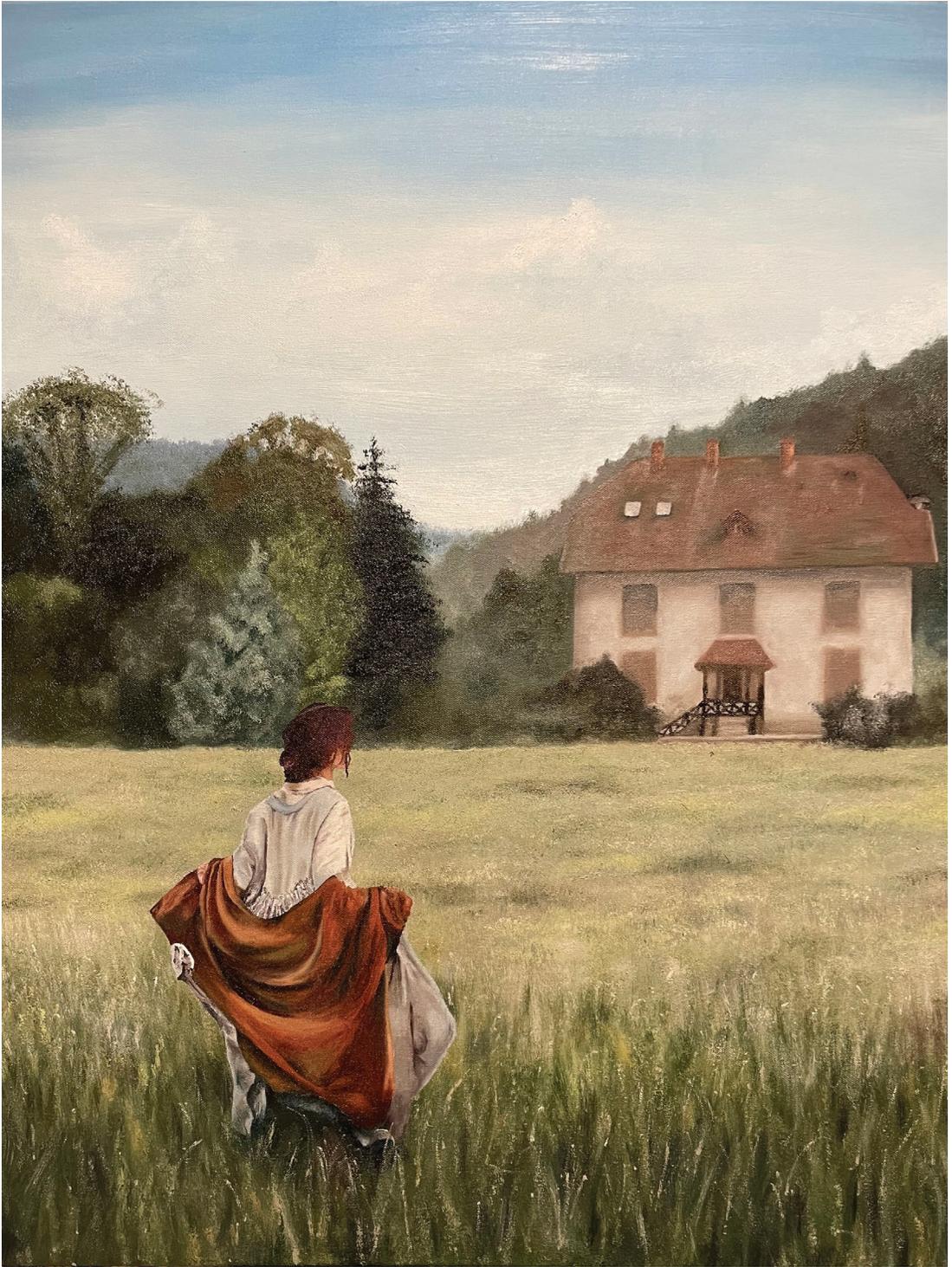




The Andrean '22



ANNA SCHNEIDER '23

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GIANG VU '22

**Dear Readers,**

You have taken time out of your busy schedules—time that could've been spent studying or attending a mandated social event—to read our little book of art and literature. Thank you. Having said that, you should also be thanking us. Countless authors and artists within the SAS community have put their hearts and souls and mental health on the line to bring you just this small insight into the inner workings of a massive creative collective, constantly working and evolving and improving itself.

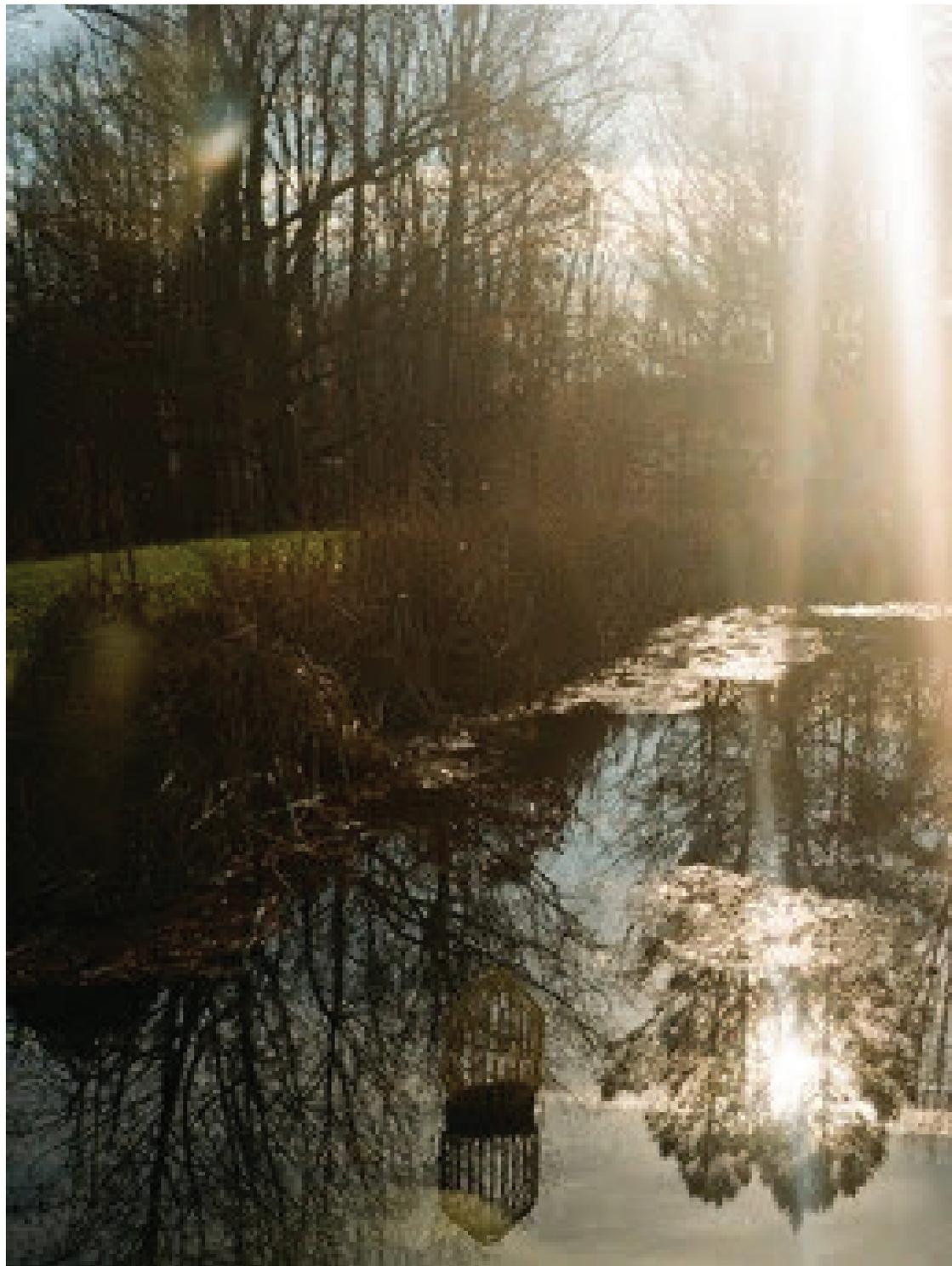
You're welcome.

Writing is hard—I know—and reading is slightly easier. But these two activities require one another to exist. Sort of like yin and yang or something. Anyway, through your consumption of these works, you bolster a fragile community, but by having the opportunity to consume these works this fragile community bolsters you. So love the artists just as much as they love you, for allowing something like the *Andean* to exist.

