



EQUINOX

ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE
2024

DEAR READER,

As we leave the winter season and welcome spring, we welcome the fresh air and color back into our lives. Each spring, the English and Visual Arts Department collaborate in creating the art and literary magazine, Equinox.

This curated selection of artwork and written pieces from the 2023–2024 school year celebrates the myriad of talents our McAuley students possess. It is a reflection of their courage and willingness to express their whole selves.

Thank you to our community of faculty, staff, parents, and families who continue to support Mother McAuley's mission of liberal arts education. To our students, thank you for bringing the words and colors to life, and remember, there is still more work to create.

GRATEFULLY,

MS. ABBY SHEAHAN '16

COVER BY ELYSIA GONZALEZ '25



GOODNIGHT RISING SUN

Goodnight to the rising sun
I think to myself when my day is done.
While I look at my own two feet,
both brown and wrinkled and beat,
and I imagine myself in days past
and wonder which one shall be my last.

Hello to the sunset, the stars and the Moon,
I think I should stay here with the fish and the Loon.
Because the Loon cannot cry, he only sings
and when he is stuck he uses his wings.
My soul sighs,
for wish I could fly,
but my limbs are too old.
So I will sit here until summer turns cold.

As I fly over Turtle Island and look at God's lake,
I can only wonder who went to my wake.
If only the birds and the bears found my body asleep
I do not think my soul would weep.
Because the heron will forget my name,
and the Bear will be the same,
but if I am the one who man will have found,
my soul will forever be confound.

Now I'm not in Heaven nor am I in Hell,
but purgatory sure feels like a cell.
If I had not cheated or cursed or had lied,
maybe someone would have been by my side.
Though now I am left to wander this Earth
and pray that one day I may have a rebirth.

I could swim with the creatures,
and ignore their odd features,
And as my soul mends,(P)
Maybe I too could have friends.
But right now, I am a goose, not a loon, flying into the Sun,
never knowing when my day will be done.

GRACE A MURPHY '25



GIANNA ARQUILLA '24





MEGAN FITZGERALD '26

THE GLOW IN THE DARK

Ordinary nights turn extraordinary when the power goes out. My house becomes a cozy haven. The room is lit by candles and lanterns, and the blazing fireplace emits a soft glow. As my family gets together, laughter fills the night as we play board games and tell stories. A thunderstorm is raging outside; the sound of rain creates a calming atmosphere. I'm enjoying this moment, surrounded by loved ones, in the ease of family time. Before we know it, the power turns back on, and everything returns to normal. Everyone's eyes shifted to their screens, and moments of happiness faded.



MELANIE LAMBRECHT '24

SISTERS

When times of melancholy occur now
Your comfort is not familiar to me
You will hug me and tell me you're proud
But you are the one who caused me to weep

I do not hate you, you have done no wrong
The opposite, you are almost flawless
Your body, your laugh, your cause
Why are you blind, can you not see all this?

My jealousy overtakes every thought
I not stay mad at my skin and blister
My tears fall on your shirt after we fought
I say, "Why are you the lucky sister?"

We come from the same father and mother
And yet, for I cannot compare to her

JULIA HACKSHAW '27

CAROLINE MURPHY '24





MARIA NOMIKOS '24



SYDNEY SMITH '24



SIENNA MARIN '26



BIANCA MARTÍNEZ '25

ODE TO THOUGHTS

Constant and flowing
Always going yet never showing—
Your true intentions.
Creativity much to a treasure chest of gold—
Brimming with glory
Hidden under your
X-ternal influence.

Bending and breaking reality,
Ingenuity akin to an arboretum
Devoted to freedom and chaos alike.
Inspiration blooming like fresh roses
Planted amongst the foliage
Of your never-ending garden.

Overflowing
Like a stream of life
Born from the heavens.
Your aspiration to muses
For angel's melodies—
Wings brushing upon the forefront of minds
Allowing curiosity to rush within your riptide.

LILLIAN HERNANDEZ '26

GODMOTHER

You're a flower
sweet like sugar
who's nectar is the purest
of them all.
The sticky, golden goodness
of your dainty, delicate petals
buzz me like a bee
and leave me in a joyous high

You're a flower
your wisdom spreads
with each breeze by
when you speak
my lungs fill full with oxygen inside.
I hold my breath
absorbing in every word
like roots in soil
you water me and watch me grow.

