

The Agathist

Spring 2025

Issue 18



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Advisor's Note

MR. DICKSON

Spring has sprung! As I'm writing this, I'm also looking at small dust-devils of pollen swirling outside of my window. As inviting as the sunshine is, I think I'll stay inside.

But that pollen is necessary, gross and allergy-inducing though it is. Plants need it to propagate, to grow. Progress isn't always pleasant. Just ask anyone who's ached over the right word in a poem or the perfect brushstroke in a painting. A band rehearsing the same six measures over and over and over again isn't having fun, but they're growing, maturing, creating.

Even on a cellular level, creation is difficult. It requires an extraordinary amount of energy. It's exhausting, but the results are glorious. Eventually, those cells divide enough to become something—a budding flower, a singing bluejay, a photographer, a person, **you**, dear reader.

As you read this edition of *The Agathist*, remind yourself of the energy that went into the creation of these works. Thanks to all of you who submitted work and to the staff for curating a dang fine edition. Be well. Keep making. But the trees can probably chill with the pollen.

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Stone

ARIEL MORRIS, 11

I will be Stone.
Carved only for myself
as stone wouldn't rely on wood.
How'd it take so long to realize
That being my own stone feels good?

I will be Stone.
It's lonely here, I admit
Able to withstand rain
not crack at earth's elements.
I pity those who cannot do the same.

I will be Stone.
With pores for just some rain
to seep in.
Time will split me, I'm not invincible.
But while I'm here I must let you know
that standing stone will shoulder all
Hail, Sleet, and Snow
and from bottom to top

I will be Stone.