Sincerely, later,

Madison Macalintal '22 and Hunter Melton '22

*Editors*



GIANG VU '22



# American Ablutions

WILL VOGEL '22

Crumbling faith and flags, for a time, kept out the wind  
Blustering with childlike rage against quivering  
Boards who must have heard their living relatives crack, topple, and thrash.  
Something in me knew they felt it in their bones;  
Felt hollow veins throb and heartstrings strum false as limbs  
Were pruned from the family tree, torn asunder, thrust firm in the dirt like seeds.

I felt it too—coming inside from watching the sky fill with droplets, seeds  
For gravestones, mourned by the veiled sun, and heard mothers tearing hair like  
wind.  
Fear was everywhere the day God abandoned me there among the wood and flesh,  
all limbs;  
All fingers, reaching for air lungs can't breathe or food dead tongues can't swallow,  
quivering.  
It just came. It just soaked and suffocated and stripped till there was nothing but  
bones.  
New Orleans, a house of cards we built so God could blow it over, gleefully  
watching it thrash.

The rain got together again like it did in 1965, frenzying itself into a common  
thrash.  
Trembling, I hungered for holy vision, proof of God encased in hardy seeds—  
But all I got was something vampiric and sunless that could live on nothing more  
than bones;  
Something dead and American that drank bloody deluges scythed from the sky by  
divine wind.  
I knew he hated us then, when I saw the cross wedged in the flood, quivering;  
Saw he gave us precious feeling things just so he could nail us up on them—gave us  
limbs.

But in traumatized American dirt nothing grew. Nothing grew! You can't plant  
limbs.  
“Pieces aren't enough,” Grandma said. “They need to be whole so they thrash  
On up through all that dreadful death and pagan sin, quivering.”  
Nothing whole was left, so there wasn't any use in planting seeds.  
But it had been there from long before '65, the wind—

It shattered the world and made the dust and ash that he put together to make my bones.

From the hurricane I came and to the hurricane I shall return, bones to bones,  
Hoping this rain could reach deep enough for them to sprout, the nameless limbs  
Of Chitimacha men who knew no gods but the indecisive wind.  
They were spared from the need for faith in God or Presidents, the wanting thrash,  
And met their gods firsthand when they felt their rain or chewed their seeds.  
But we killed them all long ago and burned the memories to stop our fearful  
quivering.

On the third day the wailing sun rose again, quivering;  
We watched it, dug up the bones,  
Performed the necessary ablutions, and planted seeds—  
Of broken, honest, scarred things like levees, placed among the city's limbs.  
I swam in the streets of America and watched the others thrash,  
And felt a truer god caress me: the shapeless wind.



# The Cocktail Napkin Sonnet

HUNTER MELTON '22

(To be read in two breaths)

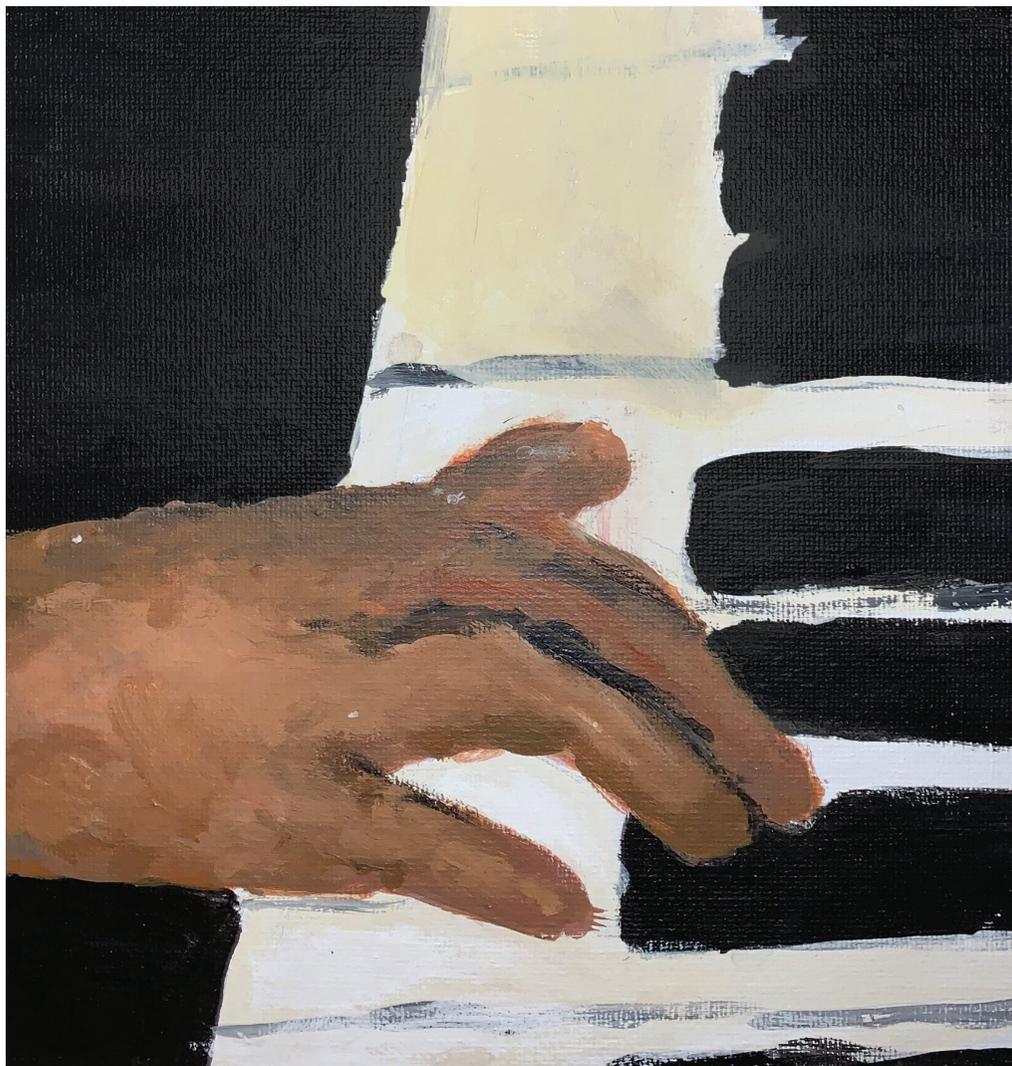
*Find it where you left them.  
The Cocktail Napkin Sonnet  
Bleeds black into crumpled  
Red fabric, smelling of  
Sharpie and licorice.  
There are many lines,  
A few thicker than others  
Where something was written  
And then scratched out.*

*Breathe.*

I think I could have loved you maybe,  
Certainly if not for the notion  
That a couple needs a baby,  
Or the general lack of motion  
Towards moderation. So, for  
Twelve lines I will try to love you,  
After all, you're pleasing enough, poured  
From the popular mold. Eyes blue  
Are better than brown, I suppose:  
The sort of eyes for looking into,  
And finding something worthy of prose,  
But not poetry.

*Breathe. And then turn it over.*

I lied, for twelve lines are one too many  
For our sort of love, if we ever had any,  
And I know sonnets end with two  
But I have something more to say to you  
About a moment in a bar near Malta  
When I caught you staring,  
And knew with you I'd never be me,  
Even though I could've loved you maybe.

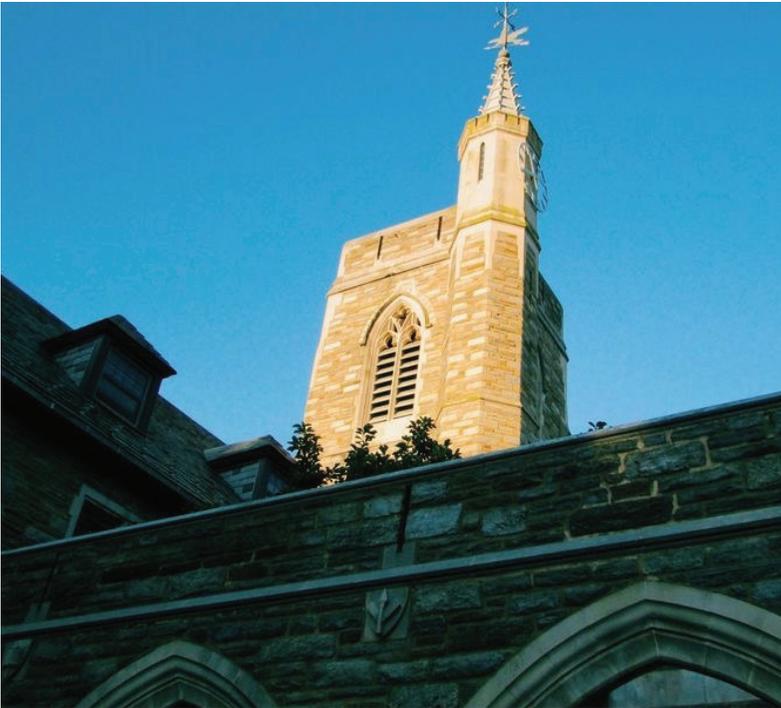


ANGELA OSAIGBOVO '24

# A Cold Sea

PRANAY SANWAL '22

Every now and then  
A cold sea swallows my soul  
Amidst the luminous rays of day  
The permeating darkness of night  
It ravishes in moments of fragility  
When I am the world; The world is me  
I summon the sky for a shooting star  
A miracle to desolate my qualms  
To no avail, to no avail  
My heart cackles a hollow cry  
A futile wallow for aid  
Unable to penetrate my lips  
I lay morose in bed  
Waiting for time to deceive my pain  
For someone who can feel the unspoken



