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 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
I am putting myself together again

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The Quill
Bowdoin’s Oldest and Only Literary Magazine
An annual collection of poetry, prose, and artwork
from Bowdoin Students, faculty/staff, and alumni.

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