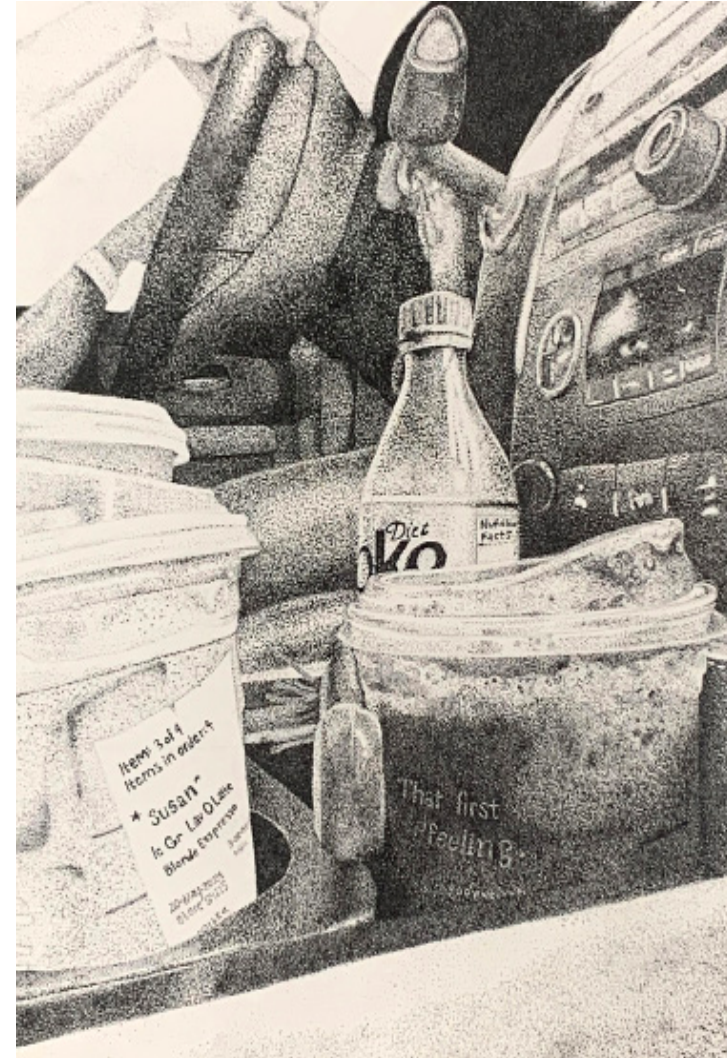


Aging Lines

ANNA GRATE, 12, COLORED PENCIL AND PASTELS

Argento on the Trace

EVAN HUANG, 12



Caffeine Rush

BELLA BREWER, 11, PEN

Snickerdoodle Blondies

ISABELLE SWITZER, 12

I never really had an interest in baking,
Until one day I found a recipe that I really liked.
I'd only ever heard good things about this recipe,
And everything about it seemed so perfect to me.
Everyone began to know me as the girl with the recipe.
It became my obsession, my identity.
But then, after time,
I started to use the recipe excessively.
I was trying too hard to make it exactly how I wanted it
That I ended up messing up every step.
I broke my spatula, I ran out of flour, and I lost my measuring cups.
I never was able to make it perfectly again
So, I lost my interest in baking after that.
I was convinced that I would never be good at it.
But maybe baking wasn't the problem.
Maybe I just need to find a better recipe to bring my interest back.



Cherries

ANNA GRATE, 11, ACRYLIC

Kaleidoscope

GRACE GARDNER, 12

Some days I wish
to be seen.
Not flesh and bone,
a body reduced to blood
and bodily functions.
I want to be seen through
a kaleidoscope lens.
Eyes tripping and crossing,
a body bleeding not only
of crimson but sticky honey
and gold as though it was gilded
by God himself.
I want my whole body and soul
to be seen, understood.
A puzzle where each piece
could be put in a multitude of places.
Each deformity and dip of
a wooden table-
hand crafted,
age and experience trapped
for the pleasure of human use.
The void of my feelings,
vast yet contained.
Through my own eyes,
I see the personality
held hostage behind the façade.
I only wish that I was not
the only one to see myself-
from a mirror perpetually warped.



Experimental Expressions

KINSLEY POOLE, 11, MIXED MEDIA

Villa Vacay

MARY ROBERTS, 11, ACRYLIC



Wine and Dine

DANIELLE DUNN, 12, ACRYLIC

Two Houses, What Home?

ANONYMOUS

Two houses.
Two Christmases.
Two birthdays.
Two mistresses.
Two Thanksgivings.
Two Easters.
Two churches.
Two preachers.
Two dogs.
Two dinners.
Two TVs.
Two winners.
Two new families.
Two new homes.
But only one girl.
All alone.



Beyond the Image

Kyle Bailey, 10, charcoal



Lone Cameraman

KINSLEY POOLE, 11, PHOTOGRAPHY

Savior

ARIEL MORRIS, 11

I always wait to be saved

It isn't until
I'm drowning
Eyeing the sunlight
From the depths
Of the water

Until the water
infiltrates my lungs
that I close my eyes
and pray

I'll ask why?
Why hadn't I
before I jumped
in?

he'll pluck me
from the water
and watch as
I regain my
breath once again

I always wait to be saved

Window Shopping

BELLA BREWER, 11, ACRYLIC



The Winter Garden

SARAH SPITCHLEY, 12, PHOTOGRAPHY

Ditz

ANNELISE ROBINSON, 12

I'm just a stupid little southern girl.

I sit with my pencil drawn, stagnant, searching for beautiful words or ideas but my mind is as blank as the page.

I'm the girl who'd disappear first in a horror movie or the first to die in the apocalypse, according to the majority vote.

I ask a question and they answer with their laughter. I laugh too, turning my head to blink the tears from my eyes.

So many of our inside jokes are from my blonde moments. They laugh and then mimic me in an exaggerated southern accent.

They make the sound of a low flying plane as their hand glides right over my head.

"Don't worry about it, you wouldn't understand"

I don't argue because they're probably right.

"Your blonde roots are showing"

"Blondes have more fun" I reply.

"How are you gonna make it in life?"

"I'll just be a stay at home mom and cook and clean all day" I answer half-jokingly.

"Just sit there and look pretty."

So I don't say anything at all.

"All the smart people leave Mississippi"

So I guess I'll stay here and be a stupid little southern girl.



