

We invited passersby in Smith Union to contribute one line to a poem, only looking at the line before their own for inspiration. Thank you to all who added their words <3

**Submit your poetry, short prose, and any creative writing for our fall issue by November 1st to [quill@bowdoin.edu](mailto:quill@bowdoin.edu)**

All submissions are judged anonymously by our editorial board.

Visit our website to learn more [students.bowdoin.edu/quill](https://students.bowdoin.edu/quill) or scan below.



*The Quill*  
Day-Long-Poem 10/25/2023

Two gorgeous people before me  
stand at the edge of an earth—blue feeling  
Stepping away from the rocky cliff of  
Turning around—and there I found  
something special lying there on the ground  
Will it lay and sleep or shall it drown  
Or will it steep in the lies of the crown?  
I'm sleepy but the sun is so bright  
Shadows on my eyelids  
Sun kissing my face  
The heat is rising  
My breath is flying  
I LOVE MY COFFEE, YUM  
Without coffee I am a shell  
Turtle-like, terrified, retracting in  
Burrowing deep in desert sand  
Like a tiny tiny turtle  
Enveloped by its own shell  
An oyster nestled in the ocean floor  
A world to be devoured by some fish  
Is not to be one that devours the eye  
(But maybe don't eat eyes)  
Inner sight's a pricey choice  
Can lead to a loud voice  
What an amazing thing!  
Life grabs you from the inside out  
You keep moving forward  
Toward a new day  
I fly away  
Into a thick uncertainty  
Deep with darkness  
A little man sits alone

It's a new day  
The sun is shining through the leaves  
Fiery red and orange trees  
California skies and oklahoma breeze  
I miss California  
I spend time adorin' ya  
Because I like oranges  
So you make me orange juice and leave it by the  
orchids  
But it's so sour :(  
My mouth puckers  
As the tender flesh comes closer  
My heart implodes with a gasp of cinnamon and  
The crunchy hash browns I ate this morning,  
yummm  
Fried in fricking fat, crispness reminiscent of one's  
unwavering spite :(  
Like the pop of a Mcdonald's sprite, the heart sways  
into  
I think the mermaid's need to feel some rage  
For being kept a secret so long they became a myth  
Hiding their skeletons while downing a fifth  
What does that mean? 🐼  
Doth the heavens speak loudethly  
BOOM!  
Clap! The sound of my heart!  
The beat goes on and on and on and on  
Until it stops...  
But fails to drop and roll  
The flame burns evermore  
Hamburger in my belly  
Better than a hot dog and a corn dog?

Love, senselessly violent, sweet like pink hot dogs  
Fall air, apple cider lovely  
The scent of nana's cinnamon buns  
Can really make a tummy run.  
Squiggle squiggle squint + piggle  
I know not what to write  
This doth give me fright  
Upon thine decaying light  
when, in darkness, Will causes a fright  
When in doubt, ask your heart.  
Look before you leap.