



MOORINGS

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FROM THE EDITORS

Art doesn't always come with answers. It often starts with a question, a feeling, or a moment we can't quite name. In Moorings, we gather these moments not to explain them, but to honor them. The works in this issue embrace uncertainty, spark imagination, and invite us to see the extraordinary in the everyday.

This publication is a connection—between artist and viewer, reflection and discovery. Whether you pause on a line, a brushstroke, or a burst of color, I hope you feel something that stays with you.

Thanks for spending time with us.

Zachary McDonald '25
Editor-in-Chief

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FEATURING

Front Cover

Our Lady of Guadalupe by Micah Espinoza '28

Back Cover

Banner of Hope by Andrew Berglund '26

Photography

Brandon Curry '25

Cole Arnold '25

Jack Orcutt '25

Pierson Hancock '25

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Art

Andrew Berglund '26

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Pablo Romo '27

Micah Espinoza '28

Poetry

Liam Stout '25

Max Troppmann '25

Drew Eandi '27

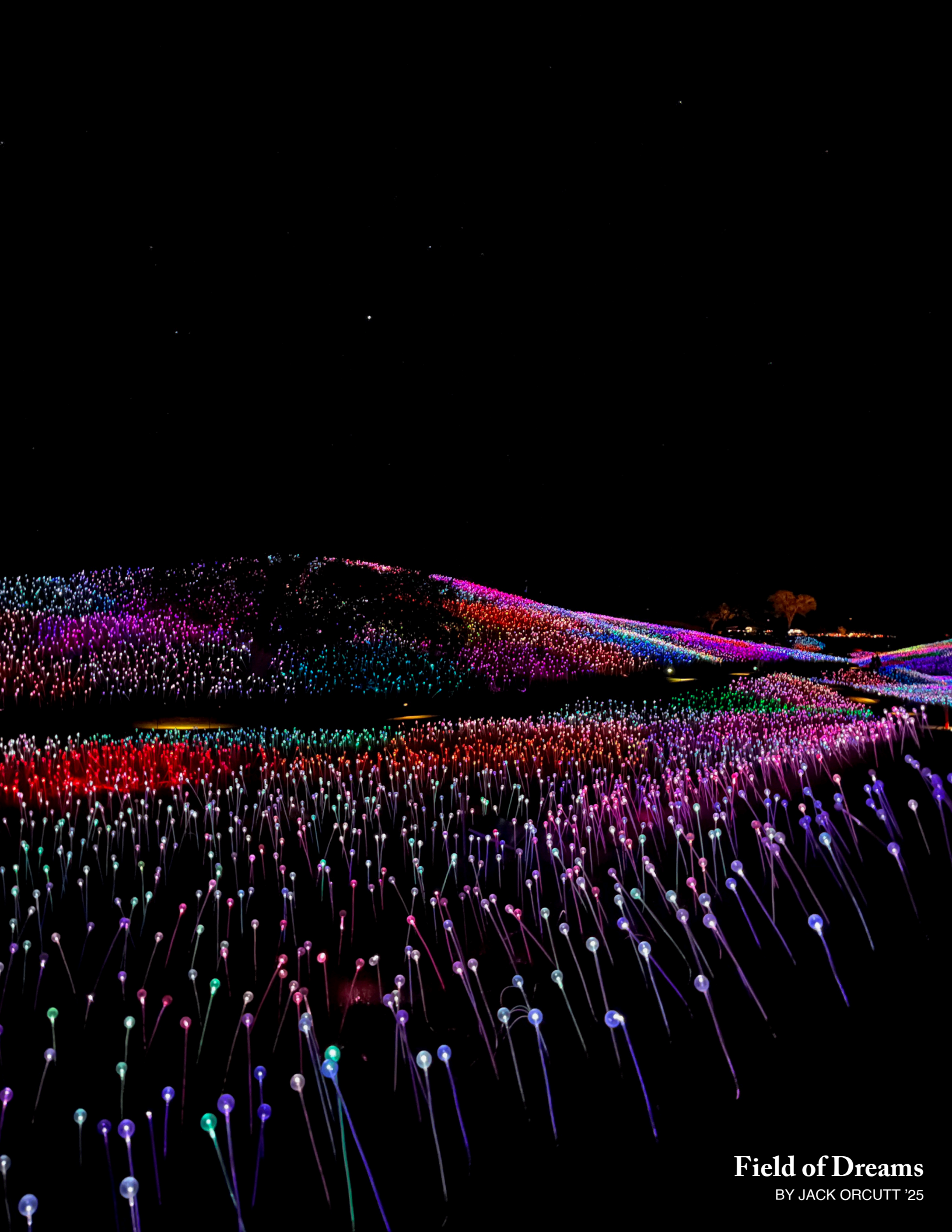
Darian Kim '27

Music

Jack McWilliams '27

Take a Hike

BY BRANDON CURRY '25



Field of Dreams
BY JACK ORCUTT '25

Bestseller No. 9

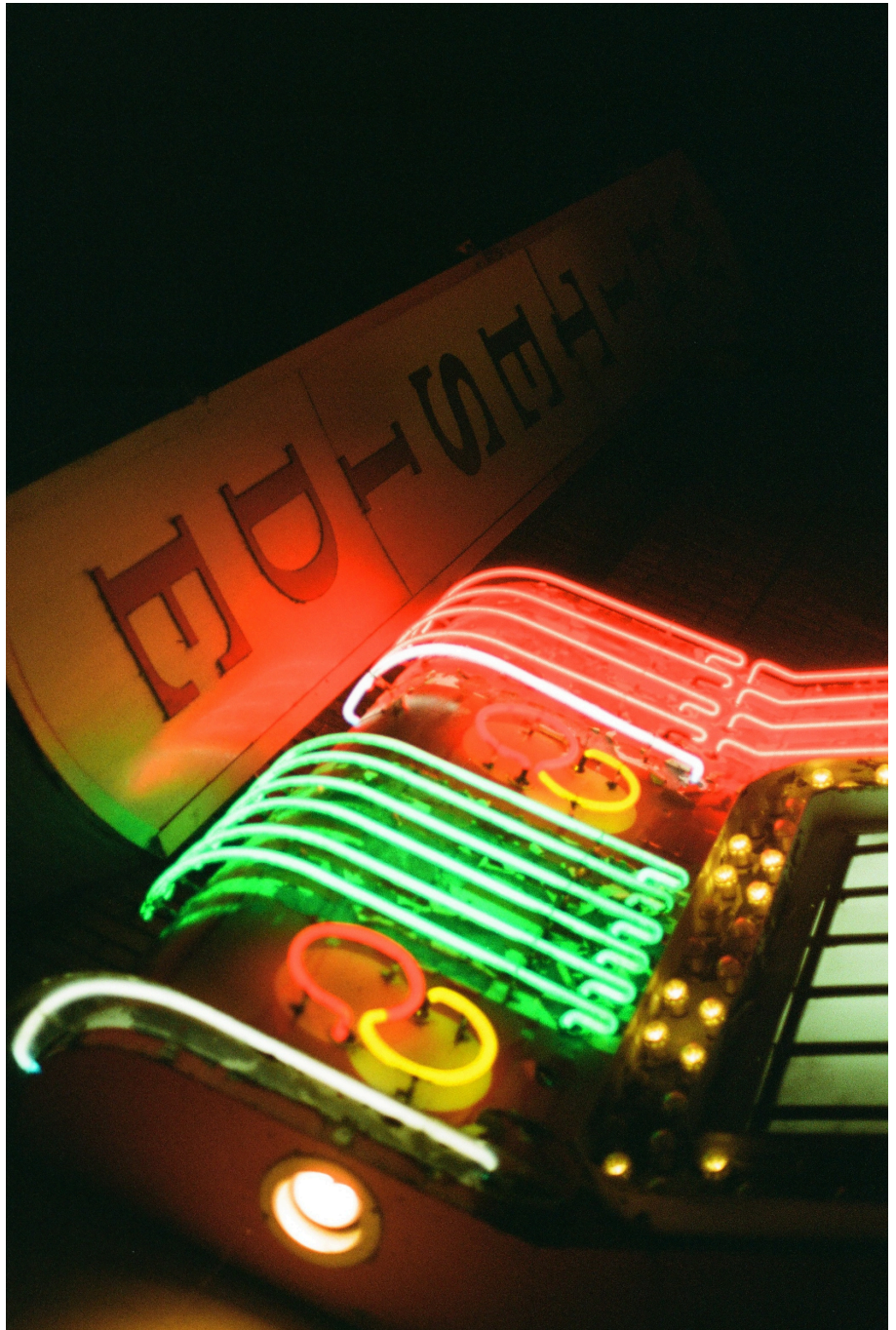
BY DREW EANDI '27

In slanting, hobbled coteries
Dictated by earth's gravity
Fusty troops pleat wearied brows
And hoist the battered houses

The eldest, clad in leather camo
Swollen with sheen rucks and numb
