

Salve

Spring 2022



*The Literary and Arts
Magazine of
The Montfort Academy*

Acknowledgements

Salve is only possible through the contributions and support of many people.

First and foremost, many thanks go to those who submitted their work, not only for their talents, but for the gift of sharing of themselves.

Much appreciation also goes out to the following:

Mr. Richard Greco
Mrs. Marla Greco
Mr. Jerry O'Sullivan
Mr. George DeGaetano
Mr. Michael Innocenti
Lucia Bautista '22

Mission Statement

The goal of *Salve* is to showcase and celebrate the talents and creativity of Montfort students.

Our logo is the bee. Keep an eye out for it in every edition!



Front and Back Cover Art
by Brian Mahaney '22



Editor's Note

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the third edition of *Salve*, and my last as I am graduating this year. I must tell you that I have enjoyed the moments of suspension between the gathering of submissions to the finished publication. The build up of magic. I am confident that *Salve* will continue on, with each passing publication becoming like bones fossilized in stone, a story told.

For me, creative expression is an ebb and flow of holding on and letting go, and eventually moving forward. Like the artists and writers in *Salve*, our work is how we make sense of what we are experiencing, feeling, and thinking. Where we capture the things we don't want to forget or lose to time. Creative expression in whatever form is how we hold on to what matters, and of who and where we once have been or where we are going.

The work within these pages is something worth pausing for. I invite you to look through the pages of *Salve* and stay in the moment while it lasts.

Malena Sullivan '22
Editor in Chief
Spring 2022

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The Big Smoke

My accent is as good as new
While I'm with my favorite crew.
Seeing the beauty of the city
Meeting people who are just as witty.

Seeing the boldness of the town and
Being in the same place as the queen who holds the crown.
The cleanliness of the trains
And even its several driving lanes.

Seeing the different types of vehicle plates
And picking up on new words from my mates.
Going to see the London Eye
And realizing that it's so high.

Changing dollar bills into pounds
I was so in shock of the prices I couldn't make a sound.
Shopping at every store
And reminiscing on how I should've bought more.

Being five hours behind
Everyday trying to get used to the time.
Hoping to study abroad in London
Thinking about it I had so much fun then.



NYC
Ava Moncada
Grade 12



Untitled
Lucia Bautista
Grade 12



Woman with a Pearl Earring
Kali Matlock
Grade 12

The Cost

I approach the old, dark mansion and I slowly make my way to the door. I peek through the small crack in the door and can't see anything but dust, darkness, and torn floor boards. I open the door and squeeze my torch. My palms are starting to warm up and sweat is trickling down my cheeks. I steadily crack open the door and set one foot inside the house. I walk at a slow pace examining everything around me. There is a painting of a young woman who is wearing gold and silver chains and a shimmering head piece. Her dress has a gold satin ribbon tied on the tip of her torso, and her dress is white with minuscule gold linings on it. Beside her, there is a man who has grey hair, wrinkles, and appears to be her father. He is wearing a long dark coat with white puff sleeves underneath. I focus my eyes away from the painting and stare down the hall.

I scan the area and I see on the cabinet the same golden headpiece that the woman was wearing in the painting. I pick it up and it is heavy with flowers, rhinestones, and jewels. At this point, I carefully put down the crown and move my feet towards what looks to be the kitchen. The kitchen is beautifully decorated with red silk carpeting and a long table that looks to fit around 12 people. The table and the floor are covered in dust and webs. I look up and see massive glass chandeliers that look like they're going to collapse at any moment. Fascinated, I make my way to the gorgeous spiral staircase and I start to walk up. I notice a room without a door handle and I grip it while taking a breath.

I open the door and I can't believe my eyes. My eyes immediately widen and my jaw drops. I see piles and piles of money that fill the entire room. I freeze for minutes, trying to process what my eyes are showing me. I think to myself, what would someone do in this situation? I could steal the money, swim in it, show everyone; but instead, I'm unable to move. I then return back to reality, and I walk out of the room. While picking up pace, I run down the countless stairs and speed through the hallway. I unbolt the door and I run as fast as my legs can take me. I don't know why the room filled me with so much fear. I've always thought about the many things I would do if I found lots of money. I never thought I would run.

I wake up to a blurred vision of my ceiling. I look around, and it's my room. I go downstairs and check the time; it's 8:00 am. I am blinded by the unopened curtains near the porch. I make my way outside and...

There is the mansion.

