ST. PATRICK'S

THE CLOVER

Visual Art and Creative Writing

2025

THE CLOVER

St. Patrick's Episcopal Day School
Middle School
4590 MacArthur Boulevard NW
Washington, DC 20007
stpatsdc.org

Welcome to *The Clover*,

The Clover highlights the imaginative writers and artists of our Middle School. The Wolfhound community is a creative one that values each individual's voice. This magazine springs from the desire to share these voices and our literary and artistic talents with the wider community.

We would like to thank the contributors for their work. Most of the visual pieces were created in Art Teacher Kyujin Lee's 2024-2025 Drawing Challenge Club. This issue of *The Clover* would not exist without Ms. Lee's dedication and efforts. Thank you!

Finally, we would like to extend our gratitude to Head of School Jalene Spain Thomas and members of our faculty and staff: Rev. Amy Yount, Dan Spector, Leah Corradi, Joanne Garcia, Marlena Elmore, Julia Smith, Matison Hearn-Desautels, Karolina Canning, Julia Hiemstra, and the families of our students for making the 2025 issue of *The Clover* possible.

Sincerely,
Student Editorial Team: Jinnah Breitenstein, Sage Caraher, Pia Neuhauser, Kiran Phillips, and Edmund Samuel

Faculty Advisor and Editor: Jamila Felton, Librarian

Cover Design: Sage Caraher, Grade 6

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Gazelle by Margaret Donohoe, Grade 7



Shirotama by Ryan O'Connor, Grade 7

Stronger Together
by Duke Ashton, Grade 8

The Harlem Renaissance
A melting pot of people, perspectives, talents, and brilliance.
Artists, Musicians, Poets, and Writers
A utopia,
For the Black intellectual.
A rebirth of our culture.
The African-American Culture.

We aren't dictated by our age.
The young and old act in collaboration with another.
Coming together for our collective aspirations.
Our African heritage binds us together.
Like a spider web.

Stronger together.
We are connected by our experiences.
The prejudice and racism we face daily.
It is not possible to battle this force,
If we are alone.
We are stronger, together.



Dream Shoe by Dylan Hockenberry, Grade 6



Zoro of the Straw Hats by Amanuel Selassie, Grade 6

The Neverending Rain Shower
by Sage Caraher, Grade 6

I.
My eyes shut closed
the peaceful sounds of rain overloads
fills my head

Then my mind goes
my eyes can’t open

All of a sudden dusk has risen
no sun
no nothing
just darkness

II.
It feels like there's nothing to do
but bury yourself under the covers
and take a trip to another universe
but then recess comes

Raindrops dripping down your head
your shoes sliding because of all the water on the ground

All of a sudden there you are
in the classroom
doing equations
listening to the equal amount of rain on the roof

Sitting there
you think about being in your own bed
with your own pajamas on
listening
to the neverending rain shower



Pastel Blocks by Reagan Mulvihill, Grade 6



Circling Back by Charlie Ghafouri, Grade 7

Jazz in Me
by Duke Ashton, Grade 8

Rhythm.
Spirit.
Joy.
Celebration.
Harmony.
Music.
Renaissance.
Pride.
Jazz.

A rhythmic creation of beauty in words.
Brief, yet buoyant and brilliant.

