

The Plaid Skirt

Providence Catholic School

Spring 2017

Garden of Dreams

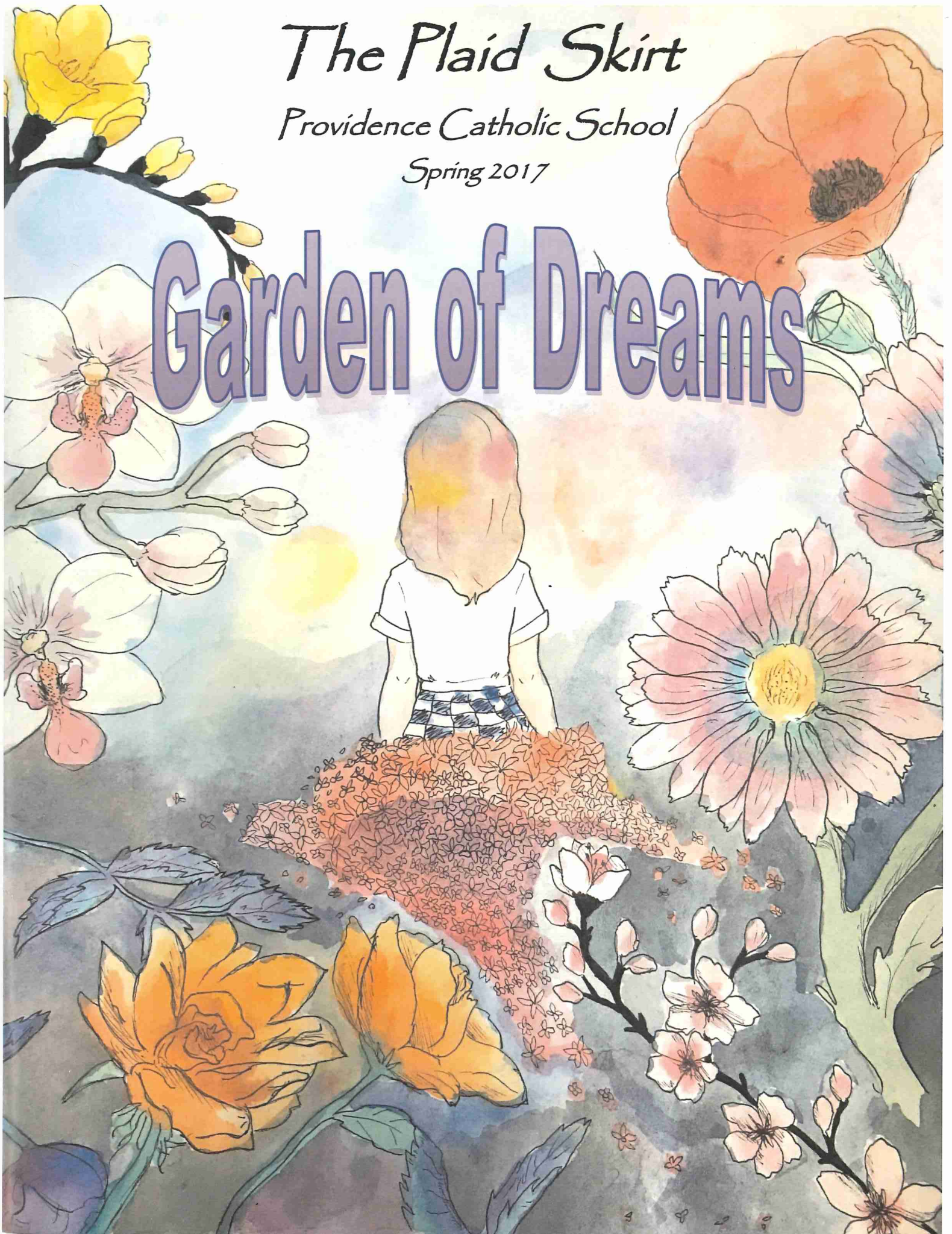


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Abigail Calpito and Paloma Holub designed the front and back covers.

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Welcome to our *Garden of Dreams!*

The Creative Writing Class of Providence Catholic School has been a dream come true for this teacher! I have been blessed to have known these young women who strive for excellence in everything they do. This year, these young writers have created stories and poems that have amazed me and have analyzed literature with brilliance.

With their intelligence, creativity, and depth of soul, they have given a unique and powerful voice to their joys and sorrows, laughter and tears, love and anger, self-confidence and self-doubt. This garden was carefully cultivated by Provets that strive for excellence, nourish faith, practice integrity, and work for justice.

