ST. PATRICK'S

THE CLOVER

Visual Art and Creative Writing

2026

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 with the wider community.

We would like to thank the contributors for their work. Some of the literary pieces in this issue were created in April 2026 during our MacArthur Muse write-in events. At that time, students in Grades 6 and 7 responded creatively to the same prompts: song titles by The Beach Boys and a photo of the Capilano Suspension Bridge in Vancouver.

Most of the visual pieces were created in Art Teacher Kyujin Lee's 2025-2026 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, and Julia Hiemstra for making the 2026 issue of *The Clover* possible. The Editorial Team also thanks the families of our creative students.

Sincerely,
Student Editorial Team: Lily Bieglik, Cate Donohoe, Joyce Kibassim, Kira Myers, Parker Staunton, and Anna Torchinsky

Faculty Advisor and Editor: Jamila Felton, Librarian

Cover Design: Student Editorial Team

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3D Art

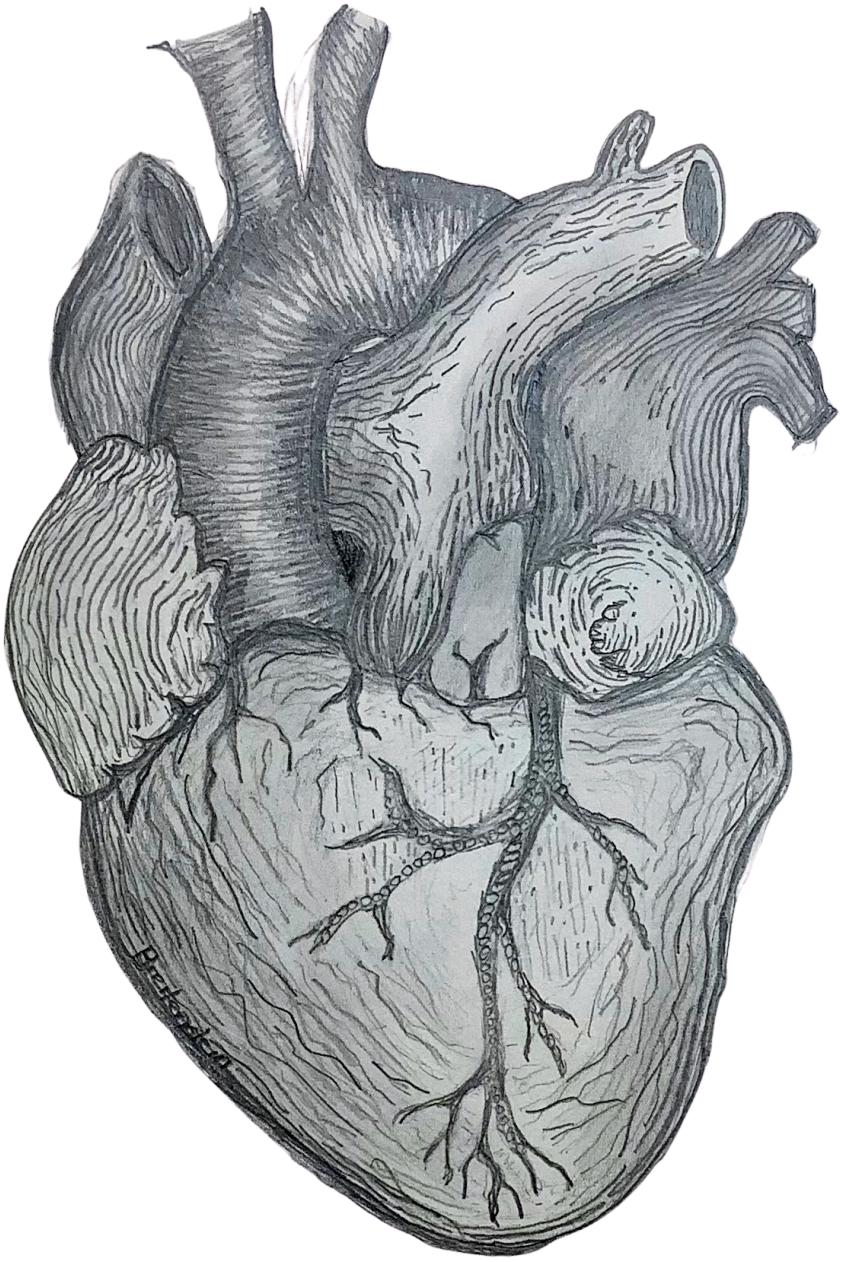
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Heart by Jinnah Breitenstein, Grade 8

