

THE LOOKING GLASS

LAURALTON HALL'S LITERARY MAGAZINE • 2021 EDITION



*Illustration by
Kathryn Semosky '21*

St. Cardinal

In the moment of sole escape-
Angel peered to earth, seeking to embrace
A vacant space in golden home,
 Beckoning like patriarch to the throne.
So selected was one crimson son-
Wearied by ills from life long done
Praying for peace beneath stubbled cheeks,
 Though flock of maidens bent to weep.
Canopy fallen to blue sorrow-
Futile wishes for one more 'morrow
Unseen grief by bold species,
 A reverent haggle left to pieces.
Gathered yet again under clouded skies-
Celebrating in Departed's own design
Robust florals and lilting choir,
 Bronze cask of dreaded fire.
Past the misery of beloved sweet-
Softening bite from Loss' teeth
Memory scattered among warm heirs,
 Ruffled legacy of no compare.
Yet in long hours of clinging sun-
When all is silent but treasured ones,
So flies son by divine arsenal
 A fleeting reunion in the form of a cardinal.

-Lily Bolash '22



Illustration by Kathryn Semosky '21

Dance with an Angel

The sunset was upon us, as our feet intertwined
Music playing softly, coming from behind
Eyes like shimmering starlight, transfixing gaze of yours
As the sun set further, our time was nearing end

You made me forget anything, that ever caused me strife
You gently pulled me closer, to your celestial light
Sunset hair reflected the stars above us high
Drifting in the breeze, like-a perfect autumn night

Your radiance painted scenery, that could brighten any day
Your touch so calm and gentle, makes our dance fly away
Drifting towards the heavens, who sent their shining light
To lift me from the madness, my shining hope tonight

The worry of tomorrow has left my troubled mind
For as long as you're beside me, everything is fine
So pull me closer darling, make me forget once more
That when this song is over, you won't be mine anymore

-Elisabeth D'Albero '22



*Illustration by
Teresa Haynes '22*



Oil Painting
by Annie Zhu '23

Cracked

I'm sorry for causing a scene -
I didn't think I could be so mean.
Let me just put that away in a jar
so that it doesn't have to be seen.

Looks like I got too excited there.
What I said afterwards wasn't fair.
Let me just put that away in a jar
and let's all agree not to care.

The tears just kept on falling;
My lack of control is appalling.
Let me just put that away in a jar
and, hopefully, I'll stop bawling.

Something set me off today.
I forget what - my mind's fogged up, anyway.
Let me just put that away in a jar
so I can calm down and be okay.

I'm running out of jars to fill -
One of them is about to spill.
I can't just put that away in a jar
because it's only a matter of time until
they crack.

