

The Mirror



Thirteenth Edition
Summer 2018

Foreword from the Editor-in-Chief

The morning of February 11, 2016, I rescued a journal my aunt had given me for Christmas back in middle school from the depths of my closet. During the forty-five minute car ride into school (one of the perks of living in Roseville, I suppose), I started journaling. By the time I reached the St. Francis campus, I was hooked. I filled that notebook and another and another. To date, I've filled ten journals and I'm about a midway through my eleventh.

These journals hold over half of my time at St. Francis. They serve as witnesses to the joys and hardships as well as the celebrations and failures I've experienced.

These journals are a testament to all the ways I've changed during my time at St. Francis. I am not the same individual who penned that first entry on February 11th nor am I quite the same person I was a few hours ago when I wrote about my metaphorical adventures wrangling the AP Spanish Literature exam. I am in a state of ceaseless flux.

A quote on Pinterest once reminded me that the only constant is change. I may always be a St. Francis Troubadour, but after graduating in a few weeks, I'll have to put

on one of those green alumna badges every time I step foot on campus. The divide between “current student” and “graduate” is massive, and soon I’ll be passing from the former and into the latter.

Whether you are a freshman or part of the class of 2018, I urge you to stop and enjoy this moment in time. You never know when transformation might strike.

~Kate Fernandez

Acknowledgements

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Congratulations to the winners of the spring
poetry contest!

To read the special edition showcasing the
winning poems or enjoy previous editions,
[simply click here.](#)

The Butterfly Spring

Alyssa Appel

I sat on the porch yesterday, and
At my lemonade, I was sipping away.
I watched the sun travel into the next day.
I had a sudden wish for the sun to stay.

Had the sun stayed, the day wouldn't end.
Then it would never, the Spring, spend.
I wish the sun could in the sky be suspended.
The lovely Spring is my only friend.

Suddenly, I heard a soft noise.
A noise that felt it was just for me.
I moved my eyes to something poised
On the branch of a sapling tree.

A glorious butterfly with colors so great
Was resting away by less than five feet.
Then I realized, though the spring may retreat.
The wait so long, would be worth it--complete.

As the butterfly lays her egg, nearly gone.
A butterfly will come again with Spring's dawn.
The Spring will to me, someday return on.
I will rejoice the next, not grieve my Spring withdrawn.



Chicago Sunset
Vivienne Henderson

Moss

Lauren Kim

I. They disappeared the summer I brought curtains. I knew they were a mistake, but I had made them, and felt bound to those limp, dead strips of cloth. I felt an unnatural need to let them hang that year, albeit the fact that they tangled in the wind and stuck to the window screen during the rainstorms. That is the hypocrisy of material possessions.

II. Each spring, I leave my home in the suburbs for a remote cabin in the middle of the sleepy Appalachian Mountains-- little furniture, no electronics. The hold that material objects have on us is stronger than you might think. Each year, I continue to harbor a small pang of loss as my car rounds the corner of the driveway. It soon disappears-- I have other things to look forward to, and other sights to see.

III. The gigantic 8-pane glass window, rimmed with white painted wood, swings up and inward. The thick coat of white paint causes it to stick a bit. I opened it once, and that was enough times for me. Rain or shine, I never close it. Through that window comes the musty smell of resin pines, the early chirping of sparrows, the waves on the lake ebbing and flowing. The outside is my alarm clock, my dinner bell, my nightlight. Why then, do I need curtains? To block my view of the stars, tiny flashes of light blinking out from the blackest of black night sky? Or to stop the thousands of pinpoints of light-- or the sparrows-- or the moon-- from peering in?

IV. There's a small lake which has a smooth, sand beach near my nondescript cabin in the woods. Over the years, the erosion of water against sand and stone has led to a series of small caves underneath the overhanging banks. Lying on the lake-washed gravel stones, I look up at the ceiling of birch roots and mud scattering the light, causing dappled patterns across the entire hollow. The back of the cave disappears into a dark shadow. But somewhere, in my peripheral vision, something glitters. Something green. Stretching out my finger towards the green shimmer, I quickly pull it away when I feel only clammy dampness, cold sweat on the skin of the frigid stone. I half-expect my finger to start glowing, like the time I accidentally crushed a firefly while closing a Mason Jar. But there's nothing. Turning my head to look closer, I notice the light undulating, like the dappled light you would see looking up from the bottom of the swimming pool. One moment sparkling, the next moment black, the green is the same hue as the iridescent green on a hummingbird.

