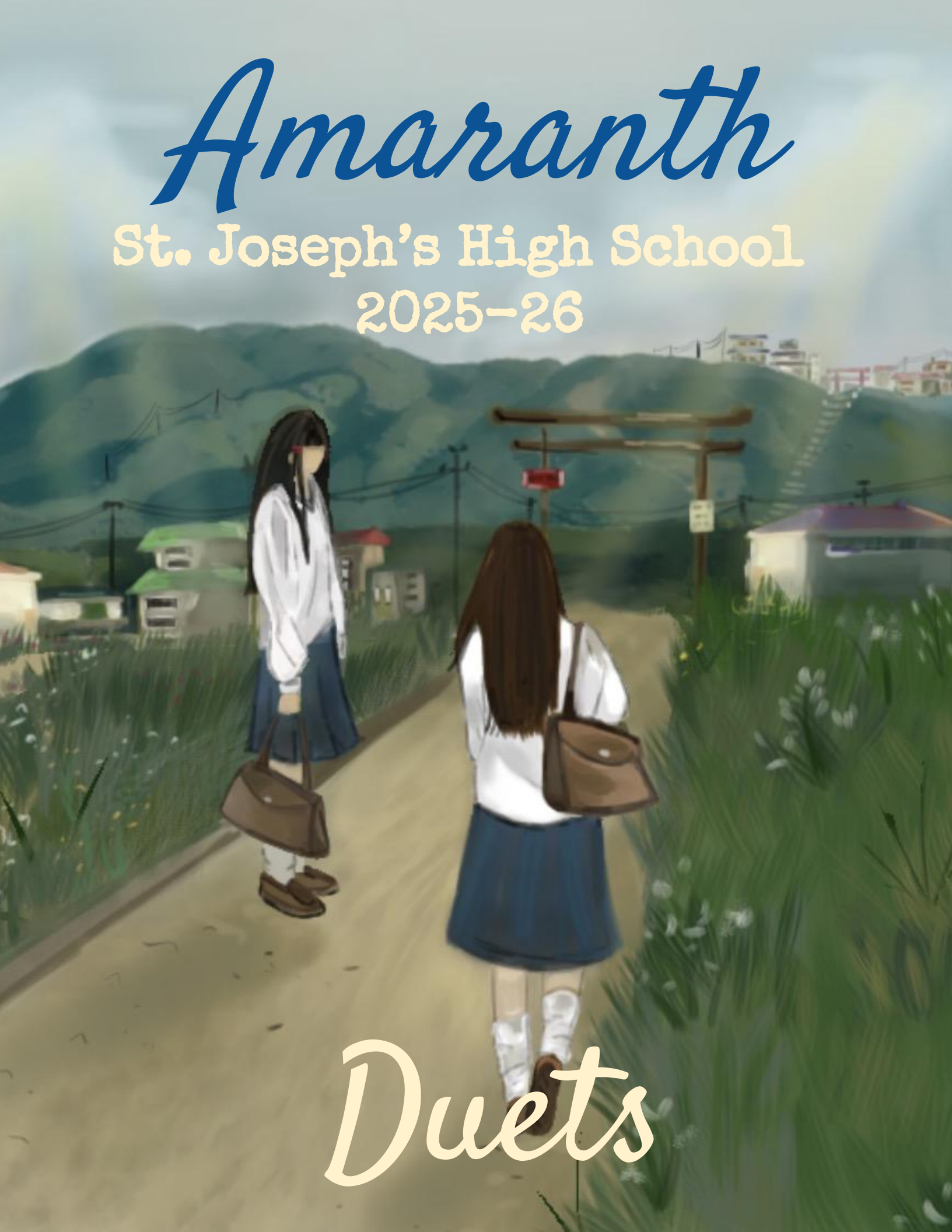
Amaranth

St. Joseph's High School

2025-26



Duets

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Acknowledgements

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Acknowledgements *:*

- ★ *On behalf of the entire St. Joseph High School Amaranth staff we would like to acknowledge the previous staff, both moderators and alumni alike, who inspired our publication and whose hard work allowed for our club to flourish today.*
- ★ *Thank you, Ms. Pellegrini, for your constant artistic contributions and support.*
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- ★ *Thank you to our administrators for their continual support in producing and financing this publication, with a special shout-out to Mr. Dempsey.*
- ★ *Thank you to our beloved Art and English teachers for igniting the spark of creativity in each of our hearts.*
- ★ *Thank you to our underclassmen Liz Arantes and Hannah Lee for doing the doodles on every page. They added such movement and expression to this publication that brought the edition to life.*
- ★ *And last but certainly not least, the biggest thank you to Mrs. Conetta for the love and care you pour into this club. You are an incredible role model, and our magazine could not be possible without the creative vision and patience you bestow upon each of us.*

Letters From The Senior Editors

Amaranth has been such an amazing opportunity for me to grow and become more confident in my creative abilities. I could not have made this happen without our other editors, our staff, and Mrs. Conetta. I would like to thank everyone for all the work they put in to make this publication happen. I would also like to thank all those that have supported this club. The publication could not have happened without all the submissions we get and all the love this publication receives. Thank you all!

- Aubree McAuliffe ‘26

Being a part of *Amaranth* for four years and being surrounded by many talented individuals has taught me to appreciate art and literature more than ever. My creativity has definitely flourished because of this club. I would like to thank Mrs. Conetta, the fantastic editors, and staff for keeping *Amaranth* in bloom.

- Allison Sandoval-Alcantara ‘26

"Divine Duet: An Introduction"

Free Verse Poem

by Mrs. Lori Conetta

In Ancient stillness,
Memory found its voice.
In hushed twilight
Amaranth flowers
Adorned the temples.
Resting in their immortal hands
Their hue never
Fades in
Shape,
Color,
Language
Or rhythm.
Together,
We create
A sacred bond—
A shared purpose,
Our *Amaranth*.
And, in that act,
We became part
Of the infinite duet:
Everlasting,
Beautiful,
Bold,
Like the amaranth
Like the art
Like the words,
Or something close to it.



"Amaranth Bouquet"
Mixed medium still life
by Mrs. Lori Conetta

"Memories from Home"

Free verse poem and digital painting

by Naomi Sandoval-Alcantara '28

She walked a few steps ahead of me
I asked her why she was in a rush
In a rush to go home
She smiled and answered
"The faster I get there,
the faster I can come back to you"

And so she walked ahead
And I followed a few steps behind
And I knew I would see her soon

She wasn't my only friend
I had others who filled the silence inside me
Yet somehow it was never fully filled
Not if she wasn't there
The girl who stayed closest to me

I grew attached
It was her and me against the world
Not because we had no one else
But because we chose each other

She came over like she had promised
We played games,
We ate lots of food,
she found laughter in nothing
My favorite part of her was her laugh.

She always knew how to make me forget
Forget of my depressing nature
She always knew how to cheer me up
She always knew what to say
"This feels like home. You are my home"

I was happy
Happy knowing she felt safe with me
Happy knowing she was comfortable
It has been a few days
My eye bags are darker and deeper
I lie on my bed staring at my ceiling,
I let the silence press into me
Just like it did before I met her

I close my eyes
I search for her smile
I search for her laughter
I hope for their return
Even though I know
They will never come back

I whisper hope
To the air she used to breathe
To the walls she once leaned on
To the places her presence once stood

I hope she can hear me through my tears
I hope my words reach her.

