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Spring 2020



Letter from the Editors

In the Decameron, seven young ladies and three young men flee the plague-filled city of Florence in search of pleasure. Their pleasure takes the form of lying in the shade and telling stories, which, as one of the young ladies argues, “may afford diversion to all the company who hearken, [as well as to the storyteller]”. We as readers are no strangers to the solace stories bring; we remember the advice our Don Quixote of La Mancha gave to the canon: “read these books, and you will see how they will banish any melancholy you may feel, and raise your spirits should they be depressed.” We hope that this collection of your stories, poems, paintings, and other works of art can provide you with a moment in the shade, and a diversion from whatever melancholy might ail you.

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RoadKill

If
I might but sit awhile
and
gaze upon the
heartbeat
finger
tap twitch
of
a wounded deer
by
the midnight gas station

antlers
akimbo,
thorny
palms raised to the sky
when
it saw those headlights
staring
back
did
it see the eyes of God?

anxious
to greet
the
indefinite creature-
petrol
pulse,
parly
on the weedy road

one
more innocent
self-sabotage
in
the desperate flight from
ignorance

My Young Reflection (on two lines from Whitman)

Around my eyes does not stay crinkled yet.
My cheeks resist my smile. They will remain
Unsure for still a while that I'll maintain,
As life's response, laughter is valid and set.
My forehead too persistently forgets
Each riddle and duress my mind does deign
With momentary interest, real or feigned,
And smooths each crease left by the thought it had met.
I think my face misunderstands itself,
And what facing this sad, strange world ever meant—
As if experiences stay on some shelf,
As if most deeply I am indifferent.
My face does not yet look like Me Myself—
Aloof, amused, compassionate, complacent.

Free Fall



Icharus



“...θάψω: καλόν μοι τοῦτο ποιούση θανεῖν.”

[Him] I will bury—How sublime for me to die, the poet of his burial.

They say every translation is a betrayal; I think every translator would like to think of her betrayal as a “pious crime.” The line I have betrayed is enjambed, its first word completing the sentence Antigone began in 71: “that one [Polynieces] I will bury.” With *θάψω*, Antigone for the first time states explicitly and positively her intention to bury her brother. Her only other first person singular, future indicative verb until this point is a negative in line 46: “I will not be caught betraying him.” What has hitherto been alluded to as “the act” becomes in this speech a singular verb marking an explicit action—Antigone will bury her brother, without Ismene (69-71), whatever the cost. We will return to *θάψω* at the end.

The rest of the line is a complete sentence justifying the previous one. It is perfectly symmetrical. The adjective that begins the sentence modifies the infinitive that ends it.

καλόν μοι τοῦτο ποιούση θανεῖν.

Beautiful, to die. No finite verb acts in between them. That beauty has a subordinate relation to death is the meaning of the sentence. (*It is beautiful to die.* Next, the dative singular *μοι* refers to the speaker, Antigone. Because of the way the pronoun is nestled between *καλόν* and *θανεῖν*, I want the sentence to read, (*It is beautiful for me to die*, with *ἐγώ* as subject of the infinitive, but actually, Antigone is outside looking in at *θανεῖν* and saying, *to her*, it is beautiful. Here, I betray the sentence—in my final translation, “for me” can be read either inside or outside of the beautiful death predication. *Ποιούση*, a feminine present active participle meaning “making” or “doing”, is also dative and refers back to *μοι*. In between them is *τοῦτο*, the object of the participle. *To me the one doing this. This*, Polynieces’ funeral rites, is the point of symmetry around which the sentence revolves. It is a question for me whether *τοῦτο* is the centerpiece of Antigone’s thought, or whether *μοι/ποιούση* swallow it up. Is death beautified in Antigone’s mind by the accomplished burial or by her noble attempt? Is she compelled to martyrdom or by it?

My final translation has its own symmetry. Here, Antigone and her death are at the

[Him] I will bury-- How sublime for me to die, the poet of his burial.

center of the line, and Polynieces’ burial is on both ends. The question of whether the burial is the centerpiece of Antigone’s thought is translated in the new structure: Does Antigone and her death give meaning to his burial or his burial to her death? The meat of the translation lies in between the line’s center and extremities, in the rendering of *ποιούση* and *καλόν*.

