

MOORINGS



THE
COVID
Constraint



Cover Art: *The Covid Constraint*
by James Irwin '22

MOORINGS



JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL SACRAMENTO LITERARY & ARTS JOURNAL
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From the Editors

Welcome to the Spring Edition of the Fourth Volume of *Moorings*, the Jesuit High School Literary & Arts Journal. This publication strives to highlight the creativity of our student artists and writers by sharing their works with the Jesuit community.

This year's Spring Edition features over 34 works of Prose, Photography, Poetry, Art, and Music. This edition was curated with the intent to feature pieces that contemplate the feelings of isolation and confinement many of us have encountered throughout the COVID-19 pandemic. We feel the claustrophobic closeness of subjects in the photos. We see the uncertainty of changing and growing in "Learning." We can feel struggle, loss, and victory in "Championship." We can smile ruefully at this year's unexpected turn of events in "Quite the Senior Skip Day, Isn't It Callahan?"

Moorings owes its existence to the support of many teachers, students, and faculty members. As the editors, we extend our sincerest thanks to our faculty advisor, Mr. Loverich, for his dedication, support, and generosity throughout these trying times. We would also like to thank Mr. O'Connor for helping connect us with faculty members to spread the word on *Moorings*.

We know that these are difficult times, but with challenges comes growth. With our physical separation from our classmates, our bonds of brotherhood have only grown stronger with the shared experiences. Just as friendship speaks to a deeper part of ourselves, art has the power to speak to our senses. So, take a moment to open your mind and spend some time enjoying the fine art of Jesuit High School.

Eric Johannessen '20, Editor-in-Chief

The Editors

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Quite the Senior Skip Day, Isn't It Callahan?

BY CALEB GARZA '20

Oh driver please
Turn back our time
So I could see it all again
Where my mistakes were made along with friends
For my broken heart was blind

Oh Loneliness my only true friend
I've enjoyed your presence from overnight to end
I've laughed off pain both brought and gifted
I've spent four years nihilistic yet conflicted

Oh Loneliness my only enemy
Drag me to where those games and parties will be
Pummel all petty feelings of inadequacy

Oh for when this is over
I know I'll turn to look back and smile
I'll spit a sarcastic "That's Life"
Going from counting days until graduation
To counting a neighbor's toilet paper stockpile

Oh for now
I'll skip class for extra sleep
I'll wish for the days hand sanitizer was actually cheap
I'll write my music and do the daily house upkeep

Oh for whenever
I know I'll miss opportunities for quick wits and good friends clever
I know I'll miss opportunities for shenanigans and our latest endeavours

Oh its whatever
Guess I'm bored now
Guess I'll hit the minimum 30 lines allowed
Guess I'll keep my pitiful rants at bay
But Oh, I'll tell those generations after
About the great 2020 senior skip day



Reaching for America
BY BRYCE HUBBARD '22

From United Yet Divided to Divided We Unite

BY JACK RANGEL '22

From blinded by the light to blinded by the door
From ignorance is bliss to ignorance no more
From suffocation one to suffocation all
From united yet divided to divided we unite



DYLAN BURKE '23



Reflections
BY DYLAN BURKE '23

Dear Running: A Time To Buckle Down And Believe*

BY MATT STRANGIO '20

Dear Running,

Right now, in this time of crisis, it is important to remember that this isn't how life is going to be for forever.

There will come a time when we will race again—whether it is sooner or later, no one really knows—but the time will come. And I know that I am going to do everything I can to be ready for that day. Right now is the perfect time to buckle down and focus on training.

Now is the time to break through. Now is the time to do everything right. Right now, I have all the time in the world and I'm using it to become a better all around athlete. I'm stretching everyday and lifting weights consistently. I'm putting pretty much all of my efforts and energy into the sport that I love.

