

# The Quill

instant gratification – 2nd annual  
29 january 2009

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Thank you to all who contributed their poetry.  
Please submit poetry and short prose for our final magazine  
Due March 24<sup>th</sup>  
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>  
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My son has become an Eagle Scout  
His dad couldn't be more proud  
Now, when I hear "Fly Like an Eagle"  
I sing along out loud.

**Randy Nichols**

As a matter of a blund  
Yes the blund killed me  
The cop dream thingie  
I just lost a tooth  
I am going to have a pirate birthday  
Mmm Hmm

**Ben Sullivan (Age 5)**

Bacon  
War and/or  
Bacon Peace?  
"Dangerously Cheesy!"  
the violins say.  
Wine, professor,  
your favorite move,  
Cable television  
plays "Ralph the  
Wonder Llama"  
Snape kills cookies.  
Snape kills Dumbledore.  
Shhh...

**Sean Campos '11**

### **Ode to Muffins**

A muffin is delicious.  
Steal it, I'll be vicious.  
And when I pop it in my mouth  
I go all crazylicious.

**Colleen Maher  
Christina Pindar**

### **Today's the Day**

Panting hard. My thighs burn with the effort.  
My body, unrelenting, moves back and forth.  
Sweat drips. Breathing quickens.  
Pulsing harder. Harder. Faster.  
I'm almost there. My God!  
My God, I hate running.

**Anonymous**

He sat there unfeeling  
lazily inhabiting the couch;  
and with a t.v. screen  
casting images on his  
unresponsive eyes.

**Anonymous**

Cuter than a button?  
I think so.  
Chips, Garbage,  
Questionable Hershey's  
Kiss.  
Jealous? You're jealous.

**Anonymous**

Ralph the Wonder Llama  
had long & silky fur  
no need for a cape  
sustainable superhero

**Anonymous**

Gym feels like jungle  
Sweat trickles down my forehead  
God I need a shower

**Anonymous**

The suffering of verbs is indiscreet –  
meticulous-Saussure awake asleep aware  
disconnect from the French Academy:  
propensities of language brought to bear  
against the consciousness of buttered toast  
with fork and knife apart from the idea  
of hand and sitting at the Seine café.

**Will Cogswell '11**

Ol' brown eyes,  
Ol' sing-song,  
Ol' cat and  
Ol' mouse  
Ol' let down  
set down  
smoke break.  
Same ol'  
same ol'  
ol' ol' old.

**Anonymous**

## HOW THE QUILL GOT ME TO DO

**THIS: a very profound poem.**

write a poem!

I see you  
are holding the New Yorker –

write a poem.

**Anonymous**

The night was dark  
she walked swiftly  
looking over her shoulder –

Over her shoulder she felt it  
It frightened her,  
Her heart pounded

Her heart pounded and her stomach gurgled  
Had there been cheese in the sauce?

As a lactose intolerant, her  
life had become  
dangerously cheesy.

**Anonymous**

### **On nudity**

I have just arrived  
from an extended  
class discussion

Topic: Nudity  
A wide ranging discussion  
nudity in Japan  
Singapore  
The U.S.

Perhaps we should have covered  
Metaphorical nudity  
After all, being coaxed into  
writing a poem in front  
of everyone in the Union  
renders one nude in an altogether different way

**Eamonn Hart '09**

## **Paste Makes Haste**

I keep getting Paste magazines  
I didn't ask for  
and the people are rushing & rushing around  
judgment awaits. Or not.  
scrawl away. No one will judge you.  
It's part of the new chill.  
What the hell? Who asked for this?  
I saw my photography professor today and talked  
to my dad. How random are our days.

**Anonymous**

Make it down the coast in 17 hours  
Picking bouquet of dogwood flower  
Hoping for Raleigh  
So I can see my baby tonight

**"Wagon Wheel" by OCMS**

**Transcribed by Anonymous**

Dear Ghandi,

Oh purveyor  
of nonviolence.  
You skinny  
S.O.B.

How I mourn  
for my own  
civil liberties.

Come visit  
soon?

America

**Anonymous**

I have taken to hijacking the words  
of others.

My mother wrote to me:  
Your health insurance is taken  
care of, so

Don't be afraid to get sick or hurt.

**Anonymous**

Whose woods those are I think I know  
His house is in the village though  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow  
My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year  
He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake  
The only other sounds the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake  
The woods are lovely, dark and deep  
But I have promises to keep  
And miles to go before I sleep  
And miles to go before I sleep

**Robert Frost**

**Transcribed by Jason (Age 11)**

All  
My  
Youngin's

**Anonymous**

My friend is in England  
And she won't text me  
Tiny slips of paper would suffice  
But perhaps she likes porcupines better.

