

ZENIADA



SPRING 2020

ZENIADA

POETRY & ART MAGAZINE

Johns Hopkins University

ZENIADA seeks poetry that TALKS HARD and art that CURLS
the floorboards like smoke billowing from the mouth of a small
god and SMACKS like 5 gum and a mean girl's SLAP.

Cover art: The Swimmer by Michael Harper.

SPRING 2020

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keeping the candle lit

the lawn chairs—once-white, the kind
with the sloped tops—are not pews, but
they still face the Rabbi standing at the
makeshift Bimah, no Torah,
only the printer paper he gave us.
through the glass wall of the dirty gym
basement parallel to the cracking plastic
chairs is a man who looks as worn
as the prayers we are reciting, his arms
perfectly windmilling his way up and down
the length of the pool. and up again.

we rise to meet the Sabbath bride, facing east:
a weight room. a workout machine with black
levers is between me and Jerusalem. i know these songs
from somewhere; even though my lips cannot form
the words fast enough, my brain is remembering
the melodies, fishing them from—

goosebumps spring along my neck, probably a draft
from the pool, a thick fume of chlorine. i shiver. this is
what it is like to experience God for the first time—some
ancestor
whisper-singing into my ear, having somehow found
me in this back-corner congregation of lawn chairs,
between the old man and the ellipticals.

ANYA SCHWARTZ



ASHLEY MARTÍNEZ RIVERA, STIGMATA

Monkey Bars

Short limbs bide their time,
kicking at air while the boys
wait

Each steel bar marks a start
and a finish, and in between:
space

Below, bored eyes circle the spot
where bets get made and seconds get
slow

and breath comes out in heavy
clouds, showering casual venom
like

shit and fuck and fuckin' shit and
this better be funny at least, cause it's funny
to bet on a three-legged horse,

all flung up at the girl who
blots out their sun, who doesn't
hear

She casts a line, soft palm
breaching the squared sky,
blue

blue is what she sees,
all she sees, as she lets
go

Her line goes slack and
in one perfect moment
the poles have flipped and
the sky is made of saltwater but
then she recalls the ocean is more
brownish-green

The boys didn't see nothing,
they say, or hear the snap of
bone on rubber mulch. How
could they, over the school bell.

PAIGE MAULTSBY

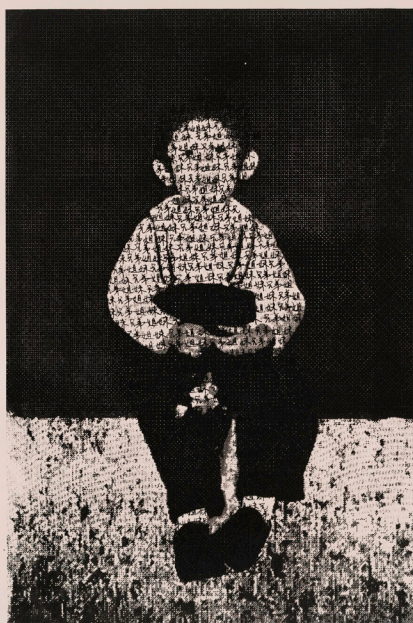


SUMMER D'AMATO, WINDOWS, DOORS AND PORTALS TO THE EMOTION,
THROUGH THE FOREST

mom Guinea Pig

mom Guinea Pig is huddled under a green hut
thinks she is safe thinks that swooping birds
cannot see her thinks that her life is extension
of extension because of a green plastic dome.
her bean body emerges to be fed always to
lick her baby's ears to rub nose to nose to
say *you are mine* to steal from, Guinea Pig
chomps cabbage catered by baby's cherub mind.
human extends carrot finger like peace offering
says *eat me if you want*, for human wants to
to know what it means to be part of the herd
to popcorn instead of walk to live just eight
years to birth your being at just four months
to eat lettuce leaves like life to be tamed
with a wild heart. in this herd, baby is baby
like mom is mom and human is big Guinea Pig
mom rumble-struts like new language like
tyranny is over in cage that is world is herd
is exchanged grains is wheat for hay, like
mom is mom can take care of everyone
can fear swooping birds for us will dedicate
sweet cooes says *you are mine* says *world is life*
says *life without a herd is not life at all.*

ELLY SALAH



SHUAI YANG, ONE CHILD I



SHUAI YANG, MOM, CAN I HAVE A BROTHER? IV

Meditations on Bridges

Italicized lines come from Sounds of Crossing: Music, Migration, and the Aural Poetics of Huapango Arribeño by Alex Chávez, a poster from the movie Labyrinth (1986), and a fortune cookie, respectively.

