



BLUE & GOLD

VOLUME IV
SAINT JOHN PAUL II
CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL
LITERATURE AND ARTS MAGAZINE

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SAINT JOHN PAUL II CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL LITERATURE AND ART MAGAZINE

VOLUME IV
SPRING 2020

"INSPIRATION EXISTS, BUT IT HAS TO FIND YOU WORKING"
- PABLO PICASSO



COVER ART WINNER: "BEAUTIFUL COLORS" BY LORENA LINARES

A Note From The Editor

DEAR READERS,

I'M SO HAPPY TO PRESENT TO YOU VOLUME IV OF *BLUE & GOLD!* I'VE HAD THE PLEASURE OF BEING A PART OF EVERY VOLUME SJPII HAS PUBLISHED UNTIL NOW. IT HAS BEEN BOTH A BLESSING AND A CURSE TO PRODUCE THIS MAGAZINE. EVERY YEAR IT SEEMS TO BECOME MORE AND MORE DIFFICULT TO CHOOSE WHICH PIECES TO ACCEPT AS THE NUMBER OF SUBMISSIONS CONTINUE TO SOAR. (A TOTAL OF 122 SUBMISSIONS THIS YEAR!) I WANT TO SHOWCASE THE BEST REPRESENTATIVE COLLECTION OF OUR SCHOOL'S CREATIVE PASSIONS AND SKILLS. IN ORDER TO DO THIS, I SPENT HOURS PUBLICIZING, MEETING WITH OUR SELECTION COMMITTEE AND EDITING TEAM AND DESIGNING THE LAYOUT TO BE ABLE TO CREATE VOLUME IV. DURING THE CORONAVIRUS CRISIS, I FEARED ALL OF OUR HARD WORK HAD BEEN FOR NAUGHT, BUT THROUGH PERSEVERANCE WE WERE ABLE TO PRODUCE THE FIRST ONLINE PUBLICATION AND CONTINUE TO SHARE THE MAGIC OF CREATIVITY AT SJPII! THUS, I REALLY HOPE YOU ENJOY WHAT VOLUME IV HAS TO OFFER WITHIN THESE PAGES.

SINCERELY AND WITH LOVE,

ARIANA WHITE
HEAD EDITOR

FEATURED WRITING WINNER
MISTLETOE
BY ARIANA WHITE

I CAUTION EVERY STEP.
I ALWAYS LOOK TWICE.
THE LAST ENCOUNTER HAD, I WEPT.
THIS SMALL PLANT HAS BECOME MY VICE.
THE SWEET KISS IS A VILLAIN.
MY RACING HEART IS BUT AN AFFLICTION.
IF I SHOULD FIND HIM THERE,
I WILL NOT LISTEN TO MY MIND WARNING, "BEWARE!"