Airline

KINSLEY POOLE, 11, PHOTOGRAPHY

Little Fat Princess

MILLIE TURNAGE 12

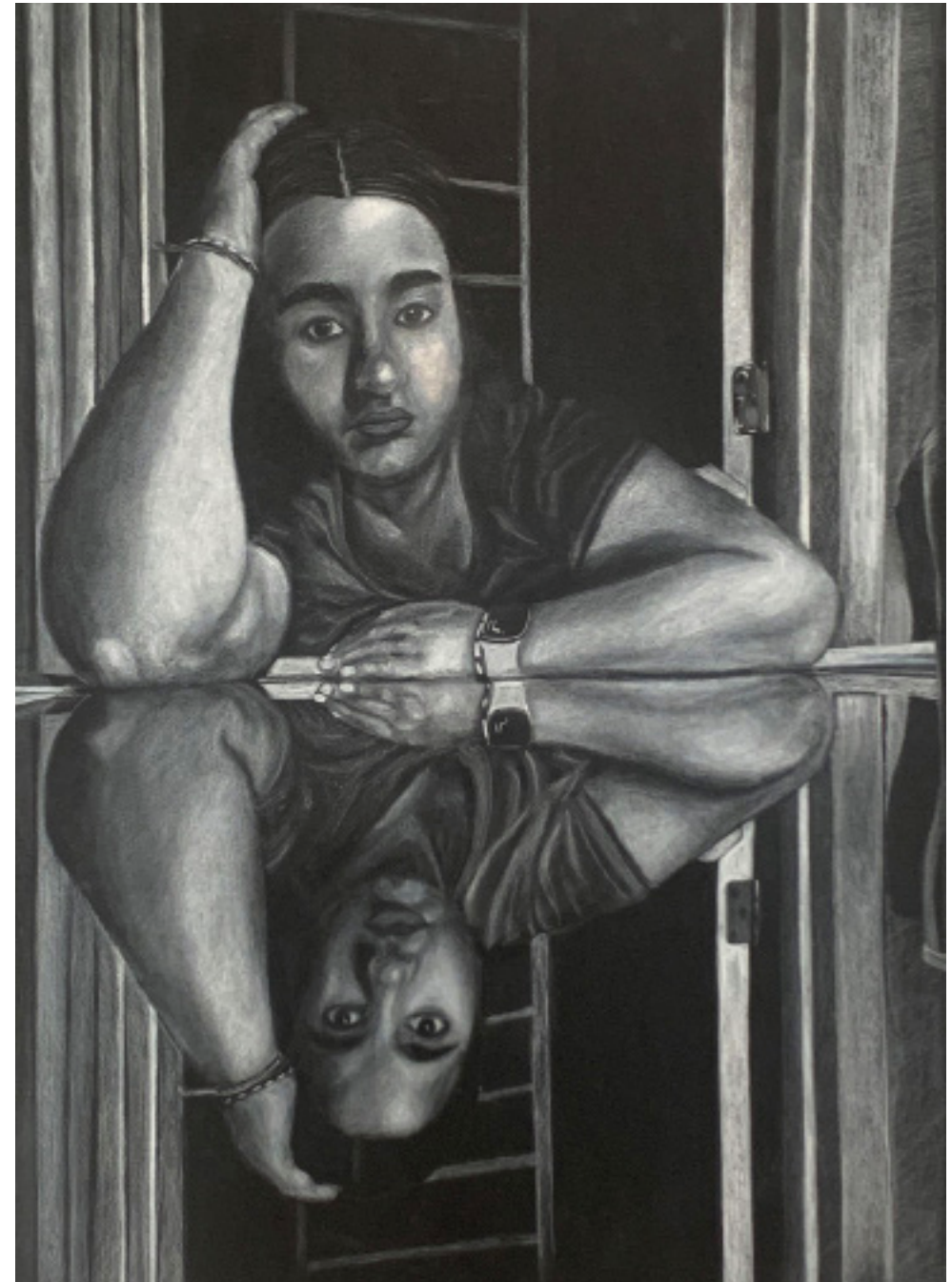
a little fat princess
crying on the playground,
mulch in her hair
and a scrape on her knee.
one little fat princess,
crying and wondering *why*,
why won't they play with me?

