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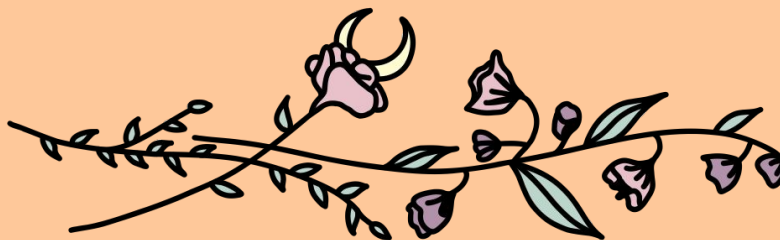
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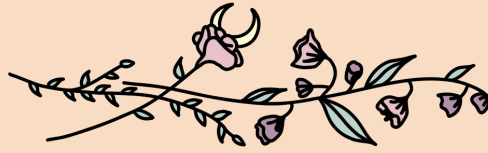
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The St. Joseph High School's *Amaranth* staff would like to acknowledge the previous staffs who inspired our vision and gumption to be the best versions of ourselves.

The staff would also like to thank Mrs. Martinez for her expertise and connections that make this magazine glow.

Ms. Pellegrini, thank you for gifting your artistic talent to our community and hosting the Creative Collective Halloween Event.

Mrs. Cardillo, Mrs. Conetta, Mrs. Fasano, Mr. Forde, Ms. Fox, Mrs. Gentry, Ms. Lowell, Ms. Loehfelm, and Mrs. Sorrentino: Thank you for igniting the literary gifts of your students.

Thank you to our administrators for their continual support in producing and financing this publication.

Lastly, thank you to Mrs. Conetta for her love and dedication to *Amaranth*. Our magazine would not be possible without the creative vision and patience of our beloved Moderator-in-Chief.

Letter from the Moderator-in-Chief

This year's edition of *Amaranth* invites its readers to explore the theme, "Unexpected Beauty." The student writers and artists redefine what one may overlook. William Wordsworth's words come to mind: "A violet by a mossy stone/ Half hidden from the eye!/—Fair as a star, when only one/is shining in the sky!"

During the 2022-23 school year, the St. Joseph High School *Amaranth* staff welcomed students to attend our Creative Collective events after school to enliven the seemingly ordinary as extraordinary. Given the platform to brainstorm ideas and eat together fashioned a relaxed environment that culminated in student works: poems, journals, crafts, or sketches. Ultimately, all found unity in creating something new.

The *Amaranth* staff's furthered its mission: Open the hearts and minds of the reader by infusing the design and selections with palpable care. This edition stands out as traditionally Romantic in its philosophical roots; yet, the works express these tenets in verdant forms.

The substantive submissions inspired the staff to curate this exceptional work by dividing the content into distinct realms. Therein, each piece in this publication shines as a "fair" star or curiosity. "Unexpected Beauty" illuminates not only the need to be seen but also challenges its audience to enter each portal-- reimagining one's concept of gravitas or whimsy.

Amaranth would not exist without the contributions from our SJ community. I would like to personally thank the *Amaranth* student editors & leaders +staff, administration, faculty, staff, and family who support our Cadets' creativity.

Lori Conetta, MAEd./CI
Amaranth Moderator-in-Chief
Student Academic Center Director
Drama Club Assistant Director & Producer





Letter from the Editors

With the first fully normal year back since the pandemic, us creatives now have the chance to share the oddities we have observed in isolation. Staying at home for two years has inevitably had an effect on how we view all that was here before, and what is new. With the immense time we have spent with them (the kitchen window, the stump in the backyard, that weird knick in the doorframe, or the memories you thought you forgot) we can not help but appreciate their not normal, their irregular, their unexpected—and the beauty within them.

All the artists and authors that have submitted to this edition of *Amaranth* illustrate the unique perspectives the SJ community fosters. We applaud them for sharing their brilliant ideas and vulnerable thoughts. Through their creative work, they have bewitched others into seeing the elegance of acne scars, the allure of a crumpled leaf, or the charm of their little brother's burps. We thank Mrs. Conetta for weaving all these pieces (as well as us) together. Without her, these poems would have stayed in a notes app, and these drawings would have been forsaken to the drawer. And of course, we thank you, reader, for being courageous enough to explore the rare beauty of the unspoken and the unseen.

As seniors, this is our last year to appreciate all that makes SJ special. We are grateful that the 2023 edition of *Amaranth* encapsulates the beautifully strange years we could never possibly forget.

Madison McMahon '23, Literary Editor

Danielle Haniph '23 and Erin Markut '23, Art and Layout Editors

Contest Winners

Best Art: "Whimsy: 25¢"

-An oil painting with mixed media by Erin Markut '23



Best Literature: "Identity"

-A free-verse poem by Sebastian Martinez '25

All I see are your masks
Follow the crowd, trust everyone
Have the right opinion, have no opinion
A spectator in the game of life
Want the same things
Have the same conversations
Create nothing, adopt everything

Know the reliance of conformity
Sleep easy, mask up
Mask up, keep quiet, don't show your difference
Make lemonade when given lemons
Don't speak unless spoken to

They tell us everyone is different
Yet we see the same news, play the same games, watch the same shows
We want to mask up, hide what we believe
Play it safe, keep it inside, blend in with the crowd

Reject it
Pull your mask down, even for a second
Don't hate yourself for being different, love yourself for being unique
If you don't like lemons, don't make lemonade
Find the thousand words in your picture
Take a risk, for fortune favors the bold
Pave your own road, you only get one life
Create the legacy you want to leave behind

Be who you want to be, even if it means being alone
Only ones who branch from the path can discover new land
Appreciate the hidden beauty in your difference
Take off your mask, and never put it back on

Most Original Art: "Standard"

-A digital painting by Jillian Guilfoyle '24



Most Original Literature: "The Mirror and Charlotte"

-A short story by William Merwin '25

The rain was hammering against the window, as a young girl, no older than eleven, was reading on her bed. This leisurely activity was soon interrupted as she heard her dad call: "Charlotte! Can you grab my pocket knife from the attic?"