Translating *ποιούση* as “the doer,” like Wyckoff does, or “while doing that” like Jebb, is more faithful to the primary sense of the Greek participle than “the poet,” even though *poet* is derived from *ποιέω*. My choice may seem inspired by either novelty or a kind of nepotism, |

but I think the word suits the role. As many verbs for *doing* and *acting* as there are in the prologue, in only one other line is any form of *ποιέω* used. In Ismene’s response to this very speech, she contrasts *ποιέω* with *φύω*, making by artificial action versus being by nature. For the even-metered Ismene, poetic action has a perverse, unnatural connotation. For the more volatile Antigone, poetic action is the pinnacle of being, and indeed, this line is Antigone’s most elevated moment in the prologue. She has transcended Ismene and, from now on, will speak down to her in imperatives from the height of her own lofty intentions, conveyed in future indicative verbs. Here in line 72, she does not justify her intention, *τοῦτο*, with a principle, i.e. *it is beautiful to die for such a cause*, but with her personal judgement, *it is beautiful to me doing this to die*. The line leaves me feeling *τοῦτο* is perhaps a moral obligation, but even more, an artistic statement.

I render *καλόν* as “sublime” in light of the phrase, “poet of his burial.” Sublimity cements the romantic connotations of *poet*, connotes the poet’s complex relationship to nature, and fits the terrible beauty found in death. Appropriate to Antigone’s thought, “sublime” places her on a higher plane of existence than Ismene, and suggests to our thoughts a more volatile state of being. Whatever *καλός* is to the Greek warrior, sublimity is to the romantic poet

I think my crime was committed with piety. The end of line 72, *θανεῖν*, echoes its beginning, *θάψω*. The former comes true, but the latter does not. Antigone will die, but she will not bury her brother. She will die the poet rather than the doer of his burial, and she is content with her symbolic action. In Ismene’s world, futile action is nothing but nonsense. Only in the poet’s world may futile actions produce more than nothing. Futile action might achieve that for which the poet lives: sublimity. “[Him] I will bury—How sublime for me to die, the poet of his burial.”

Hinterland

A guest in a warm bed. The
cold outside, in the dark.
A windowsill between us,
Smothered with trinkets.
Euphemism for junk, shit.
How many windowsills
From here to the Fall
Line With trinkets strewn
about? Frame and photo
from when? Wedding china
going where? Appalachia
is a junk culture. A shit
culture, hoarding Bottles
long after the drink. Still,
better with than without In
the cold and dark, I guess.

untitled



DIMINISHED BLUES

BRENDAN REICHERTER

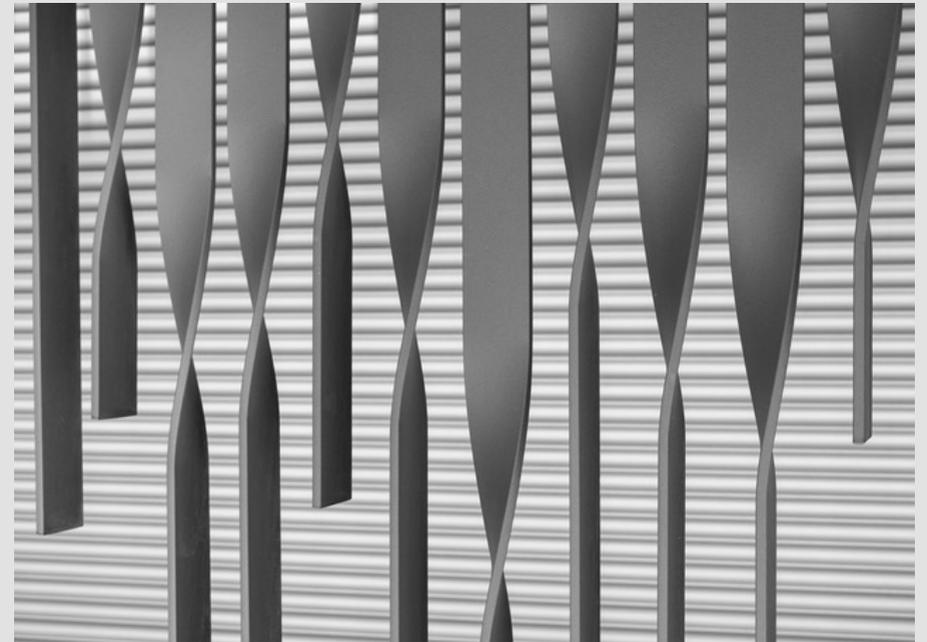
1. F7 Bb7 Bb07 F7 F7

5. Bb7 Bb07 F7 F07

9. C7 C07 Bb7 B07 C7 C07 Bb7 B07

13. C7 C07 Bb7 Bb07 F7 F#0 Gm7 John Verdi

17. F7



Icharus



Jess



the trip



We climbed up to the top
to the comfort of this house
made a fire now worn out

after ripping all walls apart
took the remains and sailed away
on boats made of glass and iron.

