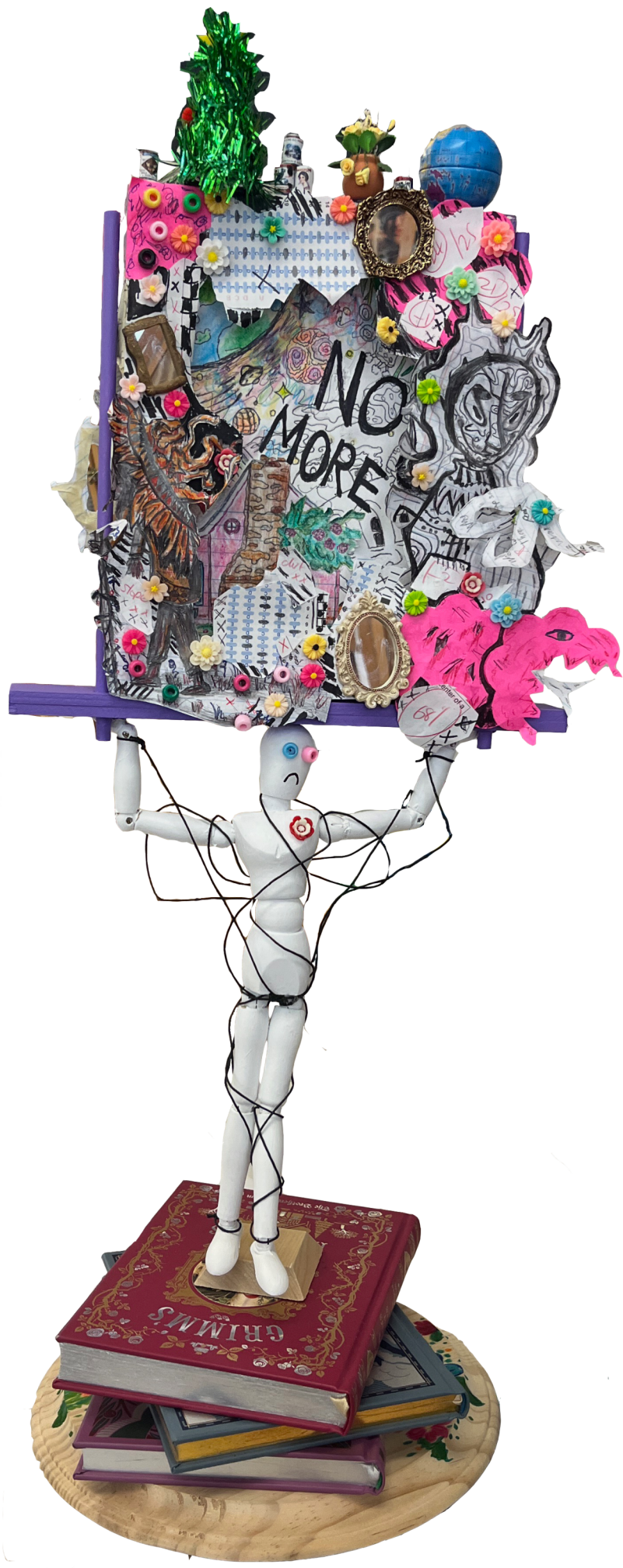


MOORINGS

JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY AND ARTS JOURNAL



From the Editors

The school year is coming to an end. Together, as a school, we have faced many trials and tribulations but we have also faced many moments of delight and joy. Our senior class is leaving which means that more is expected upon us in the forthcoming school year. However, despite all these changes, our fellow students have put together beautiful works of prose, photography, poetry, and art for us to relish and enjoy.

Our hope is that, through this edition, you can see what these students are trying to express through their works.

David Soto '24
Editor in Chief

The Editors

Thomas Fox '24
Zach Michelena '24
Zach McDonald '25
Justin Paredes '25
Jack Orcutt '25
Ali Zaidi '25

Faculty Advisor: Mr. Jeremiah Loverich, M.A., M.S., M.F.A.



Cover Art: No More
Photo by: Zachary McDonald '25



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Unanswered

by Max Troppmann '25

One day a man turned to the whispering wind
His oldest friend since his childhood
Preparing his question he cunningly grinned
He hoped his troubles would end, for good

He revealed the problem to his aged friend
Seeking to find out, where does my life stop?
Once I perish, is death really the end?
Or is there to exist another shot?