Olivia Sands
Grade 9



Cape Cod
Lucia Bautista
Grade 12

Mi País

Waking up at 5AM

The only place I would wake up that early again.

Saying a prayer and ending it with an amen

A trip so memorable that I must always attend.

Understanding and speaking a different language,

While laughing until I can't laugh anymore.

Having little to no baggage

Running back and forth on the beach until my feet can't feel the floor.

Playing basketball at night,

After playing beach volleyball in the day.

Enjoying every moment because it feels right

I wouldn't have it any other way.

Dancing merengue and bachata

While eating in the hut.

Singing Selena's song Carcacha

Knowing that I'll have to leave... but

República Dominicana es mi casa para siempre

Bebiendo Morir Soñando

Donde paso tiempo con mi familia

Y no tener un cuidado en el mundo, solo para disfrutar de la vida.

Madison-Dakota Casañas

Grade 12



lake martin cypress
Elizabeth Rice
Grade 10

He has autumn envy dark chocolate hair with light milky skin

He has honey coated hazel eyes that peek over the sunrise

He has shoulders that hold up the clouds and hands that stroke the dew off flower petals

His delicate fingers wipe away midnight tears and lift up the stars

Although his fingernails are bitten to the bone, you could barely notice through his patient smile

His caramel drizzle laughter hides the tears he would often choke back

He stands 5 1/2 feet high although some days he could not stand at all

But I can see now with his patient gaze and buttermilk tone

He plants his feet on the ground

And I know

He taught himself to walk again.

Anonymous

Binky

A fox-colored coat turned to cotton snow,
Like an unbothered crone, day by day
growing old.

Binky bows and plays then retreats to the
shade,
To lap up a bay and crunch on her bone.

In the forest windy, there lies Binky,
Rolling in the grass, smiling at the sun,
Nipping pale butterflies one by one.

I long to know what secrets she holds,
Searching through honeysuckle circling the
cove.

And when the waves come, and we dive
through,
Can we re-emerge, break through, like
dew?

A burning hoop on its endless loop,
A silver ring reflects us in everything.
And all whose names I've written down,
Now ospreys above the bay, preparing to
swoop.

If only I could be as free and happy as she,
Not thinking of the end nor the beginning,
Content just to be, merely living.

