

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 27th.

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.

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!"