



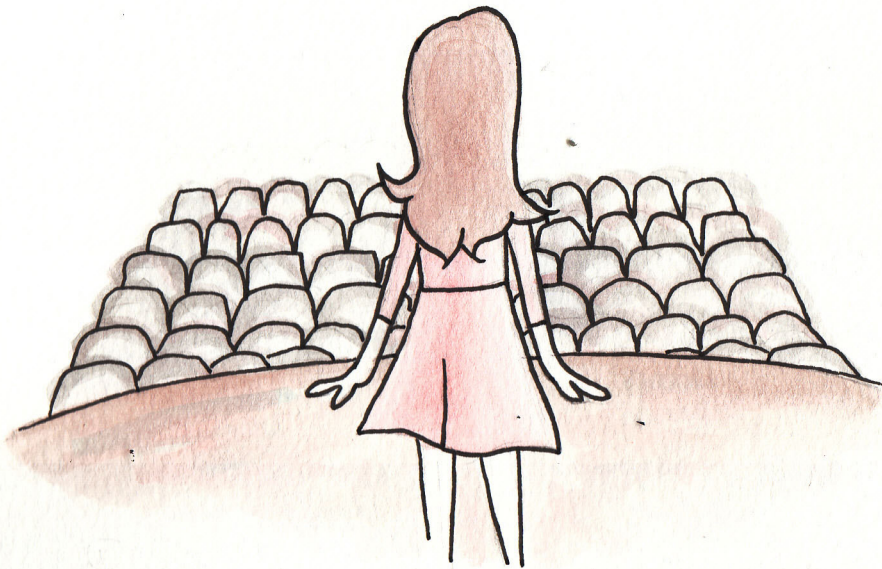
The Looking Glass

Lauralton Hall's Literary Magazine 2019

Identity Poem

Brynn Conrad, '20

I am Brynn Rose Conrad
From the security of my room
And the vulnerability of the stage,
Trying my best to speak loudly & be heard.
I eat my fill of knowledge turning it to dreams.
I sleep with a head full of unspoken thoughts,
With a tune in my head and determination in
my small steps
So there is them and me,
Who, at my best,
is
Bold, Witty and Mighty.



Artwork by Hannah Gnibus, '20

Today is the Day...

Catherine Carolan, '22

Today is the day when
 I get to the station before the train.
Today is the day when
 I test my skills at analysis.
Today is the day when
 I devour the packed food.
Today is the day when
 I share my research.
Today is the day when
 I find inequities and equations.
Today is the day when
 I turn quick and tuck low.
Today is the day when
 I complete work promptly.
Today is the day when
 I slumber before 10 pm.

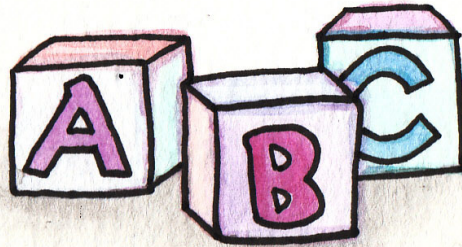


Photograph by Audrey Ulrich, '22

Identity Poem

Carly Costikyan, '20

I am
Charlotte Elizabeth Costikyan
Born of
Warren and Deirdre
In the place where boats and Barbie dolls were second
only to times tables and ABCs
by my own choice.
And I sleep next to siblings
Maggie the graceful and Ryan the free-spirited.
And together with them, I am
never bored, never melancholy, and always dreaming.



Artwork by Hannah Gnibus, '20

Today

Isabella Fuscaldo, '22

Today is the day for me—
I will win a race,
I will walk 1,000 miles
I will ace a test
I will do everything
As long as I can be me!