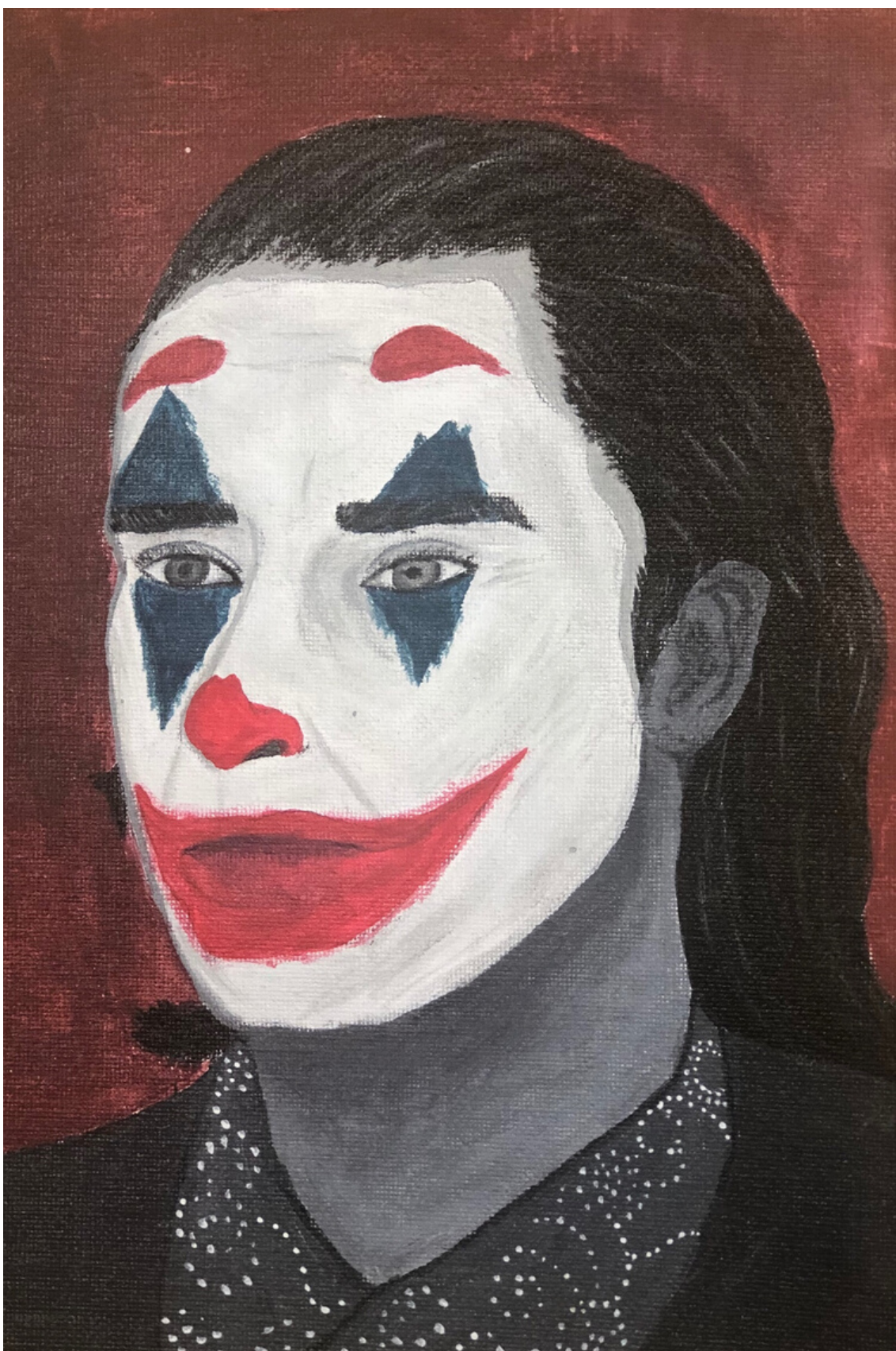
~VALLEY OF TEMPLES~
BY ASHLEY ZAPATA

BASKETBALL
BY ANSLEY WHITE

A BLAST OF WIND FELT
QUICKLY LOOKED FOR A PASS
INSTEAD TOOK A SHOT

EDGEEEEEEE
BY WILL BOGGS

CRACK THE MASK,
CUT THE VEIL,
MOURN THE LOST,
PLUNGE THE NAIL



~JOKER~
BY VICTORIA GAMBOA



~RAINBOW FISH~
BY CAMRYN WHITLEY



~DINOSAUR KISS~
BY ASHLEY ZAPATA

**WHEN I GROW OLD
BY ARIANA WHITE**

YOU HAVE A WAY OF MAKING ME BELIEVE
THAT LOVE EXISTS AND IT'S NOT NAÏVE.

YOUR KISS IS ALL THAT I NEED.
I WILL FOLLOW YOUR LEAD.

THE WAY YOU'RE READING MY MIND
JUST BY THE LOOK IN YOUR EYES...

I CAN'T HELP BUT IMAGINE HOW IT OUGHT TO BE.
65 YEARS FROM NOW, JUST YOU AND ME.



