

### Freudian Fall

Robby Bitting '11

Finally!  
Those beeches have begun to lose  
their clothes!

Leaves.

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Please submit poetry and short prose for our final magazine. All submissions are judged anonymously. [quill@bowdoin.edu](mailto:quill@bowdoin.edu)

### Decomposition II

Danny Chin '12

She taught kindergarten and knew  
each child's name on the first day so  
she could whisper to them in between  
sobs of missed mothers. Attentively,  
they recited rhymes — words, of no  
substance — to help them read and  
learn the names of things.  
Occasionally, she frets: forgets the  
cookies, on her kitchen counter, made  
fresh for the children, or that Brian's  
parents are Don and Jenny, not Ian's.  
She sweeps these worries aside, if only  
momentarily, for another comes along  
soon. They pile, slowly, like the dishes  
in her sink or the block towers in the  
corner of the classroom. Until one  
day, she loses her way, strangely,  
because she has walked this route  
three years now. She  
mutters that she needs more  
sleep, that tomorrow she  
will be on time,  
won't forget her way. Their  
names are different  
today not like any  
other, day. It is  
the keys she loses most  
daze leaving them on  
the counter piles  
dishes keys until she  
frets the names  
of things.

### Names, Dates, and Impossible Places

Daisy Alioto '13

We have a new dog  
Whose presence affirms an absence  
Dark furred yet symmetrical to what has left  
Easy to think of as a silhouette  
Easy to start in with the wrong syllable  
Feeling the letters of a name stop short  
On my tongue  
Bunch in a line  
Recede as I swallow, think  
Form the new call.

I wonder if my mother  
Even after the court appearances  
Dissolution  
Days spent among rent papers  
And outdated Kodak smiles  
Turns in the night to the hot shadow in her bed  
In half- sleep  
And whispers the wrong name.