MICKAYLA JONES '22

# The dance before the dance

GIGI SEMPERTEGUI '22

It just happens that every Sunday morning there is a performance.  
On the day that people argue signals the beginning or the end,  
Two sleepless minds awake. One frowns and the other smiles.  
Today, we will visit the Lord first, but we will leave early.  
Head to the church's tiny bathroom and begin our ritual.  
I will open my mother's bag and find everything and nothing at all.

She will come in and laugh, and say, "Don't worry. I packed it all."  
And she'll humor me. Take every hair clip and lay them out, like a performance.  
As if saying, "See? I got you." Arranging them by color and size is her ritual,  
Mine is worrying. I will check my hair and frown at the split ends,  
Pout at my swollen face, and curse I did not go to bed early.  
She will gently push me into the chair and smile,

She'll smile into the mirror as she combs my hair, and she'll smile  
As she untangles my tangles and she'll brush and brush until they are all,  
Gone. Then we'll glance at the clock, together, and see if we're early.  
Sometimes we are, sometimes we arrive right before the performance.  
Once, we giggled all the way back to the car when we realized it had ended  
By the time we had arrived. That day, we had gone over time with our ritual.

Today, I will pray we have time for the full and detailed version of our ritual.  
We will begin with the braids. Her hands will pull strongly, but with a smile.  
Slowly, she will intertwine the colorful ribbons and flower clips until the end  
Of the braid, and then her fingers will dance on the last knot, tying them all,  
Together. She'll reach for the rose-red blush and she'll make the brush perform,  
Glide all over my cheeks and eyes, and the boop on the nose will arrive early,

Earlier than usual. Because time does not stop spinning, never lands early,  
And neither will I on stage today. Upstairs I will hear the weekly ritual,  
Almost coming to an end, signaling the approach of my performance.  
She'll hold the layers of my dress and I will trip into them, smiling  
From the jitters. We will raise and shake the skirts, until all  
Of them lay smooth and perfect on my hips, running down to the hem ends.

She will apply lipstick last, after the blouse, to every lip corner end.  
She'll hug me goodbye and kiss my forehead, and send me off early,  
For once. She won't wish me good luck, she believes, after all,  
It already lives inside of me. This understanding will end our ritual,  
And I'll continue to stumble up the stairs, and again I'll smile.  
Smile all the way to the stage and smile throughout the performance.

My moves will be flawless, bright, and animated: the result of our ritual.  
The muscles around my mouth will never falter with their candid smile.  
And she'll watch every step of my feet and think of our next performance.



MICKAYLA JONES '22

# El-ee-tee-tee-ee-ar

SOPHIE MO '22

to write you a letter,  
where the ink blots dry,  
of weary sunlight thrives.  
like forever is consumed in the weaving  
letters. and letters i can write  
for life.

READ THEM OUT LOUD each letter  
capitalized than  
the next of pages  
it is consumed in  
forever.

to write you a letter  
is such so much more than ~~crossed ts~~ and ~~dötted ls~~ but  
rather el ee tee tee ee ar ess  
of forever on ever for a  
page and a  
half---

i tell you my thoughts of  
letters on end letters like  
i or l or me or My.  
and you can tell me it is  
l or i or you're of yours  
truly,  
Forever.

# Ending Things

ADELAIDE DIXON '22

The time has come for looking back, so I glimpse my life through the thickening woods

Between birch bark and bishops lace I track that child  
Smelling her smiles, tasting her tears, watching her grow.  
The dusk, I know, with a new dawn must surely go, together  
Yet these days the end seems an unwanted yet lingering friend.  
When terror chokes me each time I try, how am I to begin a goodbye?

To the place that built me, I must give this goodbye  
To the lone wooden bench, overgrown amid the woods  
To the birchwood carving of our names, eternally marked as friends  
To evenings on the lawn, echoing laughter of a child  
To the spot I now visit alone, but once we found together  
To the footsteps I left behind in the fields of corn, they'll bury you as they grow.

Have I made my lasting mark, the thought inside me grows  
As looming halls stare me down, echoing my goodbye  
What will be lost if there's too much to hold together  
Memories? Friendship? The chiming bells amid the woods?  
I must leave as a woman where I arrived a child  
But I'll find her again in the heart of a friend

Yet I must bid farewell to even you, my once adoring friend  
Fearing our paths wind apart as we grow.  
While I mourn our demise, I shall carry inside, the child  
I was when I held you with pride. Yet I know it is time for our final goodbye.  
Is it wrong I still walk through the woods  
Of my mind, with my hand holding yours, together?

And to you, the love that holds me together  
In you I found meaning in the word friend,  
So I choke on words I'll never know how to say  
"We're parting so we both might grow"  
How much longer can we pretend it isn't goodbye?  
Can we live in this world as a child?

So I suppose I'll address this not to them, but to you child  
To the memories we hold together,  
To learning that perhaps goodbye  
Is not an enemy but the truest friend,  
To shedding pieces of ourselves so that we might grow  
And be knocked down again like the strongest oak in the woods.

I glimpse my life through the thickening woods  
And wonder what it means to grow  
At least before you go, give me a kiss goodbye.



PATI LUNSFORD '22

# The Field Ahead

CY KARLIK '24

This sun-beaten field sits ahead  
And the heat and light drift away  
Sneaking to the wooded gate  
Over the rough ground  
soaked in gold,

I love this molten swamp  
Turning the earthy fruit  
in God's grubby palm,

The long white blanket  
Cast atop our tired soil  
Resting in dreamless sleep,

This friend who I have seen  
Sewn beneath the melting sun,  
Dressed in Her naked green  
She lays in mourning light

And in the morning  
Amber spills  
Across her chest,  
Stirring hardened earth  
This roused thing toils,  
Spinning life, Along the mortal ground.

# In the gallery I stood

CELINA BAO '24

## first artwork/

Words on mirror  
And me  
set in this flamboyant frame.  
Slogans in red, oily and smelled of rancid fish eyes  
Growling, tearing apart my reflection.  
It devours me  
dissects the red varnish into pungent minuscule worms  
Writhing in the corner of my eyes.

Look,  
I am thinner than before  
I am pretty  
My smile more radiant than the October wheat.  
Look,  
I am wearing a black wool top  
And fringed blue jeans  
I am different from what I was.

Take a selfie,  
Post it on social media  
Show irrelevant people that you've changed.  
Make them care.

Click, click.  
Then there is another me.

Copy and not exactly paste  
Acne blooms on my face  
The curve of my belly  
Dissonant with the stripes and patterns  
Tight and fancy.  
Is this the me that others see?  
Is this the me that my mom is disappointed at  
When she whines,

“If you gotta wear tight and pretty tops like that,  
You have to suck up your tummy and stand straight.  
You look really fat and ugly right now since you didn’t.”

Click, click.  
I am not enough.

But I am still looking,  
The worms seem to crawl  
Blurred, melting to pink.  
Why are you crying?  
Don’t cry.  
You used to be able to bear it longer.  
So fragile,  
Don’t let yourself feel the varnish pouring down  
Clinging every thread of your hair  
Every pore of your skin.  
You used to close your eyes.

Delete the selfie  
Get off social media  
You can never make irrelevant people care  
At the end anyways.

And the words on mirror were political.

## **Second Artwork/**

Head of a bodhisattva,  
You are carved, tinged the spirit of cold rosewood  
Black tea brewed sour in the old millennium.  
Dreams and hope and past and confusion  
Fight to grapple the porcelain handle,  
And from the pot of my eyes  
Runs the innocent tears of my equivocal soul.

Down in the memory, down in the lobby  
Where she pushed a short laugh from her nostrils  
And with words soaked in sarcasm she said,

*Next time when you come to a museum, don't pretend to be interested, alright?  
Say that you want to work in one.  
Funny.*

Cracks.