V. *Schistostega pennata* is unlike any other moss. Right on the shadowy edge where plant life seems all but impossible, "Goblin's Gold" allows itself to thrive. It asks very little from the world but allows itself to glitter in response. Meanwhile, the sun drops lower and lower, until it is almost kissing the ocean. Finally the sun drops low enough and it pierces the darkness through the mouth of the cave. The brightness of the moss strengthens, and I can almost imagine it storing it in its cells for future days and weeks to come.

VI. I got older and had other things to do than wander along the shoreline at sunset. I visited the caves less and less often. I occupied

myself with other priorities, like hanging curtains. That was the year the glowing moss disappeared. I was walking alone years later when I noticed that the bank had collapsed under its own weight, burying its glimmering contents. I've read that the Onondaga people believe that plants come to us when needed. They will stay with us as long as they are respected. But if we forget about them, they will fade away and leave. I suppose the collapse of the cave was just coincidence and fate, bound to happen through the inevitable forces of nature. But I wonder.

VII. The curtains were a mistake. As if the sun and the birds and the trees and the stars and the moon and the glittering moss were not enough to make a home. Their superfluous flapping was a slap in the face to the light and the air, the forest and the stars, waiting outside the window. Although too late, I burned the curtains in the fireplace, and returned their essence to the stars that smiled down on me. I didn't miss them.



Stained Sunset
Kate Fernandez

That Week in December

Noelani Kinion

I say a week, but I cannot say that is true. Those two weeks were as long as a lifetime, for they never will truly end. This negativity, my depression, will live with me forever. As long as I am here, I will never forget what happened. Or, what did not happen. I wanted it to happen, I really did. But it did not happen, the doctor would not let it. They strapped me in and wheeled me away, an angel there to hold my hand and wipe my tears away. In years prior, the thought would never have crossed my mind that I would ever be in that situation, surrounded by scrubs so green. Everything will be okay, they said. It will get better is all I heard. The place they are taking you is full of other people like you. But what am I? I am merely human, yet they know that is not the case. I am neither normal nor special; I am broken. A fallen angel that wants to return to her creator. But here I am, surrounded by people like me. They tell us we are broken, that we need help. They have no idea that we are more than that. The boy with anger issues told me that I was beautiful the way I was, that I had no reason to try to change how I looked. The girl with abusive parents gave the best hugs, making sure everyone knew how much they mattered. The silent one drew the most intricate designs, and the drug addict made sure that she knew how pretty they were. Everyone in that room had scars, some physical and some emotional. We were all there for a reason, a common defining feature. They said we were broken, that we needed help. Support is what we needed. Kind words are what we needed. Love is what we needed. I got out sooner than others did, out of that headspace and the building. They

moved me to another place, a place for people like me. A place for people who were getting better, but were not okay. A week before Christmas, not knowing if I would be home in time to be with my family. That second week in December. My first time being outside since being put in that place. At first, I wanted to be outside. I longed to feel the grass and breathe for the first time. I felt as though I had not had a chance to breathe while I was in that place. But once I was outside, my face fell. The green of the leaves, of the grass, brought on a wave of anxiety. The green was the same green of those scrubs. I knew from that moment on, I would never escape those two weeks in December.



Untitled
Janene Tapken

Her

Lillian Henderson

This is what they called her,

Beautiful

Lovely

Pretty

Frail

They looked no deeper than her skin.

They did not see her mind, her heart, her terror, and her pain.

Beautiful

Lovely

Pretty

Frail

They looked no deeper than her skin.

They did not see her fire, her strength, her passion, and her hope.

Beautiful

Lovely

Pretty

Frail

They looked no deeper than her skin.

They did not see her worry, her weakness, her fear, and her doubt.

