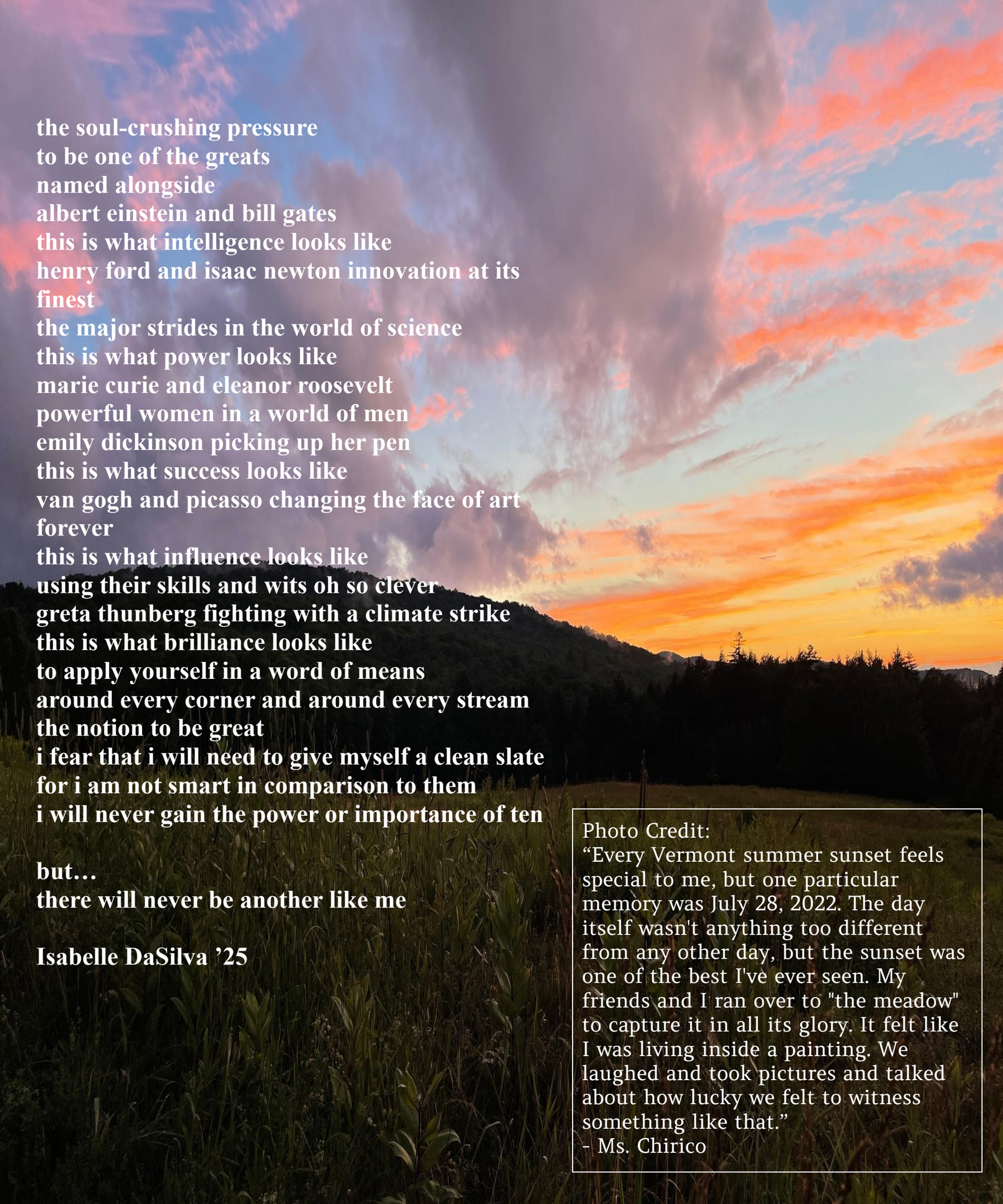


Photo Credit:

“What a great question! I usually associate sunsets with my pool and how I stayed in there for hours with my family until the sun went down. I always got sunburn on my cheeks.”

- Hannah Klingenberg ’24



the soul-crushing pressure
to be one of the greats
named alongside
albert einstein and bill gates
this is what intelligence looks like
henry ford and isaac newton innovation at its finest
the major strides in the world of science
this is what power looks like
marie curie and eleanor roosevelt
powerful women in a world of men
emily dickinson picking up her pen
this is what success looks like
van gogh and picasso changing the face of art forever
this is what influence looks like
using their skills and wits oh so clever
greta thunberg fighting with a climate strike
this is what brilliance looks like
to apply yourself in a word of means
around every corner and around every stream
the notion to be great
i fear that i will need to give myself a clean slate
for i am not smart in comparison to them
i will never gain the power or importance of ten

but…
there will never be another like me

Isabelle DaSilva ’25

Photo Credit:
“Every Vermont summer sunset feels special to me, but one particular memory was July 28, 2022. The day itself wasn't anything too different from any other day, but the sunset was one of the best I've ever seen. My friends and I ran over to "the meadow" to capture it in all its glory. It felt like I was living inside a painting. We laughed and took pictures and talked about how lucky we felt to witness something like that.”
- Ms. Chirico



Photo Credit:

Golden Hour in Ocean City

- Eveleen McGinley ’25



Photo Credit:

"My sister's deck down the shore"

- Mrs. Gorman

Children

Vibrant, Young

Playing, Spending, Enjoying

Change, Growth, Life, Loss

Working, Saving, Worrying

Tired, Old

Adults

Sophia Majkut '23



Photo Credit:

“Being at the bay with my family”

- Cici Turco ’25

Darkness passes into light

In our days we partake

Day recedes back into night

Darkness passes into light

A great day we will make

hopes make our passions ignite

Day recedes back into night

We rest for tomorrow's sake

And dream of daytime's delight

Darkness passes into light

We bring dreams into time of wake

To fill our mind's appetite

Our time on earth is finite

Our bodies will begin to ache

Darkness passes into light

Day recedes back into night

Brigid McShea"23

Photo Credit:

"Going to the shore with my best friends and taking in the amazing sunset together."

- Delaney Reynolds '24



Photo Credit:

“Sunset sailing on vacation”

- Mrs. Smith

What songs do you associate with sunset?

"Lovers Rock" by TV Girl - Abby McGrody '24

"Invisible String" by Taylor Swift - Erin Flatley '24

"As the World Caves In" by Matt Maltese - Kai Moore '25

"Golden Hour" by JVKE - Maddie Andrusiewicz '26

"Good Days" by Sza - Elizabeth Kowalewski '26



Photo Credit:

"This summer, I went on vacation to Ocean City with my best friend. I have never met a friend like her and during this vacation, I realized that she has changed me for the better and I will be forever grateful."

- Abby McGrody '24

EVENING
9:00 PM

The day draws to a close and the sunlight fades into moonlight; the curtains are drawn, and you are left to yourself. The bustle of the day finally dwindles into a peaceful tranquility, allowing the anxieties and stress from the day to be temporarily quieted. The evening acts as transition to sleep; finally, you are able to be still. It is time to be selfish; to do what you want to do in order to escape reality in this fleeting moment. A time of reflection, revision, and consideration to appreciate the blessings of your day, while contemplating what ways you can improve the next. The evening becomes a reminder that there is always a new day tomorrow.