*A bridge is a connection called up by desire.
And when we are together, we are endlessly calling up,
letting spun iron grow between our ribs,
Golden Gates proliferating on our lips.*

*The way forward is sometimes the way back,
the bridges whisper as we lattice our fingers,
and we hold those words on our tongues
as we cross, back and forth, the span of the spine.*

*Stop searching forever, happiness is just next to you,
it is just across the stone arch of your jawbone,
just across the overpass of your thigh,
just across, and so I am always crossing.*

ALENA COLEMAN



SABRINA GODIN, SURVIVOR ONE

A Sonnet to Take it Out of its Misery

Last January my brother killed the family dog with a soil-dulled shovel.
Its skull cracked wide open like a watermelon, flaunting us its steaming insides.
"The ground's too cold," he said and sure enough, there it was
the whole mess, pooling out and sitting in a layer above the ice-packed dirt.
After dinner he cried when he thought nobody could hear,
as I lay some feet away in my bed, slowing my breathing so he wouldn't notice.
It was sadder somehow than watching the dog die, listening to the gentle shudders.

A couple of months later I sat inside the kitchen with an ear to the window,
as he told the story to three of his buddies, zit-faced and adolescent,
telling them how the crack was loud as all hell and how scared it had looked.
These things were not untrue and I did remember the thing in misery,
the deep sadness in my brother's eyes as he hit it again, like he could somehow smell
the grubby fistfuls of mashed potato he used to feed it under the table.

ALISSA NALEWAJKO

CONTRIBUTORS

ALENA COLEMAN grew up in New Harmony, Indiana, and studies English and Spanish at the University of Notre Dame. Her work has appeared in *Juggler* and *Re:Visions*.

SUMMER D'AMATO is a multimedia printmaking artist based in Boston at Massachusetts College of Art and Design. Through abstract landscapes and bright colors, she explores the inaccessibility of emotions within humans and the sacredness that comes with intimacy. She values these concepts because with emotional intimacy comes human connection; something that is very valuable to keeping the human soul alive.

SABRINA GODIN is a photojournalism student studying at Corcoran School of Art and Design at George Washington University. She is originally from Glendale, Rhode Island, and often makes work about social issues.

MICHAEL HARPER studies art history at Johns Hopkins University. He does not like to be called an artist, but he does make art. Art history, poetry, and the avant-garde are very important to his work, studies, and life.

ASHLEY MARTNEZ RIVERA is a Puerto Rican artist living in Boston. After Hurricane Maria, she began studying painting and graduates this year from Massachusetts College of Art and Design. She makes figurative work and her themes frequently revolve around faith and the unknown.

PAIGE MAULTSBY is a freshman pursuing a double major in English and Writing Seminars at Johns Hopkins University. She hails from Summit, New Jersey.

CONTRIBUTORS

ALISSA NALEWAJKO enjoys exploring persona and themes of family through poetry. She is from Boise, Idaho and spends almost all her free time in rivers or mountains. She studies Public Policy and Creative Writing at Princeton University.

ELLY SALAH studies Creative Writing at the University of Michigan. In her free time, she loves playing with her guinea pigs and being with friends.

ANYA SCHWARTZ is a student at Goucher College studying Creative Writing and Mathematics. She is from Brooklyn, New York. Anya likes lavender flavored candy and button-up shirts that are too big for her.

SHUAI YANG studies printmaking at Massachusetts College of Art and Design and anticipates receiving a Master of Fine Arts degree from Rhode Island School of Design in 2022. Shuai is a recipient of several artist awards, including the ColArt America Paper Award and Massachusetts College of Art and Design's Vice President Award. Recent exhibitions of Shuai's work involve the Massachusetts Eye and Ear, Society of Arts and Crafts, Framingham State University, and The Stove Factory Gallery.

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