

# GADFLY



2024

# GADFLY

*gad-fly: noun*

(1) any of 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.



McKay McGuinness '24

Pen and Ink

# GADFLY 2024

## 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.

### STUDENT GADFLY STAFF:

Eva Marie Bonnafous, David Monceaux, & Harry Penne

### FACULTY AND STAFF ADVISORS:

Suzie Barry, Paul Davis, John Durand, & Jennifer George

### COVER ART

#### Front Cover Art:

Jackie Obermeier '24 Markers

#### Back Cover Art:

Nickolas McTasney '25 "Christ"

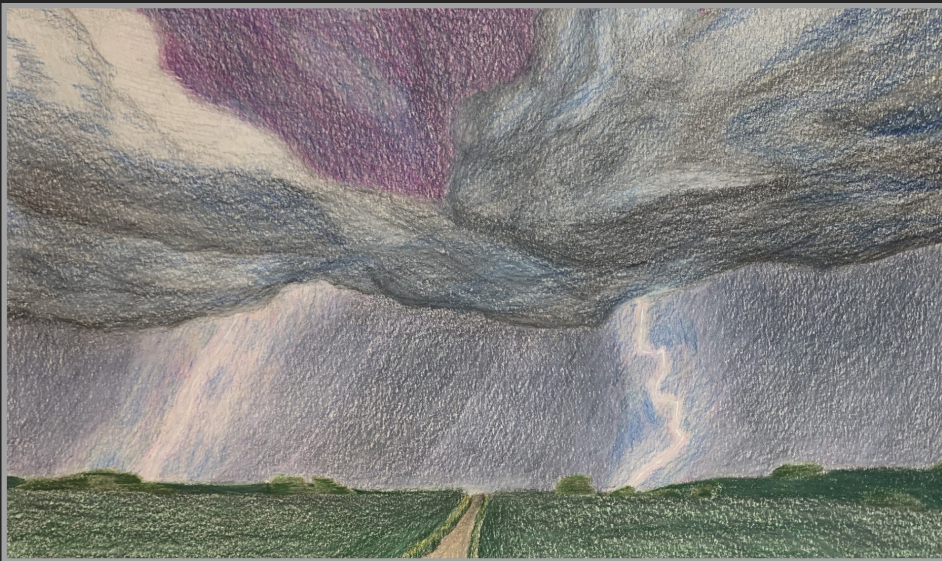
Acrylic on Wood



Hanrong "Rosie" Yang '24  
"Magic"  
Colored Pencil and Markers



Nickolas McTasney '25  
"The Presentation of Atlas"  
Colored Pencil



McKay McGuinness '24  
 "Stormy Night"  
 Colored Pencil

## Love Language

I don't know how to say I love you so instead I will collect eggs to fry and bake bread for toast

I was never taught how to hug correctly so instead I'll mash the peaches into jam and squeeze the oranges into juice

Kissing was never demonstrated to me so instead I'll cook the bacon in the pan and flip the pancakes in the air

I want to love you properly but my upbringing has failed me so instead I'll make us breakfast

I'll fill the table with food I've made for us to share and that will be my love

The honey will be fresh from the hive and the apples freshly plucked from their trees

And when it's time for supper I'll mash the grapes fresh off the vine into sickly sweet wine

The vegetables will be fried and seasoned just how you like it and the salad will be tossed with our favorite dressing

The steak will be cooked the way we love and it will be tender in our teeth

I have not the skills for love but I do have the blessing of cooking

So I'll bake the pie your grandma used to make when you were little and I'll make the very same pasta we shared on our first date

I'll learn the exact kind of burgers your dad used to grill on the Fourth of July and I'll recreate the cake you eat for every birthday

When my words have failed me, the flour and sugar will speak for me

When I cannot tell you that my heart bleeds for you, I'll make you a dessert filled with dripping chocolate that will bleed for you instead