It has been a few days
I have pictures of her
I have things that belonged to her
But her laughter and smiles
are already fading

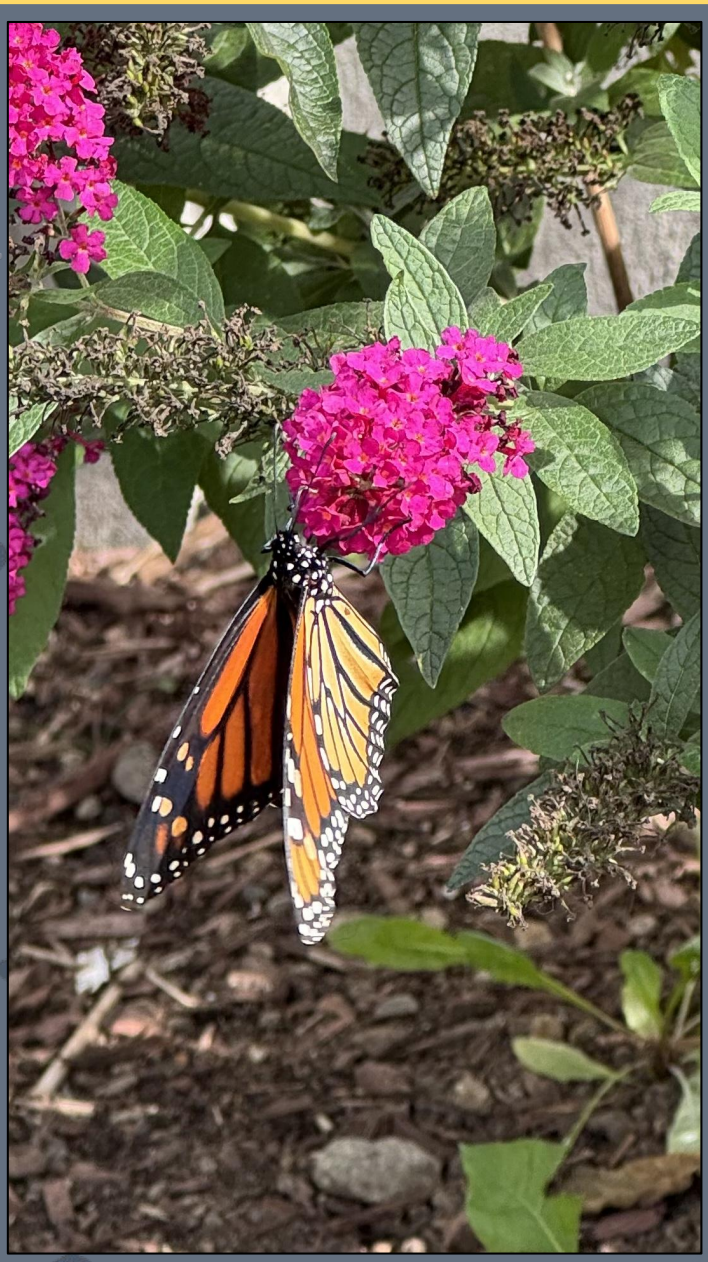
I curl into myself
Press my head into my pillow
And wish
I wish she could come back
Come back to me
But I know that's impossible,
She's gone
I only have her memory left
I'll never get to see her rush
just to come home to me.

Contest Winner!!!



Artist's note: The first thing I think of when hearing *Duets* is an everlasting friendship. This was the inspiration for both my creative pieces. However, I wanted to add a twist to my writing so I decided to incorporate a tragedy in order to show how overtime a duet can fade..

Artist's note: I chose this photo because it vividly portrays the beauty of nature. The butterfly and flower are a duet because they rely on each other. The butterfly gets nectar for energy, and as it feeds it spreads its pollen, helping the flower reproduce. Both benefit, so they work together in nature.



"Harmony in Nature"

Photograph by Edey Cumello '26

"Harmony"

Free verse poem by Aria Curi '28

Morning flows through the
windows, spilling gold across
the polished floors, like
honey poured from the sun.
Lockers slam in percussion, a
hundred rhythms
find each other.

Rhythms in sync,
duetting each other.

Two footsteps fall in time-
not planned,
just close enough
to feel the echo bounce back
like a mirror made of sound.

Chalk dust lifts like quiet
applause.
A pencil dances across the
page,
line after line,
as if the paper were
listening.

Color leans into color-
blue steading orange,
shadow softening light.

A shout rises,
and another rises to meet it.
Breath gathers in cold air,
pulse steady as a drum.

Even silence has its partner:
the space between heartbeats,
the pause before the bell,
shadows side by side.

"Sun and Sand"

Free verse poem by Olivia Atkins '29

The heat of the sun is
strong.
I sink my toes into the
warm, soft sand.
White cotton candy in the
clear blue sky.
The sandbar rises as the
tide says goodbye.
Seagulls call overhead,
still munching on crisp,
golden chips.
The sun blazes brightly,
Yet the salty breeze keeps
me cool.
The shimmering ocean and
sound of crashing waves,
Make the beach the perfect
place.

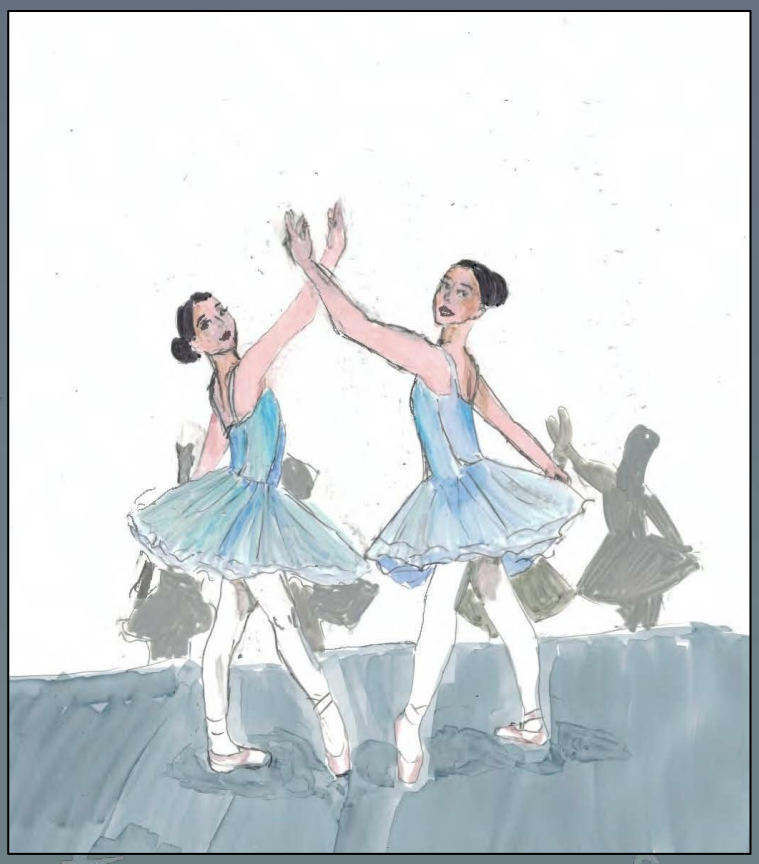


"Compassion"

Oil and chalk pastel portrait by Evelyn Farrelly '26



"Joy"
Oil and chalk pastels with yellow construction paper
patorial painting
by Evelyn Farrelly '26



"Pas De Deux"

Mixed medium duet portrait
by Elise Angier '29

"Where I Want to Be"

Acrostic/list poem by Haley Pawelczyk '29

Somewhere tropical, somewhere sunny, A trip that's balmy, and costs lots of money. A beach I can sit on while sipping cold tea, This is where I want to be.