*we wear the same shoes,
the same bows in our hair,
we go to school together...
but they'd never pick me,
no matter the weather.*

oh, little fat princess,
you don't know yet—
how much they judge you
for the size of your dress.

poor pudgy princess,
how alone you must feel,
the only ballerina
who doesn't grace the stage.
tear drops stain her tutu
and the teacher turns away.
she quietly whispers *why*,
why am I still this shape?

little chubby mermaid,
watches the waves arch before they bow.
she stares at her reflection,
discovering-- she's not so little now.
leaning closer to whisper
her secrets into the sea,
how I wish my scales shined like you,
oh, how I wish I weren't me.



Daydreamer

BELLA BREWER, 11, WHITE CHARCOAL

Chanced Memory

KYLE BAILEY, 10, PEN



Four Peas in a Pod

BELLA BREWER, 11, PASTELS, CHARCOAL, GRAPHITE

Root Me

ARIEL MORRIS, 11

God, as little as I am
Let me first, thank you.
I haven't somehow been
Trampled on as I sprouted
From the Earth you created
That I grew healthy
All my petals in order

So, I must apologize when I ask you to

Root me

Spread them out far
Within the ground
So, no flood can
Disturb me.
Stretch them out,
A child's arms open
For a hug to
Intertwine me with
The nearest plant.

Root me.

At least have me fooled
And confuse me
For an oak tree
That I am large enough
To never be knocked
Over.

It's funny
How so much wind
Can kick up pebbles to
Knock me down.

Root me

With your infinite strength I ask
For a sliver
Tie me down with chains
Anchor me to the bottom
Of the land
And tell me all will be okay

I no longer wish
To sway to and fro
Let everything that bothers me
Drip off
Like water on my
Leaves
And so that everything
Leaves me be
And God just

Root me.



Beauty in the Bushes

SYMONE COSEY, 12, LINOLEUM PRINT

Mountain of Snakes

NICK ROVANG, 12

A mouth of crooked teeth
And eyes full with greed
Their lust for power and wealth
Reshaping the faith of their sheep

The claiming of lives
And waste of their time
you boast your strength
yet won't even go the full length

I hope you choke
From the weight of the dead
They all lost their lives
While you just sit there and whine

Wolf in sheep's clothing
You try and relate
But all I see
Is a fat lying snake

The gluttonous decadent
Flaunting their wealth
And buying their spot
On the next islands list

You say you're doing what's best
But you're just treasonous swine
Hiding behind the violence
So you send your men to the frontlines

A new world
Something we are longing
Destroy this mountain of snakes
Are you Listening?



Starry Mountain

Sarah Spitchley, 12, Photography

Are You Comfortable

ARIEL MORRIS, 11

I hope you are
surrounded by the dirt I left
you in

This is the bed you made
you can rest now.
Peacefully, with your eyes
closed.

You were expensive,
I pawned off my time,
attention, money
and most importantly
Me.

All that to
put you in the ground
wrapped in white pillows
encase you in mahogany
after praying you'd stay.

No, off you are.
Kiss the world goodbye!
Lord knows,
You didn't care about
Who you left
Behind.