Second Home:
A Tribute to Round Hill, Jamaica
by Firyal Rubbo, Grade 7

I could write about different events that have made me, me
But I will instead write about a place which is me
It taught me to explore
And to swim to shore, sometimes using an oar
It taught me to make friends, and to be friendly
It showed me how to take risks, even if thought deadly
It taught me like a horseshoe, to be flexible and strong
It's not very long, but to me that's wrong
I've learned independence
And how not only to be dependent
I have family on, under, and around the hill
I love this place, unlike dill
It's been with me since nine months at sea
My favorite part is 4 o'clock tea



The New City by Riley Coward, Grade 8



Jungfrau Seen from Lauterbrunnen by Emerson Wei, Grade 7

Fire Cracker: Color Haiku
by Emma Katsiak and Sophia Firoozibadi,
Grade 8



The match starts a fire
The spark ignited spreads far
Everything in sight burns

Blackout: Color Haiku
by Holton Yost and Barclay Howe, Grade 8



Dark and motionless
The black of night oppresses
A sky without stars

Just a Fairytale: Color Haiku
by Samuel Stokely and Michael Hein, Grade 7



She was a fairy
She had wings and she had bling
Aura is now unlocked

The Goddess, An Excerpt
by Caroline Gilligan, Grade 6

Chapter One

Look, you will never believe me if I tell you that everyone on Earth knows who I am. So, to make things simpler, I'll start at the very beginning.

It was another boring Monday. I woke up in my school dorm and got ready for school. I didn't think to brush my hair or eat something before school because I was running really late that day. Here's some advice: never go to a boarding school and have an alarm clock that's on the quieter side, or else you'll sleep through it. In other words, yes, that is exactly what happened to me.

Okay, I'll tell you a little bit about myself. First, I had no friends. Zero. I used to think that friends were a distraction from life. Okay, I admit, that's kind of a stupid thought. But that's what I thought, so it is what it is. Second, I used to hate bright colors. Bright just wasn't my thing. Third, I had an interesting last name. No one knew where it was from. I mean, where do you think the name "Hannah Nightingale" is from? Exactly. That's what I mean. Lastly, I have no parents. Just foster parents. And trust me, they are weird. Like really, really weird. They always seem to know something that I don't. This story is going to be very exciting, sad, and confusing. But anyway, let me start the story about everything.

WHEN I LEARNED THE TRUTH

I walked into school and immediately knew something was wrong. Everyone was staring and whispering, and it seemed to be directed at me. You might think that I would be used to it by now, but no. Usually, I was like a ghost. Only teachers knew that I was there. I mean, sometimes they forgot who Hannah Nightingale was, and I always had to remind them it was me. But today was different from the norm. Very different.

The most popular girls in the school walked right up to me. I took a step back. It was an instinct by now. Their leader was Annabeth.

Let me tell you something about her. She and I have known each other since fourth grade. She is the meanest, bossiest person you'll ever meet. However, today something was off about her demeanor—it was unsettling. Annabeth looked at me and said, "Hey! Are you new? Sit with us at lunch. By the way, I love your outfit! It totally matches your vibe. Bye!" It was as if she saw something about me that I couldn't.

I was taken aback. Annabeth probably hated me more than anyone else at school. Her walking right up to me? That was crazy. I was super surprised.

I ran right into the girls' bathroom on the second floor. I had at least twelve minutes until the bell marking the first period rang. I looked at myself in the mirror. Or, at least what I thought was my own reflection.

The person I saw in my place was beyond description. She had long, flowy golden hair that replaced my usual short purple fringe. It was almost as if the strands shimmered with their own light. Tingles of surprise and a prickling sensation crawled up my arms when I saw it. I thought I was dreaming. I touched my hair. It didn't feel oily, tangled, or matted. Instead, it was smooth and luxurious. A warmth spread across my scalp, a mix of fear and excitement dancing at this unexpected change. I was so confused. I could not understand why I looked like this!

