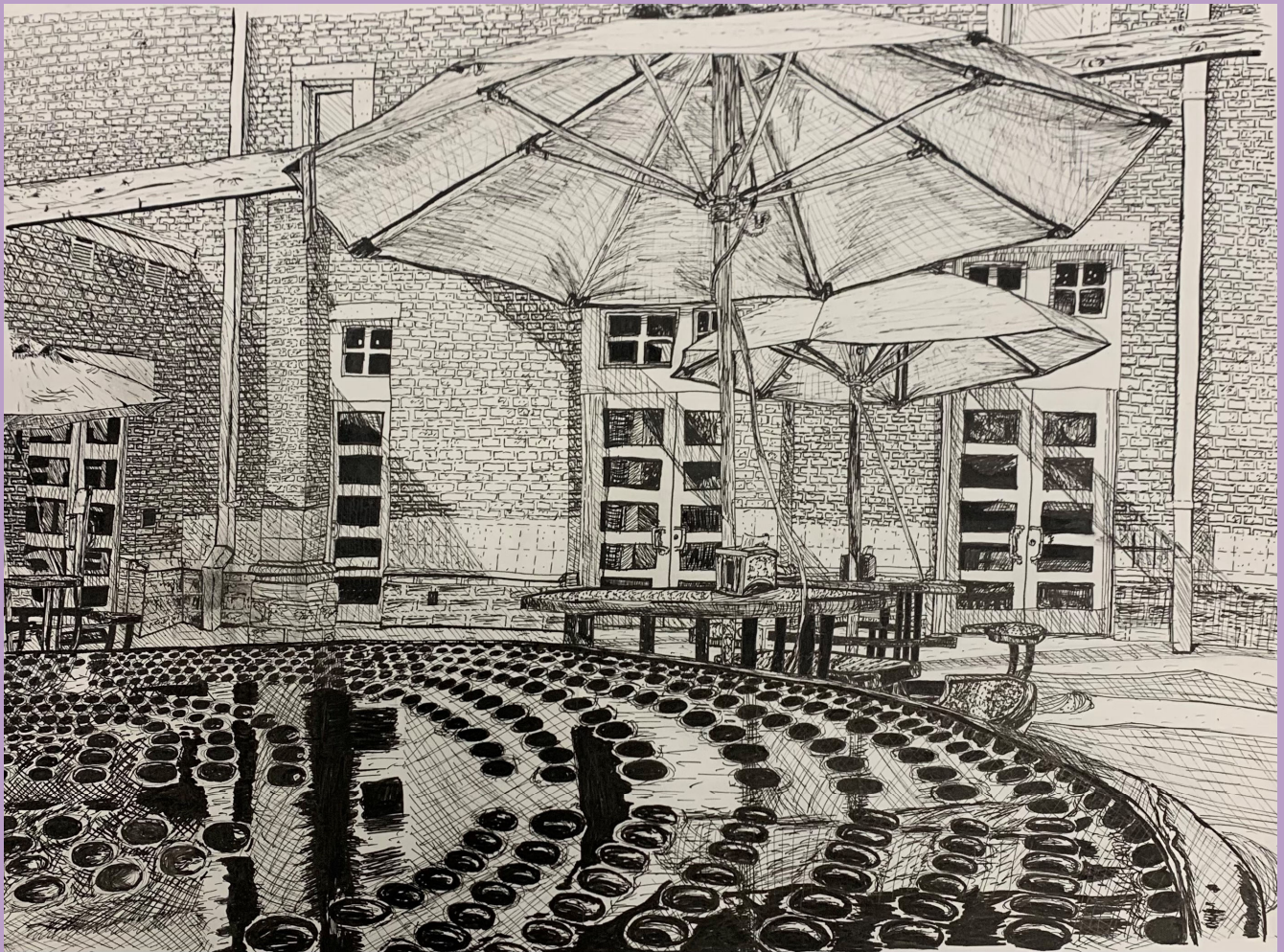


gadfly



2023

gad·fly /'ɡad,flī/ : 1) any various flies (such as a horsefly, botfly, or warble fly) that bite or annoy livestock. 2) a person who stimulates or annoys other people especially by persistent criticism.