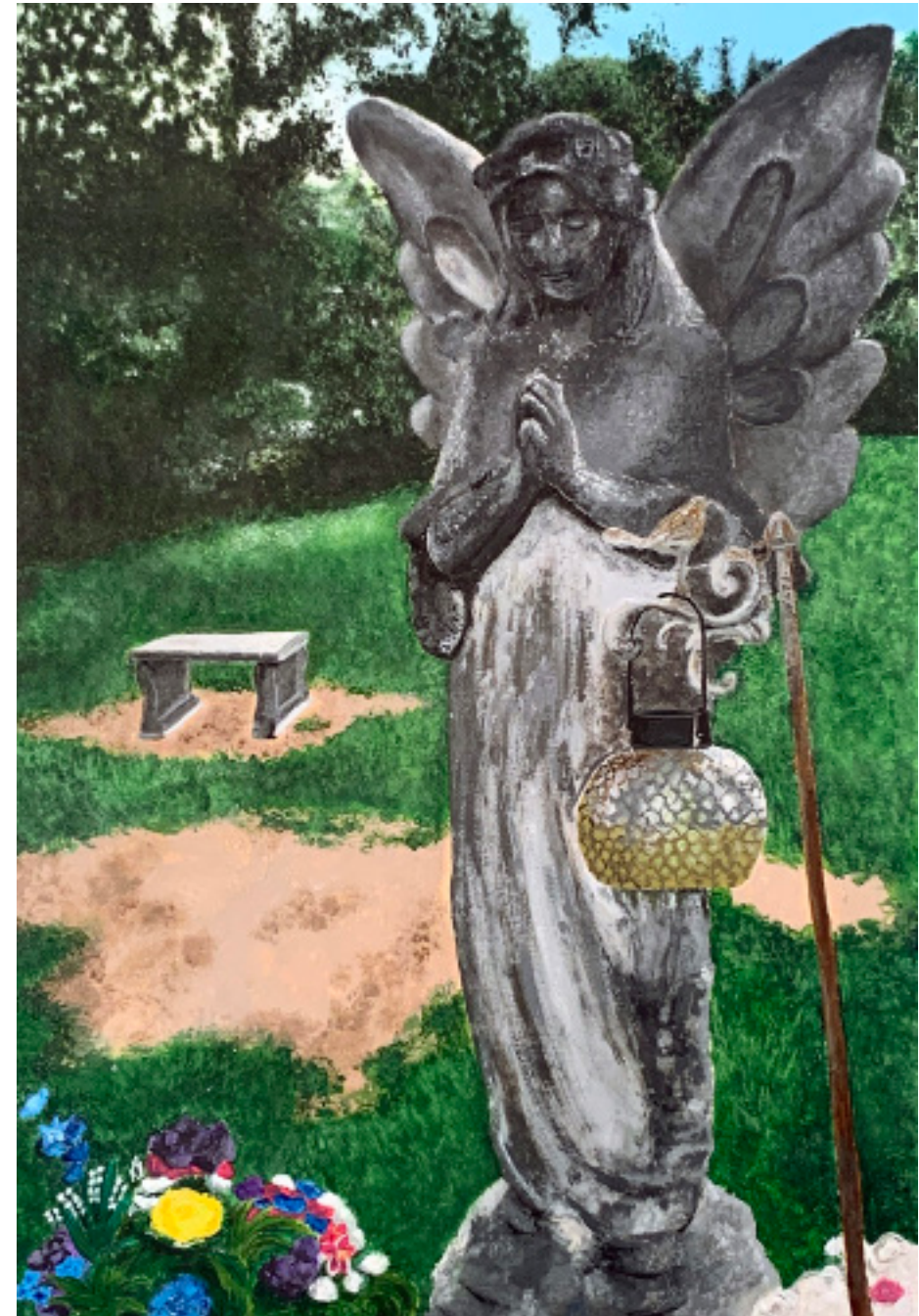
No, go.
I'll take on the burden
Of grieving
It's the least I could do for you.

I'll get use to asking the walls
questions about where you
Went,
I'll mourn the person I thought
You were.

Decompose
And fast.
If you must rot away
rot away from my
Mind.

You coward
going out the
easy way
leaving me to pick up
the pieces.

Are you comfortable?

