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.

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

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.

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

The Quill

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_
Katie Kinkel
John Bunke
Melissa Arliss
Genesee Mullin
Charlie Cubeta
Sarah Siwak
Tiffany Gerdes
Lee Asahina
Joshua Zalinger
Latoyia Hall

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
_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