~ Kathryn Elizabeth McCormick '24



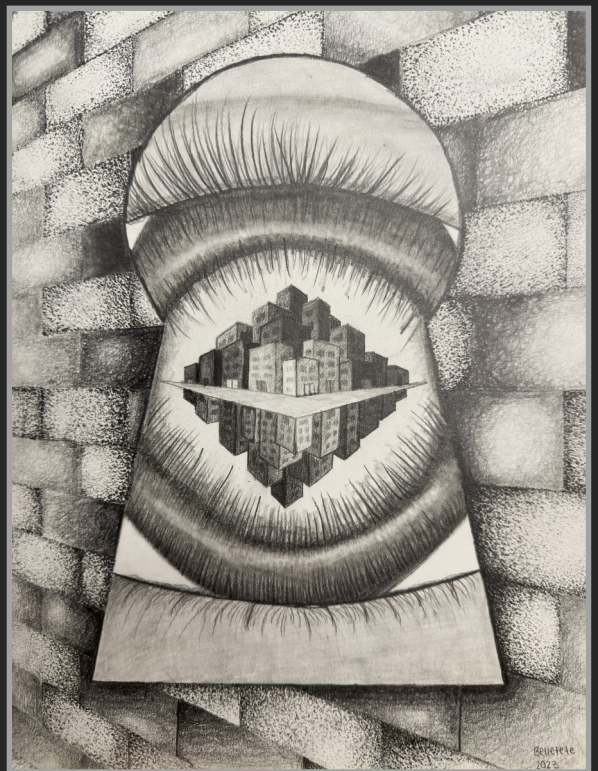
Gracyn Becker '25  
Acrylic Paint



Dempsey Barbera '25  
Foam, Acrylic Paint



Rachel Rodriguez '26  
Cut Paper



Addison Belletete '26  
Pencil

## The World is My Backyard

When you are young the whole world is the length  
of your backyard

As a child my roof was the intertwining green  
leaves above my head

I fed millions with a banquet of acorns and wild  
onions

When I ran barefoot through the tall grass, I was  
ruler of the world

I did as I pleased, and the people did as I com-  
manded

Wars were fought with branches and stones  
And ended when my mother said dinner was  
ready

I crossed oceans when I stepped over the creek  
that slithered through my backyard

In my world, with me as ruler,  
No one is ever hurt

But if they are, my father will give them a super-  
hero bandage

Everyone spends their days laughing, playing in  
the sun

When it rains we jump in lakes (puddles) and talk  
to God (thunder)

In my world we have no need for money because  
we have everything we could ever want

In my backyard, my world,

I can take care of everyone and hug them all  
goodnight

The concept of death is reserved only for the  
squirrel by the blackberry bush

We give him a long, beautiful funeral

In my world we all hold hands to cross the street

In my world we all sing along to the radio blasting  
from the kitchen window

In my world the red staining the ground is from  
the paint I spilt when I was eleven

And when I was eleven, I ruled the world

~Kathryn Elizabeth McCormick '24



Amanda Butner '24  
Eva Marie Bonnafous '26  
"Un-tide-ld"

Cardboard, PVC Pipe, Fabric,  
Yarn, Hot Glue, Thread, Wire



Gracyn Becker '25

"Sea Horses"

Markers



Audrey Thompson '24

"Fear in Different Forms" Pencil



Jackie Obermeier '24

Markers and Pencil



Harry Penne '24 Photograph



Jacob Boron '24

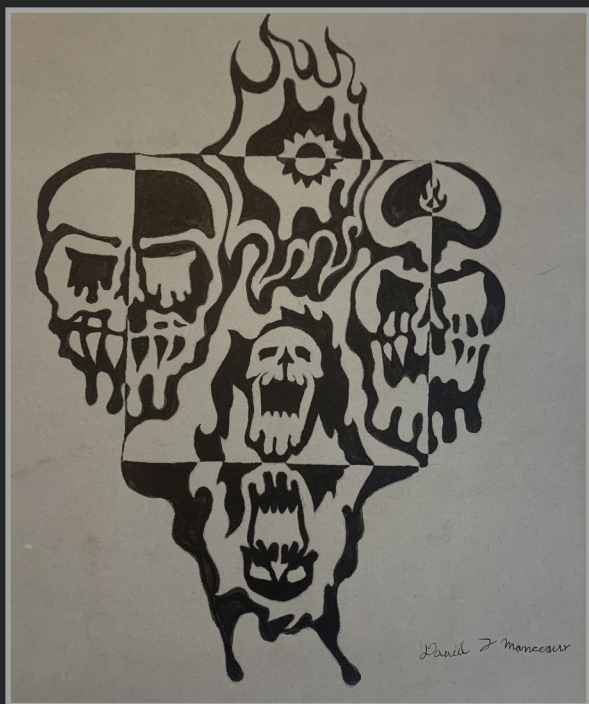
Cardboard, Plastic Sheet, Hot Glue, Super Glue

