

History Lesson

Bryant Johnson '11

The first natural calamity
happens early, when alone
in the playroom beside the dead
eyed animals in the toy-chest
you know god doesn't give a damn.
The second natural calamity
happens a little later on, when alone
in your dorm-room with a cold draft
playing with your wounded lung
like a banshee on her accordion
you know the world doesn't give a damn
- the dirty rat.
But when the first personal tragedy
Happens, you don't remember when,
when at your invisible buddy's shoulder
you tap, he turns around, and, politely,
with great polish and equipoise,
and murderous levity,
pretends not to know your name.

My Imaginary Friend

Alex Williams '10

Cobain the second coming
Hated too many and died for it
For your own sins
Shepherd-poor, anti-wandering
Caterwauling to lonesomeness
With pain that mirrored the world
But they denied it so feared it
They followed you postmortem
K comes after J these days
Golden grungehaze dazzled strings
Made love to a couple things
Spine curved round guitar
Passion-fire and Mark IV melded
Mended your wounds
At least for a time.

The Quill

imaginary friends.

poetry pamphlet. february 2009.

The Quill

One, Two, Three

Danny Chin '12

I, a brash young boy,
waited for you. Sought
respite in your
welcoming eyes.
Tethered myself to you,
anticipating, waiting.

You, a leader, had traveled these
paths before. With I in tow,
you made your way,
guiding my steps.

We ventured to
places unseen;
weary in travel, we
rested just briefly, but

I am misled,
You are forgotten.
We, are You and I.

Special Bean

Dedicated to Elizabeth T. Jones

Anonymous

Crazy! I used to be crazy
-- No, that's not it, crazy crazy.
I went crazy once. They locked me
in a rubber room. Crazy once.
I don't remember how it goes, do
you know that one? Where's it from?
Oh! -- Crazy! I was crazy once. They
locked me in a rubber room. I died. They
buried me with worms. What's that one?
Worms playing pinochle on your nose -
Shnoz! I was crazy once.
My ears are wet. Dry them! Ba-ah!
I'm thirsty. Thirsty!
I was thirsty once.

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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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