



The Mirror

Second Edition
Spring 2014

Foreword from the Editor-in-Chief

The past, present, and future represent reflections in our lives. We look back on the past, experience the present, and ponder the future. All the experiences we have in the present eventually fade into a memory of the past. We hope that the theme of “Reflections” in this second edition may generate cherished memories.

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Lament (Caoineadh Ná Cionn tSáile)

Hailey Slate

Is there any greater woe than this, which benights my pitiable heart?
This which chokes blithe spirits cold
And turns the star-dusted cobalt night to sweltering, joyless day
I pray thee tell of a deeper longing than mine for crystal rain and
hoary skies
Set before me anyone who bears more grief than I
Lead me now! To the soul that broods as I do
Show me one left pining o'er Neptune's ever penetrable walls
Eternally divided by the wrath of the sea from the land with which
she is one
Longing to behold her winsome smile in every river
Weeping for the ever-flowing joys of whispering mountains
The waulking song of her coastline, as tantalizing as that of any si-
ren
Her cliffs that rise from tempestuous depths
weeping shadows, reflections of blood through keening eyes
As she guards the west with all the fairness and savage pulchritude
of her ancients
Give me such a companion!
Make haste to find him, her...it?
One whose mind reels with constant thought of her
And we'll turn away together, arm in arm at the toll of distant bells
Ne'er again to don the chains forged by tears
Where the far away boys will welcome us home.



“Taking Flight”
Kendall Cecchetti



“Winter Wonderland”
Jana Reyes

Reflection in Ebony Gloaming

Hailey Slate

I've known youth in the briefness of my life. I remember the bonny seaside and Cliffside house in which I was born. Oh Kinsale, it's been a struggle to forget it. And even now that I've been away from it all these years, the look of her, the little house, the shore, the sky shall be forever engrained in my mind, pieces of the heart that broke with hers. Granted, I cannot say I fancy being away from her, but in sooth, I am never far. I go back to her at e'en, most nights when I close my eyes, my soul descends to the rocky shore, the hems of the dress I wore the day I left, a slipping train among the moss...and I am home. I pass the time adrift upon the sea, the waves swell me out and in again, washing their frigid affection over me as fishing boats carry weary men into the harbor and home to tender wives in the candle-lit windows that speckle the hills with flickering yellow light. I float upon the cobalt night where stars collect in the blackness of my hair as it dances upon a ribbon of north wind. The night's gentle wind hurries me along the broad and narrow roads, up and down dark alleyways and o'er houses of every color, through ancient churchyards where to the wail of a pipe's lament, you'll find me dancing between the stones. I hang, omnipresent in the salt of the air and ride the eventide through the pubs and shops of my little home. I stroll through the midnight crowds, amidst the thundering of reeling feet I pass straight through, their mirth and glee enough to sustain a wandering spirit. Through the gaps I can see those I used to know, their waning images, clear and faint, Dennis Kelly on a corner stool with his pipes, and dear

friends delighting in the excitement of a wedding dance from years long past. For a moment, it's as though I never left Kinsale, as though no one did.

I fall in the shimmering of rain upon the house wherein I used to play, and my mother still sings lullabies to the baby on her lap, and my sister strokes a tawny kitten beside a fire that never dies, a fire in which I blaze forever. I glow in the embers of each of her houses, every candle is lit by my flame, and my spirit flies on in white smoke when each candle is doused. I have smiled in the stars upon a thousand births, and shouted in the thunder upon a thousand deaths. I have watched her children grow and run away across the sea. I've tossed the ghostly ships upon her tempest seas to bring back the souls of forgotten sons. And I've been the breath of the wind o'er the heathery moor at dawn. And by the morning I am whisked away, as quickly fleeting as winter's frost upon her stony fortress, back up into the heavens.



“Left Behind”
McKayla Ambriz

Knew I Never

Ofir Suchard

As I lay silent in my bed,
A hundred thoughts raced through my head.
And found a piece of hope still marked,
A desperate glim of passion sparked.

Plan my journey: off I went!
Though knew I never what it meant.
So soon when I've fulfilled no feat,
Back to darkness, will retreat.



“A Place to Think”
Caila Pedroncelli



“Deception”
Bailey Aguilar

The Cancer Stair

Sophia Fox

Everything always had to be grey. The hospital always tried to put other colors up, nurses in bright blues, curtains in a strange green, pill bottles intoxicatingly orange, but it was always grey. That was a fact of life everyone denied, but was never fully convinced.

On nights when she could, she would sneak out here, the one spot she found where the grey was actually left alone. No bright white linoleum floors making the dark less of itself, no green monitor lights putting mechanical fireflies on her walls, no sensible black shoes coming to switch her IV in the middle of the night, just the grey. After the third month of overnights at the hospital, she had stopped believing in the sham colors they put up, and they had actually started to make her mad. This was her twelfth month. They made her crazy now.

