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Thank you to all who contributed their poetry.
Please submit poetry and short prose for our final magazine
Due March 24th
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
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)

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

Anonymous

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

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

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

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

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

Anonymous

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 heall? 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 these 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)

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

The hat told me
that moultton
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
sometimes 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.

Anonymous

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.

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.

III.
An insight expressed Is an instant poem

Denis Corish

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

Anonymous

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

William C. Watterson

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

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

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

Anonymous

He who smelt it
Dealt it.

Anonymous

Mules are really lame
Bobcats hate their own being
Polar Bears 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!

Anonymous

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

Anonymous

Bryant Johnson ‘11
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 simile.

Ben

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

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 auders 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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Anonymous

Poetry is EVERYWHERE
½ Price – Cost Savings for Students
Next Meeting: 2009
Caution: Ask a Senior About…
The Quill

Hannah Cyrus ‘12

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.

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 the 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 coffeesmoke 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