Abby McGrody '24



What song do you associate with the evening?

“Necromancer” by Joy Again - Izzy DaSilva ’25

“Happier Than the Morning Sun” by Stevie Wonder - Gianna Felker ’25

“Moon Song” by Phoebe Bridgers - Ms. Chirico

“Out Like A Light” by The Honeysticks - Sasha Arbogast ’23

“Midnight Rain” by Taylor Swift - Eden Rosini ’25

“I Ain’t Worried” by OneRepublic - Sara Zink ’25

“Duet” from the *Omori* soundtrack - Kai Moore ’25

“The Color Violet” by Tory Lanez - Abby McGrody ’24

“Invisible String” by Taylor Swift - Erin Flatley ’24

The Moon appears in the sky
When we are ready to rest our eyes
We don't take the time
To admire her shine
So, two men begin the climb
To find out why
This wonderful woman appears in the sky

As they make their way up the mountain
The sun begins its downturn
And the Moon begins to show
The men begin to reminisce about ages ago
The summers they spent out in the garden
Running through the rows of flowers they got lost in
Those days were ripe
The best days of their life
The ones that were in Mother Nature's gifts
Somehow their admiration for her shifts
Those days spent in nature laid to rest in memories

When the two men reach the top
The world seems to stop
There they meet face to face
With the Moon's warm embrace
She reminds them of a simpler time
Where they looked at nature with love sublime
Nature will always provide
No matter how many times we throw her feelings aside

Bridget Polek '25



Inspired By:
"Two Men Contemplating the Moon" - Caspar David Friedrich

“The Life of a Chameleon"

Always adapting to my surroundings

My mind constantly rebounding

To blend in with what's around me

The amount of pressure I feel is astounding

But in reality

I'm fighting myself with brutality

Because I'm my own worst enemy

My mind is just one big duality

It's not because I'm not strong enough

There is just way too much stuff

Flying around in my head

And sometimes it gets tough

If I could only change in certain situations

I could meet everyone's expectations

But would I still be me?

What about my own aspirations?

I look into the mirror

And I can barely hear her

The real me calling out inside

Begging me to resemble her clearer

As a chameleon you can get caught up in hiding

And constantly providing

A fake image of yourself,

Not where your heart is residing

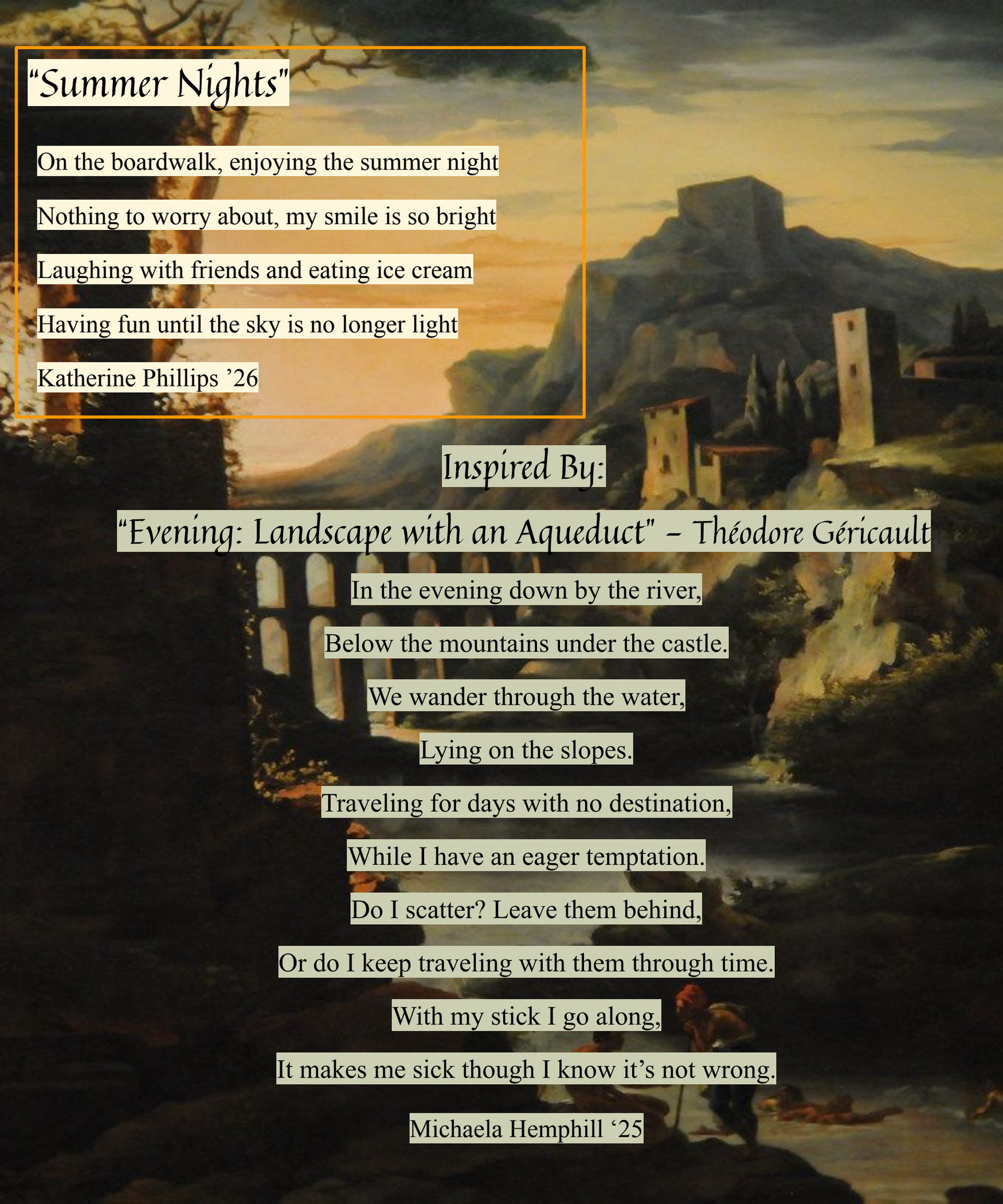
So don't change your colors

Or disguise them with any covers

How you view yourself matters

It’s not about the others.

Gia Sigmund ‘26



"Summer Nights"

On the boardwalk, enjoying the summer night

Nothing to worry about, my smile is so bright

Laughing with friends and eating ice cream

Having fun until the sky is no longer light

Katherine Phillips '26

Inspired By:

"Evening: Landscape with an Aqueduct" – Théodore Géricault

In the evening down by the river,

Below the mountains under the castle.

We wander through the water,

Lying on the slopes.

Traveling for days with no destination,

While I have an eager temptation.

