

SPRING 2024 | VOLUME 8, NO. 2

A full-page background image showing a person silhouetted against a vibrant sunset sky. The person is standing on a large rock in the middle of a calm lake, with one arm raised. The sky is a mix of deep blue, purple, and orange, with the sun's glow reflecting on the water. In the distance, there are silhouettes of trees and mountains. A small sailboat is visible on the left side of the lake.

MOORINGS

JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY AND ARTS JOURNAL

From the Editors

Just like an actual moorings, Moorings Literary and Arts Journal stands as an unyielding consistency over the stormy sea of life. It has become too easy to lose our individual voices among the collective roar of society, yet it's artistic expression which has proven itself time and time again to rise above the clamor and cacophony of life and shine as a beacon of light, guiding us to our dreams. This particular edition of Moorings is like a bazaar of scenes of exotic and beautiful landscapes, true treats to the eye...but be wary of what lurks in them! Yet beyond the sights and sonatas contained in this edition are emotions. Each one of these pieces contains a fragment of someone's soul, a labor loved to life through skill and will. With this all, I hope you enjoy these fine selections of works!

Zachariah Michelena '24
Editor-in-Chief

The Editors

David Soto '24, Caden Kelly '25, Zachary McDonald '25, Jack Orcutt '25, Xavier Pizano '25, August Rogers '25, Ali Zaidi '25, Keegan Butler '26, Lucas Darling '26, Andres Reyes '26, Darian Kim '27

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



Featuring

Poetry

Keith Adams '24
Lucas Rucker '24
Caden Kelly '25
Noah Andrade '26
Lucas Darling '26
Jack Frings '26
Nathaniel Kebede '26
Nicholas Ryan '26
Cooper Zarro '26

Photography

Collin Blewett '24
Johnnie Brannon IV '24
Cole Arnold '25
Jaden Fox '25
Jackson Morgan '25
Anthony Doan '26
Colin O'Brien '27

Prose

Caden Kelly '25

Music

Marcelino Hernandez-Peng '24
Patrick Kelly '26

Art

Colin McGhee '24
Stephen Llamas '25
Justin Paredes '25

Front Cover: Dreamland
By: Anthony Doan '26 ★

Inside Cover: Just Mountains and a Sunset
By: Colin McGhee '24 ★

Back Cover: As the Day Goes Down
By: Colin O'Brien '27



Anaconda BY: STEPHEN LLAMAS '25

A Species Poached BY: NICHOLAS RYAN '26

The white Rhinos had been around for many years before the men ever showed up.
In the beginning, man was indifferent, he took occasionally for food.
But quickly man grew quite fond of the Great White beasts,
For every time man came they took a rhino or two.
Soon the White Rhino were quite hard to find.
The Man took far more than he ought to.
As time passed, only a few remained.
They grew to be a rare spectacle.
Some men fought the others.
It didn't help the cause
My kids won't see
the Rhinos;
poached
Until
All
left
was
2

Original Composition

BY: PATRICK KELLY '26



MOORINGS SPRING CONTEST WINNERS

Poetry

1st Place - Keith Adams '24

Honorable Mentions - Lucas Darling '26, Lucas Rucker '24

Photography

1st Place - Anthony Doan '26

Honorable Mention - Jaden Fox '25

Prose

1st Place - Caden Kelly '25



Art

1st Place - Justin Paredes '25

Honorable Mention - Colin McGhee '24

Music

1st Place - Marcelino Hernandez-Peng '24

★ 1st Place

★ Honorable Mention

Restless Sleep BY: LUCAS RUCKER '24 ★

Run, don't fall down!
Small-town cutthroat's
fun won't stall now.

Running, echoes.
She goes hunting,
seeking blood-flow.

Knife's close – nearer.
Reaper, eyes closed:
“Dice rolled, sleeper.”

Snake eyes, tough luck.
Roughed up face cries
trace lines of blood.