On top of a mountain, you can't hear a thing, Except for the wind and water moving. Untroubled, and surrounded by hundreds of trees, This is where I want to be. Gentle rocking, on the boat, Lying down while it floats. The glassy surface of the sea, This is where I want to be. Somewhere tropical, somewhere sunny, A trip that's exotic, and costs lots of money. A beach I can sit on while sipping cold tea, This is where I want to be.



"Spring Awakening"

Photograph
by Lily DeMattia '29

"The Biggest Blessing"

Acrostic poem by Grace Mooney '29

Life is a lovely blessing,

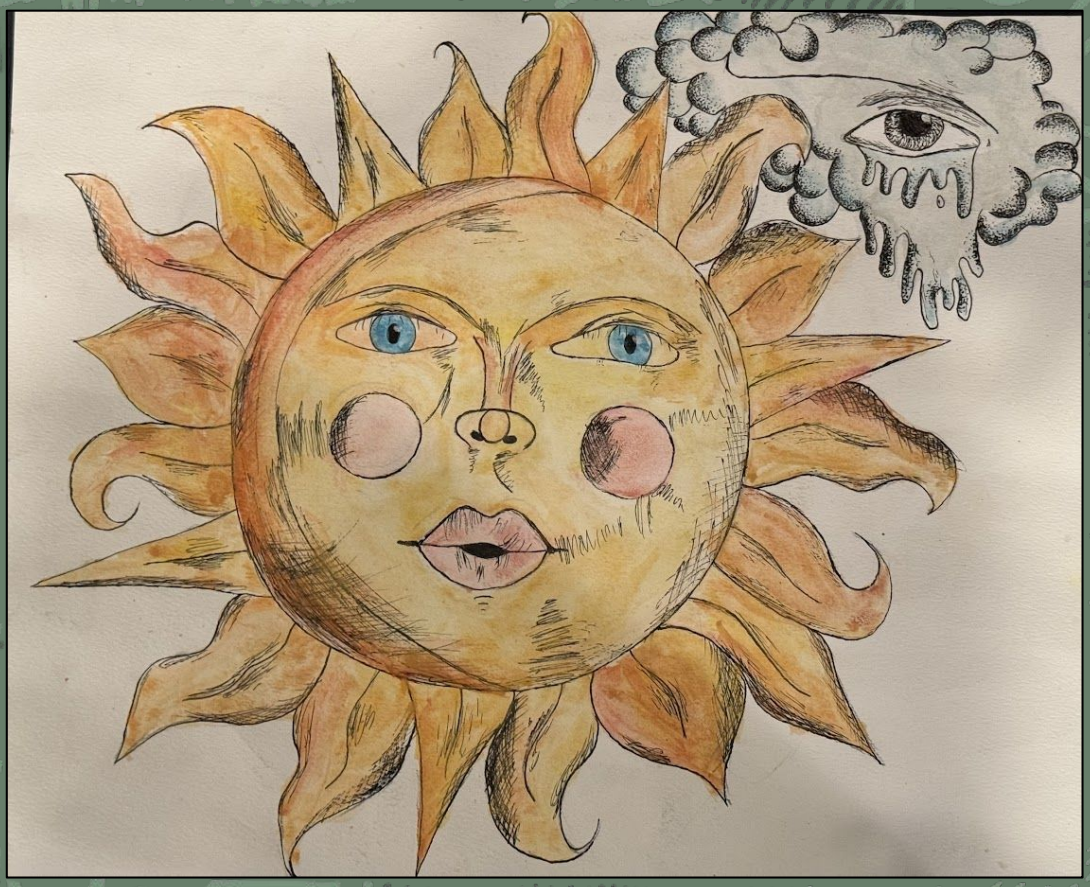
In even the smallest moments,

Feeling the warmth of family

Embracing and surrounding me always, truly showing how wonderful life is.



"The Boys"
Mixed medium pet portrait
by Mrs. Lori Conetta



"Sun Pic"
Pen sketch
by Aria Curi '28



"Love Replaces Loss"
Found poem by
Grace Mooney '29



"Oh to be Known"
Oil pastel, pen, and construction paper portrait
by Aubree McAuliffe '26



"Bailey: Where Fauna and Flora Meet"
Photograph
by Mrs. Bridget Carroll-Lewis

"Fruit Bowl Still Life"

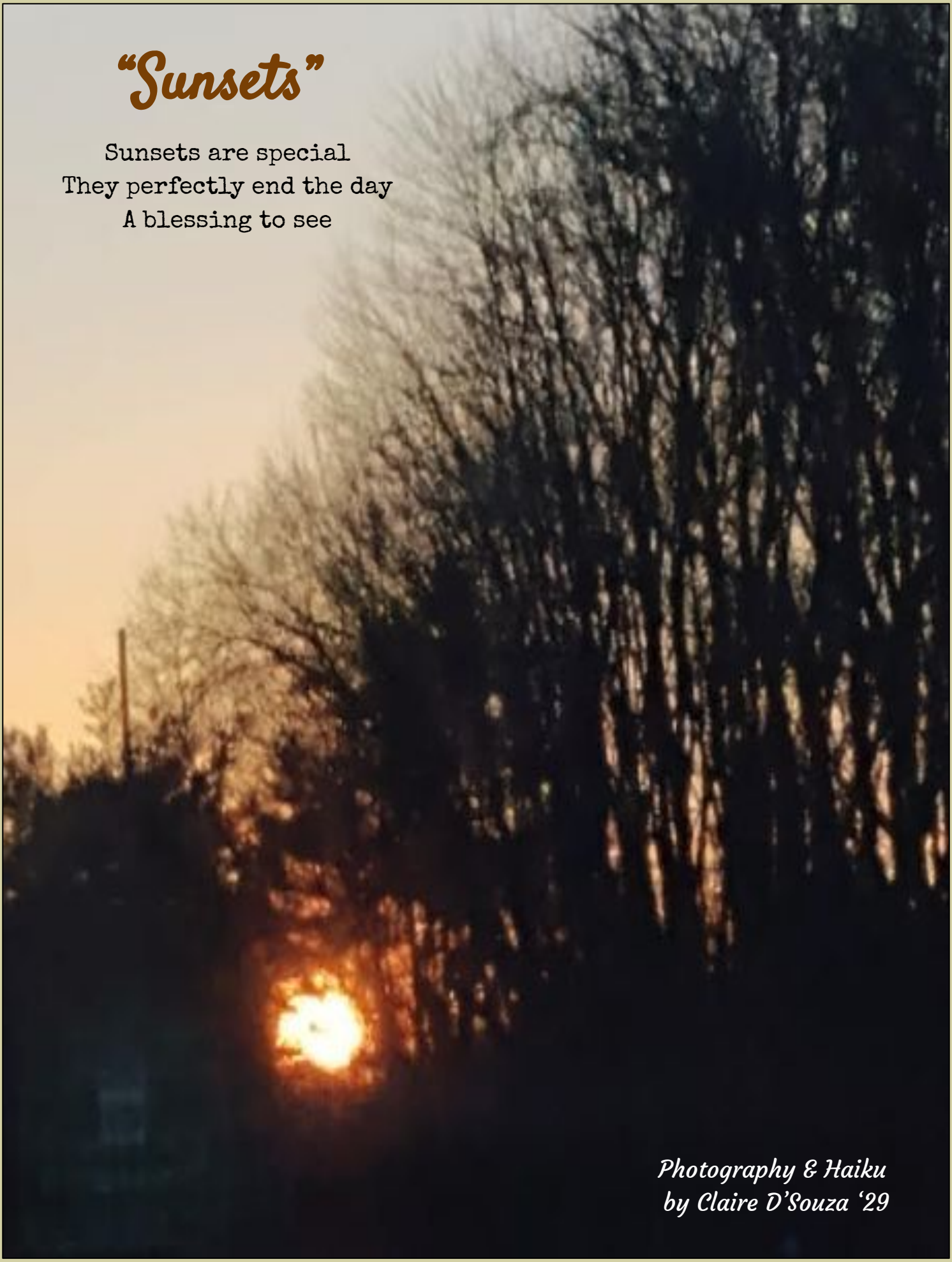
Oil painting by Mrs. Bridget Carroll-Lewis