Bree Schrodtt, *A Bright, Sunshiny Day*, Acrylic

GADFLY 2023

CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE OF FATHER RYAN HIGH SCHOOL

**Creative compositions found
in the Gadfly were contributed by students of
Father Ryan High School.**

**The individuals below assisted in publicity, collection,
photography, arrangement, and editing of many pieces of work.**

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Sophia Cox, *Carhop*, Digital Illustration



Sophia Cox, *Morning in New York*, Digital Illustration



Sophia Cox, *Poppy and Saj*, Digital Illustration

Blind to the Mountain **By Faith Geshwiler**

What need have I of eyes
To see the swirling skies,
The clouds of silver white
That billow close and tight
To snow-capped peaks of thine
Among the hills of pine?

If I but with one sense
Could hear the branches tense
And sway in windy gusts
That from the ocean thrust
Against you with their might,
I'd have no need for sight.

No, I'd not pine to see
Your tall and gray glory
If I could merely smell
The crisp, fresh scents that dwell
In streams that from you flow
And trees that near you grow.

How could I wish for views
Of your gray, marbled hues
When I could only taste
The berries round you spaced
Or catch upon my tongue
Your snow so fresh and young?

If I were blind and deaf,
Of smell and taste bereft,
I'd still not weep or grieve
For I could still perceive
Your stone against my back
And feel I nothing lack.

There is a Forest in the City **By Faith Geshwiler**

There is a forest in the city
Without a single shoot of green.
It grows unknown, more's the pity
When the yellow leaves fall unseen.

There are some secrets written there
In inky veins and leathery spines.
Worlds of wonder are laid bare
Between the trunks of oaks and pines.

The higher canopy is where I wander
Above the rustling on the forest floor.
It is there in silence that I ponder
The kingdoms of old that I explore.

If you too wish to know this place,
If there is knowledge you wish to learn,
Then enter into the branches' embrace
And only take that which you will re-
turn.



Drew Tons, *Squid*, Foam, wire, and acrylic

Waiting **By Harry Penne**

There are some things in which you
have one attempt.

Spend wisely!

Once is all you get. No more once
you've gone or tried.

Waiting.

It's no longer in your control. Deep
breath! You have no sway anymore.
(Why fret?)

Results?

It's not on you anymore. It's out of your
hands. No need to worry.

Waiting for feedback. Was it good?
(Don't listen to your doubts!)

Waiting for the results.

Second guessing your ability. (Why?
You did your best!)

Will it turn out to be how you want?
Yes, no. (Only two answers possible!)
Answered (what you want or don't
want).

Relief in

waiting no more.

Over and done.

No longer in your control.

Breathe.

Bella Preston



Mother's Love, Colored Pencil and Watercolor



An Excited Encounter, Colored Pencil



Across a String, Colored Pencil



The Scream, Charcoal

Carmen Wood



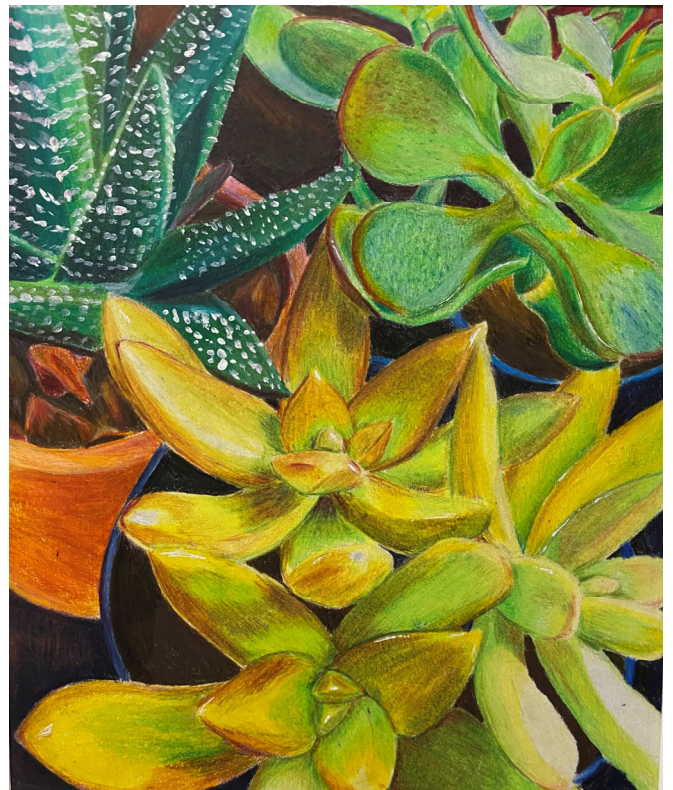
Self-Portrait, Colored-Pencil



Illusion, Digital Illustration



Balloon Party, Colored Pencil



Succulents, Colored-Pencil

Sophia Emmanuel



Nosferatu, Acrylic



Getting a Little Bite, Pastel



Bloody Mess, Acrylic



Nap Time, Pastel

Sonnet 13

By Harry Penne

I wander lonesome by myself at night.
For why I'm here, to me that isn't
known.

