



Inklings

Volume XI - 2025-2026

RS



Sunflowers
By: Immanuel Xaviour ('26)



Right: *No Rules*
By: Immanuel Xaviour ('26)

Full Yet Empty
By: Franky Velazquez ('26)

An empty mind trying to fill a blank page. Bright lights keep me awake upon my bed. I'm too distracted to continue writing, my mind blocked by faint sounds of classmates, my body feeling compressed in my stuffy room, my eyes darting around the room as objects stare back at me: a mountain of unfolded clothes, an open closet that needs organizing, items flowing across my nightstand. I realize how hard dorm life can be, yet work must be done, but for now I'll let the blank page look back at me.



The Mood
By: Wah Shee Gay ('26)

What's the time?
By: Alan Mora ('26)

The sun is rising,
it's getting so bright,
I'm scared.

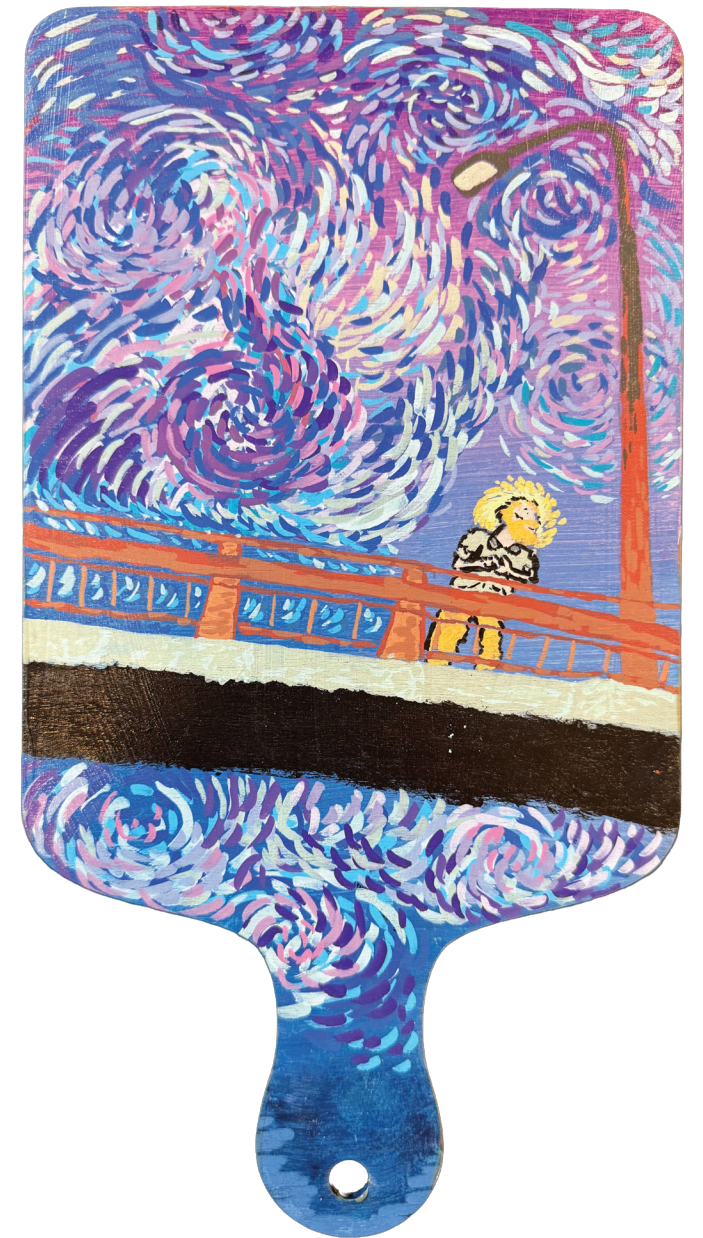
Where am I?
I can barely talk,
and I can't move,
someone's holding me.

Now I'm standing,
I have so many friends!
And I'm laughing,
I hope this never ends!

What's the time?
Is it only that early?



