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Editors Dorothea Bowerfind
Jakub Piven
Abigail Purnell

Editorial Staff Calida Howell
Bonnie Scott
Patrick Turley

Web* Editor Dahye Kim

Layout Design Jakub Piven

Cover Photograph Stefan Vasic

Note

from the editors

The goal of Energeia, we tell people when they ask, is to collect art from the community. The point of this project, we insist, the point and the entire purpose—the assumption we make in so doing—is that there is very much good art in this place, very many good artists. Our labor is the collecting, the gathering into one place, and the collection is the entire end.

It is hard for us to make connections, sometimes, hard to remember that in this world everything is analogue to everything else, and that we find symbols and metaphors profound and illuminating because they bring out this repetition and entanglement of all things. It is important, we believe, to remember this, and the creation of art is the manifestation of this awareness in us, and its outward manifestation an urgent cry to others to remember these connections likewise.

For better or worse, men find themselves in communities. These are rarely the communities we envision for ourselves, that we hope for and plan—but then we do not ever have much say over the circumstances in which we land, about these inevitable, immediate boundaries of space and time. Our response to these circumstances, *this* is our good action, this is our overcoming, and it is art that is content for the overcoming, art our offering and duty to the community of thought in which we have found ourselves. Art is our speaking up, our speaking out, and in this utterance we are artists as well as philosophers.

In the study of Great Ideas and the development of our minds, it is too often passed over that we are bodily, that these transcendental idealities are not the stuff of real knowledge, but rather that our experiences in flesh and sound are. Being able to acknowledge ourselves and our experiences constitutes some part of our humanity—this acknowledgement, this utterance of things taken into us and transfigured into images of our own creation—this process is most human of all.

This process and this drawing-of-connections are art, and thus when we say that the purpose of Energeia is to collect and draw notice to these connections, what I am saying is that in this community we are all great thinkers and therefore also artists and lovers of art, and the task of collecting—and circulating, and celebrating—art is one that we find most noble, and one nicely eponymous: we are all at work being united here.

Here is some art that we have created while in community.

We hope you are glad to encounter it.

Abby Purnell and Jakub Piven

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Stories, Poems, and Others

Image
Photography, Painting, and Others

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Sunday Afternoon at Don Pollo's

by Bonnie Naradzay

Four women of a certain age,
we gather at Don Pollo's to critique our latest poems,
with Pam suggesting that hers, in case we missed it,

is on sexual awakening.
Digging into spit-roasted chicken, we talk of ex-husbands.
Norma says she'll like hers more after he dies, and this

reminds me to outlive mine
so he doesn't get my pension. A Moroccan soccer player
on the wall-mounted tv whips off his shirt after scoring,

and I stare, transfixed,
at his rippling chest and abdomen. I fumble for words
to explain how seeing his bared body affects me.

Linda, having already mentioned
her new decisiveness in the garden, now that she's sixty,
her freedom to uproot plants if they don't fit in,

says *it's what women want,*
it's on all the talk shows, and I wonder about the antecedent
and about that guy at Squaw Valley who talked of tantric bliss.

When I was younger, I say,
eating bread pudding from a paper plate, it was the high-minded
renaissance man who caught my attention. What a disaster!

I glance up at the soccer game.
Did I behold Apollo's torso—the smiling hips and thighs—
or the nameless oarsmen who rowed Ulysses to Ithaca's shore?

Onyx Moon

by Jim Beall

He died "East of here under an Onyx Moon"
in an older time. We have not seen his like
since. This is a letter from the Dark
Ages, of a place and time it is better

not to know. What is the wind coming to?
Or from? Which is the orb that rises North
of a convergence of tracks, dark rails
shining, seeming to have their own light.

We know in our minds these thin strings, barely
luminous, do not meet. But what does the mind
know, really? It is the heart that teaches us
dread. There is a mist in the sky in place

of stars. What compass can tell us, we
do not believe: the false convergence of tracks,
the true convergence of meridians, the pale
skin of a girl we knew once, becoming flame.

N.B.: An Onyx Moon (or Black Moon) is the second new Moon in a month.



La Carta

by Blanca Garnica (translation right)

Y me llegaste
como llega la brisa
a desplegar los brazos
del naranjo.

Como se agacha el viento
hasta la hierba.

Como la tarde
al campo fatigado.

Así.
Dulce y amargamente.

Así me llegaste, peregrino,
por la olvidada huella
de los pájaros.

Dulce y amargamente.

The Letter

translated by Camille Gagnier

And you came to me
like the breeze comes
to spread wide the arms
of the orange tree.

Like the wind stoops
down to the grass.

Like the evening
to the weary field.

That way.
Sweet and bitterly.

You came that way, pilgrim,
by the forgotten track
of the birds.

Sweet and bitterly.



Sonnet 6

by Barnabas Holleran

I saw a name engraved in dust like stone.
 The date beside it caught me by surprise;
 For even though it looked so newly drawn,
 For nine whole years it hid from dust's disguise.
 The lines were crisp which made this little note,
 And all the fingerprints could still be seen.
 No puff of wind had ever moved a mote;
 That breathless lunar flag looks less pristine.
 But as I passed, my passing brought a gust
 Which brushed the dust into a slight decay.
 The unswept pipe the name is on will rust,
 And every written word will fade away.

And someday I will have to do the same.

And yet, beside the first, I put my name.

The Marshlands

by Casey Collier

There was death here, tonight. And here, still.
Screeching wheels and squelchy radios and fog,
from before until now, and for me refined, but not Her.