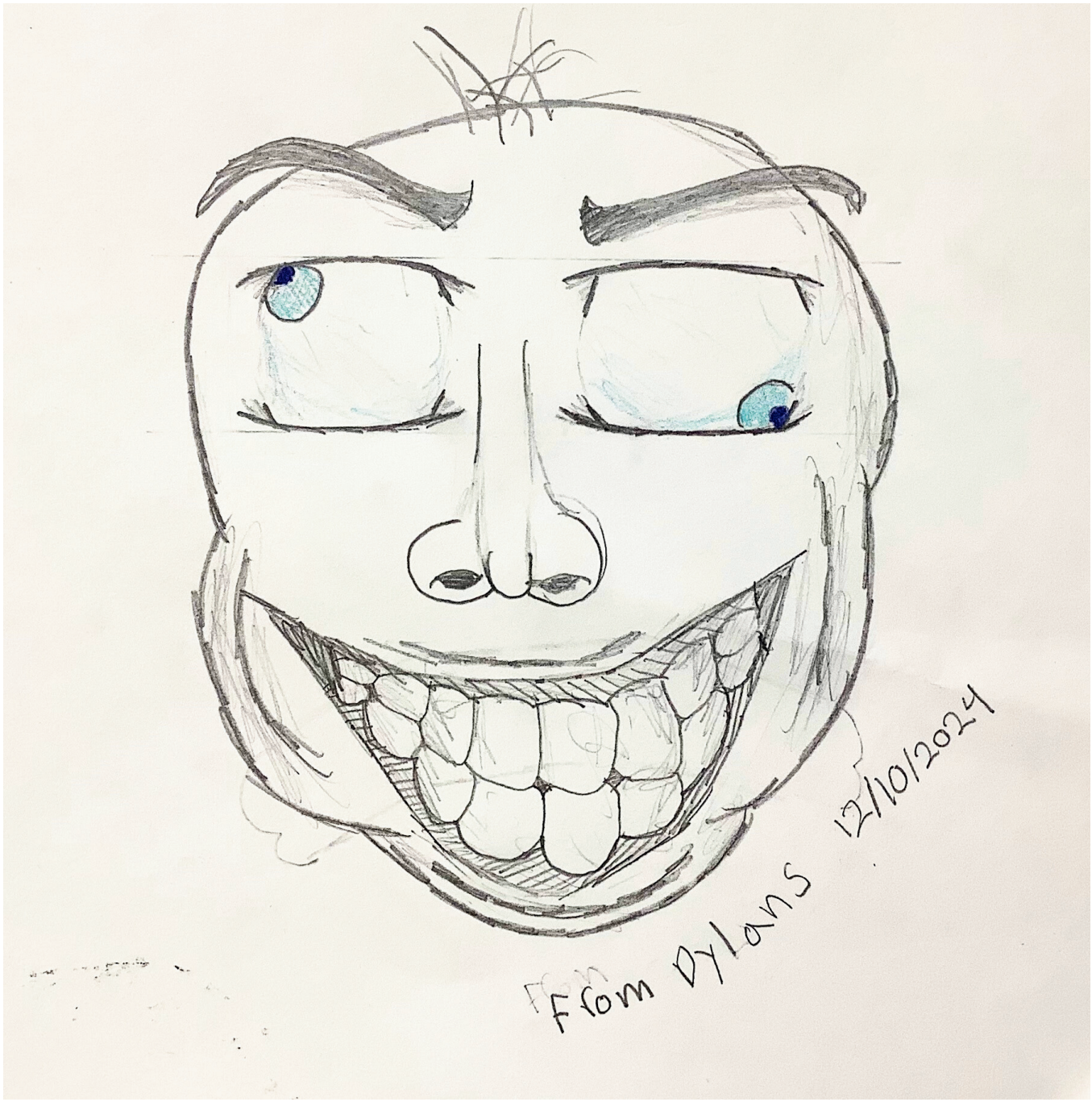
Uplifting.
Fun.
Joyous.
Fun.

I close my eyes and I can see
The notes jumping off the page
In vibrant colors of magenta, blue, emerald, rose, and lemon.

Jazz is Joy,
Jazz is Love,
Jazz is Vivacious.
But Jazz is also,
Blue.
Melancholy.
Sad.
Smooth.
Calm.

Jazz is everywhere.
When eating dinner with family.
Reuniting with a friend after a long time.
Playing basketball with your boys.
Getting a hug from your mom.
Spending time with your father.
Having a laugh.

Jazz is everywhere.
Jazz is Life.



Blue Eyes by Dylan Schneidau, Grade 7



sleep/wake by Kiran Phillips, Grade 7

Haiku: Morning
by Caroline Stieglitz, Grade 7

Morning

Heavenly sunlight
The birds are awakening
And singing hello

Mid-morning

Waving to my friends
Talking, laughing, ev'rywhere
Delicious goldfish

Mid-day

Panini presses
Chatting, then going outside
Soccer at the field

Afternoon

Mind-numbing homework
Rewards of snacks and soccer
So close to bedtime

Evening

Food with family
Exhausting, lively game nights
The beautiful moon



Dollhouse by Sydney Fuisz, Grade 6



Dollhouse by Kathryn Patten, Grade 6



Environmental Heroes by Ryan O'Connor, Grade 7



Yowai Mo by Amanuel Selassie, Grade 6



Mountains Somewhere in Ireland by Jinnah Breitenstein, Grade 7

Myth Retelling: Hestia
by Katherine Maiberger, Grade 6

“Please, please marry me,” said Apollo to Hestia. Hestia, the goddess of hearth and home was wearing a long gold robe covered in exotic butterflies. Her hair was so curly it could drill through concrete. She was also a virgin, a forever virgin, and there is a good reason why.