The woods do not provide a single
light.

I sense a presence that is not my own.

I squint my eyes to try and make some
sense,

As unearthly spectres confirm my
dread.

The realisation is very intense:

To find you're in the presence of the
dead!

I wake to hear the sound of an alarm,
My saviour from the night of screams
and fear.

I feel relief to know there was no harm,
And that the ghosts were never really
here.

If find you in a scary nightmare scape,
Remember that by morning you'll es-
cape!



Owen Worley, Digital Photograph

Death is not Black

By Emily Kieffner

Death is not black.

Death is white.

Death is the stinging glow of fluorescent
bulbs-

The overwhelming blaze of a white-hot
flame.

Death is white like the pale, sterile corpse,
Stored in its pristine metal box.

Death is not black.

Death is green.

Death is the mold that eats away at plants
And disintegrates the walls and the ceiling.

Death is the poison lurking in goblets,
silently overtaking your guts.

Death is not black.

Death is brown.

Death is fresh dirt piled on graves,
And leather-bound books long forgotten.

Death is brown like the leaves littering the
sidewalks,

Hundreds of corpses dried out 'neath your
feet.

Death is not black, for black is a hug,
Solace in the silence of the night.

Black is comfort and solemnity and protec-
tion,

Under the comforter, warm and alone.

Death is not my comfort, my protection,
my savior,

Therefore death is not black.

Art and Writing by **Bree Schrodt**

Untitled

Old English Ivy grew outside my home,
The younger me would play within its leaves.
And across the shaded soil, it would roam
Its beauty masking will of lost light's thieves.

Fear not the veil of green and calm respite,
But rather in the roots that lie beneath its lid.
The thorns and spores seek to engage a bite
And strangle the remaining life she hid.

Ripped the innocence of which she claimed,
Forbade for one that all should have a say.
Am I worth not the merit of my name?
Still, I vow that she won't have to pay.

And so I sit chained to this rock alone
Watching with pale, wet, eyes as you should go.



My Birds of a Kind, Acrylic



Be My Breath Through Water, Acrylic

Unnamed

I am haunted deeply by
your depart.
The broken of the woods
howl your sweet name.
In its wake lies hushed works
spoken in grief,
Most often of vague conso-
lation of yours.

The mother sun seeks but a
greeting
In the foreign mists of May,
one alone
From which you left me,
cold and battered here.
Angel of Heaven, my heart
is aching!

The dearest violet could not
dissuade from me
The beauty of your gentle,
jagged visage.
Nor my ear could a golden
finch play trick,
To roll forth the hills as with
your tone.

Reach across the range I
entreat you dear,
Take me back within your
emboldened embrace.



In the Darkness Before the Dawn, Acrylic

The Goddesses

the goddesses meet
full breath
and then out again
their tumultuous hearts
shattering against each other
breaking upon the rock of another
either neither
both with dominion and pain
unwanted both in ways
the goddesses meet
and meet a thousand times more

Excerpts from “What The Moon Sees”

By Kathryn McCormick

Her dreams placed her back in the cafe.

She found her dream self sitting across from Rune again, a steaming mug of coffee in her hands. His lips were moving, and it was obvious he was speaking to her, but she couldn't hear any sound. Looking out the window revealed a pitch-black void. She looked back at Rune and now his lips were still, he was staring at Veera intently. Then, like the rain clouds that had moved to cover the sun earlier that afternoon, the pitch black behind the window seeped into the cafe. Veera tried to stand up and move away but she was glued to her seat. Looking to Rune for help proved useless as he was still not moving, allowing the inky darkness to move over his body and consume him whole. The rest of the cafe was covered as well, leaving Veera by herself in a void that expanded in every direction.

Veera gasped awake, frantically looking around to prove to herself that the void had stayed in the dream. When she was sure that she was still in her bedroom she fell back on her pillow, her hair spreading out from her face and gazed at the ceiling.

Rune was in Maxon's room, laying on his bed with one hand on his stomach and the other behind his head while Maxon was on his floor flicking through a basket of vinyl. “No...No...Oh, here's a good one!” He pulled out a Fleetwood Mac vinyl and excitedly pulled the black, plastic disc out of its sleeve and placed it gently on his record player. Music flowed softly through the room and Rune rolled up onto his side, his head now propped up on his elbow.

