

ZENIADA



FALL 2018

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.

FALL 2018. Cover art by Lola Dupre.

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X = 6

Loose if: her?
So they say. "Her pink walls
come like Jesus crying."
Downpour, quiver, abrupt.
It's sweet sweet. "So we eat."
And fast—dogs before they

Lose her for
Good? Yes, till another
lost boy without presence
presents himself, naked,
nipples & all, darts past
like a roaring, flowing

Loose cypher
of men in a hotbox,
on the dividing line,
melting into themselves,
pepper paste, spam, & no
hope, only guns, & weeps.

JOSEPH JANG

Bosintang

In the summer

I shuffled

through the alleys:

backstreet Korea

with my family

Echoes of Bondage

in the wild

We passed

by faded Korean words

Remnants of God

The words saved us

thinking,

how raw

we had to take it

A single slice
Dog dressed as meat
listened to the yelping
outside of the store
I opened my mouth wide,
licked the walls
and became God.

JOSEPH JANG

On Aging Love After Dark

Their dark bodies
Move away from each other
Through darkness. The wife
Salts her pillow
As she would bland meat. Her

Tears thick as honey
And thickening as husband snores,
As gravity drags on,
Drags love to the toes—
Hard to reach. Once,

Love lived
In her rib cage
And broke her bones,
Sent her down a hill with no brakes.
Once,

Her womb held
The start
Of a narrative.
Once, she was god—
Giving Life. Now,

She turns
To her husband,
Murmurs, "You are a chair
In snow.
I am a poem."

And she knows
He is dreaming
Of breakfast
While she mumbles nonsense
In the night. Love

Lives
In the empty spaces
And borrows from itself,
Like hunger
Eating the body.

CHLOE FORD

Mary Celeste

Swell below my intestines,
break, regroup, rise again;

gurgling hunger rends the night;
desperate hunger shakes the sky

up, down, tossed this way by
fate, tossed that way by

a misplaced heartbeat, a misjudged
destination. Intestine swell,

stomach turn, belly of the beast:
the temper-tossed waves.

Calm me, tell the sea:
recalculate the stars, recalibrate

the senses. Misjudged, ill-placed
faith, in these treacherous waters

from shore to endless horizon,
falling off the edge of the world

shrinking into the distance,
convulsing, converging. We took

this path in error, we took
an empty ship into

overflowing sensation. Creaking
timber, swelling sails, lifeboat

splashes—plunges us
together into history.

Squeezing hands, thrashing
dreams; bear west

onward to the unknown, swells
stretching & imploding into

water drops on
chapped skin.

MARISCA PICHETTE

āḷ pāti, āḷai pāti

the person is half, the clothing is half

She is screaming into the night.
Brushing her teeth with concrete, salting the roads
as she cries out for them

to hear, to stop and pick up the things
that they have dropped.

Broken glass bites into their fingers, salivating blood.
Pick up the pieces, *pick up your pieces.*

But they would rather move their feet as they always have
and it is so much easier, they breathe.

Walk towards the hills stoned with ruby eyes, wring out
the day's words so they do not stain the white.

ABBAY GREEN

Flooding

Press my waves
of tears to your hipbone
as flowers to an
antiqued page till
hope rises in my
throat like a bile
in these

the hopeless times

somewhere a gull
calls restless coastlines
and brackish rocks
some kind of
home
as this home body
tears itself
open on
tetrad barnacles

here foghorns echo
guttural screams
skywards
invisible voices
crashing in the
tremolo tides
we are told these
our bodies are sacred,
not photographs
to be exposed, not
rooms to be entered
unannounced
unmasked by those
same lying prayerful lips

we recraft ourselves
in constellations
so that only the gods
can contradict
our starlit edicts

rushing over pebbles
consummating
this rigid terror
consuming this
wreckage in
salt-sprayed
choruses of

me too me too
me too

me too

JOHANNA BEAR

Sunburn in Tunis

As it dawned on our little deaths
ending our maunder in the barren air
Zarathustra, inclined on my side—
And my head on his lap—
thus spake his secret.

Pouring stream of his fat tongue
like silkened sand of a wake
so gratuitous— science at once
overcoming. The same sand
vanishing oases, feeding dunes

Like those on his daybreak amber back.
Glowing warm under rapacious abounding stars, my eyes
Follow ten disciples
Into valleys deep.

“Deep, and abandon
is our affirming. May it recur
ceaselessly.” As his spine and symbols, lean—pointedly
To a descent fitful and lined green,
A forest path. So, barefooted,
I began

The blooms and thistles, and splintering sprigs
Of human anguish tugged my sole, its skin holed
his secret? hallowed:
They have said it was me...
Un siciliano, uomo nudo, a Van Gloeden pastiche

But, look! Not at my bones natant in the southern seas:
In Lützen, that pit those ordinaries dug him in.
His shoulders, caught and rested my nape,
Still strong and straight
I never burdened him.

VICTOR EVANGELISTA

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHANNA BEAR is a student at Franklin and Marshall College.

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JOSEPH JANG studies English Writing and Philosophy at the University of Pittsburgh. His poems appear in *Three Rivers Review*.

MARISCA PICHETTE writes short and long fiction as well as poetry. She grew up in Deerfield, Massachusetts, with a passion for the woods and reading. Anyplace is home that has a cuppa and a cat, with a window to watch the weather change.

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