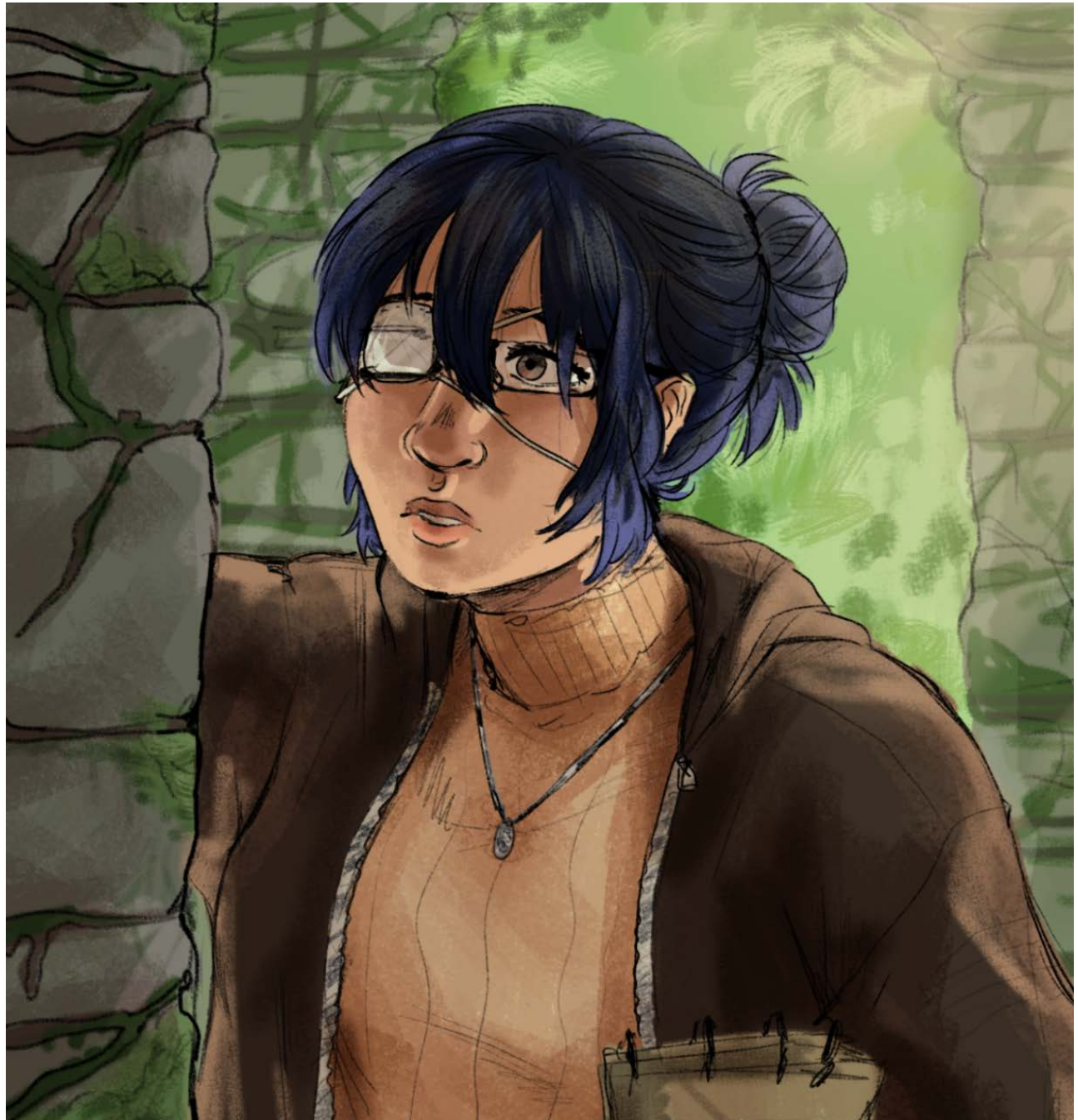
Brian Mahaney
Grade 12



Ospreys
Brian Mahaney
Grade 12



Palm Tree Sky
Jillian Rooney
Incoming Knight



Explorer
Anonymous

you have shown me that leaves still grow
After they fall and wither
and after there's no where to go
and the world seems cold and bitter
you are my sun and stars ; my angel
I cant believe you were once a stranger
because I simply see you as my heart
which was once taken apart
you walked with me on your shoulder
so I could learn the path of healing
and emotions stay forever fleeting
while traveling upon mountains and valleys
I will be the lilac and lilies
decorating your path
making you smile at last
Let my nature hold your hand
and take you anywhere but wonderland
this journey will not be smooth
but I will guide you as your sleuth
you can't see the sun shining through
because you are envied by the sun himself
A threat ; only you
you blow my clouds so far away
grateful doesnt seem to explain
how you've taken away my pain
and still have room for more
your sadness seeps through ; what for?
do not let it beat your passions
your beautiful smiles
your wonderful nature
And do not be afraid
of our departure

Anonymous



potential
Elizabeth Rice
Grade 10



Fall into Change
Jillian Rooney
Incoming Knight

My childhood goes down long hallways
Shoes clicking on the hard tiled floors
Skipping all the way in new Mary Janes
Hair tied into pigtails
Which swing with every step

My childhood eats peanut butter sandwiches
Wrapped in shiny crinkling foil
Everyday at school, gazing out the window
Eagerly waiting for the teacher to say that it was time to go outside

My childhood sits on old swing sets
Burning its legs on the hot plastic seat
While the breeze blows through its hair
It kicks its legs, going higher and higher
Singing at the top of its lungs
Heart pounding, hands tightly clasping rusty metal chains

My childhood scratches a big red mosquito bite
Just below its right knee
And slips behind the knotted fig tree
The tree that shelters the world of fairy gardens
Made of dried out twigs and fallen leaves
Created with little hands and big imagination

My childhood walks through a heavy red door
From mom's car and to it when the day is over
Backpack strapped over little arms
Back and forth everyday, until little arms carry more weight
And it is no longer my childhood

My Childhood
Malena Sullivan
Grade 12



Untitled
Anonymous



Great Blue Turaco
A. Chappelle
Grade 12
@austineliphotography

King Leon

King Leon sat on his throne, eating sweet fruit. He watched as the housemaids prepared a feast for the entire town. Suddenly, two guards rushed through the gates.

“What is it, my knights?” He got up from his chair, as the gates closed behind them.

“Sir! A siege on the village has begun! Everything outside is being reduced to ashes!” the guards replied.

“We need to fight back! Who is left from the army?” Leon asked.

“Only us, sir! You have to get out of here! Take your family and flee, immediately!” One guard went to block the door.

“Nonsense! I won’t leave my town in its time of need,” the King declared.
“There’s no time, they’re coming now!”