Running has been a pretty good distraction and I have no plans of slowing down anytime soon. I never even thought that I would be a runner until freshman year. If you asked pre-high school me what I wanted to be, I would have told you that I wanted to be a soccer player. My only experiences with running was my elementary school's jog-a-thon, where I ran the most laps in my grade for my six years of elementary school, and the middle and elementary school track and

cross country teams, whose practices I would skip almost every day for soccer practice. I had fun, but it was mostly from winning at that point.

In eighth grade, my soccer teammate Talon Krieger convinced me to come with him to the Jesuit High School open house after practice one day. I had never heard of Jesuit, but I said yes anyways. I went to the open house and loved it, but my mind wasn't made up until I saw Jesuit win the section championship soccer game—yup, I wanted to go to Jesuit to play on the soccer team.

At the time, I thought soccer would be my thing, but I signed up for cross country as a freshman anyway. And from day one of practice, I made some of my best friends, even though I was confused as to why everyone took off their shirts and became even more confused when the seniors asked me questions like “What's your favorite type of rock?” “What's your favorite body of water?” and “Upstream or downstream?” After running varsity for the first time as a freshman, I quit soccer and decided to focus on the sport I had begun to love.

I found out, pretty much immediately, that running was much more than just trying to beat everyone else. I was introduced to and inducted into what can really only be described as a family. Every single guy on the team has value and that's what the older guys showed me my freshman year. They showed me that

*This essay originally appeared in *MileSplit*. 6 April 2020.

<https://www.milesplit.com/articles/278193/dear-running-a-time-to-buckle-down-and-believe>

running was actually about the people you got to run with and against, and about the memories you made while putting in the miles instead of just beating people. I was blessed to have seniors like Ben Holland and Brendan Jones as my role models and my friends. They embodied what it was to be good teammates, friends, leaders, entertainers, and competitors; I would probably still be playing soccer if it wasn't for them.

I've always been a very goal-oriented person and my plan is still to end high school with a bang. I hope to break 4:00 in the mile, run 8:30 in the 3200, and beat Chase Gordon in an 800 one time (Believe it or not this is probably the least likely to happen).

However, with the recent outbreak of the coronavirus, I may not get the opportunities to chase down those goals. On Saturday, we were given the final word, a devastating blow: Our meets have now been cancelled.

However, I do not plan on backing down and I know the lofty goals I have set for myself will help to keep me motivated.

