

## The Quill

No pockets today –  
Too much stuff to carry  
Heavy backpack-laden day, no hours.  
The sunshine lightening my load  
I made my way down the narrow path  
But rather wished it was a wide, friendly road.  
It would help if people had legible handwriting!  
Your syntax is weak, but your diction is biting  
But your biting is harmless  
Though wonderful  
I still have my faults  
But the ninja has none  
Only one hand on his gun  
With bullets streaking by  
Like mayflies in the middle of June  
This poem is like the dirichlet functions, look it  
up and giggle,  
Said the hooded man to the firing squad  
Escapeworth instills merry doorjamb  
I will  
I accept!!  
I'll bring myself home on your ship  
Oh baby, we shall surely make it tip!  
The harvest of the moon is sweeter still  
Keep it down all night like a wet sloppy pill.

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Thank you to all who contributed their poetry. Please submit poetry and short prose for our final magazine. All submissions are judged anonymously. [quill@bowdoin.edu](mailto:quill@bowdoin.edu)

An annual collection of poetry, prose, and artwork from Bowdoin Students, faculty/staff, and alumni.  
<http://studorgs.bowdoin.edu/quill>

## day long poem

Where is that wonderful house you built?  
I looked for it last night, but I got lost.  
Caught up in the pounding waves of sleep  
I felt my mind crash against the jagged rocks  
And seagulls flew in ragged flocks  
Showering their poo all over the docks  
The children come in flocks  
Which seems to beg for biblical allusion  
For instance Lot, his faith based confusion  
'Tis Caesar that you mean, pardon the intrusion  
This isn't Rome, are we time-traveling?  
And the bookmark way no mark of booked  
heart  
But the secret sign of a ninja instead  
Comes like dead knocking on my exterior door  
Though I couldn't hear for my ears were packed  
with gauze  
I was never the same after that mill accident...  
The saw jumped up to meet the hand  
Bryant's eccentricities confound and instill fear  
into the hearts and minds of  
Bowdoin's masses.  
Bowdoin's asses?  
Such a phenomena would never thy back home!  
Such a subject would never agree with the verbs  
you spew!  
On a bed of rice I await you.

## The Quill

In like a lion, out like a lamb  
I like to eat out of my little jar of jam  
My name is Sam-Sam, a clam-clam I am  
I swim all day, picking up sand-sand.  
Wet footings gold in graceful RUIN  
Hop in cauldron with ballet shoes stewin'  
Cut-a -rug! The day's a' brewin'!  
Why erg myself? I'd rather be crewin'  
But the water's rough today  
Looking into the eye of a diamond, getting lost in  
its angles.  
Geometric like my ninth grade math class.  
I like the C-Store  
Because it has food  
And apples are my favorite kind of candy.  
That makes the trees of fall beautiful in fruition  
As autumn falls down the stairs  
And sun, from high mountain glares  
Pointed spires into the sparkling fire  
Of the Inferno circling in the Heavens above  
I wonder as I suck on starburst  
I abort these thoughts, like the little sister I never  
had,  
And dream of Carlo Davis and his beautiful mind.  
Where splendid thoughts emerge  
And laze around in the sun  
Top half warmed, holes pierced throughout,  
Like the speaker of an old phone. Submit.  
I'm empty.  
I'm spent  
The morning has broken in three  
The godly, the pre-formed and the excrement  
The reason, the reform and the enlightenment.  
Oh, so what!