

## Summer Feet

*Danny Chin '12*

My summer feet on the hot concrete  
feel the sharp stings of sun, of too  
many hours idly spent waiting.  
And the humid afternoons, lost to  
lackadaisical splendor under  
the shady cherry blossoms.  
They called for rain and thunder.  
For it would sweep away the daze,  
and free us from our lazy rest.  
So when the cool breeze stirred  
us, and beckoned the rain;  
we welcomed it willingly.  
It came, cleansing the hot concrete  
and dampening our t-shirts.  
I waded into the street as the  
puddles slowly collected,  
and my feet were reminded of the  
chill of another season long forgotten.

## Sobriety Song

*Robby Bitting '11*

White noise hum of traffic and wind  
The distant popping of tennis volleys or  
screendoors  
Chirping children  
And blended harmony of car alarms

## Untitled

*Anonymous*

No homo man--  
San francisco feels like home  
when I roam the asphalt on haight/ashbury.  
I don't hate anybody. Love, You're worried I said something bad, but I  
didn't say fag so take a drag and step back off my poetry man.  
Flap my gap-toothed mouth? No, I Open hope, open ears, hearts, and  
arms; expose and close focs of poetry and prose. alone, but nothing is  
set in stone, word don't break my bones- just weigh on my heart like a  
bag of brick and magic tricks. Count to six, six, six you pricks.

*The Quill*

concrete.

poetry pamphlet. february 2010.

## She

*Daisy Alioto '13*

“Well it’s been there for a few weeks now...”  
A hardened gesture toward the thing.  
What was it?  
Certainly not a deer, this shriveled mass  
Crumbled within the rapids  
Between a rock and a hard place.  
We had stopped to ford the canoes  
Just a few tough yards along the shore,  
Past the cabin where men in flannel and orange  
made hard gestures.  
Back afloat we clutched our oars  
Rowed in silence past the fallen doe  
(I always felt it had been a she)  
Silently contemplating  
(Saluting? Avoiding?)  
Bones and flesh in no order.  
**But my heart rushed**  
And wrapped in white tendrils impossible to beat  
back.  
I asked, if not aloud, why no one had moved the  
deer when the deed was fresh  
And the body was whole (sleeping) and the form  
was good.  
Why  
watch as the meat melts and the bones bleach  
neck sags and eyes rot  
How  
be satisfied to watch the decay  
Of Grace and Dignity  
Through eyes like concrete.

## Con Crete

*Onda Baxter '11*

Secrete secrets. Crete is an island in Greece.  
Ain’t never been, ain’t never goin’ to go.  
Goingtogo. Going Togo. Going strong.  
{*I’ve never been. Have you?*}

*If* our secrets came out of our pores like sweat...  
no one could keep them- theirs or their own. No  
one can anyhow. Why do we give each other our  
secrets? We might as well give our sweat.  
*Con.* You’ve been conned. It’s a con. Why are you  
surprised? Everyone loves a good con. As long as  
they aren’t the- what’s the word? The Mark, the  
Dupe.  
{*the Dope, rather.*}

Got the dope?  
So, back to those secrets.  
*Crete.* You ever wanted to go? Meet a Cretan? A  
*cretin?* Are you?  
Don’t seem it.  
*Con crete.* *To grow together.* To freeze apart. To glue,  
to hem, to haw.  
To mother-f’in’ *cobese.* Yeah, you know what I’m  
talkin’ about.  
Don’t give me *none of that.*  
*Crete’in.*

# *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.

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