So she just sat here in the same spot, letting the concrete hold her, feeling the cold but never actually doing anything about it. The lights were bright enough to show the stairs but not much else. Bugs hopped on the bulbs in looping circles. Fly in, touch it, fly out again. Distant drops of water crashed into the floor, one after another and she listened for the one that would be different. The red paint was always pulling itself off of the handrails to show more grey hiding just beneath the surface. Nothing ever changed in her stairwell; it was too perfect for change.

With her eyes closed, lungs full of the damp air, she heard

the sound of something different. The water drops broke and the light held still as she opened her eyes to see what was happening. A pair of vans belonging to a boy were suddenly right in front of her. “Did I just ruin something?” he asked, though it was obvious he did not actually care if he had.

“No, it’s not like I own the stairs.” Her mind raced, but her voice came out cold and disinterested. It always did that now. “You shure about that?” The tiniest smile crept onto his face.

“Cus’ you look like you own the place”. His eyes glittered with a full grin. She couldn’t figure out what he though was so funny, but something inside of her smiled back.

“I sit here a lot. It’s better than being in there.” She nodded toward the door, surprised at her openness. He seemed to understand exactly what she meant.

“What floor are you on?” This was the polite way of asking how sick you were. First was the ER, second was post-surgery recovery, third was ICU, forth was people with diseases and a chance, fifth was right before they suggest a hospice home.

“Fifth” she answered, not meeting his eye. “Rough, my grandpa just got moved to the second floor.” He sounded more impressed than sorry for her. After a pause that she stopped herself from filling, he continued undeterred.

“How long have you been here?”

“In and out for a year now.” She normally hated looking at people when she said this. They always gave her that pity look that she couldn’t stand. But she still looked up, and saw his smile again.

“You really do own the place.” He couldn’t hold back his laugh this time. The sound filled the space around her and she

caught herself smiling back. He still hadn't taken his gaze off of her, and she still hadn't been able to meet it. The noise died down and he searched her for a long moment.

"I have an idea" he said with excitement.

"What makes you think I'll follow along?" She said with less ice and some actual interest.

"Mostly my amazingly good looks and charming personality. And the fact that I'm really humble."

She smirked and stared at him for a second realizing he was the first person to talk to her and not her cancer in a really long time. "Well, what is this grand idea of yours?"

His eyes flashed with youth. "Follow me." He turned the corner and walked away. She struggled up and stopped for a second to catch her breath. At the top of the next flight he turned and held his hand out her.

"C'mon fifth floor. Don't look so scared." He helped her up the stairs and out onto the roof. Night air swept across her face, the city rose up around her, the street buzzing below. She was amazed at what she had never seen. He was glad.

"I know, right? Better than that corner if I do say so myself." He led her out a little further, and she didn't resist.

"Look up, it's always the best part." His voice fell soft then silent.

She tilted her head back and for a moment everything seemed o.k. There was no hospital, no grey or color, no cold rooms or fifth floors. The year was gone in a flash, all that she had was up above her.

A small feeling began inside of her, warmth she had never

known. Strength flooded her and fear fell away. Teardrops slid down her cheeks, one crashed onto the ground below. It was there, with the stars burning their dull glow, sickness beneath her feet that she let herself go.



“Just Branches”
Lacey McCormick



“Pearl”
Kendall Cecchettini



“Clarity”
Lacey McCormick



“The Other Side of the Mirror”
Madison Harris

Love

Kelly Esparza

Love is like a cherry blossom tree in spring,
Its buds bursting with possibility.
Love is a roller coaster ride—sweaty
Palms, head spinning, stomach doing flip-flops.
Love can be your best friend,
Whisking you off on an unexpected adventure,
Whispering in your ear, emboldening you
Discovering courage even you did not know you possessed.
Love warmly embraces you, hugging firmly but tenderly.
It heals, strengthens, and uplifts.
Love's a ship on the ocean, sturdy and strong,
Enduring the harshest of storms, the roughest of seas.
A beautiful contradiction,
Love is exhilarating and comforting.
It can be brief or eternal,
And it is gentle, yet powerful.
So behold the happy truth:
Love conquers the mightiest of foes,
In spite of the odds,
Even extinguishing the ravaging flames of wrath.

Wrath

Kelly Esparza

Wrath is like a river raging out of control,
Destroying everything in its path.
It is like a volcano, ready to explode
And incinerate all that is living and beautiful.
Wrath can swallow you whole,
Or it can spread through you like a disease,
Eating away at you from the inside out
And growing inside your soul until nothing is left but rage.
Wrath can reside with you like an unwelcome houseguest.
It can turn into your worst enemy,
Building a wall between you and your friends,
Leaving you alone and lonely, without anyone at all.
Wrath is a dead-end road;
It is a journey with no destination.
Wrath is as cold as winter
And as dark as a bottomless pit.
Wrath violently grabs you,
Holding onto you with an iron grip,
Strangling your heart
Until all that is left is the desire for revenge.

