

Insomnia

Quincy Koster '15

Sleep is a sloppy criminal.

Some villains use leather gloves to
Hide their traces,
Craftily sheathing the betraying swirls and dips
Etched on their fingertips...

Sleep, clearly, has not mastered such stealth.

Even in this lecture hall
With its one or two feebly coughing fluorescent
bulbs,
The remnants of Sleep are achingly apparent.

The scruffy junior in front of me has a
Distinct film of toothpaste residue
From a groggy once over with his toothbrush.

And here, a careless smudge of mascara,
Dashed under one eye
From a long night drooling on a pillow.

Even the professor oozes tired,
His muscles carelessly left stiff and unyielding,
His eyes pinched tight by the few z's
That he just couldn't seem to catch...

But despite this trail of evidence—
The DNA, the fingerprints, the signature—
Sleep always finds a way to elude capture,
Scampering away at two in the morning to leave
A restless student, now exhausted, in psych class.

Traces

I mirror
own a
the specter
it shows
I realist
am the
ghost I
know.

—Daisy Alioto '13

Dare to harvest my smile?
Until all of our artificial days
Are splattered across the metal shield
Of ironbound doors locking out
The moonlight, Baby, fresh-
And singing in the glory of
Carnage is my voice, echoing into
Synthetic pictures, pretty ones dear,
Of us last year,
So I make pretend fly-aways and
Whisper all those lies of days
When happiness and knowing
Were like knowledge long forgot.

—Samantha Broccoli '15

Traces

Traces

poetry pamphlet. september 2011.

Three Traces
Stevie Lane '15

I.
Surrounded by this stationary chaos
I choke on nostalgia of two generations.
Here, air is full of stale time-
 wet tobacco, sawdust flakes are
 splintering my lungs.

In this train yard,
 among the ribs of gutted, steel whales,
I hang my flag in spaces
Where fruitfulness has learned to hide
Its ever-blushing face.

A tar-filled world of stakes and spokes-
 bombs and bones! screaming tracks!
Trains start silver thunderstorms
And all falls to shit.

II.
You left me a token
From the tusk of some
Ancient, godly beast.
Carved by witless and prophetic hands, which
Knew neither their great service
 nor their servitude.

The scribe- both archaic and burdensome- did
something right.
He abandoned his impulsive duty-
Never recorded its creation,
 unceremonious, inglorious as it was.

III.
At the tips of my childhood
Fingers, I've found the place
Where intention marries history,
 perfection yields to habit.

Chronic
Anonymous

Her eyes speak for the mouth
that only leaks stories,
spun from half-truths,
pleading to be heard.
She is left,
piecemeal — wrapped
with sterile sheets,
letters scrawled in fading pen,
soft pleading prayers —
lonelier now
than the solitude
of her early-risen walks,
twice around the corner,
and into the mist.

The Quill

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Thank you to all who contributed their poetry.
Please submit poetry for our next pamphlet.
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