Hestia was tired of Apollo constantly calling her, giving her notes, and texting her everyday for her love. She was starting to get mad. She decided to get rid of Apollo by lying and saying that she was moving out of Mount Olympus. She told Apollo she was taking the next flight out. The next day she had no calls, no texts and no notes from Apollo. She was overjoyed. Hestia thought her problem had gone away for good until she arrived at the Olympus airport on the crest of Mount Olympus. Hestia’s fake flight was in one hour.

“Hestia!” shouted Apollo at the airport.

“What are you doing here?”

“Don't you know?”

“I’m here to propose. I want to be the great Hestia’s suitor.”

All of a sudden another voice bellowed,“ No no no, I’m here to propose for Hestia’s love.” It was Poseidon.

Quick side note, Hestia had also been getting harassed by Poseidon. She had gotten him to stop a while ago. Or so she thought.

“What are you doing here, Poseidon?” said Hestia.

“Yeah.” said Apollo.

Hestia’s brain was in a knot. She didn’t know whom to choose. More importantly she didn’t know if she wanted to choose either of them. Hestia knew that if she said no to Poseidon he would terrorize all of the Greek realm. She also knew that Apollo would be like a grenade. He would pull the pin and explode at any second. Hestia didn’t want to make any trouble among the gods or among the humans. She was torn. Poseidon looked like he had just woken up. But his abs were so attractive that Hestia was nearly drooling. On the other hand, Apollo had a kind, warm soul. But he also had to live in the forest with no baths or showers. It showed. Or better to say, it smelled.

“I have to go, duty calls!” screamed Hestia as she ran out of the airport as fast as she humanly could. Even though she’s the goddess of hearth and home.

“Wait, what about your flight?” Apollo screamed back.

“It’s a fake flight, dummy,” said Poseidon to Apollo.

“I’m not a dummy.” Apollo mumbled to himself. Then Poseidon walked off, and Apollo trailed behind.

“What should I do?” Hestia thought to herself.

She knew she had only a few hours to come up with a plan before the mayhem started. Hestia also knew there was only one person who could help her and only one thing that could prevent this from happening ever again. Zeus, the king of all gods. He stood, tall on his throne, wearing his magical crown and holding his overpowering lighting bolt. Of course, we can’t forget about Hera. Fierce and mighty, Hera was the queen of all gods and also Zeus’s wife. Hestia knew what she had to do and she knew she had to do it now.

“Zeus, mighty Zeus!” is what Hestia should have said. It should be mentioned that Zeus is Hestia’s little brother. This is what she really said.

“What’s up, my little brother? How is royalty treating you?”

“Hestia,” says Hera.

“Hey, my sister,” said Hestia to Hera.

“What do you want?” said Zeus.

“I want to stay a virgin and a single goddess forever.”

“Why should I say yes?” said Zeus.

“Why should we say yes,” said Hera angrily.

Hestia had to come up with a great reason. She was debating what to do as Hera and Zeus argued. Apollo and Poseidon came crashing in. Hestia's face went as pale as a ghost.

“Marry me!” screamed Apollo.

“No, marry me!” screamed Poseidon.

“NO!” Hestia yelped.

“If you don't, I'll start World War III,” screamed Poseidon.

That stopped Zeus and Hera’s argument and they reconsidered Hestia’s offer.

“Hestia, the goddess of hearth and home I grant you your wish. If you choose to accept, you must take on the responsibilities of all sacrifices and stay a virgin forever.”

“Do you accept? If not, you will be punished and have to bear ten children and marry both Poseidon and Apollo.” Zeus bellowed.

“Yes!” the two men screamed after they heard the counter offer.

