

### **She Who Collects Flowers**

Ricardo Zarate '13

“If I were young I’d flee this town  
I’d bury my dreams underground”

My nights alone with you are the greatest  
pleasure. You are vivid and quaint, charming,  
enduring and beautiful even in the cesspools of  
my memory. You are immaculate.

Inside the leaves of my book you mark  
a chapter, with ends a hue soft purple,  
like the flowers of the jacaranda tree  
which you loved to press and carry.

Romance tongues are borne to incessantly  
envelop words and bear them back  
to the womb of the human heart. Yours are  
no lost children, yours are too clumsy, too  
busy capturing life between their small  
fingers to be anything but wholly  
electrically alive.

There are times I don’t understand.  
Then again, it took you to remind me  
the heart has reasons the mind can’t understand.

### **Lost Moment**

Bryant Johnson '11

I collect my doubts  
In an iron pan:  
They jingle like maggots  
And smell like the rain.  
Lady Blue Bonnet  
Found herself a new man.  
Now I strut in the kitchen  
A blithering Cain.

To be a miser  
Hidebound and forlorn  
With gold in my coffer,  
A roomy old bed!  
To be much wiser  
In the gloom of the morn!  
For the promise of peanuts  
She’d get in my head.

Drink from the bottle  
Of loud crimson tides  
That drones out the ceiling  
And beats against glass.  
Drink with Delilah  
In a bucket of flies  
She had promised to clean you  
And bring you to Mass.

*The Quill*

Collecting

poetry pamphlet. december 2009.

### **The Bone Collector**

Alex Williams '10

Music plays  
to the mania in  
us—

Hear it not  
in melody?  
Lyrics?

Balance on string,  
delicate marionette,  
and strum—

Dance, tip-toe  
trapeze artist—

Gather the notes of these picked-at  
words—

### **Marble**

Zarine Alam '10

Fulsome winsome  
Perfect Orbs, a bountiful globular bulbous  
cluster.

*(Feel the curve on the fold of your tongue.)*

Counted, sorted, hoarded:

There was growth in the years that I spent on  
you.

### **Devolution**

Marissa Alioto '13

I am reclaiming myself  
From every word I've ever said  
From every problem I've ever fought  
From every dance I've ever danced  
From every life I've ever brushed.

I am reclaiming myself  
Walking the old familiar streets  
Picking bits off bushes where I snagged  
In sidewalk cracks I find wedged my beginnings.

Stealing me back is the ultimate burglary  
And the first thing to return is my vision  
Scales fall from my eyes and I step on them.

From state to state I trace my footsteps  
Imbibing what is rightfully mine  
My thoughts race back from where I abused  
them  
To join my pulsing core.

I am reclaiming myself  
I am sun  
Center  
I am putting myself together again

## *The Quill*

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Thank you to all who contributed their poetry.  
Please submit poetry and short prose for our next  
pamphlet.  
All submissions are judged anonymously.

The Quill

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