HONORABLE MENTION

~RIPPED KOI~

BY TANNIA PEREZ

HONORABLE MENTION
UNTITLED
BY CASEY SLAY

IT SHINES LIKE GOLD
IT FALLS LIKE THE OCEAN WAVES
THE STRANDS ARE ALL BLONDE



~THE GIRL~
BY WILLIAM LONDOT



HONORABLE MENTION
~CHUNCH~
BY BRYANNA CLINE

HONORABLE MENTION
LABYRINTH
BY PERRY O'CONNOR

COME NIGHT, COME SNOWFALL
WE THREAD BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS
IN DARKNESS MARCHING

THE RIBALD RAVENS FLUTTER
LIKE DUST FROM ANCIENT WRITING
THE ECHO OF THE LONG-DEAD GODS

IN DARKNESS MARCHING
WE TRUDGE IN MOUNTING SILENCE
IN NIGHT AND SNOWFALL

THE ECHO OF LONG-DEAD GODS
THE WHEEZING WHISPERS OF FATE
THAT WE COULD NEVER UTTER

COLLIDE AND FABRICATE THE SWARMS
THE MIASMS OF DUST AND SNOW
AND FRUSTRATE OUR PASSAGE
AMONG THESE GREAT DARK MOUNTAINS



~KATHERINE IN LEAVES~
BY EMMA SMITH

THE TERROR
BY ANSLEY WHITE

AND SHALL I TELL A TALE OF DREAMS TO BE
A TALE OF HORROR, PANIC BRINGS A CHILL
THERE IS BUT AN ABOMINATION TO SEE
A NIGHTMARISH TERROR IT DOES INSTILL

THE BEHEMOTH BEAST WHICH WANDERS ABOUT
THE CREATURE WILL RISE AT THE WITCHING HOUR
THE BURNING FEAR INSIDE WHICH MAKES ME SHOUT
THE MONSTER CHASES, HE WANTS TO DEVOUR

ONE STEP FARTHER INTO THE UNKNOWN DEPTH
LEGENDS AND MYTHS OF DARKNESS CLOUD MY MIND
TO BE SO CLOSE TO ONE'S COLD, GRUESOME DEATH
DESPERATION CALLS ME TO SAVE MY HIND.

BREATH OF RELIEF AS THE WARM SUN DOES SHINE
SAFE AS CAN BE IN HIS ARMS, I WILL NOT WHINE.



~PERSONA/EGO~
BY VICTORIA GAMBOA

SNOW
BY JORDAN LEDFORD

STUFF ON THE GROUND
BUT IT'S NOT DIRT
WHEN YOU STEP IN IT
A LITTLE IT COULD HURT
DURING A UNIQUE SEASON
ON THE GROUND, IT GLOWS BRIGHT
NO MATTER WHAT
IT WILL ALWAYS BE WHITE
NOT ONLY THE GROUND
BUT IN THE AIR, TOO
ONCE YOU THROW IT
IT WILL SATISFY YOU



~BLUE BETTA FISH~
BY ADRIANA FELICIANO

HONORABLE MENTION
VI
BY PERRY O'CONNOR

FAE AND FICKLE LIGHT
OVERCOMES THE SOFT EVENING
LANTERNS IN THE RAIN



HONORABLE MENTION
~KATHERINE NOT FEATURED~
BY EMMA SMITH

WHATS A HAIKU?
BY DAMIAN NIXON

FIVE SYLLABLES FIRST
SEVEN AFTER THAT THERE ARE
THIS IS A HAIKU



~DAVID, BUT AN AVIATORS~
BY PERRY O'CONNOR

MASTERS OF FATE
BY ARIANA WHITE

I BELIEVE IN THE MASTERS OF FATE,
AND I AM SURELY AWARE OF MY STATUS
BENEATH THEM, THEIR WILL AND PLAN, I AWAIT.
THE ANXIETY THEY CAUSE IS GRATIS.