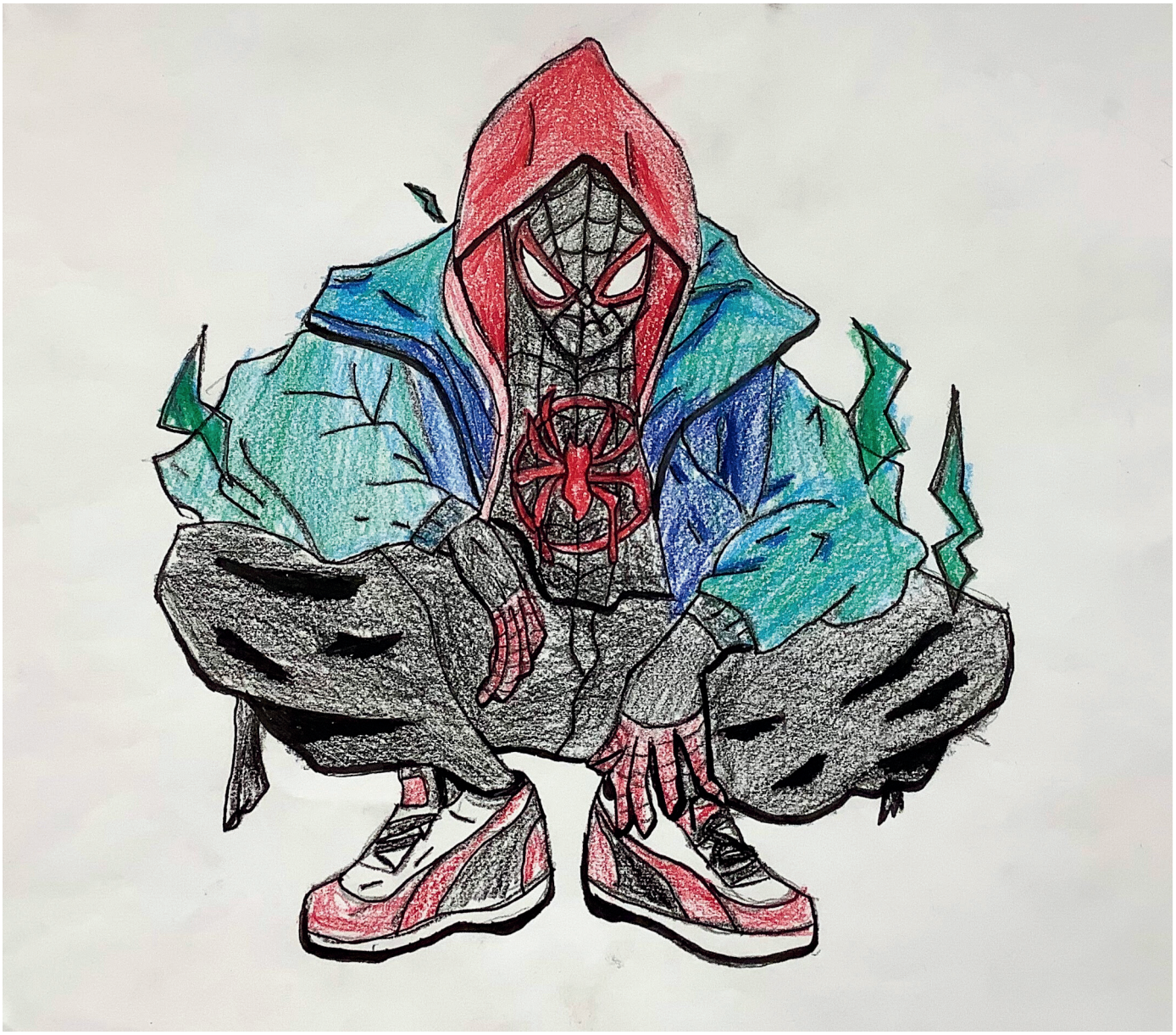
“I would love to accept the first deal!” Hestia said with a big smile on her face.

“NOOOOOOOO!” Apollo and Poseidon yelled.

Their screams will live on in Hestia's soul for centuries and centuries and centuries.