-Erin Paranal '21

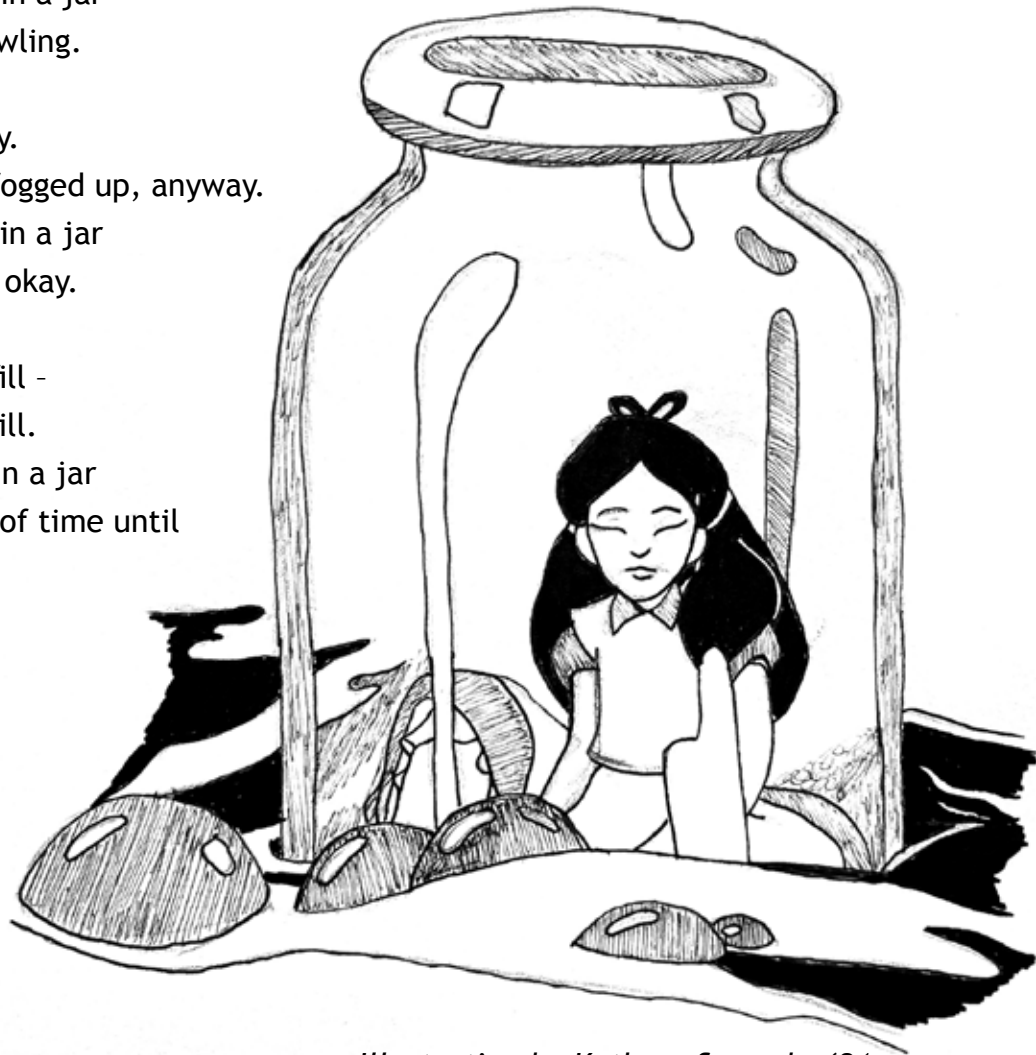


Illustration by Kathryn Semosky '21

What do I do?

I sing to the birds and dance with the trees
I clap like thunder and run with the breeze
I cry with the rain and laugh with the grass
I rise and rise like gravity until I crash

I scream at the sky as it falls down upon me
My mood changes colors just like the leaves
My heart takes punches, harder than you could believe
My hands catch my tears while the flowers catch sun rays
My eyes sparkle under the moon as if I am caught in a daze

My hair fights against gravity, it is a pathetic fallacy
When asked what I do, I have no answer
For I do many things, my passion malignant like cancer.