"I will!" replied Charlotte, as she got up, sprung out of her bed, and climbed up the ladder to the attic. She turned on the dim lights, walked around a bit on the dusty floor, and eventually spotted the knife on top of an old box. She picked it up, but quickly dropped it, as she had accidentally picked up the blade first, and cut herself. She looked at the gash, and decided that it would be best to go downstairs and grab a band-aid. As she was walking to the exit, something caught her eye leaning against a box of old pictures: A full-length mirror.

This mirror had an old, dusty, glass, and a blue rim with a somewhat baroque-style frame. As Charlotte recalled, her father had inherited it from a distant cousin that she had never met, and as they already had enough mirrors in the rest of the house, this one was put into storage. Although it wasn't in the best condition, she still admired its antique beauty. Almost as if in a trance, she gently placed her hand on the glass, absent-mindedly staring at her reflection as it starred back, the simple beauty of her perfect reflection drawing her closer to it.

This was interrupted as Charlotte realized that she was touching the glass with the hand that she had cut, as there was now a small puddle of blood on the mirror. Her engrossment in the mirror immediately turned to panic, as she had an idea as to how angry her father might be for staining such an old antique. She frantically darted her head across the attic, and grabbed a nearby cloth and tried to wipe the blood off the glass, to little avail. Panicking more, she looked at the blood, now spread out upon the glass, and clenched the cloth as she gave a glance to her reflection

It wasn't holding the cloth.

Most Original Literature: "The Mirror and Charlotte"

-A short story by William Merwin '25

She jumped back in pure shock, her heart skipping a beat, as her reflection continued to wipe up the blood with its hands. After a second or two, the reflection noticed that Charlotte wasn't moving, and quickly recoiled its hand, its face filled with a shock (almost) exactly like the real Charlotte. And so the two Charlotte's simply stared into each other's horrified expressions.

Charlotte slowly backed further and further away from the mirror, only to trip and fall into a dresser with its own mirror. The instant this happened, the reflection instantly changed from Charlotte's reflection to a copy of the mirror duplicate, with its form having some sort of nervous tension running through it.

Realizing that running wouldn't allow her to escape from this double, Charlotte decided that reasoning with it would be the next best solution.

"W-what do you want?"

The reflection briefly, hesitated, as if looking for words to describe its goals, and then answered; "Look, I don't know what you did to me, but I want to get out of here, and live like you."

"Um, how do we do that?" Charlotte responded with, taken aback

"Um..Maybe try to..pull me out?"

"Ok..." Charlotte responded, as she began to reach out her hand. She quickly took it back, however.

"How will I know that you won't drag me in?"

Would you do that to yourself?"

"Um..."

"Look, I promise that i wont do anything bad to you"

"Ok..." Charlotte responded, as she reached out their hand to the glass, albeit with some apprehension, as it passed through the reflection and made contact with the clone.

Most Original Literature: "The Mirror and Charlotte"

-A short story by William Merwin '25

The moment that it happened, an invisible force began to drag Charlotte into the other side of the mirror. Charlotte's expression of worry almost immediately morphed into one of horror as her hands went to the baroque frame, trying to use it to pull herself against the forcer, as she realized that she was going to take her double's place.

Her strength, however, couldn't hold its own for long against the mirror. Too terrified to make a sound, Charlotte's life flashed before her life as the parts of her submerged in the glass began to go numb.

And then, the girl from the reflection grabbed her hand.

She began to pull Charlotte out of the mystifying glass that had started the whole debacle. Regaining her hope, Charlotte began to climb out of the glass. With the two's strength combined, they both gave one final pull, and as Charlotte fully emerged from the reflection, the prise of the mirror ceased. The girls then collapsed onto the floor as they caught their breaths. And as they got to their feet, the two girls looked into each other, trying to comprehend everything that had happened to them. Without words, they both realized that their lives wouldn't be the same again...but as long as they were both okay, they would be ready to take it on.

"So, did you find my pocket knife?" a man in his mid 40s asked his daughter, whom he had heard walking down the stairs. "Even better, I found a sister!" she responded with, as an identical twin walked down the stairs behind her. "Ok, but can you please ge- WHAT THE...-"