You're a flower
the one I don't pull
but leave to flourish.
Your essence is one to be seen.
I scream out to God,
Why!? do you pour down
on a beautiful soul
the one that bring warmth
in a world so cold.
Can't you see when she speaks in wind
the garden breath halts
air runs thin
every corner of this place
dissolves with every breath that we breathe
until the oxygen runs out
and we can no longer see.

You're a flower
Our time is precious
I'll cherish every moment.
Once you go
I'll still long for your sweet nectar
and wisdom of words
but i'll fly high
upon the roots you made
restoring the cycle of your bloom
in a place far away.

MOLLY FUNK '24



GIANNA ARQUILLA '24

THE JUMP

As I stand at the top of the hill I ask myself why I am doing this. I look down at the mud. I'm supposed to jump like my cousins did, but I can't move. I want to leap, jump, and be free, but my feet are glued to the ground. My family is yelling at me to jump, move, to do something but I can't. Why did I do this? Why am I up here? Why can't I jump? Why? Why? Why? Why? Then from behind, I feel a cruel shove, and I fall, crashing hard into the mud.



MY MEMORY AND YOURS

Do you remember that very first summer? I ask
When so long ago in the sun we would bask
When our hands fit together like a glove
Ever since the I knew it was love

The robin red house that we decided to repair
For under your hand everything was made with loving care
Even when things were looking rough
When I'm with you it's always enough

Sooner than thought our group of two became three
A little girl we called Marie
And what family would be complete without a cat
Who has always been a brat

And when she was grown
And went out to be on her own
The house no longer echoed with her laughter
So we decided to pick up new experiences from thereafter

Next thing I knew we were on a plane to Spain
On a gloomy day we danced like kids in the rain
Looking at you from my worn down chair
My dear nothing will ever compare

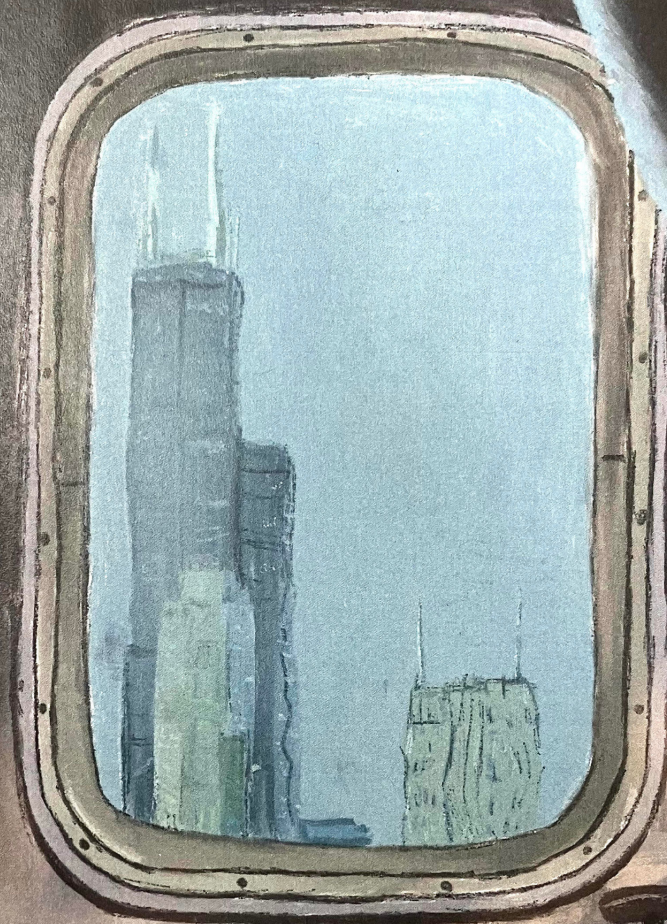
CLAIRE KOZUBOWSKI '26

AIMEE VEGA '24





KATHLEEN ILARRAZA '25



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CAUTION
KEEP
AISLES CLEAR

KAYLEE DAVENPORT '26

Kaylee Davenport

LOVE IS ALWAYS ALIVE

Everything dies
From plants to the sky
To humans like you and I
We try to buy time
But it does not cost a dime
Not a penny
Not a quarter
For death comes and takes many

They tell us to hold on
And to enjoy our lives
But nobody knows how long they should enjoy