-Kevinah Wright '22

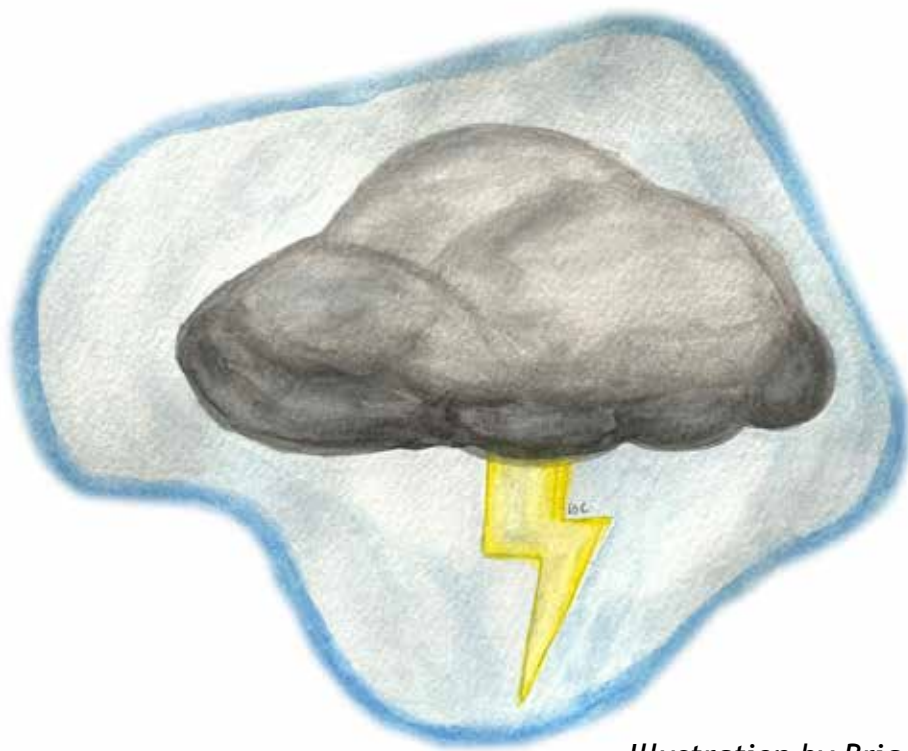


Illustration by Bria Colangelo '23



"Blinded"
by Kathryn Semosky '21

The One in the Mirror

I am Kaylor Harris Garamella,
Born of Shawn and David,
In the place where wind and waves bring gifts of sand and shells to the driveway,
A compromise of Kathryn and Lorraine.
I live a life of hugs and blankets,
Alongside twin brothers, a father, and a mother,
Where togetherness takes the form of movies, board games, and traveling.
Mine is a family of entrepreneurs,
Where the values of kindness, gratitude, and industry hold rank above all others.
I am from Italian masons, who built with their own hands cathedrals that still stand tall.
I am from Danish shipbuilders who set out unshakingly to explore the treacherous unknown.
I am from Irish farmers, who survived and remained despite failing crops.
Here my ancestors traveled, seeking new lives,
Lives of progress and acceptance,
Where one could climb aboard a ship young and alone only to find family and success.
I, too, though as of yet unhewn by experience, long to emulate
my ancestor's strength, courage, and independence in my own life.
A life where I can stand unabashedly atop a previously unconquered mountain -
A trailblazer - leaving behind a well-made path for others to follow