Hamburger Cats by Charlie Ghafouri, Grade 7



Miles Morales by Arthur Sharp, Grade 6



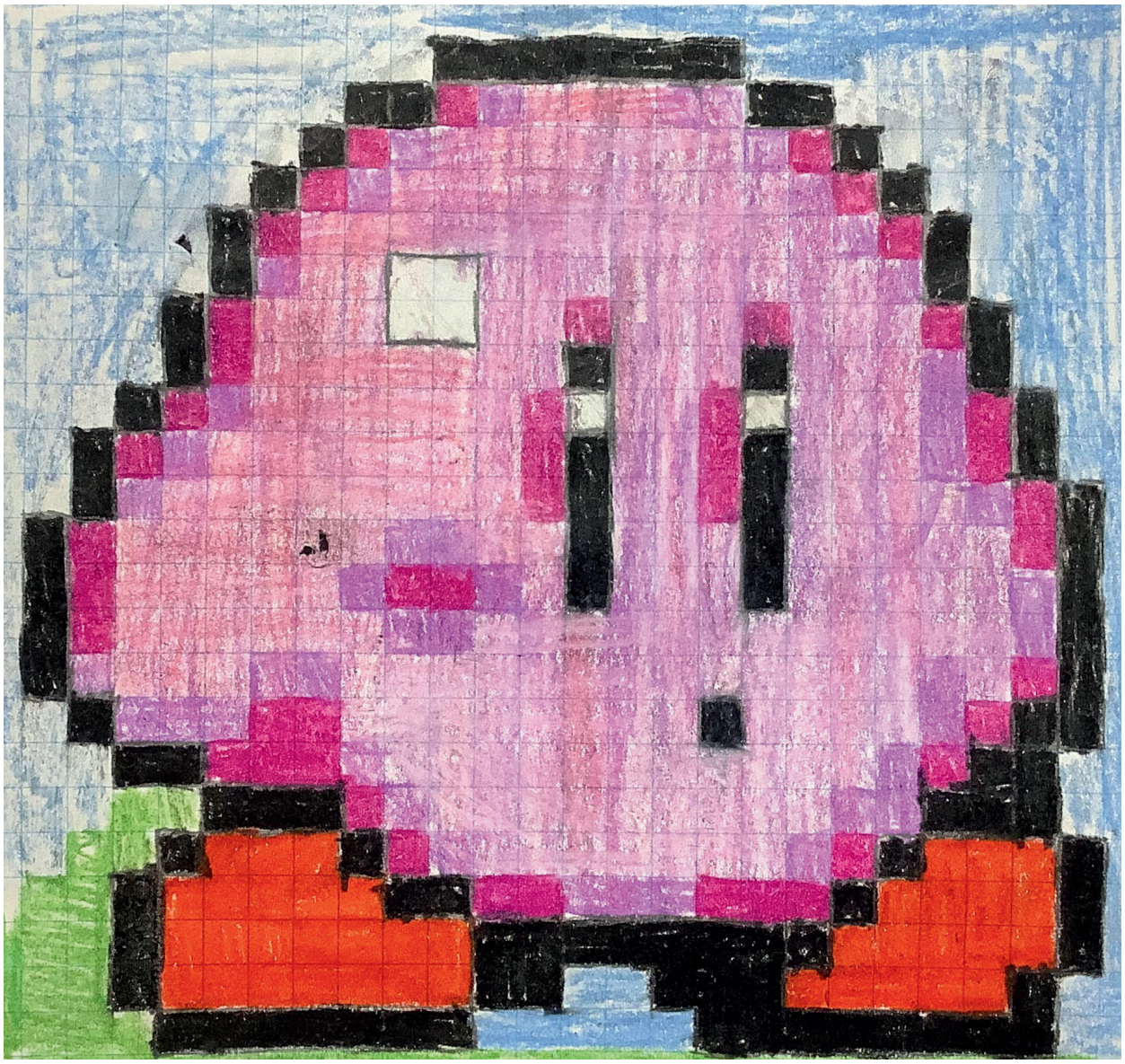
Bitter Sweet by Dylan Hockenberry, Grade 6