*Are you doubting my dream?*

She blinked in condescend and pride,  
Mesmerized by her worldly-wise  
Floated high in her longer years of life.

*Well, tell you the truth.  
your dad and I always knew that you don't actually like art and museums and stuff.  
We think that you just think you do because of how we influenced you.*

Falls.

*Well, I think you are wrong.*

Flied and flied,  
Reaching the top of the sky.

*Well, if you think I'm wrong, it's ok.  
You'll learn one day.  
Look at others,  
Your uncle Wang's daughter loves music.  
She practices the cello as a relaxation and does it whenever she can.  
Never gets bored of it.  
See, that's what people who truly love what they do do.  
Not like you,  
Saying all these things about your dream,  
but only 3 days of touring in museum,  
you say you are tired and want to go back to the hotel.*

Collapses.

*Well, maybe YOU will learn one day.*

*I know you are wrong.  
I know my dream.*

I know you are wrong.  
I know my dream.

I know my dream.

But why do I cry?  
Why do I run to you?  
Shed your light of divine  
on me.  
Please.

The tea has been sitting on the stove  
For years felt too many to count  
The cover clinking to the vibration of the body  
an inelegant flutter of its river-like long sleeve.

I've been holding a fan  
I've been keeping up the flame  
I've been watching it when it flickers and glows—

Just for it to burn more when it pours down on my face?  
Shed your light of divine  
on the newly old-looking scar.  
Please.

You'd blow a huff of wind, a flick of your willow twig.  
I watch as the tea ripples,  
its peaceful voice echoes like the touch of light dew in your wind.  
My scar fades.  
And so do I.

This is enough  
to start the same pot again.

# Jon Reed

PEARL MALLICK '22

45 years old  
A life and future in prison  
But listening to his life, he gave me  
Much more than I could have given

Cracked hands held vessels of pain  
A neglected youth left scars and more  
And easily someone most hated  
Became someone I would adore

Hours of work for 15 minutes  
A stack of papers facing unjust law  
The world around us is more broken  
Than you or I had ever saw

I miss you Jon, every day  
Did they bang pots as you went?  
I hope you heard over your tremors  
How much to me you meant

Seek them out, hear their lives  
Give them all you can  
A life is worth more than the voice  
Of one contemptuous man

# Lola's Hands

MADISON MACALINTAL '22

You try to rub the redness away,  
Scratch the patchiness until it dims,  
Crying for the medicine to restore,  
Maybe despising the brute will be the remedy.

You fold your bark wood hands for a prayer,  
Shuddering at the touch you carry,  
Hoping this curse will not be rebirthed,  
And seep into the generations that follow.

You grant me your hand for a blessing,  
I run my thumb through the plains of your skin,  
Past the sear marks and tomato spots.  
You see terror, I see beauty.

Your gift peels the mango skin into spirals,  
Baptizes the rice until the water is clear,  
Scrapes the scales of the fish in the sink,  
Stirs the produce that remains and we create.

Tonight, we eat with our wounds as our utensils,  
With the bold flavors, we emerge in, indulge in,  
Reminiscing on the silky spirit our shared skin holds,  
This is where the healing we need begins.

# Long Cool Woman (previously untitled)

MILES KRESIC '22

On the evening of August 5th, 1997, just after the sun had set behind the Blue Ridge, a single light could be seen flickering through the first floor windows of an old, stately house in a small town in the foothills of Virginia, where summers are humid and fox hunting is the national pastime. A man was sitting at his dinner table across from a framed picture on a bureau. In front of the picture burned a candle, almost down to the wick now, its flame fluttering every now and then in the cool breeze that was whispering through an open window somewhere. Campbell's chicken noodle soup would be tonight's special, served a la mode from the can. The man at the table paused a minute to look at the picture on the bureau, flickering in and out of focus as the flame flickered, almost as if it were moving. A momentary gust of wind threatened the flame, almost extinguishing it and darkening the room before it recovered, less bright now. Someone came in quietly from the kitchen; a woman, tall and pretty, wearing a black dinner dress, low black heels and diamond earrings. She walked to the table gracefully, even beautifully, it could be said; she sat down, rested her chin on her hands and looked, stared, at the man she now sat across from. Had you been there you may have seen something cloud her green eyes for a moment, but as soon as it had come the emotion was gone, the eyes clear. The man, who had raised his spoon to his lips right as she came into the room, lowered it and locked eyes with the woman who began to speak in a low, almost subdued voice, like maybe she had something she wanted to say but would not.

"Jim."

The man began to feel cold. He thought that he should have closed that window.

"I can heat you up a can."

"That's alright. Are you taking care of yourself?"

"Yeah."

"Good." The woman smiled briefly and then seemed to maybe shiver, or something, the man thought. She began, "You're wondering why I came. Tonight is the night, our night. Remember? The day we spoke for the first time. I know you don't need reminding but I thought it would be a happy memory."

"Something to start off."

"Yes, something like that."

"You know my parents were there, everyone was there. I got them to come."

"Yes, Jim, and I love you for that. I can see these things."

"I thought there would be something like that."

"Yes."

"Then you saw Amy."

"No." A questioning look in her eyes now.

"She got accepted to Stanford, starts next month. Flew over already."

The woman smiled but her eyes betrayed a shimmering sadness as she looked down to the table.

"Yes, she always was a smart kid growing up." She lifted her eyes to look at the man named Jim.

"I knew coming here could jarr you and I didn't want to bring back the past, but I missed you and didn't want to leave without saying goodbye, that's all." A pause. "Of course if this is too much—"

"No. Don't apologize." Spoken softly. Then a little louder he continued: "It's just if I knew you'd be here I would've had something other than this soup, a tablecloth... but you won't need any of that."

The woman took his hand and they stayed like that for a while, two figures holding hands in the flickering light on a summer's evening, the temperature outside dropping imperceptibly every minute. The man began to feel even colder but couldn't exactly pin the feeling on the weather. It seemed to him like the woman's hands were the source of the feeling; they were ice cold, freezing even, though no less welcome than they had been before. She seemed to sense this, or something else in the man's demeanor, and began to speak.

"I have so many things I wish I could have told you that I didn't get a chance to say before. I'll just say the most important thing, which is that I love you. I always have and always will. I wanted to come tonight to tell you so you could hear it from the horse's mouth." She smiled then, and her eyes told the man that this one was real. He said: "I love you too. You knew that the whole while, I hope. You know that I would have done anything for you, before."

Silence reclaimed the room for a little while. A single tear trailing down the woman's cheek looked almost crimson in the candlelight. She squeezed the man's hand and then said finally: "Just remember that I loved you, Jim." A hesitation, then: "Don't ever forget it."

With that she rose from the table and, as gracefully as she had walked into the room, she began to walk away. Before she left she paused, cast one last glance back at the man, and then left through the kitchen.

The man continued to sit at the table for a long time, staring at the framed picture on the bureau.

A car passed by on the street outside blaring an old Hollies song about a woman wearing a black dress. The strains faded into the distance, mixing with the symphony of the crickets: *“That long cool woman had it all.....”*

\*

The warmth was coming back into his hands now and the breeze seemed to stir him from his staring contest with the picture. He got up from the table, taking the soup which had long since gone cold, and made his way slowly to the kitchen, disappearing into it. A light flicked on and the can of soup could be heard dripping down the sink.

The woman, smiling, stared into the dining room, framed, sitting on a bureau behind the flickering candle that was almost down to the wick now. The evening breeze crept in through an open window somewhere.



LEAH HORGAN '25

# Magnolia Number Five's Sunroom

## My Grandpa's version (Pete Shaw)

EMMA HUNTER '25

It is not a sun room  
It is best viewed from the sun  
Sheltered by the trees  
Framed by the hedges  
Yet open for all to see  
No welcoming sign needed  
Paths and flower beds guide even a stranger

It is not a library  
But it references a lifetime of fun experiences  
The fan swings the empty bird gages  
Poster artwork covers the walls  
Large stuffed animals cover the floor  
Lightning McQueen is parked under a chair  
Photo albums fill the shelves  
All seats view the outdoors

It is not a game room  
But it held celebrations of life  
From birthdays, anniversaries, recognition, learning and competitions  
Be it board games, dancing, or card games  
Learn to be a good teammate and win or lose as an individual.

Not a teaching lab  
But it stretched the growing minds  
Spend time viewing the totality of the room and inquiring minds asked  
Why did Grandma collect elephants?  
Where is Singapore?  
Can we go on safari?  
Was that Mommy riding a camel?  
What is that strange food you ate?