Our garden is also blessed to have the fine art work and photography by Providence Catholic School's student artists.

In this garden, creativity grows, and grows and grows!

With sincere thanks, Ms. Janet Lease, faculty sponsor.



*Providence Catholic School
The College Preparatory School For Girls Grades 6—12
1215 N. St. Mary's St.
San Antonio, Texas, 78215*

Dixie

A little black fur ball

Soft and small

You came as a surprise

Excited and shocked

A new member of our family

Happy and playful

You barked as if you were big

Mighty and loud

A child's dream come true

Overjoyed and smiling

You had a tongue too much to carry

Bright and pink

A memory that will last forever

Joyful and unforgettable

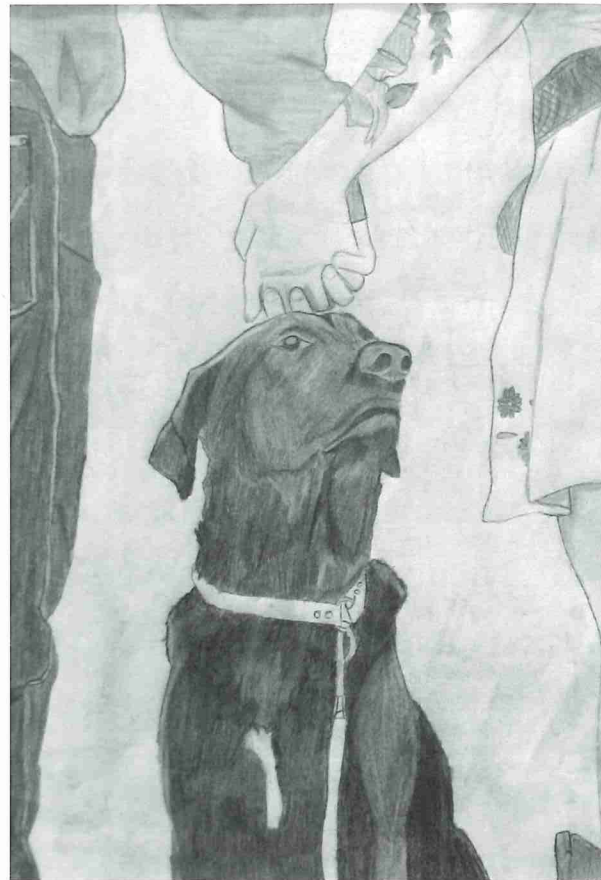
You were our first puppy

Precious and petite

We will never forget you Dixie

For you were a child's dream.

Mia Sanchez



Jordan Hernandez



Lourdes Zavala

The Apologies of My Conscience

I have an enemy,

Regrettably so,

That sits upon a bitter throne.

Tongues a braised in hate and spite

They retort with derision.

Try harder.

Be better.

Look at yourself,

You Are A Failure.

They thrive in my mistakes,

A garden of false charades,

And pin me down with the guilt

Of my hollow harvest.

Some days I walk unsullied

By their futile strikes.

But other days I trawl

Shards of vanquish in my wake.

I have an enemy,

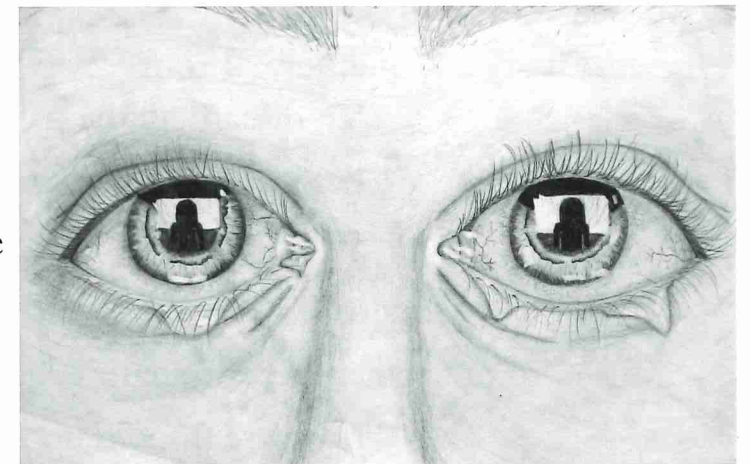
And they will never forsake

My reality.