Many spend on material things
To fill the hole in their heart
Where love once lived
But to spend precious time on something so temporary
It's more proficient to stay sedentary

Love is not cheap
Yet it's transcendent and deep
Though it often hurts
Yes, it's bitter and sweet
We hold on so dearly
For love does not stay with our mortal bodies merely
Love follows us beyond to realms unknown
And is sewn to time and space alone

So what I said at the beginning is simply a lie
Not everything truly dies
Even if it's not felt, it's always there
Love is always in the air

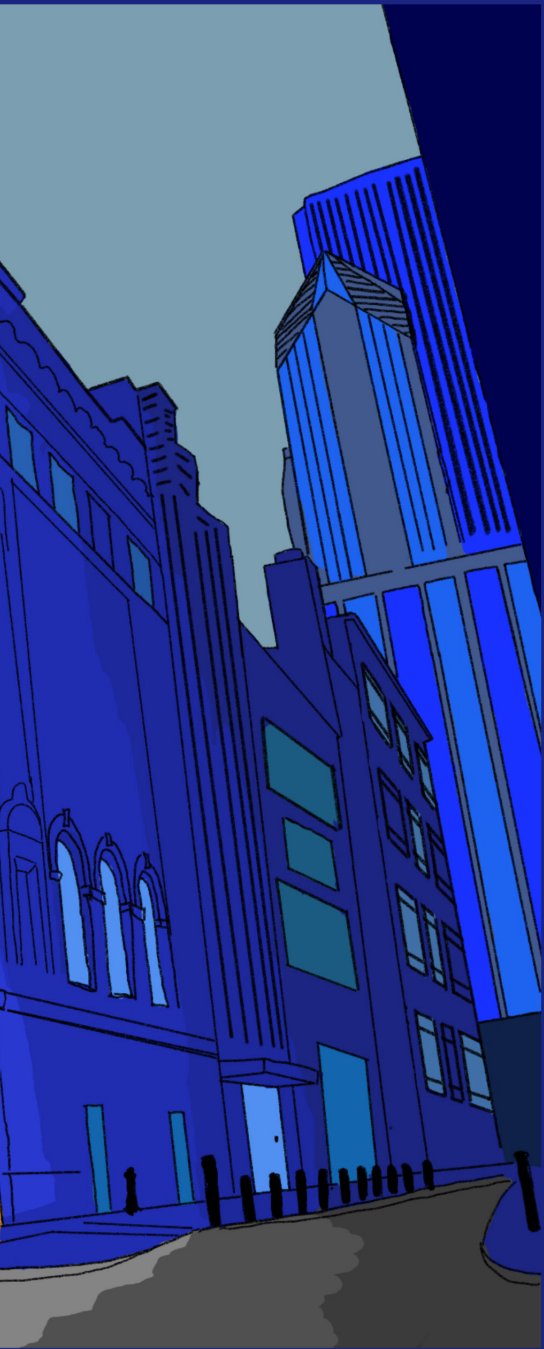
KAYLEE DAVENPORT '26



CAROLINE MURPHY '24

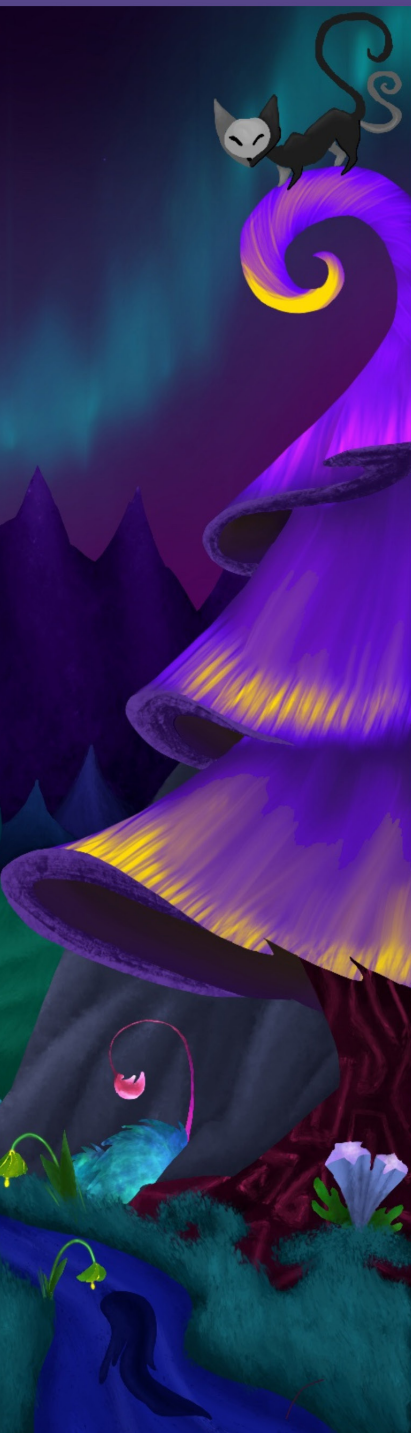


SANDRA REYES '24



KAREN HERNANDEZ '24





MY GRANDMOTHER'S HANDS

Memories are like reaching for a hand
You are never able to fully grasp
My grandmother's hands were like flowing sand
Slipping through my fingers into the past

Hands that would sew my pants after a tear
Crying on the ground with a bloody knee
She would hold me, whispering don't despair
A memory that slowly escapes me

Hands that I held as she took her last breath
Feeling her slowly slipping from this Earth
Those memories are all that I have left
Never fully understanding their worth

My grandmother's hands are my memory
Of a time and a place that escapes me

ALEXANDRA PRADO '27



GRACIELA GUEVARA '24

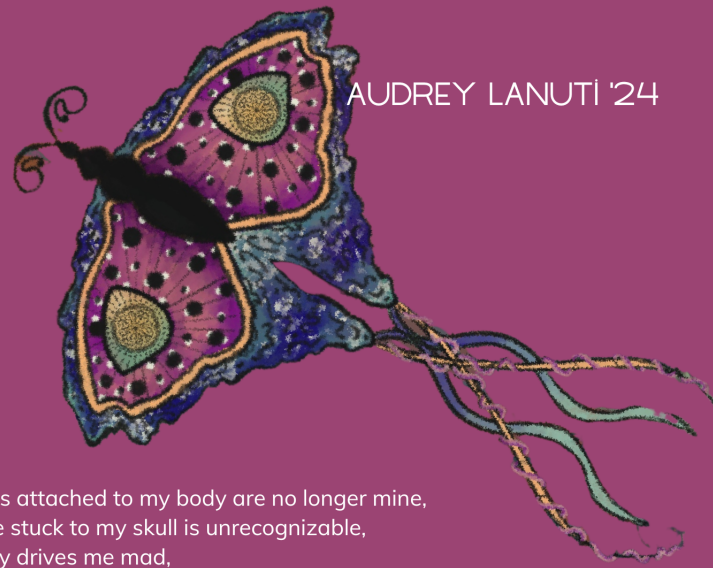
SAY PLEASE AND THANK YOU

"Say Thank you"
"Cross your legs!"
"No elbows on the table!"
"Say please!"
"Be nice!"
"Bite. Your. Tongue!"