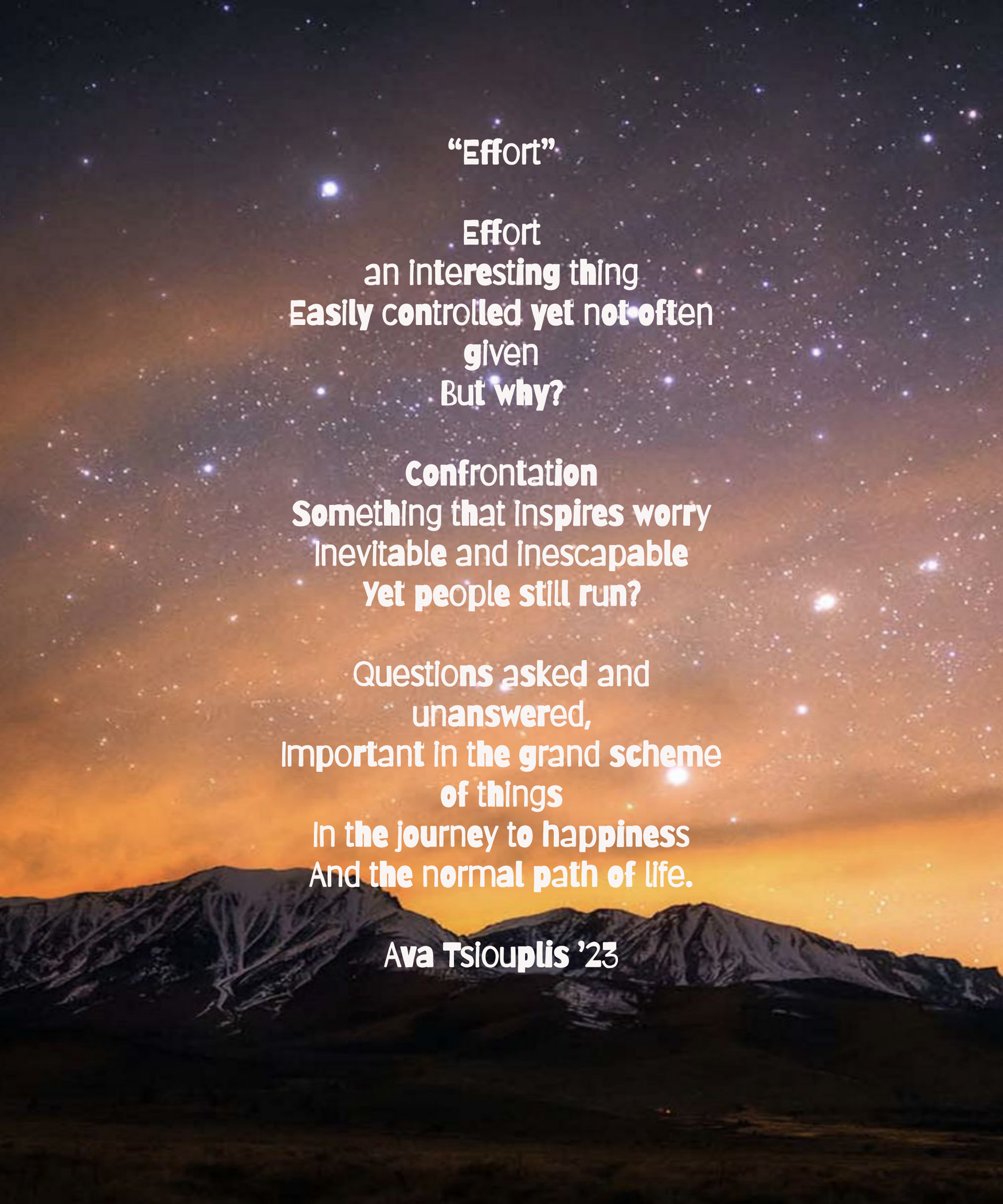
Do I scatter? Leave them behind,

Or do I keep traveling with them through time.

With my stick I go along,

It makes me sick though I know it's not wrong.

Michaela Hemphill '25



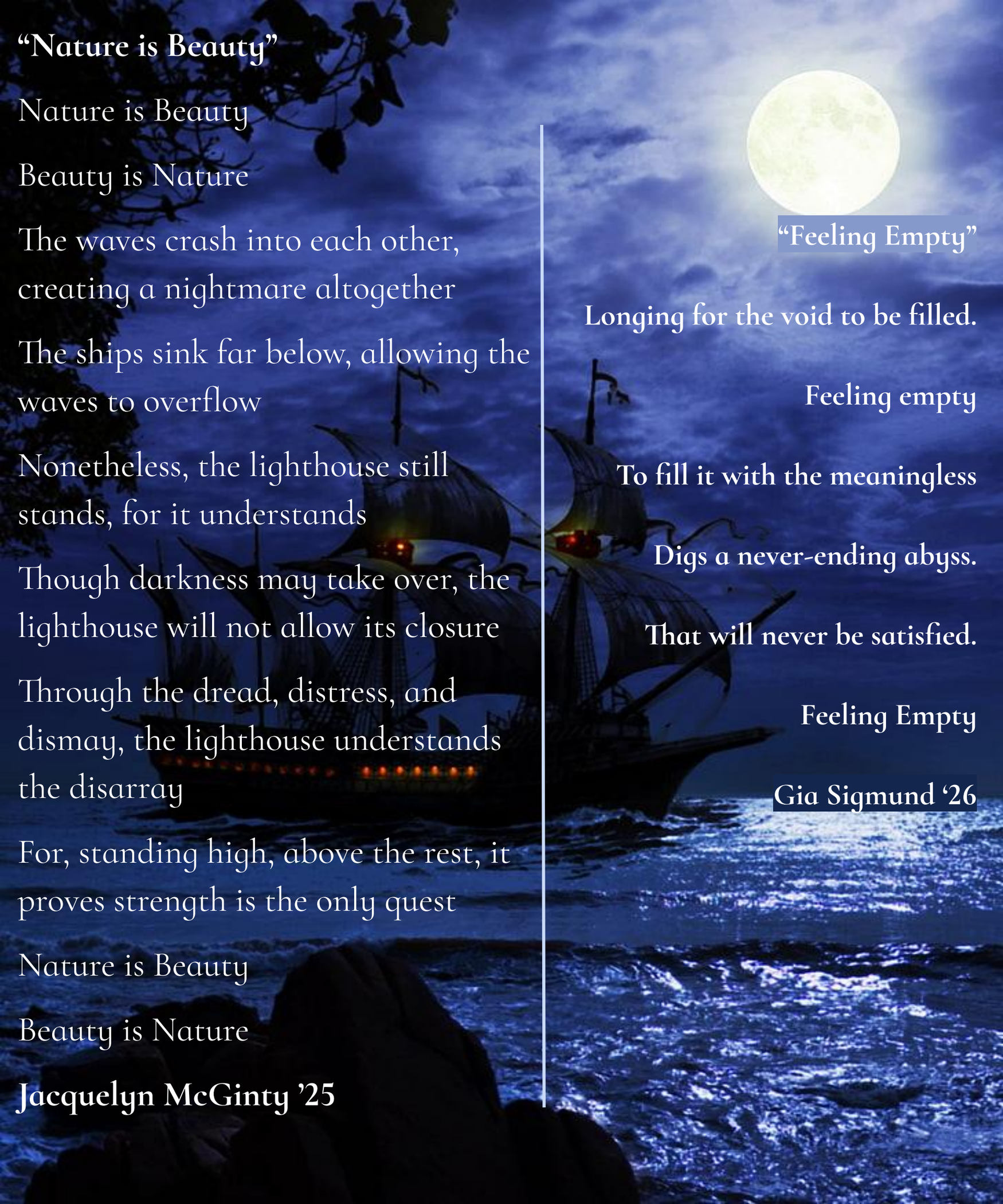
“Effort”

Effort
an interesting thing
Easily controlled yet not often
given
But why?