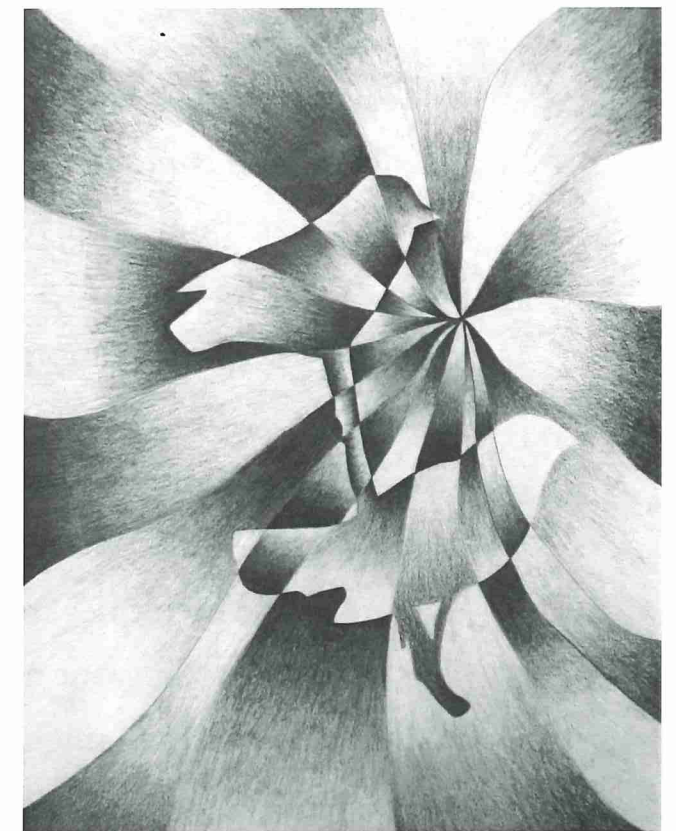
I have an enemy

And my enemy is me.

Rebecca Carrillo



Maya Diaz



Andrea Zuniga

To Forget or to Remember

Doesn't it seem better to forget?
To discard all the painful memories,
That just make you cry out in the night.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to leave behind the hurt,
To not remember the sharp edges of those horrible words,
That were thrown upon you like knives.

But what about the good memories,
The ones that make you feel warm inside,
That fill you with love and hope.

The memories that seem like someone cares,
Like God is beside you holding your hand.
What about these beautiful memories?

Can the good memories outweigh the bad?
Does good truly defeat evil,
Or does evil win in the end.

Do our memories make us who we are?
Can discarding our memories change us?
In the end forgetting might just be what destroys us.

Clarissa Fetter

Life

In the beginning, we are fresh,
Molded and shaped out of flesh.
Brought to life new and gifted,
Loved and cherished, we are lifted.

In the middle, we are growing.
Life is the play that we are starring.

As we learn from our mistakes,
The world humors us for our sake.

In the end, we say our goodbyes.

Death itself is no longer shy.

Soon we find ourselves as ash

It seems our lives pass in a flash

Bella Lopez



Emma Schulz



Victoria Gomez

Four Seasons, Four Reasons

- I. Coral Tulips spring from the ground,
Waking a season filled with sweet sounds.
- II. Waves meet the sand, Children laugh and play
Until the end of summer turns and goes away.
- III. Leaves fall, a smell of pumpkin pie
Whispers of a breeze roam in the colorful bright sky.
- IV. The snow causes one to shiver, while going along their way
Closed roads and decadent hot chocolate seem to be the only
reason to stay.
- V. He used to bring me Tulips on every spring day,
Making my heart flutter like the butterflies that danced and played.
- VI. We used to swim in the ocean on every summer day,
Admiring all creations that surrounded us until today.
- VII. I watched the leaves fall on that November day,
My senses no longer functioning as he turned and walked away.
- VIII. I used to walk alone on cold winter days,
But now find comfort in choosing not to stay.

Gaby Guajardo



Sophia Christilles

The Rock and The Rose

There are two sides to my world,
Where my feelings are swirled.

Onlookers tell me to choose a side,
But, I would rather wallow than to be lied.

On one side is the masculine rule,
Where I am as delicate as a rose.

