



Amy Porter	1	<i>Invitation, We Are Together</i>
	2	<i>Home, The Hollow Dark</i>
Elizabeth Dowdy	3	<i>Eye Contact, 2am Bleakness</i>
	4	<i>Me and the Bugs</i>
Anonymous	5	<i>Untitled</i>
Louis Petrich	6	<i>Yanked, Over Here, Over There</i>
Natalie Walker	7	<i>Untitled</i>
Louis Petrich	8	<i>To Those Commencing Young</i>
Ellie Laabs	8	<i>a slight embrace of time</i>
Lysithia Page	9	<i>Ode to the Stroll</i>
Raphael Rose	11	<i>Heron on the Dock</i>
Daryl Locke	12	<i>Can you see me?/ Deep in the Red Sea</i>
	13	<i>Self Portrait 2020, The Unnameable's</i>
Sera Johnson	14	<i>Bedford</i>
Samuel Berrettini	15	<i>An End</i>
	16	<i>Seal Attacked by Polar Bears</i>
Sofe Cote	17	<i>restless</i>
Raphael Rose	18	<i>Red Light Sunset</i>
Eric Baker	19	<i>The Dry Cleaner</i>
	20	<i>Han XVII: Back Home in Isolation</i>

Zeinep Kyzy	20	<i>Untitled</i>
Jay Tram	21	<i>Undersell</i>
Clare Collins	21	<i>Untitled</i>
Avery Laur	22	<i>trapped</i>
John Verdi	23	<i>The End Is Nigh</i>



Editor's note

This fall we have endured the stagnant and fought against a common enemy. The enemy is not a body, but is microscopic — almost non-physical. It is an enemy we can unite against in isolation. We have stood in a tableau, we have seen each other framed in vignettes. Temporality has descended to the forefront of general consciousness. The collective sentiment reflects variations of confusion and despair. Finally, we can openly share our anxiety, our solitude. This sharing liberates and we present our tools of liberation. As we retreat, we lose touch; we could easily forget about the world beyond the confines of our four walls. We sometimes find comfort in our undisturbed solitude. Yet, we unite in a far more profound way as we share the experience of the present time in this undefined space. Energeia hopes to be that space as we push forward to new grounds. Our long-discussed experimental issue has come to realization under the theme “Isolation”. With this issue, we hope to give voice to our collective consciousness, and find comfort and connection in our shared loneliness. We would like to thank all our members of Energeia for their hard work and the undying creative spirit that holds us together.

Invitation

Welcome, welcome to my mind.

Don't be afraid, come in!

They only attack if I'm alone.

Come in! Come in!

I've put my monsters in cages,

And labeled them nicely for you.

We Are Together

We are together in being alone.

We are together in loving the lonely.

(I hear the blunt taps of water on leaves.

I feel, in the quiet, a peace which comes in

An unobserved expansion of my old catacombs,

For once unfolding, stretched wide without pain.)

We are together when company's not a cage,

And the silent distance brings us closer

To where presence is not perspective,

And nearness not a threat.

Home

I have kept your hearthfire in a jar
On my cold and barren mantelpiece.
It has lit and warmed the room, while I struggle
With damp matches and clumsy fingers.
If I stop and wrap my hands around this kind, kind gift,
I hear your voice, your home, and promise still to live.

The Hollow Dark

At midnight, here, I find myself
To wander after long-lost stars;
For any small guide lights my way
‘Tween twisting thoughts of time and me,
Reflection of the hollow dark.

Eye Contact,
2am Bleakness



Me and the Bugs

I like to sit outside in the summer and pretend that I am sitting there with someone
and as the sun sets and it gets darker

I watch the sky change,
listening to the bugs come out of hiding.

I like to imagine the feeling of an arm on my back or lips on my lips.

It's hot outside already, but I welcome the extra heat.

I like to think that I wouldn't get so many mosquito bites,
because someone would be there to share them with me.

I like to realize how the darkness wouldn't scare me as much if I wasn't alone,
how the bugs wouldn't be my only company,
how comfort in the dark would be good,
how a companion in the light would be too.

But here I am, another summer passing and nearing its end, sitting outside.