In the Mirror
A Photo Set
Chelsea Franklin & Megan Wagner



“Outspoken”



“Quirky”



“Energetic”



“Amazing”

Another Webster

Rebecca Nicholes

Growing up:
An evolution of mind and body
A revolution against the tyrant
Parent,
Spreading up and
Out, a countryside of
Stranger turned Friends and Friends turned Strangers
The process of justifying
Opinions, decisions
A gradual spreading of
Wings
To fly the coop, deciding to
Give up bailing boats
And simply

w

a

l

k

A s h o r e.



“Mysteries of the Unknown”
Brooke Aprea

Along the Road

Ofir Suchard

Beneath my feet the road was scarred
The pavement cold and sharp and hard.
And though I stained the cobbles red
The only choice was march ahead.
Within the wind of salty air
—Which wants too much but doesn't dare
Which stinks of simple and absurd
My graceless footsteps kept unheard.
But certainly on such a path
So full of passion and of wrath
My solitude dismantled quick
As heart and brain companions seek.
Before myself a gaudy crowd
Singing softly, laughing loud.
And in the back a vague array
In the back they'll always stay.
When I look shallow in their eyes
Reflection is my own demise.
Some I touch and hush and heal

Some I brush with with stainless steel.
Steps and strides and tears and all
Then in the poison river fall.



“Contemplating Life”

Isabella Lee

Brace Yourself

Sarah Larson

Since the day I met her I knew that we would forever be in a “love-hate” relationship. Joan and I have known each other for about two years now. She has always been there for me, through good times and bad, keeping me strong, ever longing for that day when I will be able to be free from her grip. I made so many memories with Joan; she is a part of me that I will never forget. Like a snake, I shed many skins; each one opens a new door of opportunity in my life. Joan was one of my skins that I had been slowly peeling away over time. Now that we have gone our separate ways I am finally free.

Joan of Arc is her full name, but I prefer to call her Joan. I have several nicknames for Joan, including “Bracearoo” and “Abs of Steel.” Named after my favorite saint, Joan protected me and shielded me from harm. Encouraging me to stand tall in the world, Joan prepared me to face any challenges that might come my way.

I wore her like a corset. She was made to my exact size (two years ago that was). She was three pounds of plastic that covered me from down at my hips to under breasts. She has gray Velcro straps in the back and a few cutouts, which provides breathing room. Like a surfboard, she has a rainbow peace sign embedded into her paper white rosin. The peace sign is a symbol of hope, the same hope that strengthened me for the last two years. She also has bullet holes in the shape of a heart, which represents the hard times I have faced; while at the same time, the formation of the heart is symbolic of all of the loving

support that embraced me along my journey.

“You will wear her 20 hours a day, seven days a week, but you can take her off for showers, swimming, sports, exercises and dancing,” my doctor told me. My two years with Joan were up-close and personal. She never gave me a break! Every night I wore her to bed and every morning when I woke she was there, wrapped around my midsection like the shell of a turtle.

“How am I going to wear this thing with clothes?” I asked my orthotist. She told me I would simply adapt and learn to get comfortable in this new skin. “As long as you don’t wear crop tops or skin tight clothes, no one will ever notice her,” she told me.

Taking her advice, I switched up my style a bit. I started wearing my jeans under Joan, rocked the trend of flowing blouses, hippie skirts, and wore tank tops under everything. She was my little secret, which I could disguise any way I wanted to. Yet, I was never ashamed of her and never hesitated to share my story with anyone who asked.

My name is Sarah. My spine is shaped like an S. The degrees of my curvature are 21, 33, and 19. I will never be perfect, but that is okay; I was never planning to be. I do not think of having Scoliosis as a disease or burdensome condition; instead, I think of it as an adaptation to life. Although I am done wearing Joan, the memory of her is still imprinted on my heart. She held me so strong when growing through my young adolescence and has left me with the courage to face many challenges yet to come. Obstacles will attempt to block my way on the path of life, but with the strength I have gained from this experience. I am ready to brace myself for any challenge.



“Do What You Love, See Who You Are”
Sophia Fox



“Clouds on Water”
Madison Harris

ETC (IGPCDATEF#\$%^&*!:S)

Rebecca Nicholes

I live a life of wheels and
gears, iridescent passion compacted into
pixels and kilobytes; happiness, serenity
converted to parenthesis colon,
despair just a key away.
And all the uncertainty of man,
the visceral caution of the unknown?
forward slash colon.