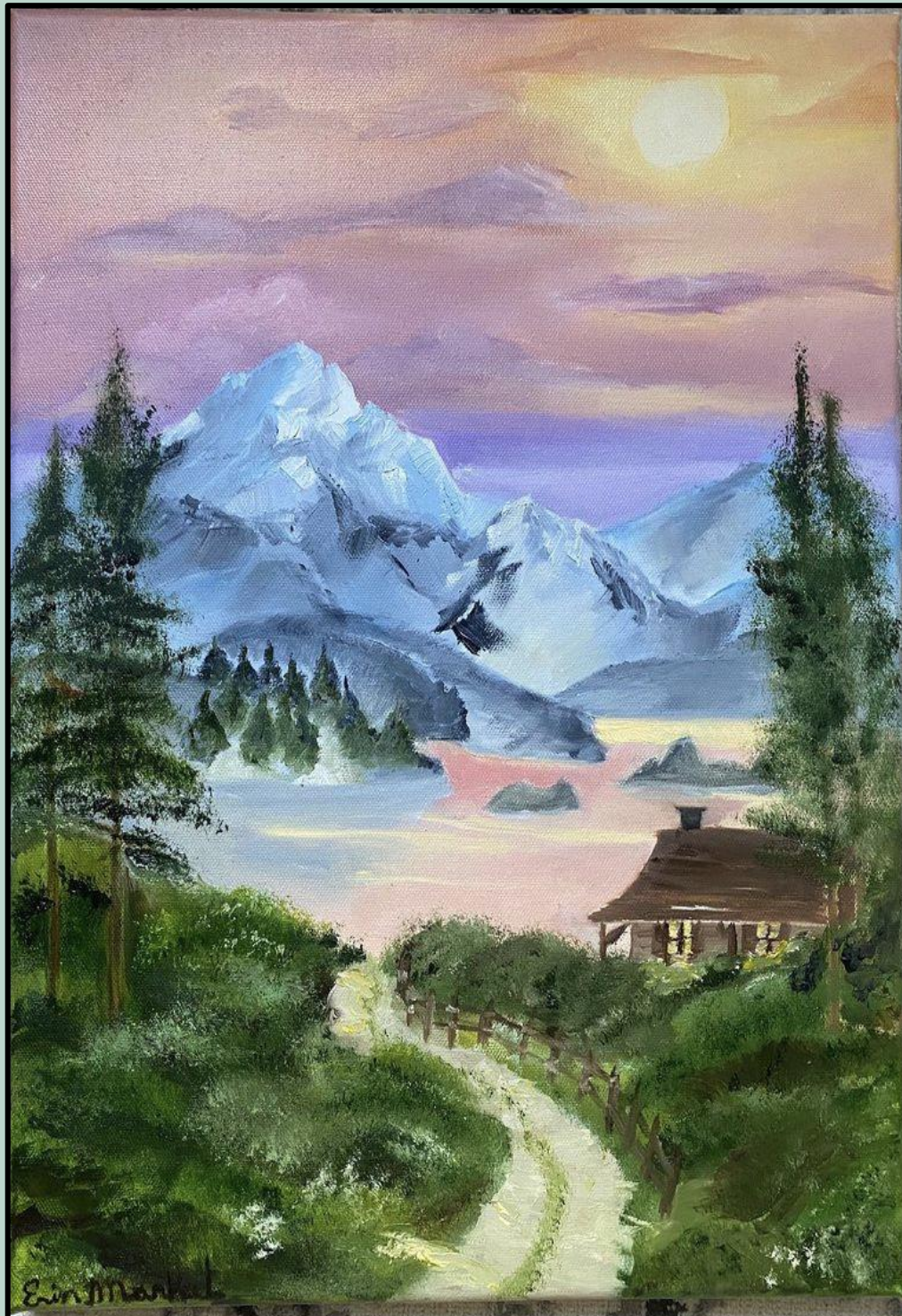
And so lived Charlotte and Luna.

A close-up photograph of a collection of natural objects, likely jewelry or decorative items. In the foreground, there is a large, smooth, orange-brown seashell. Above it, several white, round pearls are visible, some of which are strung together. To the right, there are clusters of small, shiny, metallic-looking beads or stones. The background is dark and out of focus, with some hints of other objects like a black clip and a red fabric.

Natural Realm

"Grandeur"

-Oil painting
by Erin Markut '23



"Sonnet of the Wood"

-Shakespearean Sonnet

by Austin Fecke '24

The hushed Forest is like a sleeping beast.
The henchmen of the dark Forest lie still
Looking for a lost traveler to feast;
Their limbs like tentacles waiting to kill.
Phantom pulse and phantom breath consume me.
The harsh gusts, a reminder of power.
The pulse is the same as the one in me.
The aura of the Wood seeks to devour.
In spite of this, the wild is gorgeous;
Its splendor is frightening yet sublime.
The fear the Wood instills is glorious.
Its brazen howling wind is like a chime.
Alas, the remnants of Eden survive;
A memory of when we were alive.

"Carmel Coast"

-Pastel Painting

by Mrs. Conetta



"The Specter Piercing Two"

-Free-verse poem

by Kiera Donegan '24

Daybreak...

has brought something upon me, similar to the founding colonies

Awaiting outside is a hummingbird

A steady heartbreak to give life into you, like me

Each flutter of the wings attached to it, for seeing established towns and peoples

Slowly the break of dawn floods the eyes of all, gone is the hummingbird until morn

Prowling among the shadows of dawn is the raven slowly awaiting to join its flock

Fitted to accompany all with greatest attire, welcomed upon the fate of all



"Mother Universe"

-Photography

by Sophie Evers '26

"Around a Dream"

-Photography

by Sophie Evers '26

"Down the Trail"

