

elegy, july
Erica Berry '14

recall the way salt
hailed itself along your lashes:
solite, absolute, beached
between your pleated brows.

teenagers porpoised
the coastline, you wanted
to stop their
slow burning.

driving home
radio failed us
so did the traffic.
spreadeagled windows:

raindrops collapsed
at your cheeks,
freshwater turned to
brine.

23 Lines to the Sea
Moriah Churchill '11

I read once that shutting your eyes against the sea
Is like trying to fight a giant with a safety pin.

It's too vast and insistent to imagine away.
The water imposes itself on you,
Demanding adoration with the freshness of the
wind
That it sends as a messenger to your hair,
Inciting a rebellion against all constraints,
And causing the now-tousled locks
To bend to every whim and pay no heed to
gravity.

The sea in its magnitude requires you to stop
before it.
It promises infinity. It serves it up
Piecemeal, with the roar of each relentless
breaker.
The rushing, rolling, hiss that whispers secrets
About eternity with the shingled rocks.

Why is infinity about never ending?
It ought to be about always going--
Always moving, always fresh as a fish
Before its eyes go dull.
Always fresh as a first plunge into numbing
water.

The ocean promises a thousand wonders,
And like a god, asks for nothing in return.
Nothing but the one thing
already given.

The Quill

Fresh

poetry pamphlet. september 2010.

Bear River Range

Danny Chin '12

Sage grass stirs in mountain breezes
swaying aspens greet the soon rising sun
as we march in tandem (dog in tow)
towards split tree lines revealing
balding peaks

A solitary hawk circles in currents
rising and falling with ease
I can't emulate in clunky
just-too-big boots
earthbound but scaling

Bristling grass scratches
brittle branches snap
dry from endless rainless days
and remind me why
so few living things surmount
the still rising slope

Heaving breathes replenish
only spirit with step after step
after slip
of rocky paths not marked not taken

And finally we can reflect
on the wrinkle-nosed
earth that scorns our
superior position

I devoured air two thousand miles new,
it tasted sweet.

You Are

Daisy Alioto '13

Too much
Not enough
Neck fat
(You like that?)
Railroad
Track tat
Approximate rhyme:
Deaf and dumb running back
You are
Freshwater
Dumbbell
Heavy weight
Champ
But not enough
Too much
Fresh
Man
Tramp.

Untitled

Zack Burton '14

I bite and I lick, I swirl my tongue,
Tastes so sweet, I can barely bring air into my
lungs,
Sparkling wetness in my mouth,
Such flavor from way down south,
Pangs of pleasure,
As I enjoy the greatest of treasures,
I tease with teeth, at the supple flesh,
And I finish my orange, oh so fresh.

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Thank you to all who contributed their poetry.
Please submit poetry and short prose for our next
pamphlet.
All submissions are judged anonymously.

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