The Rise of Jazz
by Duke Ashton, Grade 8

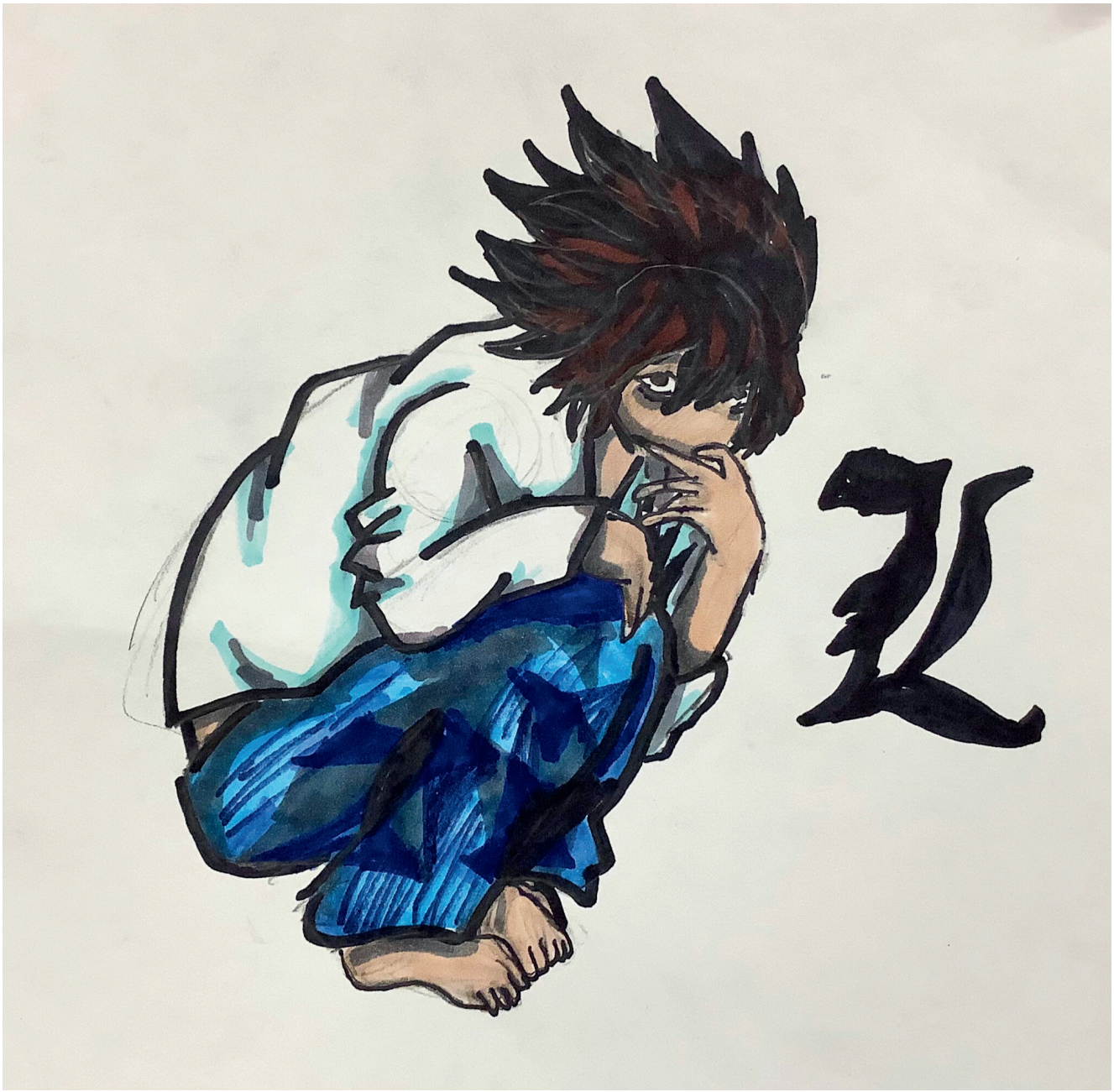
A blend of West African and American cultures.
Spirit.
Harmony.
Tune.
Melody.
Rhythm.
Jazz.

From New Orleans, to Chicago, to Kansas City, to Harlem.
Whites, Blacks, everyone.
The entire world is affected by this movement.
The Globe is captured by Jazz, and won't let go.

Swing,
bebop,
cool jazz,
hard bop,
free jazz,
jazz fusion,
and smooth jazz.
The diversity of how our lives, traditions, and culture are expressed is so grand.
We ourselves are different, but also the same.
We are connected by our experiences, our arts, our music.
Our Jazz.



Kirby Superstar by Simon Rodić, Grade 7



L by Ryan O’Connor, Grade 7

Saturday
by Laurel Gerson, Grade 7

I go
Up one floor of the house
Make a right
Enter a room closed off by a beaded curtain
I see
Bookshelves, books, and a beanbag chair
The perfect place to spend a Saturday afternoon
A beam of light from the windows
All I need to start reading

A *new book*
Cracking the spine,
Homework long forgotten
I open the book for
The *first time*
And watch as
Words
Spill out
From the book's pages

The story
starts out slow
but
It gets
More interesting

Halfway through
My mind so thoroughly intertwined
With the plot
My family
Knows
Not to interrupt me

My dog barks
Driving me
Somewhat reluctantly
Back into the real world

I slip a bookmark
Into the thin volume
That somehow
Holds so much
Meaning

Different day
Same floor of the house
To my right
Enter a beaded curtain
Painted
To look like a window