Confrontation
Something that inspires worry
Inevitable and inescapable
Yet people still run?

Questions asked and
unanswered,
Important in the grand scheme
of things
In the journey to happiness
And the normal path of life.

Ava Tsiouplis ’23



“Nature is Beauty”

Nature is Beauty

Beauty is Nature

The waves crash into each other,
creating a nightmare altogether

The ships sink far below, allowing the
waves to overflow

Nonetheless, the lighthouse still
stands, for it understands

Though darkness may take over, the
lighthouse will not allow its closure

Through the dread, distress, and
dismay, the lighthouse understands
the disarray

For, standing high, above the rest, it
proves strength is the only quest

Nature is Beauty

Beauty is Nature

Jacquelyn McGinty ’25

“Feeling Empty”

Longing for the void to be filled.

Feeling empty

To fill it with the meaningless

Digs a never-ending abyss.

That will never be satisfied.

Feeling Empty

Gia Sigmund ‘26



"Onto the next!"

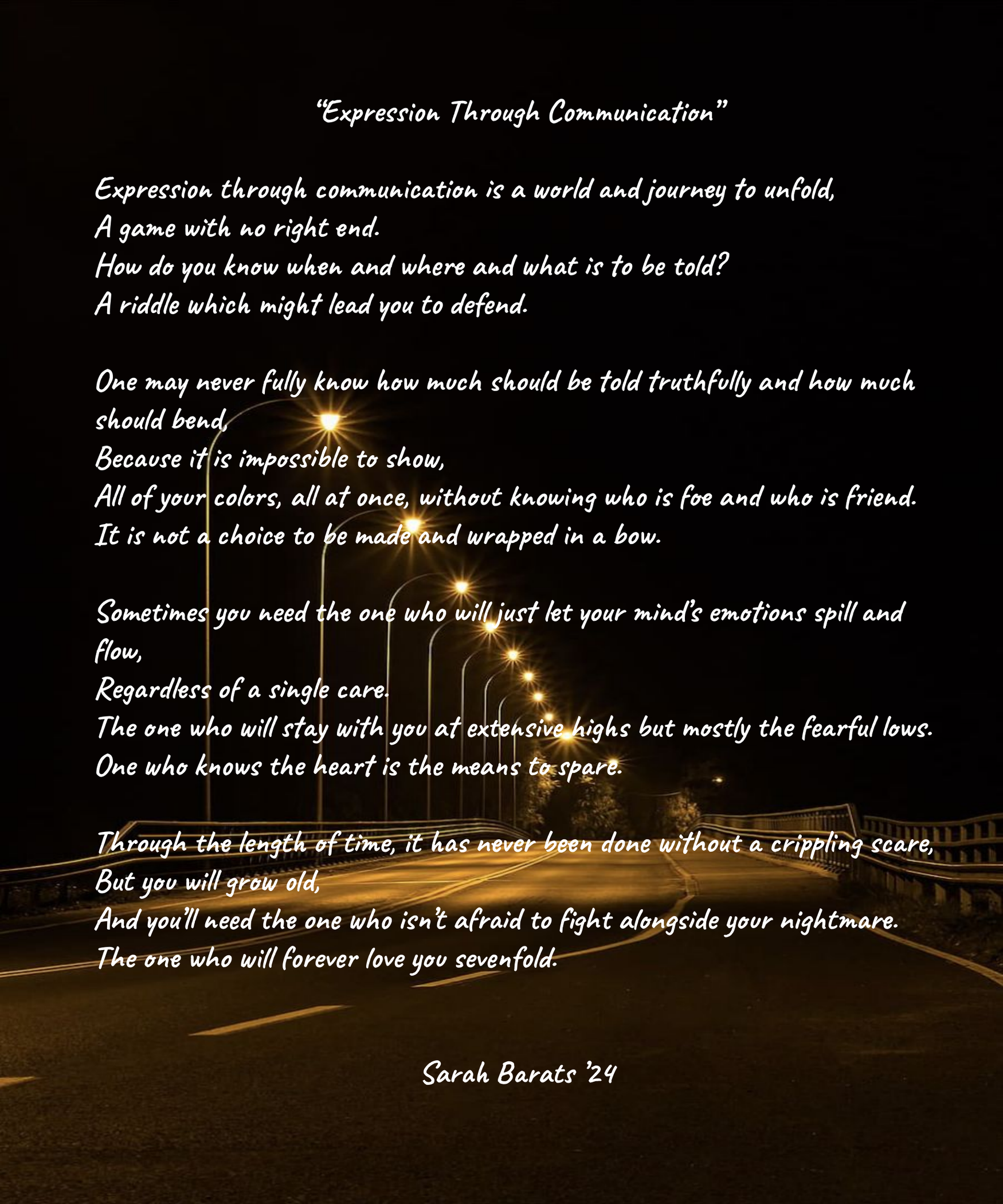
A new beginning
Jump into the blissfulness
Adventure begins

Dillan Smith '23

"Choices"

Choices
Beautiful, scary
Exciting, shocking, intimidating
College, maturity, growth, answers
Strengthening, changing, evaluating
Different, manageable
Possibility

Dillan Smith '23



"Expression Through Communication"