Like clay I was molded into the idealistic child,
Hypnotized to blindly believe that Individuality is nonsense.
I worked myself tooth and nail.
Chasing the approval my mother gave me,
other parents gave me,
"What a sweetheart!" they would say.
I fed on the validation I was given,
on the image my mother manufactured.

As a duckling this kept me swimming,
drove me to keep up and in line with the others.
As a duckling politeness is adorable,
As a teenage girl it is pathetic.
This blinding fog has been forever present,
The highschool social quo demands me to acknowledge it.

Apparently, to be polite is to be vulnerable.
Continuously labeled as soft,
too nice,
a pick me,
niece,
stupid,
What do you want from me!



AUDREY LANUTI '24

The limbs attached to my body are no longer mine,
This face stuck to my skull is unrecognizable,
Insecurity drives me mad,
I search my reflection asking "Who are you?" but never can find the words.
How do I decide who I am supposed to be?

I was a ghost,
Floating through life,
only going through the motions.
I didn't realize I was allowed to have opinions.
I didn't realize that what I was looking for was impossible to find.

Streaming hormones push me to my limit,
I want to scream,
I want to tell them off,
I want to light a match, and watch it all burn down.
but that's not polite; That's not me? Is it?

Suddenly this life of mine is a movie.
The headline reading "Freakshow"
I am in all casting roles.
Playing dress up every waking moment,
taking on different personalities,
Wishing,
Hoping,
Begging one will feel right.