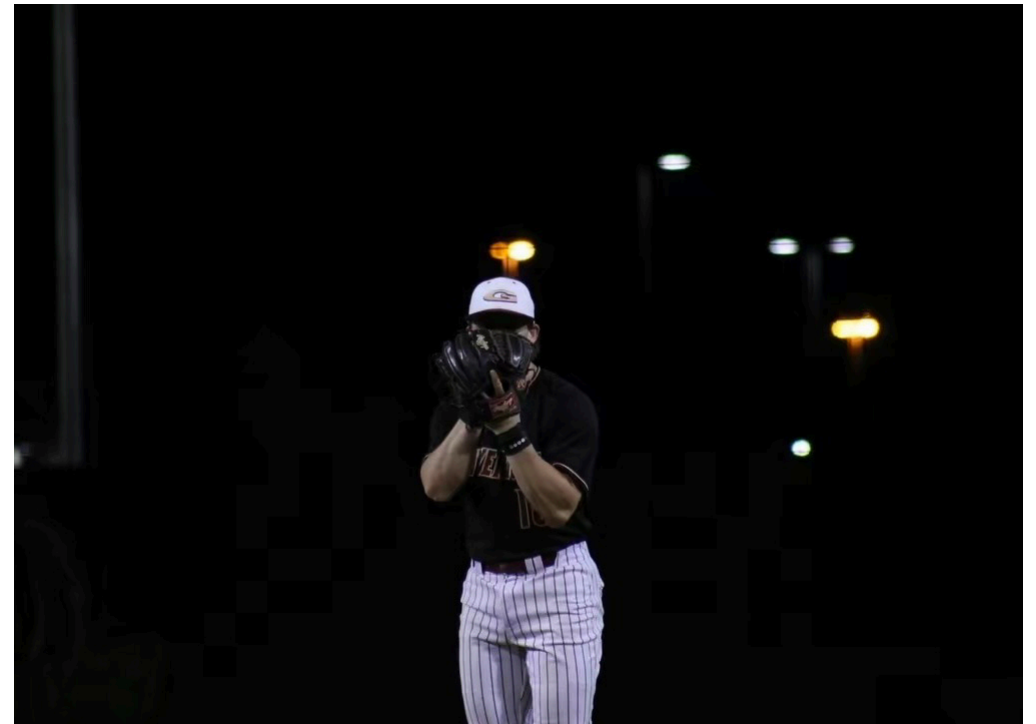
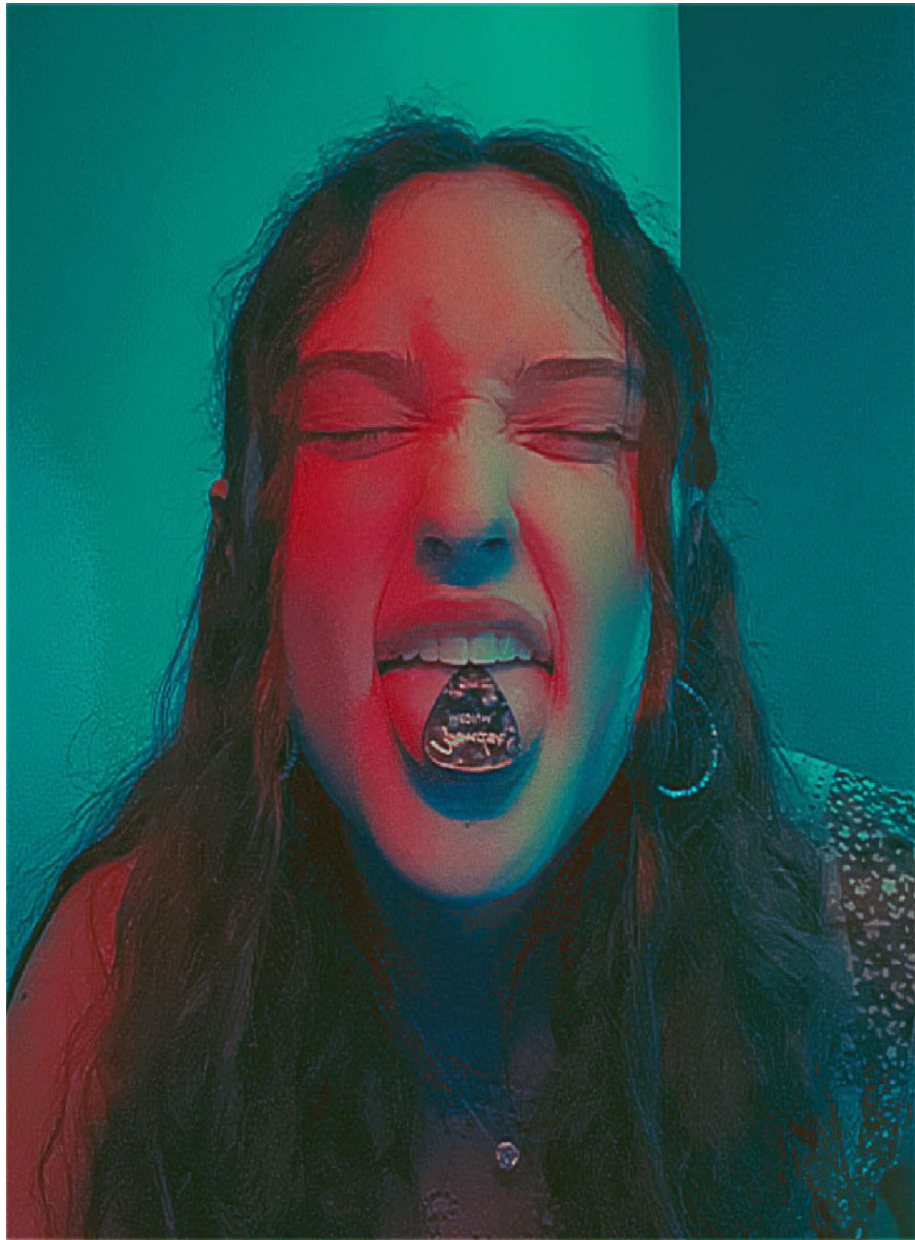