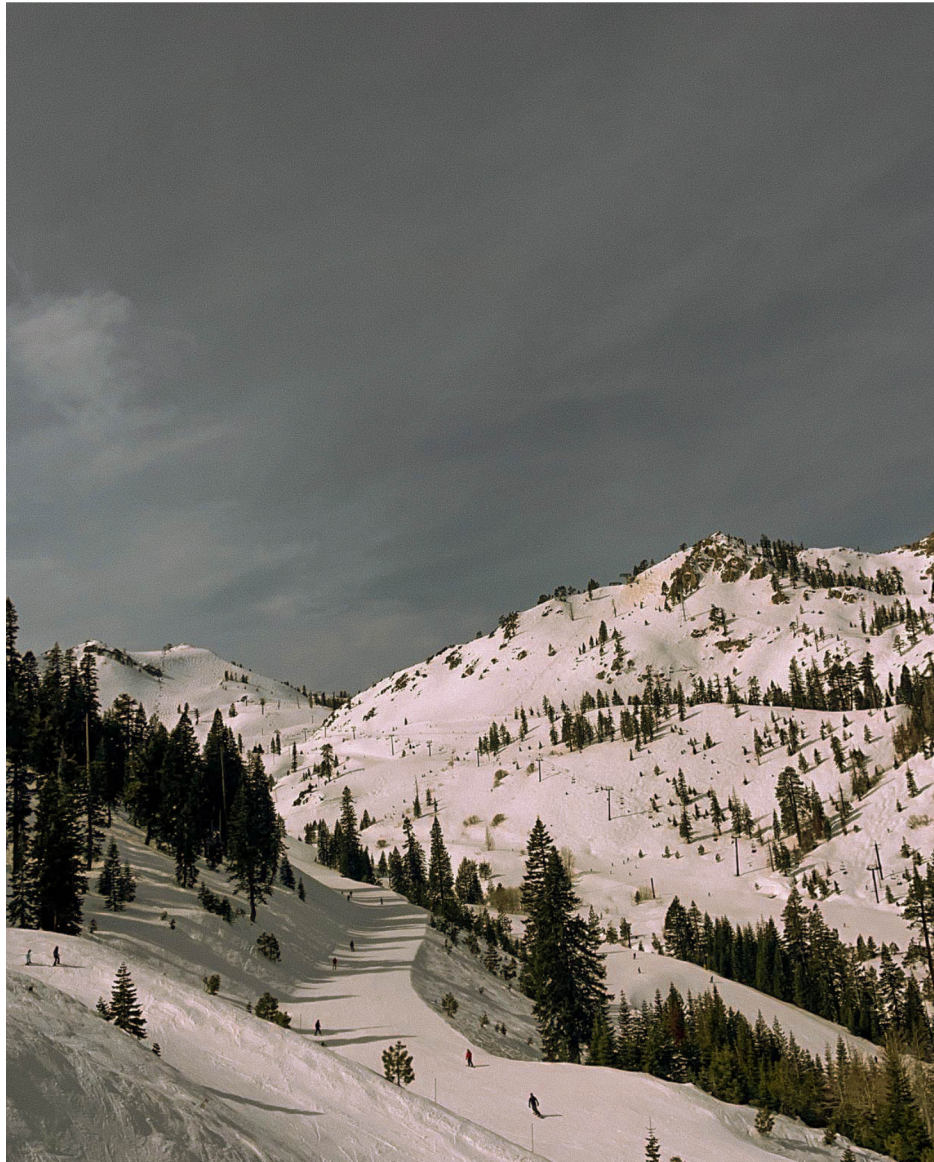
The wind responded, with much wisdom
That is a mortal answer, of which I'm not aware
All the man heard was a quiet hum
Leaving his curiosity unanswered and bare

For the wind will never know
If death is truly man's termination
It will only continue to blow
As it witnesses the rise and fall of nations

Untitled

by Calvin Vinding '24

3rd Place for Photography at the 2023 JHS Exhibition





Memento Mori

by Jaden Fox '25

2nd Place for Photography at the 2023 JHS Exhibition

The Shadow

by Mark Weeden '25

My shadow silently lingers below.
It hinders the acts that it thinks are wrong.
It guides me to where it thinks I should go.
It purges the thoughts that do not belong.

It makes me think about what is deemed right.
It acts as if I were one who is kind.
It dims what should be covered from my sight.
This makes me feel as if my eyes were blind.