## flowers lined, organized

flowers lined, organized  
 seemingly meant to be  
 (one stands different)  
 a weed among flowers  
 (the wind blows) a weed  
 threatened to be removed  
 (do not be swayed)  
 roots hold firm  
 the weed (lose not individuality)  
 stay  
 (stay) itself  
 (true)  
 one looks (he sees not  
 beauty)  
 yet sees imperfection  
 desires beauty: remove imperfec-  
 tion  
 the weed (roots hold firm)  
 remains  
 not swayed  
 (never swayed)  
 flowers lined, organized  
 one out of place  
 (drawing attention) to the error  
 (to the outsider)  
 a weed among flowers  
 threatened to be removed  
 (do not be swayed)  
 roots hold firm  
 the weed  
 (lose not individuality)  
 stay  
 (stay) itself  
 (true)  
 always  
 (always)

Stay

~Harry Penne '24



David Monceaux '25 Cut Paper



Maddie Christian '25 Cut Paper



Hanrong "Rosie" Yang '24  
Colored Pencil and Markers



Hanrong "Rosie" Yang '24 "Connections" Colored Pencil and Markers



McKay McGuinness '24  
Pencil, Colored Pencil and Thread



Cing Hoih '24 Pencil



Harrison Skinner '25  
Foam, Acrylic Paint

## A Hymn for Christmastide

Oh! hear ye now our Christmas  
hymn of joy,  
To all the nations: sing aloud, He's  
here!  
From highest king to lowly servant  
boy,  
The world's been freed from all of  
evil's sneer.

Oh! hear ye now our Christmas  
hymn of glee,  
No longer have we fear of damna-  
tion.  
He has become for us the Heavenly  
key!  
We gladly hail the king of crea-  
tion!

Oh! hear ye now our Christmas  
hymn of praise!  
Let not our song stop on these ho-  
ly days!