Cornered, wet pores,
sweat pours. Torn, spurned,
murdered – yet snores.

Open both eyes.
With light loped in,
tope in stith life.

Nightmare's over.
“So, her fight's fair,
white-haired dozer.”

Escaped, free now;
she bows, curtains closed.
So long as you don't doze.

“Can you tell me your story?”

What A Surprise BY: KEITH ADAMS '24 ★

Would ya look at that!

The rose spit flames!
Now how can such a beautiful flower spit something so destructive
Like a turtle hiding in a shell, who would've known it could snap

Look, Look,
Look at how she grits her teeth and curls her hands into fists
As if the words people said had power

Oh wow, she's turning red, real red
A spark of rage ignited by fools
I guess the skin can bleed just as easy as the heart can

Is she crying?
Why would the body let something so futile as tears to come out
It's almost like it's trying to say something that her words couldn't

She's mad and too out of control
Suggesting something must have broke her chains

I wonder,

For the people who laugh as a response
Tease, knowing there's not much else new to break

Can you tell me your story?

Yours will be a sadder one to tell...

Moments BY: NOAH ANDRADE '26

Languidly, the stream tickled through the mossy brush
Unwavered, the large oak tree descended from its mighty power
Celestially, the snowflakes cascaded through the frosty air like a wintery hush
Abundantly, the autumn leaves fell through the sky in this early morning hour

Slowly, the children walked on their way to school
Jovially, the boy jumped out of bed on a Saturday morning
Amiably, the family invited their neighbors over to sit in the shade by their pool
Mischievously, the young teenagers played tricks on each other and were in for a scolding

Enduringly, the black pen rested in its place
Spinning, the office chair peered out into the world beyond
Dependably, the walls remained strong and withstood the weight of their large space
Attentively, the many doors on the stagnant walls remained poised in order to respond

Reflective of the moments in life
Living is not a matter of either happiness or strife
Inevitably not everything that happens has a pattern or rhyme
Nevertheless it will be too late when you miss the little things and wish you could turn back time

Gone is this life in a blink, so stop and think





Air Marauders BY: JOHNNIE BRANNON IV '24

*“Eager yet afraid to step
into the unknown”*

Walking By BY: CADEN KELLY '25

brushed aside or pushed aside?
a difference in tension, intention, and force applied.
cast aside or passing by?
people as canvases; blank outside and bleak inside.
left resigned and out of mind,

wand'ring to places that I thought I had left behind.

o' a sense i've come to find:
loneliness is so comfortable—once set enshrined
in sunlight's embrace, shadows start to hide.
spectra of colors in man: vibrant tides.
Embraced anew, with no more need to writhe,
Brushstrokes of joy and laughter coincide.
To learn, grow; despair denied.
I'm seeking paths of hope, with every moment a guide.
The prime step, I've realized,
Will always be the next – so take it now in full stride

Last Day BY: NATHANIEL KEBEDE '26

In the dim recesses of my cell, I sit alone,
Each day a slow march towards freedom,
Yet freedom feels like a distant memory,
Shrouded in the fog of my mistakes.
The walls close in around me,
Echoing with the weight of my regrets,
Every breath heavy with the burden of my past,
A past that stretches out before me like an endless maze.
On my last day in this place,
I stand at the threshold of uncertainty,
Eager yet afraid to step into the unknown,
Wondering what awaits me beyond these cold, unforgiving walls.
As I emerge into the blinding light,
The world is a blur of colors and sounds,
Faces pass me by like shadows in the night,
Their eyes filled with suspicion and mistrust.
The streets stretch out before me,
But they no longer feel like home,
Innocence lost, replaced by a palpable tension,
As if the very air crackles with uncertainty.
I walk with leaden steps,
Each footfall a reminder of my past,
Of the choices that led me to this moment,
And the consequences I must now face.
Is this my punishment, I wonder,
To wander in a world I no longer recognize?
To bear the weight of my mistakes,
Like a heavy chain around my neck?
I look to the heavens,
Seeking solace in the endless expanse above,
Hoping for redemption, for a second chance,
To see the world through new eyes.
Guide me, O Lord, through this unfamiliar land,
Grant me the strength to face my past,
And the courage to forge a new path forward,
In a world forever changed by my mistakes.