~Kaylor Garamella '22

Photo by Iliana Christakos '23

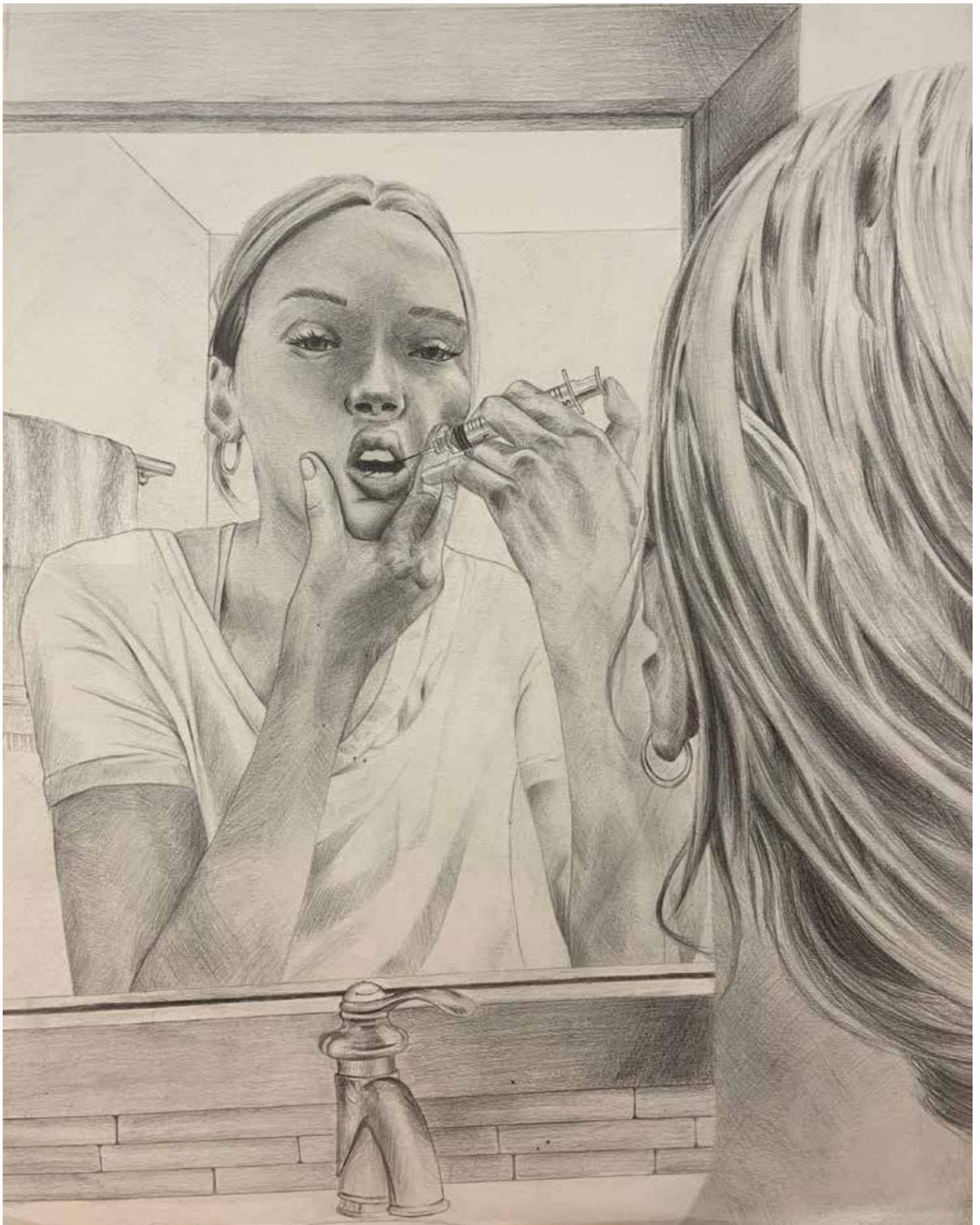
Dreams of the Mourning Dove

As the moonlight peeks between my window curtains,
My eyelids flutter into darkness, no longer fighting the drapes of their lids.
My head resting on the pillow that is my boat
Keeping me afloat upon the Nile of dreams
Its waters are filled with my memories of you,
Every moment, every laugh, every fight, every kiss, every time I
Fell deeper in love with
Your laugh, your lips, your hands, your stare,
Your face floats everywhere.
Along its currents are flecks of gold, that shimmer and glisten,
As if they are competing with the stars.
I cup my hands and softly dip them in this pool of fantasy
The droplets slip through my fingers I'm—
Thirsting for this to become reality
But I know that reality only comes in the morning,
When the tapestry has fallen and the doves have risen.
Their songs of mourning bring sunlight to my eyes,
Signaling that the river is drying.
But in each note I hear
Every moment, every laugh, every fight, every kiss, everytime I
Fell deeper in love with
Your laugh, your lips, your hands, your stare.
You.

-Kevinah Wright '22



*Illustration by
Kathryn Semosky '21*



"Beauty Secrets" by Joyce Seo '24

The Jitter Juice of Adulthood

Ever since I was young, coffee has been a drink for adults only.

Described as a ‘drug’ by many, the bitter, smooth, and iced liquid is portrayed as a lifeline, a thing keeping people alive. Walking throughout the streets of town, you can play Eye Spy with this drink, and win in seconds, because almost every person over 16 has a cup in hand. Children try to pretend to enjoy coffee, just to fit in and be classified as older than they are, but in reality, until you reach the age that you are worthy to sip a golden glass, you are cursed with the repulsive zip of bitterness that attacks a young one’s taste buds, or at least that’s how I saw it.

I imagined that liking coffee was a milestone in every person’s life, and until you reached that moment, you were trapped as an immature kid. I remember the first time I truly connected with this mysterious delicacy. Of course, I had tried sips of my babysitter’s iced caramel lattes before, but I had always had the same reaction, “EW!”

This time was different. The aroma of the sweet smelling hazelnut flavoring caught my nose like a fish on a hook, and drew me to my mom’s cup sitting on the table. To be quite frank, it was not even until the third gulp when I started to really enjoy the taste. Then, just like that, I had grown from the young childish girl who didn’t drink coffee, to the young, not-so-childish teen, that did. It felt like I had accomplished something great that only I can take credit for. From then on, I have had at least one glass of iced coffee with almond milk every morning at my mom’s house, and I probably will until the day I die.

~Persephone Deeds ‘23



Illustration by Kathryn Semosky ‘21

Wave Washed Away

I am Nektaria
Born of both Anargyros and Sophia
Rooted in the place where an oregano, olive oil, and lemon aroma softens the air
I live a life of stomachaches
Alongside scholars turned laborers and other broken kids
Where on Sunday nights I cram homework while hearing a baby, boys, and Real Madrid
Mine is a country of heroes, Gods, and Goddesses
Where the values of Hestia and Zeus hold fast.
There is my lineage from the Hellenic Isles where my ancestors
Came to this country as dishwashers, students, young mothers.
Wanted a life of untainted history and newfound prosperity
And I too, I want a life of blissful innocence
Where I may now forget and forgive.
I declare myself free;
a wave in the Mediterranean washed away...

~ Nektaria Karagiannis '22

Photo by Iliana Christakos '23



The Race Against Myself

Every day for as long as I can remember, I've tied my hair back, laced up my sneakers, and run, leaving my worries behind and letting my thoughts run free.

But standing here, on February 15, on the starting line, worries and nerves rush into my mind like water breaking through a wall. Less than half a second, I keep hearing in my head. Less than half a second faster to break the school record. I turn my gaze and scan the starting line beside me, observing all the girls with their hands on their hips, staring straight ahead. My stomach drops, intimidated by their confidence. The deafening thoughts in my head make the official's words, "On your marks" seem like a million miles away.

The gun goes off, and I immediately know that this will not be like any other race I have ever run before. I feel like I am going to be left behind in the dust of all the girls who are faster than me. I give all of my effort in the first lap just to keep up with the girl in front of me. As I pass my coaches, my family, and my cheering teammates, I subconsciously flutter my eyes shut for a split second, taking myself out of the moment, remembering why I run; why I wake up every morning and lace up my shoes.

When I open my eyes, I completely zone out the noise of the crowd, disregarding the other runners on the track. I run all by myself, in my own little world; I run free. For the next few laps around the track, I feel at peace in my body, knowing I am doing something I love. The ear-piercing sound of the bell signaling the final lap calls me back to the race, and I give everything I have left in me, keeping that half a second in the back of my mind. When I cross the finish line, I don't even stop my watch or look at the clock. Something deep inside of me tells me that I've done it. I glance back at the girls I was terrified of a few minutes earlier.