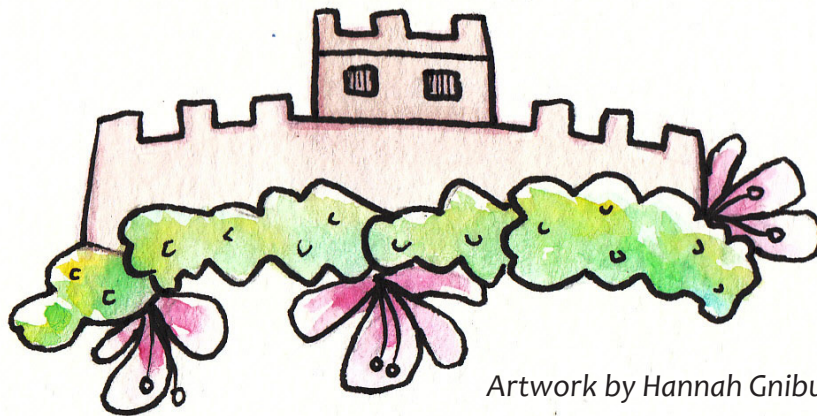


Artwork by Audrey Ulrich, '22

Identity Poem

Ella Kang, '20

I am Ella Tongjia Kang,
born of fantasies and compassion
in the place where the Great Wall guards the wisdom
of numerous dynasties of the past 5,000 years.
And I sleep next to siblings hard work and determination,
and together with them,
I am
smart, strong, and special.



Artwork by Hannah Gnibus, '20



Photograph by Grace McCormack, '22

Identity Poem

Caroline Ward, '20

I am Caroline Isabel Valk Ward
born of Jill and Stephen
in the place where the streets are filled with
yellow taxi cabs and people with big dreams.
I sleep next to my sister Colette and next to her,
I feel safe and loved and together with them,
I am no longer shy
but confident and outspoken
grateful and humble.



Artwork by Hannah Gnibus, '20

What to write?

Vinci Toni, '22

"Today is the day..." No, that's no way to start a story. Well, not for me. Do I write about ghouls or goblins, or do I write about the song that's stuck inside my head? Do I write about courage or wisdom or how to be brave? Do I write about "lions and tigers and bears, Oh my!?" I don't know what to write. This short story is due at the end of class. I only have ten minutes. "Oh no, Oh no, Oh no." All I want is lunch. Is that really too much to ask?

I can't find the way to a perfect story and the teacher is looking right at me. I don't know what to do. Do I write about snow or the summer wind? Do I write about Marie Antoinette and her missing head? I can't find the right words. "Oh no again." The teacher is coming. She's coming down the row. I see her coming. One more desk to go. "Oh no, Oh no, Oh n...."



Artwork by Maria Abbazia, '21

Identity Poem

Daniela Norato, '20

I am Daniela “No Middle Name” Norato
born of coffee and happiness
in a loving home where hot pink
was a necessity in my closet
alongside
One Direction posters.
And I sleep next to siblings open textbooks,
crinkled papers, and late night Netflix sessions.
And together with them,
I am artistic,
adventurous,
and a tired coffee addict.



Artwork by Hannah Gnibus, '20



Today is the Day...

Raphael Mahkraz, '22

Today is the day
When I will enjoy every moment.
I will have a smile on and
have a peaceful morning.
It will be a day full of laughter
and joy as my peers and I
enjoy the snow
Clear all the negative around in sight
For today is the day everything will be all right.



Artwork by Cianna Varas, '21

Identity Poem

Carly Weber, '20

I am Carly Rose Weber,
born of sarcastic educators and typed letters
in the place where words, both real and made up,
whisked me away to different worlds
within my own head.
And I sleep next to siblings creativity and self-doubt,
and together with them, I am
Imaginative, driven, eclectic, and human.



Artwork by Hannah Gnibus, '20



It's Cold Today

Michelle Bartolone, '22

Today is a day for staying in,
Sitting at the fire with a grin.
It's too cold outside for a comfortable walk.
Just snuggle up and have a talk.
For tomorrow, there may be snow,
Sit down and watch it go.
Each flake, unique in its own way.
Yes, it's very cold today.