Abhor the youngsters' pomp and glamor
Prefer a tight-kept, furtive glum

Such gaudy jacket, bold-faced lies
Through smarmy print make one despise
Neat tales of the modern woes
Pulled piping from McDonald's rows

Pampers has a hardback line
Its tycoon ranked bestseller nine
Now literary boffins lurk
And ire the airport bookshop clerk



Marquee

BY COLE ARNOLD '25



Pair

BY JUAN GONZALEZ '26



Dreamer

BY JUAN GONZALEZ '26

Retirement

BY LIAM STOUT '25

The fire in his eyes is drowned,
the sun of passion shunned by unfeeling void.

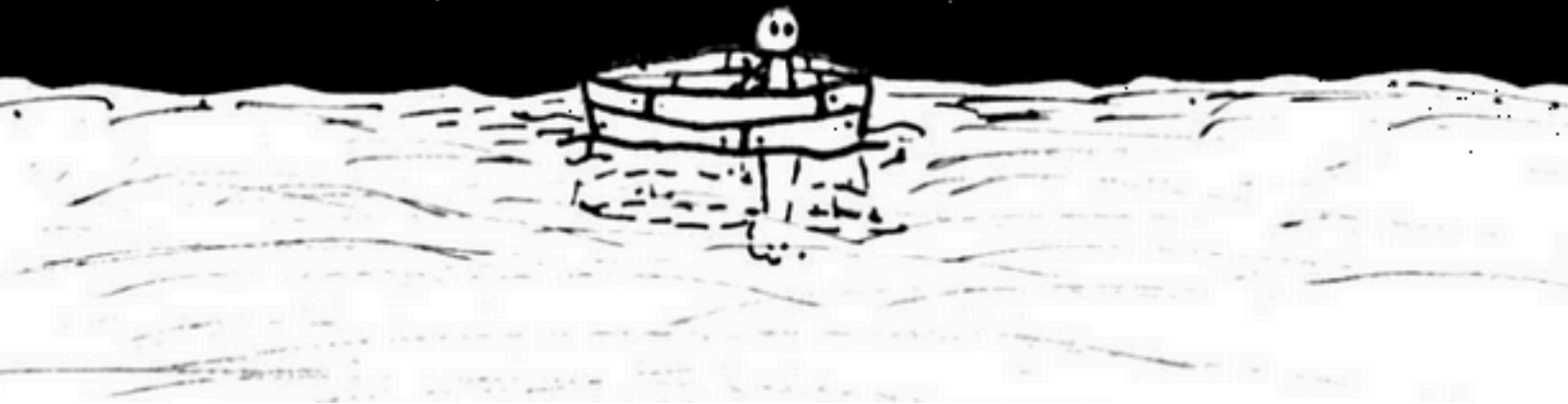
His items are slowly transferred out,
the memories of times soon forgotten cast aside.

His voice is soft and somber,
the final echoes of his work falling on glistened ears.

He does not shed a tear,
the only sign is his furrowed brow.