**Anonymous**

I would like to think  
Hard, without such confusion  
Please stop playing games.

**Anonymous**

Things are pretty  
Before it is drippy  
When the snow is glisteny  
I think it's pretty.

**Anonymous**

### **My First Kiss**

Super wet, yucky  
Who would ever go for this?  
Well makes a haiku

**Anonymous**

### **languages**

I am told I have an accent  
En realidad, yo hablo español, no ingles  
How does it happen that people speak in  
different languages  
¿Por qué la gente habla diferentes idiomas?  
What & wy am I writing this  
Por que quiero

**Anonymous**

Me gustan tus sonrisas  
y tu boca llena de metal  
Me gusta mast u voz  
cuando digas mi nombre mal  
Después.  
Con verguenza intentas otra vez  
y nado en tus ojos  
como fueras el mar  
y yo un pez.

**Kyrie Eiras-Saunders '12**

The hat told me  
that moulton  
and my roommates  
were in my future  
later in time for  
vitamins.  
How soon is 5pm?

**Anonymous**

### **A Package of Joy Poem**

YES!  
-- Is all there is to say.

**Anonymous**

Oh snow  
lovely snow  
how we know thee

someties I wonder why I go to school in Maine  
when you never leave the ground till May  
but then I think  
what would I do  
without you!

**Anonymous & Anonymous**

Music makes me come alive  
Music calms me down  
Music heals my heart  
Music is a part of me

**Anonymous**

Build me a telescope  
Why?  
Because I'm still floating  
Still glowing  
Why?  
Because the moon is lowering  
Goodbye

**Anonymous**

Tugboats sailing in the harbor  
chasing epic destiny  
to do a ton of work for some more important  
ship  
what is the reward for this wear and tear?

**Anonymous**

9 out of 10 dentists  
who recommend  
candy for their patients  
prefer chocolate

**Anonymous**

Love comes as a simple gift;  
My lady I bring you my only flower,  
You may not dream, dawdle as you sift,  
It may pass, this hour.

**RWC**

I can't write haikus  
Too many limitations  
Only five syllables !?

**Z. Levin '09**

My roommate writes poems.  
Generally, they're haikus –  
Haikus about me.

**Anonymous**

the parking lot is icy and silent, and  
the sky looks as if it has hardened above me –  
like i'm looking up at the inside  
of a smooth, midnight marble.

i slide the key into the ignition,  
feel the car rumble around me,  
stop, because who knows where next?  
everyone else has already gone home.  
i wait until the fog lifts  
from my windows,  
i wait for the way to become clear.

**Anonymous**

### **Ode to Bacon**

Oh Bacon! How I love thee.  
Your greasy, crispy flavor  
Makes me that much braver:  
I admit! I'm taken with you bacon!

You're the perfect breakfast food  
That my eggs can never be.  
You're like a steamy lover  
I long for hungrily.

If Bacon was on Facebook,  
It would have a million friends.  
If Bacon ruled the World,  
The fun would never end.

I sincerely love you Bacon  
And I'll eat you every day.  
At least, until my arteries  
Clog up and have their say.

**Anonymous**

Oh what a party,  
Oh what a day!  
Untill randy came and took it all away

Red cups in a circle  
Red cups in a square  
If only I didn't open my door.  
(I could pull out my hair!)

**Anonymous**

### **Nudity**

The sun rays fall upon  
my bare body.  
Oh! What a feeling  
of freedom, to roam around,  
clad in my  
soft, warm,  
cozy skin.  
A sense of detachment  
from the superficial world  
overwhelms my being.  
I am aware of nothing  
but the soft breeze  
that caresses my  
limbs.

**Anonymous**

### **On Weather**

The king engaged in  
scapulimancy to figure out  
The Weather.  
He burned holes into the  
bone with a jeweller's intensity.  
I don't think he figured it out.  
He could've just stuck out his  
Finger,  
long, sloppy with saliva,  
Into the winds,  
to predict  
The Weather.

**Y.P.**

HOT pockets, Popcorn, Leftovers Galore!  
a beautiful Microwave makes life not a bore!

**Anonymous**

Have you done the DIFFEQ?  
I Don't think it's To bad  
Want to compare?  
let's...

**Anonymous**

Fun tumble  
Bumble bee gumble  
There from which  
I began to mumble

**Anonymous**

It's the sunshine,  
egg yolk,  
lemon drop,  
orange-peel,  
daffodil,  
bright kind of  
feeling that you  
get when you  
step out the  
door when the  
clouds have  
cleared. It's  
your favorite color  
kind of day  
that makes your  
mouth pucker up  
and your eyes  
widen, water, tear.

