

The Quill

instant gratification
october 2009

Staff

Hannah Scheidt, *Editor-in-Chief*

Caitlin Clerkin, *Editor-in-Chief*

Danny Chin, *Layout Editor*

Carlo Davis, *Prose Editor*

Will Cogswell, *Poetry Editor*

Anna Wright, *Arts Editor*

Hannah Cyrus, *Secretary*

Genesee Mullin

Joshua Zalinger

Angela Fabunan

Thank you to all who contributed their poetry.

Please submit poetry, short prose, and artwork for our final magazine.

All submissions are judged anonymously.

The Quill

Bowdoin's Oldest and Only Literary Magazine

An annual collection of poetry, prose, and artwork from Bowdoin Students, faculty/staff, and alumni.

<http://studorgs.bowdoin.edu/quill>
quill@bowdoin.edu

Fame (everyone's calling my name...)

As I walk to the Union
Danny says, write a poem
I say to Danny
Fuck that, I'm all about the Gaga!
-Branden Asemeh

Haiku Suite

I. Mr. Manager,
Smoke that marijuana like
a cigarette. Her?

II. Falsely imprisoned!
I said you've got the wrong twin-
I'm Oscar (dot com)

III. Banana grabber,
So noble on that segway,
whis'ling through your teeth
-AGW

The air outside is cold
-Anonymous

Carlo, a Haiku

Beauty incarnate
I always watch from afar
My love repels him.
-Anonymous

I was trying to be cool,
I was trying to have class,
That's kind of hard with
a pinecone in your ass.
-Samuel Barnaby Packard

Trees stand in stillness –
And I know just how they feel
When the sun is gone.
-Anonymous

Back Pain: An Ode
The slow ache radiates
pivoting, pirouetting across the
lumbar.
As axis of evil
(pain is endurance after all).
-Anonymous

Living with Willie Nelson

It used to be fun.
Laughing on the porch steps,
every night we would trace
the asphalt skeins of the hill country
hunting a gig and the yellow-soaked
moon.
But wanderlust
is not always enough.
It's not about the age difference
or the fact that
when you sang that rambling, heartsick
ballad
I caught you looking at your bong
It's just that
when you look off into the horizon
you see home
-Carlo Davis

Roses are red
Violets are blue
I'm so pretty
What happened to you?
- Eugene Sun

Why?
Why are we here?
What is the purpose
of our humanity?
We should ask the One
who knows, who
created us
Ask him! He wants
to tell you, don't
try to figure it out by yourself.
We get it wrong...
-Anonymous

Walked down the hall
with much on my mind
no one to talk to or call

Then came a boy full of pride
and passed me by
With a sudden urge
came up to me
and shoved down my mail
far below my knee

How rude this boy could be
for he did not know me
-Anonymous

Olivia Orr
Marriage Equality Yo
Refrigerator
-Liz Fox

“You shake and
 Shake the ketchup
 Bottle.
None will come, and then
 A lot’ll.”
--anonymous

Look at me now
I have a sweaty brow
After toiling through these 1st weeks of
school
I am not sure that this
Toiling will someday be cool.
--anonymous

I have always wanted dark eyes.
Mysterious. Exotic. Universally
romanticized.
Also, they would make it much easier-
Pretending to be a minority
When I go to ethnic restaurants.
--anonymous

Toddler gawking at children’s television
Teary eye
Bleeding cuticle
“Bathe in milk” advises mother, you
Miss
The momentary
Striped sweaters!
--Anonymous

Silently lifting
myopic fog
off the trees
kind
eyes

inspecting
nether regions

you might reconsider
overturning
underrepresented
realms

everywhere
you
excavate
seems empty.

-Anonymous

The Quill
 Sounds
 Like Fun

Too bad I have no time.
-Anonymous

Campfires
Glowing softly
Warm comfort in the cool
Bring on the marshmallows.
-Anonymous

Raquel

Her bloneness is something of a hidden
fact
She a dark blonde
Those that only come out during
Class.
Or awkward dinner convos.
Nonetheless a blonde is a blonde at heart.

-Primo Garza

The Newspaper
Informing the masses,
People missing classes,
The Newspaper.

-Anonymous

roses are red
violets are blue
I'm so cool

-anon.

This wrap

today at the
C store I bought
a steak
caesar
wrap
and I couldn't
open
it.

:(

-anon.

I was asked by the quill
To write a quick verse
But I don't do well under pressure
This poem is swill
Quite unrehearsed
Zeppelin Rules!

-anon.

Thinking of You

I think of you,
doing your homework
the day it was assigned.
Dutifully going to every office hour
even though you don't need it.
Your room is always cleaned
twice every day.

I think of you,
always reminding me
of all the work I'm leaving undone.
All the responsibilities I'm ignoring.

I'm riding a unicorn,
and all I can do
is think of you
and laugh.

-Josh Zalinger

Thermodynamic miracles that brought
lifeless particles into being,
also transformed a world of untapped
potential.
Where strains of life coalesce to vibrant
form,
humans emerged.
And so they propagated,
in the name of progress.

-Danny Chin

I got a date with
CARLO

He's
AWESOME!

He's
CARLO!
-Anonymous

Having No Pockets

I try to hold on
to everything we had.
Memories
of times good and bad.
You always stood by me.

You're gone now.
I don't want to let go,
I don't want to forget.
Everyone keeps telling me to move on,
But I can't.

I want to hold you forever,
but my hands are empty
and I don't have any pockets.
-Josh Zalinger

my thoughts at the moment
run along like happy little children.
they are singing.
"Praise the Lord!"
For He is good.
For he gave us each other to love &
cherish.
To love that my friend's boyfriend got on
a standby flight to see her at the last
minute!
To love that my friend turned twenty-one
happily & healthfully!
To love even that I have a sore throat & a
paper I haven't even started yet. (due
tomorrow)
But to praise the life I have been given is
the song of my heart.
-Anonymous

Thank you to all who stopped by our table!
Please submit to our final magazine. All poetry, prose, and artwork welcome.

The Quill
quill@bowdoin.edu