Suddenly, they don't seem that scary anymore.

-Kelly Jones '23



"Exhale"
by Kathryn Semosky '21

Noses

I was in the fourth grade, so my classmates and I were barely tiny people.

We knew nothing. We owned nothing. We could barely do anything. Back then, though, we were the big kids at school. We knew everything. We owned everything. We could do anything. Still, we floated around pointlessly, like balloons or bubbles, unless we were on our way to recess or lunch.

On one such floatation, the children of Mrs. Ryan's fourth grade class were leaving lunch. We were just on our way back to learning, so our vaguely linear clump was in no hurry to trek to class. We floated in the unique way of little fourth graders. We were slowly bumping along, when our teacher stopped for but a second. Those who were paying attention turned to see what caused our courageous leader to stall.

The great Mrs. Ryan stopped for a quick conversation with the janitor. Some kids were confused as to why our teacher was talking to a lowly janitor. Most kids weren't paying enough attention to care. Our teacher finished her conversation and started to lead us back to class with a smile. Some kids must have looked at her funny, as if asking why she would talk to a janitor. Mrs. Ryan turned to us with a gentle smile, but a stern look. She said, "This is Janitor Teddy." The way Mrs. Ryan said "janitor" made it sound like the highest title, as if he belonged with kings and queens. She continued, saying, "He does amazing things for this school, and we could not function without him. You should all be very thankful for him." We all smiled at him, and he smiled at us, and we were floating back to class.

Mrs. Ryan smiled at me, stood up very tall, and with a quick nod, said, "Never look down your nose at anyone."

~Margo Katz '23

*Illustrations by
Teresa Haynes '22*



Look at the Horizon

I am a bird poised to take flight,
born of chance and wonder on a winter's eve,
in the place where lives are forever transformed.
I live a life of joy alongside those who love and carry me unrestrictedly
and whom I admire and aspire to be,
where on Sunday nights,
I revel in my fleeting bits of freedom.
Mine is a country of different voices and distinct viewpoints
and the values of integrity and persistence I hold closely.
There is my lineage from famine-ravaged Ireland,
where my ancestors came to this country
as heartened and hopeful seekers
who wanted a life of peace and prosperity.
And I,
I want a life of bold purpose
where I can soak up the world around me
and leave broad strokes of goodness along my path.
I, Grace McCormack, confidently declare my unyielding openness
to soar boldly
into the new horizon!