ODE OF THE HORSEMAN

In the dark,
I meet your skin.
Your veins run like hidden rivers
beneath you,
Carrying the spirit
of your immutable heart.
It pulses,
Like the light of the
stars above.

We run in pace with
its ancient rhythm -
For we'll run far away from the
spying stars
(where their light can not divide us)-
And our skin will be together,
So that we are one
(much like the patchwork quilt
that lies in our barn).

And when you breathe,
Your lungs carry the stories
Of forgotten beaches
and snow-kissed mountains.
I hear in you
the wind that has passed your ears,
And filled your chest.

When we are together,
I never worry that a
merciless God should do us part,
For we are already
in His heaven
(but dear Lord,
When we're together is not enough).



Yesternight the sky was dark

Yesternight the sky was dark
Or so you would have thought
But stolen was its inkiness,
And in its place was nought.

Who slurped away the jet black broth
and left the stars behind,
Opaque like chunks of chicken breast,
with edges undefined?

But really it was colorless,
For contrast thus had ceased.
Now everything was everything,
I fell asleep appeased.

If only we had seen the land

If only we had seen the land
Before its skin was razed
Would we see ourselves the more
The wild had we gazed?
But lost ourselves in skies on fire,
We in bleeding wood,
Alas we'll never see ourselves,
Maybe we never could

The Sandalwood Kid

By Eric Baker

I had only just arrived at Kineo Mount
I had spotted eagles, brown, as I sailed to the island
“Mni Wiconi” I recite to myself
I’ve never seen water so clear
Nor the Milky Way so casually fixed- as if little more than some novelty
“Mni Wiconi”
As if my mantra would teach me something hidden
About the lake

When I was a boy
I had asked my mother about love

She tells me a story, that she had told once before
How as a child she had once had a bird, and loved him so
And kept him in a brass cage
Her father had made

Her grandmother goes up, and moves to open the cage
“Will you still love, if he had somewhere else to go?”
“No” she screams, but a little girl
My young mother slams the cage door shut, and puts it in its lock
“Leave him alone”

Her grandmother turns, no anger in her soul
“When we play by the stream, and pass water down the line- from me to your father to you-
How do I hold my hands?

Do I grip
With a fist?”
“No”
“Do I hold my hand flat?”
“No, you’d drop all the water!”

“Ah, so cup my hands I must, never gripping, otherwise neither your father nor you will ever get to sip?”
“Grandma, why are you asking me? Just leave the bird alone!”
“Fix your tone, and fix your attention to my words.
You cannot nourish your other, if you hold onto them tight. They are not for you to claim, but only for you
to let pass along. Open the cage door, for the bird is not yours.”
“But father-”

"We'd call him mad if he kept his hands cupped with water, and ran away from all of us with it spilling over his shirt and down his head. You'd be angry, because you didn't have your fill. The sparrow came from outside, it was only passing through. Do you think he's angry?"
The grandmother moves towards the cage, and my mother relents her protest
The sparrow, wild, darts towards a wall
Her grandmother had neglected to open a window
It plops to the ground and my mother screams
A red round dot left on the wood board
My mother's shriek then meant nothing
Compared to her cries later
Not over the bird's death
But because her father had decided to stuff it the next morning

My mother walks into their living room
And avian eyes stare blank from the mantelpiece
Her grandmother knits as my mother writhes on the ground
She bares her juvenile teeth and weeps
Until her grandmother places her half-finished shawl over the stuffed sparrow
And takes my mother to bed

My mother pauses before me
She doesn't know how to continue
"Like the water, it wasn't mine to keep"
I stare, unsure of the lesson she's gleamed

"Mni Wiconi"
I recite again
As I step onto the landing
And dock my boat

Up Kineo I head
The moon lighting my way
I recall another story
Of the Sandalwood King
Son of the Bear
And first of our race
Who, after his reign,
Stepped under a sandalwood tree
At the top of a mountain peak
And found peace
With no clothes on his back

No beard in his way
He just sat for a while
In Heaven's Lake
And had flown far, far away
Untethered, untouched
He had owned nothing
And like the tree, the finch and the stream
Nothing owned him after all.