Her heart is broken and her body, is mumbling and trembling for confused forgiveness.

When we were at the Falls, last winter, we saw a whirlpool that was a "killer."
So, I posed, and she posed, and the photo is somewhere in a stack of digital.
But, we were smiling before the "killer."

And now, I don't want to talk about it. But we must. To heal. From death.
And I wish it had a throat I could squeeze, or get at.

These are the Marshlands. The reconciled march from there to here.
I was a private chest, where her head would squirm, and for her eyes to swamp.

There came that noiseless ship into the harbor.
I did not recognize it. And it wasn't for me.
But, my love is the wreck dashed before her.
On such a clear night, with such low trim.

There is nothing here but for her and I.
And we have to go to bed, in the gutless, in the blur.
Because, we won't let light between us.

Mourning in June

by Katelin Safford

it is june and I am running my grown-out fingernails through
your blonde hair as
the loud music and the screaming fans fail to drown out
your sorrow.
a moment ago you were making a joke but then I turned
around and you were
sobbing over a picture of your mother, the one where your
sister is making a
funny face. your grief is wet in my arms and I am thinking
of how you wanted
to plan this moment, to set aside a day, to make the right
lighting, the right sound,
the right time for the big cry. this moment is wholly
opposite of that, and opposite
of that in its wholeness—the invading sunlight broken
on the floor by the shadow of the fan,
children screaming outside.

but i guess this is how these things always happen, i
think to myself, my fingers firm
on your trembling back. this grief, these tender moments,
wait for no one.

Untitled

by Felipe Rego

We tell kids playing house not to use the word love because like any four letter word we don't wanna hear it on tv
But sometimes I think an unfettered mind might pronounce that word a little better
Kinda like "happy," right?
Like if you've ever been to the beach you know it's shit
Sand in your hair, sunburn forming, eyes burning
But I think those were my favorite things about the beach growing up
I think I was happy
In kindergarten no one could explain to me why fuck was a bad word
I think words meant more back then, and I think I knew that one was made up
But there was something about love
I didn't love power rangers, but I liked it for sure
I didn't really love much
I think I loved my brother
And probably the N64
But not much.
Someone told me you can't love someone before you love yourself
I think that's the same someone who told me you can run fast enough to dodge rain
Maybe I couldn't fall if my life depended on it
But I think if I get caught in the rain I'll be in it regardless
I don't usually forget my umbrella.
I think we tell kids not to say love because it scares us to think that word could mean less than we think it does
And we tell anyone who might listen that love at first sight is a fantasy
Summer loving ends at the credits
Maybe that's only because love can't be measured and we're afraid to build a unit
Because I don't think any heart is too big or small to break
Because I don't think my heartbeat can measure the movements of the heavens
Because one winter night I felt a swelling in my chest that I'm certain would strike awe into the Leviathan
Strike fear into seismologists everywhere
Mama told me I make mountains out of mole hills
But mama also told me not to get up on the furniture
Thank god for you telling me to stand on tables
And thank god for sitting on the sink.



James Connors

Three Ways to Solve an Integral, by Danielle Brown
 Solution 1: $\int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx$ using trigonometric substitution

① let $x = 5 \sec \theta$, so $dx = 5 \sec \theta \tan \theta d\theta$

$$\int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx = \int \sqrt{25 \sec^2 \theta - 25} \cdot 5 \sec \theta \tan \theta d\theta$$

now, $\sec^2 \theta - 1 = \tan^2 \theta$, so $25(\sec^2 \theta - 1) = 25 \tan^2 \theta$

$$\rightarrow \int \sqrt{25 \tan^2 \theta} \cdot 5 \sec \theta \tan \theta d\theta = 25 \int \tan \theta \cdot \sec \theta \tan \theta d\theta = 25 \int \tan^2 \theta \sec \theta d\theta$$

but $\tan^2 \theta = \sec^2 \theta - 1$, so $25 \int \tan^2 \theta \sec \theta d\theta = 25 \int (\sec^2 \theta - 1) \sec \theta d\theta$

$$= 25 \int (\sec^3 \theta - \sec \theta) d\theta$$

② Solve $\int \sec^3 \theta d\theta$ using Integration by Parts: $\int u dv = uv - \int v du$

let $u = \sec \theta$ and $dv = \sec^2 \theta d\theta$, so $du = \sec \theta \tan \theta d\theta$ and $v = \tan \theta$

$$\begin{aligned} \int \sec^3 \theta d\theta &= \sec \theta \tan \theta - \int \tan^2 \theta \sec \theta d\theta \\ &= \sec \theta \tan \theta - \int (\sec^2 \theta - 1) \sec \theta d\theta \\ &= \sec \theta \tan \theta - \int (\sec^3 \theta - \sec \theta) d\theta \\ &= \sec \theta \tan \theta + \int \sec \theta d\theta - \int \sec^3 \theta d\theta \end{aligned}$$

now, $\int \sec \theta d\theta = \ln |\sec \theta + \tan \theta| + C$, so

$$\int \sec^3 \theta d\theta = \sec \theta \tan \theta + \ln |\sec \theta + \tan \theta| - \int \sec^3 \theta d\theta$$

$$\rightarrow 2 \int \sec^3 \theta d\theta = \sec \theta \tan \theta + \ln |\sec \theta + \tan \theta| + C$$

