

Unaccustomed Quiet

Danny Chin '12

There is a boat
you keep tethered to the dock
for when you seek space;

it has seen many uses,
spent hours off the shore, with
its oars slouched into the cloudy waters.

It is there you sit,
in the unaccustomed quiet,
floating.

This world you saunter off to,
it offers refuge, from troubles
I know not.

I only wish the rowboat
would afford more space,
that it wasn't here

on this dock, where I sit,
idly waiting for your return to shore.

Walking with Friends Down McKeen Street, Thinking of Home

Robby Bitting '11

One hollow smile:
Soon swallowed.
While
Swirling, happy laughter
Vaguely echoes
Along June's twilight sky.

Swine Flu Haikus

I remember when
Swine flu was just a big joke
It's not funny now
— *Anonymous*

Isolation room
Infectious virus floating
Put yo mask on now
— *Aviva Fiske'12 and Emily Kim'12*

They took you away
Because they are all afraid
The Pink Death, my bane!
— *Zachary B. Perez '12*

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Isolation.

poetry pamphlet. september 2009.

**Strange Utterance heard in New Orleans,
Afterhours**

Bryant Johnson '11

Enter Jupiter in rags, sings:

I'm searching through these alleys with a tin can of
food

Going here kitty kitty I'm in a foul mood
And if ya don't show some sorrow for how my
night's been

I'll curse you low and tender 'neath the horned
moon's rim

I pick my teeth with mountains and leviathan's
bones

A body seems gigantic when its laid out alone
A world of mattress covers, subterranean dens
I'll choose a folding cavern, hem my prayers and
nightmares in

I walked five thousand miles, found a moon of
rotting wood

Wrote it in a novel but my words weren't
understood

I wait for consolation when God blows out the sun
Cleave to the river bottoms and red-stockings on the
run

Waning Winter

Gaye Wagner

Webs of gray branches

Reaching for light

In milky gray skies;

Iced gray granite;

Gray snow;

A waning winter's gray,

The womb of solitude,

Gray thoughts smolder

In gray matter

Nesting for spring,

Seeking life,

Beyond igloo winter

Bereft

Anonymous

A crinkly grandmother, she sits, stares

At her clean and tattered tablecloth.

Two frayed holes speak of matches and fire

And her eldest daughter's dry tears. Failed

Potions concocted by small eager

hands are uttered by a gray streaked stain.

Sounding from a clean snip under her

Parched finger, her son gasps. She listens

Closely, accustomed to breathing fresh

Life into others with her silence.

Empty but for her and the loud past,

The kitchen is oppressively deaf.

Absent ears choke her sad breath as she fades.

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Thank you to all who contributed their poetry.

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pamphlet.

All submissions are judged anonymously.

The Quill

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