-Grace McCormack '21

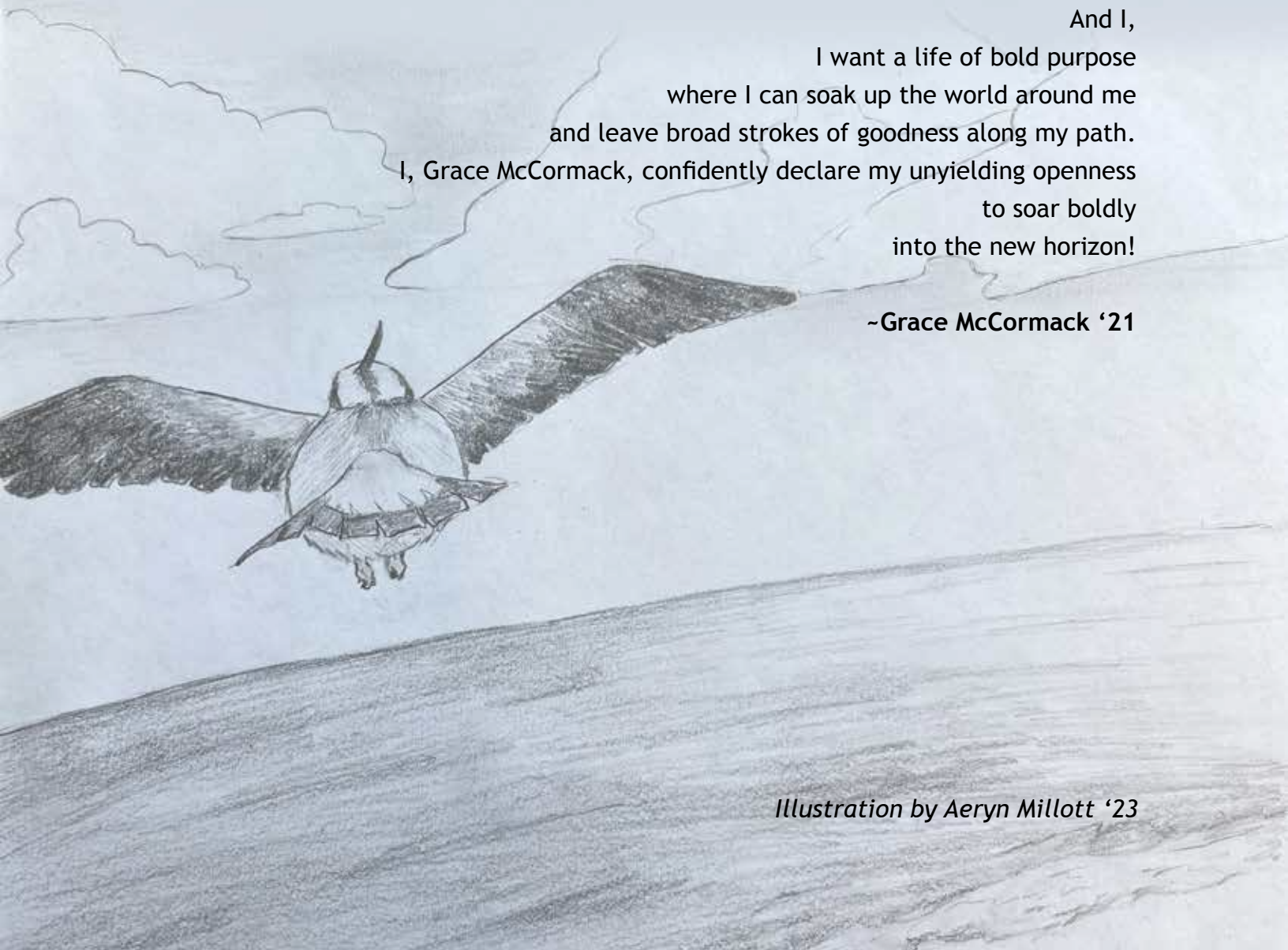
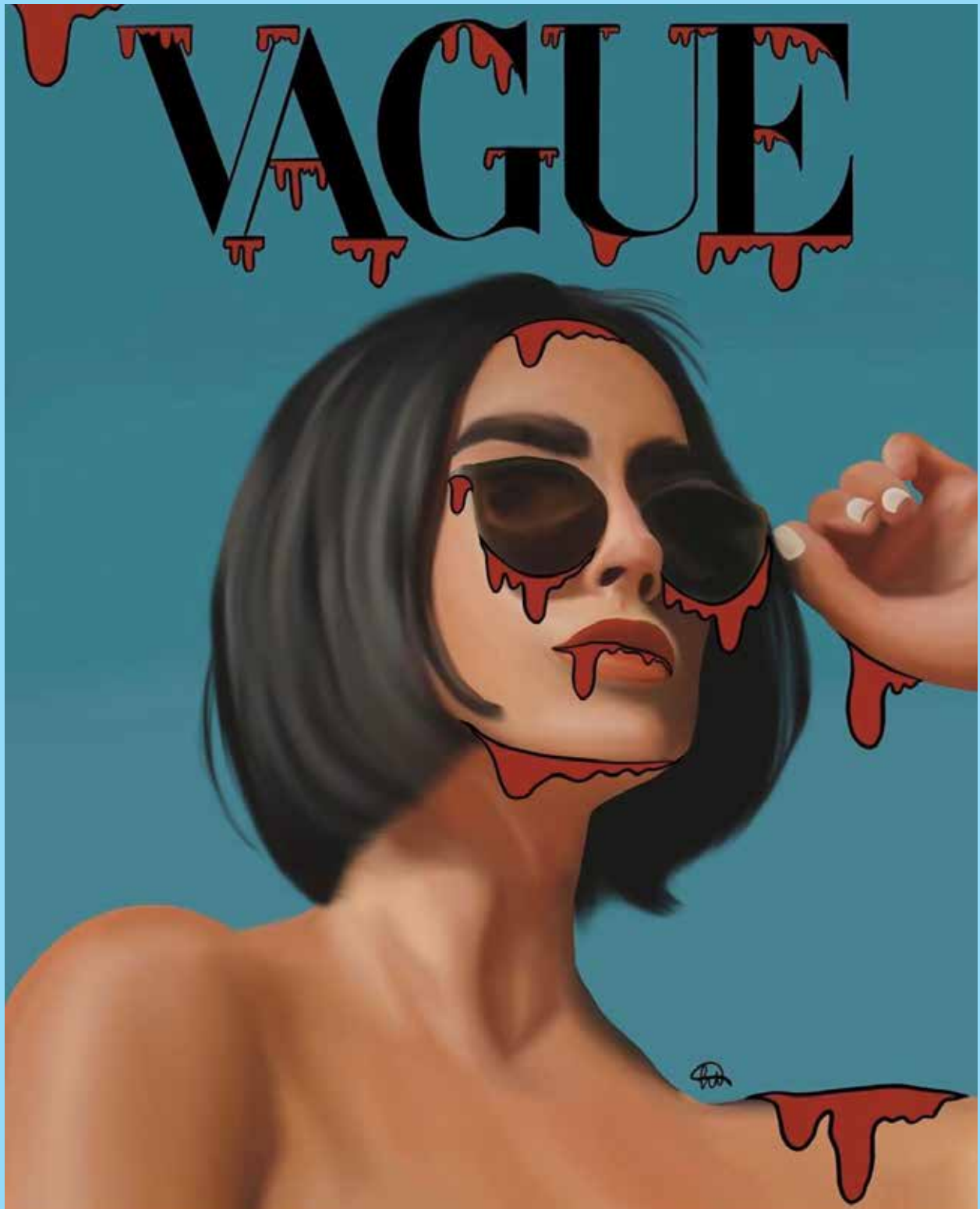