I'm wearing a dress and my hair is wavy, everything is in place for my fantasy,
except I am alone.

and grass-
resources including
ong coastline, and hu-
to make use of those gifts,
e of the five or 10 wealthiest
tries in the world at the end of the
19th century. A recent study by Maddi-
son Historical Statistics
that in 1895
world's
per ce
P
"th
ir
i
l
c
fi
At
lik
after
grow to

Why no...
ne poverty if they or money but big'ds
ncreases violence again: The propagan-
own as *Relato K*—glorifying the
ment, portraying economic diffi-
the result of capitalist conspir-
economics as a zero-sum
wealth must originate
becoming common.
people, rich agri-
sists of lithium
ll phones),
in Latin
should
no-

rules to avoid falling into poverty: Don't
make slicing up pies more imp-
than baking more. Don't ma-
more important than ent-
borrow more than you c-
As Argentina has rep-
those latter three rule-
been the norm. Some-
that Argentina's wea-
some antebellum Sou-
owners who thought ha-
poor and commerce
g. Many agree that the
d right to use force—si-
ions in 1890, 1893, and
état in 1930, 1943, 1955, 1962,
d 1976—created an instability
ame chronic.
uan Perón became president in
a synthesizer of revolt and mili-
cision. In the granite base of the
ry of Economics building on Plaza
ayo, the big square adjacent
asa Rosada, you can still
holes from the 1955 coup th-
overthrow him. Navy f-
ombs to kill their presi-
f a school bus and num-
2007 to 2013 and a 2008
overnmental control. /
wo terms government
eded 40 perce-
f a peso had fa-
bout 8 cents in
nts, and Kirch-
idden to serve
resident, is vic-
s she the new lev-
sn't have the chari-
or, whose funeral
nos Aires in 1952 at
entines. As officials
e in state at the M-
ushing to be cl-
to death eight
d 2,000 of
er I vis-
ta C.
the
(ASSO-
Inflation
state in Bing es
wers lav at

liberator of Arg-
from Spanish rule
ated.
atho-
wo sto-
ing at
e Buc-
ss I
in I
ner
athe-
rayer
d behin-
of sorts
in 1945 bec-
escaped German Nazi
memorial is another for U-
odomor (killing by starv-
4 million died in 1932-1933
nism-caused famine.
Argentina has been hon-
ther Holocaust nor Holodon
but its own smaller horror kn-
which the 1976
"disappeared
some days L
mothers o.
forced
ties to
e gov-
os to
ons,
ro-
ied
k.
lly
led
ern-
were
digits
000 per-
particularly
per capita in-
percent from 10



Economist Tap

Yanked, Over Here, Over There

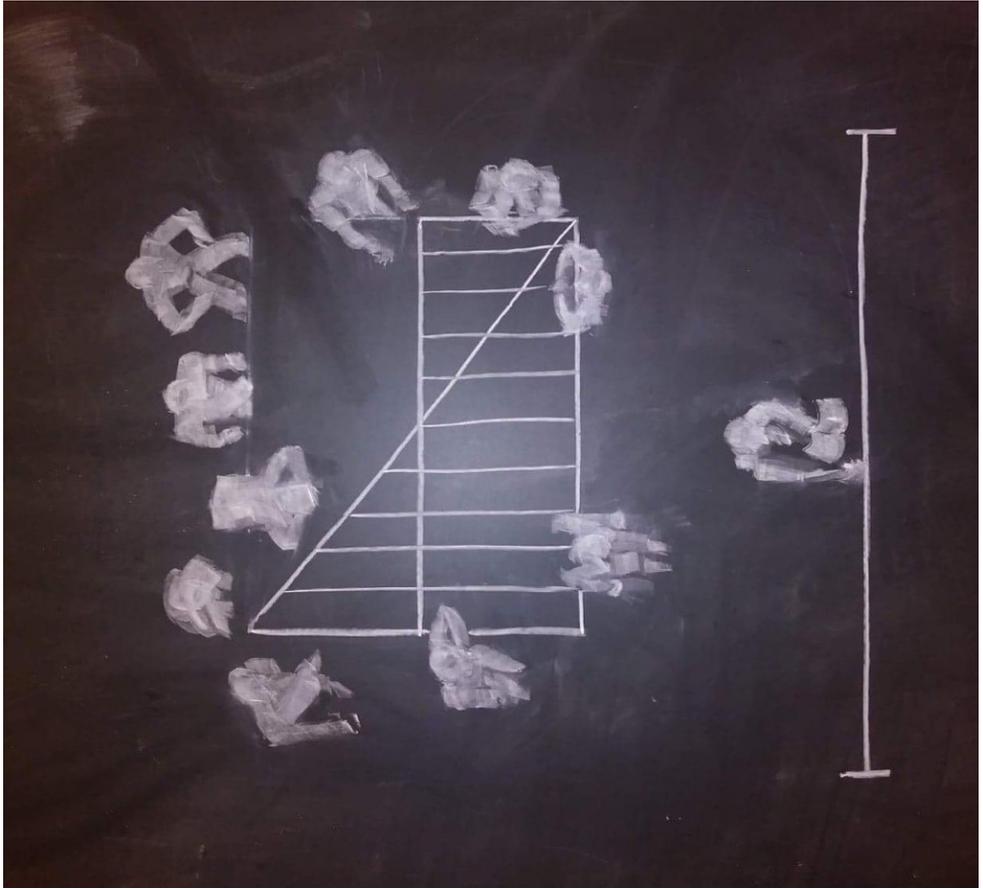
(After William James, George Cohan, and a Cypriot Crier)