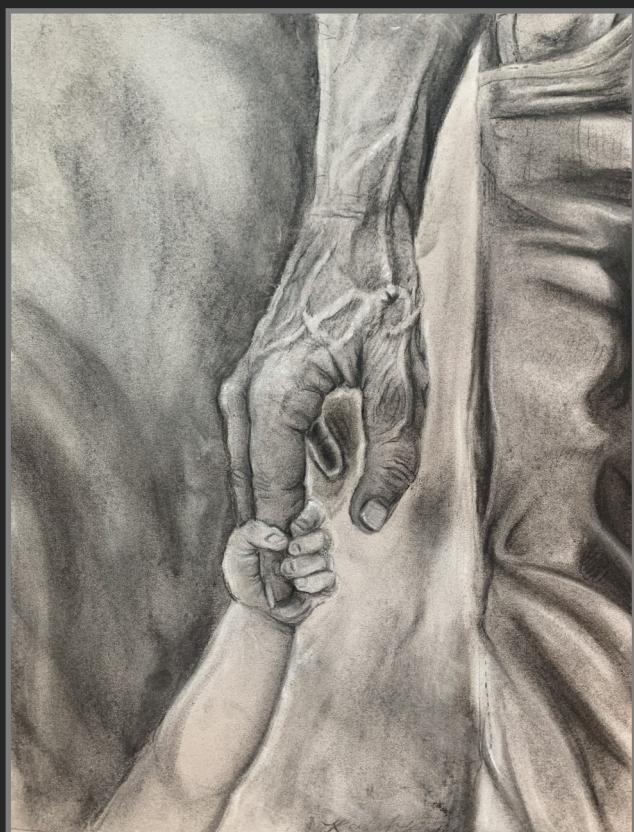
~Harry Penne '24



Jackie Obermeier '24 Markers



Hanrong "Rosie" Yang '24 "Steps" Colored Pencil and Marker



Rachel Rodriguez '26 Charcoal



Dominic Farone '24 Ceramics



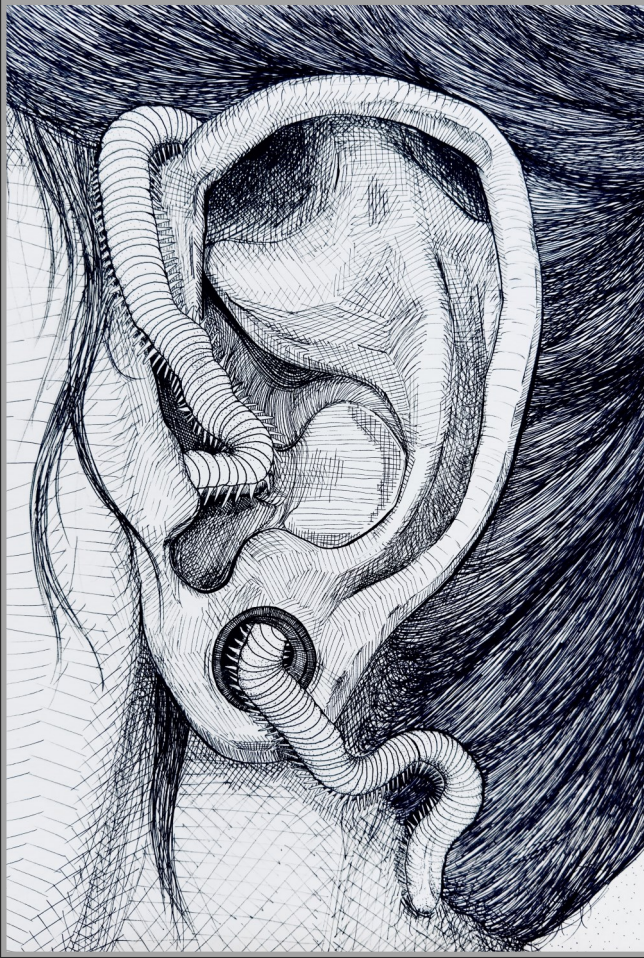
Gracyn Becker '25 Watercolor



Aydrien Fajardo '24  
Foam, Acrylic Paint



Gracyn Becker '25  
Watercolor



McKay McGuinness '24 Pen and Ink

## BIG

Big!

Scared of the storms and of the dark am I!

With Dad, it all seems less scary somehow...

I love my friends because we play "I Spy".  
I read a word, they clap, and then I bow.  
We laugh and sing and run around.

"To space!", we cry in our real rocket ship.

Mom laughs, but we are so far off the ground!

She has the snacks- "Oh! Yay! My favorite chips!"

But their taste I simply cannot recall...  
The fairies have not heard from me in years.

My tedious tasks are for what I stall.  
My car replaced the rocket where we cheered.

How long was it since I have seen the sun?

It must have been when I was free to run.

~McKinney Lynn '25



Audrey Thompson '24  
"The Art of Collaboration"  
Colored Pencil

## DORY

To actively forget is a feeling you'll never know.  
Falling- asleep, in love, into forgiveness- is the same.  
You know not that you have fallen asleep 'til the cock crows,  
Just as the heart never knows the extent of its tumble.

Forgiveness is similar; It is a feeling not quite felt on the journey.  
Rather, it is realized upon arriving at the destination –  
Staring into the face of an oppressor with love.

Forgetting is indeed more complex than these.  
However, it causes much less strain on the spirit.  
To feel yourself forgetting is to remember-  
As it is present in your mind, not truly erased.

There's a myriad of emotions associated with the task,  
But none with the task itself...

The anxiety of realizing what is lost is strong,  
But the moment it was left passed without commotion.  
Belief is often linked to the phenomenon,  
As the details of his face are lost to time.  
Or maybe this is characterized by strife...

You know all these emotions and more,  
But to feel the forgetting, you're not given the pleasure.  
You can wish, wait, and hope to fail to remember,  
But once you actually do so, it is not a feeling at all.  
Just a moment lost in a moment;  
A memory that has loosened its grasp.