“This is the third time you've played this album this week alone,” Rune commented.

“Well I haven't exactly had anything else to do,” Maxon retorted.

“Yeah, but you could at least play a different record.”

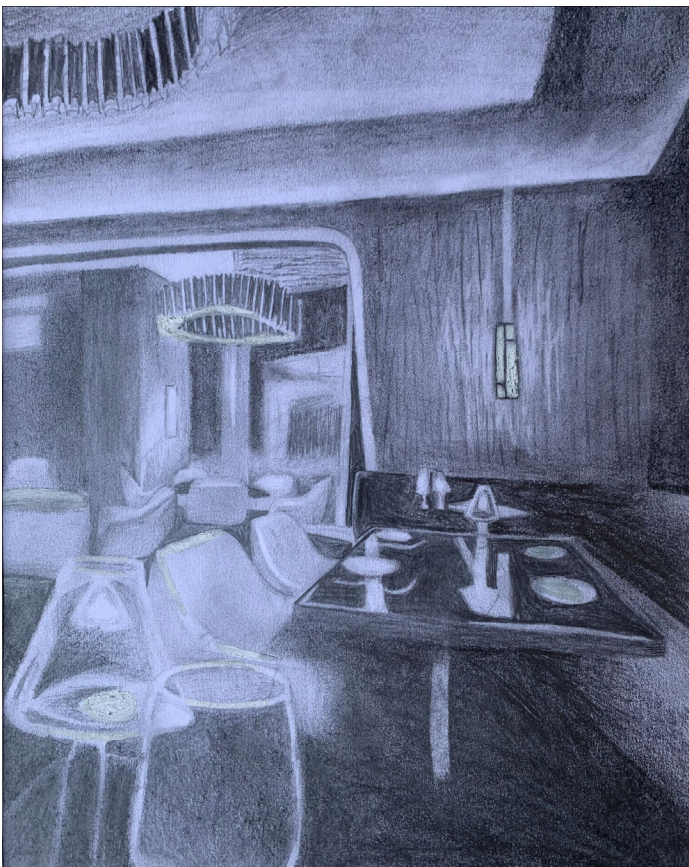
“How about I kick you out and leave you to entertain yourself without my music?” They stared at each other with faux glares for a few seconds before bursting into laughter. Maxon sat on the edge of his bed and Rune moved over to allow him space. This had been their routine since they had been told to say put: Maxon would spend forever picking music and then they'd talk about whatever came to mind. Rune kept him updated on Veera and they reminisced on their childhood a lot, sometimes Rose would join them, but she was working a little bit closer with their parents since their order to stay in the house.



Cing Hoih, *Trip Downtown in an Uber*, Graphite



Cing Hoih, *Jeep Got Towed*, Graphite



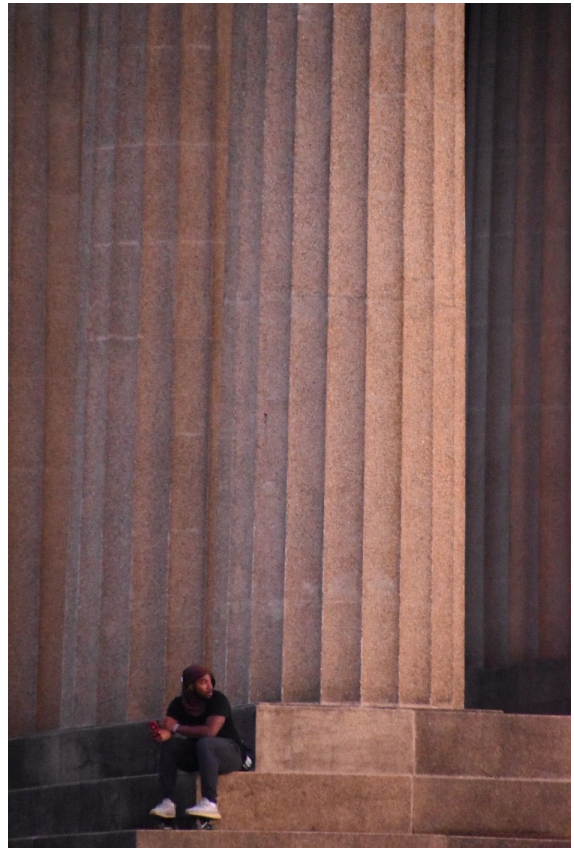
Cing Hoih, *Restaurant Downtown*, Graphite