"Hibiscus Duo Blooms"

Photograph by Mrs. Maureen Benton


"Sunsets"
Sunsets are special
They perfectly end the day
A blessing to see
Photography & Haiku
by Claire D'Souza '29

"Could You Recognize Hope?"

Free verse poem by Abby Venech '26

Could you recognize Hope?
They are not the carefree songbird,
Nor the sun on a cloudless day.
They are the underdog.
With bruises on their knuckles
and Blood in their teeth.
Their arm is bent, their legs are broken.
Their face is lined with scratches and
scars,
Because when they are seen,
they are attacked.
They are beaten, stabbed, kicked, mugged.
They are told to stay down.
But they never do.
They stand tall, with a gift
in a crooked grin
and. a challenge
in two black eyes.

Could you recognize Kindness?
They are not the sugar sweet words,
That drip from pacifying lips.
They are the immovable object.
That weathers the storm
to be the shelter.
They are the one that blocks the assault.
They are the one to embrace the leper.
And the one that doubles their load
to half another's.
They sacrifice themself
and stare down those
who call them weak.
They are the strongest
because their strength is
never used for themself.

Could you recognize
Knowledge?
They are not the quiet page
turn,
And they are not meek and mild.
They stand, hands joined,
hearts united.
They defend against the
relentless assault
by the ignorant,
Their pages and words
to shields and swords.
They strike down the
falsehoods
that seek to drown them,
And outlast those that would
See them buried.
And yet
Their hand is always
outstretched.
Should the ignorant take it
because they could
never be selfish.

"Arise"

Diamanté poem by Anaya Kamath '29

Night

dark, silent

glowing, whispering, drifting

stars fading into sunrise

warming, shining, awakening

bright, golden

Day

"Greed"

Watercolor painting by Evelyn Farrelly '26



"Whispers"

Free verse poem and photograph by
Elise Angier '29

She took a walk

in the woods

alone.

The trees all spoke;

whispers of years past

hidden in their rings.

The frozen pond glistened;

a mysterious glint

in its eyes.

As she walked,

she uncovered

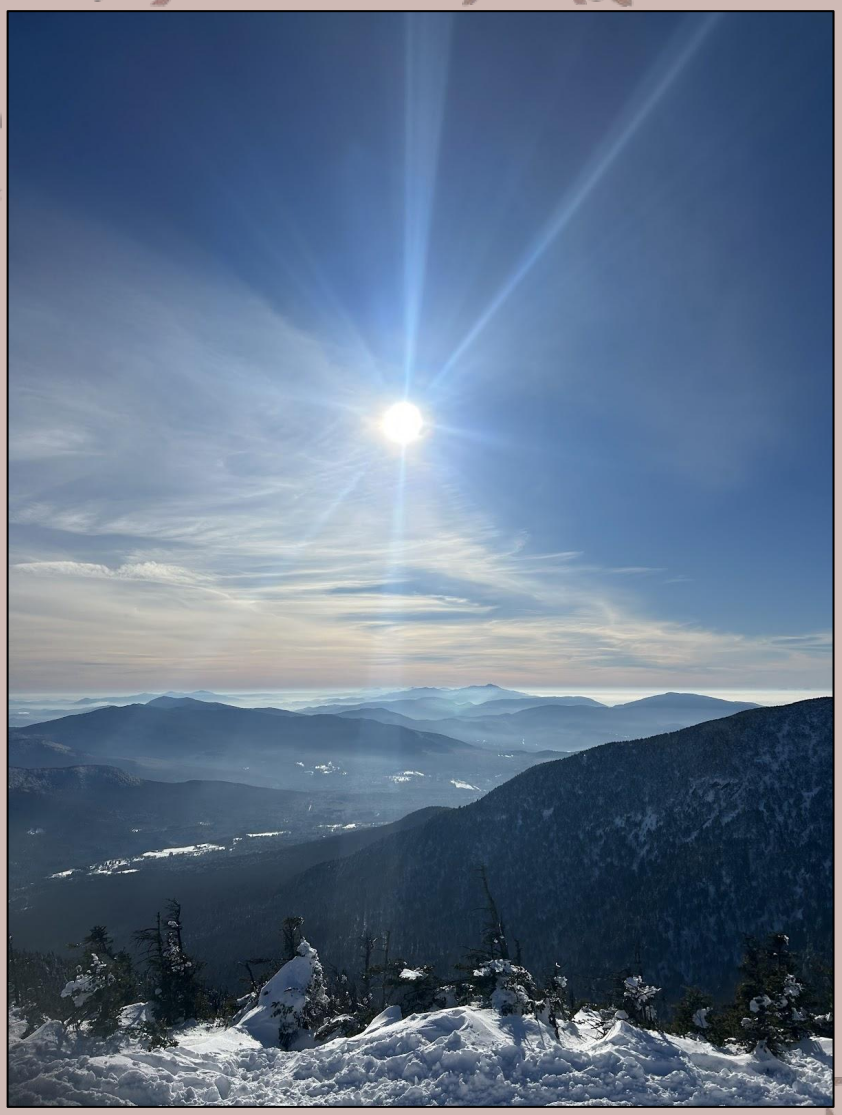
the truth of the forest.