AS MUCH AS I WISH, I AM NOT IN CONTROL.
EVERYTHING THAT OCCURS BEING THEM.
EVERY CHANGE AND EVERY WISH FROM THE SOUL.
EVERYTHING I NEED OR WANT AND THEN SOME.

AS MUCH AS I WISH I AM NOT IN CONTROL.
THE MASTERS OF FATE ORCHESTRATE MY LIFE.
THEIR CHOICES DETERMINE ALL AS A WHOLE.
THEY CAUSE MY SMILES. AS WELL AS MY STRIFE.

DESPITE MY DISDAIN, EVERYTHING IS DARK.
'TIS ALL GOD WILLING. TIME TO DISEMBARK.



~BLUE NIGHT~
BY TANNIA PEREZ

VIII
BY PERRY O'CONNOR

LANGUID GALAXIES
LAP THE EDGE OF WILD WATERS,
DENSE AND DARKLING



~GUARDABARRANCO~
BY ANA BALTODANO



HONORABLE MENTION

~KYLIE~

BY ADRIANA FELICIANO



HONORABLE MENTION
VII
BY PERRY O'CONNOR

THE WHISPERING BLOOM
FLOWERS IN BURIED OCEANS
HAUNTING AND VACANT



~PRETTY FLY FOR A DEAD GUY~
BY KAMERON PRYOR



~ ST. JARJAR ~
BY KÄTCHEN LUCAS

EXCERPT FROM "PEACEKEEPERS"
BY JACOB SHEPARD

THE DOOR FELL INWARDS, FINALLY GIVING WAY TO THE EXTERIOR INTRUDER, COLLAPSING ONTO THE ASSORTMENT OF STURDILY STACKED STUFF. A SLEEK STEEL ARM THAT SHARED ITS COLOR WITH SHADOWS, REACHED ACROSS THE FALLEN DOOR, CLASPING AT THE OPEN AIR WITH ITS PNEUMATIC PINNERS THAT SEARCHED FOR ITS PREY, BEFORE ROUGHLY PULLING ITS WIRY METALLIC FRAME THROUGH A BREACH IN GRAVE'S WALL OF UNWANTED EQUIPMENT, REVEALING THE HORRIFYING SIGHT THAT WAS A PEACEKEEPER WHO RADIATED DREAD. "ENEMIES OF THE ARISTOCRACY SIGHTED, LETHAL FORCE AUTHORIZED, COMMENCING EXTERMINATION SUBROUTINE!"



~POLO~
BY DAMIAN NIXON



~SELF PORTRAIT~
BY GIOVANNI BRACCIALE



~SOAR~
BY WILLIAM LONDOT



~KATHERINE ON GROUND~
BY EMMA SMITH

CORRUPTION OF CHILDHOOD INNOCENCE
BY EMERALD BUSH

I'M IN FIRST GRADE, RIDING MY RED SCOOTER DOWN A HILL, LAUGHING AT THE WIND IN MY HAIR, BEAR RODE BEHIND ME ON A BLUE SCOOTER, BOTH OF US FIGHTING IMAGINARY ENEMIES, CHARGING UP ATTACKS WITH OUR WHEELS. BUT EVENTUALLY I STOPPED, WORN OUT AND SLAMMING MY FOOT ON THE BRAKE, RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY DRIVEWAY, WITH PRACTICED EASE. "LET'S DO THIS AGAIN TOMORROW!" HE SAID. I NODDED EXCITEDLY AND WATCHED AS HE WALKED INTO THE EMPTY HOUSE AT THE END OF THE CUL DE SAC.