Day and Night
By: Minh Nguyen ('27)



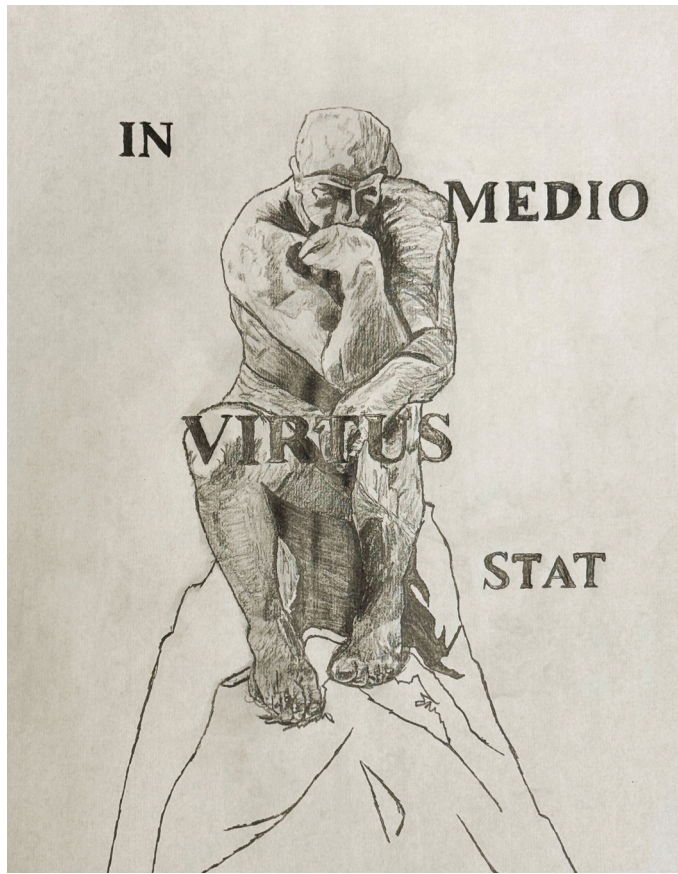
Now I'm living,
there's so much to do.
And I'm draining,
there's not enough to do.

What's the time?
Is it already that late?

Now I'm dying,
my time's almost up.
And I'm embracing,
the game's almost done.

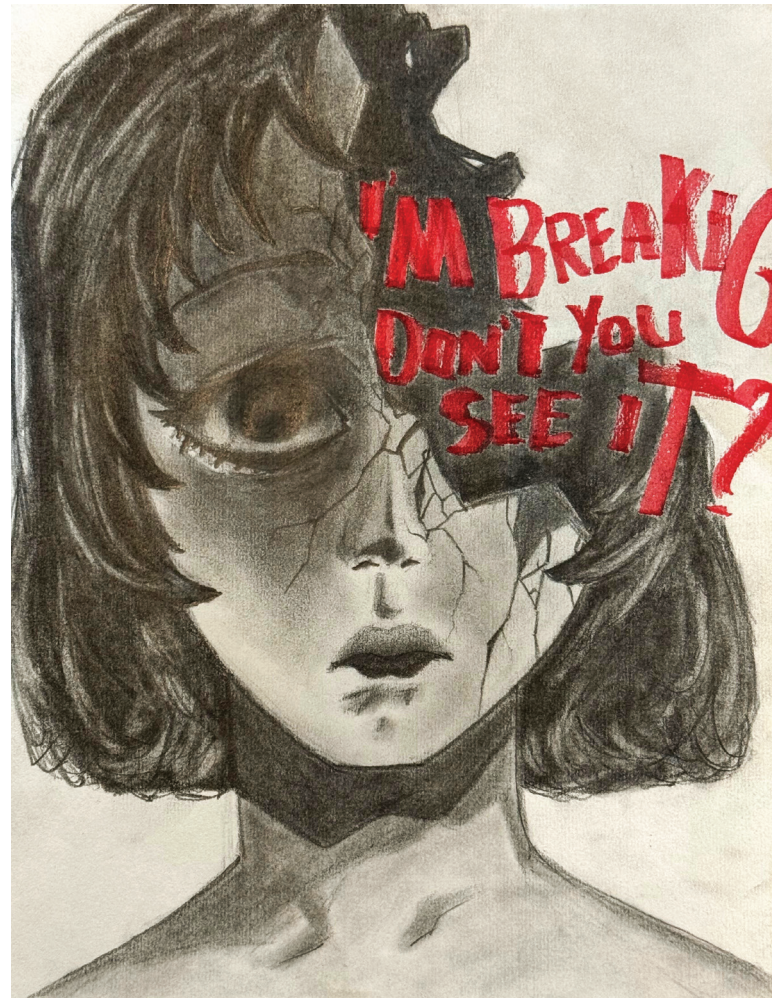
Where am I?
I can barely talk,
and I can't move,
someone's holding me.

