Pirouettes
Will Cogswell ’11

Because we all know time; because we know
It falters; because we know that it hangs
In its immensities like welded steel;
Because we know it opens and it closes
And it becomes unglued and unwelded;

Because we know it steals, as in: takes,
Borrows, away in the night; because we
Know its seasons and all those days it blows
In a torrent and all those days it blows
In a silence; because we all know time

That begs and time that whistles through the trees
And time that freezes like a hare in the snow
And blinds against a single point; because
We know its skein is neither gold nor sharp
But is passport in the light and lies low

In the light and sinks and sinks and is sunk;
Because we all know time in images
And time in circles and time that revolves
Like disks upon a turntable and like
A skater’s pirouette on ice and time

That fragments like the shavings of the ice
Or like a face in rippling water, then
We know that time is suspect and the mind
Moves more gracefully, the ice is signified
By ice and shavings and pirouettes, the echo
Of a shout dissipates, the passing of prose
Is passage, and the standing face of time is
Concert with a single
Point
Where prose revolves and turns again to verse.

After the Revolution
Bryan Johnson ’11

I throw my windows open
To an empty morning world.
The papers said the fighting
Ended Monday.
I’ll resume my favorite chair
At the café, order coffee.
I can’t believe who I had killed
Last Sunday.
around and aroundly
Jake Murray ’08

around and aroundly
round super sonic
soundless flash
bang gas bang
photon streams merge

movement

emerge
seedlings shadow cast
lightly plucked and eaten
digested and left steaming
vapor trails rising
air hot
cold sweat beginning
after deluge becomes
drought no
doubt shifting without
reason but season after season
collapsing and emerging
spinning and surging
around and aroundly
round

1/4 of a Revolution
E.E. Ehrhardt ’10

April’s warm wet hand
pulls the shade off the sun.
The shadows of still-bare trees
stripe the land like a yawning tiger.
Winter’s frozen armies fight a valiant last battle,
invading by air with platoons of cold white paratroopers
before retreating slowly to small wet redoubts in the shadows.
Young plants rise up against winter’s oppression.
The Earth’s fifth column, they have hidden, waiting, all this time.
An underground movement,
hoarding supplies beneath their seed-coats.
Now they go mad with the thrill of revolution, the glory of growth.
Once again it is their time to live.

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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