-Photography & free verse poem
by Ayaan Naqavi '26

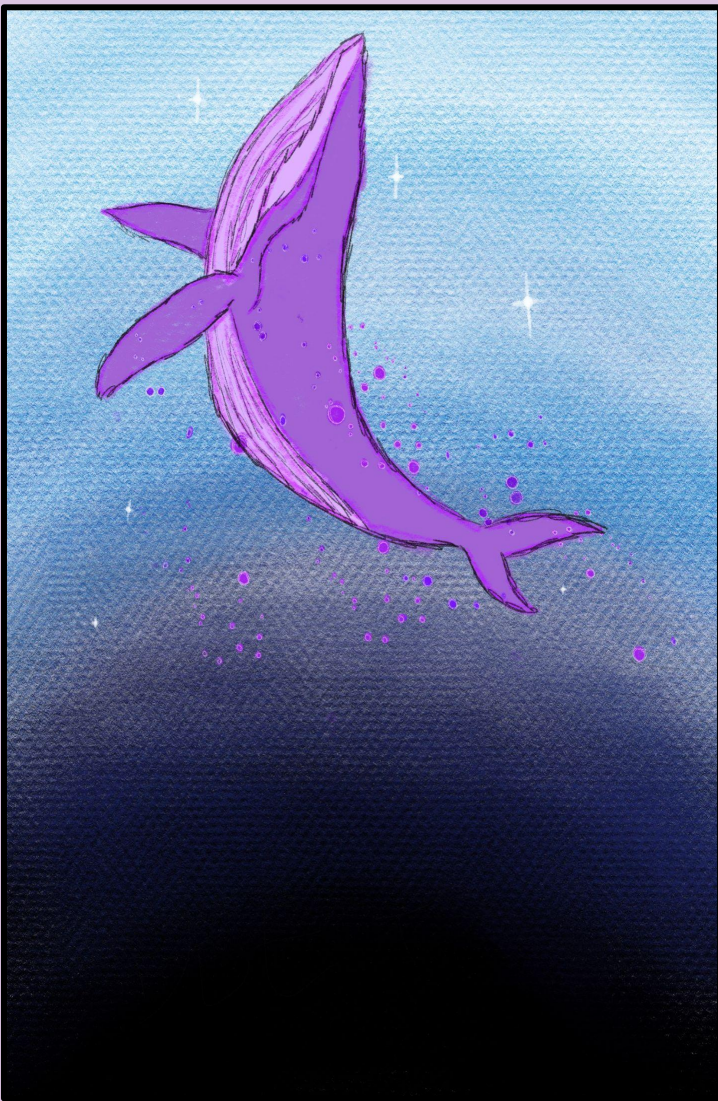


Barreling down the mountain,
Plowing through,
The thick fluffy snow.
Swerving through the trees,
As a light flurry,
Falls from the sky.
The mountaintops in the distance,
Ominous and commanding.
While gliding through,
The white carpet,
On the ground,
Starting to spiral,
Out of control.
Turning away,
Getting ready to fall,
Then the balance,
Regained,
The snow,
Unharmed.
No trace to be seen,
Back to the flight,
Back on the path.



"Icicle"

-Photography
by Maximus Cartolano '25



"Beauty in the Deep"

-Digital Mixed Media
by Keira Sliva '26



"Bend in the Road"

-Photography
by Maximus
Cartolano '25

"Summer's Day"

-Free Verse Poem
by Grace Glaser '26

Eternity of light.

Hot feeling,

Spring leaving,

Arise life!

The morning cricket sings.

Lovely flowers flutter in the
winds.

Lake water shines bright.

The gold eyes of the sun,

Forever bright.

I left the door,

To the shore!

Nature's heaven.

The world at peace.



"Flowers"

-Free-verse poem
by anonymous

Red, Yellow, Orange

Senses gain a new
perspective

Wild, bold, and sensational
Spring is almost here

As a cold day lingers

So does the smell of flowers
Freshly picked

Long lasting

Not forever

Wither away are my flowers

Life and flowers

Flowers and life

Which do I prefer?

Red, Yellow, Orange

I dream to see you all

As Spring is almost here

"The Path at Montmorency Falls"

-Nature Walk Poem & Photography
by Rhys Ingram '26

My brother and I look up at the Falls
As we silently begin our approach and ascent.
Water rushes down, and incredible power,
A natural spectacle, strong and wild.
This is no man's treasure.

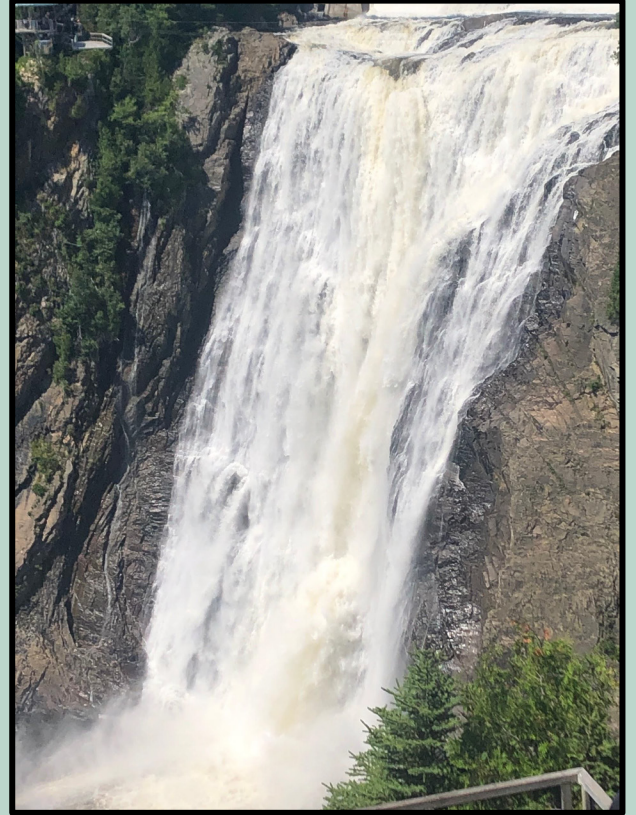
It is a humbling reminder of how small we are,
How vulnerable in Nature.

And yet, it is infinitely captivating,
Perpetual movement –
The crash of the rushing water meeting firm
rock
Again and again and again.

A light mist escapes,
Delicate in contrast to the
Cascading wall of water.

We can feel the mist on our faces
As we climb up the steep and rickety
Man-made stairs next to the
Powerful falls.

I catch the fresh scent of summer in the mist,
And as my legs begin to burn, I realize that I'm
there,
Level with the falls, next to my brother,
Simply happy to exist



A collage of various objects with a magical or mystical theme. In the center, a playing card (the 8 of Spades) is partially visible, showing a jester-like figure. To the left of the card is a large, faceted purple crystal. To the right is a blue ring with a large, oval-shaped stone. Below the ring is a cluster of small, round, blue beads. The background is a textured, brownish-gold surface with various patterns and shapes, including a large, dark, swirling pattern at the top. The overall lighting is warm and slightly dim, creating a mysterious atmosphere.

