

# The Quill

## Day-Long Poem #2

Each line in this poem was added by Bowdoin students, staff, and faculty passing through Smith Union on Tuesday, September 27<sup>th</sup>.

Be sure to check out the other two poems as well!

Thanks to all those who contributed.



The Quill is Bowdoin's oldest and only literary magazine.

We are now accepting submissions of poetry, prose, and artwork for our end-of-semester magazine. All submissions are reviewed anonymously.

Please send submissions to [quill@bowdoin.edu](mailto:quill@bowdoin.edu).

Passing through Scranton  
with my big baller hat on,  
Megatron  
Snackin' on popcorn  
Chilling with my snufflehorn  
While climbing up the Matterhorn,  
the snow covered summit was seen in  
the distance.

It's sad – he just missed it  
let slip through his fingers each small  
moment

The one thing he desired the most  
Was to land the pepper flip  
But it was a disaster and it landed on my  
friend's head

Who had a giant sweatshirt which was  
red

Peter Piper picked  
the sea route, hunting hidden gold  
running for the paths to treasures untold  
through thick and thin, through wet and  
cold

he wished he'd brought his towel  
South, beyond the wide margin  
Beyond the lines I once drew  
lies some truth that once was true  
within my worn out leather shoe

I traveled far and wide  
Yet not along the straight and narrow  
limbs stretching beyond –  
The terminus that marks the boundary  
of my being  
The vision that defines the meaning of  
my seeing  
I could grind to that  
Except you have no rhythm  
It's in your soul but not in your feet  
It's in your head but not in your bed  
It's of your heart but not of your part  
That your mind is lost to the eternal dark  
Without a decisive journey on which to  
embark.  
I lose pieces of myself going down dead  
ends  
Life sucks... it's a standard horse.  
Here's a monkey instead.  
He'll make you cry  
You know I like it.  
You know I loove it. <3