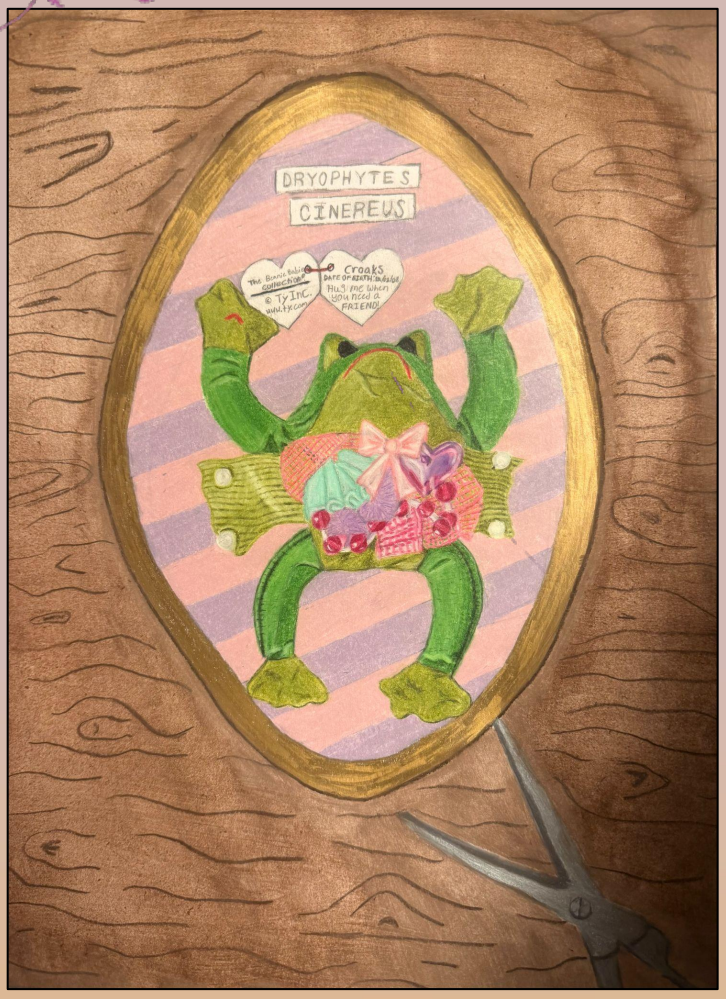
Everything deemed important

by society's clawing crasp,

suddenly fell away,

like water out of a cold stream.





"Transcendence to Acceptance"

Mixed medium watercolor portrait
By Sophia Evers '26



"Growing up"

Mixed medium watercolor portrait
By Sophia Evers '26

"Necessity"

Free verse pom by Jason Bleggi '29

What does a human truly need?
It depends what one seeks.
Food, water, shelter, friends,
All are answers that come too quickly;
One can lose them for a time, and
Still go on, pondering what truly is necessary.

But at the River Lethe, all who drink
forget of their needs,
And thus thirst never rises,
Hunger never speaks,
Quarters are never seized,
And friends go with the breeze.

Beyond this, what lies with humanity?
In this blank slate mode of existence,
There seems to be nothing, before name,
Before memory of the experiences
What remains?

Not reason nor belief,
And it is even doubtable if it is truly there.
For what if we place it there after the fact,
Afraid of what emptiness lacks?

A reincarnated soul feels warmth that is unknown,
From hands that guide it, yet remain their own,
In a place unseen, yet strangely shown.
The only thing known, is love,
Which is seemingly unstable,
Love is broken, refused, and vanishes at times

But yet, Love persists,
It returns;
Before we understand it,
Before we choose it, and before we can live without it.

"Familial Love Conquers Death"

Mixed medium piece by Sophia Evers '26



Creative Collective

For the past four years, our *Amaranth* club has hosted creative collectives for the school. These are themed events where students have the opportunity to collaborate with their peers to make writing pieces and physical art pieces, which can later be used for submissions. The events are open to every student not just club members; every SJ spirit has the opportunity to try something new and tap into the artsy spaces in our minds. We host specific themed events for holidays to help get into either a spooky or merry spirit as well as random creative days where Cadets could take a break from the rigorous SJ schedule. During one of the creative collectives this fall, we started working on a mural featuring all of our art. The *Amaranth* staff continuously worked on it throughout the duration of the year adding fresh and relatable pieces depending on daily mood and aesthetic. It was a great way to further showcase this publication's theme of "Duet" by all of us being able to collab on one piece together. Many of our members even chose to partner on one specific section of the mural in duos. Our duos were very artistically diverse allowing students with literary, art, or photography backgrounds to form many mixed media areas within the mural. It was a fun way to express all the beautiful differences between our members and with the art and photography clubs to showcase an artistic representation of the unity and bond within our club.


The enemy of Creativity is se
therefore, Let it all
DUETS
Zelus
"resilience and
transformation
to bloom beautifully in
muddy waters."
challenges fuel growth
leading to new
beginnings.
Set your heart ablaze
心を燃やせ
Peace is a duet
not a solo.
SOUL


doubt
Winter's
RING!!!
BABY
HOTLINE
Memento Mori
DEATH

Pendulum: A Dance With Time

Rhyming Verse Poem
By Emma Fernandes '26
Photograph
By Adriana Jauk '27

In the heart of the
ticking clock,
A tiny mouse begins
to walk,
Chasing dreams that
never stop,
Climbing high on the
moving top,
A race with time that
never stops.

The mouse runs on,
though hope seems
thin,
A dance with time it
can't win,
Yet in the chase,
there's strength and
light,
A lesson found in
endless flight.
For dreams that
stretch beyond the
sky,
It's in the try that
hopes will fly.
And though the
summit seems to
flee,
The journey shapes
who we will be.



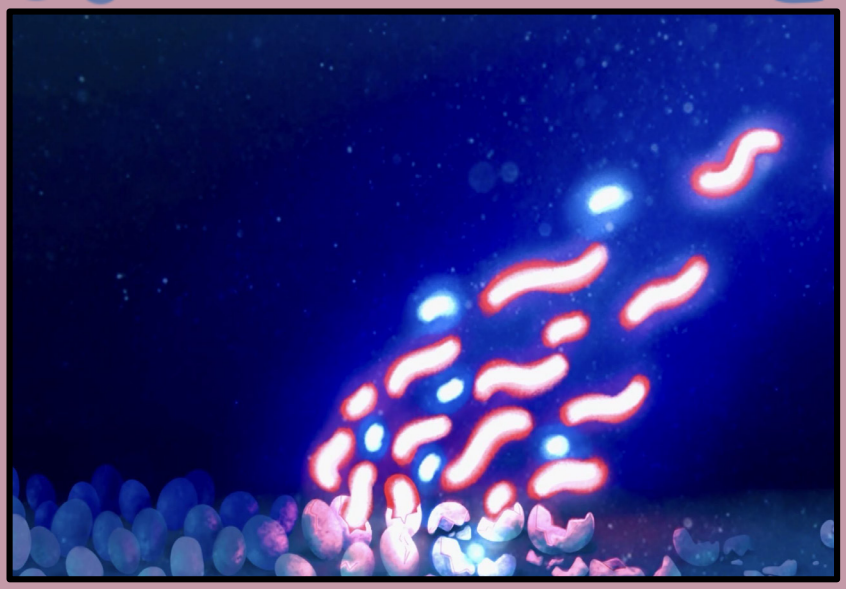
Red in a Sea of Blue

Free Verse Poem By Hannah Lee '29

Everything is blue
Clothes, classrooms, churches, movies, books,
buildings, animals, pets, people...
EVERYTHING is blue
All things good...that is correct
It's the way it has and should be
And yet...
I found myself enchanted with not blue, but red
The color that people are disgusted and fueled with hatred by
The color that people are outcasted from society by
The color that showed blood, anger, and evil
We were taught this and pushed to despise this
But for some reason...I saw light, roses, and love
No matter how much I strive to be surrounded by blue,
to the point where I cannot differentiate my blue peers from myself,
red continues to shine under my skin.
But I pretend there is no light, and I pretend to despise it,
to the point where I question if it was still there

I sat there beside my *friends*
I felt like I was choking
Being suffocated by blue
Blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, **blue**,
ONLY BLUE
I couldn't stand it any longer
I walked up to the front of the room
I could no longer breathe
I felt cold, like my body would turn to ice
I asked for a moment of their attention
The eyes around me, each one brought me fear of loneliness and rejection
But those fears were only a grain of sand compared to the sea of suffocation
I found whatever oxygen was left and said,
"I like red"

As I said those words, the red light within me shone brighter and brighter
It felt warmth and comfort once I said those words
All the cold blue that once surrounded me was drowned out by the warmth of being heard and
saying what I felt
And the light suddenly felt hotter, not by me, but by someone else
At the far edge of the room, I hear the words "me too"
From there, the room began to shine with a beautiful red glow
There were some blues, but instead of the blue or red trying to overpower each other, they
complemented each other



As One Hatches, The Rest Follow

Digital Illustration By Liz Arantes '28

Artist's note: The concept for the story came from me (Liz), but I have no writing experience, so I asked my friend (Hannah) to help bring it to life. The drawing was made by me afterwards. Everyone is free to interpret the drawing and story as they wish, but I'd just like to say that this is in a special acknowledgment of an SJ student who has the courage to say that they "like red" openly, which helped me say "me too".