The guards struggled as a burst of flames knocked both doors down. The guards fought them off long enough for the king to run.

“My Queen! Our village is done for. Take the kids, we have to get out of here now!”

Queen Akea looked up in shock. She wrapped the infant in silk, holding him with one hand. She grabbed her older son with her other hand, hastily following the King. The pursuers chased after them as the palace burned. They reached a door draped in gold. King Leon opened it for the Queen and his children. In front of them was a small boat.

“Leon,” the Queen said as she pushed the boat into the water, “there are only enough seats for two.”

The king stayed quiet, pausing for a minute. Then, he grabbed a sword, looking back at the pursuers. “Akea, my love. You know what we have to do.”

She placed her infant son in the boat, turning to the Prince. “Laotres, my son. Grab the paddles, and take your brother far away from here.”

The Prince cried.

“Don’t cry, my son. Wipe those tears and protect your brother. Your father and I will always love you.” Akea handed him the paddle, placing him in the boat and pushing them off. She wept as the pursuers drew closer.

As Prince Loatres paddled further and further away, the image of his parents began to fade. The lone prince wept in sorrow for his kingdom, but his cries were drowned out by louder cries. His brother wailed. Laotres stopped crying, picking his infant brother up and rocking him to sleep. “I will call you Brennan.”

Dylan Vernor
Grade 9



Untitled
Lucia Bautista
Grade 12

Beauty

Where does beauty begin?
Most people say it comes from within.
Does appearance matter
Or is what you see all because of the way you
look at her?

With a precious soul
She holds the greatest role
With an effortless smile
And simple yet unique style.

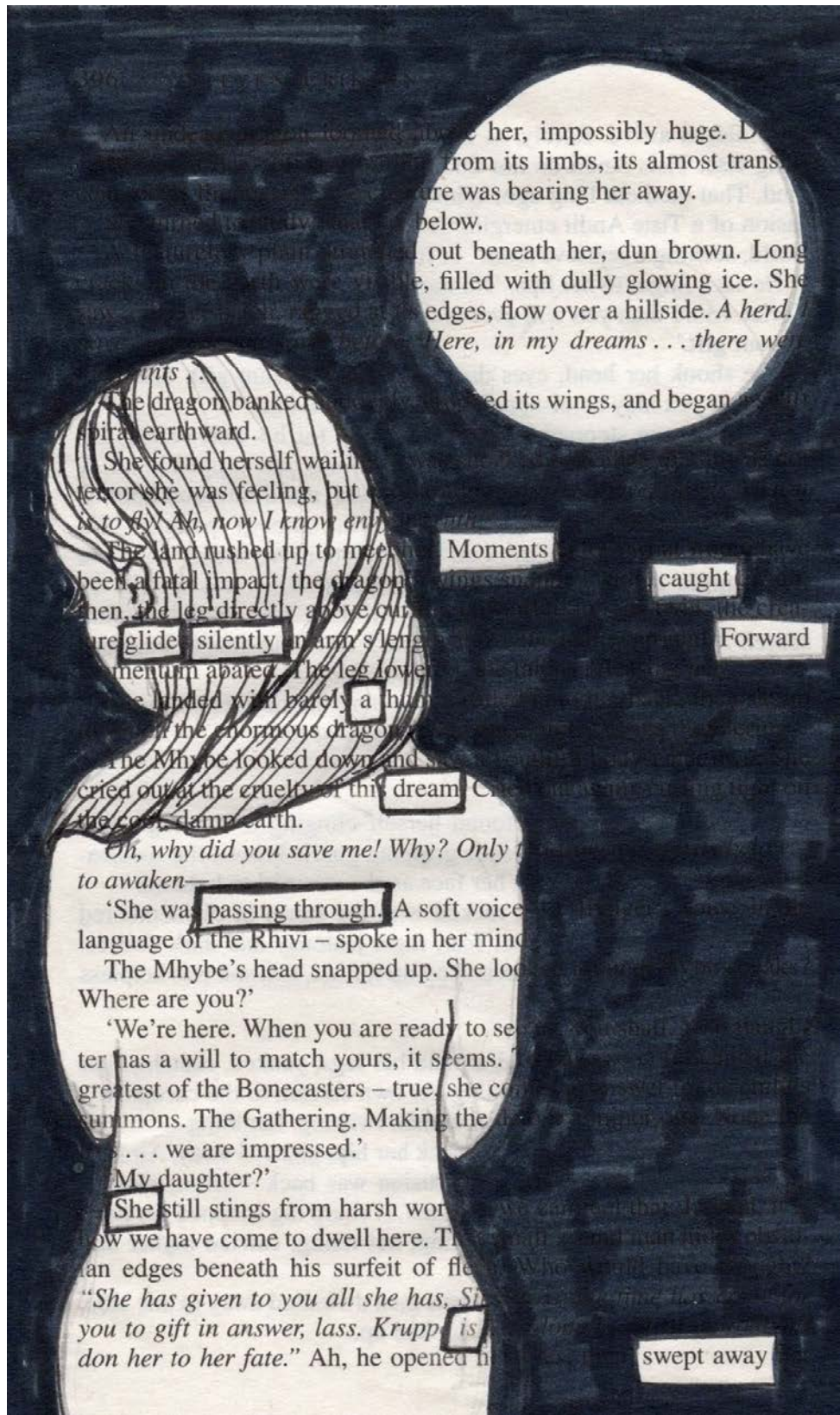
Born and raised by the Church,
Now she watches her own baby attend school on Birch.
Who gives the warmest hugs
And is severely scared of bugs