My eyes break through the fog,
My mother is not the saint I built her up to be,
She selfishly engraved preferences into my core,
Behind closed doors she knew we were not as perfect as she
wanted us to be.

She obsessively cleaned and prepped her chicks.
They were perfect just the way they were but she made them think
they were less.
Their cluttered rooms do not make them filthy "pigs".
They do not look "ridiculous" when they dress themselves.
They are not "ungrateful brats" when they ask what is for dinner.

To be a parent is to watch your kids grow,
Watch them unlock passions and experience disgust;
Every teen feels as if the world is out to get them,
Like they may drown in their emotions.
As a mother you cannot try and contain it.
You cannot judge it.
Allow them to experience all the beautiful feelings life has to offer.

Detach these chains and watch them color outside the lines,
you do not have to like it, but you will NOT deny it.
For so long I have been telling others what they want to hear,
Not what I wanted to say,
I was a machine,
hardwired to do anything and everything others ask of me.
Only knowing one way of living,
of connecting with others.
To go against everything I was programmed into was petrifying,
but exhilarating.

Like a freed bird from its cage.
Soon I will flee the nest to take on college.
leaving all my pain in the wind.
I will remember what and who have helped me grow,
never forgetting those who made me feel small.
So, as my mother would want me to say,
To my identity crisis and judgmental buffoons,
I say "Thank you."

-EM.



ELIZA SWEENEY '25



ELEANOR SUN '24



PULSE

You know, when my heart stops it's rhythmic pulse
It will end with me having enjoyed this world to the fullest

My only wish is to stay by your side,
So that when my inner melody stops, I won't have any
regrets

My heart reminds that I'm alive 65 times a minute
But with you, it screams "I love you!" 115 times, rushing to
tell you

As long as my heart is still beating, I want to be near you
It's enough of a reason for me to keep living

As I count the beats of your own heart, hand in mine
I can only hope we can understand each other better

This racing sound pounding in my ears reminds me of you,
And until our heartbeats come to steady stop
Every thump will ring out your name.

NORAH SMITH '26

HER

She's prettier than she thinks,
She is smart but doubts herself
She's the girl to still show a smile,
to give a smile back to others
But not for her,
She sits in her room, drained and tired and cries
She wonders if things would change if she tries
"Are there times you wish things were different?"
Is a question that I ask as I stare at her in the corner

She is the kind of girl that takes pictures of the sky,
The kind of girl who is not good at goodbyes,
The kind of girl who knows the difference between good and bad,
But still trips over the same rock that she tripped over before,
She wonders if she will get better,
And I hope she does,
Her thoughts are an endless cycle, like a runaway train

I hope she finds true happiness
Within herself and with other things
I hope she does not longer see herself as a complete mess,
But as a beautiful, strong, and independent girl,
I hope that she won't care about what other people think,
I hope that she won't give herself a reason to overthink,
I hope that she stops asking herself "why"
I hope she finds the motivation to try again
Tick Tick Tick
Time ticks as she is still getting to know her self worth,

One day she can,
One day she might,
One day she thinks,
One day, she will
"Do you think people like you?"
yes, she does think that the people that matter do
"Are you happy with yourself?"
Yes, she is
"Do you ever look at yourself in the mirror-"
-yes, she looks at herself because she is beautiful
Yes yes yes

She IS pretty and she knows
She IS smart and she knows
She gives a TRUE smile
she, her
Definitely HER

MALEAH GARCIA '27



CLAIRE KNIGHT '24



BLANCA GAMON '26

YOU CHANGE

Changes occur with everything.

We as people change,

The things around us change,

And the world changes too.

We can't do anything about it though.

We can either accept it

Or deny it,

But that won't change anything.

Eventually feelings change.

The feelings you once felt could blossom into something else.

Like a beautiful rosebud encased in itself,

one feeling can mask the other.

Your feelings will inevitably

Change because

Feelings change.

You change.

ANİYAH ROBERTS '25

MY RIGHT HAND MAN

I hold my journal in my hand,
thinking of my right hand man.
Thinking of what I'll say
before I go away.

I write the words, as my tear drops freeze.
I look for him throughout the snowy breeze.
I see him, he's like an angle that man,
helping out another man.

I want to go over and tell him goodbye, before I jump through the snowy sky.
With every step, I continue to cry.
He sees me walking, and our eyes meet each other.
I see nothing but confusion in his eyes when we greet one another.