I find a tree, a white pine, though not sandalwood
I put my forefingers together
And breathe in the world
Crossing my third fingers over my forefingers
I exhale, I lose the world

"Mni Wiconi- water is life" my mother says
Though the saying is not from her part of the world
"Water can't be called life, if it's kept to yourself
Nothing can be life, if it doesn't pass you through.
Life can't ever, ever, just stop with you," she mumbles
With a cigarette between her teeth
And a lighter under her thumb

I breathe again
I exhale again
I cross my fingers
I cross my fingers once more
I gain the world
I lose the world
But still, the world doesn't lose me
Or take me up with it

Again, I try, to no avail
I depart from the mount
I return to the world
And open up my sail
Still a boy, still a kid
Dreaming of the wind
Dreaming of riding the gale.

Forgive me Father, for I have been Sacrilegious

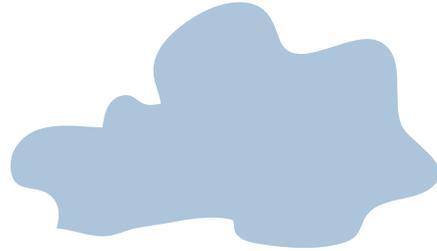
I used to pray every night before bed
Now I sit and read Euclid instead
I used to play around with play-doh
Now I fuck about with Plato
Whatever happened to reality?
Now it's just me and the Polity
Sorry Dad, I'm becoming secular
As the church no longer feels familiar
Now I know the true holy trinity:
Euclid, Plato, and the Polity

Sóller



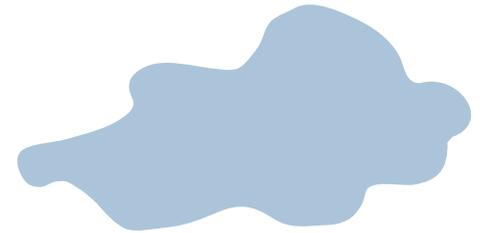
At Least He's Laughing

It has been raining for weeks.
I pull myself around like a dog
coerced outside for a piss.
I unfurl my umbrella just as the rain stops
and feel its extra weight in my hand.
Necessity does not talk to me anymore.
A telephone pole poster
for anger management
tells us to “find the virtuous mean”
in italicized helvetica neue.
“Use protection.” winks the condom wrapper
kicked about on the classroom floor.
Moderation is a kind of invited claustrophobia
to hold in, hold together—
bent umbrellas against rains already come.
We talk of fragility around cornered tables
and grin as though it might
disappear
with the hot air of speech.
There is no difference between cracking and
falling. We all leave
all the time for smoke breaks
and daydreams and trips to the restroom
to slap our cheeks until
our eyes decide to open again.
We're always circumscribing some shape we never
take.
“I am my own phantom limb!” cries a man



out the third floor window.
Drops keep falling.
I have left my umbrella inside this time.
The universe and I form dissonances
whenever we touch.
I never care about it
until I get a glass of wine in my hands
and someone asks, with over-compassion:
“but how are you, really?”

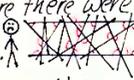
I think often of summer—
of the early July day I discovered
a wet paint sign clinging to the beach,
as if to say “the creation is yet fresh.”
That's the closest I've come to knowing God.
I think: at least He's laughing.

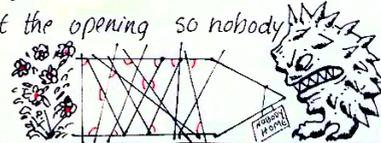


on parallels

ON PARALLELS

Mr. Euclid had an idea. Two lines, equidistant. Cool.

 Then he had a thought. What if the cows got out? So he blocked the exit with a line.  Then he had another thought. What if the pigs and chickens got out? So he blocked it with another line.  Then he had another thought. What if the birds, the air, the mountains, the moon, sea and stars got out? Now he blocked it up with lots of lines and measured all the angles carefully, making sure there were many different kinds and that they were all sturdy.  Then he had the worst thought of all.  What if something got in? Where would it come from? What would it be? What would it want? Would it understand that he, Mr. Euclid, was a man, a thinking creature with an eternal soul? Or would it think he was a snack? "Oh, oh, oh," he thought. "What have I done?" So he broke open his piggy bank and hired a crack team of specialists to construct a fake front to his lines, with a nice sharp point. Ha! Any thing from beyond that tried to get in would get a nasty poke in the tummy! They hung a sign on the end for good measure. Mr. Euclid planted a bush at the opening so nobody could see it. Then he had a piece of π and went to sleep. The End.