All of a sudden, I felt sad. I missed my old hair. Slightly. Only slightly. I thought I could get used to my new hair. I mean, I'm good at dealing with changes, but not like this. I couldn't solve this problem! I was so wound up in my head that I didn't notice when some random girl came in. The girl ran out of the bathroom and after one minute, she came back in and went into the stall furthest away from me.

Right at that moment, the first period bell rang. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't just go to school looking like that! I walked right out of the bathroom and went into the crowd. Or, at least, what was left of one. Everyone parted the way for me and looked at me like I was a queen. It was super confusing. I went into my English classroom and sat at my normal seat, far in the back, even though there were plenty of open seats in the front of the room. An hour later, the lunch bell rang. I walked out of my classroom and left the room into the unknown.

That night, I had a dream. I know you're probably thinking, WELL, DUH! EVERYONE HAS DREAMS!! Well, it was not like any other. I dreamt I was in a palace. In the middle of the room I was in, someone was sitting on a huge marble throne. And I don't just mean anyone. She was a tall, elegant-featured woman. She appeared to be in her mid-forties. The strange woman seemed to be studying me the same way I was studying her. For the first time, she spoke. She had a voice that sounded neither ancient nor young. The words that she said would stay implanted in my head forever.

"Welcome, my daughter."

I woke up in my English classroom. It was dark and somewhere outside a dog howled. I looked at the clock above the doorway. It was 12:03 am. Then I looked at the date on the calendar. I could not breathe. It was 2125. 100 years into the future. WHAT. JUST. HAPPENED.



God Fighter by Ryan O'Connor, Grade 8

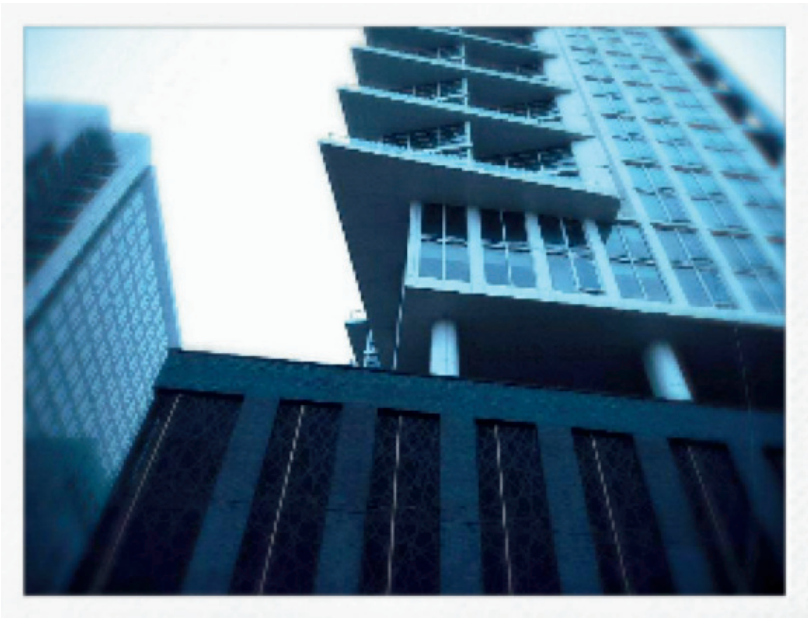
Lift Up:
In Honor of Black History Month
by Arianna Washington, Grade 7