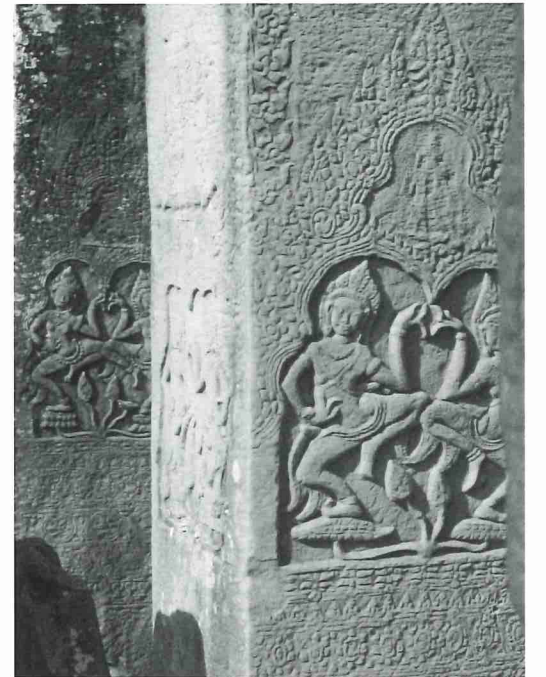
However if I were to choose I'd be labeled a fool,
For all interests will someday be froze.

The other side is the feminine reign,
Where there is no spectrum to obey.
Choosing this side would keep me down with a ball and chain,
For all feelings will one day decay.

Neither side proves superior in my mind,
Choosing one forever would cause me to go blind.

Still sacrifices must be made,
So, I wait patiently for the day where both sides are weighed.

Morgan Huth



Esperanza Alatorre

Grandmere

*Vous avez ma donne plus que je besion
Vous etes mon ancre, vous etes mon Coeur*

Je t'aime

*Je ne sais quoi je ferais sans vous
Votre viox que me reveille dans le matin*

Vous ditez "Jazzmyne allez vit!"

Je ne jamais serait a l'ecole si il n'etait pour vous

Grandmere,

Je voudrais merci

Pour l'amour et tout le lecons vous avez entillé en moi

Et tout le fois que nous eu

Le laid robe ca vous aimez, je ne jamais dit, il est ma favorite.

*Pouvoir voir vous a me joue est le plus assure et je sais et je suis beaucoup de merci
pour le choses vous avez faire pour moi*

Jazzmyne Williams



Grandma

You have given me more than I need

You are my anchor, you are my heart

I love you

I don't know what I would do without you

Your voice, so comforting, that wakes me in the morning

You say, "Jazzmyne, let's go!"

I would never be at school if it wasn't for you

Grandma,

I would like to thank you

For the love and all the lessons you have instilled in me

And all the times that we've had

The ugly dress that you love, though I have never said, is my favorite

To be able to see you every day is the most assuring and I know and I am so
thankful

For the things you do for me

Jazzmyne Williams



Shadows of the Mind

You never see me till the sun comes out

You never hear me

I follow you everywhere

I trail you on a sunny day

At night I'm the thing you fear

You don't see me then

Until it's too late

When the sun is out and the wind blows

When you smile at your friends and remember

The awful past that you try to hide

I hide in your mind

Bringing visions that you try to forget

Every raised voice

Every night you lay in your bed trying to forget

I'm there

I am the shadow

The subconscious thought you push away

In the daytime I trail behind you

And you can't get away

In the night

In the night

I am there

I grow with your fear

You can't escape me now

How can you?

I'm the subconscious thought that lives in your mind.

Esperanza Alatorre

Poem #12

My class ring for tonight- has it been delivered now?

What will I use instead, if it hasn't been yet?

My charm bracelet grandma gave- or the one in there?

The present wrapped so prettily, yet opens like a box.

It's for wishes and dreams that had never come true.

The gift box is empty-except for a few memories

Of how they were answered by him-

The present in my closet- it closets my memories past

Letters wrote, gifts given, photographs- like time in a bottle.

I saved each day together like a treasure well spent.

If they were spent again- still I would be his.

A memory within a memory, inside another box it lays

The bracelet someone gave me-matching another she gave him.

My sun with opalized moon, the moon I saw him as

His moon with opalized sun, in me, he saw its light!-

Then I'm told good news, pulling me from my mind.

My mother has my ring- no need for worry now.

The worrying former becomes a thought left forgotten.

While the latter described remains safely undisturbed.