Illustration by Aeryn Millott '23



Artwork by Holly Thorndike '23

Study of Self

I am a people-watcher,
born of unchecked curiosity and an appetite to understand others,
in the place where each soul has its own distinctive and discoverable quirks.
I live a life of empathy alongside those close to me
and those whose paths I have never, nor will ever, cross,
where on Sunday nights, I stare across the dinner table trying to read my mother's
eyes.
Mine is a country of diversity,
and the values of dignity and equality for every person I hold near to my heart.
There is my lineage from the cobbled streets of Italy and the rolling hills of Ireland
where my ancestors came to this country as virtually illiterate immigrants,
wanting a life of economic opportunity and education for their children.
And I,
I want a life of public service,
where I can advocate for the subjugated and better the lives of others.
I declare myself Brooke Claire Jones: a proud people-watcher
—and a future world-changer.

~ Brooke Jones '22



*Illustration by
Lydia Grillo '23*



Photos by Iliana Christakos '23

Haiku poems

Weary Winter

Here come frozen days
Icy cold and darkened nights
A smell of embers
~Gabriela Coppola '24

Swans

White swans so graceful
Arching their necks up and down
On water, gliding
~Gabriela Coppola '24



Illustration by Kathryn Semosky '21

Snowflake

Fragile and unique
Shimmering white in sunlight
Dancing in cold air
~Gabriela Coppola '24

Water fall

Flowing over rocks
Rushing currents, high to low
Roaring water falls
~Gabriela Coppola '24

A Spectacular Sunrise

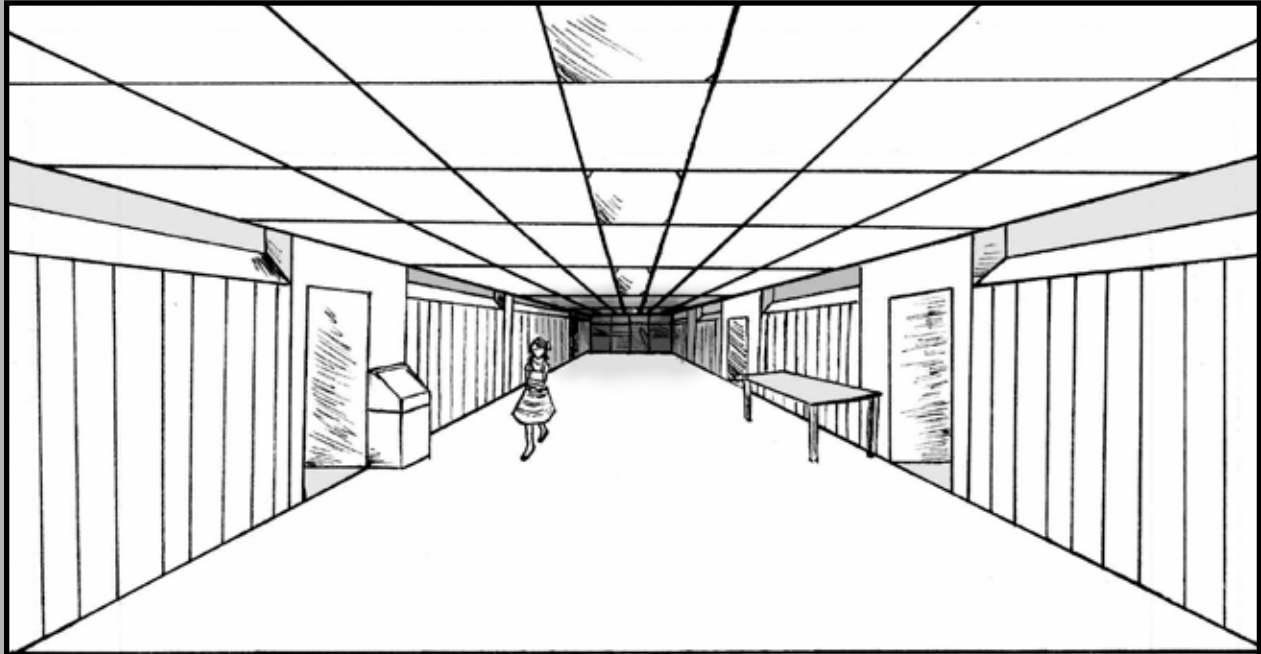
Sun shining brightly
A new daytime has begun
Bursts of orange rise
~Gabriela Coppola '24



