

The Quill

Day-Long Poem #3

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

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.

Whoever invented glitter was a genius
(and possibly a diabolical villain)
The idea came to him when on a bus
A shrieking noise filled the air, killing all
focus

Me head hums with the horrendous
hammering
of hustlers hustling by
and jabber willons sitting in the trees
sang their song to the best of their
abilities.

And afterward, standing (toes inward)
backstage

He stands He touts His lips He cannot
whistle because his teeth were knocked
out

The little boy woke up after his scary
dream

He wet the bed!

And people thought he had problems in
his head!

And perhaps, he was crazy.

Or maybe, he wanted to be lazy.

Or perhaps his name was simply Casey.

But likely, tomorrow, not.

I'll count the blinks of a thousand days

Until I'll earn your gaze

I will follow your every footstep

toward the dawn of every new day

We rush forward heads held high

Life is good Live for now

And never regret anything that made you
smile

Even if that smile lasted just a little
while.

It lit up your face with refreshing style
Deter Pavis

His sorrowful eyes looking forward

The sea, slowly rolling waves –

Rocks my boat swimmingly.

Back and forth, I feel the waves in my
sleep.

Winds, fore and aft, fore and aft
Aeolus, unbound and tempestuous,

fleeting and daft

Unfettered by earthly ties, ascension to
the clouds

How divine! For it is AFTERNOON in
Arizona

But it is another time somewhere else.

And you are far away.

between two ferns

nestled like a downy gosling

“Paint me like one of your French girls!”

And I'll show you the world

up-side-down

I'll show you fear in a handful of dust

Because I'm so fucking tired

Of scanning library articles.