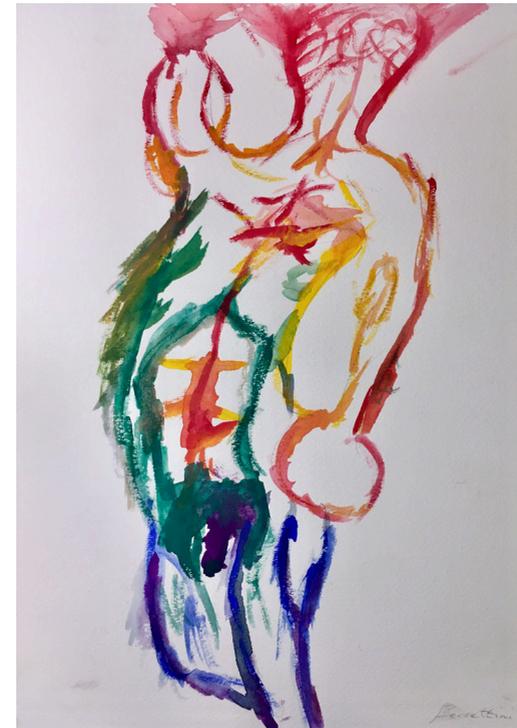
big and little words all spelling out desire

every morning finds something missing:
the pause too long for comfort,
like cold curdled coffee dregs, like
letting the toast burn.
all the books stand at attention
(and underneath, little pieces of paper
with your words written on them).
i want to puncture the silence,
rip the wound open
over and over,
wider each time.
i want sugar in my tea today.
i want blueberries and milk
and you asleep in my bed.

sodomy is dead

ive forgotten all the pornstars i used to know
flat figures with illusions of breast thigh tenderness
heartthrobs and other throbs mouldering in sub terranea
passing days like the ending routine of an old age home
listen the children have come to sing for you
never really a song only a plastic cup of jello stained purple with lipstick—
i apply it to my wrinkled mouth as if im hungry
small routines create us
a smear an earring
leather bondage
i gorge myself on myself and
when i get sick i look around wearing betrayal on my sticky face—
large eyes on an insufficient frame trembling for more
soaking drinking sputtering in scenes of coiled mouths
but they didnt gasp and pulse and lie in the dark alone
they didnt taste skin and shiver
and sigh yes louder
or softer perhaps when they knew what was coming
they only ever lay there silent with their extrusions
limp and tiresome days with the halfhearted scent of sweat
hanging dull and rancid over the room
a flaccid mind holding hands with a stale body
i watch my cut wires dangle like a magicians spoiled trick
one end cant thrash without the other
all the cables to my screens look so simple now
i cant remember how they played strings into flesh into solid damp hot words
troublesome that the words dried up and stuck around
when i didnt want them anymore i emptied them all out

but the casings i couldnt let go
now that ive lost most of my teeth
i need something to roll around in my mouth and spit out
stick words on my shell and watch them calcify
build something new before the foundations give way
one last peep show under spotlights flickering flickering flickering—



New Years Morning

I have never confused anything
Essentially
Especially two shifts
Plums and oranges I have never used in the same sentence
I woke up and it is a new day
I walk the dogs and there is a new sky
Just yesterday I was in panic
Just hours ago I was counting down the numbers
Today is a new day
A new year, a new lifetime
Everything else seems new too
The urine, the bagels, the unmade bed,
The honey on the counter, my black hair
the silverware seems a bit funny too
I grab my first breakfast in this lifetime
A plum and an orange
As I try and figure out what Eve met out of her New Years
I sit on the balcony
This cold air - new
And watch the sky
and wait for the next one to come