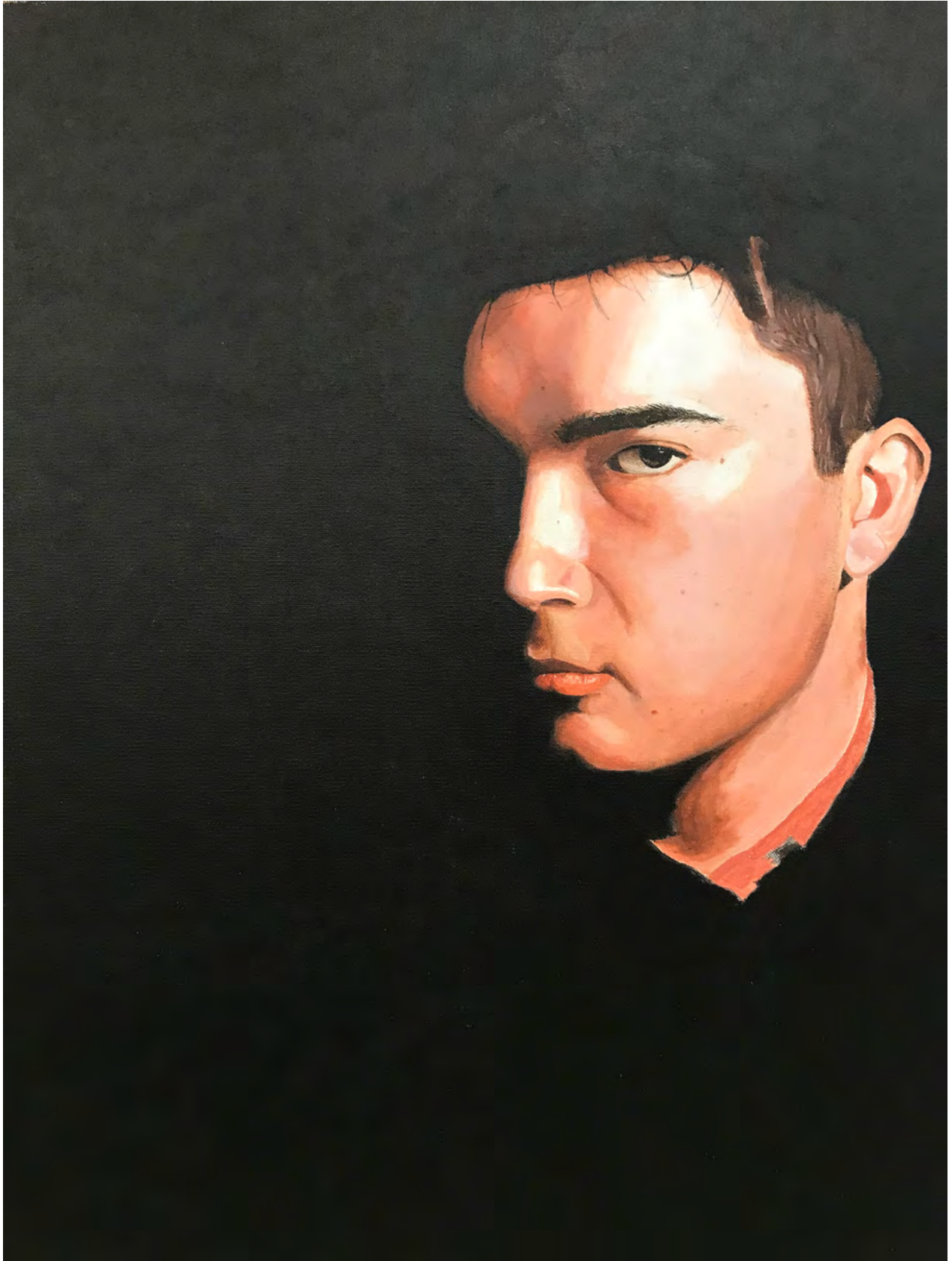
For me it is easy; I find even running alone to be fun. I have amazing teammates to run six feet apart from every single day and we continue to train as if we have a track meet next week. I have an amazing coach who I know is always giving me the best workouts to achieve my goals, so I keep grinding in hope of an opportunity to race again this year.

For me, running is hope. I know that as long as I'm able to put one foot in front of the other that I'll be fine.

For me, running is hope. I know that as long as I'm able to put one foot in front of the other that I'll be fine. Running is and always has been a light in a world of darkness. Running is something that I will always have no matter what. I take comfort in running and I can't wait to get back to tearing up tracks soon. Life will go back to normal, I encourage everyone to safely prepare for that day. Take comfort in the runs that you do and the people you share those experiences with (if it's safe for you to be around people of course). Grind on and stay positive.

Go Marauders and Pilots, live the fourth, and stay safe everyone.

Sincerely,
Matt



Self Portrait
BY YANNI DEMAS '20
OIL ON CANVAS

Oceanum

BY ROANIN KRIEGER '22

The strong ocean water, ebbing and flowing
Your endless currents moving forth and back,
The waves on the rocks endlessly showing
Your immense power releasing no slack.
Calm one night, ferociously fierce the next
Shimmering under the vast setting sun,
Appearing endless as if you've been hexed
Discovering your grace has just begun.
From the eerie straits to the tranquil bay,
The open window brings your sweet night air,
The cool, quiet wisps of the midnight spray
Lifting 'till morning a silent prayer.
Your boundless beauty makes me feel alive
Raising my spirits for my soul to thrive.



