

This is Just to Say

Samuel Hanson '11

That when I saw you just last week, it was as if the time since I last saw you did not exist, or perhaps existed only in my mind and was, like anything remembered, irrelevant or at best only relevant to me, like a dream or an album of childhood photographs, and suddenly all the concerns that had amounted in those three years were now resolved – and resolved favorably and were to be celebrated extravagantly, but through the extravagance I would merely smile humbly and say “thank you, thank you,” and someone would remark from across the room, “how gracious he is, how humble,” and you would be on my arm and on my mind and on my lips and we might dance and I would lead you like you’d always wished until we left and laughed and lifted up your dress inside a cab on our way home – or at least that’s how it felt when I saw you just last week, and you were three years older (so was I, of course, but still I felt betrayed by your new age), and we laughed and hugged and shrugged and then you introduced me to your friend, you said, but when you said it he and your eyes met for just a second and I took his hand and shook his hand and wished I had a shirt that fit like his or maybe just a different one than mine which I had worn when you were mine and on account of this it failed to show how far I’ve come since then (but maybe, and just maybe, may have also made you think of me more clearly than you might have otherwise), and then I said, “let’s get a drink,” and then again you and your friend looked diffident and I got shy and said “goodbye,” and then we hugged and shook and left and you were gone.

That when I slept that night I dreamt of nothing and when I awoke, I woke up cheated, robbed, and burgled of the dream I felt (and feel) entitled to that may have been of you and I or maybe just of you alone (and I implied) and I replied to something you had asked, like “did you love me?” – “I supplied more love to you than you demanded” – you denied (and lied that you had cried) and then your eyes would rise and fall into the tides of whiskey in my glass, which always seem to now be going out and then, like you, be gone.

That everything since seeing you last week has been, for me, like swimming with a lifejacket on.

That though of course I’ll float, I’d love to drown.

Cellar Door

Nicole Love '14

I was once told
That cellar door was the most beautiful
combination
In all the English language

And for many years I believed it
Until finally confronted
With rusted hinges and splintering wood
And the acute smell of mothballs

Which may evoke a sense of nostalgia
But nothing awe-inspiring
And certainly not beauty

But then I curse myself
For allowing to be locked in this damn
basement
Once again

This is just to say

Carlo Davis '12

I have slain
the Jabberwock

That whiffled
through the
Tulgey wood

Forgive me
my vorpal blade
was so slithy
and so manxome

A highly decorative, calligraphic word in cursive script, reading 'Quill'. The letters are thick and black, with intricate flourishes and loops, particularly around the 'Q' and 'l's.

A highly decorative, calligraphic word in cursive script, reading 'The'. The letters are thick and black, with intricate flourishes and loops, particularly around the 'T' and 'e's.

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poetry pamphlet. february 2012.

A Farewell to Sleeveless Outerwear

Anonymous

This is just to say “hello,”
Because the last time I saw you, I dropped the
sprinkles container,
Loosing a stampede of color on my Sunday Sundae.
I didn’t have the gumption to do anything more
Than smile wearily at you and fight the swell of nerves
Churning in my ice cream-antsy stomach.

This is just to say everything I never did
During the 39 days of nauseated missing-you’s;
During those moments of yawning ache that followed
Whenever I saw a postcard with your nickname on it
Or those figurines peering out of a Parisian window
Or the SkyMall product that I knew would make you
laugh.

This is just to ask you why
You still slip
 Into my thoughts
 Under my skin
 Onto my pillow
Even after all of the neglect you’ve met me with?

This is just to say that you’ve got growing up to do
And maybe so do I—even if it means forgetting
Your dimples and duck walk and chipmunk chewing,
And forgiving the nonchalance
With which you let me fade out of your world.

This is just to say goodbye...
To you and your sleeveless outerwear.

RE: This Is Just To Say

Zack Subr ‘14

I have read all
the texts
that were in
your inbox

and which
you were probably
planning
to delete.

Forgive me
they were so tempting
so telling
and you lied.

First Flowers

Molly Stevens ‘15

In my Heartland
two trees are budding
Wild plum
Acacia

Blossoms that
when to another given
signify wisdom
and innocent love

May they ever
bloom together
snowy white
honey sweet

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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