$$\text{so, } \int \sec^3 \theta d\theta = \frac{1}{2} \sec \theta \tan \theta + \frac{1}{2} \ln |\sec \theta + \tan \theta| + C$$

$$\textcircled{3} 25 \left[\int \sec^3 \theta d\theta - \int \sec \theta d\theta \right] = 25 \left[\frac{1}{2} \sec \theta \tan \theta + \frac{1}{2} \ln |\sec \theta + \tan \theta| - \int \sec \theta d\theta \right]$$

$$= 25 \left[\frac{1}{2} \sec \theta \tan \theta + \frac{1}{2} \ln |\sec \theta + \tan \theta| - \ln |\sec \theta + \tan \theta| + C \right]$$

$$= 25 \left[\frac{1}{2} \sec \theta \tan \theta - \frac{1}{2} \ln |\sec \theta + \tan \theta| + C \right]$$

$$\left[\text{undoing substitutions used in Step 1: } \sec \theta = \frac{x}{5}, \tan \theta = \frac{\sqrt{x^2 - 25}}{5} \right]$$

$$\rightarrow 25 \left[\frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{x}{5} \right) \left(\frac{\sqrt{x^2 - 25}}{5} \right) - \frac{1}{2} \ln \left| \frac{x}{5} + \frac{\sqrt{x^2 - 25}}{5} \right| + C \right]$$

and since $\ln \left| \frac{a}{b} \right| = \ln a - \ln b$,

$$= 25 \left[\frac{x \sqrt{x^2 - 25}}{50} - \frac{1}{2} \left(\ln |x + \sqrt{x^2 - 25}| - \ln 5 \right) + C \right]$$

and $\ln 5$ being absorbed by the constant C ,

$$= \frac{x \sqrt{x^2 - 25}}{2} - 25 \ln |x + \sqrt{x^2 - 25}| + C = \int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx$$

Solution 2: $\int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx$ using integration by Parts

① let $u = \sqrt{x^2 - 25}$ and $dv = dx$, so $\int u dv = uv - \int v du$
 $du = \frac{x}{\sqrt{x^2 - 25}} dx$ and $v = x$

$$\int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx = x \sqrt{x^2 - 25} - \int \frac{x^2}{\sqrt{x^2 - 25}} dx$$

$$= x \sqrt{x^2 - 25} - \int \frac{x^2 - 25 + 25}{\sqrt{x^2 - 25}} dx$$

$$= x \sqrt{x^2 - 25} - \int \frac{x^2 - 25}{\sqrt{x^2 - 25}} dx - \int \frac{25}{\sqrt{x^2 - 25}} dx$$

$$= x \sqrt{x^2 - 25} - \int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx - 25 \int \frac{1}{\sqrt{x^2 - 25}} dx$$

② Solve $25 \int \frac{1}{\sqrt{x^2 - 25}} dx$ using trigonometric substitution

let $x = 5 \sec \theta$, so $dx = 5 \sec \theta \tan \theta d\theta$

$$\text{so, } 25 \int \frac{1}{\sqrt{x^2 - 25}} dx = 25 \int \frac{1}{\sqrt{25 \sec^2 \theta - 25}} \cdot 5 \sec \theta \tan \theta d\theta$$

and since $\sec^2 \theta - 1 = \tan^2 \theta$,

$$= \frac{25}{5} \int \frac{1}{\sqrt{\tan^2 \theta}} \cdot 5 \sec \theta \tan \theta d\theta = 25 \int \frac{1}{\tan \theta} \cdot \sec \theta \tan \theta d\theta$$

$$= 25 \int \sec \theta d\theta = 25 \ln |\sec \theta + \tan \theta| + C$$

undoing substitutions used in step 2:

$$25 \int \frac{1}{\sqrt{x^2 - 25}} dx = 25 \ln \left| \frac{x}{5} + \frac{\sqrt{x^2 - 25}}{5} \right| + C = 25 \left[\ln |x + \sqrt{x^2 - 25}| - \ln 5 + C \right]$$

$$= 25 \ln |x + \sqrt{x^2 - 25}| + C, \text{ since } \ln 5 \text{ is absorbed into the constant } C.$$

$$\textcircled{3} \int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx = x \sqrt{x^2 - 25} - \int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx - 25 \ln |x + \sqrt{x^2 - 25}| + C$$

$$\text{so, } 2 \int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx = x \sqrt{x^2 - 25} - 25 \ln |x + \sqrt{x^2 - 25}| + C$$

$$\text{and } \int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx = \frac{x \sqrt{x^2 - 25}}{2} - 25 \ln |x + \sqrt{x^2 - 25}| + C$$

Solution 3: $\int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx$ using hyperbolic function sub.