Magical Realm

"An Unexpected Discovery"

- Digital Art
by Danielle Haniph '23



"The Beauty of Love"

- Free-Verse Poem
by Allison Sandoval-Alcantara '26

There is an unexpected beauty in
love
It is stereotyped to be magical
In the air like a dove
Some may even call it whimsical

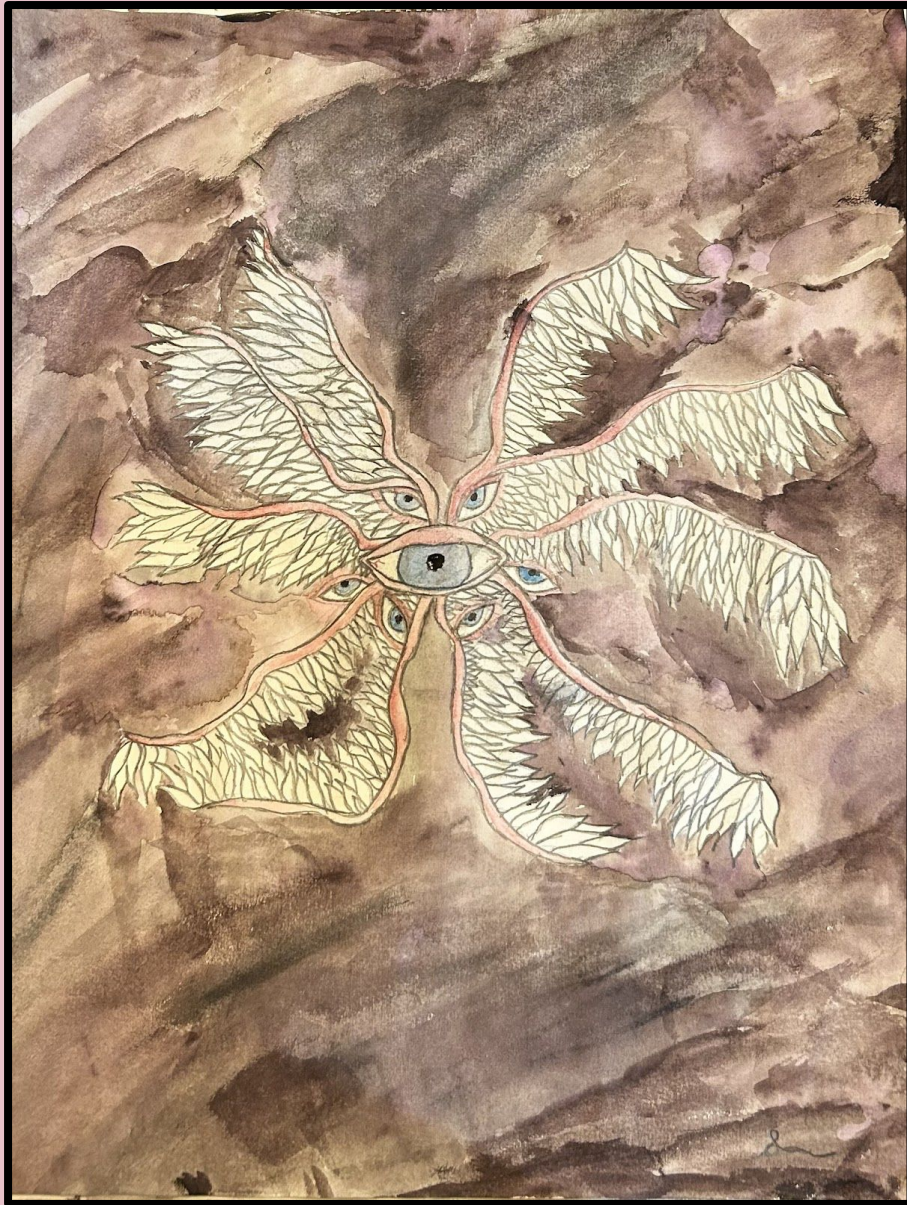
Love, however, comes in different
forms
Romantic and passionate,
affectionate and friendly
Love that lights up a fiery blaze,
and love that is unhappy and empty

Love can unexpectedly change
or it can suddenly appear
Familiar can become strange
or someone far can become someone
near

Love is always different for people
That is the unexpected beauty of love

"The Masked and Veiled"

- Watercolor painting by Sophia Evers '26



"A Meeting of Souls"

- Haiku by Rhys Ingram

Crack! a dead branch snaps –
Eyes meet for a brief moment:
Deer in the forest.

"Unlocked"

- Free-verse poem
by Meghan Debes '26

Love.
You, at first, know it's there.
Like your parents at the door, trying to
unlock it.
You ignore it,
Hoping for one more moment.
When they finally open the door, ,
You know time is up.
You're excited.
You're saddened.
They come to hug you.
To tell you they love you.
You say it back, Pretending your heart
didn't sink
the moment you heard them start to
jumble with the lock.
That door never stops being locked until
someone unlocks it.
And you let them.
Again,
And again,
And again,
You let them unlock it.
You said you weren't ready.
But you're ready now.
Who knows when it will happen again?

"Sunflower"

- Free-verse Poem by Emma Skolozdra '23

It is said that if you cut a sunflower at sunset,
your wish will come true.

You found this bright flower and remembered how
my eyes set you ablaze.
You said you'd never forget that color blue.

So you plucked that sunflower and closed your eyes,
Just as the witches do.

Now I always look to you, my sun
I find myself reaching for the light like sunflowers
reaching for the sun's supportive hue.

But what you didn't realize is that I too found that
sunflower.
I made the same wish, hoping to accrue the love of
you.

Now our fates are forever intertwined,
This I know to be true.

you carved your name in my heart with a sunflower.
and now my forever is you.

"Breaking Free"

- Pencil Drawing
by Anna Campolettano '26



A collage of various objects including a red die, a metal sun, a metal sphere, and a metal letter 'A'.

Internal Realm

"Into the Mindscape"

-Oil painting by Erin Markut '23



"You"

-Free-verse poem by Allison Ziegler '23

A white flag goes up between
my nerve cells making war
My brain is quiet for once-
They're not fighting anymore
The feel of your touch,
The tranquility of dreams
You say I'm not too much
You are just as you seem.