Cing Hoih, *View of the Passengers*, Graphite



Elizabeth Levesque, *Fish out of Water*, Digital Illustration



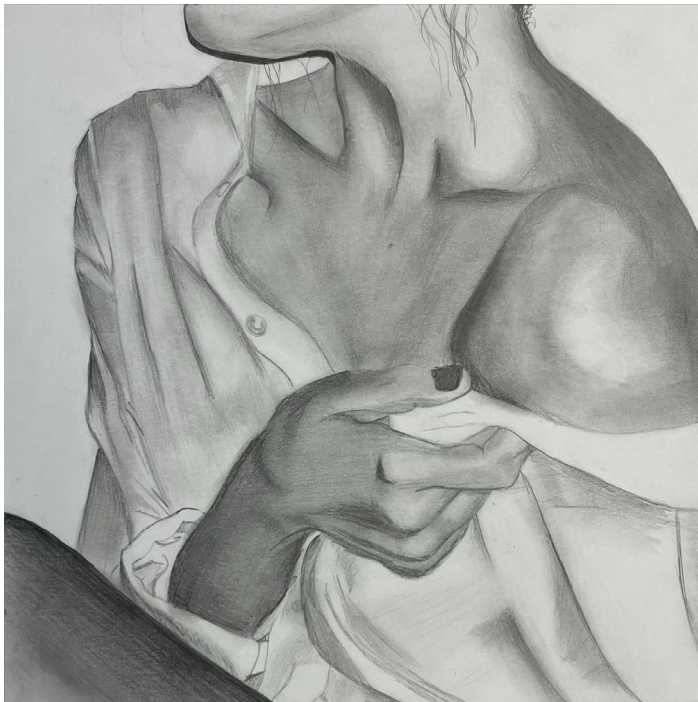
Owen Worely, *Into the Light*, Digital Photograph



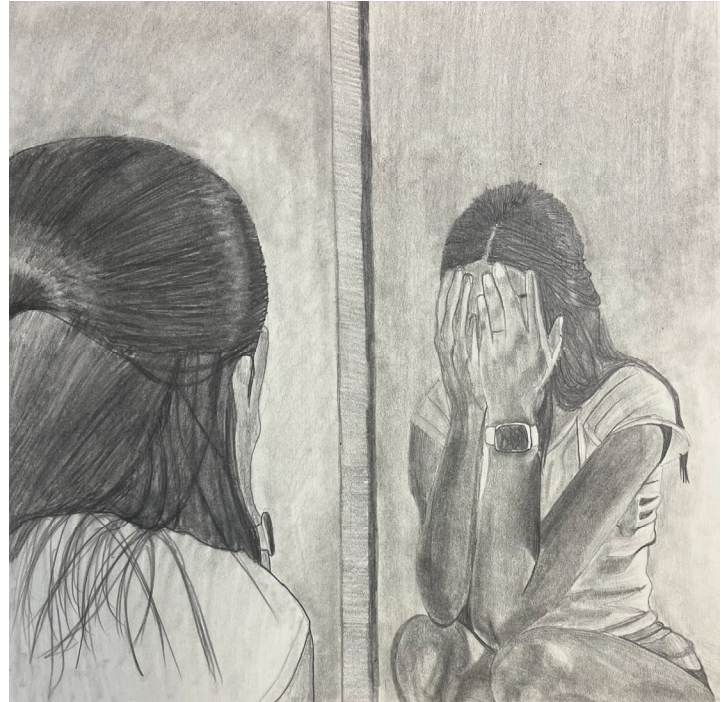
Elizabeth Levesque, *Eye of the Storm*, Digital Illustration

Reap Without Sowing
By Kathryn McCormick

I saw a man in a black cloak with a staff grasped in his bony hand
 And I watched as he grew closer, gliding across the land
 I saw his staff morph to a scythe and smiled at this entity
 A scythe means a farmer this man must be
 I asked the man if he grew wheat
 And he said that he had something else to reap
 I asked the man what it is that he is growing
 And he said that he is not one for sowing
 "I cannot grow, only take," he said with a solemn tone
 "That won't do," I replied, placing a seed in his hand of bone
 I waved at the farmer and carried on my way
 For now he could grow his own crops this day
 Perhaps I'll see him again down the line of my existence
 And he will have learned of crops grand persistence
 I hope the farmer who reaps without sowing
 Can one day know the human joy of growing