I show him my journal, and tell no lies.
And he cries and cries.
The best of men tells me no, that he won't let me go.
But life is too cruel for me not to go, and I let him know.

I start to run, then I leap.
But before I can get a few feet in the air, I feel someone on my feet.
My hood gets caught on a sky tramp, and I fear for what will break.
I hear a rip in my hood, but I'm thankful the only thing the sky tramp did was shake.

We go tumbling to the ground, groaning and aching in pain.
It hits me when we stop, that the physical pain remains.
I look and meet my right hand man's eyes.
Seeing the bundle of emotions in his eyes, but neither of us cries.

I say how I'm sorry, and I hope he can forgive me.
He tackles me, and lets me know that he already has forgiven me.
He tells me "I hate you".
But I knew what he really meant, and he smiled when I said "I hate you too."

And I was reminded today.
of why I should stay.

JACQUELINE O'NEILL '26

ISABELLE VERGARA '27



JULISSA OCAMPO '27



JULISSA GONZALEZ '25



AUDREY HART '26

I'LL REMEMBER

I'll remember the way you laughed at me
When I told an unfunny joke
And that one time you let me be
When my favorite toy broke

I'll remember sleeping over
And keeping you awake
When you kept your composure
As I served tiny plastic cupcakes

I'll remember all the pancakes
you made especially for me
You'd cook them into funny shapes
Now I have the recipe

I'll remember when you read me stories
In a voice as soft as silk
When I'd look to you for ease
You'd pour me a glass of milk

I'll remember how we decorated your tree
The day after Thanksgiving
And how we made you watch Glee
Even though you didn't understand "their ways of living"

Remembering these memories I'll never feel blue
Every moment, big or small
I'll remember for you
Who can't remember at all

MICHELLE SCOTT '26

TRINITY CAIN '25

KAREN HERNANDEZ '24



MY PERFECTLY DIFFERENT MATCH

I look in the mirror and see older me
I'm the only one who sees it, the difference
Her face, is everyone blind, can't they see
Different cheeks different chins

I examine her closer, what is that?
Small golden and hanging around her neck
A perfect match to mine almost exact
A true artifact and no mere object

I see us clearly and entirely
I see how we are together yet separate
I see us us as the same being
Yet aware of how we are different

No matter how different in age or size
We will be connected for all time

NOELLE NIMO '27



BRIDGET BOYD '24

ILLINOIS HIGH SCHOOL
ART EXHIBITION

NORTHERN REGIONAL EXHIBITION:

Karen Hernandez '24
Jia Kamin '24
Kerry O'Connor '24
Bianca Martinez '25
Megan Fitzgerald '26

SENIOR SCHOLARSHIP EXHIBITION:

Karen Hernandez '24
Gianna Arquilla '24
Maisie Doyle '25
Megan Fitzgerald '26
Kerry O'Connor '24



ART FROM THE HEART
EXHIBITION

Gianna Arquilla '24
Maria Nomikos '24
Kerry O'Connor '24
Bianca Martinez '25
Caroline Murphy '24
Grace Murphy '25
Eleanor Sun '24
Eliza Sweeney '25
Aimee Vega '24

SCHOLASTIC ART AWARDS

Honorable Mentions:

Audrey Hart '26
Gianna Arquilla '24
Maisie Doyle '25
Maria Nomikos '24

Silver Key Winners:

Maisie Doyle '25
Kathleen Ilarraza '25 (2)
Bianca Martinez '25
Caroline Murphy '24 (2)
Kerry O'Connor '24 (2)
Eliza Sweeney '25

Gold Key Winners:

Karen Hernandez '24
Gianna Arquilla '24
Maisie Doyle '25
Megan Fitzgerald '26
Kerry O'Connor '24



SPAC & MCCORMICK FOUNDATION HIGH SCHOOL AWARDS

General Feature Story Superior Achievement
Brijana Labiak '24

Original Editorial Cartoon Superior Achievement
Elysia Gonzalez '25

Sports Feature Story Excellent Achievement
Brijana Labiak '24

Non-Sports Photo Excellent Achievement
Brijana Labiak '24

Sports Photo Excellent Achievement
Brijana Labiak '24

Staff Editorial Excellent Achievement
Elise Malinowski '24 and Addison Haywood '25

Overall Newspaper Excellent Achievement
Inscape Staff