Twenty five years of memories  
Built as a father-in-law sanctuary  
My wife experienced end of day comfort  
Both have passed  
Children and grandchildren gather when visiting

This evening the trees are taller  
The flowers are fading  
The posters seem dimmer  
The photo albums are dusty  
I wonder  
Will there be young visitors or just fading memories?

# Magnolia Number Five's Sunroom: My Version

EMMA HUNTER '25

Not a closed off room, but  
Central—essential to the building  
The center and focal point  
Walls that breathed dark deep blue to soft white  
And colored with orange and red and gold  
Sunlight  
This room was two but one  
A light and a dark side: whole  
Glass tables and teas boxes  
wrapped in delicate washi paper  
Then there is that massive pillow  
a pillow too heavy and big for the couch  
Fun to wrestle on with my brothers  
Who knew a pillow that big existed?

Not a room to eat in  
But yes. There was a bar in this room  
The bar that was always ready for a party  
One summer stocked with fanta  
Then or before gatorade  
And dove chocolates sitting in the glass bowl  
Dare you spill the chocolate syrup on Grandma's white sofa?  
Well, we aren't allowed to eat there

Not outside  
But it rained a lot some summer days  
A lot of wind, a lot of rain, a lot of sound  
What if in a hurricane those glass windows broke and  
Alligators flooded the house  
You know alligators are pretty fast  
Fast like the Lightning McQueen under that chair- the one not facing the T.V  
Then it was dark but not cold  
Remember that hot summer and the AC broke?  
Some nights i would creep out of my bedroom and  
peek into that vast open space

Dark except for the erry white light illuminated from the T.V  
And Grandpa nodding off in his recliner

Not a game room  
But when food has been eaten and dishes cleaned  
We play aggravation, or dominos late into the night  
There were sly smiles and competitive tension  
No one wanted to lose but  
it was our love of winning that made us play so long  
Perhaps part of the game was who would go to bed first  
Your score was important, always keep track  
So on the day I leave we know who the winner is  
At home, i never won family games

Yes it was only room- stationary in all its glory  
But that room has been more places than i have  
Memories from times I wasn't there  
Or picture albums full of me and my brothers faces  
Memories only saved on that paper  
Only saved because of my grandpa's camera  
That room has been to Asia  
And in my mind, it has been filled with exotic birds  
Beautiful birds to fill the ornate cages that hung from the ceiling  
(Cage is a harsh word, they were fragil and wooden)  
And the tiger- as long as I remember perched and watching

Magnolia number 5  
Magnolia is a hard golf course  
You see, there, I was not ready to grow up or stay young  
I was ready to get better  
This is not a dark green house but it blends in with the world around it  
The driveway trees creeping closer to the asphalt  
The massive glass wall will shrink as i grow older and deep blue  
Has already faded- faded from the love of the sun  
Faded from Grandma needlepointing and using her kumiloom on that couch  
Yes its more than just a sunroom- it doesn't just view the sun  
Because this one, this room, still has a warm glow  
Still smells of fresh cookies  
Says: You've grown up so much! Sure, you can eat on the couch

# The Mechanic

ADELAIDE DIXON '22

From your place in the filth, I behold you.  
Through trinkets and gadgets- unwanted scraps,  
Like an addict I scavenge for a view  
Entranced by your rust, your rot, your cracks

I trace your chipping paint, old leather seats  
Lick the oil dripping from your insides,  
Bury myself in the hardware beneath,  
Bathe my hands in the grime, rebirthed, baptized

To repair you was my greatest intention  
Reconstruct your frame, polish up your chrome  
Reinvigorate your lifeless engine  
To feel your roar, to hear your lively groan

But I halt my work when alas I see  
You were never really broken to me.



JOHN TETI '23

# A Mother's Green Eyes

ANNA KABLER '22

A young girl is fascinated;  
By her mother's eyes  
Her mother's eyes were green  
The color of the flower stems  
She stole from her grandmother's garden  
And the grass her little feet learned  
To walk and then run on  
She looked into her mother's eyes often  
Staring at her own reflection  
Through the green stained glass

A young girl is grounded  
By her mother's eyes  
Grounded by everything they say  
Without saying anything at all

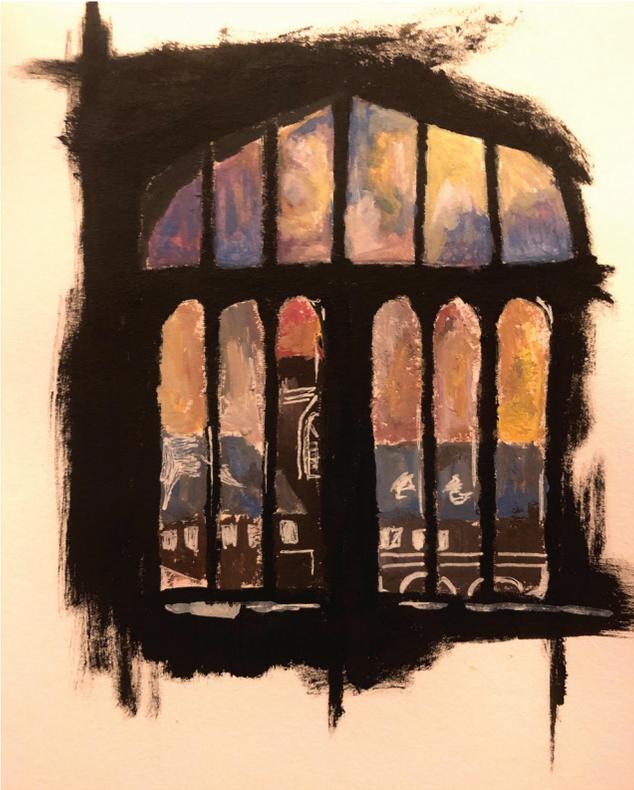
They told her 'I love you'  
They told her 'I am proud'  
They told her 'I trust you'  
And even when  
They told her 'you've made a mistake'  
The green through which they spoke  
Made even a scolding a blessing

# Notes from the Kitchen Table

ANGELA OSAIGBOVO '24

1. The sun trickles in through the crack in the curtains  
To wrap me in its warmth  
Like the lukewarm coffee that failed to escape my grasp  
It hugs my cheek      wishes me good morning  
Raising me from the monotony of long nights and bare screens  
And lingers with disdain as I crumble another page      stinging.
2. I have forgotten what I am beyond this table  
and what exists beyond tablecloths and half-empty notebooks  
If I set this down what do I become?  
How many pages will I tear before they pile into Mount Everest  
And will I run out of pages before I run into something great?
3. Failed attempts litter the floor from stool to door  
Crumbled crosses lit by light of day  
The letters spill from my brain :  
~~The human condition brings sorrows and joys like waves of the ocean~~  
~~Tonight's is solitude and its deceptive embrace~~  
It lures you with comfort  
Drowns you with fear  
Until all that is left is a lonesome so=  
*and return from whence they came*
4. My humanity wanes at the prospect of unachievable greatness  
I have convinced myself to lay down failed ideas and pick up life once again  
Maybe looking beyond bare walls and old kitchen tile will inspire me with  
humanity  
And instill me with an urgency to live
5. The road beyond the walls is long and smooth  
And embraces two towns in its grasp  
The lampposts fade from gold to pearl where  
a spire rises in the mist  
The city is a painting of a troubled artist longing for connection

6. The light draws in  
Sweet memory of when time stood still  
Closed eyes in the passenger seat  
Long glares on a longer road  
Lit by that old gold light and a warm buzz  
Chasing the moon almost at your fingertips
7. Anywho,  
the light still dances  
On the dimly lit screen on the kitchen table  
A pretty amber like the sun, like fire  
Warm apples and cinnamon, a tight hug in the breeze, a walk down memory  
lane.  
But it is oh so out of reach—



GIANG VU '22

# Ode to My Childhood Chandelier

ADELAIDE DIXON '22

Light pours in through the cracking panes  
Sending sawdust dancing through the air  
Awakening the floorboards, freshly stained  
A room unfinished, waiting, bare

And there she sits for hours on end  
The little girl I once knew well  
Chandelier chain dangling from hand  
Dragging her carriage across her cell

And like the porcelain vines that wind  
Their way around its bright new bulbs  
She too is wrapped, but not confined  
In a blanket of innocence she'd try to hold

To her the chandelier was more  
Than metal waiting to be hung  
A majestic chariot upon the floor  
A treasured beauty, to be young

With time that room has changed, matured  
But not the fixture hung within  
And in its chipping paint, still pure  
I see that little girl again

I want to say I still am her  
To look at her and claim  
The truest self that's ever been  
I don't deserve her name.

