



ABOUT THE DAY-LONG POEM

THE DAY-LONG POEM IS QUILL TRADITION! ONCE A SEMESTER, WE TABLE IN OR AROUND SMITH UNION, ASKING ANYONE WHO WALKS BY TO ADD A LINE TO THE POEM.

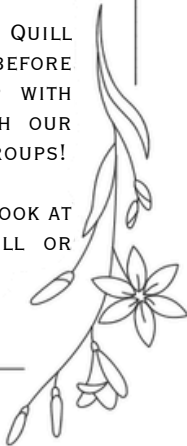
THE WRITERS CAN ONLY SEE A SINGLE LINE BEFORE OF THE POEM, AND ONCE THEY WRITE THEIRS, THE LINE THEY READ WILL BE COVERED UP!

WANT MORE FROM THE QUILL?

QUILL SUBMISSIONS ARE OPEN UNTIL OCTOBER 23. EMAIL QUILL@BOWDOIN.EDU TO SUBMIT YOUR CREATIVE WRITING!

THE NEXT EDITION OF THE QUILL WILL BE PUBLISHED BEFORE READING PERIOD! KEEP UP WITH QUILL HAPPENINGS THROUGH OUR INSTAGRAM OR ON CAMPUSGROUPS!

IN THE MEANTIME, YOU CAN LOOK AT OLD EDITIONS OF THE QUILL OR PAST DAY-LONG POEMS ON OUR WEBSITE!



THE QUILL

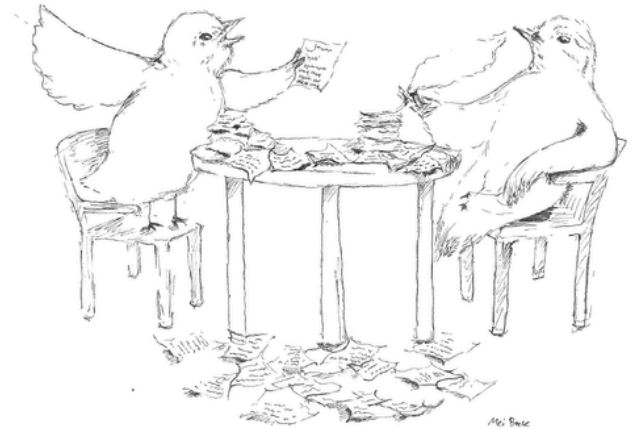
BOWDOIN'S LITERARY MAGAZINE

EMAIL: QUILL@BOWDOIN.EDU
INSTAGRAM: @THEQUILL
STUDENTS: BOWDOIN.EDU/QUILL

THERE IS NO E-QUILL!



Day Long Poem



BY BOWDOIN STUDENTS, STAFF,
FACULTY, AND VISITORS - IN
COLLABORATION WITH THE QUILL,
BOWDOIN'S OLDEST LITERARY
MAGAZINE.

I say "I regret nothing" but always miss what I can't keep
 But the beauty of all of this is that of letting go
 Means you must forget
 Even if you want you can't remember
 The only road forward is all that's left
 I'm all set
 There's nothing left but
 a floppy eared nutt and a hot air balloon
 I HIT THE GOLF BALL & IT WENT STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE!

Feel cool & calm in the beauty of Fall 🍂

As the leaves change, return to the realm of the mother

Embrace the changing leaves and the fresh fall air

Deep breath in and out and sink into the soil

Returning to the moss, to the womb of the dark earth

Enveloped in its damp, aching

unfortunately my hands are kind of kill
 Ah unless you want to hold my cucumbers,

you know what they say about cucumbers...

No more than 5 you should eat lest you become encumbered

I don't know what encumbered means but I like cucumbers

Cucumbers are good, but tomatoes are better!

I love vegetables, but fruit more.

Bananas are the best fruit.

Slippery peels can make you trip.

All I want is ice cream: mint chocolate chip

I want joy, warmth, love, and good food.

To eat, To sleep, to think, to brood.



And repeat it.

Repeat and repeat like the ocean breeze until...

Sea spray came across the bow and cleansed the decks,
 At the sea we welcome you with the whistling wind
 under the cloudless sky on a warm summer day

I was no longer feeling gray

I was now feeling gay

And I really wanted to stay

to risk is to play

Truth is the light of day

Knowledge shines the light which makes life

Glorious and unmaimed, we learn with fingers tied

MA-MA-MA-MAA

Sticky note to my brain

something I've all prepared

to see ourselves through the reflection of our loved ones
 with a future ahead

And books yet to be written

when will we read them?

will we live to see them?

will there be anything for them

when the matcha runs out

I feel that emptiness in my bones

until I see swirly from across the pond

I regret that this is not the flu shot clinic I was searching for

And so I walk once more to find the place I seek

Upon a hill of others' wisdom I search for my place



To a world without face and drugs without lace
 Where magic abounds and wonder continues
 Horizontal Jesus lied (down) for our sins
 And Bowdoin Hockey stood up for us all
 Though not just by winning the quarter final

the team enjoyed sweet victory

enlightened by the fresh juices of
 my Summer fist full of strawberries.

(always liked pineapples more than strawberries)

And when the wind blew the acorns off the trees
 Falling quickly like the Morningstar

Plummiting into the lines of snow general all across
 The Fatherland which sings to us in our dreams

Maybe nothing in your life is as it seems

And we are all dancing together

Like two stars in orbit