I'M IN THIRD GRADE AND COPPER IS HANGING BY HIS TAIL FROM THE MONKEY BARS IN MY BACKYARD, SCALES GLINTING INCORRECTLY IN THE FADING LIGHT, I STILL HADN'T REALLY GOT THE HANG OF THAT. "AND WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?" HE ASKED EXCITEDLY. I GRINNED AND CONTINUED, JUST AS EXCITED, WEAVING A TALE IN MY MIND FOR AN AUDIENCE OF ME, MYSELF AND I. "EMMA! IT'S TIME TO COME INSIDE!" YELLED MY MOM, LEANING OUT ONTO THE BACK PORCH. "OKAY!" I YELLED BACK. "WE'LL FINISH YOUR STORY TOMORROW!" COPPER TEASED, FALLING OFF THE BARS AND SCRAMBLING TO LOOK LIKE NOTHING HAD HAPPENED. I NODDED, AN EMPTY PROMISE AND WE BOTH KNEW IT, MY STORIES NEVER FINISHED, I COULD NEVER FIND A GOOD PLACE TO STOP, AND WAVED AS I WALKED UP THE STEPS INTO MY HOUSE.

I'M IN EIGHTH-GRADE AND I'M TRYING TO BREATHE AS I SIT AGAINST THE WALL IN MY CLOSET. "IT'S GOING TO BE ALRIGHT." SAID KETO, FROM HIS PLACE SITTING ON MY SHELF, "YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALRIGHT." I NODDED FROM WHERE I SAT, TOO TIRED TO RESPOND. I KNEW IT WAS WEIRD FOR AN EIGHTH-GRADER TO HAVE AN IMAGINARY FRIEND, I HADN'T HAD ONE IN YEARS. BUT I DIDN'T CARE. I NEEDED SOMEONE, SOMETHING TO EASE THE LONELINESS, ONE THAT ONLY PARTIALLY CAME FROM MY MOVE FROM OHIO TO CALIFORNIA. THE REST CAME FROM THE SENSE OF UNREALITY THAT ALWAYS SURROUNDED ME. LIKE PLASTIC WRAP THAT KEPT ME FROM EVER TRULY CONNECTING WITH ANYONE. HE JUMPED DOWN FROM THE SHELF, PAWS PADDING ON THE FLOOR AND RUBBED HIS HEAD ON MY THIGH. IT DIDN'T FEEL QUITE REAL, AND I QUIETLY HOPED I'D GET BETTER AT IMAGINING IT (I DIDN'T).

I'M IN SOPHOMORE YEAR, AND I'M LYING ON MY BED, LETTING THE NUMBNESS I KNOW SO WELL SET IN AS THE TEARS DRY ON MY FACE. KETO IS GONE, LEFT BEHIND WITH EVERYTHING ELSE IN CALIFORNIA. TEZLA LAID NEXT TO ME, WRAPPING ME IN A HUG, "IT'S GOING TO BE ALRIGHT," SHE SAID, "YOU NEVER HAVE TO DO TODAY AGAIN." I NODDED MY HEAD, AND TRIED MY BEST TO IMAGINE WHAT HER HUG FELT LIKE. IT STILL DIDN'T FEEL QUITE REAL, BUT SHE HAD AN EXCUSE FOR IT, BEING MADE OF SHADOWS AND ALL. I KNEW IT WASN'T REAL, BUT THROUGH THE HAZE OF NUMBNESS NOTHING ELSE FELT REAL EITHER. I TURNED TO FACE HER AND HER DORKY, KIND SMILE, CLOSED MY EYES AND FELL ASLEEP, WISHING THERE WAS A REAL PERSON LAYING THERE INSTEAD.
LONELINESS.




BLUE & GOLD LITERATURE AWARD

ARIANA WHITE
MISTLETOE

BLUE & GOLD ART AWARD

LORENA LINARES
BEAUTIFUL COLORS



HONORABLE MENTION
LITERATURE

PERRY O'CONNOR
CASEY SLAY

HONORABLE MENTION
ART

EMMA SMITH
TANNIA PEREZ
ADRIANA FELICIANO
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THE EDITING TEAM WOULD LIKE TO
OFFER SPECIAL GRATITUDE TO OUR PRINCIPAL
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