~McKinney Lynn '25



Hanrong "Rosie" Yang '24

Bobo

Markers and Colored Pencil



Kailey Nicholson '24

Pen and Ink with Collage



Kailey Nicholson '24 Collage



Grace Wehby '24 "Lemon Sun"  
Acrylic



Harry Penne '24 Photograph



Joseph Kilgour '24  
Foam, Acrylic Paint



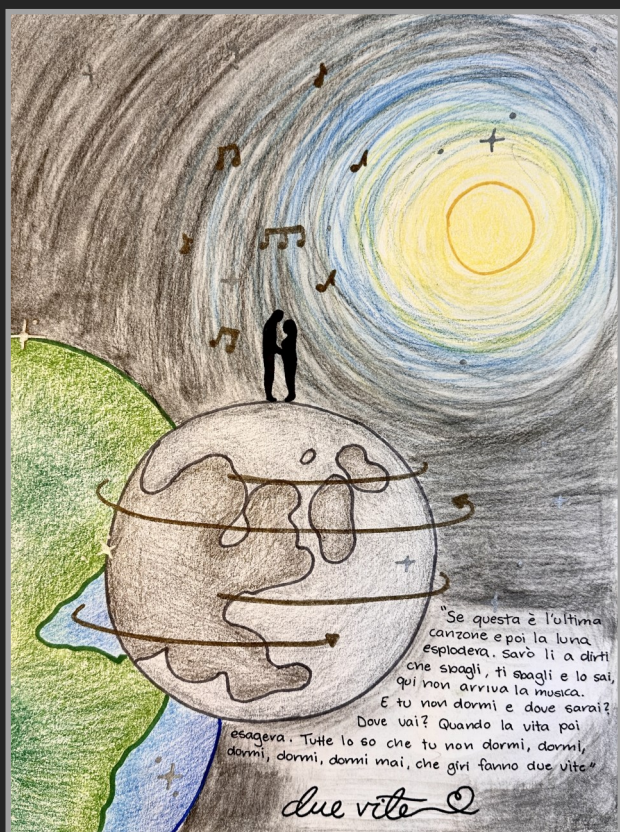
Brodie Lynch '24  
Foam, Acrylic Paint



Harry Penne '24 Photograph

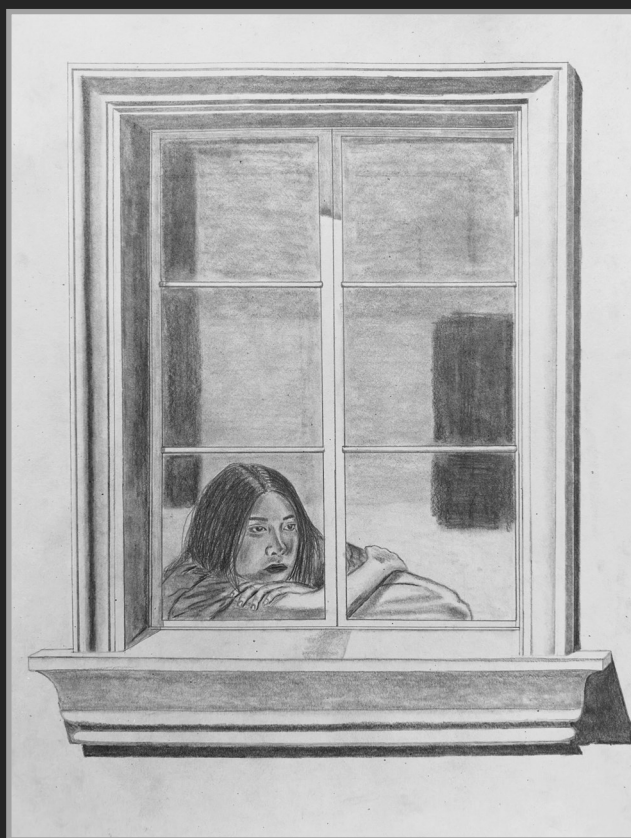


Hanrong "Rosie" Yang '24  
Colored Pencil and Markers



Addy Guss '26

Pencil, Colored Pencil



Kailey Nicholson '24 Pencil



Audrey Thompson '24 "The Fridge" Pencil

## A Descent

*"Insanity is doing the same thing, over and over again, but expecting different results."*