**Anonymous**

All  
of my sexual  
fantasies  
involve  
me being shorter.

**Thom Cote**

On those nights when I'm bored and want to  
misbehave,  
I always resort to my microwave.  
I've discovered certain substances simply don't  
jive,  
With being baked on high for 2:35.  
Zapping everything at hand is incomparably fun,  
How I love the sound of \*beep\*\*beep\*\*beep\*  
DONE.

**Anonymous**

I think it's gum

but I don't know.

**Anonymous**

The letter "X" is quite mysterious,  
it embodies a sense of excitement and seriousness.

If you ever got Professor "X" on your class schedule list  
then you surely know what I mean.  
Not knowing if they even exist  
Or if their tests are difficult and obscene.

But then again "X" marks the spot  
so I guess I don't know if I like the letter "X" or not.

**Linna Gao '12**

I.  
Can an instant poem be an good?  
I cannot make one; I wish I could.  
But anyway I'll try my best,  
Though inspiration fails this test.

Beautiful makings of life  
Come together as one  
As two, as three.  
Freedom is everywhere.

**Anonymous**

II.  
From here as far as yonder stair  
I thought my poem wasn't there;  
It was when I had reached the door  
But wasn't instant anymore.

How can I forget  
What I never remembered?  
With mirth and laughter  
Let old wrinkles come.

**William C. Watterson**

III.  
An insight expressed  
Is an instant poem  
**Denis Corish**

Glass Glass look at my ass  
**Anonymous**

He wished for immortality but didn't think it  
through  
First went his loved ones.  
Soon after his health  
And finally his memories.  
With every aspect of life dead  
He sits. Alone. Alive.

**MacConnell Evans '09**

My brain in the morning  
moves like a sloth  
hugs?

**Anonymous**

Children are running in the snow  
I tell them to stop but they still go  
I wonder what they're thinking in their heads  
All I know is that they need some meds.

**Anonymous**

Driving back from the show  
Clock ticking twelve with a reddish glow  
You finished a year, gained the big two-oh!  
But do things really change at the end of a day?  
Are you that much bigger and wiser than in may?  
To this I must wholeheartedly say,  
Yay!

Happy Birthday Brian!  
**Anonymous**

This is a haiku  
I think  
Poetry is love  
**Anonymous**

Labs are boring  
and also annoying.  
**Anonymous**

**There**

You see it there  
More than a stare  
It's whirling through the vision  
One day you'll see  
It's really me  
Who's really on a mission.

**Anonymous**

"I will!"  
in response to the Quill  
at a table  
"write an excellent poem, on the spot,"  
if I'm able...

But the categories, and the themes  
and the wild, high ideals  
are o'erwhelmed  
by the image of that girl  
in the heels  
at the table!

Voluptuous, blonde, warm  
everything beautiful about her skin

An endearing birthmark  
just above her lip  
involves me intimately  
with fascinations of sin.

Oh Miraculous ambassador of the Quill  
You know not my name; I think you never will!

**Anonymous**

I liked the iTunes Genius Application  
Until it recommended Jewels 1995 album  
"Piece of Me"

it knows me too well  
**Anonymous**

Roses are red violets are blue  
I'm not a poet, Amy.  
So boo hoo!

**Anonymous**

Fire on an empty road  
A worm dances on its hook  
Does the proof for how nothing  
Transforms into something  
Deserve a second look?  
The hook is barbed  
The fire starved  
The worm contorts in pirouettes  
My mind is unmade  
With every brick laid  
Supporting this statement or that

**Bryant Johnson '11**

He who smelt it  
Dealt it.

**Anonymous**

Mules are really lame  
Bobcats hate their own being  
Polar Bearts kick ass.

**Anonymous**

Your heart is as cold as the snow  
Your voice is as piercing as the wind  
Your life is as barren as Maine in winter  
Your face to my eye is a splinter  
I love you...sort of  
Let us hook up, cupid.

**Anonymous**

There was a young man from Brunswick  
who finished Ms. Welsh's limerick.

When she saw the refrain  
she burned with disdain.  
He resorted to a half-hearted gimmick.

**Anonymous**

Hip-hip Hooray!  
First day of May!  
Fucking outdoors  
begins again today!

**Security Officer**

### **The Similie**

The thought of  
Palpable beauty, like a rough skipping stone.  
Brings me nothing.  
Nothing in the sense of a lack of anything  
As opposed to asserting a propertiless something.  
Acknowledging this also brings me nothing.  
I am. That's all.  
I used a similie.