# Ode to Nancy

WILL VOGEL '22

Knobbed, bent, hobbled—  
Time has had its way with you.  
Knuckles swollen, crooked, calloused,  
Hardened like the limbs of those trees I used to find you under;  
They always bent under the wind when you were younger.  
You told me it was from years of “shoveling shit.”  
That’s probably why you wouldn’t take any from me.

Betraying your seventy-three years,  
You stuck a booted and bunioned foot into the stirrup  
And let the horse’s bucking protests roll over you like waves on a beach—  
The sand never minds.  
After a fall in the ring, I was always coated with it:  
Ground pieces of dead things, shells, armor, turned to dust,  
Left behind as their constriction grew too great—  
A history of growth.

Littering the ring, the grains seemed then like the bones of some great nameless  
creature,  
Washed ashore after floating dead for some time, and I felt, suddenly, like the  
archeologist,  
Finding some shadow of myself in its wretchedness.

Croaking commands from the rusted cords that tightened in your throat,  
Your caustic words stripped my bark,  
And I felt myself on a pinnacle, forced to jump.  
A buck or two, a thrashing match I could never win.  
Only a chuckle or a roar if it looked particularly painful,  
met my reddening ears, my eyes watering and my ribs sore with your harsh love.  
Tightening the saddle, you crinkled the parchment surrounding your eyes,  
And stuck out a warped and knotted hand,  
Bejeweled with scars,  
Inscriptions of wonderful injuries you couldn’t recall.  
Frustrated with a tear or two, you looked at me expectantly.  
“Get back on.”

You never let me wear the rotting foam vest.

It was reserved for the kids you hated for the weakness their capitulation divulged.  
I wiped the coarse grains of sand from my hands as I got up,  
Trying to remember if it came from me or from the ring.



EMILY WEI '23

# On the Night Under the Maple Trees (After Richard Blanco)

CELINA BAO '24

Not a living room, but where  
he acted as Batman and I as unicorn,  
Sprinted to each other and stood still,  
Only one wooden board in between, tilt.  
Every one of his punch was an escort of air  
A whisper to my forehead, a groove to my hair.  
Boastfully contorting his face, pretending to be  
Thrilled in slow motion frames of an action movie.  
He'd tickle and I'd giggle.

Not a storage room, but where  
We gazed at the curtain that was embroidered  
with high-hearted moonlight veiled in black,  
Wondering if it also rose in the kingdom,  
Where our flashlight blast  
Dusting off the eerie mass.  
A broken bicycle ring, a bottle of undated gin  
Discovering, not bold enough to blink.  
The good old time when,  
desire was a happy friend of curiosity.

Not a playroom, but where  
He fiddled with legos lying plain in the hue of gray,  
Meticulously pressing one onto many, seemingly unnecessary.  
Stingy and stiff as he passed the robot to me in commands of auntie,  
His stare like radars intimidated my fingertip  
freezing and smoothing it so the walking machine slipped  
Collapsing into a pile of dark blood, opaque.  
He seized the fluid immediate from my arm,  
A regretful and annoyed glimpse slid over my face.  
I cried and he mumbled  
frowning in harmony.

Not a study room, but where

I showed him Math problems,  
tiny words and numbers cramped in narrow lines  
One day I sat on it and one glance he threw it away  
He said, "not sure what stuff you learned but here are a few ways to do it."  
His tone was not wet from heavy rain nor hot from glowing sun  
It was of simple melody.  
His pen echoed his words of wisdom,  
Rustling, devouring white, and spitting out ink.  
My thoughts fled and my nods stuttered  
We both didn't see.

Not a reading room, but where  
Marx shouted out the opiate of people to him,  
And I witnessed the moving forest approaching Macbeth.  
The sides of the symbol of Nike on his T-shirt flaked a little,  
Was it his good luck running away to become the checks  
On the exam that was the end and the beginning of his life?  
We drank bottled tea labeled burn  
Burn, burn, burn,  
But it only tasted cool like autumn  
Light sweetness sauntered through my cavity.

Under the silhouette of little rural houses  
We biked under the maple trees  
Just like we used to do around the lake that gleamed  
I said, come here with me, escape with me  
His lips distorted into a faint smile  
Howling in silence — I want, want, want  
But college is still work and no sleep  
And life still puts on loads, can't breathe.  
That was when we felt the breeze of that room  
Blowing by the edge of our ears.  
Then there was another whiff of wind  
And we know that it was not the same.

# Sonnet

MJ JONES '22

at night i lie in bed wondering  
what draws your attention away from me?  
is the black of my skin uncomfortable  
or is it the damage of my psyche?

or maybe my curves i inherited  
the tiger stripes on my waist forming from  
every insult, my crown of thorns unmerited  
the running lines black like jamaican rum

in my dreams, i mold my body like clay  
glazed over, baking in the kiln of my mind  
maybe if i looked like that you would stay  
perhaps the world will become color blind

i wonder if others ask these questions  
maybe love is an ill-timed suggestion

# A Spider Pirouettes

ALBERT SUNG '23

Oh what to do!  
When a man standing  
In a suit spun from the silk of spider webs  
Turns to you:

It is your turn  
In the eye of the room  
You wish again to feel the cold embrace of the wooden chair!  
A chill unlike the eyes that watch  
You are the fly in their web  
And their eyes devour you, whole.

The violin sags from its owner's chin  
and drags his mouth with it  
His pout drops with his bow  
And draw you from the eyes of the towering man  
Your failure is on display!  
Your cheeks will flood color like pointe shoes

Where would you be if your grace rivaled that of swans?  
Or the perfection of fine jewels?  
Or the craft of the violinist?  
Who never misses a stroke  
What if your fingers gripped not the red bar  
But red thread and needles?  
Or satisfaction instead bloomed  
From washing lines and weathered china?  
Would you then, only then, be happy in imperfection?

You will imagine yourself beyond the marble arch  
And the red bar that divides your world in half: the unlucky and lucky  
Those out of the bully's prying eyes  
Oh to be beyond that arch!  
Your dream surrenders to the *tap* of the staff

You are made to be a dam  
Molded in fortitude and care  
A meticulous structure designed for others pleasure  
Imperfection is inevitable  
An offender lurking at every corner and its crimes fall on you  
You are the offender  
In your missteps and missed entrances  
Sentenced to vitriol

His words must cut like daggers  
And the walls must close in around you  
and the girls that lean in must revel in your misfortune  
and your clothes must heavy with shame  
And his gaze is fixed on imperfection  
As the vinyl below swallows you  
Whole.



SOPHIA MUNOZ '23

# Start!

HENRY ADLER '23

Water as smooth as glass,  
Wind once harsh now lazy,  
Birds, once, screeching to the heavens, now silent  
An anxious calm; heavy in the air,  
The little tingle in my stomach,  
Time slows down,

Everything is quiet,  
Everything is waiting,  
Silence, Stifling  
It's closing in on Me  
It's only seconds yet it feels like hours,  
My mind spiraling

ALL HANDS ARE DOWN

The voice cuts through the air,  
Like a lone gunshot in a graveyard,  
The jolt back to reality  
*Time to focus*

THIS IS THE START

The tightening of my gut,  
The nerves building,  
*Deep Breath*

ATTENTION

The tensing of my hands,  
*Here it comes*

*and...*

GO!

we're off.



