

## **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**

Bryant 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.

*The Quill*

**Revolution.**

poetry pamphlet. november 2008.

## 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.

### The Quill

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from Bowdoin Students, faculty/staff, and alumni.

<http://studorgs.bowdoin.edu/quill>  
[quill@bowdoin.edu](mailto:quill@bowdoin.edu)