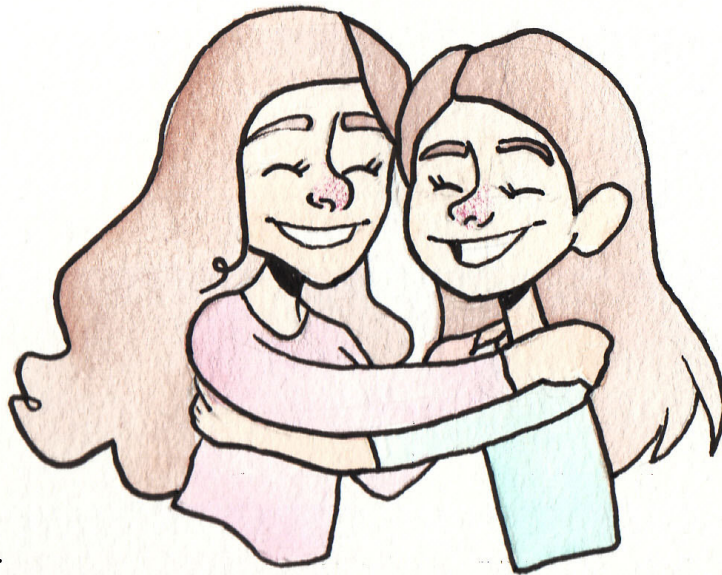
Artwork by
Julie Green, '22



Identity Poem

Carla Fabrizio, '20

I am Carla, professional procrastinator, Fabrizio
born of a cultural mutt of a mother
and thoroughbred Italian father
in the place where flagpoles are planted
in the middle of the street,
and I sleep next to
my controlling yet funny sister, drill sergeant Gabriella,
and together with her,
I am tired, loud, and gullible.



Artwork by Hannah Gnibus, '20

A Christmas Memory

Catherine Carolan, '22

At 6:44 am, I woke up today to the delight of a cool, chilly wind whipping around hundreds of dry, seasoned leaves. As I sit here on the 17th of December, 2018, assigned to write about a Christmas Memory, my mind remembers one chilly Christmas morning in 2017. I am 12, my brother Seamus is 14, and our little sister, Ava, is 8. Prior to the big surprise, our gifts were discovered, and my Grammy and Poppy had just ventured over from Stratford to Fairfield.

I remember the morning consisting of presents being unwrapped, presents being played with, and all hands on deck to help make the most delicious raisin bread French toast casserole for our family. About an hour into the morning's festivities, my Mom, Grammy and Poppy all stroll into the mudroom, just off the living room where Seamus, Ava, and I sit. "Awww, it looks great!" I hear my Mom say quietly. At this point, the mystery is about to unfold, and my mind wonders what could be next."

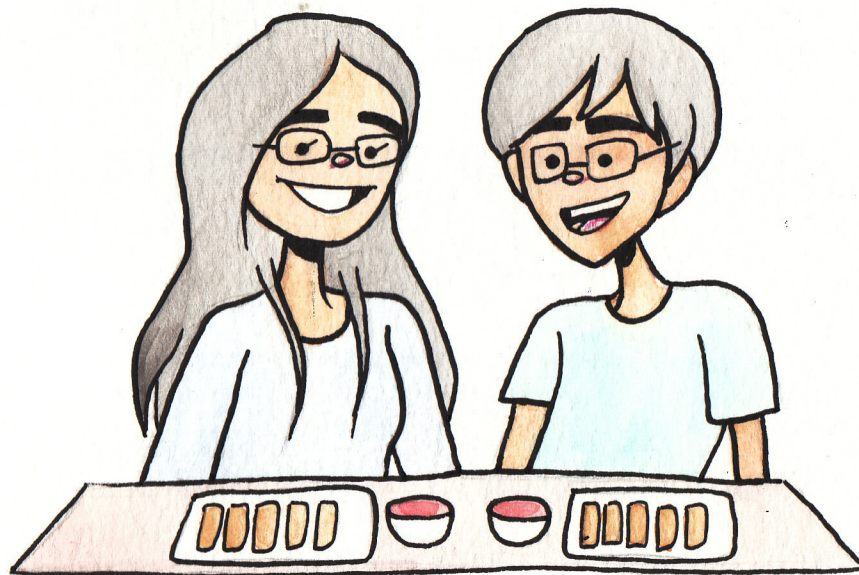
Then, my Mom brings in a big box wrapped in Christmas wrapping paper, a sturdy black handle on top. Ava and Seamus start asking questions and opening the mystery gift. I stand back and ponder the possibilities. "Hmmm, could it be a dollhouse, a TV, a dog crate...?" DOG CRATE!! "Oh my gosh!" In a split second, my siblings rip the wrapping paper to shreds, curious as to what the mystery gift could be. Yet I stood still, still looking, and there they are... plush dog toys with a box of dog treats and a dog bed. But no dog—yet. The following day our family drove up to Meriden in search of retrieving our Labradoodle puppy, Rory.