Angelic Solitude

AUBREE MASON, 11, ACRYLIC

Up the Bass

JESSIE FARMER, 12, PHOTOGRAPHY



Pitching 18

NYLA LEMONS, 12, PHOTOGRAPHY

Rings

JAYDEN GRANDERSON, 12

Rings don't decide love.

12 years of marriage, leads to 12 years of longing. Young eyes are engraved with visions unforgettable. Feet 12 inches away from the ground, begging to return to earth. A role too young to be filled, now forever empty.

Rings take away life.

A silent car ride interrupted by electronic yelling. Smells of disease still lingers in his nostrils. The screams still continue, causing his ears to cry. Tears are silenced by the click of a button. News of a new angel is shared. Even the strongest brute weeps.

Rings separate love.

A grotesque monster consumes his poison. He shows his fury to a car giver of innocence. A blade makes its entrance. Three lives are placed over one. "Justice" makes an appearance. They force two wrists to join. Forcing a family into many homes.



Hidden Emotion

KYLE BAILEY, 10, WHITE CHARCOAL

October Shades

EVAN HUANG, 12, PHOTOGRAPHY



Game Point

NYLA LEMONS, 12, PHOTOGRAPHY

The Truth Behind Writing

ALEX AKIN, 11

Why is it hard to know what to write about? Could this be you've written all the stories you have to tell? No. Writing can be hard because you don't know if your story is good enough. All stories fancy to a different kind of person, each one having a different ending. Writing isn't about putting words on a paper but about putting your experiences and imagination into words. It's a way to show people how you think and what you think about. But there comes a time when you're burnt out and must write. So, what do you write about?

Well, you don't.

If you have no story to tell them, what you're writing is useless, it's not important. When finding yourself stuck in a trap of wondering what in the world to write, just don't. Go outside, just do anything that you can write about. If you don't have anything else to write about for your essay, find something that you can cite to start a whole new avenue of thinking. Sometimes the most productive thing you can do is nothing. If you've ever had grandparents that retire after so many years, you'll see that doing nothing is hard when you've been doing something your whole life. If you can't be comfortable doing nothing, then you'll work yourself to death. Yes, doing nothing is seen as a waste of time. It is as if you never do anything. Doing nothing can help you figure out the best way to attack your long to-do list on Canvas. It gives you time to think and realize that life isn't about your grades but leaving your impact on the world. Yes, grades are important, but sitting there and stressing over grades will cause your life to be shorter. If you just take a second to breathe, you'll realize that the best thing you can do is to give yourself a break. It doesn't have to be long. It can be 30 minuets to just think and decide what the best plan of action is. Then when you're done, you'll look in Canvas and see that the whole to-do list is just a bunch of announcements.



Cascade

KINSLEY POOLE, 11, PHOTOGRAPHY