*Oil Painting
by Annie Zhu '23*

The Drawing Contest

Written and Illustrated
by Sophia Salazar '23

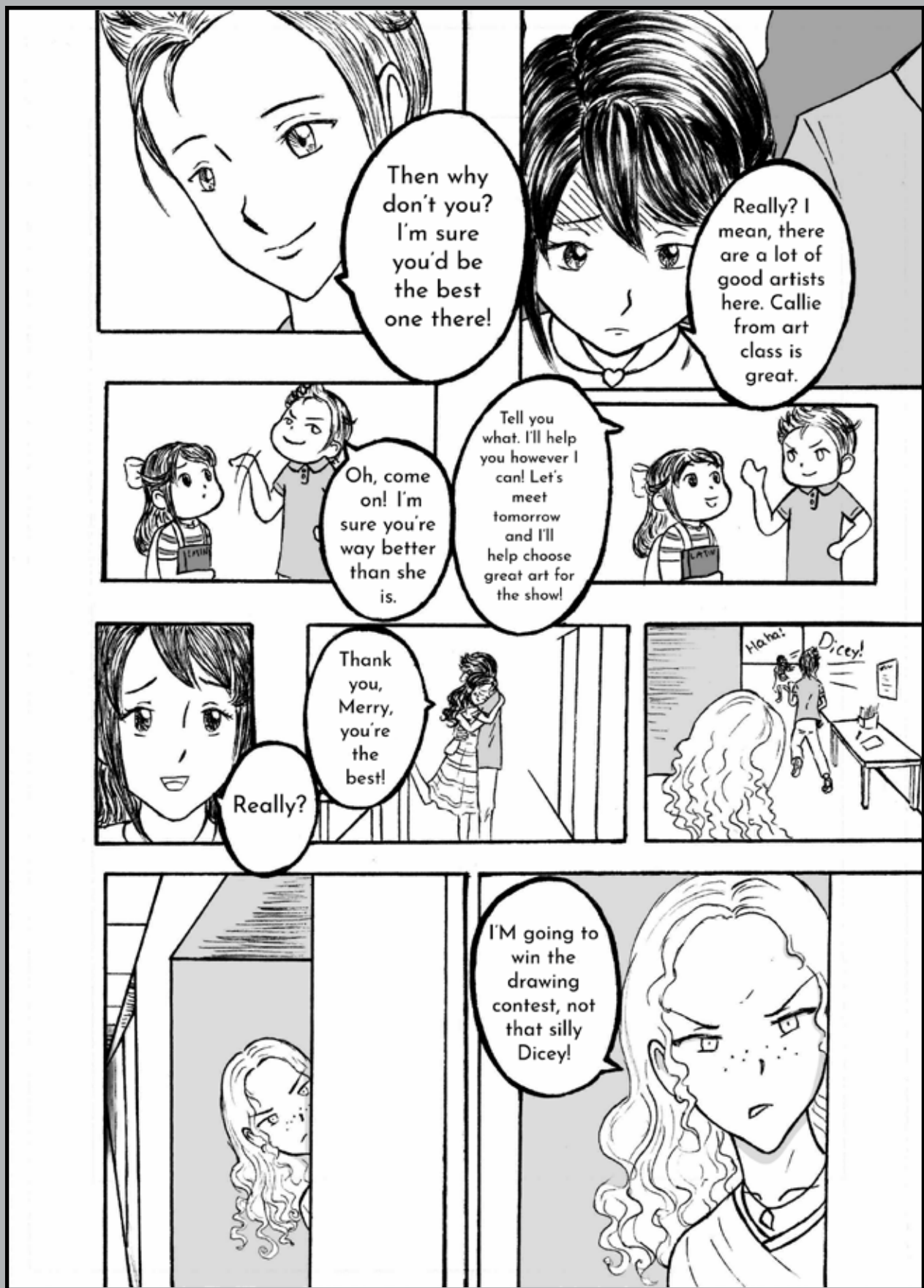




Hey,
Dicey!
What'cha
looking
at?

The
drawing
contest
is on
the
19th.

I
really
want
to
join.



[CLICK THIS TEXT TO GO TO SOPHIA'S GOOGLE DOCS PAGE TO READ THE REST OF THE STORY SO FAR!](#)

The Looking Glass

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