Her heart gives, never worrying about receiving
And thrives off of me achieving.
I've made her laugh to the point where she cried,
Even through her tears she has stuck by my side.

All you need is love
From a beautiful soul that shines as bright as a dove.
My dove calls me *Sweetie Pie*,
Specifically when she waves goodbye.

A ray of sunshine
Who is one of a kind.
Well who might that be?
She is quite important to me

My beloved mama
My mama who loves red pajamas
Who cooks the best meals
But when it comes to needles she squeals.



... her, impossibly huge. D...
... from its limbs, its almost trans...
... was bearing her away.

... below.
... out beneath her, dun brown. Long
... filled with dully glowing ice. She
... edges, flow over a hillside. A herd.
... Here, in my dreams . . . there we

... The dragon banked... ed its wings, and began
... spirals earthward.

She found herself wailing
... terror she was feeling, but
... is to fly! Ah, now I know en

The land rushed up to meet
... been a fatal impact, the dragon
... then, the leg directly above our

... glide silently an arm's leng
... momentum abated. The leg lowe

... le lipped with barely a th
... of the enormous dragon
... The Mhybe looked down and

... cried out at the cruelty of this dream. C
... the god-damn earth.

Oh, why did you save me! Why? Only t
... to awaken—

'She was passing through. A soft voice
... language of the Rhivi – spoke in her mind
... The Mhybe's head snapped up. She loo

Where are you?'
... 'We're here. When you are ready to se
... ter has a will to match yours, it seems.

... greatest of the Bonecasters – true, she co
... summons. The Gathering. Making the
... s . . . we are impressed.'

My daughter?'
... She still stings from harsh wor
... ow we have come to dwell here. Th

... an edges beneath his surfeit of fle
... "She has given to you all she has, Sh
... you to gift in answer, lass. Krupp is
... don her to her fate." Ah, he opened h