Seems too good to believe
but you are just as you seem.

"Battle Cry"

-Free-verse poem

by Kiera Donegan '24

The anchor plummeting toward the sea floor, is like the voice
being silenced forevermore

The clicking of the clock resting on the wall, is like the
moments and days flying by for all

The overwhelming darkness encircling the room, is like the
spell cast amongst those with impending doom

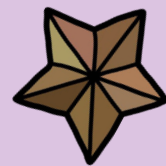
The waves violently crashing upon the sand, is like the
thoughts and emotions flooding the mind of man

The countless stars that lie among the infinite sky, is like the
souls lost and yearning to be found by the battle cry

"An Address To Society"

-Free-verse poem

by Kiera Donegan '24



I do not conform to the ideals of man, simply because I did not
want to be controlled

Thy manipulating hands have wrapped around the brain of me
Ideologies created within society have slowly corrupted me
Rampage, as those spreading theses have become savage
animals

"The Wonder of the Mind"

-Digital Art
by Danielle Erive '24



"In-Between"

-Free-verse poem

by Jillian Guilfoyle '24

I heard a saying that love comes in stages,
and it progresses and grows as you go through the ages,
hope burns anew as each stage is passed,
learn something each stage before you reach the last,
it starts when you're young and it leaves an impression,
leaves such an imprint that it changes your perception,
it leaves swift and true and leaves you with a lesson,
the pain of it all left as a curse and blessing,
the next phase is a bit more familiar to me,
the love here is rough and it's mean,
it teaches that love isn't what you always dreamed it would be,
in love you learn pain,
but if you get past it you'll grow,
it's like planting a seed,
for the next phase is something we all think we need,
the next phase holds your husband or wife,
the one you're supposed to dedicate the rest of your life,
the one that ends up being perfectly right,
I can't describe such a love so true,
cause I'm stuck in a phase between 1, 2, 3,
somewhere along finding a place for me,
it's a love inside of listening to yourself,
your inner voice that's begging for help,
it's listening to that sound—that sound of yourself,
making it heard and believing in yourself,
it's protecting yourself from the love that hurts,
it's focusing on yourself and taking your heart off the shelf,
it's a look in the mirror and an offer of help,
cause it's hard to love yourself when you're too busy loving everyone else,
you can't move on to step 3,
without that step of being in between

"The Road Poem"

-Free-verse poem

by Julia Kaye '23

We Should Go.

We should go, can't we go?
The grip on his heart held him so.
Memories flooded, only he should know.
We should go, can't we go?

Life held his hand
But death was so fruitful
Christmas and joys seeming to be truthful.
We should go, can't we go?

There was nothing left.
The winter wasn't turning.
Despite his adulthood, he kept on yearning.
We should go, can't we go?

Taken hold of his heart,
His love had left.
The fantasy left him bereft.
We should go, can't we go?

We should go, can't we go?
If only the boy knew how much he loved him so.
For that his presence was the light.
That kept his soul living throughout the night.

Inspired by: *The Road* by Cormac McCarthy.

"Responder, 1. & 2"

-Multiple-poet response poem

by William Merwin, Walliula Khawaja, Sebastian Martinez '25

If the limbed one sins so proud,
And the thing loves loud,
Then which one is the monster?

(Responder 1)

Obviously the thing that loves loud
For it cannot be proud
It's not like the first,
Clearly, it is the worst.

(Responder 2)

But for which sin should you be condemned
The deed itself, or the pleasure within
For all of us we will be determined cold
We'll die with these troubles when we grow
old

(Responder 1)

Condemned does not rhyme with within
Do you pronounce it: Condemned?
And the Sin I shall be condemned
Is it the Deed? Oh, it's the end.
'Twas supposed to be a witty remark
Not an insult to keep you dark
I heartily apologize for my act
~~but imma be honest, what I said was a fact~~

(Responder 2)

I know you did the necessary part
I just didn't react nice or smart
You don't have to apologize to me
~~This whole conversation is pointless as can~~
~~be~~

(Responder 1)

I have only one word to say here
It a sentence that i saw most common
an enjoyable word, and it is always near.
A word spoken when correct is someone
And Now I say it, right here;
TRUE

(Responder 2)

Now after all this
I have just one thing to say to you
Something enjoyable, near
And that word is
TRUE

(Responder 1)

I have no words, just only two
Here it is, and prepare for the blue
TRUE.



"Ivy"

-Short Story
by Anonymous

The summer going into junior year I worked at a summer camp. I imagined it would be me and a few guys outside all day taking care of some snot nosed little kids. Instead I spent most of that summer with one girl. She laughed at my jokes and when I said something stupid she would say something twice as stupid to make us both laugh. We both really didn't fit in with the other kids so instead we fit in with each other. I liked her and she liked me but I didn't know if she like liked me you know? I remember spending what seemed like a few decades out in the sun with her. We bonded so close together but it seemed like this wasn't even my real life. I mean, nobody I knew knew her so it was almost like I made her up and she was just some figment of my imagination.

We both realized summer would not last forever, so we treated every day like it was our last. We shared secrets and told each other things we would never say in the real world to anyone else. We were both good for each other, but I always thought she was better than me. Smarter and funnier but I now realize she would say the same thing about me if someone asked. I realized how deep the friendship was. I knew how rare those feelings were and for better or for worse it was only for that summer.

But summer doesn't last forever, so I knew I had to say something to her. My thought process was that I wanted closure. No unresolved feelings, I knew I did not want to make myself numb. That would be a waste of my emotions. I'd rather be sad about it than bury inside me and feel nothing at all.

