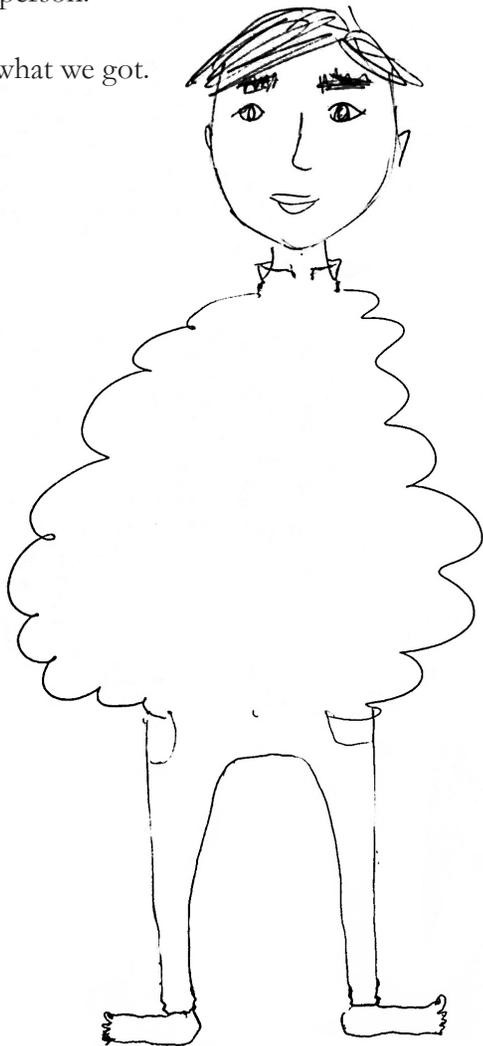


the quill: day-long poems
valentine's day edition

on wednesday february 4th, we invited passerby
in smith union to contribute one line to a poem,
only looking at the line before their own for
inspiration.

we also asked people to draw a third of their
dream person.

this is what we got.