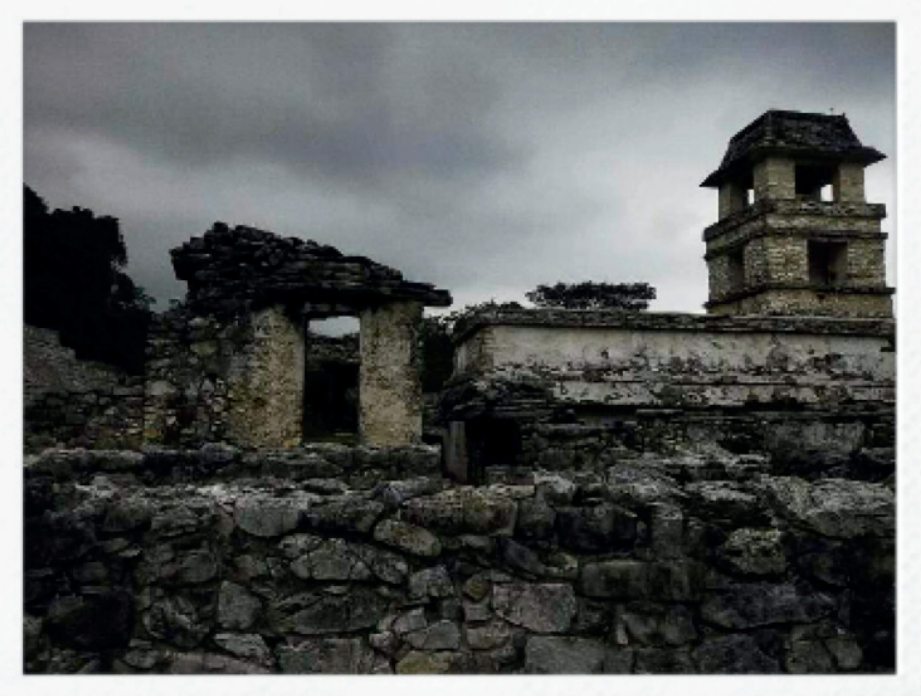
In a special month, we give a cheer,
For Black History Month, a time so dear.
It's about honoring those who fought,
Facing challenges and difficult lessons as they taught.
Long ago, some faced tough times,
But they stood strong like Mississippi Pines.
Harriet Tubman, brave and wise,
Led folks to freedom, a great surprise.

Martin Luther King had a dream,
Of freedom and equality like a shining beam.
Rosa Parks with a simple seat,
Showed big change can start with your feet.

Langston Hughes wrote cool rhymes,
Maya Angelou, with powerful lines.
Inventions, leaders, stories told,
A rich history will forever unfold.

It's more than just one month, you see,
A celebration of identity.
Let's understand, learn, and grow,
Towards unity, let the love flow,
and let peace grow.





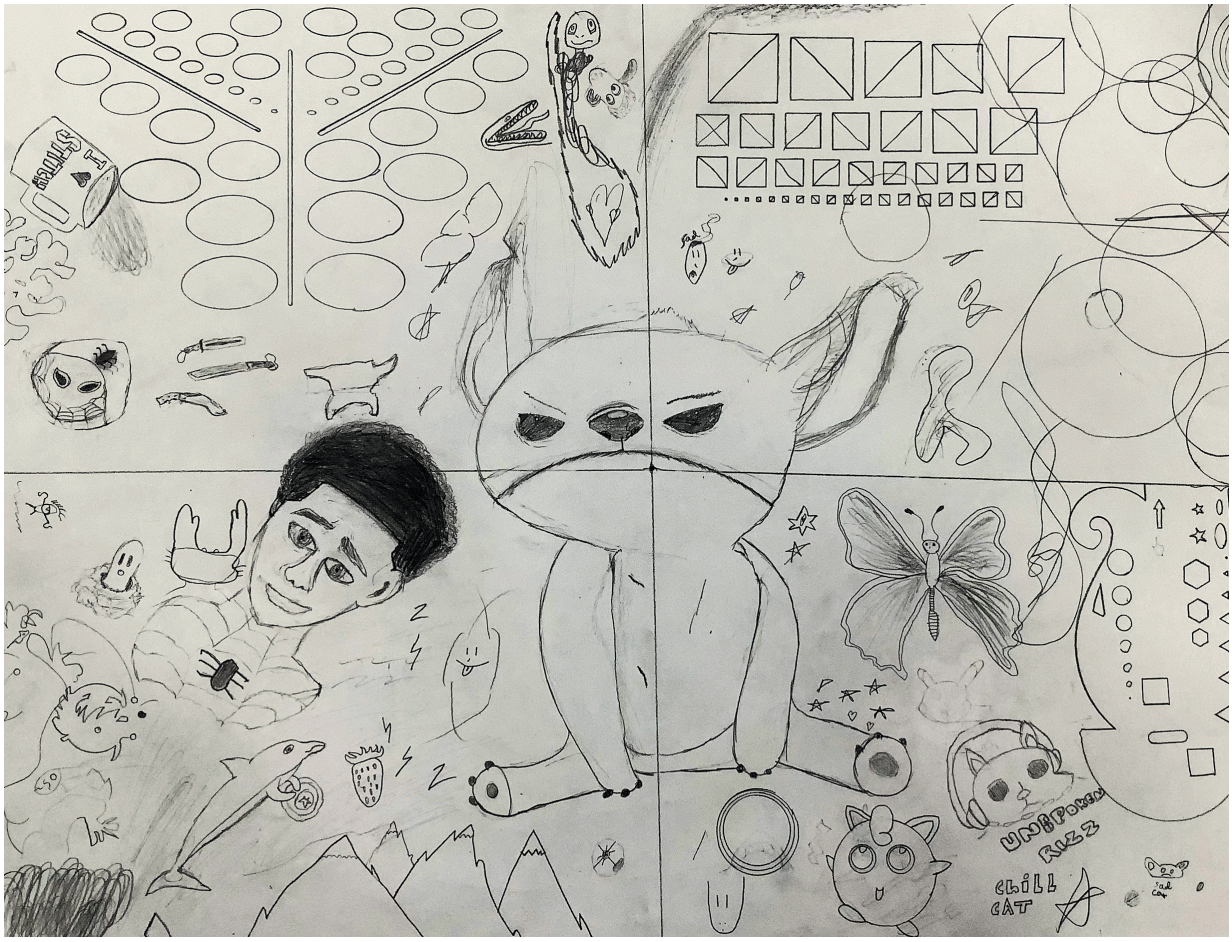
Untitled I and *Untitled II* by Marco Reyes, Grade 7