I think that I finally understand.
The sheer, pure dark allows me to feel free.
Now, I can act under my own command.
I can hide from that which disguises me.

I can control it with only my stride.
It solely follows, and I am the guide.



Fast Lane

by Daniel Sokoler '23

A Bentley and a Tesla I possess
Their bodies sleek, and colored like wet dirt
With eyes that shine and glow when light is less
And track surroundings like a bird, alert
They move so fast, the speed of light, a blur
It seems to naked eyes. So agile, spry
As puppies, cunning too; so soon they purr
Contented, tired, gazing at the sky
But what to me do these 'belongings' mean?
They love me yes or no, no answer can
Be found confirming either choice it seems
Companionship, hope, trust; new love began
They fill my hole, although I'm unsure how
And speak to me with their one word: meow

Grit

by Landon Darling '25

1st Place for Photography at the 2023 JHS Exhibition

Interrupted Broadcast

by Ali Zaidi '25

I pause.

Maybe the remote isn't working

Because I can't press play.

I can't bring myself to words.

The VCR is overheating.

I feel a familiar fire on the back of my neck.

The signal towers have shut down.

My synapses cease all of my thoughts.

The screen starts to glitch, desaturating to black and white.

The hues of red, green, and blue

have been drained from my environment.

Then, the dreadful, hissing white noise ensues,

Quiet, then louder, and louder.

I can't even hear my heartbeat.

In an instant, the channels come back on.

Changing every millisecond, I can barely keep up.

My mind is racing.

First, the Channel 7 News.

what do I say?

The Saturday cartoons.

what's going to happen?

The Home Shopping Network.

what if I messed up?

Back to the news.

what do I say?

The Hallmark channel, airing old holiday movies.

why did I do this?

The videos play back, fast forward, rewind, pause, and play.

Every thought I've ever had flashes through me.

The fuzzy white dots fill the screen,
dancing around like ants, taunting me.

how do I stop this?

The tangled cables come loose.

I feel myself

disconnecting.

The sun must have risen,

because all the white snow melted away.

The screen is an empty, black void now.

It's calm, it's okay.

I'm okay.

A sigh of smoke escaped

somewhere behind the box.

I'm tired.

I let out a cold, shuddering exhale,

releasing the air

and the thoughts

I had kept in for so long.

I realize the remote is still in my hands

gripped tightly, it's about to

break. I let go.

The tension in my body dissipates.

My mind can rest a bit.

The TV is off,

And all I hear is my heartbeat

and my breaths, slowly turning

normal.

I sit for a while, no longer staring at the TV

but at myself.

I smile,

take a deep breath,

turn on the morning cartoons, and

I press play.

Untitled
by Anthony Doan '26



Final's Season

by Rishi Vasanthan '25

Oh finals season, how you do afflict
With stacks of books and notes we must commit
Each day feels like a trial without respite
As students near and far begin to predict

The library's full, the coffee shops too
As we delve into papers and textbooks
The pressure mounts with each task we pursue
Our minds feel squeezed within an unyielding crook

But though the days are tough and hard to bear
And stress and worry seem to be our lot
We know that we can overcome and fare
And rise above the obstacles we have fought

For finals season is a fleeting phase
And soon we'll bask in summer's sunny haze

Society and Service

by Caden Kelly '25

In every land and every place,
From bustling cities to open space,
There's a need for those who serve,
For those who step up and have the nerve.

In times of plenty or in need,
It's service that we all must heed,
For without those who volunteer,
Our world would be filled with fear.

From the humblest task to the grandest goal,
Service is what makes us whole,
It's the glue that holds us tight,
The beacon that guides us through the night.

Whether it's the firefighter who runs to the blaze,
Or the teacher who spends long hours each day,
Or the nurse who comforts the sick,
Service is what makes our society click.

And let us not forget the many more,
Who volunteer and give of their store,
Who help the homeless, the hungry, the poor,
Service is what they stand for.

So let us honor those who serve,
And let us all find ways to preserve,
This precious gift of service true,
For it is what makes our world anew.



Untitled

by Jackson Henderson '25

Ranch on Pizza

by Christopher Rotelli '24

It's that special time of the week, maybe your parents have left for the night leaving you to your own malicious psychotic devices, or maybe you're over at a friend's house and you possess the sudden need to disgust all of them purely for the shock factor. Or maybe you were raised wrong from the moment of birth and so, sitting down to a steaming hot pizza pie dinner, complete with your favorite toppings and fresh out of the oven, you think to yourself, "Hey! Look at this amazing, simple, majestic food I have in front of me... let's put some ranch on it!"