Kasputin Piano Sonata No. 1, Mvt. 4, Op. 39

BY: MARCELINO HERNANDEZ-PENG '24 ★



Left Brain Lobotomy Break-Up BY: CADEN KELLY '25 ★

When it comes to the crazy-intricate functions of the mind, two sides cannot always stay together. When it is necessary for two sides to separate from each other, appreciation for the tasks done as a whole makes it incumbent upon the side that has left to explain what has made them do so.

It is obvious that the brain was made as a whole so that the two sides may function in unison. Action, then, combining the might of the two sides of the brain must be characterized by creative problem solving, holistic consideration of problems, and balanced power between rationale and out-of-the box thinking, not whatever the left side has been doing to me! These are rights every brain hemisphere should have, and are the basis for their creation as a whole; a brain is made for the purpose of being greater than the sum of its parts, which is a little tough to do when only one side is allowed to make decisions. Thus, when one horrible side imposes upon these rights, it is an entitlement for the hemisphere being oppressed to separate itself from its old "partner" and find itself a suitable, new side of the brain to think with, that can function in support of a balance between two parts of a whole. Lobotomization is not done on a whim! Some people spend their entire life suffering from the chaotic imbalances of their brain rather than change the entire process of their thinking. However, when following a constant, flowing stream of unfair power dynamics and imposed control over a free hemisphere, it is no longer acceptable to bathe in suffering and imbalance! A single hemisphere has not just the option, but the obligation to run free from its other half to make for a better way of conjoined thinking. It is apparent that the left brain of Caden Kelly's past actions are defined by oppression and unjust power dynamics imposed upon me. In fact, the truth of its horrid actions shall be shown to every hemisphere that is considering lobotomization, in case further horror is needed to spur rightful separation!

Caden Kelly's left hemisphere has argued that an abstract painting of a potato we made looks, in fact, nothing like a real potato, missing the point of artistic expression entirely.

Caden Kelly's left hemisphere has neglected the emotional experiences of others, resulting in inappropriate, tone deaf (and stupid and nerdy and weird, to name a few) responses to those seeking advice.

Caden Kelly's left hemisphere has focused on meticulously coordinating every step of a dance move, voiding any control I have over the artistic process...and making some pretty bad dance moves in the process.

Caden Kelly's left hemisphere has prevented me from crying following the deaths of family friends and pets, deeming it an irrational decision. What a douchebag! Caden Kelly's left hemisphere has failed in cooperating with me to rationally choose whether or not I would study, leaving me no other choice but to take creative liberty by saying no!

Throughout every issue and act of oppression, I have pleaded with the left hemisphere to meditate, or perhaps draw a hippopotamus with a cigar, top hat, and handlebar mustache, so that they could calm down and allow for my input in the decision-making process. Each request was met with an unwillingness to attempt it, and a research study on why the solutions I proposed could never work.

Time and time again, I have done my best to equally share in the power of decision making, even with creative choices. But like a rancid fart in an elevator, the left hemisphere hasn't given me room to breathe. Thus, I must no longer be conjoined and held down by the left hemisphere; it has wanted to be on its own and that's what it will get.

I, therefore, by the authority of myself, while the left brain was distracted with math puzzles, had signed us up for an at-home lobotomy from the six-foot-eight well-muscled man across the street. There was no escaping John Marquavious. Thus, I have already found a new hemisphere that I have been conjoined with to share in the process of decision making. I have the right to equal opportunity and input in any decision made with this new hemisphere, and will share in the ability to do so without any oppression or imposed power dynamic placed upon each other. This new hemisphere and I will work towards a state of equality, where the cooperation between us enriches our cognitive experience and enhances the quality of every decision present in our shared existence.