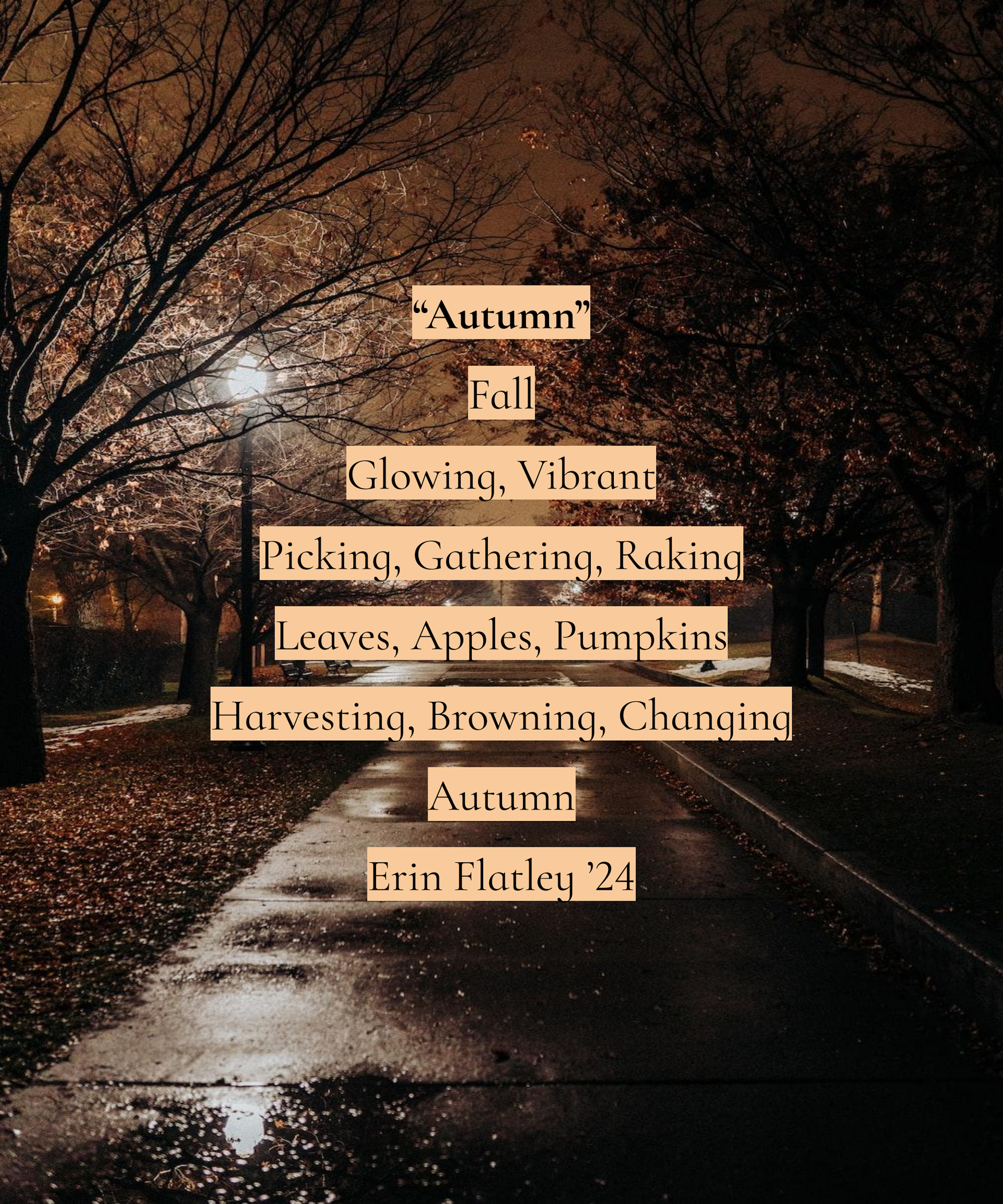
Expression through communication is a world and journey to unfold,
A game with no right end.
How do you know when and where and what is to be told?
A riddle which might lead you to defend.

One may never fully know how much should be told truthfully and how much should bend,
Because it is impossible to show,
All of your colors, all at once, without knowing who is foe and who is friend.
It is not a choice to be made and wrapped in a bow.

Sometimes you need the one who will just let your mind's emotions spill and flow,
Regardless of a single care.
The one who will stay with you at extensive highs but mostly the fearful lows.
One who knows the heart is the means to spare.

Through the length of time, it has never been done without a crippling scare,
But you will grow old,
And you'll need the one who isn't afraid to fight alongside your nightmare.
The one who will forever love you sevenfold.

Sarah Barats '24



“Autumn”