CADEN RAUDELUNAS '22



Tiny World

BY CADEN RAUDELUNAS '22



Sunset

BY JAYSON LEACH '20
PASTEL ON PAPER

Night

BY MARCO MITIC '20

There is a comfort,
in the winter night's gelid grip,
wonder overtakes me,
as I look into its glittering hands.

A sense of liberty begins flooding my mind,
solitude shapes itself.

My mind becomes liberated,
from the distractions of day,
and I am free to venture,
into the sea of my curiosity.

Waves of cognition begin their formation,
and I begin to ponder.

Allergy Elegy

BY NICK VENEGAS '22

A curse that's mine forevermore,
What I consume is strange.
Doomed to eat meat, fruit, and veggies,
And that won't ever change.

Forbidden to touch any milk.
No dairy of the sort.
My bones don't grow and now I know,
The reason I'm so short.

Everyone eats PB and J,
While I have jellied bread.
As seen on TV's everywhere
Mister Peanut, I dread.

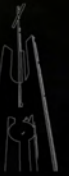
Eggs cannot be fried, scrambled, or
even seasoned with salt
For breakfast, maybe some bacon,
But grits is the default.

Life is like a box of chocolates,
I can't eat what's inside,
But you go enjoy your pastries,
I promise I'll be fine.

I don't care for cake or candy,
Nor anything like that.
I'll eat my own food with my dog,
Cause' I'm too allergic to cats.



ESAI GARCIA '23



Untitled
BY ESAI GARCIA '22

Championship

BY SEAN PAREDES '22

Facing in front of the final opponent,
my heart beating like a bass drum,
bowing before him respectfully,
facing the massive pillar fearing defeat.
My right foot slid behind my left foot,
and fists shook like small earthquakes,
The judge threw his hand between us,
and my championship battle began.

Ramming my right leg into his ribs,
a burning flame seared within it,
His quick kicks were as fast as cheetahs,
and fire finally spread to my head.
Points exceeded all my expectations,
As I curled into a porcupine without quills.

For only five seconds, the attacks ceased,
I grasped the sliver of hope, breathing hard,
putting all of my defenses on the line.
My hands finally lost all their reach,
stretching with the rubber bands below my waist.
Beating the clock's ticking time bomb,
while I clenched my teeth and circled my adversary,
With my final round of reverse right side kicks,
I could muster one point, five points, ten points,
honest victory flew by like a fighter jet.



National Mansion
BY ERIC JOHANNESSEN '20
PEN AND PENCIL ON PAPER



CADEN RAUDELUNAS '22



Dancing Prayers

BY CADEN RAUDELUNAS '22

Quarantine Life

BY SEAN NAM '22

Man, I'm just so sick and tired
of living in this house that's mired
in loneliness, boredom, I got nothing to do.
At this point, I'll be excited enough to tie my own shoe.

I want to go outside, but they're saying it's too risky
so I'm permanently banned like the White Sox of Charles Comiskey.
So instead I'm stuck inside, sitting my rear end down,
doing absolutely nothing from sunup to sundown.

But when I'm actually doing something, I drag myself out my room,
starting digital learning and attending school meetings on Zoom.
When I really want to zoom outside like Benny 'The Jet' Rodriguez,
maybe go to the forest with friends and eat some cherry-flavored Pez.

Or take the Beast on a run and we zip all through town
with an epic slo-mo finish back to the 'lot where I claim my crown.
"But what kind of crown?" I ask, and a voice above replies,
"Heroes get remembered, but legends never die."

But I can't do any of those things because of the damn corona,
people are dying left and right like in *The Curse of La Llorona*.
There are many unsliced limes and fewer opened Coronas,
the virus has spread all over the world from here to Barcelona.

There are few things I can do and even fewer places to go.
Today was a boring day, I hope for a better one tomorrow.
So, yeah, I'm still here passing all this time away
throwing red shells and watching YouTube videos for days.