NOW I SPEAK

PEN SKETCH
BY DR. JULIE RONESON

WE CAN STILL MAKE ART

MIXED MEDIUM PORTRAIT
BY HANNAH LEE '29



THE NECKLACE

PHOTOGRAPH AND FREE VERSE POEM BY ADALYN GRAF '29



Mathilde held the necklace carefully,

admiring how it caught the light.

She had never felt beautiful before.

She felt as if she had finally fit into the world

While she always wished she had belonged.

Everything was going perfectly at the ball.

People looked interested in her

She felt bold and confident.

Almost as if she were living someone else's life.

She never wanted the night to end

But that's where it all turned

Mathilde went outside and put her hand on her neck, and her heart dropped to the ground.

The necklace was gone

Her night then felt so empty

She searched everywhere, over and over again.

It was nowhere to be seen.

The next morning,

She was Standing With Madame Forestier

She could hardly speak,

"L... I lost the necklace," she said

She thought Madame Forester would yell, but she didn't

Mathilde opened the Jewelry box and took out the same necklace

Mathilde, "She said, "the one you borrowed wasn't real."

All the stress felt heavy on her as she walked home,

She realized the necklace wasn't what she wanted

It was to feel important and be seen.

Why Won't You Drink?

A Free-Verse Poem
By Abby Venench '26

The bucket swings in my hand
As I trek the grassy path to
the river.
The waters are deep and clear,
And I can see
the stones that make up the
bottom.

The bucket is wooden, new, and
strong.
It fills with river like it is
happy to do me this favor.
Not a drop leaks out
As I walk to you, sitting soundly
on your stool.
I offer you a bucket of fresh
water for you to drink.
You turn.
As if you never saw it.

My hands are empty
As I trek the path of bent grass
to
the river.
The water runs fast, without
interruption.
And as I lower my hands
Beneath the surface
it is cold to the touch.

I gather the river, cupped in my
hands.
I race back the way I came,
Fast as the current I left
behind.
Rivulets run down my arms,
and drops fly out with each
bound,
But I still make it to you,
with water in my grasp.
I reach out and smile.
You turn.
And what's left drains out.

Your hand is clutched in mine
As we trek the dirt path to
the river.
I can hear it babbling, see the
rushing current, and the
clear water.
We stand on the riverbed.
I gesture, smile, and say,
"Please drink."

I have roused you from your
seat.
I have brought down this path
I've walked.
My feet are tired and
calloused.
My chest heaves with each
breath.
My hands are soaked and
chilled.
With each beat of my racing
heart,
Please drink.
You turn.
Your feet lift.
You walk back on the path I
never wanted to make.



Elephants

Oil Painting By Katelyn Zeni '26

CIRCLE OF LIFE

FREE VERSE POEM
BY MARK TIRITA '28

Trees stand tall and cover the forest
Imposing over the meadows beyond
Their shade provides comfort, yes
But winter comes and whisks it away
Beyond the trees? There's that meadow
Rich in color, covered with hills
Boredom is an afterthought when
Observed through the land's splendor
Yet the time comes for snow to pile up
And bleach the color that adorned the grass
Branches hang low and litter the soil
Dead leaves cover the forest floor
Their colors have faded, no?
But spring will come to breathe life again
Beyond the leaves, there are hills
Round in shape, dyed pure white
Boredom suggests to take a hike
Take in the sights, take in the snow
Take a trip to the bottom
And pass the time, they say
At least, until the plants come back
And the flowers come forward
Of course
Seasons change and life may fade
As the world spins round and round
But there is solace to be found
In the trees turning green
Or the petals blooming with color
A kind of change that stays the same
So they say



GOLDFISH

OIL PASTEL BY KATELYN ZENI '26

THE FIRST STEPS

SHORT STORY

BY REESE KELLER '27

The car came to a gentle stop, brakes squealing like nerves of taking those first steps into a school you've only glimpsed from the back seat of a car. My eyes fixed on the beige seat pocket in front of me, glancing over the colorful CD case of Barbie's Dream House, which is where I long to vanish to. “Reesie,” my mother said, peering over the passenger seat, as my dad also turned his head with an expression of acknowledgment. I refocused, hearing the radio and looking at them both wide-eyed.“I don't want to,” I said as my mom opened the front door. “Please, I'm too scared; I am not getting out.” My mom then opened the back door, which was where I was sitting with my seat belt still fastened. A tear rolled down my left cheek. I felt the crushing heaviness in my chest as the floodgates released, and I'm hysterically sobbing, thinking about being all alone in a big school with unfamiliar faces. My mom unbuckled my seatbelt, leading me into the bright morning sun. I kept my head down, watching the dew drops, which looked a lot like tears sliding from my eyes onto my purple skirt. I didn't quite understand how the dew appeared each morning, only to disappear into the September humidity, just like the tears on my skirt. Clinging to my mom and dad, I stepped toward the open doors filled with colors and children who looked just like me. All I had to do was walk up the steps into this unknown place. I clutched my backpack tightly and let go of my parents as the last tear fell from my eye, and I took my first step.

SCORPION

FREE VERSE POEM
BY CARMINE BALOGH '29

The morning opened calm and bright ,
The Song of Family is warm and clear.
Juana whispers steady prayers,
Hoping the day would stay near.
But on the rope a shadow crept,
A scorpion waiting with its sting.
Its tail curled tight like a warning ,
A small but dark and deadly thing.
Kino reaches out slow and tense,
The song of evil thick in the air.
Coyotito's cry shattered the peace,
Filling the hit with sudden fear.
Juana crushed the scorpion fast,
But its meaning didn't fade away.
For when the pearl gleamed in Kino's hand,
The sting returned in a different way.
The desert seemed to hold its breath,
As if it senses what fate would bring.
The pearl shines bright , but underneath,
It carried the memory of the sting.



A GOOSE ALONE

FREE VERSE POEM
BY ABBY VENECH '26

Have you ever seen a goose alone?
I haven't.
They're always in flocks.
One the ground, on the water,
in the air,
And when they're in the air
It's nearly impossible to tell one
goose from another
Just a Giant
Shadowed
Cloud.
Is the flying goose free?
Or is it chained to the flock,
Unable to slow or change direction
It is caught
In a no-man trap.
What does a solo goose look like?
Does it honk for the flock?
Does it fly completely free?
If it flies, does it wander for
purpose or
Soar for purposelessness?
Does it enjoy the solitude or
Long for the rambunctious
companionship of the flock?
Or
Does it sit in silence?
And is the silence tranquility
Or turmoil?
What is it crushed by - crowd
Or isolation?
Is it ever tempted to just
dive, dive, dive into the water
Until there's no loneliness,
Or claustrophobia,
or much of anything, really
Is this the new no-man trap?
Like I said, I don't know.
After all,
I've never seen a goose alone.