Feeling conscripted?
Under authority?
Whose--*all together now*--is this?--
knock the childishness out of you
give you standings to weigh proud of
more than college privilege gone nostalgia trip
this pan of nature mostly pawns off you--
so wipe that whining, get to work
show your grit, do your bit
and tell your sweetheart not to pine
keep stead your faces shined on screen
for me to see youth all the time on tap—
no blacking out for beers or naps—
I know your tricks and counterfeits!
Maggots! take one for the old home team--
whoe'er they are that would count more--
you're the cream of isolation corps
who save, of country, burning poor,
last beds for those breath-ridden toward,
you heard them say but one's too dear,
so brave full hospitality--to fear!
Until it's over here and over there
don't think of norming back 'till all our care
has overcome the rum-tum drummed beware!

But yet the pity of it, how it goes!

A piteous pearl unsaved—O sweet ago!

See sky, how't caves! See how we make behave!



To Those Commencing Young

When first rehearsed, this character
of evil worked so strong the actors,
our venturing story lurched and heeled
like dog--

then dervish, tranced and keeled
by curving skirting caving fears—
their center spread--sky disappeared . . .

Here let us not mistake the signs,
for time would modesty confine
this to, and efforts honest kind--
good tangling threesome—worth a try.

All bulge from teeming information.
It muscles darkness—fashions creeds
to falter springs of laughter free.
Disaster's peelings, caffeine stares
addict to disaffection's bit
love's horsing jawbones, chafing lips
of fasting shades that long to sip
past fleshed out masking asking holes,
untimely ripped for doctored roles,
disbanded Adams, Eves dispatched--
gone!—

save for face that gyms and laps
in vacuumed webs.

We must rematch.
Remember *would* that friendship *can*.

You handed me your plate to stir:
taste--tested dust—e'en this it dures--
all questions faced all readiness
as house lights invite black.

Bereft,
but staged for life, you feed my want
of sun to break the chains and burn.
Warm freckles—come! Chaste moon--return!

Like this, to tan well always went.
Like this--up late to keep bent true
to tongues in proof, so earn kiss meant
for great--none better knows than you.



Ode to the Stroll

When I am weary of the world,
I walk about my town,
And try to notice hidden things,
The splendor all around.

Here are buried memories,
Beneath the bricks and stones,
The stories that have given rise
To lullabies and bones.

Marvel at the dignity
The redwood tree commands,
A beacon from the world before,
Enduring Fortune's plans.

Note weeds that punch the sidewalk cracks
And force their spindles through
With will to live and taste the air,
Charisma fair and true.

A man bemasked with downcast eyes
Trails back behind his hound;
I wonder who is walking whom,
And where the pair is bound.

Presently my thoughts contort-
The future gapes its maw;
Malevolence below our feet
From sleep has come to thaw.

Alone together shall we trudge,
All wandering fallow land;
Though cataclysm comes to call,
I cannot hold your hand.

Ruin has a bitter taste,
How shall we wash it down?
What does it take to build an arc,
Or will we simply drown?

I take these thoughts and smother them,
I scrape my mind of fear;
In several months, the ball will drop,
And end this lonesome year.

To break the spell of loneliness,
I stroll, behold, and muse;
While breathing in the sweet salt air,
I pay the Bay my dues.

Old-sea swells tell a secret,
With words that hush and lull,
That all returns unto its depths
In love unshakeable.

All buildings were but dreams before,
So was this well-worn street.
Then someone blessed them into life,
As when old friends first meet.

A child picks a dandelion,
Blows its tufts away.
I wonder what the child wished,
And hope her dreams will stay.