Fall

Glowing, Vibrant

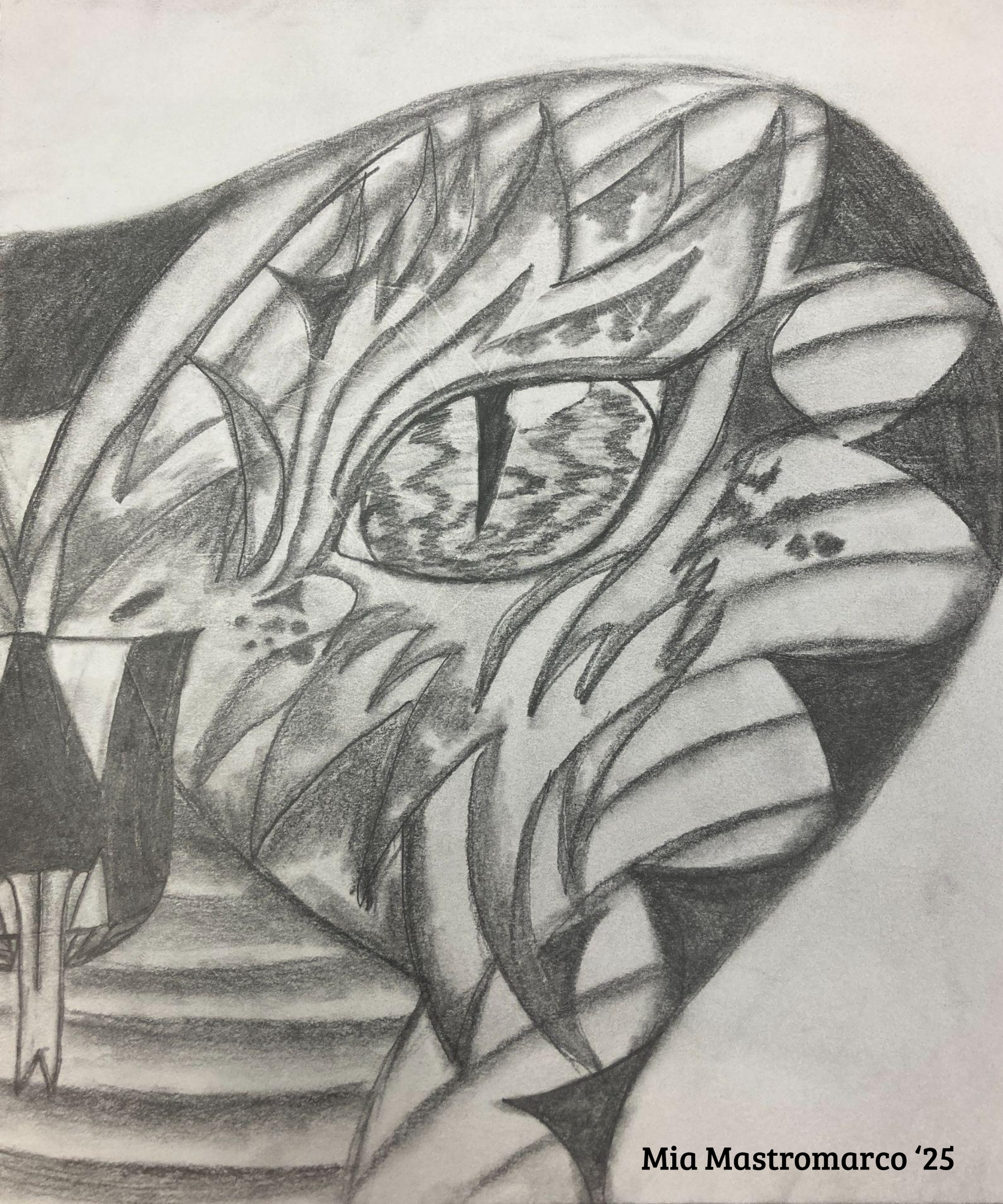
Picking, Gathering, Raking

Leaves, Apples, Pumpkins

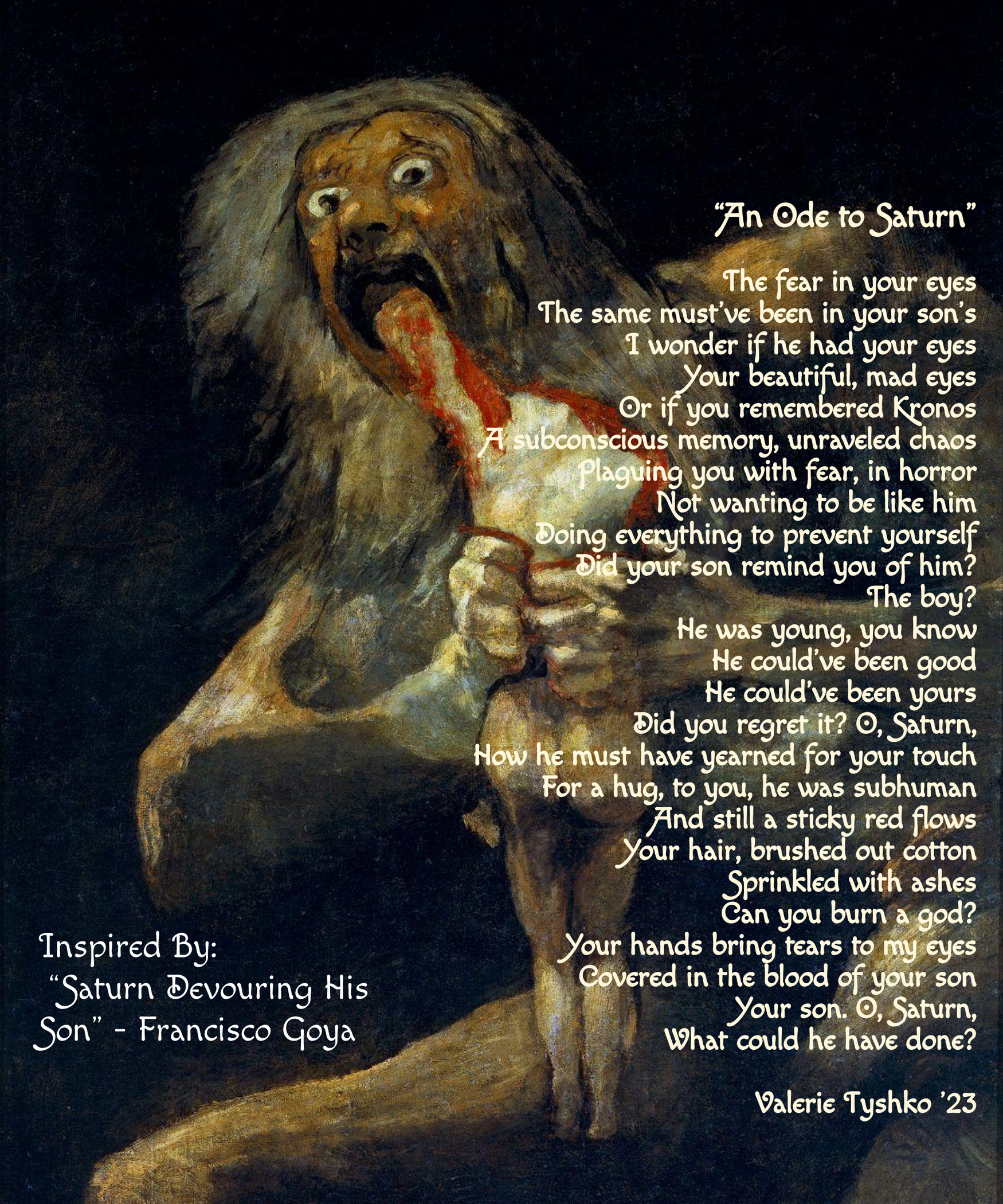
Harvesting, Browning, Changing

Autumn

Erin Flatley ’24



Mia Mastromarco ‘25



"An Ode to Saturn"

The fear in your eyes
The same must've been in your son's
I wonder if he had your eyes
Your beautiful, mad eyes
Or if you remembered Kronos
A subconscious memory, unraveled chaos
Plaguing you with fear, in horror
Not wanting to be like him
Doing everything to prevent yourself
Did your son remind you of him?
The boy?
He was young, you know
He could've been good
He could've been yours
Did you regret it? O, Saturn,
How he must have yearned for your touch
For a hug, to you, he was subhuman
And still a sticky red flows
Your hair, brushed out cotton
Sprinkled with ashes
Can you burn a god?
Your hands bring tears to my eyes
Covered in the blood of your son
Your son. O, Saturn,
What could he have done?

Valerie Tyshko '23

Inspired By:
"Saturn Devouring His Son" - Francisco Goya

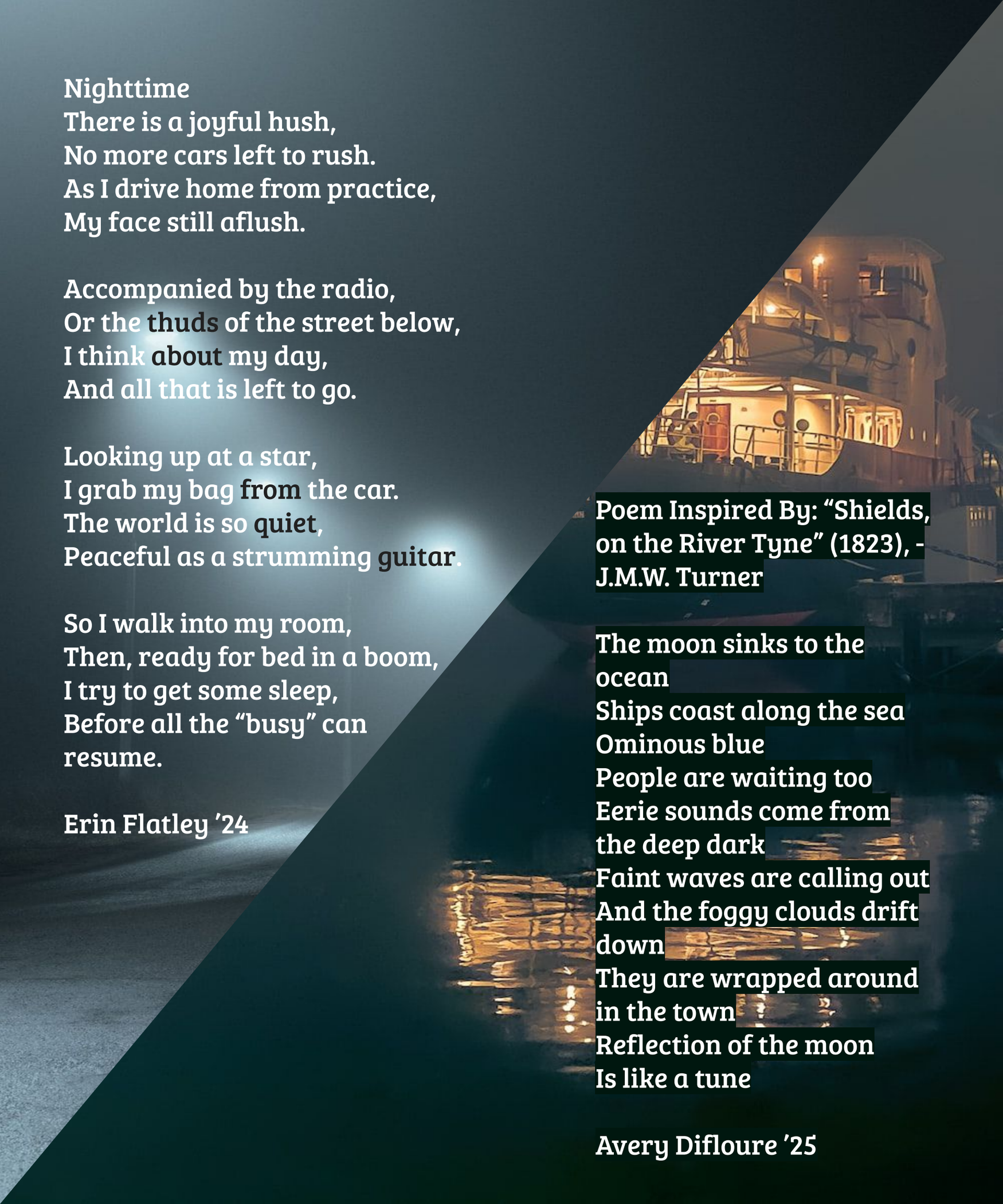
Nighttime
There is a joyful hush,
No more cars left to rush.
As I drive home from practice,
My face still aflush.