Sarah Hernandez

The Moon

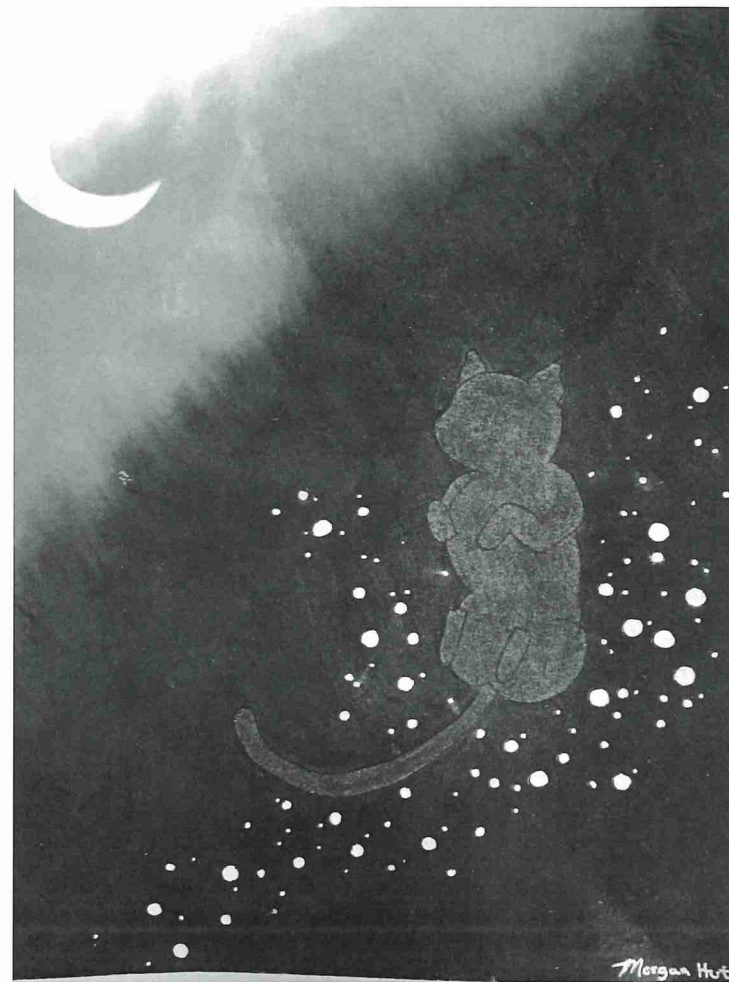
The moon in the sky
As the night time goes by
Is bold and all alone

No matter how bright
You shine tonight
You'll still be as old as bones

Although you glow among your foes
You still seem slightly disabled

For when midnight strikes
You will be so bright
And almost as round as a table

Jackie Faz



Morgan Huth

*When I admire the wonders of a sunset or the beauty of
the moon, my soul expands in the worship of the creator.*

Mahatma Gandhi

Life is...

Life is a struggle accept it,
Life is painful, a ring of thorns,
Life is short, break the rules,
Life is knowing, how to forgive,
Life is having no regrets,
Life is really beautiful,
Life is a challenge, meet it
Life is life, fight for it

Heribertha Herrera



Gaby Sigala

Missing You

A constant reminder of her love that still remains

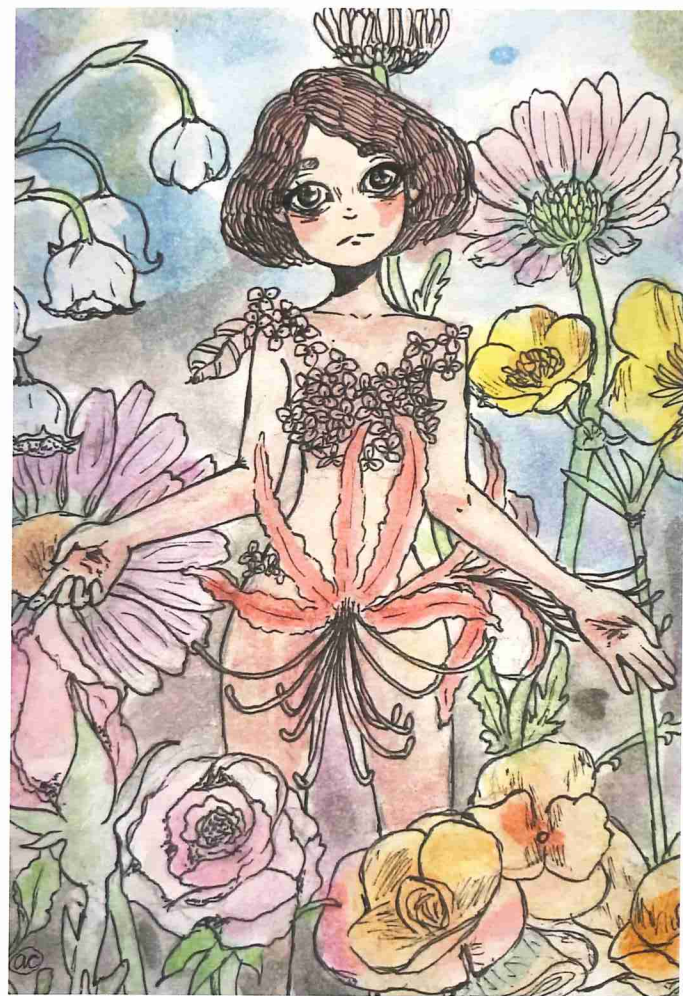
Heart-breaking, her tears taken to the rain

