

# The Quill

## Day-Long Poem #1

Each line in this poem was added by Bowdoin students, staff, and faculty passing through Smith Union on Tuesday, September 27<sup>th</sup>.

Be sure to check out the other two poems as well!

Thanks to all those who contributed.



The Quill is Bowdoin's oldest and only literary magazine.

We are now accepting submissions of poetry, prose, and artwork for our end-of-semester magazine. All submissions are reviewed anonymously.

Please send submissions to [quill@bowdoin.edu](mailto:quill@bowdoin.edu).

What is happening downstairs?  
There is a dance party in the library!  
And everyone's invited  
to the picnic to be merry  
Cruising to paradise  
Weekend starting Wednesday would be  
nice.

Classes are so fun  
especially on your birthday  
poop  
The cat ate a starburst  
and fainted in delight.  
It happens, blood rushing elsewhere  
the vampire attack was dire  
and she ran through the woods crying  
each tear drowning her pain  
an endless train of sadness  
to Pittsburgh overnight  
in a train car where the light flickered in  
and out  
and day and night seamlessly passed  
as one.

Until the crashing waves of the storm  
brought the morning  
He didn't even listen to the warning  
only the sounds inside his head,  
rather their absence inform – he's dead.  
He awakens  
though to what no one can say  
They can only wait  
Sushi, such as I can handle, a touch of soy,  
a bit of wasabi, hold the ginger, thanks  
The dog on the book looks longingly  
you guys are super guys

SUPAH SUPAH SUPAH!  
Dinner threw me for a lupah  
Power was optional  
Oxygen was not  
enough to prevent the fire  
and make someone's day better  
before the golden bell tolls  
I LIKE TURTLES  
but prefer ferrets  
of course. How not? They're fluffy.  
But don't be deceived...  
Your mother is actually your father  
But make him proud to  
scream aloud  
and listen to the operatic beauty  
of a sparrow's melancholy reprise  
Towards the bosom of tomorrow  
Onwards and upwards  
Implausible song inside my heart  
fueled by a happiness I cannot explain  
I begin my travels as a jester  
hearing only the bells of the next village  
Ringing merrily like a maypole dervish  
but even the sun can shine a bit too  
brightly in spring  
It always rains shining ginger droplets in  
the fall  
When it gets in my eye, it burns  
To go to the Doctor it makes me yearn  
to let out a yell when he pulls out a  
stethoscope.  
"Damn, girl! That's cold!"