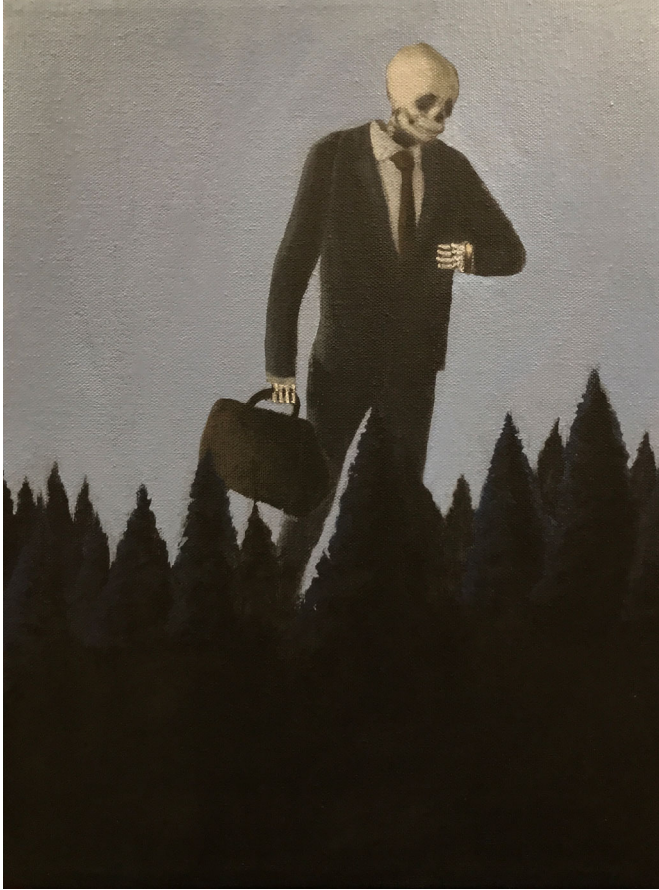


Paise St. Charles, *Cover Yourself*, Graphite



Paise St. Charles, *Don't Disappoint*, Graphite

Art and Writing **by Emily Kieffner**



Death Awaits, Acrylic



The Beast at the Masquerade, Acrylic



Under the Bed, Pastel

Rules for Your Trip

When traversing through Wembleton Woods

There are certain guidelines you must consider.

Those far older and wiser than thee know better,

So hear these guidelines before your journey.

When you meet the opening at Wembleton Bridge, even in rain or sub-zero,

Remove your shoes before crossing.

Otherwise when you reach the edge of the wood beams-

You will find yourself back at the start.

Once you're across-

Holding your shoes in hand-

Check your bag for the torch I gave you.

Click it twice, change the batteries, and click it once more before finally starting through the Underbrush.

There's a path in the dry dirt

With tire marks running alongside the cracked earth.

Don't walk it.

Instead, take the deer trails that wind amid the wildflowers.

The deer know better than you.

As the sun sets and the canopy thickens,

Stop and rest until the moon rises.

Sit in the clearing with an abandoned campground, overrun with rosebushes.

Count the shadows before you deluminate your torch.

Count again.

If your number has changed, squeeze into the hollow log and wait.

You will see the moonrays through the splintered wood when it is safe to keep moving.

Congratulations, you've made it past the deep of the forest.

From there, the paths will be clear and safe until sunrise.

When the canopies begin to thin and the trees appear to thin out, you will be close to your destination.

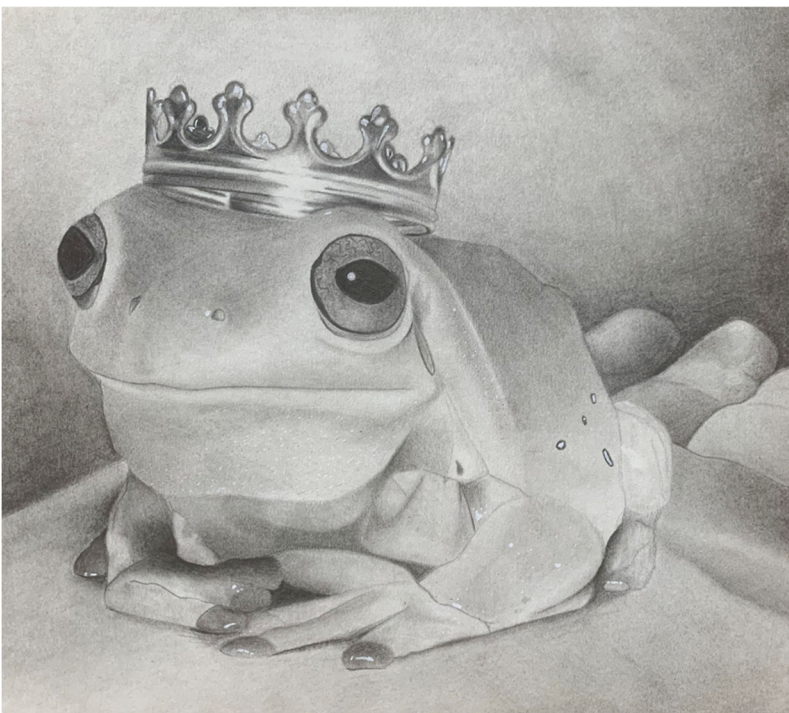
Walk straight ahead, no matter the direction of the paths and you will eventually stumble out a gap in the trees and meet long, yellowing grasses.

