

How to Die Unnaturally

Chad Attenborough '12

His boot rudely crushes the distilled leaves,
The sun amorously grazes his cheek,
And Nature's love prepares to embrace him,
The blood is flowing and he becomes weak.

His knees are sinking through frigid mud,
He attempts to clench warm blood in his fist,
Orange autumn winds caress his burning flesh,
The mind ascends deeper into the mist.

Her hair smells of violets,
Her skin tastes sweet as nectar,
Her eyes shine with the desert stars,
We plummet to the earth as eagles,
Our hearts beat in sync.

Ice water penetrates his cavity,
The metal disrupted his natural chest,
His eyes see blackness, his breath collapses,
In the river will forever rest.

How to Build a Prison in Your Free Time

Bryant Johnson '11

Little girls are made of wire
They know not what to do
They twist and bend their little hearts
And with each bend they grew
Until their heart's an iron cage
And they are women coy
But to what expense it's been
On every little boy?

Little boys are made of string
They're fond of hangman's noose
They tie them tight on everything
With spirits coy and loose
Until they wring round yonder neck
Strings of beads and pearls
Oh, how much weight it is
On every little girl?

How To Ruin a Landscape

Robby Bitting '11

All the pretty scenes
seen while highway driving
have highways in them

Quill

The

How To

poetry pamphlet. november 2009.

(how to) release

Danny Chin '12

i.

Neglect these worries, bury them deep within,
and
allow for the passing of time. Until,
the inchoate sentiments take tangible form
and fleeting matters loom.

ii.

But resist, and ruminate on
outcomes undesired, on the ever-
reshaping possibilities (for success or failure);
such that the suppressed becomes oppressing.
Once stricken by this voracious mass,
it is time to act.

iii.

Speak! Give form to these thoughts,
or they will remain imprecise;
emote, and cede these reservations,
once tightly bound,
to achieve freedom of thought.
And arrive at hollowness.

How to hold her little hand?

Salma Berrada '12

They say His hand is perceptible
in all human things
and yet imperceptible everyday
in her concern with playthings
I am, not there
to hold her hand in mine, still,

Just the same, His hand has a shadow
hiding schemes hatched up
and perhaps it is not
merely that I dream daily
in the still of nighttime
so tactile the trembling lightness
of her little hand held tightly in mine
and in me this frail feeling, still

like a little bird upon my palm,
remembrance of her lingers
as I hold her hand somehow, still.

Untitled

Zarine Alam '10

Let that gloom steal over -
Retire all hope, all keenest desire;
Settle into what is already prone,
Breathing heavily, breathing loudly and alone.
Just calm, - sigh,
And you may step daintily out of whatever is now
And rest easy, knowing that you will begin again.

The Quill

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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.

The Quill

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