

Backseat Driving

Peter McLaughlin '10

Through the rear
window of an '89
Tracer, I watch
as ghosts chew the
skin from their fingertips
and pray for
rain.

Regarding the Gorgon Model-T

Caitlin Clerkin '11

I've been told:
Crotchety men with
eye patches and handkerchiefs
make poor husbands.

My Grandfather

Anders Samuelson '12

Sometimes my grandfather seems as distant as
the second moon of mars

Deimos
His eyes
Melting like small candles
His memory,
Burning like a supernova
To him,
Life is a solar system, or a galaxy turned upside
down.

A vase losing its water.
His father was Swedish.
So I call him my *Farfar* (my father's father)
And I can't help but notice the irony
For he is so *far, far* away.

It's September now
And soon it will be October
He is an old naked tree
Deciduous
Falling, as if to the lumberjack of time
Like ten thousand leaves falling off a tree
The foliage burning small holes in the putrid
ground.

Soon, it will be winter
And everything for him, will be as white and
empty
As the lights from the city Jerusalem.

Quill
The

Portraits.

poetry pamphlet. september 2008.

Edinburgh Day and Dark a portrait

Alex Williams '10

Edinburgh lives the day

Under a sky under a
Paste-grey smudge of a sky
That mutates at dusk.
Now dusk,
Now red velvet,
A curtain, it splits:

The sky behind that rehearsed daytime is ready to
perform
the sky no sky but a show swirls melts
melts swirls golden pink
the city no city but a painting
flickers below through oil black and thick and
still
flickers reflective applause to
the drama in the tiring
Heavens

The show is over
the sky it sleeps
The earth it rolls
the sky it weeps.
Cries but softly,
pit-pat whispers.
Softly,
now loudly.

Now softly falls friendly, cool and light.
Other nights the flat-mice squeak
But tonight they listen
Or sleep.
When the rain falls cool and light,
The air feels warm like breath.

Edinburgh breathes the dark

Self-Portrait

Bryant L. Johnson '11

Don't bother me with mirrors now!
I am ears that hear the earthworms roaring from the
ground,
Skin in flames when fingers barely brush
Eyes that know a coffee cup from every point of
view
A tongue I'll prove tastes like your own.
From my breath I carry mundane atrocities
To daily fill the world like a creaking, dark balloon,
Drawing back just enough to fill the void again.
And my skull, if dunked in a bucket of seawater,
Would entertain more intelligent and variegated
life.
What's this you say, a face?
No, just another world, my friend,
Somewhere in orbit beside your own.

The Quill

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Thank you to all who contributed their poetry.
Please submit poetry and short prose for our next
pamphlet.
All submissions are judged anonymously.

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