Assuming you've made it safely, well done, you've made the journey countless have blundered.

Offer thanks to the trees for her protection and guidance always, and I will await your return.



Lily Philbin, *Totoro*, Graphite



Lily Philbin, *Frog King*, Graphite



Lily Philbin, *Castle in the Clouds*, Pen and Ink

Knowledge

By Kathryn McCormick

Inside me there has always been a deep, pulsating need for knowledge
 A need that sometimes felt more real than myself
 Like I was the abstract concept struggling to break into the world and it was
 the being of physicality
 As a child I would consume books ravenously, not caring what they were
 about so long as it brought me closer to my goal
 To know everything
 Now that I am older I know that to know everything would be a special kind of
 torture
 A torture that presses down heavily and holds you in tight restraints of your own
 design
 Perhaps that is why Alexandria burned
 Maybe the universe was trying to protect us from a fate that would have led
 to our extinction
 That need still burns deep in my soul and I am glad that there are too many
 books in the world for one person to read in a lifetime
 I fear that if it were possible, I would read them all
 That I would give in to the wanting and it would surely lead to my undoing

Untitled

By Miles Hoyos

You are
 My place
 In the universe.
 You live in silences
 Between my thoughts.
 You are
 The smell of rain,
 The promise of sweeter days.
 Let's meet again
 For the first time.

Untitled

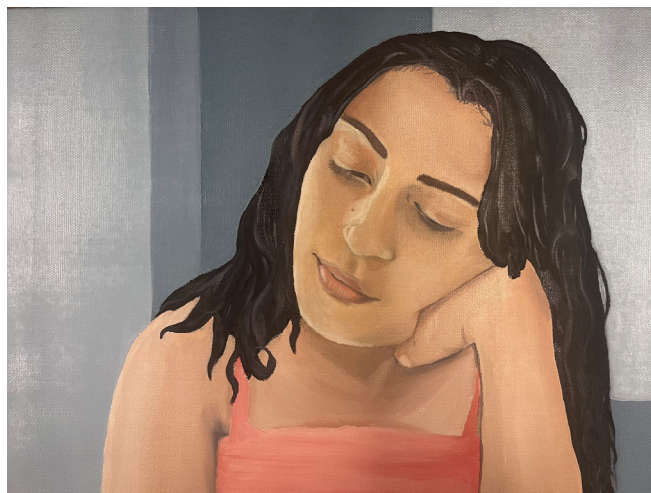
By Miles Hoyos

Give me all of your dear pearls of tear
 And take my joy.
 If you feel pain
 I will have it blissfully.
 Time that was.
 It doesn't exist.
 I know your heart is weary.
 I will hold you
 Safely
 Between a rock
 And a soft place.