SOPHIA MUNOZ '23

# Sunset

NICK OXNAM '22

Sunset

It's blue

Cool, starting off, friendly

*Just some casual interactions*

Nothing intense yet

It keeps getting lighter to a brighter blue

I look for it, excitedly

*Those bad puns made me laugh so hard*

It's my favorite

And then it's yellow

Warm, comforting, cozy

*You fit into my arms so perfectly*

But quickly shifts

To orange

Yellow's warmth still shines

*We've got time before college*

Yet red's abruptness startles me

Making me realize that it's shifted

Purple

A mix of the end

And the beginning

Bittersweet till the very last ray

*I'll miss you*

# Supernova

PEARL MALLICK '22

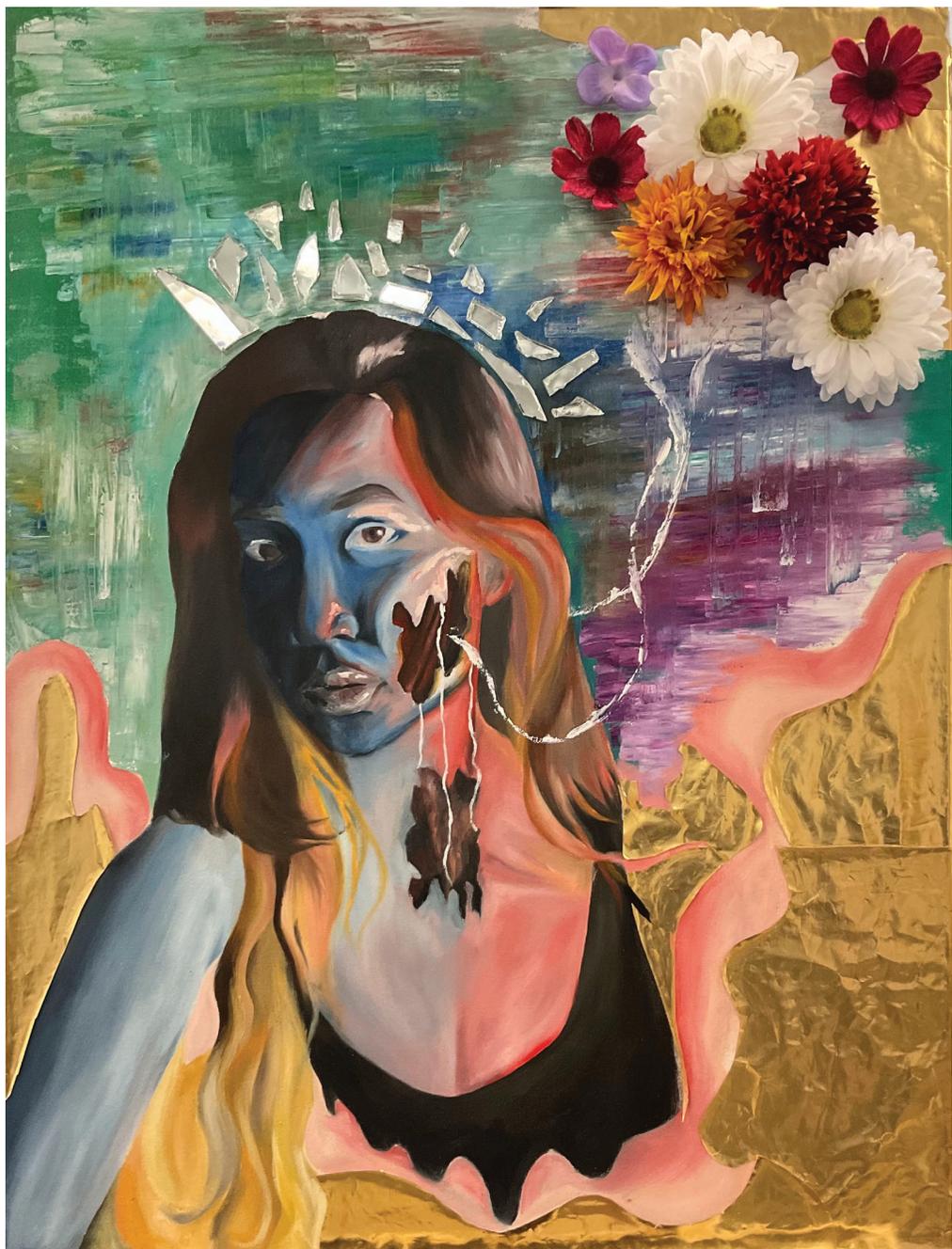
One of our first nights we watched the stars  
(I love the stars), and how they make me feel  
Or how they used to. When we first  
Met each other during the chaos of the world  
We clung to our arms, slept in each other's eyes, and gazed at the stars in the sky—  
And you were mine.

But now nothing is mine,  
Not even myself. After you, I created new stars  
These stars swallowed me in and spat me out and made me feel sky  
High as I crumpled to icy bathroom tiles. I still feel  
Your desire and disappointment invade my world  
And wish that I was the first

Girl you ever loved. *You* told me I was the first  
While *you* mined  
Me inside out. *You* smothered me in a world  
Coated in comments of never being enough. (I am addicted to these stars.)  
*Never enough*. More stars, more. Let me scratch the horizon of my throat and feel  
What it might be like to reach the sky

Of *your* expectations. Breathe. Release the weight of the sky  
And let me try to use first  
I statements, like they tell me. Well, *I* feel  
That my body is not mine.  
It's starved for a sign of your love. Morphed, manipulated, aligned to these new  
stars.  
Ever since *you*, I am consumed in this new world

I am scared of this world.  
6 months later and you will say—*she's so small*—and I flash back to this sky  
(I am scared of these stars).  
My fists hopelessly squeeze out the drops of your parched sea of love. I wish we  
could go back to the first  
Time *you* said *you* were mine  
*You* were lying. Oops, right, *I* feel.



GIANG VU '22



TYRUS RONEY '25



MARIE DILLARD '24

Then listen. I feel  
And I hear it coming. The weight of the world  
Is crashing and all that is yours and mine  
Will soon be gone. And we will be thrown up into the sky,  
Scattered into the constellations of when I first  
Knew and loved the stars.

Maybe it will be one of those supernovae, where the stars  
Die in a brilliant explosion. When the gasses and interstellar clouds first  
Crush the core of a star and all you see from Earth is a small flicker of temporary  
light in the sky.



HEIDI FORBES '23

# Tea Leaves

MADISON MACALINTAL '22

We lay you upon the hills of the elevated Earth,  
Closer to the top of the mango tree you adored,  
Among the dripping stars, you used to point to,  
Drawing the constellations of our now forbidden future.  
You never let us paint this far into the night sky.

You told us not to put too much chili oil in your sabaw,  
Said the spice would bury our stomachs, burn our soul,  
But each bay leaf that floated on the vinegar and soy sauce,  
Granted us another chance to touch our homeland someday.

They flew your body above the ocean you made for us,  
On a bed of tea leaves strummed from our fields.  
We never allow the rain to touch your sacred leaves,  
So it can never steam away, steal away your spirit,  
From those who will never see its reflection again.

They'll soon rest you in our birthplace to remind us—  
Of the soil we preserve, the daylight you deserve.  
Though your roots may lay in our mother country,  
The herbs of your legacy will grow on my window sill.

We will never let my wild-caught tears, buds of despair,  
Become the weeds in this garden we grow together,  
Because though your petals have flourished and flown,  
Your seeds will eternally sleep beside us.

# Teach Them Young

MADISON MACALINTAL '22

Children,  
We must teach them young.

Teach them young,  
So they're immune, no, they love  
The honeycomb meat their *Papo* makes,  
Which once lined the stomach that stores and restores,  
Eat it with our garnered grains that burnt our backs  
Now protected by our ancestors for this night.

Teach them young,  
To appreciate those ginger bursts in that graceful broth,  
A boiling, bolding gold that reminds us—  
This food, our blessing, was never meant to be  
'Foreign' but flavorful,  
'Exotic' but enjoyed,  
'Other' but ours.

Teach them young,  
The tongue we sheltered in this hand-built memory,  
In this home away from where your heart lies,  
Never selling these sounds to *those* people—  
The ones that called us other,  
For a wish, they would never listen to,  
For a love, they would never accept from us.

Teach them young,  
So their tears will never have to be wasted  
Upon what was never tattooed in their language,  
A speech that could once be absorbed  
Soon lies in a thin puddle under the blazing heat,  
As you both cry upon what could have been yours together.

Teach them young,  
So our tongue is still flying,  
Our pot is still breathing,  
Our stove is still loving,  
Our roots are still growing,  
And our past is never dying.



MAE THOMAS '22

# Thoughts From My Balcony

BELIN TATE '22

The sun peeks through the trees  
over the church  
that was once my preschool.  
We just took down the colorful scribbles  
and glitter designs made there  
from the magnetic strip in our pantry.

