

I'm by the mailboxes, come find me...

Bring a trash bag, some rope, and Ritz crackers.
The parrot through it sounded pretty suspicious.
So he acted on his thoughts with words of
vicious
The glint in his eye screamed: "delicious."
She say she like my dougie and thinks my swagga
is vicious
I am not writing something.
Faceless Orphan Babies
I tell them blue somethings and send them away
When I collect my cash—money on pay day
And retrieve my stealthy, chic days from my
bland, weekly ways,
When all else fails, you look into a mirror and
swath what is _____
with sometime that is _____,
She deftly maneuvered it into my _____.
Gullet, with grace
Mullet, with face
I see only the trace.
The trace of blueberry muffins.
Has me dreaming of shagging puffins
When it rains, it pours, and all I want to do is
snore,
But today it drizzles, in open defiance of my
third cup of coffee
And thus we said with merry hearts, dine with
my friends and bring in the farts
those old timers, so staid, so unyielding
chewing their prunes like cows, so methodically,
so slowly
I just come from lala land
oh the times of heat

Maybe we can incorporate the Torah,

gather around, polish the menorah
home is luck
and my luck is like
sometimes good, sometimes bad
when the rain falls on my head
I love alpaca wool gloves!
But alpacas themselves are WEIRD looking!
Bundles of hoof and teeth and fuzz
washing up over the spines of the ocean
poop
deal with it before you reach the door
take a roofie and you'll hit the floor
but take a shot of happiness and you'll soar
flying high you'll burn like never before
like Icarus flying into the sun
and then – unnoticed – falling
to the ground beneath the oak, hidden
in missed glances and lost breaths
the silence of lungs,
they cry of lambs
resound in my ears like a sweet, sweet melody
like the tunage of Styx, fantastically profound
so profound that the boatman of Hades paused
scratched a scarred chin, and said "Buh!"
chalk in my hand
fingerprints n my pants
from the night at the dance
a girl leaps across the floor
with the grace of a bumblebee
she circled over my smile and landed on my lips.
I'm turned on by dainty animals chewing in my
ear.
But I prefer them humming in the near.

The Quill

day long poem.

poetry pamphlet. november 2010.

She spelled 'soul' wrong

Unless she was not actually talking about feet.
The sky was gray and it began to sleet.
Lil Jon showed up and said, "Skeet skeet."
Everyone left.
But I stayed here watching
Thinking of what to say
and the wetness doesn't help my case
but sun
And warmth and breeze and dewfall
Erases the lingering traces of the numbing
coldness
The morning dew touched the sandy shores of
yellow.
Siempre hay algo bueno detrás del sol
Words whispered through the air, bringing
memories from forgotten places
The rain pounding against my face reminds me of
a Floridian summer day.
Oh the rain
Do you believe in forever
The rain falls on my parade
of dinosaurs & helium balloons to fall to cease
their sinking.

Miles below ground and miles above, into
eternity, they drift
like the clouds her voice that billowed over me
Billowy, like that cotton Rocky Dennis talks
about in that Cher movie
Oh, that cotton.
With his buxom queen
he jumped into bed, his body so lean
Sweaty fingertips on old-born hair
Hot Damn!
That's some real good potato fries
Unfortunately the salt hurts my eyes
But I love swimming in the ocean
not for the water, but for the salt
I knew this girl named Mika, and it was all her
fault
She told me her name was going to change, going
to change to Mike.
She was going to become a boy.
And I see you tonight, Art Garfunkel—
A name as melodious as the soft, sweet crooning
of your voice.

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