**Ben**

You keep Bowdoin safe  
All students admire you  
Randy, we thank you.

**Anonymous**

The ocean was much bluer than I had initially thought it would  
Be. Maybe it was my sunglasses, or the lack of oxygen,  
But those mermen totally looked like smurfs as they clubbed  
Me with their sea-sticks. Owie, merdudes!

**Edward Gottfried '11**

### **Es könnte anders sein**

"It could as well have been otherwise"

How do you explain to yourself every chance action?  
How do you explain to yourself why you love the person you love?  
"I've got to love someone, it may as well be you."

**Anonymous**

Bobambazs, my food is heated,  
So fast and steamy, like I cheated.  
But no! It's fair, that warm-up of mine,  
This microwave miracle oh so fine.

Just simply avoid plastics and metals  
For boiling water, ditch the kettles,  
Microwaves are safe, easy, and fun,  
To you I give a micro wave – no pun.

**Andrew Cushing**

seeing is so hard  
warm inside is worse than chill  
foggy glasses suck

**Anonymous**

### **A Question of Fashion**

Boxers or Briefs?  
It's an epic debate.  
Briefs lend support,  
Boxers feel great.  
The simple solution,  
When you get right down to it,  
Is to ditch underwear,  
And step out without it.

**Jacob T. Daly**

Is on demand poetry, poetry at all?  
Perhaps a poem should be something  
Your fingers ache to write  
And you awake at two o'clock  
And run for your pencil  
Perhaps that is poetry

**Jessica Everett '12**

If I could paint the rainbow green  
I'd paint my nails instead

If I could ride a Unicorn  
I'd ride its horn  
In bed

**Anonymous**

I have a straight-haired alter ego  
She made an appearance  
At a party last weekend

People keep asking  
Where she's hiding herself  
As if I would know

We don't really keep in touch  
But who knows?  
She has a habit of dropping by  
When least expected

**Anonymous**

Pasta in my mouth.  
I eat it with my granny.  
Sweet sweet yumminess

**Alex & Alexi**

### **Bottles of My Past**

I used to, when my parents weren't home,  
go outside with a couple of glass bottles,  
and throw them against rocks,  
and watch them explode.  
Think of all the deposits I wasted,  
I could have bought a balloon.

**Anonymous**

### **Preparing for Summer**

I'm using hand lotion  
as a hair product  
My pasty white face is protesting  
cottonmouth caged teeth. It's pretty in an  
antique show kind  
Of way. It's moving down over my speedbump  
belly  
To my stumpy legs and oversized boots  
Slushy, strungout, hollow, and  
White. It may be time  
To go on a liquid diet.

**Rutledge Long '10**

Flying overhead, brisk wind, clear sky  
Sand through the feet, grains of life  
And light that guides movements  
Feelings  
Dreams!

**Anonymous**

The prospect of the pair of shoes  
and that happy blue card  
in my mailbox  
today  
kept me on my course –

but I think they're coming tomorrow. Now?

**Anonymous**

Shoots  
Everything  
Next  
Is  
Obviously  
Really  
Shitty

**Anonymous**

Standing up to write  
Trying to think without Jess  
She is distracting

I wish she would leave  
Her talking crowds my busy mind  
She reads this poem

**Anonymous**

As I bit into the succulent fruit  
The juices filled my mouth with the sweet and  
tangy flavor  
Delicious  
Thank you very much, Devil  
For tempting me with that apple  
I am revived  
And I am born.

**Anonymous**

Change flies high in  
the face of  
frozen ideals

**Anonymous**

**Chilled**

The arctic chill has passed for now,  
it seems.  
The snow is pre-maturely thawing –  
the soil must want spring

Desperately. I held onto the  
idea that we might stay

Frozen and paralyzed here in this  
moment before I let the ice-pick  
crush you. I do it everytime,

and everytime, I'm sorry.  
**Shelley Barron**

**A Kenning**

Weed's Throne  
Slug's Way  
Seed's Grave  
Know me yet, or what?  
**Edsall**

Love Caitlin Clerkin  
Rocks at writing and at life  
Cute as a bunny  
**Anonymous**

No time for homework  
Always sleeping  
Iting about this makes me tired.  
Constantly passing out  
Overloaded  
Loving my light green comforter  
Especially because it's puffy  
Puffy and green, just the way I like it.  
Sleeping through a Mac House party.  
Yes, I really did.  
**Anonymous**

I <3 Amy  
**Anonymous**

**For Jason Spector**

Jason, my lover  
Will we ever know?  
This feeling of anticipation  
I'm sure will never go.