Now, as I sit next to her and think about that day, I consider her my favorite Christmas gift of all.

Identity Poem

Victoria Segueco, '20

I am Victoria Elise Ruiz Segueco (but my true name is Lili)
born of dreams and labor
in the place where Kabayan became Kapamilya
and I sleep next to my siblings
the devil and the angel
and together with them, I am
all-seeing, all-hearing, and all-speaking.



Artwork by Hannah Gnibus, '20

Followed to the Universe

Halle Peterlin, '20

He went first, leaving her behind
on accident.

She was sick without him,
knowing he was alone in space
instead of at the coast, home.

She, not sicker than him, was soon to follow,
half a decade or so.

Left Ohio at 75.

The killer pumping through their veins,
sharing death as if it were lunch.

Now they spend long summers together in the sun,
dancing on the burning atmosphere.

Watching the stars slowly being killed by loneliness.



Photograph by Audrey Ulrich, '22



Artwork by Rory Woods '19

Out of Tune
by Erin Paranal, '21

My parents made me take piano lessons when I was very young. I never liked my teacher; she was old and we always played Three Blind Mice, which gave me a headache. Don't tell my parents that, though. I don't know how much they paid her.

In addition to that, I've been playing a keyboard. I got nothing out of those years. The keys were too soft and they broke too easily, just like me. I quit my lessons with her, but I was still stuck with the keyboard.

Later on, I joined the children's' choir at my church. After a year in the choir, the director saw my potential in the musical field and offered to teach me how to play the piano, since it would help me with my singing. I agreed, because I like the idea of improving my voice. I was fruitful under his instruction. However, I was still stuck with the fragile keyboard.

Finally my parents were able to afford an upright piano last summer, purchasing it as my graduation gift. It's a beautiful model--a Samick--formed with glossy nutmeg wood. It sounds like a hot knife on butter, and I love it like I love summer; however, it's a little broken and out of tune, just like the world. If you heard me play it, you wouldn't hear how broken it is until I tell you.

Not a lot of people think the same way as me --analyzing the little things-- and I don't blame them. Sometimes people just don't want to hear that stuff. They don't want to hear the reality behind the beautiful, deafening sounds.

Life is too complicated and confusing for people like me. For some reason or another, I deal with it and keep myself in my own little world, where my thoughts dance and my emotions sing, fictional characters talk to me, and I am in control. I should probably just focus on my schoolwork. Get into a prestigious college and get a Master's degree. Be a space systems engineer at the Jet Propulsion Lab. Go part-time on Broadway and sing more than I do now. That's what I want. Call me crazy, but that's my mindset
--my goal.

I need to get that piano tuned.



Artwork by Carrie Sun, '19



Photograph by Elisabeth D'Albero, '21

Poems inspired by Geoffrey Chaucer's Prologue to The Canterbury Tales

The Actor

Delenn Cubano '19

There was a stout actor, not more than five-three,
On his way to a place, which was foreign to he.
While on his journey he had too much wine;
The words he used resembled pure brine.
It looked like he wanted to put on a show,
Because he spoke of what he did not know.
Now all his words just seemed jumbled,
Because of the lies he continuously mumbled.
Blasphemy, like the Vatican is square,
One can say he made these stories up in thin air.
With pants so baggy and shirt so tight,
To the naked eye it was not a pretty sight.
So if you see this man while on your way,
Turn the other direction and just walk away.

The Entertainer

Kiran Malik '19

Singing down the hall, here comes another entertainer.
Unlike the others, she didn't seem like a complainer
With her hair so tight, in a long ponytail,
One may not even see she looked quite pale.
Dressed in an oversized hoodie and boots,
One could mistake her for a substitute.
Her voice is powerful with an incredible pitch.
No question as to why she is so rich.
Stories about her misfortunate love life spread,
For she put everything into her career instead.
Wherever she went she never stopped singing,
The thought of her stopping was un-wishful thinking
With her great energy no one grew tired,
The other entertainers just got more inspired.
Many were surprised by her sudden fame.
They were expecting someone else,
But it was her old co-star she blamed.
With so many singles in different subjects,
All we can say is "Thank you, next."

