

Autumn Evening

Thom Cote '11

Somewhere close I hear a dog being beaten-
Hoarse yelps that start loud and jagged then
squelp to a stop-
Five or six
Then nothing.

Behind me I hear some cars and trucks skim by-
The smaller ones *shbHWsbb* while larger ones
shbrRRUoo-
Five or six
At a time.

I am cold, alone on the pavement, smoking-
Other sounds come only from dropped
blackened filters-
Five or six
Or something.

You smell like Maine cabins

Danny Chin '12

It's mostly pine, and maybe maple,
just a few blocks of kindling
and a little newspaper to start it up;
I never really knew exactly what was burning,
it just ended up in my woodstove,
charred and ashen.
The smell always welcomes me at the doorway:
like the wilderness, or woods
(because it was the woods).
But I always welcome the heat more,
after braving the winter wind that
cut across my face.
You better open the damper,
the smoke is puffing out and
filling the room with a haze.
Until it slowly drifts away,
but the odor,
the odor stays on you for days.
And then you smell like Maine cabins.

The Quill

Smoke.

poetry pamphlet. october 2008.

you speak the language incorrectly.

Amy Helbig '09

there's a city on a river,
where the iron works blow white
over theaters older than your country, and
no one walks the streets after eleven
– not even on the weekend.
while those billowing white lines dissipate,
into themselves and into sky,
you ask for change:
at least your accent's good.

The Narghile Smoker

Salma Berrada El Azizi '12

After creation
God sat upon His majestic throne
In satisfaction
Puffing at His hookah, alone.
The sweet winged angels in attendance
Presented it ceremoniously to the Lord
Filled with fine savory herbs in accordance
To flavor the meticulously fit award.
With just a few puffs,
He was under way
Emitting enormous weird whiffs
Which swiftly drifted away.
Around the bubbles gentle sound
The entire world revolved tranquilly
While God lost in contemplation downed
The wandering soft masses whimsically.
The amorphous clouds of smoke
Came rolling and whirling by
As a floating white cloak
Since then along the sky.

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

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