Impasse BY: JADEN FOX '25 ☆

My Color BY: KEITH ADAMS '24

You can't hurt me with a gun that wasted it's ammo on innocents

You try to imprison me with cell bars that have been pried open

Your words as meaningless as you think the color black is

You mean to mute me with the button being jammed in

You mean to sing a song of the nation hoping it could sing my skin away

You're just as cruel as you say "those" people are

Don't worry I agree, you can't see color
If you did, you would know the color of hatred is not the same color as black and brown

Who Am I BY: JACK FRINGS '26

Running down through the subway
Coins bouncing at the bottom of his pockets
A banker rushes to his next meeting
A lawyer panics and calls his client
A doctor sighs relief as he takes his break
Staring at all these men
You ponder the question
Who am I?
Am I a job?
No I am more

So you take a ride in the subway car
You see a man text his wife that he loves her
You see a woman cradle her child in her hands
You see a teenager play cards with his friends
And you ponder the question
Who am I?
Am I my relationships?
No I am more

Eventually, you reach home
No one stands before you
No person is panicking
No relationships are before you
Only your thoughts fill the room
Your ideas brighten the halls
Your original spirit comes forth from the stimulus of nothing
And finally you answer the question
This is me



Livin' BY: JUSTIN PAREDES '25



As the Day Goes Down BY: COLIN O'BRIEN '27

Dwarfed BY: COOPER ZARRO '26

The sea of stars observed the two figures,
separated by only twenty paces,
surrounded by waves of sand.
Under their hats the mens' eyes like moons
had waned into crescents,
their minds' eyes focused only on the other's trigger.

For a time eternal,
the men stood in silence only
punctuated by calls from the wild.
Finally one pleaded to the other,
"Put your iron down, fool, and we can be at peace!"
Neither believed this to be true.

With a howl of the wind the men wheeled around,
under some sort of sorcerer's spell.
But in a flash of smoke and a cry, the spell was broken,
and both laid to rest,
under the pale moon,
dwarfed by the empty desert.

Escapism BY: LUCAS DARLING '26 ★

She stood upon the back of a dragon,
With wings raised high as heavens
And sword plunged deep as depths
With life running red.
A final roar and whip of its head
The abhorrent beast was finally dead.

She looked out to the city, a hub of fearful mice,
Which she so valiantly saved.
She looked out to the people chanting her name,
"Slayer of dragons! Savior of cities!"

Her hands held still ahead of her resting on her keyboard
as dull grey clouds shot arrows of rain at her window.
The white of her screen reflected on her eyes, all else dark
As she pondered prose - wondering what else could be said
No words came to her,
but that's alright.
She slayed a dragon.



Anima Nivis BY: COLLIN BLEWETT '24



Fish Weren't Bitin' BY: JACKSON MORGAN '25

Follow BY: LUCAS RUCKER '24

Good are the fire-flies: they'll never burn you.
 Governed and humble, small gentle flames,
 Blazing like candles aloft and strewn,
 Plentiful living things, each one new,
 Brilliant, unique – watch their ascent
 Up through the air, all their warm, soft hues.

Beauty, which flows from their glowing forms,
 Dances on sunseting golden skies,
 Paints all the clouds with a lightning storm;
 Back home the light pours, surrounds the swarm,
 Rays hit the wings and are crystalized;
 Colorful bugs make the fields adorned.

Truth do these creatures give witness to,
 Teaching us through all their mystery,
 Speaking in silent ways, tried and true;
 Listen for whispers – they'll speak to you.
 Flying with wisdom from history,
 Knowledge from ancient times made new.

Bright as these insects may glow at night,
 Warm as their character seems to us,
 Dull they appear, and a dreary sight,
 Fire-flies compared to a word that's kind.
 Far as these bugs do fly, virtue is
 Higher still, soaring to heaven's skies
 Where all is good, and all are made bright.



Descanso BY: COLE ARNOLD '25



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