When the Mind Becomes Poison

Petrarchan Sonnet
Homage
By Antonio Ramos '27

There is a constant battle in the mind.
A lot of times, there are whispers of doubt,
There are thoughts of complacency within,
Thoughts that believe complacency is good,
Thoughts that you are incapable of change
Thoughts that have you alone at night in tears.
You trap yourself in a cage that you built,
Then proceed to think you can not be free.
But thoughts are never the reality,
You always have been capable of change.
The question is, how bad do you want it?
Chase after what you want or die trying,
Consider whether you would rather fail,
Or not get the chance to go for your dream.



Jackalope

Pencil Sketch By
Katelyn Zeni '26



Mountain From a Cell

Pencil + Color Pencil Sketch
By Katelyn Zeni '26

REBIRTH

PHOTOGRAPHY AND FREE VERSE POEM BY JASON BLEGGI '29



Rebirth from death seems
proper to
deny,
For none return once breath
and spirit
flee;
The silent grave holds strong
its custody,
And seals the fate of all who
come to die.
So too, the woods in winter
seem to
lie, Bereft of life in stark
sterility,
their colors lost to icy
austerity,
Their branches bare beneath a
faulty sky.
Yet, when the mother Earth
begins to wake, The
frozen fields release their
hidden bloom, and green
shoots arise where silence
had long lain.
Like him who rose the third
and final day,
The forests rise triumphant
from their tomb.

GREEN

ACROSTIC/LIST POEM BY ELISE ANGIER '29

Green is the color of my desire.

Really, all I want is to have

Everything; every green bill, the finest things, the talent, to be perfect. All to be adequate.

Evening comes in the green forest, soft light falls in patterns on the ground.

Now, the oak trees are green with the coming of spring. Soon I will be underneath the grass.



OPPOSITES ATTRACT

PENCIL SKETCH
BY RADEN ROSCOE '26

WHO IS HE?

TESTIMONIAL ELEGY
BY CLAUDIA SANTANGELI '29

Who is He? They say.
He is the one who saves us all.
The one who lay,
Because we didn't care about the fall.
Who is He?
He died, not to be served, but to serve.
So we watched, chanting crucifixion.
Who knew we had the nerve.
When I first heard it, I hoped it was fiction.
Who is He?
He is the one who cured the blind, the sick.
Led us through the pain and sorrow.
Thinking it would be quick.
Promising us hope for tomorrow.
He is Jesus Christ.

SEE YOU LATER

RHYMED VERSE POEM
BY MARIA LUIZA GONÇALVES-BRANDAO '29

We would always say, "See you later,"
Like, somehow that would make things
greater. We never liked the word goodbye;
It felt too final, too hard to try.
So every time we'd walk away,
"See you later" was what we'd say.
A simple phrase, so warm, so light,
A quiet promise that things would always stay right.
But if I'd known that final day
Would take those easy words away,
I would have hugged you so much tighter
And tried to make everything feel righter.

Because the last time that we spoke,
Something in us kind of broke.
And where "see you later" used to lie,
There sat a cold and heavy goodbye.
Now all we do is pass in crowded halls,
With quiet looks and no more calls.
Just little glances, acting fine,
Even though you will always cross my mind.
And now "see you later" hurts to say,
Because it never really stayed that way.
It used to mean we'd never part,
But now I'm left with a broken heart.



INTERCONNECTED

OIL PASTEL + DIGITAL MEDIUM
BY AUBREE MCAULIFFE '26

BRAVERY: THE STRONGEST SILENT WEAPON

DANSA POEM

BY EMMA GARNETT '29

Juana is my name, but yet I can't explain,
The thoughts within my head,
Trapped and unexplained.
Juana is my name, but yet I can't explain.

The Harmony of the waves,
Calm me until I'm brave,
They make me want to think.
Juana is my name, but yet I can't explain

Silence is my weapon, I use it everyday,
Trapped inside my mind,
I must be just and kind.
Juana is my name, but yet I can't explain

The actions I present, creates nothing but a mystery,
The men who want to see,

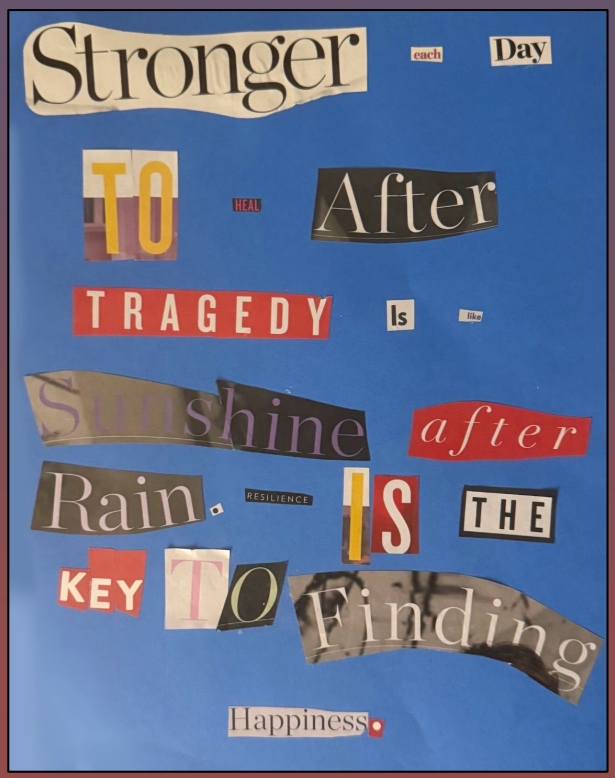
They make me bear my teeth.
Juana is my name, but yet I can't explain

The depth at which I'm seen, can never be filled entirely
People view me as an object,
They think I must be spot-checked.
Juana is my name, but yet I can't explain

The love I have for family, is what truly keeps me going,
My husband is my love,
My son gives me life.
Juana is my name, but yet I can't explain

The way that people view me, won't change within a century,
I cannot act with sadness,
Only with my strength.
Juana is my name, but yet I can't explain

The life that I still live, is only what I'd wish,
For I am but a woman,
A strong one at that.
Juana is my name, but yet I can't explain



STRONGER EACH DAY

FOUND POEM

BY JANE SILVA '29

CONTEST WINNER!!!

I'LL CARRY YOU WITH ME
BY SOPHIA EVERS '26



Artist's note: This piece is inspired by the feeling of carrying in your heart all the people who have affected your life and that have loved you along the way. The bees are vulture bees, which are known in nature to make honey from dead animals; the story is that they collected pieces of the people I love in the hive that is my heart. I feel I would not be who I am today without my loved ones so this is my very personal way of giving back to them and by showing them how deeply they impacted me. Even the ones who are no longer in my life. The theme for the magazine is "'Duets"; thus, this inspired me to use two mediums to show a connected harmony between two different art forms. Displaying my desired story and the emotion behind it, as well as fitting the desired intertwined feeling, it captures what this publication wishes to portray.

Letter From Literary Editor

I have had the privilege of being a part of *Amaranth* since my freshman year. In this time, I was able to publish my art in each publication and was even given the honor of selecting two of the annual themes. This club has always been a place where I found I could express myself. Looking back at the work I've done, I feel it shows how I've evolved as a person overall. My photography was an outlet to make art, without the worry of making a mistake. It was a way to capture beauty, while still being a timid freshman who didn't know who she was yet. My sophomore year sketches showed my transitions of self discovery and branching out. I didn't care if they were good, I just wanted to not limit myself with my own need for perfection.