Poems Inspired by Jekyll & Hyde, The Raven, Antigone, and Capote's Miriam

Another Man

BY AJ BLOMQUIST '22

I was once a man of fortune,
Of respect and virtue,
Until a discovery made
Me have quite the issue.

I was met with a sense of glee,
From this discovery.
I could finally have freedom
Till our plan went awry.

I felt deep remorse and horror.
The product of myself
Had sinned. I vowed to end the hate,
Before hate wakes hate's self.

My fight was over, I had thought,
But alas, it was not.
I could not lose this war inside,
Or all would be for naught.

My time is up—I must submit
Myself to this madman
Because in my fated place, there
Will be Another Man.

The Mystery of Hyde

BY JOEL FONSECA '22

Was something Utterson knew of
That strange figure of Hyde;
He wanted to figure it out
Only, Jekyll subside.

The things he knew of Mr. Hyde
The things he would not say;
The secrets that he always kept
Utterson needs a way.

Was something weird about Jekyll,
Nevertheless to say;
Utterson did find something weird
While walking that one day.

The next part unbelievable,
Something no one could guess;
The thing Dr. Jekyll had done
Would cause him so much stress.

He tried to split himself in two,
Had caused his own demise;
The life-changing experiment
Brought his friends a surprise.

Lost control of his own body
And killed one of his friends;
Him just trying to change the world
Brought him to his own end.



CADEN RAUDELUNAS '22 

Autumn's Calling
BY CADEN RAUDELUNAS '22

Jekyll on His Curse

BY CONNOR STOUT '22

I have suppressed my desire
For long and heinous years
But now I can engage in them
This fact brings me to tears

This vial contains my savior
The being who frees me
The cost is nothing for I can
Save those hurt by not me

But as time marched steadily on
The monster soon did grow
Until I became the monster
Much to my own sorrow

I tried to hide my loathsome face
To fix my heinous crime
But I always come back to him
This is an evil sign

I tried to fight the evil beast
And to seal him away
My failure has come back to bite
Much to mine own dismay

My time is short dear Utterson
So do what you do best
Give an evil man comfort by
Putting the wretch to rest

Appetite for Downfall

BY ANGELO TRAJECO '22

Foolish was I to have power,
Mind fixed on human laws,
Perched on an ivory tower,
Unaware of my flaws

I feared no man, not even gods,
I alone rule the land,
Zeus was nothing with lightning rods,
Life was only a strand,

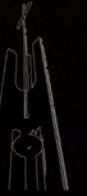
A prophet warned me, curse will reign,
If I do not follow,
Sorrow and pain would soon obtain,
Self and pride I swallow

*The gods are angry with his sin!
Now gods will bring their wrath!
The gods will soon subdue his kin!
Now he sits in bloodbath!*

Stubbornness has led to despair,
I am endlessly cursed,
All my mistakes are now aware,
Drink of death, I now thirst



ADAM KELLY '23



Leaf Me Alone
BY ADAM KELLY '23

Hyde and Seek, Doctor...

BY MATTEO CASO '22

I cannot shake him from my mind,
We shudder head to toe;
And when I rise up from the bed,
A sight of wretched woe.

For he is I, and I is he,
The wicked, ugly beast;
He takes us on a killing spree,
My good becomes deceased.

The Utterson does walk the walk
And has no sense of greed;
But I'm afraid that if he knows,
His soul will start to bleed.

So I must hyde, in filth and grime,
Addiction growing more;
Regretting done a horrid deed,
A knocking at the door.

Some havoc I begin to wreak,
Because I am now found.
Some poison and a chilling scream,
Makes me dust in the ground.

The door flies open with a *clang*,
Too late, for I succeed:
He never knew that in the ash,
From earth, I had been freed.