Moments

caught

Forward

swept away

Untitled
Anonymous

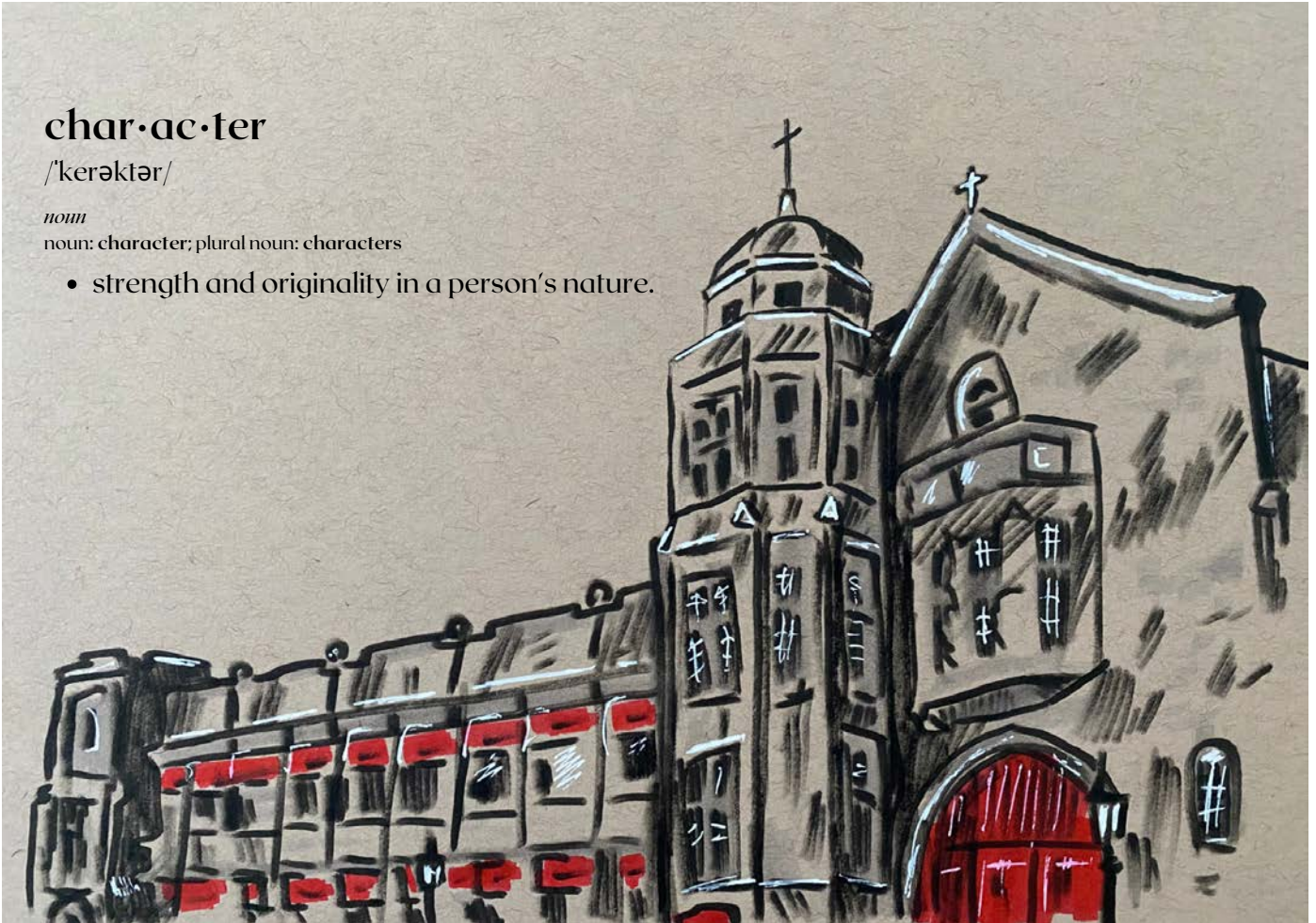
char·ac·ter

/ˈkerəktər/

noun

noun: character; plural noun: characters

- strength and originality in a person's nature.



Character
Malena Sullivan
Grade 12



Hidden Beauty

Sophia Creo

Grade 10



Untitled
Anonymous



Untitled
Kali Matlock
Grade 12



after-hours
Elizabeth Rice
Grade 10

Untitled

I've never been here before. The feeling is unfamiliar. Different. I stand by the entrance door, dreadfully still. I can only fantasize about what's behind it. The door is coated red with a beautifully golden handle that stands out against it. I feel my gloved hand brace against the smoothly-made handle. My breathing deepens as my grip tightens. Finally, I pull open the doors.

My eyes sweep across the room in absolute awe. The entire feeling is one from my dreams. It's incredibly striking. The first thing to catch my eye is the breathtaking chandelier that falls from the ceiling. It is topped with dimly lit candles for the light to compliment the room. Red velvet curtains drape from the walls. Designs of roses with prickling thorns are flawlessly stitched upon them. I sigh a laugh in disbelief. I'd never think to find myself here.

Finally, I built the courage to bring my gaze to the ballroom floor. People dance in joy with each other. Each person is dressed in the most elegant of attire. The vibrant colors of each suit and gown bring the room to life. I study the emotion in their dance curiously. It's as if this is their entire world. I cannot help but feel a tad jealous. I wish to join.

I bring my hand to the rail of the stairs and glide down in graceful posture. My gown falls to my feet in pure black silk, a luxury I'd only have on occasion, I'm sure. It's dazzling and coated with a fabric that's almost as shining as the stars of the night sky. My black hair glides onto my shoulders in long curly locks. The ends of my dress sweep across the stairs as I walk. I come to a halt as I reach the ballroom floor. Suddenly, all eyes are on the girl in elegant black attire, separate from the varieties of color. All eyes are on me.