Meet you at Harpswell  
Late at night.  
Should I reschedule?  
Afternoon delight.

**Sam Read '09**

**Monk**

I am so tired of writing  
Searching for words that are biting  
Though stronger than sword  
(or so I have heard)  
I'd rather be out there smiting  
**Anonymous**

Oh Amy oh my  
Your cute face lights up my day  
And grass grows so green  
**Anonymous**

Amy, oh Amy...  
You make me smile.  
Ha.  
Ha.  
Ha.  
Helbig.

**Anonymous**

There's no place like home  
says Dorothy  
But I say there's no place  
like College.  
**Kate Krosschell '09**

Winter has come  
The snow is here.  
Bundle all up  
And partake in the cheer.  
**Anonymous**

Like a backwards six  
the roll of tape  
keeps silver kisses company.

**Anonymous**

There was a rhino  
named Steve  
HE wasn't liked, and was  
forced to leave.  
"Why?" Steve asked:  
Because he was really  
ugly.

Steve was not  
dat horned animal.

**Anonymous**

**Pime**

Pime is a poem  
but from the other point of view.  
Bats are like cats,  
but darker and grey.  
Shoes are like booze  
without the fun and enjoyment,  
But I am simply me.  
No reverse, no trick,  
No game, no play.  
Just me a simple  
one looking ahead  
to the next day

**My teachers didn't teach me  
how to spell anonymous!**

It will give me knowledge and an understanding of myself;  
With it, expanses – limited, though vast – will cast light  
expressed as text, into my eyes and brain;  
The juicy mysteries about kidneys, cells, action potentials, and even  
thought itself,  
already known to some, wink coyly at me from the pages  
in which they're embedded.

But alas, the bright white crust that fell upon the world yesterday  
keeps my book undelivered, my mind in decay.

**Anonymous**

This is just to say,  
I drank the vodka that was in the icebox

**Anonymous**

There are things I like  
Including returning home  
Wind wafts through pear trees

**Anonymous**

To my darling Amy  
I'm glad you're not Lamy  
You're my favorite dinner date  
Even though apparently I won't ever mate.

**Anonymous**

Poetry is EVERYWHERE  
½ Price – Cost Svings for Sudents  
Next Meeting: 2009  
Caution: Ask a Senior About...  
The Quill

**Hannah Cyrus '12**

Filled with slushy mess  
I forgot my boots – oh yes!  
My new shoes redress

**Anonymous**

**Parting**

In the fleeting days before we leave  
I'd like to stop and ask you, please  
Think of us and where we've been  
Together here, both now and then.

**Anonymous**

**Killer spin**

You've got killer spin  
The goods to match  
An alpha male  
And quite a catch

You've got bitter thoughts  
An angry sin  
And no one place  
To put it in

You've got flowing hair  
And supple cheeks  
A golden neck which  
I've watched for weeks

Don't look at me  
As I look at you  
And I won't tell them  
What I think of you.

**Anonymous**

I couldn't understand a word she said  
grr...bark bark, my fleas are itchy.  
For tomorrow will come soon

Sweet indulgence: pooping in a shoe

delicious.

"Bad dog" he cries, my love, what a jerk.

For when could she really say a thing?

However, all is alright. I ate  
the dinner off the stove.  
Nothing like stroganoff.

**Anonymous**

Man's last frontier of exploration  
sprawled before him, unbound  
desolate and unbridled.

Where the tumbleweed up and left,  
for shopping carts that creaked  
across parking spots unused.

The pavement rolled across  
the plains to where it tucked  
under the skyline.

And lamp posts flickered  
over the daunting spaces  
illuminating patches of emptiness

The lot grew untamed,  
and became another unsettled land.

**Danny Chin '12**

When nighttime air unfolds like Christmas wrapping,  
in anticipation of moonlit surprise  
I run from the house  
through gravellygray streets and sunlightdark alleyways  
until the clouded skies split to reveal a sinking sun  
and the rays turned the water to a puddle of melted sherbert.  
Long-haired, barefoot kids wishing they could be both again.  
run freely through time, blindfolded and backwards  
but as time passes backwards becomes forwards  
forwards and backwards  
released to the sun, unbridled.  
In a seagull's scream of joy.

**The Quill Staff**

The coffeemoke smell on his coat stains  
And the rocking chair creaks on the woodfloor  
Amongst the meows of four cats and the scent of peppermint.  
And to the rushing river they went  
Swerving and swirling, swirling and swerving  
On ice there is no consistency  
In anything anymore – but at least  
My morals cannot be shaken.

**The Quill Staff**

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