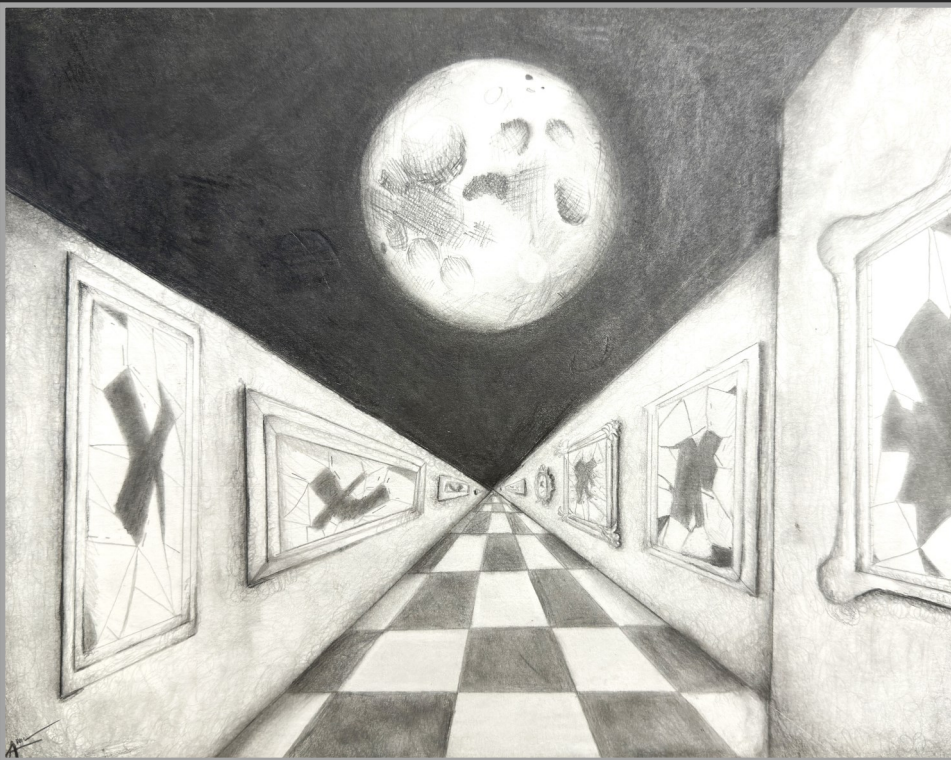
*Narcotics Anonymous*

Here I stay  
Sat at a desk aching with a pain I so often feel  
My limbs, cold with the metallic sting of restlessness and productivity  
With a face that grows hard and sunken, I cannot shake this familiar sense  
of dismay  
My fingers persevere for hours upon hours upon hours upon hours upon  
My keyboard pattering away as I drift in and out of a strange somnambulant state of  
consciousness  
I know this place  
I know this desk  
I know these hands  
I forget where I am  
I forget how I came to be sat upon this cushion  
I forget my name, a name that feels so distant yet within reach  
I could grab it if only my arms weren't so cold with the metallic sting of restlessness  
and  
"Productivity"  
"Efficiency"  
Hard, endless, grueling, mind-numbingly repetitious  
"Work", for the good of myself!  
For the good of others!  
I am useful! use-  
ful?  
I work because I can. I am lucky to have an opportunity as great as  
This  
This is the end of my descent  
A descent through the corporate ladder  
A descent through a social hierarchy  
A descent meant to benefit my superiors  
A descent designed to keep me  
Sat at a desk aching with a pain I so often feel  
My limbs, cold with the metallic sting of  
Restlessness, productivity, and grueling, mind-numbingly repetitious  
Work  
At last, after all this time, my work, myself, my descent into madness, is  
Complete

~Aiden Sissons '26



Audrey Thompson '24 "Amelia" Oil Pastels



Andrea Ramos '27  
Pencil



Gracyn Becker '25 "Still Life with Horse Skull" Watercolor



Jackie Obermeier '24 Markers

## Don't Send Me Postcards

I want so many things for you

The life you always wished for

I want you to see New York City at sunset, an ice cream cone in hand

I want your fridge to always be stocked with the same soda you order at your favorite restaurant

The one you save for special occasions

I hope you always live a walk away from a park with ducks in the pond

I wish, with all my being, that love comes easy to you even on your loneliest days

That everyday hold memories that you'll cherish forever

I hope the sun always shines bright on your face and when you look to the night sky the moon is always full

Most importantly of all I want to never know anything about it

I hope you never send me postcards

Never text me in the middle of the night

Never call me when you're bored at work

I hope our paths never cross again

But I do wish you would think of me fondly on the rare occasion your Christmas decorations look how mine used to