Indeed I dream of dancing
On nights that fizz with joy;
Though isolation stings my soul,
This song no fears destroy.

When I can't remember who I am,
And living seems a chore,
I gather all my spirits up
And step outside the door.



Can you see me?/ Deep in the Red Sea

ABC LOOK DEFG DEEPHIJ
INTO CAN THENY REDP SEA
QRS BEYONDYOU THE WXY
ZA WHITEYHD BOATS SEE
& ME? TELL KLM MEN WHAT
QRS YOU TUV SEENO? W...

and beyond boats can into look me
no the red sea see tell what
white you ? .

Self Portrait 2020



The Unnameable's

Objection toward color is just one's own insecurity. Insecurity because of color is just one's own folly. Folly due to another's exquisiteness is an unnameable objection.

Bedford



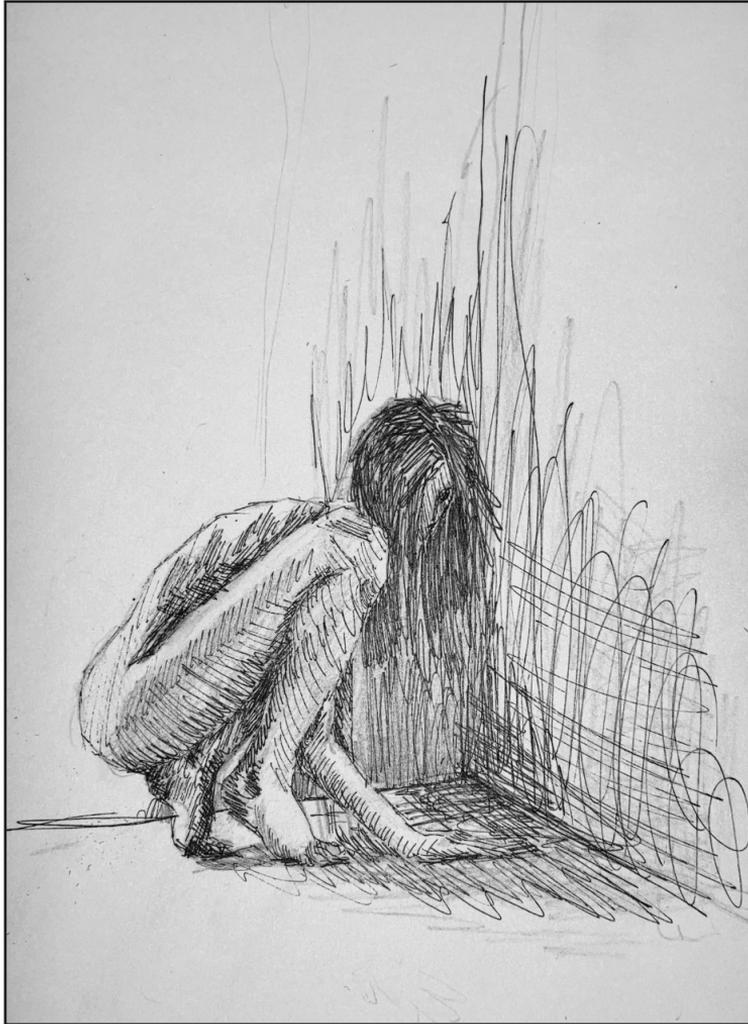
An End

Indigo sunset. Salt smell, dull wave hum
in a night that hides the jungle and reveals stars.
I am awake. I think about the sweetness of the fruit that used to fall from trees—
dripping, bursting, overripe. Then.
Now: brown mush underfoot. Worm food.
I stand up. I look down the empty beach. Just past a breeze
stands a stone wall that stretches into the jungle and dismantles
itself in ivy and moss. Something cries
far off beneath the shadow of the wet trees. I follow.
The air is clinging close under the palms; the water
wants to enter my nose and mouth and clog them. Clouds cover the sky. Mud covers the ground.
I peel something off in hushed darkness, becoming more naked—
sweet, fresh, fat. Once.
Now: bony. Rancid with spit and sweat and ugly dreams.
Somewhere shrouded, the moon sets. I breathe. I sit down. Rot
loves me.
Blind patches of ooze stretch out moldy fingers toward my
lips and eyes. I close. Brown mush underfoot. Worm food.