SNKRS I by Nils Lund, Grade 7



Jordan 11 by Kellan Priestap, Grade 7



Everything and Nothing But Something
by Eli Fichter and Dylan Hockenberry, Grade 7

10,000 Bridges
by Curtis Bonner, Grade 6
MacArthur Muse

10,000 bridges
All are not the same
Some are still
Some sway with thrill

10,000 bridges
All are not the same
Some are gray, like this day
Some are blue, looking straight out at you

10,000 bridges
All are the same
Connected planks
Rails flank

10,000 bridges
Similarities the same, differences not the same
Just like me or you
We are the same.
We aren't the same.
Just a paradox.

Like a bridge
We rely on other planks to support us
Or rails to flank and save us

We are like 10,000 bridges
Planks connected
Similarities, differences
Just like life, a paradox.



Chillon Castle at Montreux by Emerson Wei, Grade 7



Olympics by Evie Hofmeister, Grade 6

Still

by Soliana Tesfalem, Grade 7

MacArthur Muse

The waves come and go
while the world is buzzing
Everything is moving every which way
But you come and go as well
You are still, but move like thunder cracking
You are still, but run loose in the field

Now you must stay still
like the trees that move with the wind
like dandelions that spread among fields
Be still and contemplate

Are you moving every which way?
Are you twisting and turning like the wind?
You spin and spin and spin
twirling just like no other
You blow past everything
then finally stay still



Autumn by Reagan Mulvihill, Grade 7





Love at First Sight by Caroline Gilligan, Grade 6

Ode to Over The Hill
by Eli Fichter, Grade 7

Soothing sunlight seeps through thin pine needles
Each golden ray a memory of your joyful nature
Of a time when my spirits were lifted by your calloused hands
A fox sprints past the window fast as an emu across the desert
Behind its red tail lays your lean-to glistening in the light of dawn

I remember the day we rolled in on your gravel path
You beckoning us to see but a pile of pine
Each day breaking with smells of fresh bread and loud swings of hammer
Joy radiating from you, sweet as the smoothie on my tongue
We became the screws that turned log to cabin
We stared out at your shining pond admiring our new perch
A design perfect as the preened feathers of an emu

As another sun beam hits my eye
I see the smiles on our faces as laughter bursts from our lips
From the pond I hear a loon call and the splash of a rainbow trout
You bring us peace to close a long day of work

You are the giver of memories
Binding an idea of a creation with reality
To forge a magnificent floating platform
Racing boats made from your leftovers
And ones of highest quality that
Sail
Paddle
Row
You taught me to swim rather than sink
And I know your presence will stay with me
For eons to come



Lucy by Caroline Stieglitz, Grade 8



Walk in the Holy Woods by Ryan O'Connor, Grade 8

Nature
by Joyce Kibassim, Grade 6
MacArthur Muse

Nature is a wonderful sight to see
The trees swiftly sway from side to side
As they shelter each animal perfectly
The river has so many creatures inside
As it shelters each animal perfectly
Nature is a wonderful sight to see
As it shelters each animal perfectly

