

## 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 hear.* 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 straight-forward 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.

The Quill

Flow

poetry pamphlet. october 2011.

### 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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Thank you to all who contributed their poetry.  
Please submit poetry for our next pamphlet.  
All submissions are reviewed anonymously.

### The Quill

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