Untitled, Graphite

Julianne Hopkirk



Lena, Acrylic



Storm, Watercolor



Loud Music, Graphite

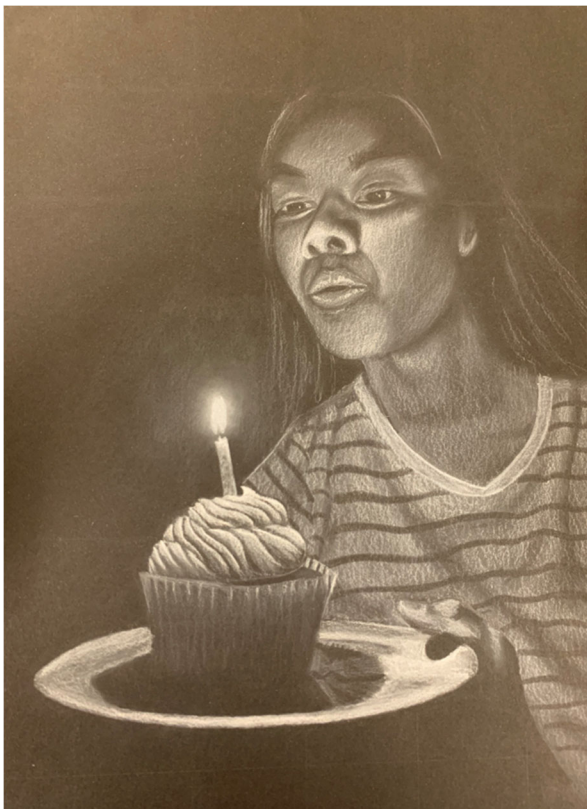
Ashley Nealon



Jackson Hole, Markers



On Sale, Graphite



Birthday, White Charcoal on Black Paper



Friday Night Lights, Graphite

Musically but not Mentally
By AJ Connor

I think in iambic measures
 My words written out on paper
 Scrawled out pleasures
 Written, scribbled on skin
 Original hopes untranslatable
 Groups of words confusing
 My best thoughts arrive
 While my hands are occupied
 Busy my brain is
 Struggling to entertain
 But my hands on their own accord
 Dancing to tunes of songs measured
 in chords

Badly spoken language I never
 learned
 A place I leave letters to my lovers
 Where they will never find the mean-
 ing
 Although I say it exactly directly
 Sighs, echoes, and visions of high
 voices
 Not to reach the notes I want
 But to be slightly below

If I keep on writing poems
 At the same time
 Every day will they
 Stay the same?
 Will one time influence another
 Infect my brain, say, stay, in some
 sort of way?

Music
By Harry Penne

One of the greatest joys I've found,
 Is the discovery of something new!

The moment you hear the sound,
 Of bands you never knew!

The first encounter with a noise,
 Or a message that rings true.

Melodies that bring you joys,
 Whenever you feel blue!

Or perhaps it's like a friend,
 Always there with you.

Never failing, it won't bend,
 Even if you do.

Untitled
By Miles Hoyos

Music has a way
 Of speaking to my heart
 And you are my favorite song.
 Every smile and every whisper
 Brings me closer to the absurd conclu-
 sion
 That I've loved you before.
 My heart was yearning for you.
 But never in my life would I have im-
 agined
 That somewhere in my world
 There would be a heart like yours.
 And I wasn't even looking
 When I found you.



Emily Holmes, *Melodic Blooms*, Paper and Wire



Claire Platek, *Sponge Cake, Sponge and Spackle*



J.T. Schmidt, *Untitled*, Foam, wood, and



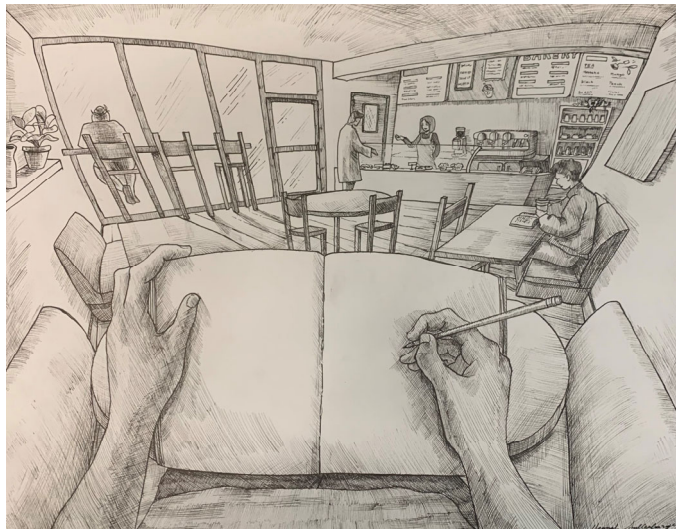
Ashley Dy, Acrylic

A Prayer for Courage
By Harry Penne

I pray for courage,
Lord, let me know your
presence,
all day long, Amen.



Ashley Dy, Acrylic and Spray Paint



Hannah Sullenbarger, *Title*, Pen and Ink



Hannah Sullenbarger, *The Hand of God*, Digital Illustration



Hannah Sullenbarger, *Encounter on the Subway*, Graphite



Hannah Sullenbarger, *Eastside Pho*, Digital Illustration