It calms my anger with soothing sounds
How I call it my perfect home
The harmony of the animals . . .
How they work as a wonderful group
Nature is a lovely sight to see
As it calms my anger with soothing sounds

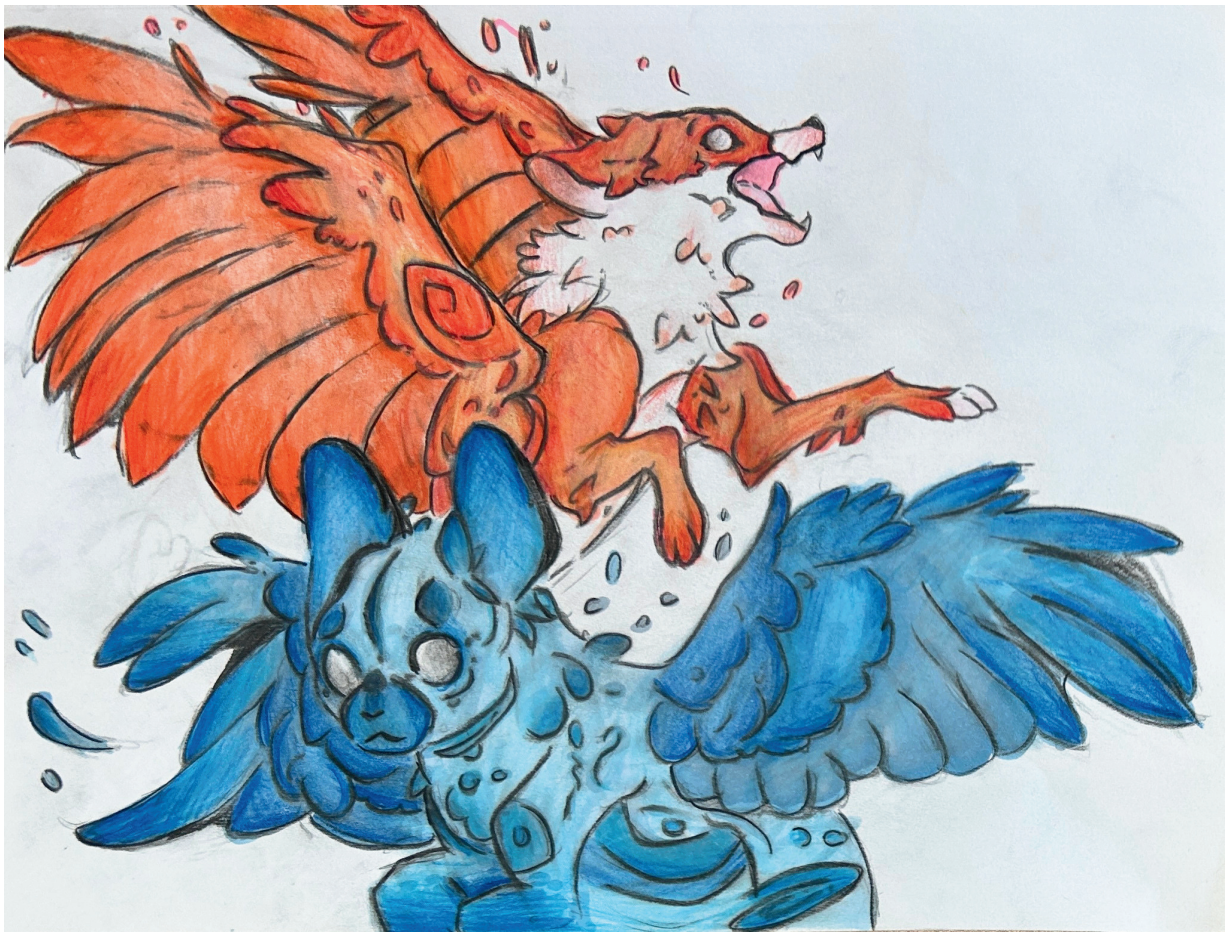
In the present, there are rare chances to see
A perfect life of creatures
because of all the construction
I hope you see a perfect harmony because
Nature is a beautiful sight to see

And the last thing I wish to do is change the history
Instead of chopping down the trees
I wish to embrace nature and help it

