



About the Day Long Poem

The Day Long Poem is Quill tradition! Once a semester, we table in Smith Union, asking anyone who walks by to add a line to the poem.

The writers can only see a single line before of the poem! And once they write theirs, the line they read will be covered up!

Want More from The Quill?

Looking for more literary things on campus? The next edition of the Quill will be out just before reading period!

In the meantime, enjoy the day long poem, and read old editions on our website.

If you're interested in being published, keep an eye out for our submission call in the spring!

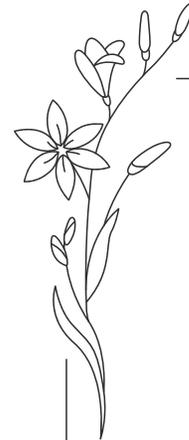


The Quill

Bowdoin's Literary Magazine

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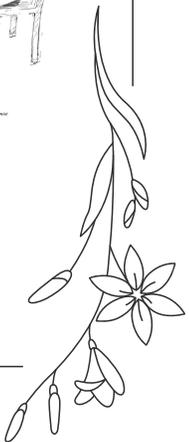
There is no e-quill!



The Quill Presents:

THE DAY LONG POEM

Written by students, staff, faculty,
and community members
in Smith Union
on November 14th, 2025





I hope it snows again
The snowflakes remind me of home &
Covering everything in a fluffy blanket

They call me An iceberg, the titanic, yeah I sunk it
Bowdoin Squirrel vs. iceberg that sank the titanic?
Thermodynamics Sucks
You may just be out of luck
Feeling stuck in the muck
like your average swamp dweller
you long for the freedom to exist authentically
be free, child — eat the Dorito
and care not for lesser triflings,
so carry on your great adventure
Like a camel treks through the desert
Are we all just searching for water?
Or are we all hydrophobic.

Not only are we all hydrophobic, we are allergic to water.
Not all who are homophobic will choose that daughter
But those who hydrophobic will not drink that water
For the water they drink is not inately divine
I woke up inside an elephant
I then I saw him, that infant
with the kindest, softest eyes
and a brown leather jacket
Looked sort of like a detective in an old period piece.

But all he wanted was a brand new fleece
Watched the whole film for your favorite scene, I'm glad we're come dead.
Roses are red, violets are blue, I'm mad chopped, but so are you too.
The petals drifting down, always falling
I pluck them off of the red rose in my hands,
knowing it wasn't given to me in genuine affection
Do we love each other or is this lust
would you turn the GPS at home and find me by the sound of my voice?

Do I have a choice?
Voice, what voice
So radiant and wise
If only it wasn't
completely full of lies.
False.

Is what a gaslighter would say
on a very, very rainy day.
True.

But what is truth, if not our own subjective realities?
And what is love,
if not our desperation to be seen and called good?
To be valued and cherished?

til the end of time
when dinosaurs return
Like Jesus
come from heaven
where God's providence is everywhere
Where rose goes behind death's
and prok knows no depths



we must plunge beyond the beyond
into the unknown, the dark, the new
I feel strangely comfortable
is it because I am loved by all
that I wonder who I am
tomorrow
tomorrow is december maybe
we fight because we're too alike,
we love because we're too alike
the beauty is in the mirror, the stillwater, the beauty is in the ripples and fragments.
America has one hundred forty seven sacraments,
all respected, but only the least decayed
until there were only 3, the goblin,
The goblin said, "You're all boring let's make this exciting," with a maniacal grin.
It's a unweuly thing, but I let him in
Oh that Santa man
His jolly, rosey cheeks aglow
Makes beachside winters much brighter than before
foaming water left aglow
a beacon on the horizon
does it shine with imagined promise?
Or does it remind you of what you cannot have?
never stop eating
As long as there's food to be had
eat as much as you want
It will set you free
I can't think of anything good
but that's ok because good is subjective (unless or a trump supporte)
I wonder what he would say
would he beg to me some different questions?