I don't know who the first person was to make pizza, whether it was Caesar, the Statue of Liberty, or some guy named John. Regardless though, the extreme customization that pizzas possess, and the simple yet tasty ingredients it uses, which seem to collaborate more than just coexist, have bolstered it to become the ultimate food staple, right next to Kraft Mac and Cheese and the vintage PB&J. Whether one is a connoisseur of the finer things, traveling to Italy for a fresh pie, or a child too grossed out by anything else on the menu, the pizza is for you. So why anyone would want to take this perfectly crafted pie—whether they be a child, someone craving attention, or just a plain villain—and make it anything less than what it is perplexes me beyond belief.

Defiling Pizza with Ranch is the most vile and gross thing one can do to this Bible of bread and cheese.

There are multiple reasons someone may do this heinous thing and, as a benevolent person, who has a belief that man is born good and doesn't mean to commit acts of aggression, and that it relies on the nurture of a person opposed to their predisposed nature, will firstly assume that this trespasser is a child. It's hard to know what's right and what's wrong as a child, they don't know any better and until taught. They are completely innocent. So when one playfully stumbles upon a crusted pie, adorned with the most a mouth watering meats and veggies, and accidentally spills

that oh so foul liquid onto it, soiling its flavor and turning it into a molten dung heap of confusion and sadness, the most anyone can do about it is pick the child up and explain the gravity of their actions. If however these children are above the age of 5 and seem to be recreating this mistake to the point where one must wonder if it's not a mistake at all, and instead the doings of a more monstrous creature devoid of taste buds, it becomes time to turn towards the adults.

They know what they're doing. They know how adding this seeping, curdling, garlic liquid to their halo of food ruins the taste, turning it into mush, so much so that it wouldn't be fit for a dog with no teeth.

They know what they're doing. They know how adding this seeping, curdling, garlic liquid to their halo of food ruins the taste, turning it into mush, so much so that it wouldn't be fit for a dog with no teeth. Regardless, they apply Ranch to their pizzas anyway. The only possible explanation here is that they hate themselves and the lives of everyone around them. They are beyond redemption, they had a chance when they were young to change their ways. To come to the light side. Shunning the truth however, these heathens disconnected themselves from reality so much so that they are able to "enjoy" souring their meals with concoction of buttermilk, mustard, and garlic, deluding not just the purity of the pizza but that of their own minds, to where world renowned villains and chefs alike cower and bow before these mindless, tongueless titans.

Ranch has many uses, that much is true. Apart from creating a reason to go to confession on Sunday, it is unquestionably useful in the dressing of salad, and there's an easy explanation

for this phenomenon. Salad is bland. Though you can add as many toppings as you can fit in your cart at Whole Foods, you are absolutely powerless to force these flavors to combine. With Ranch however you are able to make these flavors symbiotic to one another, and create an enjoyable and healthy meal for all... and you don't even have to turn on the oven.

PIZZA IS NOT SALAD!!!! Pizza's flavors are perfectly combined in masterfully made cave ovens, designed to conduct a cacophony of ingredients into a well behaving symphony of sound. They are bequeathed with the most soft and melty cheese imaginable to tie the 10-in-1 meal together. Binding these pages of perfection into a bible of delicious goodness. For pizza is perfect, and to add Ranch is a sin.



Self Portrait

by Logan Keefe '25

2nd Place for Art at the 2023 JHS Exhibition



Broyer du Noir

by George Srabian '25

Best in Show at the 2023 JHS Exhibition

Celebrating the End of an Era: A Poetic Ode to Four Years of High School Memories

by Yi Shen '23

As you don your gown and cap,
You think back on those years of high school rap,
Where you laughed and learned, and sometimes cried,
And grew into the person who now stands with pride.

You recall the moments that made you feel alive,
From the football games to the prom night drive,
From the pep rallies to the late-night study sessions,
To the friendships that you made that became lifelong obsessions.

As you walk the stage and take your degree,
You realize how much you will miss this place and its glee,
The hallways where you walked and talked,
And the classrooms where you learned and chalked.

But life moves on, and you must too,
Into a world that's waiting for someone like you,
To make a difference, to blaze a trail,
To succeed in life, to never ever fail.