The sun is setting,
it's getting so dark,
I'm scared.



In Medio Virtus Stat
By: Anthony Le ('26)

The Spirit of Mt. Fuji
By: Dominik Bartolozzi ('28)



I'm Breaking
By: Bik Hmung ('26)



Mystery of the River
By: Minh Nguyen ('27)



How Must a Flower Bloom?
By: Yubal Vazquez Cenil ('28)

how must a flower bloom,
if its stem does not try to grow?
lost, surrounded by shadowed gloom?

how must an eagle soar,
if he does not have the courage to leave the nest?
stuck, without the need to explore?

how must a man become a man,
if all he does is sit purposeless?
lost, stuck without a plan?

Untitled

By: Seamus McCarthy ('26)

The blinding lights wake me up once again,
Counting down the final bells,
Myself akin to the ghosts in the halls

The bell's final ring,
Now the line and lure will swing,
Lake life calls me

The mist is thin on the glassy lake,
Before the rest of the world's awake,
I cast my line where the lilies grow,
In the quiet green of the deep below,
The "day in, day out" has finally ceased,
In the boat's wake, I find my peace



By: Run Thang ('26)



By: Christian Angelo Casilla ('26)

**Life of a Statue of The Virgin Mary
(Queen of the Snows)**

By: Christian Angelo Casilla ('26)

Life as a statue is pretty overrated.
While some of my buddies
—like Larry, the Saint Francis Statue—
stand proudly in the courtyard,
overlooking students as they spill from
school or the refectory,
I get stuck in a corner where sunlight
never reaches me.

I've been here for over twenty years,
watching underclassmen have their
eighteenth pillow fight of the month.

Yet, don't get me wrong...

I do have a nice stage to rest upon.
The only time I ever feel sunlight
is when I'm carried from Tony's place
to the chapel—once a year.

I still remember my first day:
being picked up from a store,
imagining candles, a grand view,
a place where people would admire my beauty.

I mean, come on—I'm a statue
of the most beautiful woman in the world!
Maybe someday I'll stand somewhere worthy.
Until then, I'll wait for the next Winter Carnival...

The Days We Made
By: Immanuel Xaviour ('26)

Dorm rooms quiet, bags packed tight,
dorm lobby laughter late at night.
Pranks we did, games we played,
All these memories won't fade.

These are the days we made,
The friends, the laughs, the games we played.
Even when we leave this place,
I'll remember every face.

Late-night talks and movies watched,
Running through hills
Lessons learned and bonds so true,
Can't believe I'm saying goodbye.

These are the days we made,
The friends, the laughs, the games we played.
Even when we leave this place,
I'll remember every face.

Time will pass, and roads will bend,
But I know I'll see every one of you again.
No fancy words, no need to pretend,
we are one ...

These are the days we made,
the friends, the laughs, the games we played.
Even when we leave this place,
I'll remember every face.