① To show that $\cosh^{-1} x = \ln |x + \sqrt{x^2 - 1}|$

$$\cosh x = \frac{e^x + e^{-x}}{2} = y \rightarrow 2y = e^x + e^{-x} \rightarrow e^x \cdot 2y = e^{2x} + 1 \rightarrow \frac{(e^x)^2 - 2y(e^x) + 1}{1} = 0$$

Now, apply quadratic formula to equation a

$$\text{where } x = e^x, a = 1, b = -2y, c = 1 \rightarrow x = \frac{-b \pm \sqrt{b^2 - 4ac}}{2a}$$

$$\cdot e^x = \frac{2y \pm \sqrt{4y^2 - 4}}{2} = y \pm \sqrt{y^2 - 1}, \text{ but } e^x > 0,$$

$$\text{so } e^x = y + \sqrt{y^2 - 1}, \text{ but since if } e^a = b, a = \ln b,$$

$$\text{then } x = \ln |y + \sqrt{y^2 - 1}|, \text{ and since } y = \cosh x,$$

we switch x and y to get $\cosh^{-1} x$, so that

$$\cosh^{-1} x = \ln |x + \sqrt{x^2 - 1}|$$

② $\int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx \rightarrow$ let $x = 5 \cosh \theta$, so $dx = 5 \sinh \theta d\theta$, $\theta = \cosh^{-1}(\frac{x}{5})$
remembering the following identities:

$$\begin{cases} * \cosh^2 \theta - \sinh^2 \theta = 1 \\ * \sinh^2 \theta = \frac{\cosh 2\theta - 1}{2} \\ * \sinh 2\theta = 2 \sinh \theta \cosh \theta \end{cases}$$

$$\begin{aligned} \rightarrow & \int \sqrt{25 \cosh^2 \theta - 25} \cdot 5 \sinh \theta d\theta = 25 \int \sqrt{\cosh^2 \theta - 1} \cdot \sinh \theta d\theta \\ & = 25 \int \sinh^2 \theta d\theta = 25 \int \frac{\cosh 2\theta - 1}{2} d\theta = \frac{25}{2} \left[\int \cosh 2\theta d\theta - \int d\theta \right] \end{aligned}$$

$$(\text{and since } \int \cosh 2\theta d\theta = \frac{1}{2} \sinh 2\theta) = \frac{25}{2} \left[\frac{1}{2} (2 \sinh \theta \cosh \theta) - \theta \right]$$

$$(\text{and since } \sinh \theta = \sqrt{\cosh^2 \theta - 1}) = \frac{25}{2} \left[\sqrt{\cosh^2 \theta - 1} \cdot \cosh \theta - \theta \right]$$

$$(\text{and since } \theta = \cosh^{-1}(\frac{x}{5})) = \frac{25}{2} \left[\sqrt{\cosh^2(\cosh^{-1}(\frac{x}{5})) - 1} \cdot \cosh(\cosh^{-1}(\frac{x}{5})) - \cosh^{-1}(\frac{x}{5}) \right]$$

$$\text{then, } \rightarrow \frac{25}{2} \left[\left(\sqrt{\left(\frac{x}{5}\right)^2 - 1} \cdot \frac{x}{5} \right) - \cosh^{-1}\left(\frac{x}{5}\right) \right] + C = \int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx$$

$$\text{and since, from step 1, } \cosh^{-1} x = \ln |x + \sqrt{x^2 - 1}|, \text{ then } \cosh^{-1}\left(\frac{x}{5}\right) = \ln \left| \frac{x}{5} + \sqrt{\left(\frac{x}{5}\right)^2 - 1} \right|$$

$$\int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx = \frac{25}{2} \left[\left(\sqrt{\frac{x^2}{25} - 1} \cdot \frac{x}{5} \right) - \ln \left| \frac{x}{5} + \sqrt{\frac{x^2}{25} - 1} \right| \right] + C$$

$$= \frac{25}{2} \left[\frac{1}{5} (1 \cdot \sqrt{x^2 - 25}) \cdot \frac{x}{5} - \ln \left| \frac{x}{5} + \frac{1}{5} \sqrt{x^2 - 25} \right| \right] + C$$

$$= \frac{25}{2} \left[\frac{1}{25} \cdot x \sqrt{x^2 - 25} - \ln \left| x + \sqrt{x^2 - 25} \right| - \ln 5 \right] + C$$

and $\ln 5$ being absorbed by the constant,

$$\int \sqrt{x^2 - 25} dx = \frac{x \sqrt{x^2 - 25} - 25 \ln |x + \sqrt{x^2 - 25}|}{2} + C$$



Recognition

by Haley Ford

I realized I would live and die here. Maybe not here, at the intersection of 25th and L, but somewhere near here—at least on this earth. Hospitals turn into apartment buildings and people don't stay in one place long enough to know it. The recognition of everything had gone stale. People only cared where they were walking long enough to get them where they were going. More business women passed us from behind on the tight sidewalks than we passed crossing the street. Maybe we never passed each other, I can't remember. I laughed loudly a few times and was greeted with faces of stern surprise. Well-dressed, effortless people morphed together in the masses, going home to children or bars. It started to pour and they huddled under the awnings of places they had never eaten in and will never enter, pretending to read the menu and glancing anxiously at the sky. The street steamed with summer heat, evaporating rain. I felt sticky all over.

Were we like them? Briskly jaywalking to our meeting place, ignoring the signs and architecture above. We looked more at our feet than the sky, escaping the multitude of strangers looking into our faces. Locals never look to the tops of the skyscrapers. It's seen as unacceptable to stop and take a picture of some man-made icon of capitalism towering in the sky. Conformist after conformist brushing our shoulders and making peace with the race of time. I caught my reflection more than once in the shop fronts. Once I turned to look at my own reflection in an office window and saw a man at a desk staring back at me. We are not faceless. We are not unrecognizable in this place with no soil and obstructed sky. We are all the more lovely in the concrete playground we've made. But there is no one dancing in the streets, letting their silk ties be soiled by the rain. There were money and politics and unfinished projects to be discussed. Silence seem savored by those who walked alone. One could walk several blocks next to a person you've never seen and will never see again, never saying a word or looking up at them.