Two in One

BY JACK KIMMELSHUE '22

A man hidden in another
Evil is the desire
The host cannot show, to protect
To friends he's a liar

Desire for change, something evil
Serum he must create
Transforms into anew human
Key he must moderate

He must not kill reputation
Man of stature he is
Hide behind face of another
For he cannot show his

The night of Carew, Hyde murders
It was his walking cane
On a foggy October eve
This is what caused the pain

Mistake he made, too much control
Minor become major
No power the creator had
Which led to his danger

The Quiet Struggle

BY JAMES IRWIN '22

Tired from a long day of thought
I heard taps from the front.
“Why there must be a visitor,”
I got up with a grunt.

Quiet and cold it was outside
Sad I felt as I thought
Of my wife who’s here no longer.
She I never love not.

Captivated I am by her,
Miss her so much I do.
Maybe it is her at the door?
How great it is if true!

Opening the door I felt joy
Until I saw the dark.
There was nothing more at my door
“Oh how this scene is stark.”

Then a raven appeared to me,
Inside my home it came.
I was surprised by this bird’s choice,
Sitting on my door frame.
“Nevermore” was all that it said,
The answer to all my asks.
How confused I was by this bird
“What is it that you mask?”

Angry I grew with the answers
Until I was fed up.
I cursed it, wanted it to leave,
But never did its wings lift up.

Miriam

BY MASON BENBROOK '22

There was a girl with hair so white,
And elegant was she,
She glimmered in the deep, dark,
night, But crazy as could be.

She knocked on Mrs. Miller’s door,
On a cold, snowy, eve,
Not aware of what was in store,
For no one could believe.

She begged and she had pleaded,
A brooch had caught her eye,
A present for Mrs. Miller,
From her spouse who did die.

Miriam grabbed hold of her vase,
Hurled it with all her might,
It shattered all over the place,
She wanted a kiss good night.

For Mrs. Miller was left in a whirl,
Of what she had just seen,
A sweet, innocent little girl,
Was not what she had seemed.

She had come on another day,
To Mrs. Miller’s home,
Oh please, “For God’s sake go away,
Go and leave me alone!”

“And there just ain’t nobody there,”
For she could not be seen,
She was Mrs. Miller’s nightmare,
I guess she was a dream.



Desert

BY JAYSON LEACH '20
PASTEL ON PAPER

Learning

BY MICHAEL RAFF '20

Learning how to walk
crawl, trip, balance
Learning how to speak
cry, yell, mumble
Learning how to spell
a word, a phrase, a thought
Learning to write a poem
A line, a stanza, a book
Learning to cast a spell
Thoughtfully, creatively, magically
With all this leaning,
Comes a price,
Innocence gone,
overnight,
Is it worth it to lose,
Your childish self,
Or stay young forever,
learning to spell

Nostalgia in Five Days

BY ALFRED YU '21

We crafted castles with calloused hands, sweet nostalgia.
Left unfinished puzzles and unfinished suppers, incomplete nostalgia.

This roof shelters trampled flowers, splotches of vanilla ice cream dotted on
Blades of grass, windows colored soft dandelion with jazz oozing out, upbeat nostalgia.

They leapt in midsummer, shirts skin of their backs, laughter the echoes the
Ear desperately catches with frail, broken hands, the sounds that greet nostalgia.

The tree's bark is a rough Braille, rugged edges the story of littered red cups,
Paper airplanes, Sunday morning children-playing-in-the-street nostalgia.

I walk backwards on this shaking bridge, palms rested upon the sky,
Mushing obsidian and azure into complete, bittersweet nostalgia.



Summertime

BY HUNTER MODLIN '20
APPLE PENCIL ON NOTABILITY



Beatles
BY YANNI DEMAS '20
LINO PRINTING

Music by Matteo Radoslovich '20



Crimson

Click the picture to listen



Sleepy Plant

Click the picture to listen



Under The Moon

Click the picture to listen

Image Details: Album art commissioned by Matteo Radoslovich. 2019.

PARTING SHOT



Quarantine
BY WILLIAM DOMINGUEZ '20



4660 FAIR OAKS BLVD.
SACRAMENTO, CA 95864