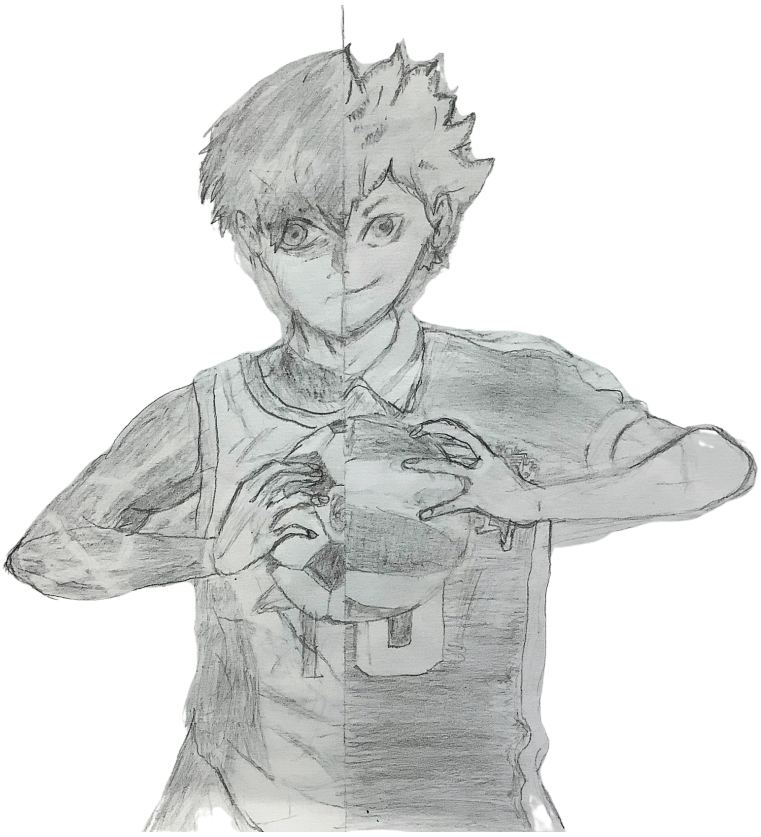
Nature is a fabulous sight to see
As it works in perfect harmony