The Politician's Prologue

Emma Koerner '19

Along with our group came a politician,
Richly dressed and nothing like a beggar.
His suit buttoned up in only the best,
He prefers to be flashy, a definite braggart.
But worn shoe heels show the miles he has past,
Passing out buttons so their votes will be cast.
First class ticket is in his pocket,
With cheesy smiles and handshakes we see,
As he patiently waits by the tick of his fancy watch.
He makes the rounds with all his talk;
The conversation is high and all about him;
With glimmers of hope that someday he'll win,
He boards the plane and looks back with a grin.

A Chaucer-like Poem

Mairead Derby '19

She is the kindest woman you could ever meet.
Everything is perfect, even her feet.
Brown boots, pink sweater, and skirt with pleats,
She is dressed perfectly, even in sleet.
She stands tall, for she is not petite,
And all who know her think she is sweet.
She always gives the children good food to eat,
Especially savory meat and Irish treats.
She loves watching the kids' track meets,
Always willing to help them in a heartbeat.
Her goodbye at the airport is bittersweet,
For without her kids, life is incomplete.
But now walks down the aisle and looks for a seat.
As she flies to Rome, and a well-deserved retreat.

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Contributors

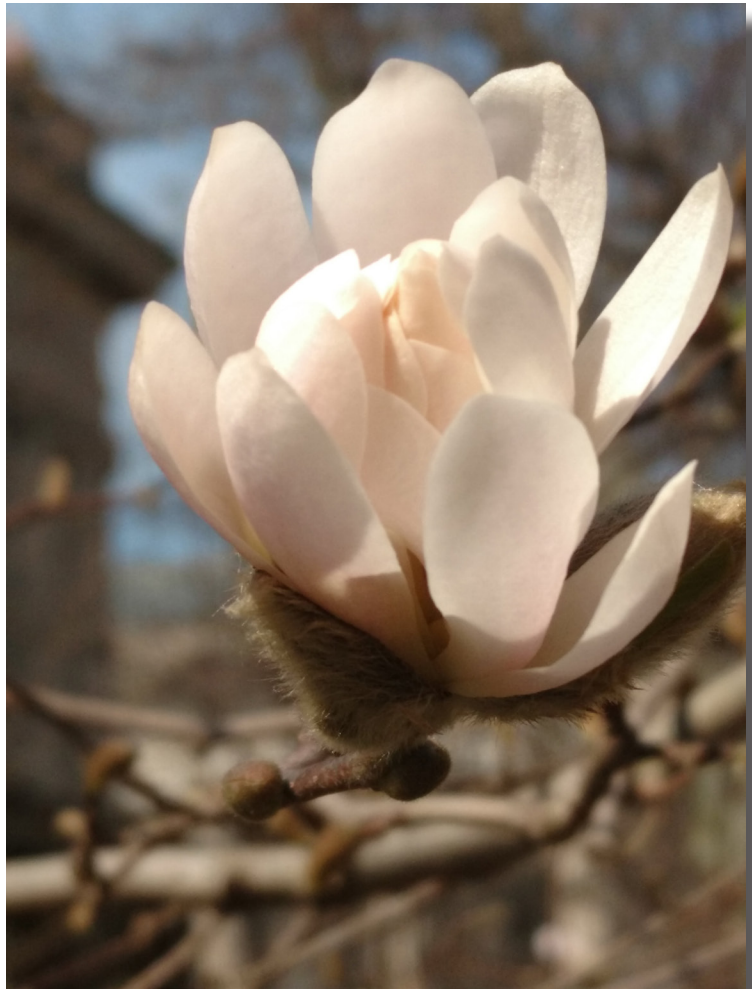
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Erin Paranal, '21
Halle Peterlin, '20
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Vinci Toni, '22
Caroline Ward, '20
Carly Weber, '20

Art Work

Maria Abbazia, '21
Hannah Gnibus, '20
Julie Green, '22
Carrie Sun, '19
Audrey Ulrich, '22
Cianna Varas, '21
Rory Woods, '19

Photography

Elisabeth D'Albero, '21
Grace McCormack, '22
Makeda Staton, '22
Audrey Ulrich, '22



Photograph by Makeda Staton, '22

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The Looking Glass is published annually to celebrate the creativity of the students at Academy of Our Lady of Mercy, Loralton Hall.

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