Beautiful

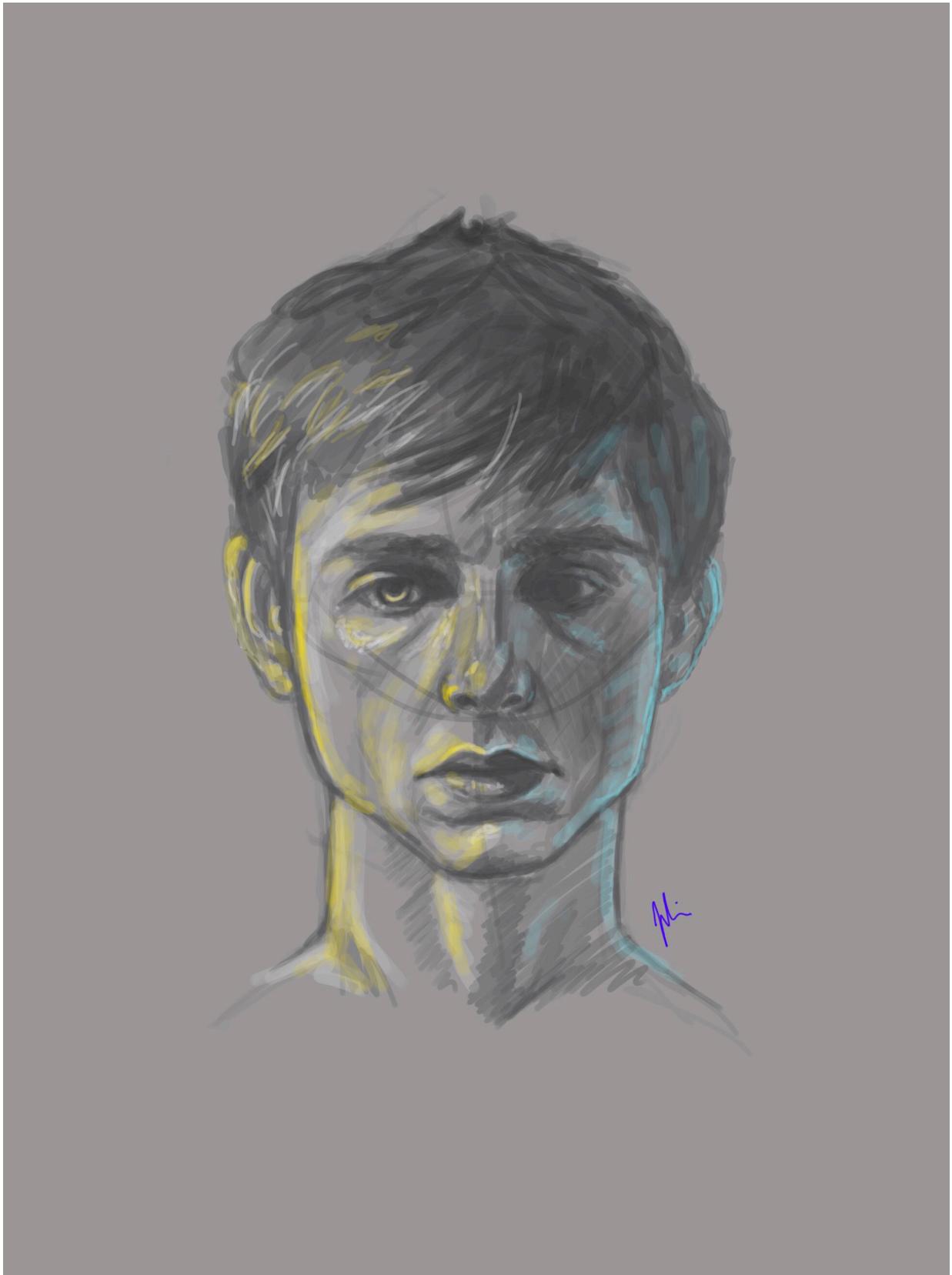
Lovely

Pretty

Frail

They looked no deeper than her skin.

They did not know her,
But she knew them,
Because she looked into their hearts,
Into the army of sin.



The Instrument
Julia Narvaez

The Girl In The Mirror

Grace Siozon

Happiness flowed from us like a stream

Brother, sister, two parents

Happy togetherness

Then crack

A split, a rift

Deep and unrelenting like a storm

Fight, two worlds, two houses

Depressing separateness

But now

The girl in the mirror

Stronger, tougher, resilient

The girl in the mirror

Rise of Fire

Anneke Zegers

Reignite the broken brazier
Reawaken yourself inside
And once you've found your true colors
Hold on tight for the change of tide