I look at them, unused to the attention, and smile softly. It's not long before they return to their festivities. It feels much like a world of dreams. I catch the scent of the room, which is as beautiful as its appearance. The rose and lavender scent take my breath away. It's far more amazing than the polluted air I am used to. This unknown world makes me wonder and question everything I don't know. From where the wind runs, whom the sun longs to kiss, to why the sea beats so harshly. I bring myself to dance with the others, who seem incredibly intent with themselves.

As I gracefully spin with everyone around me, the world simply fades away. Everything I've known my entire life is gone in the span of seconds. Everything dawns on me. I realize I care not about what draws the wind, but the stories it carries. The sun longs to kiss the moon, whom it chases endlessly for eternity. And the sea beats as harshly as it strides in grace.

Suddenly, I can't seem to recall why I'm here to begin with. Everything becomes a complete mystery to me. The faces of everyone seem familiar, yet I cannot place them in my mind. Nevertheless, I fade into everything around me before it all goes black.

The familiar smell of the poor air from home hits me. My eyes flutter open and everything blurs. I'm awakened with the slight sound of familiar voices filling my ears. The sound of my beeping heart monitor brings me back into reality. My reality, far from the peace I've lived in the many stories I've read and been told.

Yet, I am comforted by the notion that an even greater peace awaits me on the other side of this life.

Natalia Abdallah
Grade 9



Green Iguana

A. Chappelle

Grade 12

@austineliphotography



Cuvier's Dwarf Caiman

A. Chappelle

Grade 12

@austineliphotography



a blooming city
Elizabeth Rice
Grade 10

A Peasant's Ode to Hekate

In my view, I can see beautiful May;
Yet the cold follows, nipping my ankles.
Hekate's yew stands naked in my way,
Showing she is free from winter's shackles.

Pine on the ridge, I claw the onyx sky.
Devastate crops, spin, shout: "Aradia!"
Perched on the moon, Hekate sits wide-eyed,
Sing! Athena, Nemesis, Diana.

I traveled down where one road becomes three,
Here dark winter's want of life was not seen.
She held two torches, a hound, and a key,
Hekate stoodeth over me, serene.

In her most wondrous presence, blessed or cursed;
Thee may crave death, but she'll giveth rebirth.

Brian Mahaney
Grade 12



Arcade
Ava Moncada
Grade 12



M81

Evan Iervolino

Grade 12

Who is worthy to praise you Lord?
Can an infant pure of soul worship
The same as an elder plagued with
Sin of the world?

Lord you expand beyond land, the ocean
And seas, imagination and thought,
Earthliness itself... For you transcend
It all.

For you are inconceivable to the minds
Of feeble humans. So how can you
Expect us to worship in the dignity of
your grace, Creator?

But, savior you do expect us to do this.
For you love all praise and worship
No matter if it measures the size of
The most minute mustard seed or
The herculean tree to sprout from it.

Lord you are all good, all of everything
To be and never to be. All of human
Wants comprise themselves into you
My Lord.

Still you love us as weak
And material as your sinning
Sons are. You crave our love for
We crave the same to love you
in return.

This is what any man right
Of man would do, devoting
Themselves fully in soul and in
Mind.

Prayer

Katelyn K. Ramdass

Grade 10



Untitled
Ava Moncada
Grade 12

Do you know what it feels like to feel nothing or everything?
do you know how it feels to be numb or too sensitive?
it's like the waves of an angry ocean at bay
or a gambler who gives all their money away
But wins nothing back
It's the heartbreak that seems to stack
On top of each other
And when one starts to tilt, they will crumble and fall
the process will repeat

Anonymous



Firework
Jillian Rooney
Incoming Knight



a girl and a cat
Elizabeth Rice
Grade 10



M42 (Orion Nebula)

Evan Iervolino

Grade 12



Pink
Malena Sullivan
Grade 12

Dear Soul Sister

I met my soul sister
The September of freshman year
Laughing over your atrocious spelling of my name.

I knew you were my soul sister
On your basement floor
Wind knocked out of our lungs from an eventful game of Twister.

I knew you were my soul sister
In the Barnes and Noble on Central Ave
Walls of books shielding us as we tried to choose just a few to take home.

I knew you were my soul sister
In the middle of every late night
Talking about crushes while fighting off sleep.

I knew you were my soul sister
By the lockers
Teasing each other about anything and everything.

I knew you were my soul sister
During lunch
Not even asking before taking a chip.

I knew you were my soul sister
Every time you were absent
Because I realized how much I needed you.

I knew you were my soul sister
In the girls' bathroom
Puffy eyes closed and head on your shoulder.