Seal Attacked by Polar Bears



restless



Red Light Sunset



The Dry Cleaner

My mother and I walk home.
It is dark out.
Wind is cool and soft.
Lampposts dirty and yellow.
The street is empty and clear,
Except for outside
The Korean dry cleaners.
Mr. Yi is clutching his wrist.
He does not wince.
Red stain down tan trousers.
Pool of blood
At his feet.
My mother asks
If he is okay.
He replies he was just
Trying to bring down the gate.
My mother asks if there is an ambulance coming.
He nods. He says yes. He smiles.
We walk on.
I look back.
He stands there alone.
I am nervous.
We shut the door to the building.
Muffled sirens.

Late evening
Blood drip
Clenched wrist

Gentle breeze
On the corner
Bleeding calmly

We greet the cleaner
He nods
Pants soaked red

As blood pools
Distant sirens
A steady heart

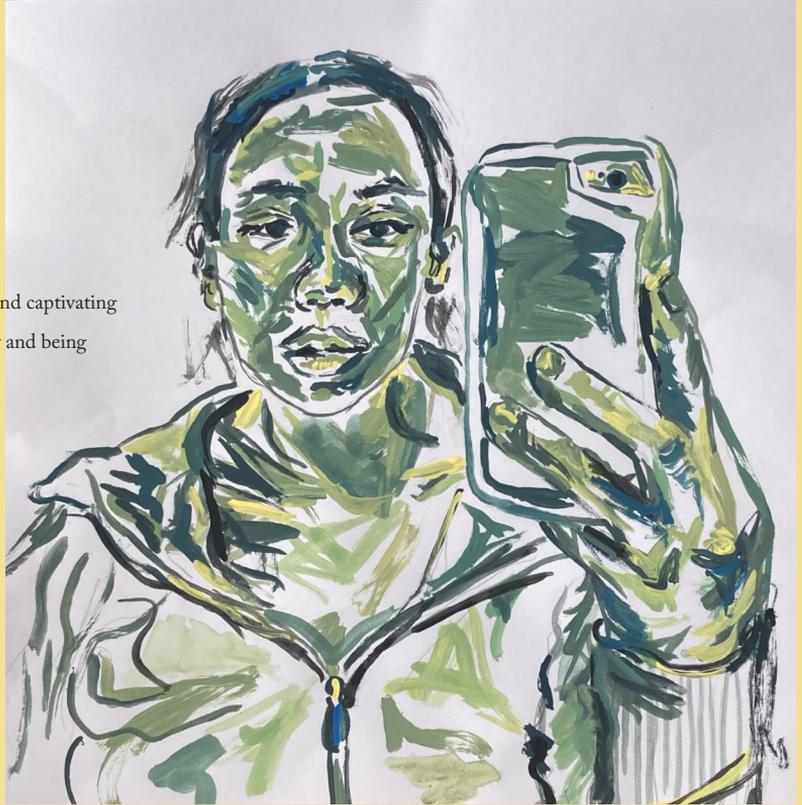
Han XVII: Back Home in Isolation

Oma paces,
Then turns on the stove to light her Dunhill.
She's been up all night smoking, too.



Undersell

Lazy sun
Under-
Selling new religion
Of self love
Sets upon me, my nose
Fragility
Is telling the truth
Of the unheard, aspired
Overseen:
In fragile places lies floating and captivating
Sterilized molecules of beauty and being
In the haze of darkening
I see my light from below
In the haze gettin' lost
I see my heart beautified.



trapped

i feel trapped.
dispel the liquid on my tongue
and let it leave the slight
tingle on my lips,
like frostbite on the lungs.

a revolving door heart,
never stopping, always
letting in new and letting out
old, wanting to know
even a glimpse of their souls.

i tear at the bags
underneath my eyes,
set upon my fragile
frame from sleepless
dreaming and nightmarish
evenings; they're all spent
inside my mind.
maybe if i stretch the bags
down far enough i can
wrap them around myself
and cocoon for a thousand
winter solcistices.

i feel trapped.
dispel my tongue on the liquid
like frostbite on the lips,
and let my lungs feel the
slight tingle it leaves.

The End Is Nigh



Co-Editors Sophia Cote
Adam Schulman

Assistant Editors Grace Calk
Elias Christian
Lysithia Page

Cover Illustrations Zeinep Kyzy

Special thanks to Enkh-Od Batzorig

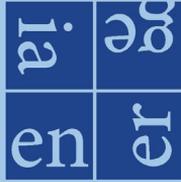


Energieia

Energieia is the Literary and Art Publication of St. John's College, Annapolis...

...

St. John's College
60 College Ave.
Annapolis, Maryland 21401



Fall 2020