His home is now his lone refuge,
to wither alone until eternity.

Our Destiny.



a quiet night

BY CALEB HAYNES '27

Young Renaissance

BY PABLO ROMO '27



The Kingdom by the Piss-Fouled Sea

BY DREW EANDI '27

It was two midlife crises and sacks ago,
In a kingdom by the piss-fouled sea,
That mothers entombed on plastic gilt
Wearily loosed leaping artillery;
And these missiles zoomed to annex and tilt
The bobbing and sulking, heraldic floaties.

Mom was a mess and Dad was a mess,
In this kingdom by the piss-fouled sea,
But on annular thrones perched the buoyant larks—
Mewling and grizzling weans—
With treacherous squalls they tore at the walls
Rousing mothers from ribboned sepulchery.

And in flaccid embrace, freed of pace,
In this kingdom by the piss-fouled sea,
The steamy-eyed clowns flopped down, shunning
Their carping and simpering weans;
So the mortified tiddlers clung
To sunscreen enameled buoys,
Whose potbellies boiled and roiled with gas
This kingdom by the piss-fouled sea.

The bridge, leering visored overhead,
Grinned at its mise-en-scene—
Pests!—here was the product (an authentic fake,
In this kingdom by the piss-fouled sea)
That would forge happy bonds with their loves at long last,
Taming and laming the difficult weans.

The Sinuous Lake

BY NOAH NAST '26



Glacial Blue at 7014

BY JACK TZIMENATOS '27



Pastel Reveri

BY PIERSON HANCOCK '25



Quiet Coast

BY DRAKE BUDZINSKI-STAUFFER '27

Relevance

BY MAX TROPPMANN '25

Brigades of cars pass overhead. With time,
The road submits to fate, eternal dare
Of humankind. With massive cracks and grime,
The road is broke, has crumbled in despair.
A leaf grows forth, a beauty on the tree,
A verdant green that under sunlight gleams.
Maturing red, our leaf descends. With glee,
The worms make earth, and ground with freshness teams.
Will I be like the road, a man undone,
Who yields and disappears once he is through?
Or rather like the leaf, not one to shun,
Who, perished, nourishes with life anew?
‘Tis only tides of time that tell the tale,
Determine if my deeds the world avail.



Worn Out

BY BRANDON CURRY '25

Diamond Low-Break Cross

BY MICHAEL MAHNKE '27



Winter on Donner Pass

BY MICHAEL MAHNKE '27





Almost Done

BY MICAH ESPINOZA '28



Oreo and Poppies
BY WESLEY CLARK '27

The Attic

BY DARIAN KIM '27

In the attic

light bruises the floor—

a hush of mothwing gold.

The sofa slouches, linen pale as lullabies,

its skin veined with flowers, threadbare,

soft-edged, hushed by the hush.

A faint ring settles into the fabric—

tea, perhaps, or something sweeter,

tipped mid-laughter,

never scrubbed away.

It stays,

like small forgettings.

The cushions breathe with echoes:

grape juice dreams,

sticky fingers,

the ghost of a crayon sun.

A seam unfastens gently,

not broken—

just loosened by time.

And still it keeps

it's quiet posture,

a hush in bloom

among the boxes,

waiting for no one,

but staying.

The Basement

BY DARIAN KIM '27

At the top

of the stairs—

a squeal,

a slip,

silence.

It tumbled—

bright plastic gleam,

pink and perfect,

clean seams unscuffed,

eyes wide with pretend.

But it landed

where centipedes curl

like inked signatures

beneath broken boxes

and webs hang like guilt.

Its face is moonlit

in rot-smelling dark,

nestled in sludge,

shimmering oddly

next to crushed cans

and the dried kiss

of cat droppings.

“I’ll get you another,”

said the voice upstairs.

The child paused—

glanced

down

the yawning stairwell

and did not come.

It stays,

untouched,

unbroken,

but unwanted—

perfect,

but fallen.

Prelude in G Minor,

Op. 23, No. 5

BY SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

PERFORMED BY JACK MCWILLIAMS '27







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