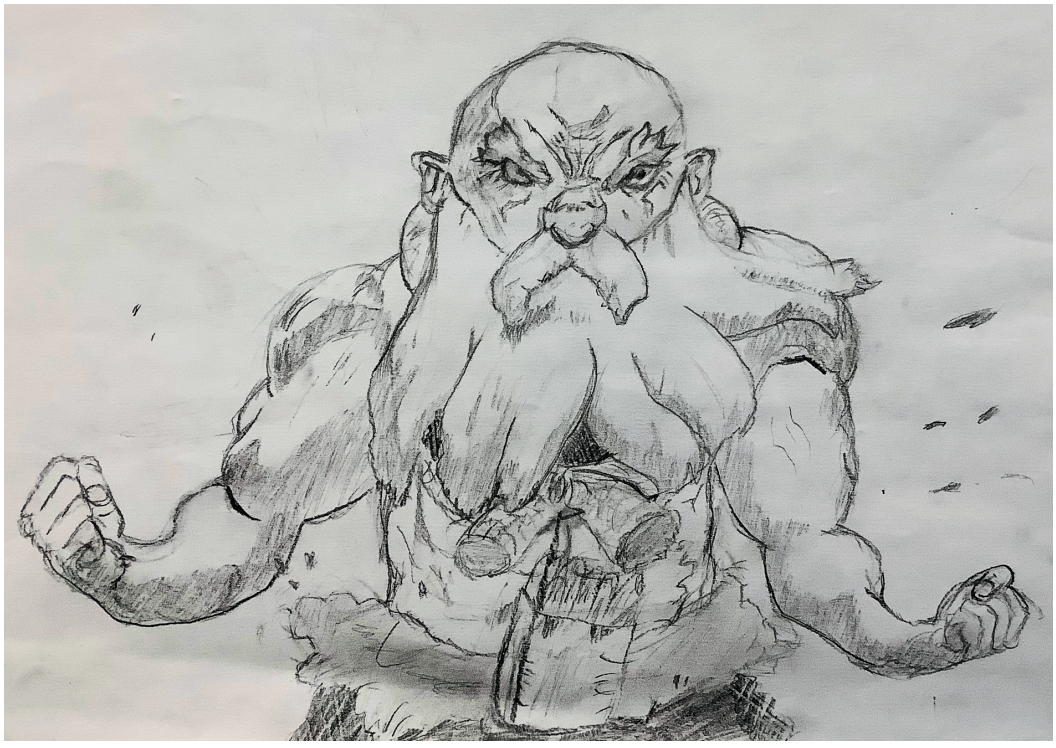


The Haunted House by Matthew Keeling, Grade 6



Hybrids by Cate Donohoe, Grade 6





Dual-Sport and *Kaseki* by Eli Fichter, Grade 7

Color of My Soul
Arianna Washington, Grade 7
MacArthur Muse

I am still.
The vibrations and soft sways
of the bridge take me in.
I am a frequency,
a harmony.
The path is an invitation to more
than just peace,
but tranquility and rest.
My soul is a color,
harmonizing with the sound of the water.
I am still
and I am more than my physical body.
My heart, a violin with strings
made of the purest of pearl.
I am art.
I feel weightless.
My body is still
yet I move forward on this path
of frequency and understanding.
My body will rest,
but my soul will be infinite.



Green by Jasmine Dwyer, Grade 8



Still Life by Jinnah Breitenstein, Grade 8

The Bridge
by Caroline Gilligan, Grade 6
MacArthur Muse

The bridge is high and waiting,
weightless and ancient.
Named "The Path Above the Clouds,"
hidden from worry.

The trees protect their friend,
the warmth of caring.
The bridge is finally smiling
with joy.

A Day in the Life of a Tree
by Malala Musong, Grade 6
MacArthur Muse

In spring, it first grows leaves,
then it sways with the song of the breeze.
In summer, the children play
on top of the tree branches everyday.
They swing, they hang, they climb,
they fall.
And yet the tree stays through it all.
In autumn, the leaves turn colors:
orange, yellow, brown, and many others.
But this time, the trees don't sway.
Instead when the wind blows
they rot and decay.
In winter, all of the leaves are gone.
Snow blankets the tree from head to toe.
Spring comes again quickly.
But the cycle isn't over
in the day in the life of a tree.



The Fork at Vevey by Emerson Wei, Grade 7



Almond by Joyce Kibassim, Grade 6

Ballad of Your Journey to Becoming You
by Lyric Moore, Grade 7

Even in the womb, my name had spread like
A tune. Katherin was first, related to Cathy,
the woman who birthed
my mother, quite happily.
Comes from the love my grandma
thought she couldn't mimic
from my sister,
from the same mister.

Then three years pass, my cheeks fill up
like a balloon with gas.
Puffy was the name, food was my game
Now, it reminds me of puffy clouds on a warm sunday,
the birds following the music notes in the sky,
the cherry on top of my sundae.

Then T, the name my mommy gave to me
One may ask why, maybe she was in her silly season,
but no one quite knows the reason.
But I like it, it makes me feel like I'm her bird baby,
and maybe I won't grow up, just maybe.

Then Ly Ly, the name one of my closest friends gave to me.
Made me feel loved, but also confused,
however not blue.
My love for her grew, like a shopper and her shoes.
No one mimics this name,
it became a me and her thing

Many names follow and flee,
but none as important as these
Till this day when we gather in this nest, my name pings.
My song does the rest.



Crows by Cate Donohoe, Grade 6



Friends by Matthew Keeling, Grade 6

Charismatic Sky: Color Haiku
by Christopher Askew and Teddy Wells, Grade 8



As the clouds go by
the light blue sky forms a smile
its enchantment beams

The Game: Haiku
by Xavier O'Dell, Grade 6
MacArthur Muse

Double single cheer.
The baseball bat goes. Home run.
The game concluded.

Haiku Variation
by Emerson Wei, Grade 7
MacArthur Muse

Wouldn't it be nice
if everyone on this Earth
helped each other



Deep River: Color Haiku
by Ben Sitron, Grade 7, with Ms. Corradi

a river that's deep
surrounded by wildlife
we want to be there



Self-portrait by Katie Allbritton, Grade 8



New Mexico by Kellan Priestap, Grade 7



Cherry Blossoms by Caroline Gilligan, Grade 6



Reggie Highlighted by Kathryn Patten, Grade 7