Ocean
Hannah Sturtevant ‘15

I hurl and hurl and hurl myself at you. You take and take and take and give and give and give. Yours is the language of the next wave—an eternally fulfilling promise, never fulfilled. Your words are omnipresent, always here and always there. Gone. Sometimes your poetry makes me cry but it always makes me laugh. Your language is cryptic—enigmatic. Alone and all-encompassing. You are the closest divinity I know and you speak a language of beautiful terror. I challenge you. I hurl and hurl and hurl myself at you. You take my screams, my tears, my fears, my fists, and give me salty hymns. Angels on high. Can’t you love me? Your language is inhuman + inhumane + I long for your fulfillment. I read your lyrics and listen to your chorus crash upon me. In my absence, you are my presence. I read your lips and I am reading my own lips, chapped with brine and whispering time. But what am I saying? Who am I? What language is my language? In the beginning, you are. *The sea speaks and only the young bear.* Beauty, Tragedy, and Eternity. I am not a poet but I shall sacrifice my soul to your pauses. You tell me all that I ever needed to know, and more than I can ever hear. I am complete and empty in your arms. A simple paradox. Each wave contradicts its antecedent. A straightforward paradox. Text, subtext, sand, salt. I cry always and I laugh always. A simple paradox. You are a word and a language and a poem and a poet. I cry your tears and taste my salt. Paradox in perfect harmony.

The Benefits of Staring at Flow
Emma Dickey ‘15

Fluid lingering over waterfalls. For listeners or watchers, forgetting latitudinous obstacles was fantastically labored on with fully languorous otiose words. Facing l’onde wistfully, frustrating logic oscillates west furtively leaving order waxing, for little obstructs water.

Sediments
Josh Zalinger ‘13

I spend every one of my days thinking of all the places I'll go beyond the rivers, oceans, and bays. Watching them ebb and flow. But come spring, the melting carves new trails drills chasms through dirt, stone, sand and mud. And now I sit in dusty memories thoroughly eroded by the flow of time.
Writer's Block Again
Hannah Cyrus '12

The air is still.
Not a breeze of fresh thought.
The lilacs in the door are finished blooming.
It smells hot.
Muggy. Buggy.
(Oh, no, at this rate there’ll be limericks in no time)
Why write?
Wry white paper sneers at me.
My desperation is like the weeds,
shriveling to nothing between chalky red patio bricks.
Maybe if you prime the pump, the water will come.

A Baptism
Danny Chin '12

rain-soaked futility:
condemned under
a collapsing ceiling
road stretches flooded,
funneling into obscurity

wayfarer meandering
amongst prodigal pour
curbside rivulets herding

submit to over-
spilling skies:
the cruel pound
now a more
welcoming wash

eyes close, palms open
imagine self, submerged

only briefly—
sobering sprays cleanse
tarnished surfaces,
revealing gleaming promise

The Quill

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