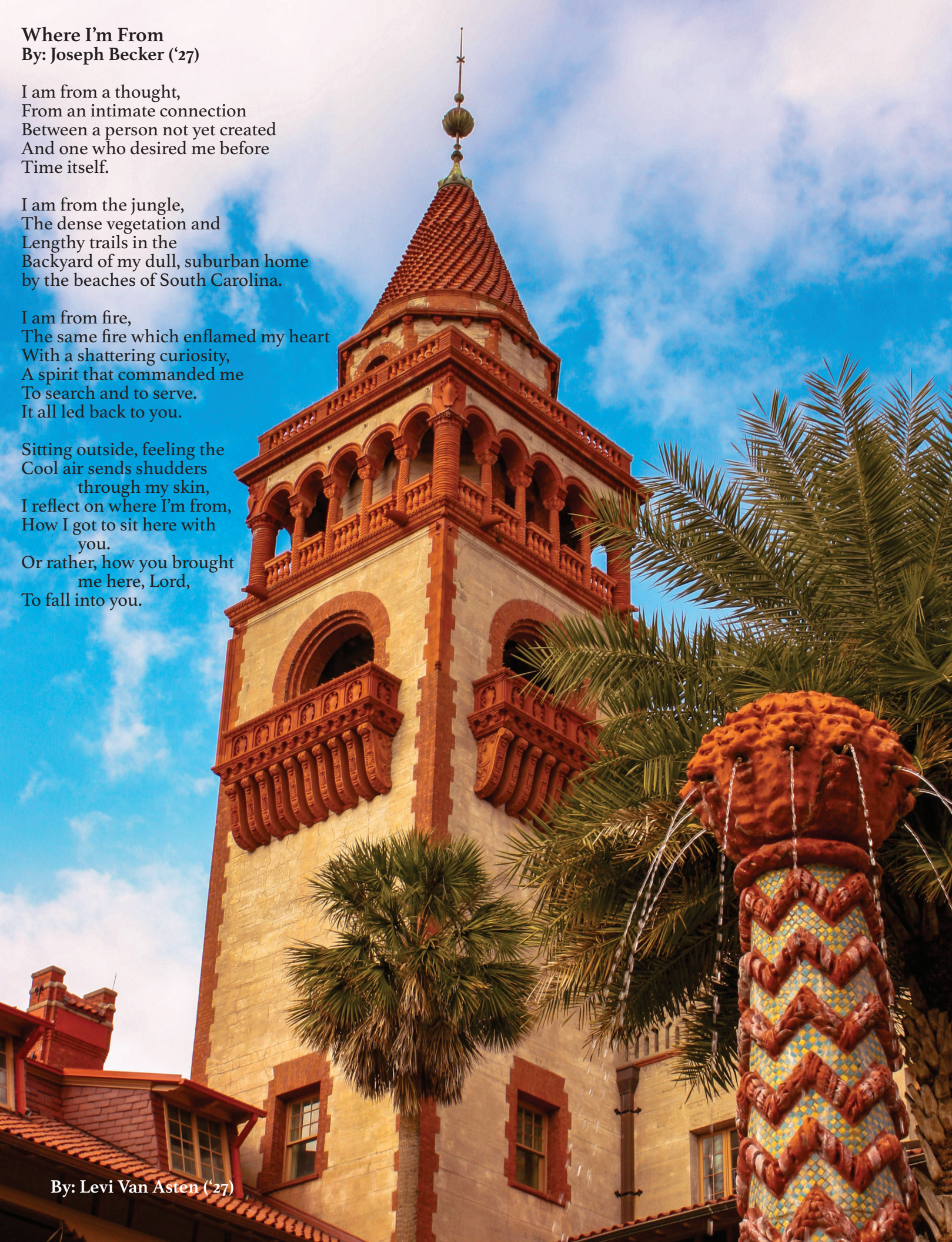
Where I'm From
By: Joseph Becker ('27)

I am from a thought,
From an intimate connection
Between a person not yet created
And one who desired me before
Time itself.

I am from the jungle,
The dense vegetation and
Lengthy trails in the
Backyard of my dull, suburban home
by the beaches of South Carolina.

I am from fire,
The same fire which enflamed my heart
With a shattering curiosity,
A spirit that commanded me
To search and to serve.
It all led back to you.

Sitting outside, feeling the
Cool air sends shudders
through my skin,
I reflect on where I'm from,
How I got to sit here with
you.
Or rather, how you brought
me here, Lord,
To fall into you.



By: Levi Van Asten ('27)



By: Levi Van Asten ('27)



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2025-2026

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