Yet, there she was again—before, we had walked in opposing directions and now, two hours later, she was three seconds ahead, crossing the street before the light changed. I watched her, the emblem of recognition, with the intent to follow only as far as my destination would take me. And I remember her now, knowing her only in this place, when she is most certainly focused on another, more distant destination.





Pleasure Shrimp

by Patrick Turley

In an effort to increase the pleasure in the world Monsanto designs a bioengineered shrimp variant, whose head is always itching but whose tail is able to constantly scratch the itch. This "pleasure shrimp" obviously generates an obscene amount of pleasure for itself, and it was theorized by Monsanto's in-house bioethics board that massive amounts of pleasure in an organism had the potential to "spill out" and affect those in its surroundings.

Initial tests proved dangerous, especially the first instance of human submersion in a pleasure shrimp tank which led to the subject's body being wracked by wave after wave of climaxes for nearly an hour. With modified protocol for human exposure following that event, great finds were made with only the occasional freak accident endangering test subjects.

Activities in the breeding room were found to simply be "more fun." This effect was observed not only in experiments, but also in anyone who happened to be in the room while the tanks were uncovered. Feelings of anxiety, boredom, irritability, self-hatred, and negative thinking were replaced by a relaxed sense of simply being in the moment and enjoying it. The initially open lab had to be restricted to essential personnel, as the breeding room became the unofficial break room for the entire company very shortly after its properties were discovered. The crowding agitated the shrimp causing the projected positive mindset to accelerate into racing thoughts, paranoid thinking, delusions of persecution and/or grandeur, and feelings of invincibility. This brief period was later called "the feeding frenzy," when nearly the entire company gathered at every opportunity they could find, leading to so many incredibly bizarre interactions that retellings of those events still make up the majority of in-house gossip at Monsanto today. Rumors of orgies in the shadows of breeding tanks, no holds barred fist fights without any animosity, and worst of all for a white collar workplace, the inability to express anything other than what one truly and sincerely feels, especially towards one's superiors.

The event itself lasted a single workday, though with the natural warping of an individual's perception of time and markedly accelerated reaction times, the feeding frenzy stands in the minds of employees who were induced as a bacchanal that lasted days without sleep or eating (besides the occasional furtively consumed pleasure shrimp, the poaching of which by some present would produce its own cascade of events in the coming months).

Untitled #1

by Victoria Lockamy

i've been trying to make art, but i
need to ask god what kind of paint he used
because i've worked for months on
the sky in april
the pools in your eyes
the gravity of the moon
it only took him six days

Untitled #2

by Victoria Lockamy

when God abandoned Man	
He left them	
with	Nothing
	which consumed
their souls until	
they were but	reflections
	in still water
perfect mirrors of Glory	
unless shaken or stirred	

but even the stillest days afford themselves gentle breezes



The Altercation

by R. M. Goad

We speak in steel
beams, cables
and concrete—

our words fling
like space debris.

Chests puffed,
we are huffing at
brickless walls,

watching chalky
rubble settle 'round.

But we are humans!
But we are engineers!

Tired of mendless commotion,
our mouths lose motion

but the metals croak,
pining for communion.

And we are weary
so we sate the plea—

Why don't we build a bridge?
Why don't we build a bridge?

Chest-deep in provisions,
we begin with one word:

consider

The overpass ripens as
our sweat pools beneath,

and we wonder what

we would have had
left to bequeath if
we'd never started
building bridges.

Or would we
ever have been?

And however would these muscles ache?
And however would this
skin?