In solitude, her emotions begin to brew

Little does she know...

He is drowning too

Hannah Sasser



Abigail Calpito

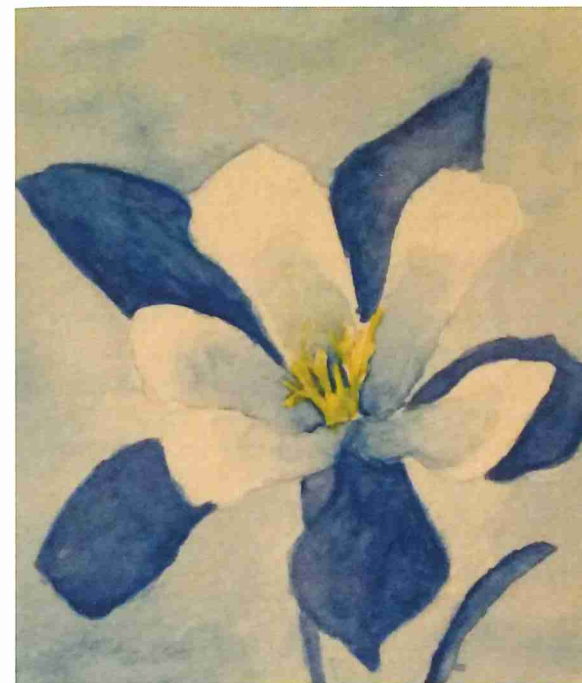
Beauty in Things

She wanted to capture
All the beautiful things
To close the space
Between her eyes
And her brain.
She looked for these things
In the skies
And in the rain-

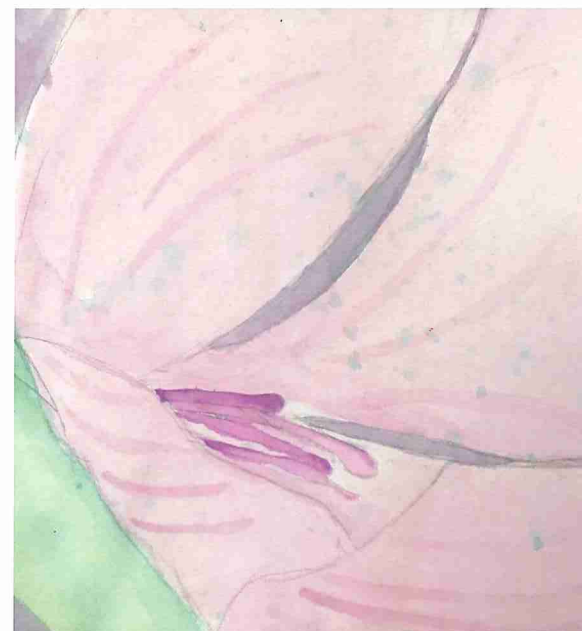
But when she couldn't
See them,
She hoped
For the world to end,
And extinguish all the stars
in her chest.
She thought, maybe
It'd be for the best.

It was funny,
Because the wind
Began calling her
By my name.
So I looked through her eyes,
and realized that we
were one in the same.

Abigail Calpito



Lucia Follman



Rowan Hinkelman

Mija, Mija

Mija, mija ven aquí.

She beckons me,
from her red chair.
With a sweet smile,
and a content stare.

Mija, mija ayudame.

She crosses the room,
with a clumsy grace.

And I chuckle at,
her determined face.

Mija, mija estoy muy cansada.

Her brittle bones pop,
as she lies down.

But through all her suffering,
not once has she frowned.

Mija, mija te quiero mucho.

I hold her hand,
saying everything's alright.
And smile one last time,
before saying goodnight.

Amanda Salazar