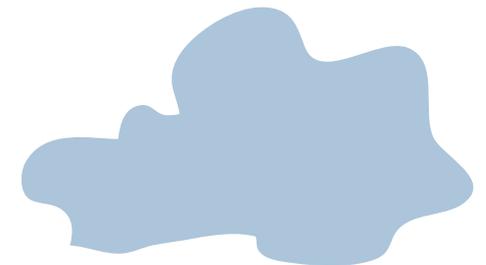
Twenty

With twenty rowing years
and each a rowing lifetime
raving with life's pulse
in the curl of its heart
in the depth of its spine
venturing through heaven
and hell, storms and rainbows
Time ages me generously
It is not me that places cracks
near the eyelid, but the body itself
I try and betray such insults
although a grey weed
sprouts from the cranium
With luck seemingly rooted in one
Mainly on the outskirts
Which makes me dote
in twenty years to come
I'll be forty, ah! Time be jolly
I must stay beautiful

The Innumerable Steps

Mark Stevenson must have gone mad. After inheriting a house from his now late uncle, he had begun to organize it. His uncle, who was notoriously messy and resistant to throwing things out, had left the house a mess. Somewhat by mistake he had realized that after counting the steps to the attic multiple times, he could not find any consistent number of steps. It was his habit to count the steps as he walked up or down any staircase, however, this staircase seemed to sometimes have twenty steps, sometimes twenty one or twenty two. Once he even counted it to have twenty five steps. This discovery occupied Mark for quite a bit of time. He walked up and down the steps again and again for half an hour until he began to write the results down. Maybe there is some pattern; it must have more steps when going up then going down he thought. When Mark's brother, who had agreed to help organize the house, came and saw that Mark had not accomplished much in his time asked Mark how he was holding up with the death of their uncle. "I think I am having a break. I swear that the staircase to the attic has a different number of steps every time you count them." Mark answered. After Mark's brother was incapable of comforting his distraught brother tried to count the number of steps of the staircase twice in a row in an endeavour to explain to Mark that he was simply grief stricken and exhausted. However, he was incapable of successfully counting the number of steps twice in a row. Mark and his brother found more and more people to test the seemingly magical staircase. As word got

around skeptics came to attempt to disprove the innumerable steps. The staircase soon became famous and quite a few scientists came to study the steps to no avail. At first Mark let them come without question, but he soon decided to charge people for the pleasure of seeing the known laws of physics and reason fell apart. Mark's business was incredibly successful for a few months until a local with no particular religious affiliation burned the house to the ground under the belief that Mark had made a deal with the devil. While, at first, the world was distressed to find that the newest maracle had ceased to exist, a number of theories explaining why the staircase must have been a hoax were disseminated. Mark's staircase was soon all but completely forgotten and relegated to the footnotes of history.



So I Yearn

There is something about the ebbing of our thoughts
 The way you know me not.
 See me sinking deeply, feel I'm floating lightly
 Tears are falling freely.
 I crashed and crashed again, still my tide continued
 Blame it all on my moods.
 Moving forward somehow, what I seek is needed
 Remember what you said.
 One drop builds to many, many will build a pond
 Will you ever respond?
 From glaciers to the rain, mist and frost included
 You forgave what I did.
 Where there is water, our stream of life will follow.
 Spes mea in Deo

Newton 1.3

“Every body that, by a radius drawn to the center of a second body moving in any way whatever, describes about that center areas that are proportional to the times is urged by a force compounded of the centripetal force tending toward that second body and of the whole accelerative force by which that second body it moved.”

- Principia Book I. Proposition 3.

Let T be a body, and L be a second body orbiting it.

When body T moves towards T_1 , L moves towards L' and also towards A.

$$\Delta T L A = \Delta T_1 L' A'$$

$$\Delta T_1 L' A' = \Delta T_1 A' B \quad (\text{Principia 1.1})$$

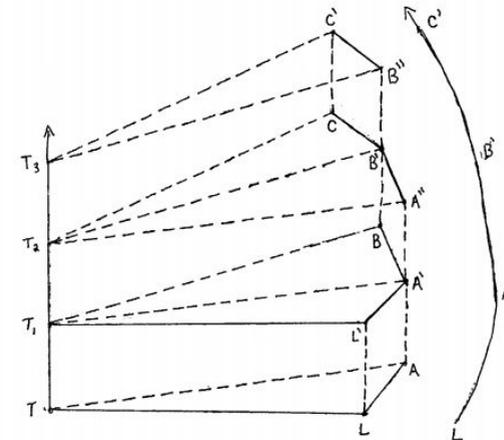
$$\therefore \Delta T_1 A' B = \Delta T L A$$

...and also

$$\Delta T_2 A'' B' = \Delta T_2 B' C$$

$$\Delta T_2 B' C = \Delta T_3 B'' C'$$

The actual path of body L is thus the curved line $L A' B' C'$



Falstaff Riseth Up

Let's not fit into "friends"--
suit shrunk by wash.
Your words out-stretched to me
as mine to you
have touched too much
our hearts and minds;
so this word "friends"
too little sounds,
and wraps not 'round
embodied kinds
who want so much
to fit inside
intestined homes,
no room for pride—
love at high end leashing riots
love at lower on death diets
not to lose the fat
to keep the taste--
outlasting passing
politic days,
to likes of ours
belongs the race!