Accompanied by the radio,
Or the thuds of the street below,
I think about my day,
And all that is left to go.

Looking up at a star,
I grab my bag from the car.
The world is so quiet,
Peaceful as a strumming guitar.

So I walk into my room,
Then, ready for bed in a boom,
I try to get some sleep,
Before all the "busy" can
resume.

Erin Flatley '24



Poem Inspired By: "Shields, on the River Tyne" (1823), - J.M.W. Turner

The moon sinks to the ocean
Ships coast along the sea
Ominous blue
People are waiting too
Eerie sounds come from the deep dark
Faint waves are calling out
And the foggy clouds drift down
They are wrapped around in the town
Reflection of the moon
Is like a tune

Avery Difloure '25

12:00 AM - 3:00 AM
"WITCHING" HOURS

It is the middle of the night. The world is lit by nothing but the moon and streetlights. Speckled stars bejewel the dark sky with twinkles of light. The cars on the usually busy highways are now few and far between, and the sound of busy life is temporarily muted. Even the baby that always cries is hushed by a deep slumber. It is an eerie quiet, but there is something calming about the stillness. The world is asleep, patiently waiting for the beginning of a new day.

For most, this is a time to recharge in order to be able to start the new day with fresh energy. For others, though, they relish the silence of inaction. Sometimes, the midnight hour is when creativity strikes, inspiring the minds of "night owls" who enjoy taking this time to work. They sit under kitchen lights, engaged in all different types of projects. Although tucked away in their individual working spaces, they are all connected by their love for the quiet time before the new day. It is an escape from the rush of busy schedules, a recharging before the world is illuminated with the glowing sun.

Erin Flatley '24





What song do you associate with the “witching” hours?

“Give Me A Minute” by Lizzy McAlpine - Sasha Arbogast ’23

“Midnight Rain Rain” by Taylor Swift- Sarah Taylor ’23

“I Know the End” by Phoebe Bridgers- Gianna Felker ’25

“All Things End” by Hozier- Izzy DaSilva ’25

What song do you associate with the "witching" hours?

"A Burning Hill" by Mitski - Olivia Rueger '23

"Rhiannon" by Fleetwood Mac - Erin Flatley '24



"Romantic Homicide" by d4vd - Kai Moore '25

"Gilded Lily" by Cults - Valerie Tyshko '25



"Love Notes"

A, B, C#
The foundation for any tune.
The melodious sounds make happy his heart.
Must her song end so soon?

"I'll love you for forever,"
He wrote in ink of deep blue.
She'll receive it never,
for now there's one when there once was two.

Her song comes to a bittersweet conclusion;
His writings seldom made.
But their story was no illusion-
And he isn't afraid

Because even though she's truly gone,
The love in their notes still lives on.

Kai Moore '25

Inspired By:

“Silence” - Henry Fuseli”

“Light and Dark”

The walls seem to be crumbling.

Everything seems to be going wrong.

All you have is yourself.

What you don’t realize, though,

Is that you’re beautiful,

In a world that seems to be dark.

To you, all you see is negativity,

You hate yourself.

But to other people,

You are the light

In a world that seems to be dark.

Loralai Schubert ’25

“Defeat”

defeat

the feeling of no feeling

numbness

no will to try no will to move

powerless

the darkness surrounding me

starts to creep in and eat me alive

isolation

company makes me feel weaker

helpless

there is no escaping this

imprisonment

Silence.

Kalin Vizza ’25

fineart
america

"time?"

time doesn't pass

it only stands still

the night fades to day

in darkness I fill

empty pages

with words

from my mind

that goes blank

like the darkness outside

from the stars that had sunk

every moment stands still

you could hear a pin drop

every moment I fill

with my useless thoughts

why won't time pass

why must it stand still

why can't time move on

from this worthless glitch

where the skies are pitch black

and the sun doesn't rise

where the only light

is found from inside

when the rain falls fast

and the wind is cold

when you feel your thoughts

and the world is old

will I ever find it?

time?

what are you?