Return:
One thin volume
That holds
So much
Meaning

And ask my
Sister
For another
Recommendation



The Penguin Politician by Timothy Friend Grade 7



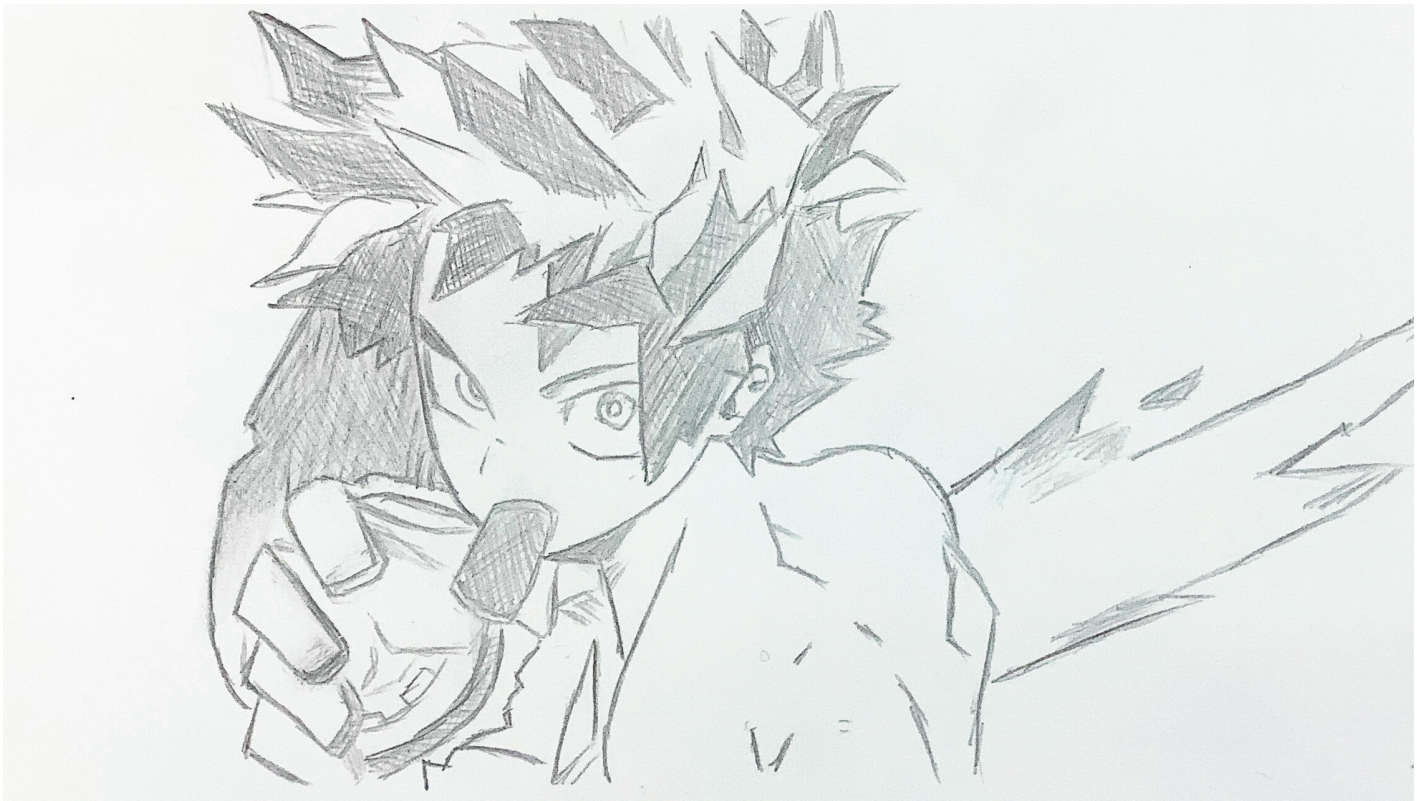
Giyu Tomioka by Arthur Sharp, Grade 6

Ode to Meadowbrook
by Caroline Rodriguez, Grade 7

Each lesson starts the same
I see horses, their heads poking up
Ears and eyes
Some chins
Riders rushing to get ready
I smell hay
Leather
I hear the swush swush of the fly spray
On swoosh swooshing tails
And legs and necks
I walk to Dolly's stall
I lay my helmet and grooming bucket on the hay bale
I grab her bridle and saddle from the tack room
I carry the saddle heavy in my arms
Back in the barn I hear the hooves on the gravel trail
And the soft whinnies of horses
I feel Dolly’s gray, flea-bitten fur under my hands
Warmth
I place two clean pads
And the heavy saddle
Lightly on her back
The cool sweet taste of the peppermints I share with her
Finally I slip the metal bit in her mouth
And slide the bridle on
One ear
The next ear
I gently fasten the buckles
We are ready



Rainbow Tiger by Dylan Hockenberry, Grade 6



One for All by Amanuel Selassie, Grade 6

My Black Girl Hair and My Switch Up
by Riley Coward, Grade 7

Rising upon me
The thought of wash day
Oh no
Wash day is all day

My black girl hair prep
Do I have enough product
surrounding my head?

So I switch it up
The drybar straightens my hair
It wears out so quick

My peers look and ask
“Are those extensions?”
I sigh
My hair is just straight

My natural hair
Is not cut, my straightened hair is
CLEARLY not fake hair.