I knew you were my soul sister
At the train station
Where we drank mocha lattes and directed our own photoshoot.

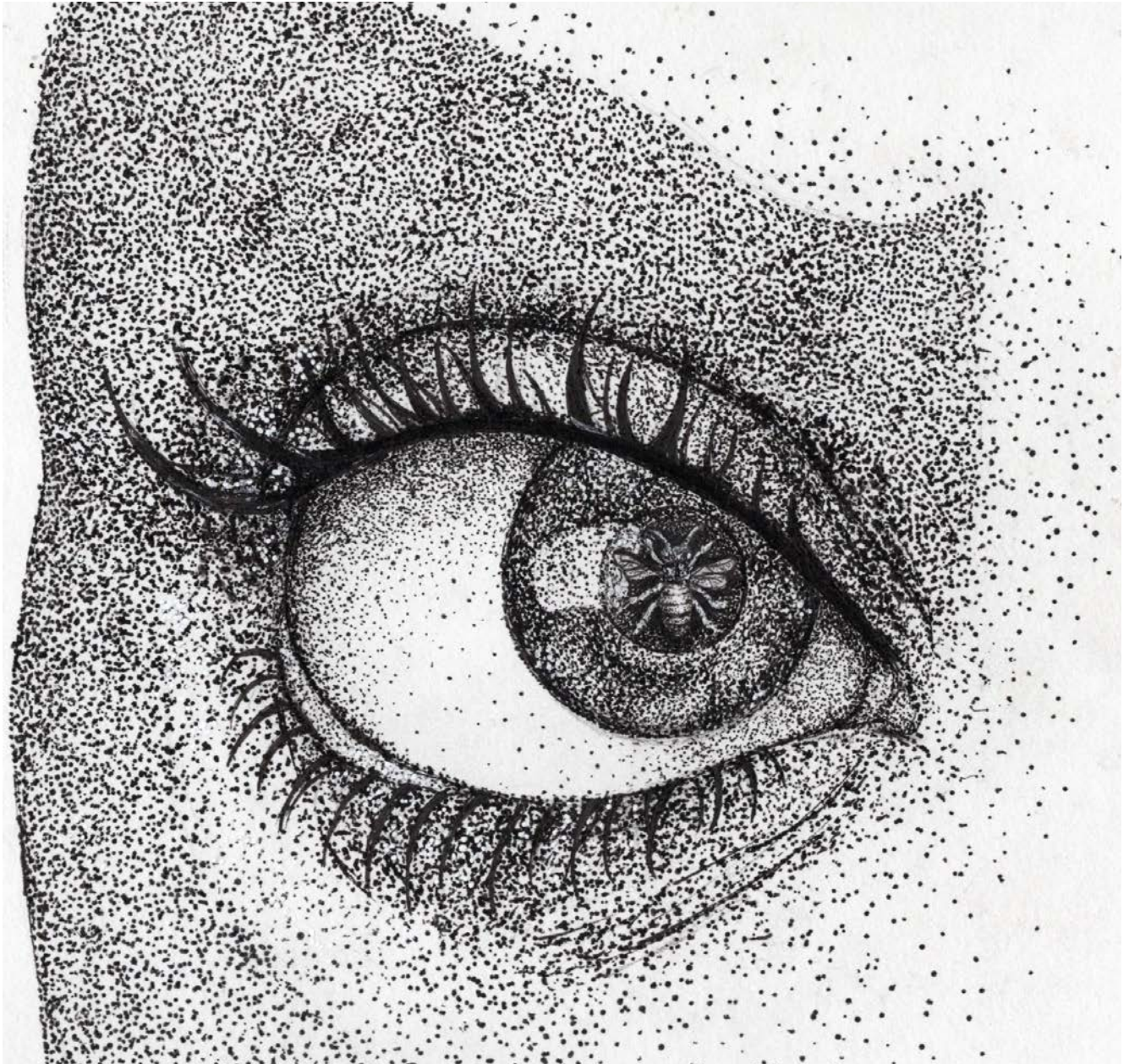
I knew you were my soul sister
In my bedroom
Words flowing from my head to my fingertips as I wrote this poem.

Anywhere and everywhere,
On the good days and the bad,
Even if we're two inches apart or thousands of miles away,
I know you are my soul sister.

Elizabeth Rice
Grade 10



Secret Garden
Brian Mahaney
Grade 12



Eye of the Bee-holder
Malena Sullivan
Grade 12