Yet if you would compel
God's kingdom come
by disemboweling
this noisome one--
storming and fouling--
I know an old man tried
who ended howling,
distilling questions from despair:
love's cause? . . . life's cause?
nothing . . . nothing there . . .
dwindling air

broken down to barest words
ever spoken, ever heard—
arms holding cold
his excellent never come more daughter.

Enter Falstaff,
old man through with storms,
now lads his lusty cue
to question honor thoroughly:
merely air . . . tongue's deadly fare.
Him missing dear we would,
if plump-veined world
unchurled could be good . . .

but Falstaff *Riseth Up*,
double-backed with sup and hotly spurred by sack to sleep and snore through knocks of law
that would arrest the mountain depths and make all even bored, but life that's wet and ever
spicy mines he up in hoards to share 'mongst thieving mates racked all in laughter wielding
swords, self-hacked self-bloodied, shameless glad to last reopen flaming gates of Paradise
and tempt the honey Prince, never never turncoat back!

Oh yes, it's true: Paradise.
All the same, put this to store:
it's not for everyone—
life, I mean—
fat, drunk, elevated,
and *loved*
of all the rest
more.

A Politician Amongst Philosophers: A Sonnet

And never had there such a sadness been
As he, a man who walks with head so low.
How those who pass him scrutinize his sin!
But if he tried to hide it still would show
To bring them wealth was all that he desired,
Yet they would never surely understand
Just how much this man was truly tired
Much like a member of a marching band
Whose arms are weak as if they would fall off,
But marches on despite terrific pain.
So does this man march on though he's distraught,
And never will he hold his head in shame.
But if you call him by this name he stirs:
A Politician Amongst Philosophers

Welcome mattress



Kajus' Centripetal Force



A year's archetype

Dressed in dyed poppy,
I entered the forest
Led deeper by a trail of
Pomegranate seeds I left
Myself last year.
Bare teeth,
Annihilate the fruit's bone
Encouraged to go
To the underground of force,
Where promised years abandon seeds
To bitter themselves.
Thus, I leave Persephone behind
My sweat, drops of pomegranate.
I will see her red shawl soon,
Woven of poppy and
The forgetful secrets of spring,
For to fall again
By the sun's drifts into
New damnation
Is my allotment.

Daily Heroin

The harder the breath, the thicker the air
The bigger the push, the heavier it gets
The louder the scream, the softer the hush
The clearer the sky, the foggier the mind
The taller one grows, the more one shrinks inside
The smarter one gets, the dumber one feels
The longer one stays, the harder to leave
The stronger one gets, the weaker the high
The slower I live, the faster I die

Untitled



Self Portrait With Lump (#5)

Variations on Sweetapple: A Fragment of Sappho

Οἶον τὸ γλυκύμαλον ἐρεύθεται ἄκρῳ ἐπ' ὕσδῳ
ἄκρον ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ λελάθοντο δὲ μαλοδρόπνες,
οὐ μὰν ἐκλελάθοντ', ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐδύναντ' ἐπίκεισθαι.

Solitary sweetapple red-dabbled on the high branch,
on the highest branch, which the gatherers neglected -
no, not truly neglected:
were incapable of grasping.

Exposed on the high bough,
the highest bough, sweetapple
ripens, uncollected by the harvest -
not uncollected for lack of appeal:
in faith, unable to be collected.

A single sweetapple blushing on the high branch,
on the highest branch, remains hidden from
the hands of applepickers.
No, in fact, not hidden but
unattainable.

Even as sweetapple ripens on the upper bough,
on the uppermost bough, she goes untouched
by industry: not precisely forgotten,
but untouchable.

Apple flushes sweetly in autumn light
on the bough's foremost end, its very end,
and retains herself, unseen by harvesters -
No, in truth not unseen,
simply beyond reach.

When sweetapple stains red on the high branch, on the highest branch, she is not stained
by farmer's hands because those are not well-fitted to grasp.