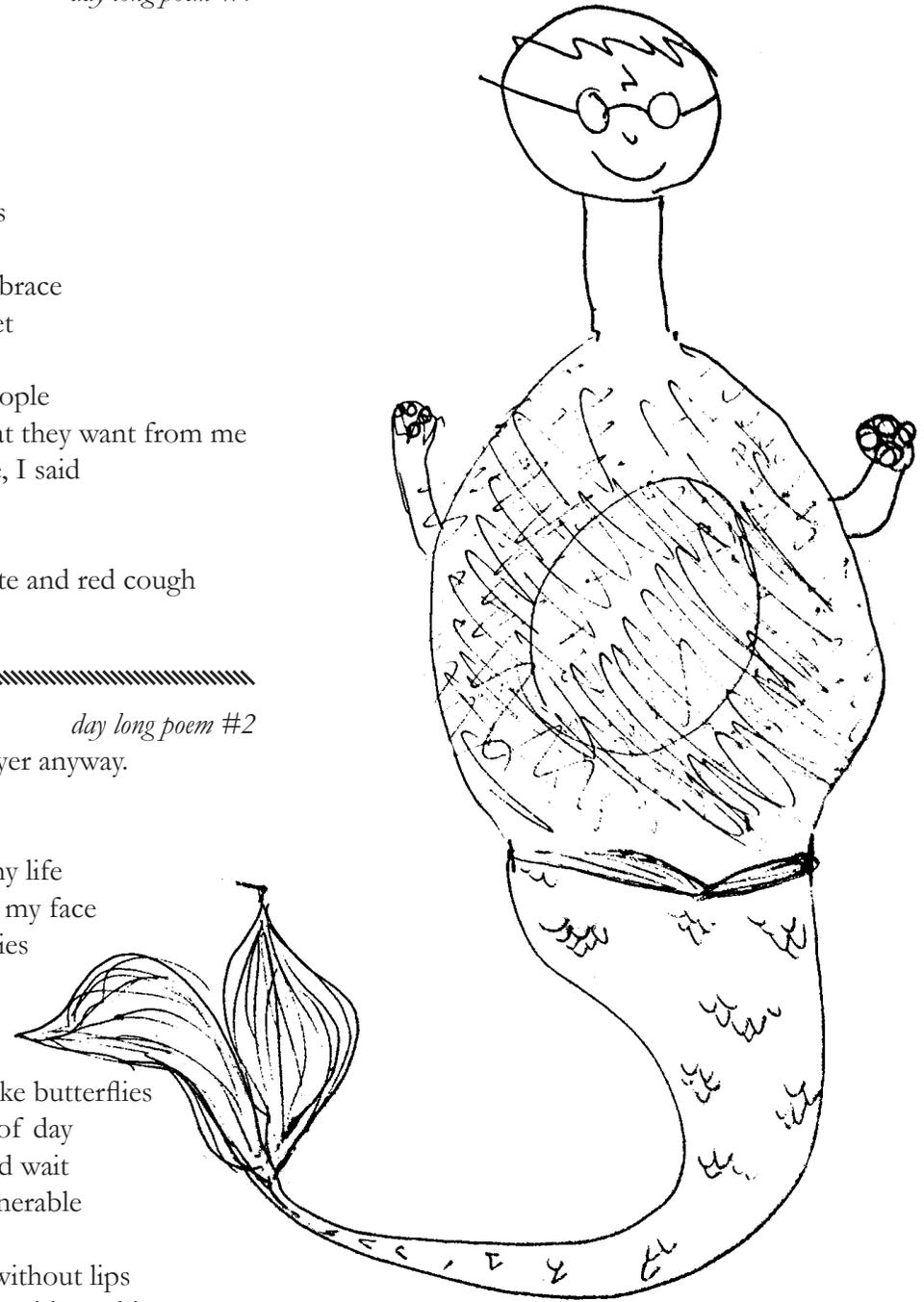


day-long poem #1

Check your dad
I already did
Oops I did it again
L'amour, l'amour
Life's nectar profound
Sweet upon your supple lips
Like sugar, like lollipops
The sweet taste of your embrace
Is a mixed metaphor I regret
And a shaken simile I don't
Every day there's lots of people
And I'm not really sure what they want from me
Please don't touch me there, I said
Touch me here, in the shed
Ouch I bumped my head
Someone bring me chocolate and red cough
drops

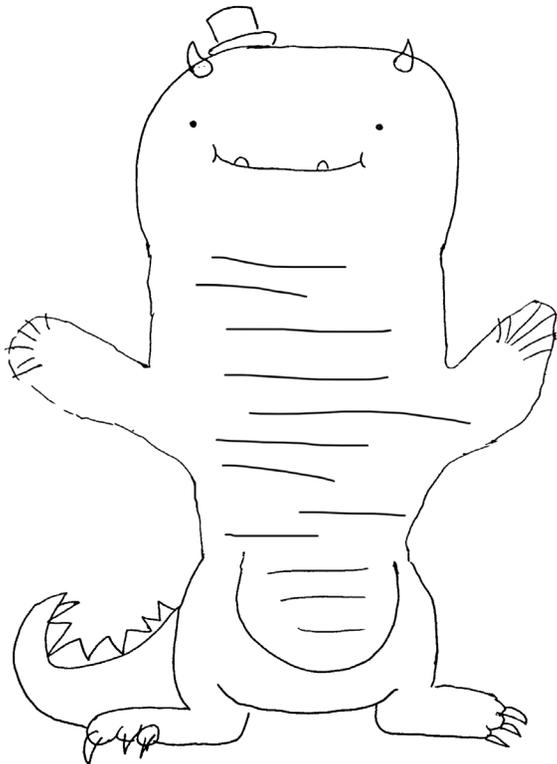
day long poem #2

He fucked up my DVD player anyway.
#YOLO
You Only Live Once
I need more marketing in my life
Writing personal ads across my face
Licking up the inconsistencies
Just licking
Never speaking
Only thinking
Winged thoughts that felt like butterflies
Who haven't seen the light of day
And so I'll wait and wait and wait
Though I am ever lying vulnerable
My lips curl ever higher
I'm like that guy in LOTR without lips
Much like Shakira I don't lie with my hips
When I see Sharkira, my heart flips *finger
snaps*
El barranquilla se baila así



day long poem #3

It's just me. I'm alone. Making apple fritters.
I kind of like apple fritters, but you liked them
more
All I can think about is heart-shaped things
Like assholes, peaches, bugs and diamond rings
The people I like are prickly, sticky, disgusting
and flashy
But the birds I like return early to sing
And just as soon again take to wing
Fly by night
Sweet chickadee, dee, dee
I have to poop
But ayyyye and get high like Snoopy
Every day so I don't feel cooped
Up with all the crazy thoughts in my head
Weirdly down with all the crazy thoughts



day long poem #4

You're a half hour late. Unless you've been hit
by a snow plow or attacked by a polar bear, I
never want to see you again.
This is Polar Bear Nation! Respect.
Puck Colby... or maybe let's get (???)
I can't read that...
I can't read the emotions you wear so subtly
All I want to do with you is get cuddly
Cold night, fleece socks, no work, no clocks
I love you Joe Sherlocks
Bill, I'm your witch—you're my warlocks
I love you with all of my heart (orig. Spanish)
However, every day without you is like the night
without the moon (orig. Estonian)
This isn't a real language. Lithuanian is the most
beautiful language of all. (orig. Lithuanian)
Language is an illusion and I am a magician



about us

the quill is bowdoin's
oldest and only
literary magazine. we
publish one magazine
every semester, as well as
pamphlets throughout the
year.

join our meetings each
sunday at 4pm in the
chandler room of H-L.

submit poems, prose or
artwork to the spring
magazine by march 25th

quill@bowdoin.edu