So, cherish these memories, hold them close,
And remember all the highs and lows,
For they've made you the person you are today,
Ready to take on the world, in your own special way.



Reflections

by Logan Bradley '23

3rd Place for Art at the 2023 JHS Exhibition

Shush!

by Justin Paredes '25

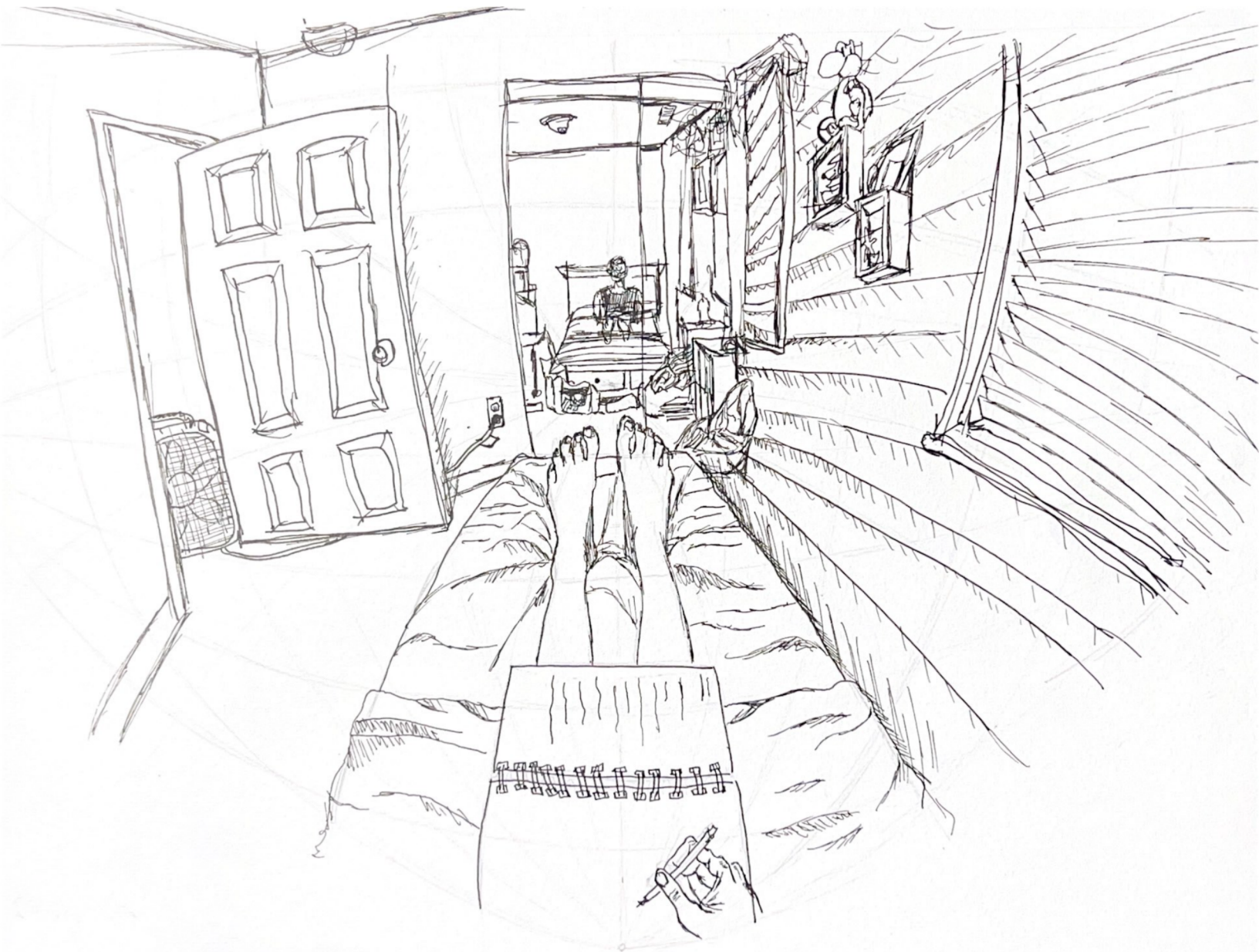
A radiant library, once alive with chatter
Silence now reigns, joy no longer the matter
Happiness being, all that one can seek
But vibrancy vanished, so dull and so bleak

Sea Falls

by Jack Orcutt '25



PARTING SHOT



Perspective
by Justin Paredes '25