Clutching Her Pearls

And her eye whites were egg shells,
With broken porcelain plates made
Out to be the pearls on her
Neck, her neck, where my nails have been.
But what I have learned is that
Pain is a thoughtless thing,
Minding nothing at all,
Only doing, doing, doing.
So leave me here where the
Morning screams out my name, and
The stars die before they can
Catch me. I've committed
to nothing and everything
all at once, I'm sorry mom
That I ever touched you.



Unavailable

I woke up to something breaking
In the kitchen. Mom stood there
Emptying an hourglass
Onto her face. She took a
Stick and drew a smile, now
It's night and I watch waves of
Depression leave her expressionless.
She whispers, "It's time."



Content Warning

A Translation of Baudelaire's Au Lecteur

(x) Hurt/Comfort (x) Not safe for work
(x) Pining (x) Yearning (x) Anatomy
(x) Wish-Fulfillment (x) Introspection
(x) Homelessness (x) Rodents
(x) Fixit Fic (x) Doomed Ship
(x) Not Beta Read (x) Confessions
(x) Fluff (x) Non-Canon
(x) Tear-Jerker (x) Redemption arc
(x) Satan (Catholicism) (x) Trimegustus (Hermeticism)
(x) Resolved Romantic Tension (x) Smut
(x) Body Modification (x) Brain Bleach
(x) Occult (x) Vaping
(x) Devil (Lucifer) (x) Manipulation
(x) Enemies to Lovers (x) Giantess
(x) Corruption (x) Fall from Grace (x) Evil Protag
(x) Optimism (x) Revolt
(x) Sexual Content (x) Kisses (x) Biting
(x) Sex Work (x) Age Difference
(x) Voyeurism (x) POV: First Person
(x)Fingerfucking (x) Fruit
(x) Drugs (x) Insects (x) No Longer Taking Feedback
(x) Community:Demons (x) Beach Party
(x) Implied/Offscreen Character Death
(x) Hiccups (x) Moaning
(x) Rape (x) Poison (x) Stabbing (x) Arson
(x) Everyone Lives (x) Protectiveness
(x) Slice of Life (x) Tragedy
(x) No Self Insert this time (x) Please be nice

(x) Jackals, (x) Mythical Beings and Creatures
(x) Scorpions (x) Vultures (x) Snakes
(x) Language (x) I don't even know
(x) In Public (x) Not Safe for Work
(x) Big Bad (x) Unhygienic
(x) Plot what Plot

(x) This author regrets everything
(x) This author regrets nothing

(x) Angst (x) Tearjerker
(x) Dream Fic (x) Smoking (x) Modern Era
(x) Reunion (x) Fashion
(x)Family (x) Reader insert

This work could have adult content. If you proceed you have agreed that you are willing to see such content.

[Proceed] [Go Back]

Sonnet for Cordelia: From France

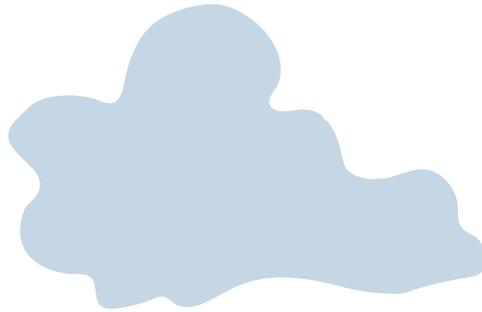
The crashing waves betwixt our passing ships
Push thistles in my side, sea salt to cheek,
But what I want is roses on my lip;
A blush sail blown all out make my knees weak.
Say but wind and thus carry me away,
Or say just light and guide my eyes forth.
You shall give me the world if you stay,
But if you turn, only pain henceforth.
My affections hang in your loft sail,
Yet I see a storm approaching our wake,
So be like the breeze, not howl or wail,
And carry my ship across this calm lake.
Simply call out, my love, a tender word,
And heal the wounds which I have incurred.

A Poem for France: From Cordelia

There is a silent heartbreak which is common
To the world.
With hair curled,
And dazzling jewels and gowns all put on.
The jewelry, well fascinated,
And the costumes, well fabricated,
Carry only an air to the eye and not
One to the heart.
I can only promise no such heartbreak.
I am poor,
Yet no more
Would I need than a quiet home to make.
My love, not distant,
And my love, still constant.
I will be your fool so long as
You will be mine.

Molly (for my love)





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