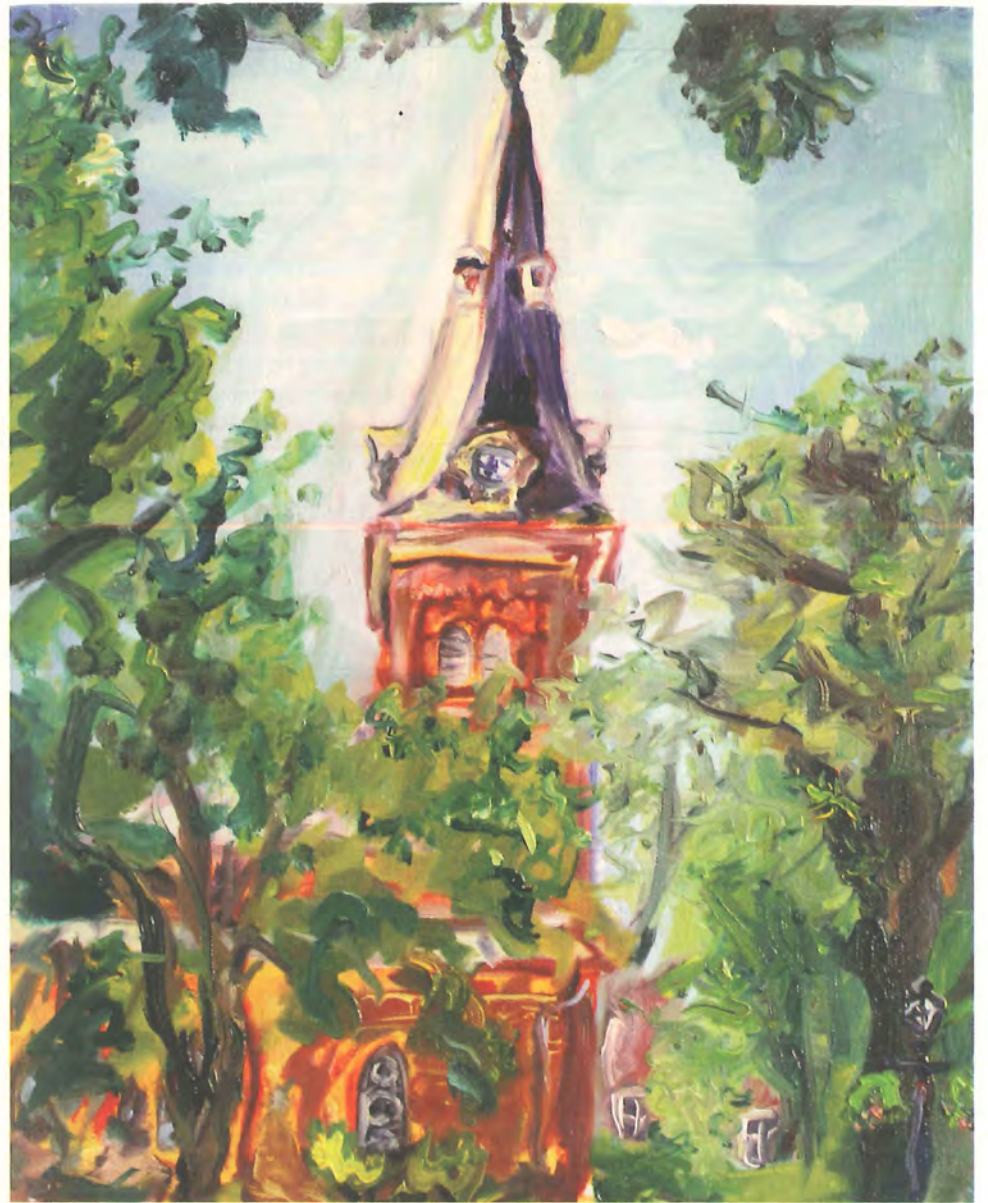
Reach

by R. M. Goad

Pattering fingertips at the topmost shelf,
posture bulkened with the strain:
perpendicular feet.

This is the closest I'll be to instability,
but for the ones with bigger universes,
their ballet.

Quivering kneecaps call me home—
the question must be further back—
dusty hands retreat.





The Story of the Sane King

by Arthur Kohn

Once upon a time, there was a kingdom ruled by a loving and beloved King. He ruled his subjects kindly and thought of each of them as a child. Likewise, his people fondly regarded their King as another father. Every subject within the King's domain knew that they could approach their leader with any concern and he would listen to them with open ears and judge them fairly. Everything was peaceful and perfect.

However; one day, the King received word that the tyrannical empire across the mountains wished to conquer his kingdom and enslave his people. Terrified by this news and thinking only of his people the King decided to traverse the mountains and reason with the unreasonable emperor that threatened the lives of his subjects—his children. He left that afternoon.

Yet soon after the King left, spies from the empire across the mountains infiltrated the peaceful kingdom and poisoned the water supply. Not with deadly toxins but with potent potions of madness. Not long after, the entire kingdom was frantic and corrupted with lunacy. People poured over each other and brawls ended as sporadically as they had begun. No one cared anymore for the sanctity of their realm, they only worried about themselves and their own private delusions.

Once the King returned triumphant, having successfully bargained peace for his people, he was horrified to see the chaos and corruption that madness devolved his kingdom to. But when he reclaimed his throne, his subjects—his children no longer trusted him. No one felt like their once mighty king was fit to rule. He no longer seemed to understand their problems like he once had. They all thought him mad. For the sane, in the city of madness, is truly the insane.

Until the King had found every medic, he searched across the globe for a cure for the plague of madness brought upon his land. He offered all the wealth of the kingdom to anyone who could cure his people. No one could. For madness, as you know, is incurable. Devastated, the King returned to his chamber and looked out his window at his once majestic dominion. He saw the people scurry about frantic and carefree. But in that moment he realized that although they were mad, his people were content. This thought comforted him and brought him peace for the night.

In the morning when the King woke he noticed a bottle on his desk. The bottle contained a liquid as black and thick as death itself. Beside the bottle lay a note scratched onto an old and worn out piece of parchment which read:

*Run, be free, and let your people die;
drink and join your people in madness and in death;
cross the mountains, be a slave, and your people will live.*

The King thought long and hard, weighing each option fully. He knew that if he ran

he would live but his people would suffer the wrath of the tyrant across the mountains; he hoped that if he drank the liquid he would once again regain the love and trust of his people— even if they were all to die; and he prayed that if he sold himself to slavery that the tyrant would keep his word. The King realized he could not win, and so he chose.

He chose to be a slave and live his life serving the man who condemned his subjects— his children. Every day he wondered if they were still alive. Every day he wondered if they were still happy. And every day he wondered if he made the right decision. Secretly, he knew he didn't.



Rehearsal

by *Elaina Bowman*

I lick the skin peeling from my fingers. I imagine licking correctly, I rehearse it. I'm very thoughtful.

Then

I pour a cup of warm milk on my navel.

Anyway

She's fortunate to get to know the people she's about to hurt.

So[,]

Sing a cheap ad to me, I could change my relationship with myself. I have this odd gift of noticing the hot beauty and ugliness of everyone I glance at. I can see someone's overbearing nose, I can appreciate the veins in their hands, below their jawline. I can love the sickness, I can hate it. I see goblins and I see angels in white and plaid. I believe I'm not controlling this action, I believe I am not a literal being. I see her drawing lines and moving her glasses back into a more punctuate position.