My junior year is when it all came together for me. The theme was 'Words Unspoken," and for years, I have had so many thoughts stuck in my head but no stream of consciousness ever portrayed the true feeling or meaning behind what I wanted to say. I wrote poems about troubling and beautiful expressions I had never been able to put into words before; I was finally coming to understand my sense of self and who I wanted to be.

And now... this year, the year I've begged for since I was a kid but somehow still appeared far too suddenly. My senior year I was faced with the biggest decision to remain complicit or to truly strive for the life I wanted to lead. I chose life. I have experienced so many moments, (some good, some bad) that have shaped me, and I have just begun to let my experiences and who I am fuel the art I produce. For the first time, I was able to put my own meaning and purpose into something I created.

I am very grateful for this club. For pushing me to expand my work ethic, for teaching me how to work in a group, and for making me become a good role model for our absolutely amazing underclassmen and for forcing me to challenge who I was every year. To start out with submitting a photograph of a mushroom to then becoming the literary editor and having my art make the cover is very surreal and bittersweet. I am very proud for this to be my last publication and to be able to collaborate with so many wonderful people. Every year of *Amaranth* has shown my very own drag path of how far I've come, but I am not stopping here. I hope every reader feels the emotion embedded into these pages, because for a few of us it's more than just a magazine-it's the first real proof that we as students, and future members of society, proudly exist. So on behalf of *Amaranth* and the dreamers in the class of '26: Let's get this show on the road!

-Sophia Evers '26

Moderator-in-Chief's Letter

Art rarely arrives alone.

It surfaces as echo—a second voice beneath the first, layered in tone, shadow, and hue. ***Amaranth*** begins there.

"Duets" grows from the understanding that creation is never singular. Memory beside becoming, restraint beside release, light set against shadow across a shared canvas. In this issue, contributors were asked not only to create, but to respond—across silence, across rhythm—where poetry meets image in parallel breath, line softening into line, word answering word.

This magazine is meant to be turned, encountered from either direction.

From one cover, nostalgia unfolds—soft-edged, washed in muted hues and sepia undertones. Language rests in delicate strokes, each word placed with measured care. These works linger like varnish in late light: childhood rendered in warm pigment, memory suspended in translucent layers. Poetry here moves gently—lyrical, reflective, shaped by echo and pause. A quiet underpainting. A held breath.

The palette shift, deepens, ignites. Color thickens, saturated and unapologetic. Doodles grow bold, urgent, textured with intensity. Language fractures and reforms with force, rhythm sharpening, imagery striking with immediacy. Identity is not recalled but formed—etched in motion. This is contrast. This is pressure. This is release.

At the center lies the folds, our **Creative Collective Mural** —where mediums converge. Ink into pigment, graphite into color, verse bending into image, poetry and visual art exist without boundary; metaphor becomes form, form becomes language. Nostalgia and intensity meet within a single field, layered until something new emerges—many hands, many voices, each mark answering another.

This is the heart of *Amaranth*.

It exists through the talent and dedication of students whose work fills these pages. Their process lives in drafts, revisions, erasures, and late-night creation—attention given to word weight, line placement, and color movement. What you hold is not only art and poetry, but persistence shaped into expression.

Here, students are not simply contributors but visionaries—given space of page and canvas alike. Each work becomes both sanctuary and spark.

The strongest work does not stand alone. It listens. It answers. It becomes dialogue.

That is the duet.

That is *Amaranth*.

And now it is yours to open.

With pride and appreciation,

Lori Conetta, MAEd. /CI

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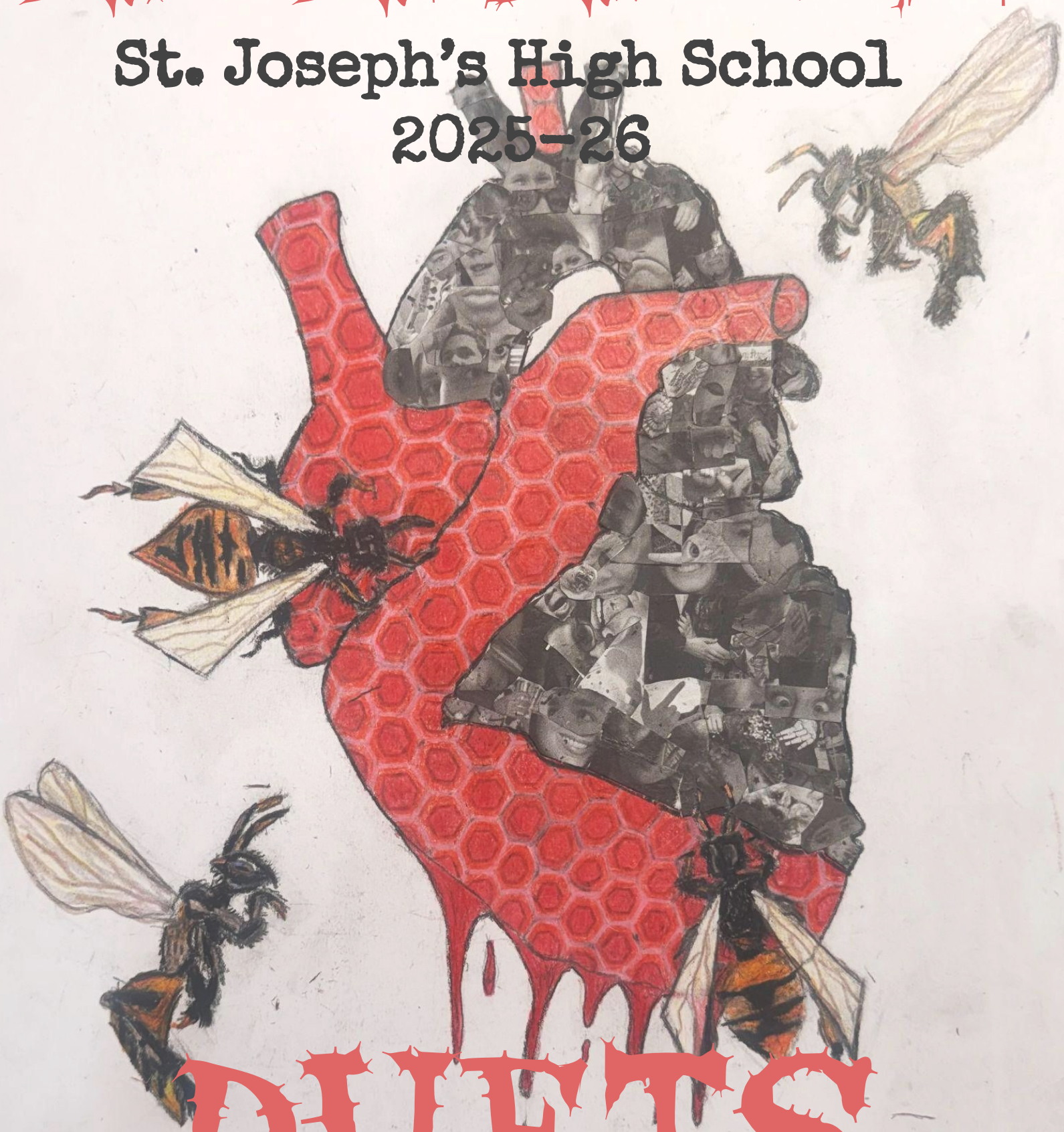
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AMARANTH

St. Joseph's High School

2025-26



DUETS