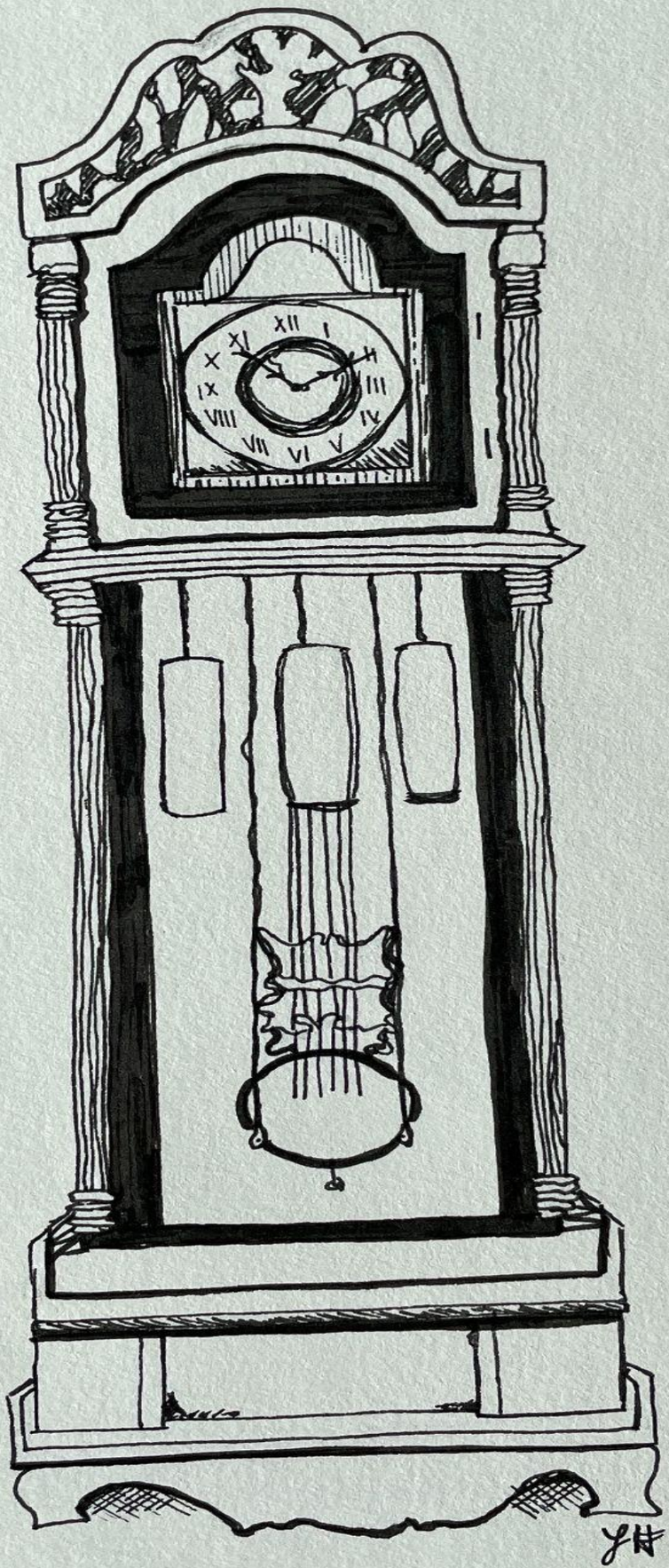
when will you pass?

Valerie Tyshko '25

“The Silence”

Darkness surrounding me, quiet and deep,
The place where dark thoughts and images seep
in through the shadows and figures haunting me,
but yet the only safe place I can be.
A moment to reflect and think,
in this abyss, my spirit sinks.
I stand alone, without a sound,
in this stillness that abounds.
The Silence speaks volumes, louder than words,
but will always be the place where my fears are stirred.

Alessia Bianchimano ’25



Julia Hobson '24

“To someone I do not appreciate enough”

Thank you for standing by me no matter what I do

Thank you for listening to every useless word I have to say

Thank you for offering your kind advice

Thank you for chatting with me when I feel like nobody else wants to talk

Thank you for making me feel heard, listened to, and cared about

I really would be lost without you

I hope I can show you the same love you show me

I often fear I am not doing you justice

I really do love you so much

And I’m sorry that I struggle to be the friend you deserve

Please know that I do try, I really do

Call me out if I’m not doing well enough

Because you are my everything, and you deserve everything

Thank you, to my best friend

Sophia de Jesus ’24


Photo Credit:
Sophia Caruso ’26

Inspiration - *Six of Crows* by Leigh Bardugo: “Nina”

Don't think I can’t see your sideways glances
And condescending stares.
They come from everyone,
So don't sit on your high horse and act like this doesn't apply to you.
I mean, it’s fine
People like me are used to it.
And sometimes it fuels me, in a way.
But I want to make it clear that there is a fine line between laughing with me and laughing at me.
I hear the snickers and I see the eye rolls
When you say things like
“Unhinged”
“Lewd”
“Out of pocket”
“Loud”
And I know when they’re an insult or a compliment.
I try not to let it affect me

But even the best laid plans go awry
And I have to wonder if anyone would love this side of me,
Or if it should stay tucked away.

Sophia de Jesus ’24

"Winter Blues"

Orange is dead,

green and yellow too.

All that remains –

is a winter of blue.

Emily Steuer '24

"Nighttime"

Night

Dark, Quiet

Whispering, Sleeping, Dreaming

Sky, Moon, Stars, Constellations

Twinkling, Peering, Watching

Mysterious, Beautiful

Midnight

Emily Steuer '24

Poem Inspired By: “Two Men Contemplating the Moon” - Caspar David Friedrich

“Our Time with the Moon”

Was our time together spent so wisely?
My, my, I trusted you so blindly.
Just two friends, stunned by their surroundings.
Who knew this moment would be so grounding.
Our minds differ, our hearts the same.
“This friendship will last,” I surely proclaim.
Journeys of laughter, some of pain, that is how we spent most of our days.
I may reminisce, but it is not all bliss.
For only the moon beholds the memories I dismiss.
Was it right, what I said? Was there even room to rephrase?
Wrong, all wrong. Yes, you were wrong.
Why, oh why, did I let you string me along?
Your betrayal wounded, you deceived me so much,
But now it doesn’t hurt to touch.
The moon goes down, as I forget,
When the sun comes up, you will no longer be a threat.

Lindsey Rooney ’25

“Mather’s ‘Rightful’ Account of the Accusal of Martha Carrier”

Unbiased, honest.

Your words pierce the hearts of all.

Carrier, accused!

Thou shalt tell no lies, you fool!

Witch you are, and witch you leave!

Meredith Glunz ’23

“Hester, to Pearl”

Pearl, my daughter,

You know much too much–

Able, not of sin!

Walk with me, my elf-child,

Let us find our way again.

Meredith Glunz ’23

“Regarding Dimmesdale’s ‘Confession’ From the Pulpit - a Tanka”

Preach, no lies, no gain,

From the pulpit you shall rage,

Lies, tell us, all gone.

Thou art telling us you’re lost?

Sir, mistaken you must be—

It is she, guilty.

For on your chest, a letter?

Revealing your wrongs?

If thou have sinned, who are we?

Your erring sheep, we still plea!

Meredith Glunz ’23

“Note to Leontes in ‘The Winter’s Tale’”

You sent her away,
You tossed her to the high seas,
Left both high and dry,
Your son he wept, had passed on,
Yet only when you had heard,

Your deeds had hurt her—
Your wife, Hermione, dead.
Like you had woken,
Penitent, you seemed to change,
Set out to find all those you had

Forgotten, though loved.
Yet, did you comprehend, what
You decimated?
Yes, you fostered a fresh start
You made anew your friendship,

Mended your marriage,
Discovered your lost daughter.
But your jealous self
Nearly cost you everything.
Thou shalt never repeat that.

Meredith Glunz ’23

Quintessence 2023 Staff

Editor-In-Chief:

Erin Flatley

Junior Editor-in-Chief:

Delaney Reynolds

Apprentice Editor:

Kai Moore

Art Editor:

Jordan Higgins

Cover Art:

Gianna Giordano

Moderators:

Ms. McBrinn

Ms. Chirico

Staff:

Madeleine Andrusiewicz

Ava Candela

Izzy DaSilva

Sophia de Jesus

Gianna Felker

Gianna Giordano

Hannah Klingenberg

Abby McGrody

Olivia Rueger

El Schwenker

Emily Steuer

Sarah Taylor

Valerie Tyshko

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.