But

We're just

Kids

ripping the wings off an outcasted dove.





Cosmic Egg

by Timon Luo

We all know the Cosmic Egg came first,
Cracked in two crowns, heaven and earth
The winged God from his broken shell began
To shape the mountains and the rivers and
Mold sacred life with His holy feathers

The Winged One made the first creatures from dirt
Meek little beings with no legs nor wings
Things which swam in water and crawled in earth
Then He crafted the worthier creatures—
Great beasts, and foremost among them—Humans
These monstrous tree-like, thick-legged bodies
Towered over Earth and rivaled mountains
Instead of wings or feathers He gave them
Strength beyond measure, and claws they called hands
To work, and build, at the Winged One's pleasure

"I trust you with my creation," said He
"Keep pure the waters, guard their sanctity
This abode is yours to own forever,
Stewards of the Earth, if you can keep her."

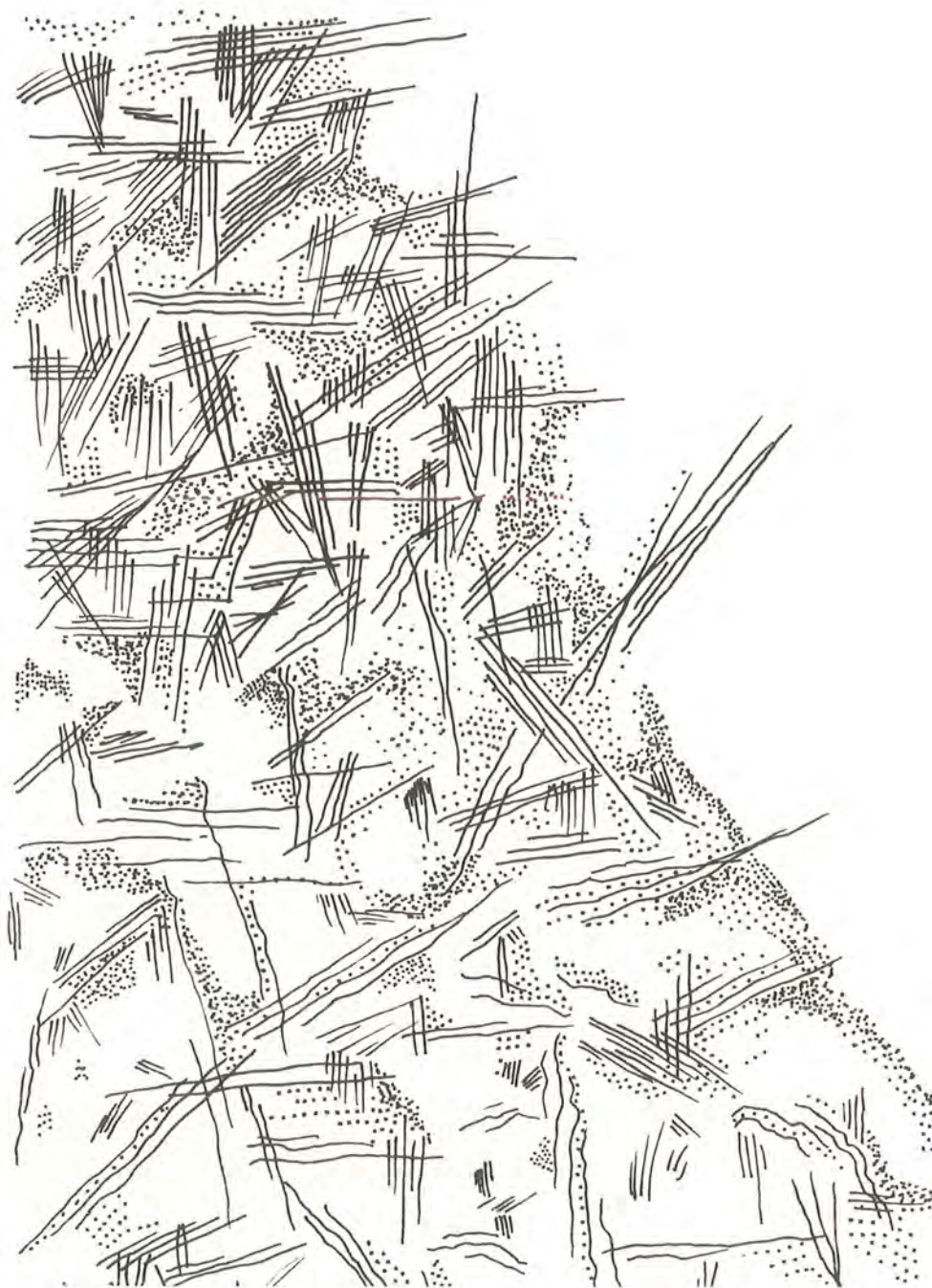
But with monstrous power came monstrous pride
Strong bodies gave way to greed and weak minds
Men disobeyed the winged God's commandments,
Calling themselves gods, master and sovereign
As they held the power of destruction
To rip trees like limbs from Earth's blessed flesh,
Divert rivers, raise mountains in flat fields,
And scar the visage of God's creation.

Lust unbound, humans tore apart the Earth
Then, insatiable, turned on each other
The Human, the beast, forgot all kinship
Ripped limbs like trees from their bloody soil
Waged war to massacre and to destroy
Killed in cruelty what they held dear before
Till no human walked the Earth anymore.