Nurse Barr by Eviana Lobene, Grade 7



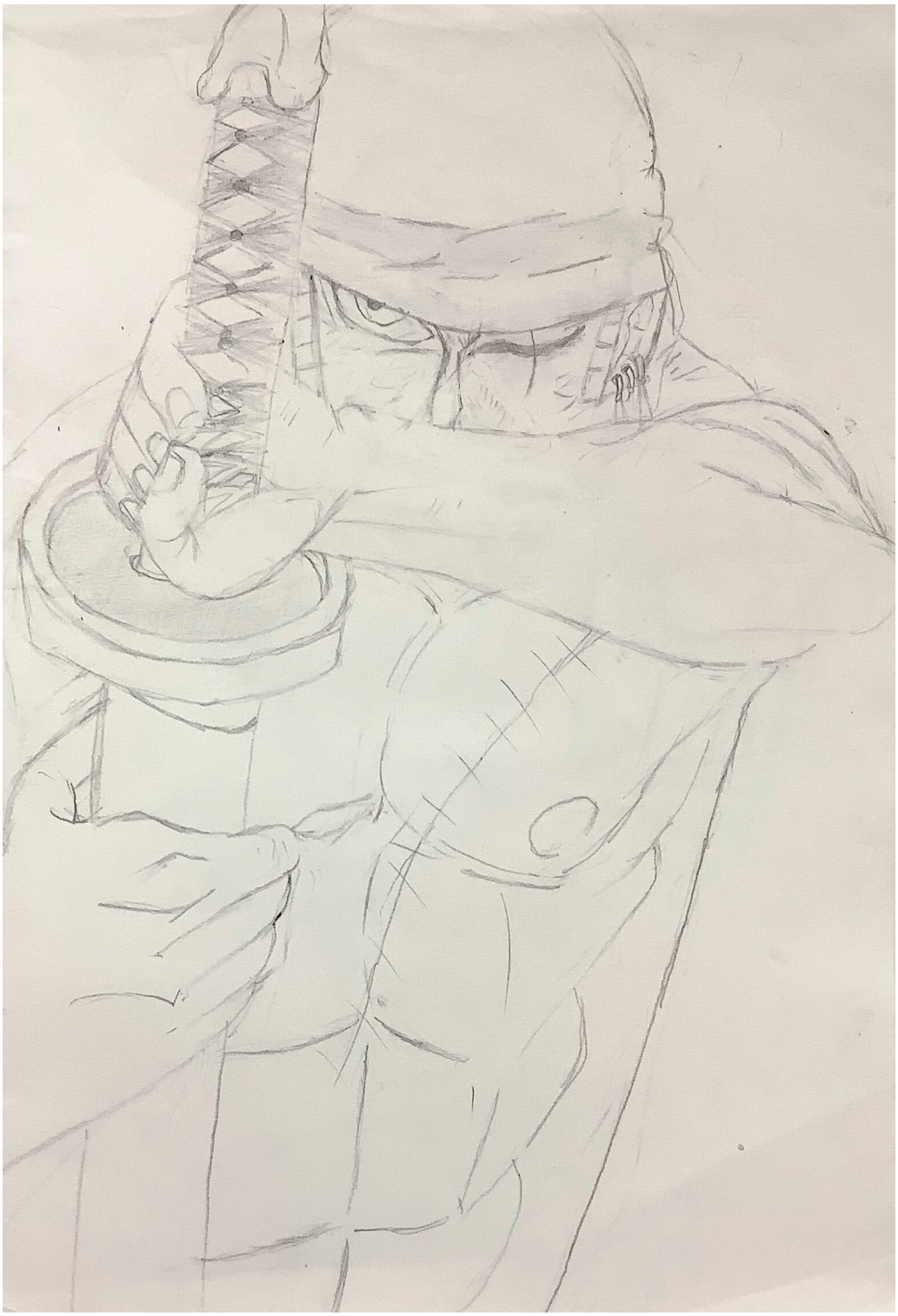
Kiyoshi Harai by Ryan O’Connor, Grade 7

A Move to Harlem: Three Haiku
by Duke Ashton, Grade 8

A move to Harlem
Many leave their families
From the South to North

A utopia
For Black intellectuals
Poetry, Music

Harlem is changing
Millions of people move
To achieve greatness



Zoro's Redemption by Arthur Sharp, Grade 6



Tiles by Charlie Ghafouri, Grade 7



Hungry Snail by Will Stevenson, Grade 6



Joy Boy Awakens by Ryan O'Connor, Grade 7