On the last day the bus was taking everyone back to their towns. We were still soaked in sweat, still covered in pine needles, but it felt like time was slowly unfreezing. I was being thrown back into my real life. I was getting everything together in my head, getting ready to tell her everything and soon enough I was telling her. I mean I was really telling her exactly how I felt. I was rambling on and on trying to prolong the time where she knew my feelings but didn't have to react to them. I kept talking and talking and somehow stumbled upon the words "destiny." I stopped talking and I could tell that she wasn't surprised. I wish I knew exactly what she was thinking, what her train of thought was. Tell me her reasoning, but the only words she said back to me was "destiny." Before she changed the subject to something about how far away we were from home or whatever.

Then the bus stopped, she got out and summer was over. Even though there were two more weeks until school started. I looked through the bus' foggy glass window and looked at her one last time before she drove away.

I have replayed that day so many times in my head. Maybe there was a certain order of words or something that I could have done to make it different. I wanted closure but this just opened up more doors.

It was like she was a girl from a different island, I was a boy from America. My flight left that night but I was still stuck standing at the terminal. I want to say that I turned around, got on the plane, and turned into a man. But to be honest I'm still at that terminal, I have been ever since.



External Realm

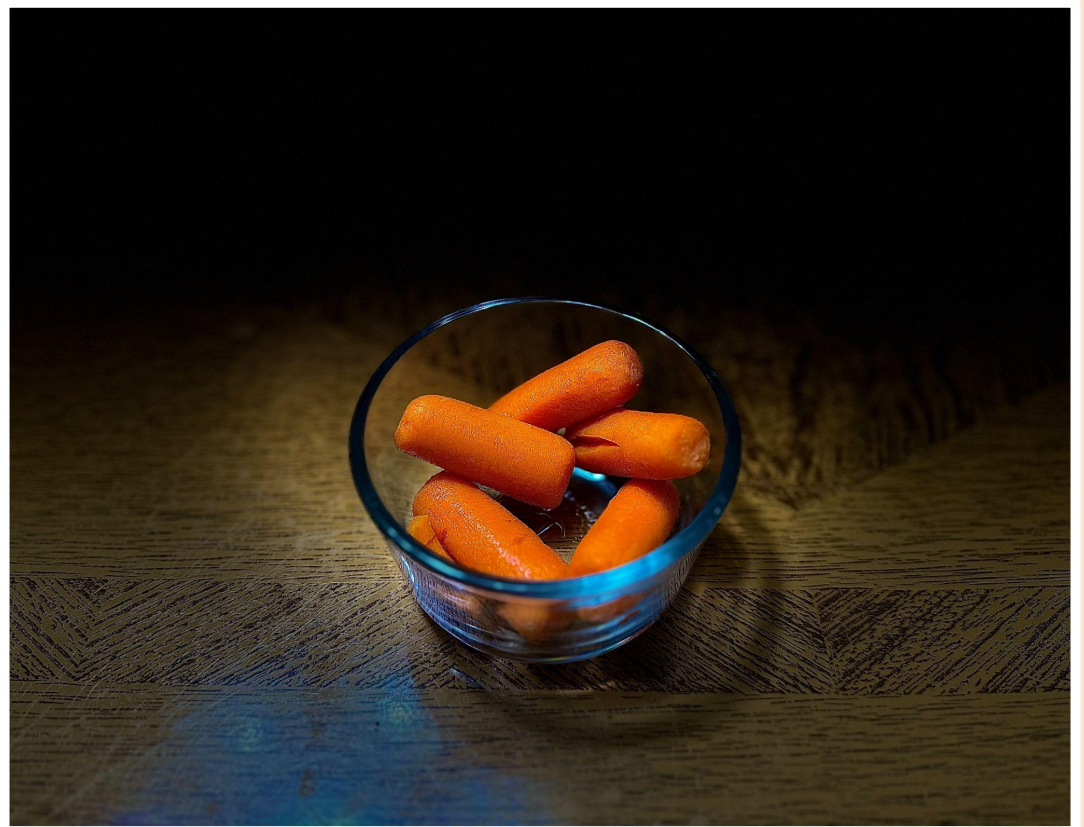
"The Restaurant"

-Free-Verse Poem
by Katherine
Crawford '26

The place where I spent my youth,
Hides beauty within.
The old restaurant scarred with age,
Like an old man's face.
Crumbled brick revealed by the white paint,
Flaking and falling as snowflakes.
The red sign glowing OPEN,
Trembling with exhaustion as the night approaches.

But when you open the door warmth suffocates,
In a tight hug that smells of pasta and bread.
Smiles with crinkled eyes and kids falling about with
laughter,
Slurping shirley temples and being submersed in the
tales of the past,
Feeling the night's chill crawling through the
windows.
The restaurant cloaks the safety inside,
With its unassuming countenance

"Carrots"
-Photography
by Maximus
Cartolano '25



"Murph's Musings"

-Photography
by Mrs. Conetta



"The Towering Church Steeple"

-Shakespearean Sonnet
by Sam Shelton '24

The ravens and the eagles were powerful peoples
Living in the lands of snow.
And there seen from the church's towering steeple
A tragedy that all would know.
There an arrow hit its mark
Ending a life which was held so dear.
Soldiers marched to ships in the dark
Their eyes on their enemies who were so near.
The ravens fought with the eagles, until all was said
and done.

Their armies were no more
And all that was left was one.
"This story was dreadful!", the survivor implored.
But to those who survived those dreadful peoples
They will never forget that church's towering steeple.

"To All My Nappy Heads: I love you."



-Free-Verse Poem by Zoe McLean '25
But how is that fair?

Unique, magical, beautiful, and ...
Because you are not the standard
Because you are not the beloved blonde
or straight
Because you are nappy and hard to
manage
You are my biggest flaw that I'm taught
to hate

You are beautiful.

I know the anxiety of walking into
school

with my Natural hair

Untouched by heat or chemicals
and Unrelatable to my peers

No Comments as they awkwardly
stare.

I know that feeling, that alienation

Unfortunately, too much I care.