Standing on silenced, smoking battlefields,
A remorseful God viewed the emptied Earth
And vowed to raise up a worthier race.

So then God made us, winged and feathered folk
Made in His image: wings, blue bars, and all
For now the Pigeon rules Earth and heaven
After the humans' folly sealed their fall!

N.B.: This poem is a creation myth told from the perspective of a fantastical pigeon civilization; there are intentional parallels to Genesis as well as to "world egg"-type myths. Ultimately the story is not about pigeons, who are now the dominant species in this version of Earth, at all, but rather the semi-mythical beast that precedes them, humans.



A Promenade by Olivia Frawley

Meandering and whistling, down the lane
And in the sun, among the trees, full bright,
With jaunty tunes in handsome throats, alight
With cheer and drunk with Spring in their domain,
They come to dance and sing out of the night.
The gentlemen parade their costumes fair
And catch the ladies' eyes with well-coiffed hair;
In turn, the ladies tease them with their flight.
If one does chance to see this gay affair,
The feminine apparel may surprise
For though their songs be brilliant at sunrise,
Somber and dusky are the clothes they wear.
Thus do the Cardinals and Swallows all,
Take to themselves dark wives before the Fall.

Stufen

by Hermann Hesse (*translation right*)

Wie jede Blüte welkt und jede Jugend
Dem Alter weicht, blüht jede Lebensstufe,
Blüht jede Weisheit auch und jede Tugend
Zu ihrer Zeit und darf nicht ewig dauern.
Es muß das Herz bei jedem Lebensrufe
Bereit zum Abschied sein und Neubeginne,
Um sich in Tapferkeit und ohne Trauern
In andre, neue Bindungen zu geben.
Und jedem Anfang wohnt ein Zauber inne,
Der uns beschützt und der uns hilft, zu leben.

Wir sollen heiter Raum um Raum durchschreiten,
An keinem wie an einer Heimat hängen,
Der Weltgeist will nicht fesseln uns und engen,
Er will uns Stuf' um Stufe heben, weiten.
Kaum sind wir heimisch einem Lebenskreise
Und traulich eingewohnt, so droht Erschlaffen,
Nur wer bereit zu Aufbruch ist und Reise,
Mag lähmender Gewöhnung sich entrafen.

Es wird vielleicht auch noch die Todesstunde
Uns neuen Räumen jung entgegen senden,
Des Lebens Ruf an uns wird niemals enden...
Wohlan denn, Herz, nimm Abschied und gesunde!

Stages

translated by Jonathan Llovet

As each blossom wilts and every youth gives way
To old age, so blossoms each of life's stages,
So blooms each wisdom too and every virtue
In its time, and forever it cannot stay.
The heart, it must, at each of life's callings be
Ready for parting and for new beginnings,
So that with bravery and without mourning
It can give itself to new, other bindings.
And in each beginning there dwells a magic
That protects us and that helps us in living.

We should take our strides with cheer from place to place,
On none of them should we hang as on a home.
The World Spirit wants not to bind us down fast;
It wants to raise us from stage to stage - widen.
Scarce are we by nature set one scope of life,
Nor so snugly set - that would bring withering;
Only who is ready to break and travel
May bring feebler habits to their fulfilling.

On top of all this, it may be that death's hours
Send us young and unwilling to new places:
Life's call to us will never come to an end...
Come then, my Heart, take your leave and recover!



NOTICES¹

From a Wearied Wary Traveller Concerning the *Infamous and Obscure* Valley of Noise

One must speak and step particularly softly in the Valley of Noise, for such disturbances are generally held to be forbidden there. Conversations held at a whisper are permitted, but talk above that level is carried out at peril.

The Valley of Noise is not a somber place, but it is a quiet and solitudinal one. It behooves one to be earnest there. By *earnest* is meant seriously considerate and thoughtful adherence to oneself. The skies are full of grey, and the land is dewy grassy cliffs.

The Valley of Noise is not a terrifically social place. Interactions will and ought to be simple and short, not to exceed more than three or four moments. This is not to say that there is no LOVE in the Valley of Noise—on the contrary it is perhaps the most precious container of LOVE—but there is most definitely a lack of hatred and scorn.

Arriving at the Valley of Noise is no great ordeal, once one actually sets out. It is a journey somewhat less than thirty-five moments, depending on the course chosen. The Valley itself is some seventy or eighty moments long, and about fifty three moments wide at its widest point. These distances are misleading, however, as there are a great number of trails and alcoves which extend one's moments to, in some cases, hundreds more than would be expected.

So far as has been seen, the only animal life in the whole of the Valley of Noise is domestic, excluding of course the INCOMPREHENSIBLE being who resides there. The LAIR of that being is hidden from all eyes, but the presence of its silent ROAR is felt at every place.

Agriculture of all kinds is unheard of by the inhabitants, although they are by unknown means supplied with berries and some nuts. Bread is a curiosity in the Valley of Noise, but largely unadored.

The LABYRINTH, or EFKALI, of histories and legends being connected to the Valley, is not known by the inhabitants, nor is there any evidence of its existence in any other form. It is most likely that it did never exist. Surmises that EFKALI is one and the same with the LAIR are absurd. This can be gathered merely from reading the various accounts of each.

¹ First published anonymously c. 1432 Falliad, in *The Gazetteer of Thoughtfulness*, Vol. 345, P. 12. It is widely believed to be published by Lord Thiolli immediately following his third expedition.





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