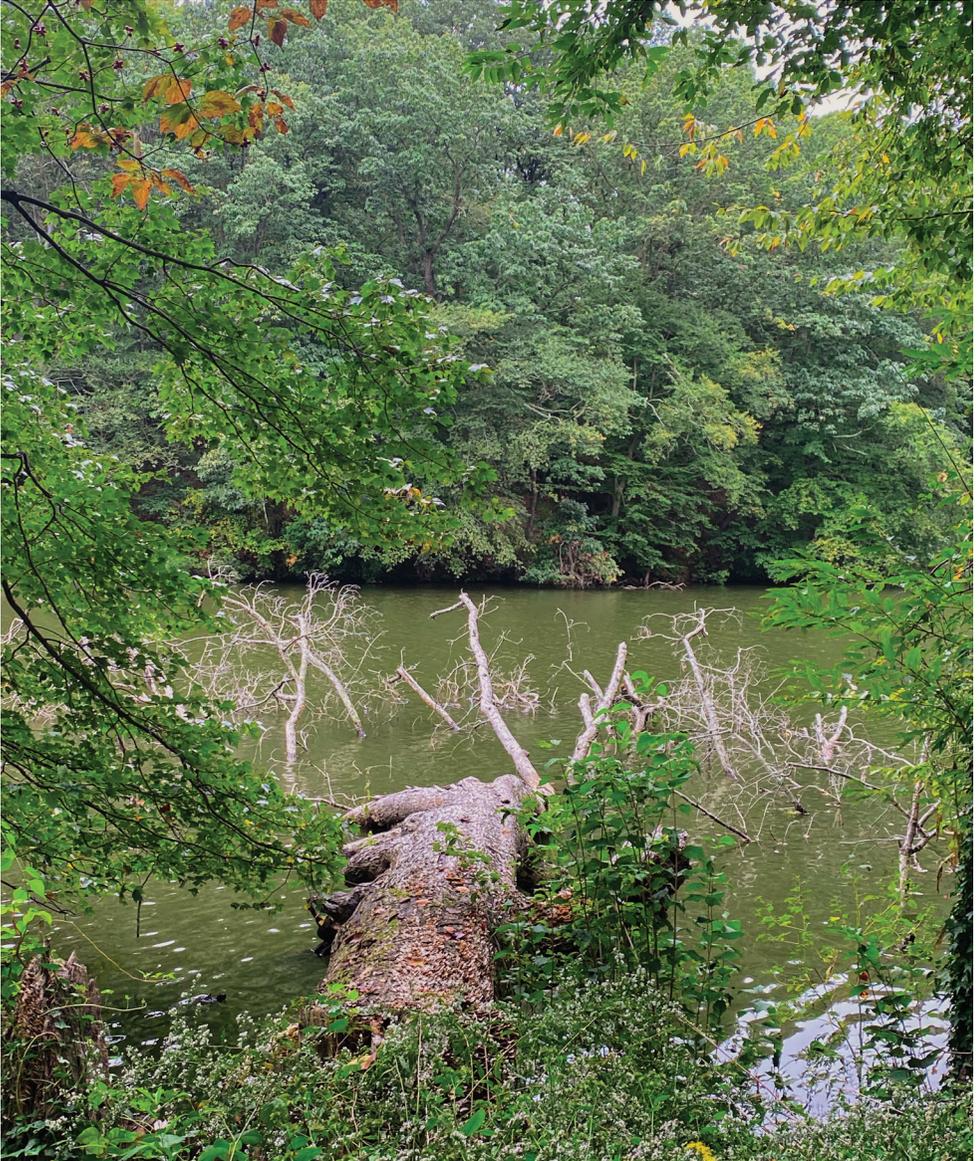
My siblings didn't come home to help pack,  
—it's easier that way, family dinners can end  
with ice cream instead of a screaming match—  
yet somehow I still find myself on the balcony,  
not seeking solace or a distraction,  
but out of nostalgia, maybe?

Anyways, it's nice out,  
and the sound of cars over cobblestone  
Is a familiar accompaniment to  
the breeze through the crepe myrtles,  
who've just begun to birth their leaves...

By the time their flowers bloom,  
the purple ceiling in my room  
will be painted over with white.  
Each room will be bare, exposed,  
inviting for the new family.

Perhaps it's better this way.  
We've exhausted most of it:  
the floorboards greet our steps with weakened groans,  
the back door has decided we are not worthy of entry,  
the love has worn away like the wooden floor by my bed.  
I hope the next house will come with more.

It's getting late now (I should go in)  
The sun burns a deep orange  
As it falls behind the church,  
and I am here,  
on this balcony,  
for the last time.



MAE THOMAS '22

# To My Future

HANNAH GILHEANY '24

Who are you? No, really?  
High on the branch, fall apple waiting to be picked  
Your face merges colors, dizzying  
As the light still on through the hazy glass  
One AM in the dorm room

Some days you are but a reach away  
Today you are halfway around the world  
A little beach, perhaps,  
A dipping sail, silent  
Except for the birds above

Letters I wrote to you  
I open now, laugh how I used to shape  
You to my mold, dream you  
Lined paper into city streets  
Evaporated as the envelope opens

How do you arrive?  
Slow, steps in a line,  
Or do I barrel towards you, flipping and turning  
A kid unknowing, dreaming,  
Falling asleep on the car ride home.

# United Airlines Safety Card

JOHN TETI '23

The last piece of literature he will ever read.  
He peruses it idly, glancing at the illustrations,  
paying little mind to the information contained within.

“The United Airlines Safety Card,”  
he remarks to himself,  
“Is quite poorly written.  
It makes it hard to understand  
which sort of precautions to take.”  
This is frustrating, but he quickly moves on.

He opens a crossword book,  
But after the first clue He closes it.  
He doesn't remember what the capital of Greece is.

Then, suddenly, he has a brief  
but significant moment of clarity.  
Abrupt, seemingly stirred  
By nothing. But for a moment,  
he is able to understand  
the reason for his flight  
And for the ring on his finger  
And for the girl in the chair  
beside him. He gets it,  
And he is at peace.

And then, altogether, he is gone.

She is gone.

Well actually, that is imprecise. They are not quite gone yet.  
For a minute, the pilot must have lost control,  
for his clarity and understanding is broken by a  
sharp stinging sensation, a feeling of falling.  
When the stewardess screams,  
his bride wakes up,

and *then* they are gone.

The United Airlines Safety Card remains the last piece of human literature he read.  
And how useless it was, too.



TONY JIANG '23



AINA PURI '23

# What is april?

EMMA HUNTER '25

What is april but the spring in our step  
Spring's first step  
But a burst of joy  
What is april?

Is april weeping skies?  
Is april cascading and falling and falling  
It is momentary joy  
Then drowned  
Drowned  
Drowned  
With each drop of water  
It embarks the umbrella seas  
It is daffodil yellow lost to mute gray  
It is the ache of sleep between joints  
It is sleeping a long and quite sleep  
because no sun comes up  
Your eyes are open but that fuzzy haze persists  
Awake but half conscious  
Its the crack of angry thunder  
Whimpering to soft rain  
Lullyng you with the pit-pat of tears

What is april but  
Rain.  
    Rain.  
        Rain.

True, that april is weeping skies  
And image of me reflected back in puddles  
Rippling, changing, twisting  
Wet eyelashes, wet cheeks  
And a face greeting the warmth of sky's tears  
Rain washing and cleaning  
Who hurt you?  
Be joyful of the bringing of spring

Why? Why are you crying, sky?  
The long wait- the long cold is over.  
Can't you see the flowers-  
-they're painting new  
Painting and painting away the gray  
Bloom and bloom with color

What is april?  
Its a shower that washes trouble down  
Pools at your feet  
Then falls through the drain of  
"To be over-thought later"  
It is warm then cold then warm- spontaneous  
It is crying for letting comforting cold go  
It crying for the beautiful new  
But when the clouds part  
But when rays of heaven poke through  
bathing the land in light  
Life holding the world in her warm arms  
What is april but so many things  
So many things bundled and wrapped up in hope  
Hope in its purest way  
A heart bruised from winters grasp  
Ready to be loved and love  
April carries movements long and short  
In the downpour, in the shade, in the grass, beneath the sun  
Strung together and gaining momentum  
Each moment lived with spring in our feet  
Each moment a petal to a flower  
Brief and blown off with the wind  
But savored in its beauty

# A Woman Addicted to a Million Little Cuts

ANNA KABLER '22

She patiently awaits the inevitable  
The death of his once sacred oath  
She will watch him slip  
through the cracks of their barren home  
And onto his barstool where he  
Orders one too many drinks and  
Dances on the ground he buried her  
To the sound of the raven's song  
Calling her anything to make him  
Feel more like a man

But then he will lift his glasses of rose  
Remember a vow he failed to uphold  
And lay down his armor only to reveal  
Someone he loathes  
The guilt will drop him to his knees  
Begging for reconciliation with remorseful eyes  
She will look upon him longing for the tenderness  
of his touch and devotion of past days  
Almost falling for his recycled excuses  
Until she remembers the way he fought her  
But never for her

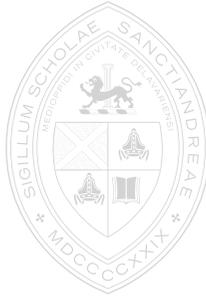
So he will be left in her wasteland of past lovers  
Trapped by the thoughts of what could've been  
And what he never said  
While she is left with bitter doubt on her tongue  
And a house haunted by the ghost  
Of the woman he knew  
She knows they never stay long  
So as she waits for the  
Shattered plates  
And promises  
She clings to the beginning days  
Lingering in the floods of affection  
Despite knowing what's to come  
Patiently awaiting the inevitable



AINA PURI '23



AINA PURI '23



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