I know the joy and excitement of
walking into school

with my hair..

straightened

"Your hair looks great today"

"it's so pretty"

Is what I hear all-day

"It's so much better this way"

"I love your hair"

I get all the compliments in the world

Now they actually care?

It's Praise for conformity

This hair isn't mine,

It's yours

It's an imitation

that seems to open up doors.

My hair is strong,

It can appear short but still extremely long
it defies gravity like magic

The way it's looked upon

Is tragic

An indomitable fortress on my head

A battlefield, my fingers, combs, and
brushes

Dread.

Broken hair ties and sore fingers aside

I'm proud of my unique crown

upon where my thoughts reside

Called unprofessional,

Inappropriate,

and distracting by few

but it's who I am

and as Shakespeare wrote

"to thine own self be true"

Unique, Magical, beautiful, and
underappreciated

"The Antique Store"

-Free verse poem,
by Meredith Lenti '26

trinkets lining shelves,
lamps covered in dust,
a wooden rocking chair
a rare record worth thousands,
a vintage tea set,
a painting whose artist is unknown,
a mirror that is rusted,
an embroidered handkerchief a
grandma made,
a picnic basket never used for a date,
a clock telling the wrong time,
each object with its own story,
sits in the Antique Store

"The Keys of Black and White"

-List Poem,
by Leah Ali '26

The soft ivory keys
Playing in pitch perfect harmony
The music sheets blowing in the air
A soft summer breeze
A single clear note
So perfect and rare
The broken silence
Fills the air
As an *Allegretto* turns into *Vivace*
The lively tune brightens the room
From Mozart to Chopin to Bach
Every note is played
White or black

"Aphrodite's Crown"

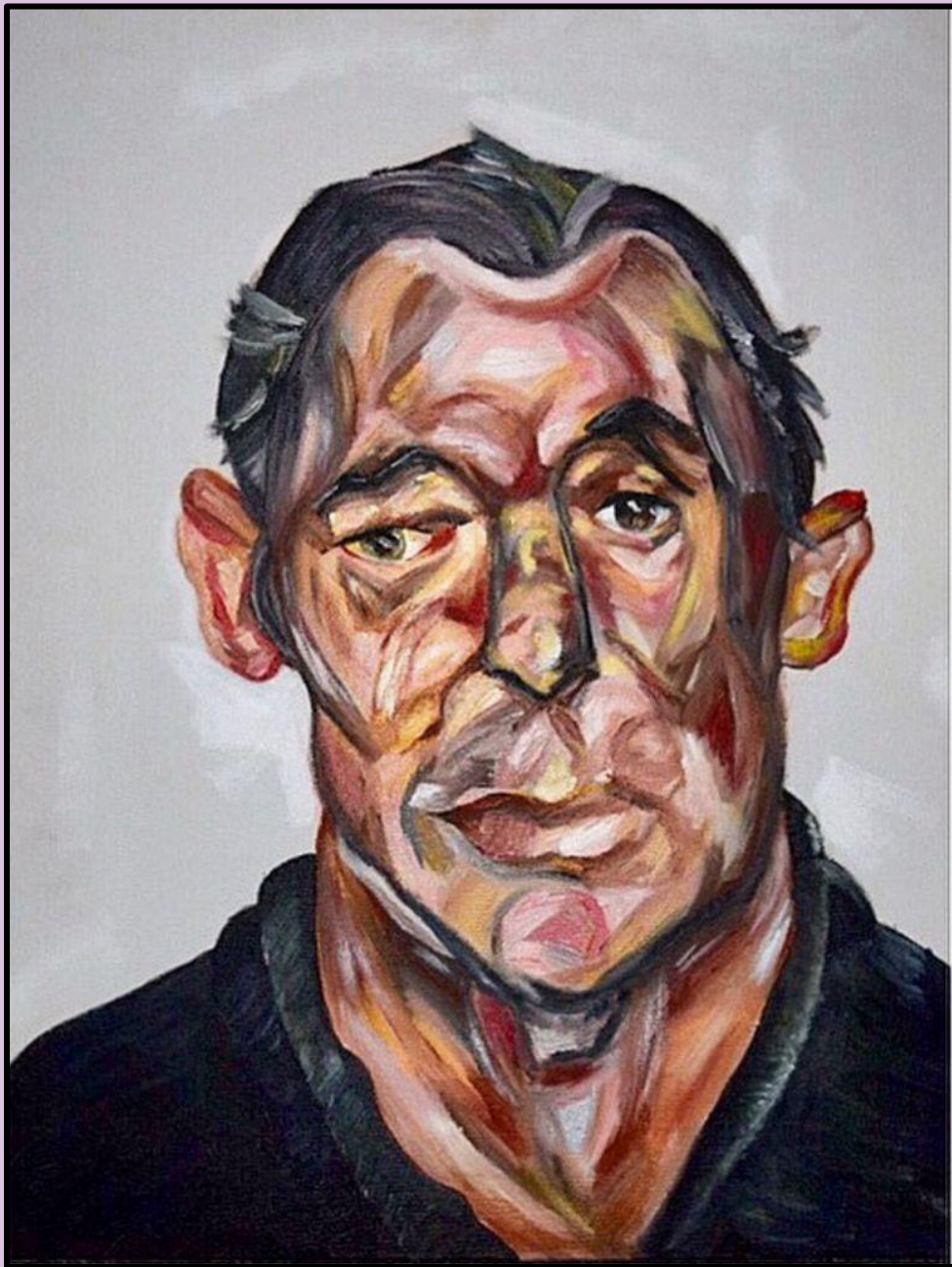
-Mixed Media piece from
an art installation
by Mrs. Conetta



Ms. Pellegrini's Fine Art Submissions

"Lucian Freud Observation"

-Oil Painting by Ms. Pellegrini



Ms. Pellegrini's Fine Art Submissions

"Silly Sketch"

-Pencil Sketch
by Ms. Pellegrini





Amaranth 2022-2023
Saint Joseph High School