Or a book on your shelf reminds you of the ones I used to carry everywhere

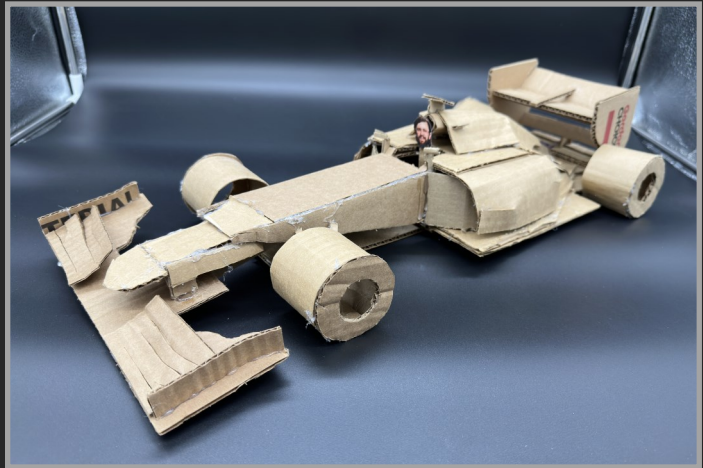
I never want to see you again

But I do hope whenever you drink your morning coffee

You do as I do and remember when we used to drink it together

~Kathryn Elizabeth McCormick '24

Jack Sudderth '24  
Paolo Canaman '24  
Cardboard, Hot Glue



Kailey Nicholson '24 Pencil

Dominic Farone '24  
Senior Patio Colored Pencil



## Snow day

Sitting at the top of a snowy hill looking down,  
The hill looks so tempting,  
But there is only one sled.

waiting and waiting  
Until you can't anymore...

On the cold soft powder the rolling begins.

Seeing  
Sky, Ground  
Sky, Ground  
Sky, Ground

Cold snow on

Face, Back  
Face, Back  
Face, Back

'Till at the bottom,  
Laying in the snow laughing.

~Gracie Smart '25

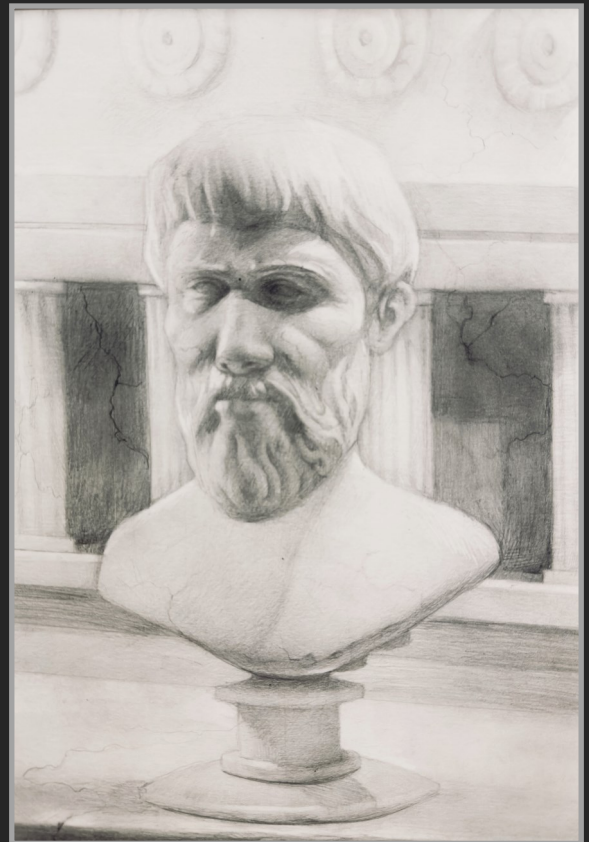


Jackie Obermeier '24  
Markers and Pencil



John Parker Link '26 Pencil

Nickolas McTasney '25  
"Roman Bust" Pencil



Houston Vinett '24

Harrison Skinner '25

Cardboard, Dowel Rods, Hot  
Glue, Spray Paint, Wood



2024 Purchase Award  
Hanrong “Rosie” Yang ‘24  
Markers and Colored Pencil

# GADFLY 2024



FATHER RYAN

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CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE