

THE SCRIPT

LITERARY AND ARTS MAGAZINE FOR THE UCF COLLEGE OF MEDICINE



VOLUME V
2018-2019

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LITERARY AND ARTS MAGAZINE FOR THE UCF COLLEGE OF MEDICINE



**College of
Medicine**

UNIVERSITY OF CENTRAL FLORIDA

6850 LAKE NONA BLVD.
ORLANDO, FL 32827

VOLUME V
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FOREWORD

Visual art, music and the written word celebrate the spirit that lives in us all. Experiencing, understanding and appreciating art adds to our own health and helps us bring healing to others.

Art helps us celebrate life and make sense of pain and loss. It inspires us to grow and look at people, circumstances and challenges in new ways. Art shows the power that can be achieved when things come together. Just as individual brush strokes, musical notes and words must work together to make a beautiful piece, our collaboration in medicine makes us stronger and better in the service of our patients.

As physicians, we spend most of our lives in the world of science. Yet the world of art enriches what we do. It touches our hearts and allows us to better communicate because at its very core, art is communication. Great doctors are good communicators and experiencing the arts can enhance our ability to connect with all for the good of those we serve.

I hope you will enjoy this edition of *The Script*. As our new Academic Health Sciences Center begins to grow and we build a new UCF Lake Nona teaching hospital and cancer center, 2018 is a wonderful time to celebrate the healing power of art.



Deborah German, M.D.
Vice President *for* Medical Affairs
Dean, UCF College *of* Medicine

Artists create as a response to environmental stimuli and as a need to express their experiences through their medium. In some cases, the art is easily interpreted by the audience; occasionally understanding the art requires understanding a deeper context or event. Herein are a number of visual and written art pieces, products of our trainees and faculty, as they reflect on and process the experience of another discipline – the art of being a physician. In some cases the work is fully formed and clearly reflects an experience, in other cases the audience can appreciate that the artist is processing the experience and that creation of the piece may be part of that process.

Thank you for picking up a copy of this, the sixth edition of *The Script*. The University of Central Florida College of Medicine Arts in Medicine student group has developed this publication in its entirety including the layout, editorial work, and printing.



Juan Cendan, M.D.
Professor *of* Surgery
Faculty Advisor, Arts in Medicine
UCF College *of* Medicine

FROM THE EDITORS



This year's edition of The Script continues the tradition of providing an artistic platform for medical students and faculty at the University of Central Florida College of Medicine. We often find the rigors and restrictions of medicine stifle our creative pursuits and desensitize us to the beauty of the world around us. By actively engaging in an artistic outlet, we are reminded of the freedom of life and the beauty of creativity. In the unification of art and medicine, we find not only balance but freedom of expression and joy in pursuing the desires of our heart. Our goal in preparing this volume was to develop an artistic mosaic that highlights this reality and inspires others to pursue their own medium of expression.



On the pages that follow, you will find an outpouring of creativity in different mediums such as literary works, digital photography, poetry, and everything in between. In reviewing this publication, may you be inspired by the outstanding creativity of our colleagues. However, we beseech the reader to see beyond the beauty of art on the page. Before each piece that follows is a unique story, a window into the life of your peers. With each piece, we peered into the memories and experiences that shaped who they are today. Through their canvas, we shared their joy, frustration, and heartbreak. Through it all, we are reminded that while we are individually unique, our similarities are greater than our differences. May their story remind you of the humanity in us all by resensitizing you to the beauty of life, the tenderness of emotion, the complexities of perception, and the heartbreak of death.

Best,

Austin Kennedy
Literary Arts Chair

Christina Seto
President

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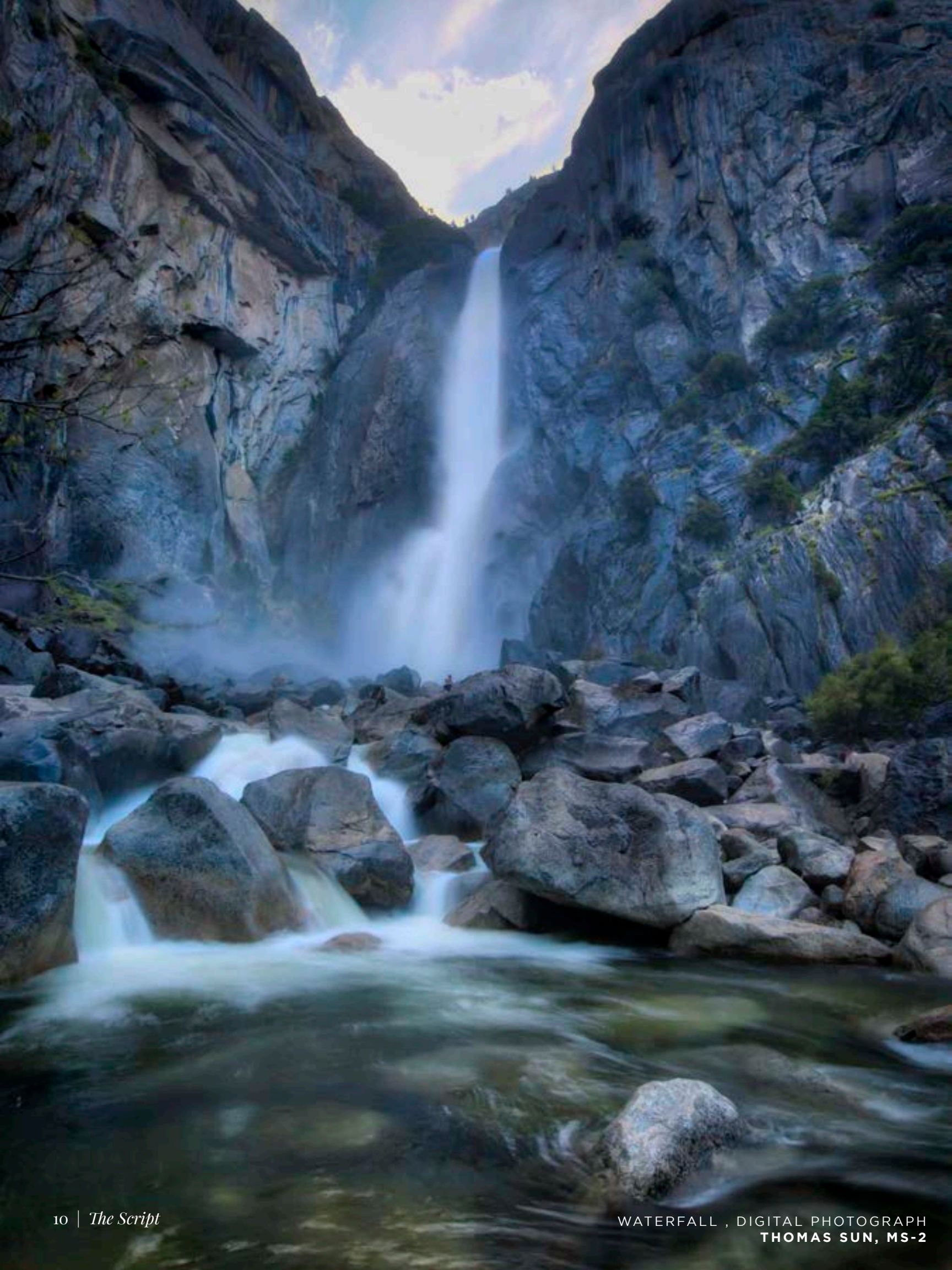


LIFE

*“To see the Summer Sky
Is Poetry, though never in a Book it lie –
True Poems flee –”*

Pamela Johnson





THE PATH PREPARED

SONIA DELA CRUZ, MS-3

Society is obsessed
With skyscrapers of accolades.
We are a society of frantic builders,
Laying weak mottled brick upon brick
To have the highest tower
Above everybody else,
But with a precarious foundation.
One strong gust of a storm
Can topple everything down.
Every heartache,
Every sacrifice,
Every ounce of striving
Will be deemed as naught.
Disappearing in the air
As if it never happened.
We give our whole beings
To this pursuit of worth.
But is it worth it?
What is left when the bricks are destroyed?
Ahead of me, I see
As sand sifts through
A lonely elder's desperately clenched hands.
At the heart of it all
Is a desire
For a life of significance
And comfort.
That you and I matter,
That our lives matter.
My desire is to Feel,

See,
Hear,
Touch,
The lives of people I'm destined to reach.
I'm not ready,
But I will be
In due time.
Shaky, unsure, unsteady, doubtful, scared,
I take a step.
One foot in front of the other.
Strong hands grip me each time I fall.
Giving
A meaningful smile,
A pat on the back,
A listening ear,
A word of encouragement,
A laying of a hand,
A hello to the lonely person in the room.
Along the way, for
The little things are how you make a difference.
Onward I stumble,
My little hand held by my Father
Through the despair awaiting me,
Through the triumphs prepared for me,
Through the paths intersecting with the lives.
I'm destined to touch
Until I hear His voice,
"Well done, my good and faithful servant."
My work is done.

MASKED

IBRAHIM MUSRI, MS-2

Every time I see a surgeon's mask, I'm re-
minded of the masks we wear every day,

So we can face the world with expressions
that match what we say.

To hide our flaws, or so we think, from the
silent critics' sharp eye,

It's adjusted with each person we meet and
replaced each time we cry.

His mask slips just for an instant, and you
catch a glimpse or a word,

Of anguish just beneath the surface, a buried
voice struggling to be heard.

Attempting to reach out, you lower your own
mask,

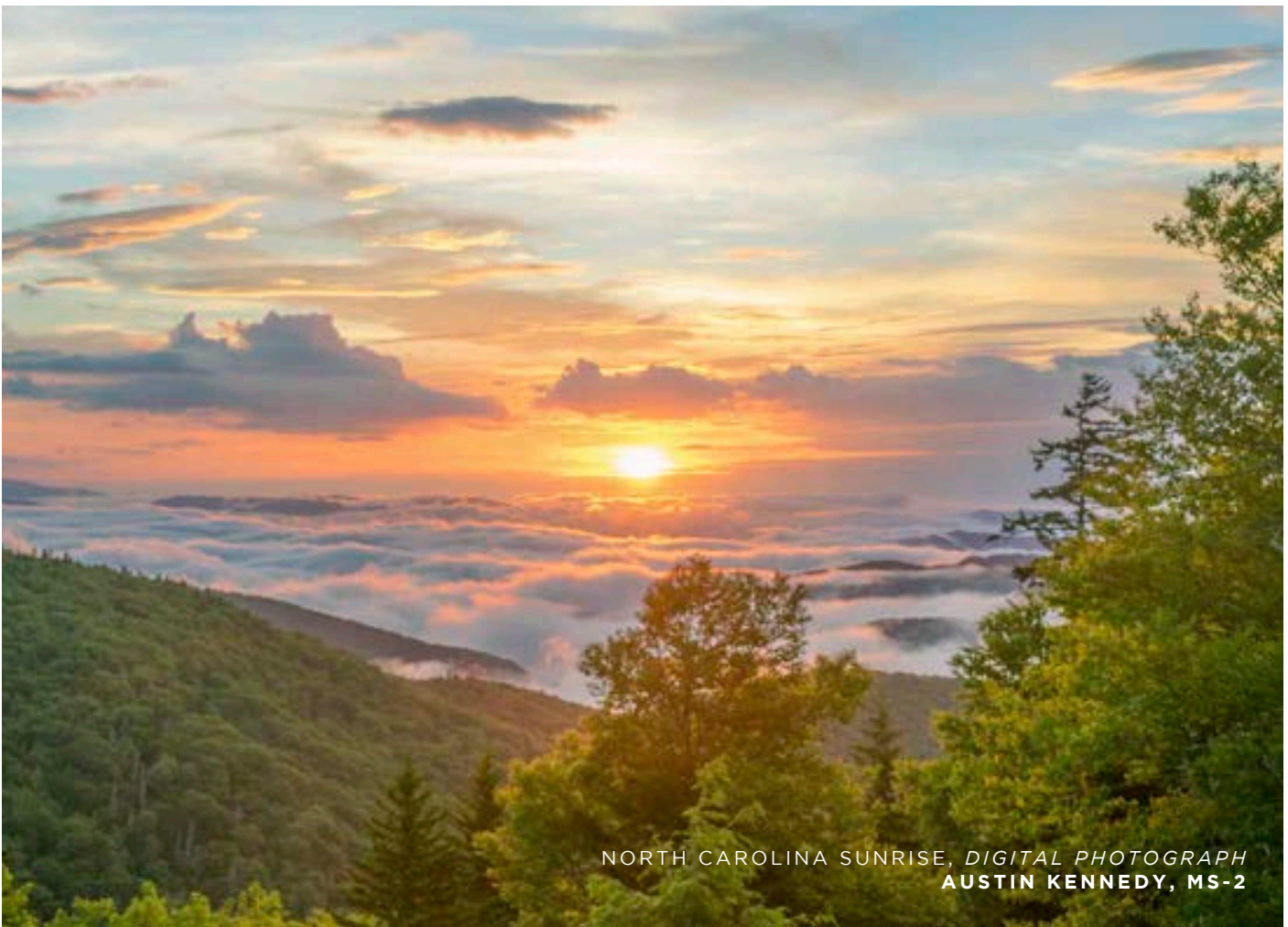
Recognizing his pain but too afraid to ask.

Not detecting your concern, he gets up and
walks away,

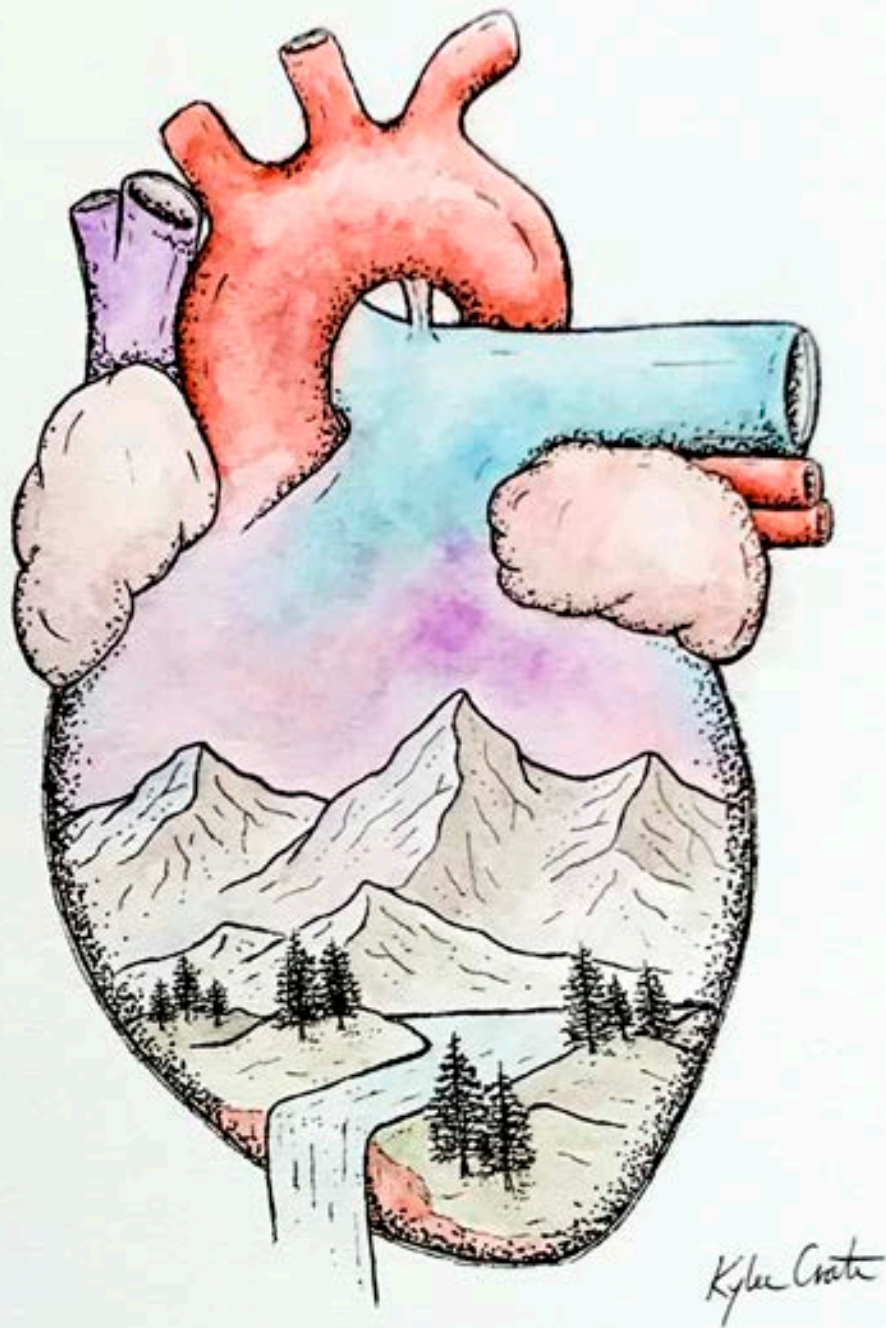
Leaving me wondering what was the right
thing to say.



YOSEMITE VALLEY, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
THOMAS SUN, MS-2



NORTH CAROLINA SUNRISE, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
AUSTIN KENNEDY, MS-2



THE MOUNTAINS ARE CALLING, WATERCOLOR AND INK
KYLEE CRATE, MS-2

NAVAJO SPIRIT

RIANA KAHLON, MS-4

We sat outside her small pink house on the patio she had built herself many years ago. The hurricane had tilted the new fence. Nearby the waves of the beach could be heard crashing onto the shore, adding a peaceful, almost cinematic, element to our encounter.

I was the newly minted third-year medical student sitting on the floral outdoor sofa, more uncomfortable on my first psychiatric home visit than I ever was getting lost in the halls of the hospital. Medical school had drilled into me the history and physical routine. After two years of practice on standardized patients in replica exam rooms, the transition to wards and floors had seemed timely. In this moment, however, my scrubs didn't offer me any veil of authority on a stranger's patio. I wasn't quite sure of what to do with my hands.

"Would you like anything to drink? I have juice, soda, and water," she offered. It was a simple question, but the way she asked reminded me of my grandmother's hospitality and suddenly the boundary between personal and professional seemed even more blurry. The sterility and protocols of inpatient care had already become the

backbone of my new identity. I felt like a fish out of water without them.

Inside, her husband lay asleep on the sofa. He had a stroke that summer that had left him blind and hemiparetic. We left the door open so he could hear us, because after the vision loss he tended to panic if she wasn't nearby. This was her only break from tending to him, so we didn't wake him up. He was a Marine by identity but now had to be subdued by a cocktail of psychiatric medications in order for his wife to be able to take care of him. We were there to write the refills.

"He smoked himself to death," she sighed, "our son shot his wife's lover after finding them in bed together, they won't let us see our grandchildren because I won't cut off my son, and my husband just sat here on the patio and smoked himself to death. He could have cried it out like I did. I would never want to go out like this."

I stared at her impassively, not because I am devoid of emotion, but because when I am overwhelmed my reflex is to blend into the scenery. A noise from inside the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



COCOA BEACH, DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH
VIET NGUYEN, MS-1



SUNSHOWER, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
JENNIFER RIZZO, MS-4

house startled us both and as she went inside to check on it, I turned to the psychiatrist next to me for guidance on how to respond. He mumbled something about adjustment disorder and cycling benzodiazepines as he perused the man's medication list. I was on my own.

As my attending wandered away on the phone with the pharmacy, the woman brought out her dog and the baby turtle she had saved days before the stroke. The dog was a tiny, grotesque thing. I could see its cataracts and wondered if it could even see me. "He's 20. What's that in dog years? 140? Here hold this, turtles are healing." She thrust the turtle into my hand. I hate turtles and wanted to throw it away, but it was one of the few things she had left to hold on to. "Be sensitive!" my brain screamed while simultaneously gagging when the turtle's legs emerged from the shell. I cupped it and watched her: "This seems like a lot to deal with."

We stared at each other for a moment as an understanding passed between us. I knew she was letting me in. "I'm part Navajo- we're spirited people," she proudly declared. Then her tone changed, "but...we had a lot of fun together. We really had a good time together." I was struck by the tenderness in her voice. Her exhaustion went deep into her bones, but it somehow hadn't reached her heart yet. Over the next half hour, she told me of her marriage, the trips they took, and the jokes

that were once shared. When I handed the turtle back to her, she complimented the shade of my nail polish and wistfully spoke of getting her hair done someday. I wondered if I was doing more good by acting less like a medical student and more like an old friend. I didn't know anything about my attending's treatment plan for her husband, but I watched as she brightened the more I let her speak. For the first time in medical school, I felt both unsure of my script and convinced that I was making a difference.

On the long drive back to class that day, I marveled at her loyalty and affection. And although her husband was the patient, I found myself worrying more about her health. "Caregiver" is such a deceptively nice-sounding word wrapped in altruism and compassion. Sheltered from major illness and death until my clinical rotations, I had always pictured caregiving as faceless acts of kindness. The gentle nurse who gives a sponge bath to a dying man. The candy stripper who refills water and gives hugs to people going into surgery. The kinds of people who spend their birthdays volunteering at the homeless shelter or stitching blankets for orphaned children. It was a benevolent, angelic, and superficial mental image. On that day, with my black scrubs contrasting against a faded, floral patio set in the boondocks of Florida, I locked eyes with the spirit and sacrifice that it truly takes in order to care so much.

CHRISTMAS DELIVERY

KAITLYN HITE, MS-4

On this 12th day of pediatrics,
my attending announced to me:
a memorable Christmas delivery.

Radio on: "Joy to the world, a savior
has come."

Excitement and anticipation,
the day is here.

But Mom is unwell;
everyone is on guard.

Breaths held-
phone calls made-
persons notified.
Apgars- shots- swaddles.

12 nurses hustling,
11 tubes connecting,
10 cords hanging,
9 compressions pressing,
8 breaths filling,
7 fluids flowing,
6 X-rays shooting,
5 golden minutes,
4 flight nurses,
3 rounds of epi,
2 crying parents,

And a newborn in a silent nursery.

On this 12th day of pediatrics,
my attending announced to me:
a memorable Christmas delivery.



CENTERED WATERFALL, OIL ON CANVAS
BRANDON FOLEY, MS-1



▲ NATURE'S BEAUTY, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
ANDREW ROMERO, MS-2

◀ THOR'S HAMMER, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
ROBERT PELL, MS-2

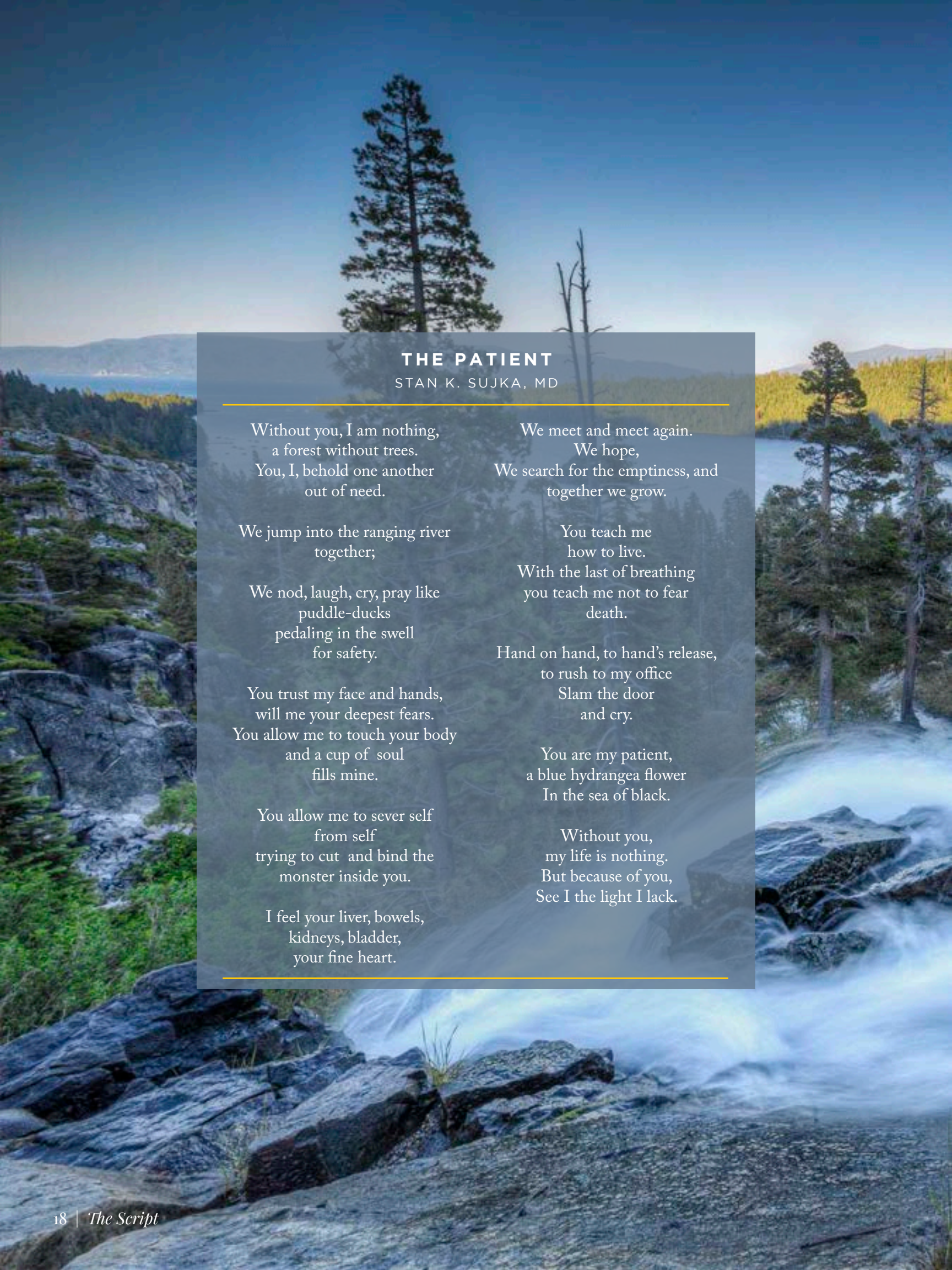
THREE COLOR BEACH, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*



BEAVER FALLS, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*



VIET NGUYEN, MS-1



THE PATIENT

STAN K. SUJKA, MD

Without you, I am nothing,
a forest without trees.
You, I, behold one another
out of need.

We jump into the ranging river
together;

We nod, laugh, cry, pray like
puddle-ducks
pedaling in the swell
for safety.

You trust my face and hands,
will me your deepest fears.
You allow me to touch your body
and a cup of soul
fills mine.

You allow me to sever self
from self
trying to cut and bind the
monster inside you.

I feel your liver, bowels,
kidneys, bladder,
your fine heart.

We meet and meet again.
We hope,
We search for the emptiness, and
together we grow.

You teach me
how to live.
With the last of breathing
you teach me not to fear
death.

Hand on hand, to hand's release,
to rush to my office
Slam the door
and cry.

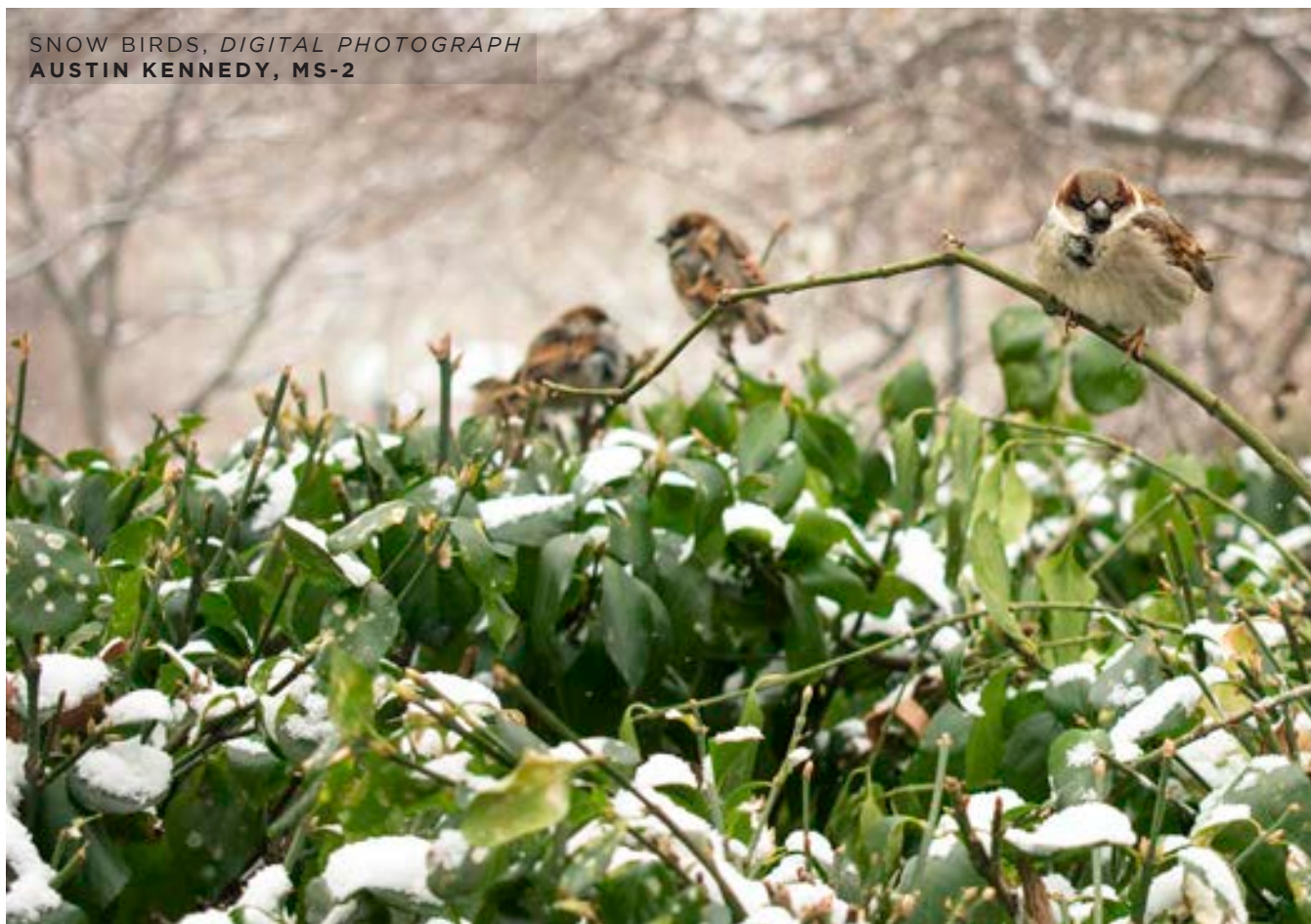
You are my patient,
a blue hydrangea flower
In the sea of black.

Without you,
my life is nothing.
But because of you,
See I the light I lack.





HAITI'S MAJESTIC DUALITY, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
JULIA NEDIMYER, MS-1



SNOW BIRDS, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
AUSTIN KENNEDY, MS-2

AN EAR TO LISTEN

ALEX MOSES, MS-3

It was my first time in a hospital setting. “Examine Mr. Jones,” the attending barked. “I have to go see another patient real fast. I’ll be back soon. Don’t forget to check his feet.” And with that, he turned on a heel and walked out of the room.

It was just me and Mr. Doe now. We looked at each other quietly – for what felt like an eternity. 22 years of certified small talk experience and I couldn’t think of a single damn salutation. Out of desperation to break the silence, I awkwardly lunged at his feet. First inspecting the covered foot, then precisely calculating where I should grip the sock to pull it off – second-guessing every move I made, of course. And right as I built the courage to grab that sock...

“Hey junior!” he exclaimed. I nearly jumped out of my shoes. “I think he wants you to check the other foot. That’s where the ulcer is.” I shifted my weight toward his left foot. “Just kidding! It’s my right foot,” he chuckled. I looked up – half confused half petrified – to see a smiling, toothless old man. “You know when I was your age I was out chasing women, not looking at old men’s feet.” He chuckled again.

He then proceeded to tell me of his youth – so I listened. He talked about his love and her passing. He talked about his children and their growth into adulthood. He talked about his experiences as a pilot in the Vietnam War – both of honor and guilt. And as he talked, I began to relax enough to examine him competently.

Unfortunately, even I as a first-year medical student knew that he did not look good. Crackles in his lungs, edema in his legs, peripheral neuropathy, foot ulcers, the whole nine. He probably hadn’t been out of bed in weeks. So there I was, examining a man with very little life left in him according to my textbooks, yet with every story he told, a little more life drifted back into his eyes.

So, I just listened some more. And so he talked some more – a lot more. I can’t honestly be sure if he took a breath the whole time my attending was gone. However, sooner or later my attending did come back – who was, by the way, not impressed with my lackluster physical exam. But the way I see it is there are many skills needed by a physician. Yes, a physical exam is one. But another is to recognize what is needed by your patient, and that doesn’t always include metformin and a surgical consult. Sometimes, it’s just as simple as giving an ear to listen.

ON THE PSYCH WARD

ALLYSON BROWN, MS-4

Ten years old, the little girl
Her shoulders hunched
Small frame drowning in the paper scrubs
Dark hair fails to shield her
Hanging lank across her face
Behind it her eyes
Lit with fear
Dart about the room
I am inexorably drawn to stand
Between her and
The monsters that have led her here

She should be out in the sunshine
Not here
Not in this dark place

Why did you come here, little girl
On the paperwork her parents have written
Cruel words in violent strokes
DANGEROUS

AGGRESSIVE
She whispers: I did not listen
My heart is shredded by her solemnity
Her silences
By the thought of this little girl
In this place of dark shadows
With no idea why she has been abandoned here

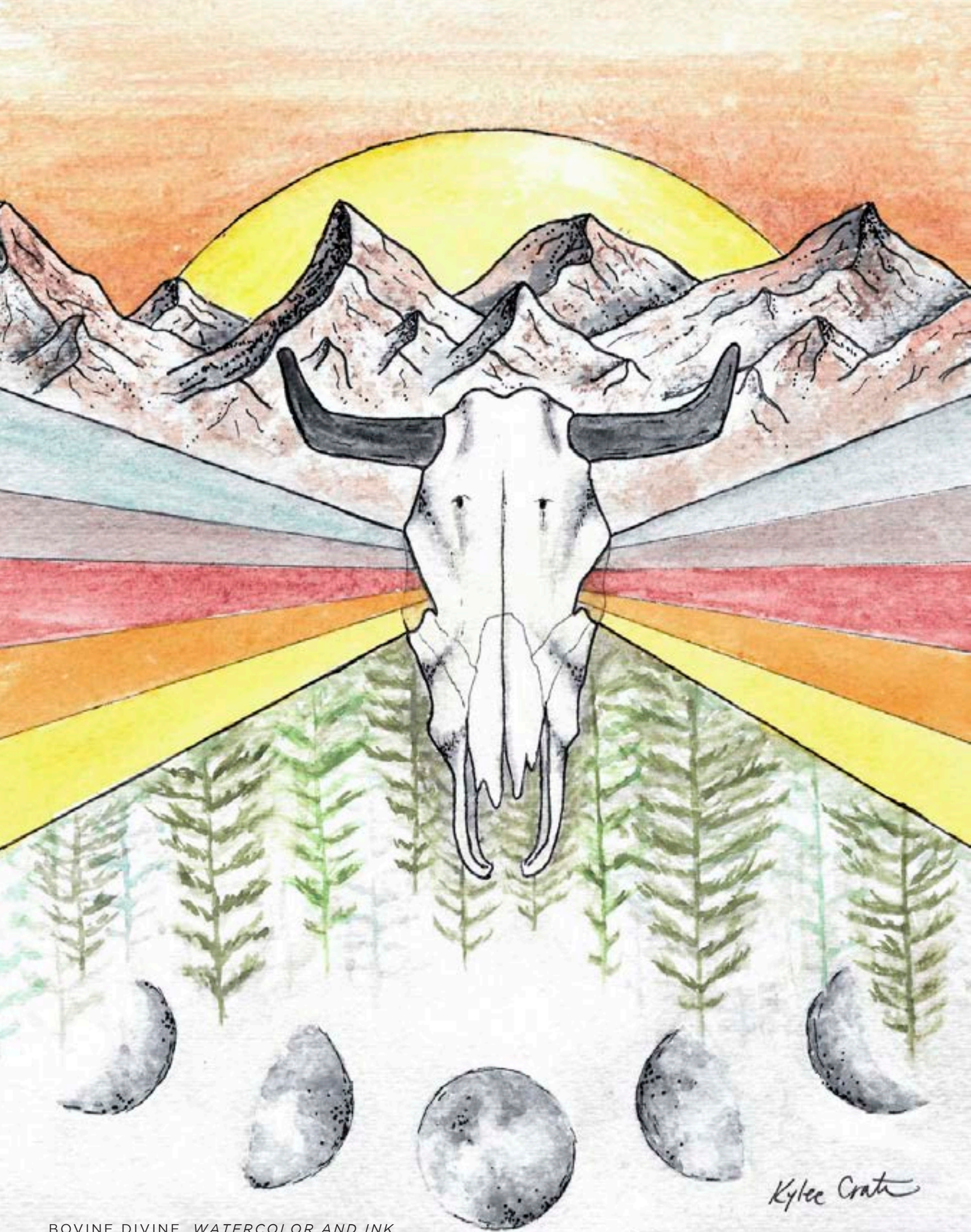
Other patients come and go
I line up their bravado
With her courage
Driving home I wonder
Seeing this horror
Her tear-streaked face
Her frightened eyes
How you do not hate the world
For what it has done
And will do
To this little girl



EMOTION

*“The purpose of art is washing the dust of
daily life off our souls.”*

Pablo Picasso



Kylee Crate



MANDEE, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
KARLA SALAZAR, MS-3



CHILDREN OF MYANMAR, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
JENNIFER RIZZO, MS-4

THE REFUGEE PATIENT

TABITHA ECKERT, MS-1

*This patient's family were forced by Boko Haram to flee
their traditional grazing lands.*

She takes my arm between her hands,
her time-stained, life-burnt, calloused hands,
and strokes it, like her people do,
repeating words like spell, like song,
stroke-speak, stroke-speak, stroke-speak.
As though she could lay down some kind of varnish,
painting, on my skin
and rub it in, oil truth, balm prophecy,
anointing wish. She's transforming me
and healing with her melody-less song,
an incantation from another world,
a declaration hope, a blessing from some ancient time.
Some people read palms, tea leaves, stars,
see in them things that will yet be, divine, unknowns
that lie ahead. Not this one, not
her tribe – they take your arms instead
and write on them their love for you,
adsorbing their acceptance like an oil
caressed into your skin.

She takes my arm between her hands,
just like her people flung like constellations
all across these dying drying lands
that hum no less with throbbing, beating life

that seeps its way into your soul;
just like her wandering ancestors
who herd their cattle each by name,
binding them adamantine with trust alone,
each gore-horned towering zebu cow
a loyal life-long friend;
just like the mothers framed in firelight,
running fingers through soft toddler hair,
releasing tangles, flicking dust, and weaving
promise, future, ownership, identity
all through the then and now into someday;
just like the loping-gaited leaders
of her tribe who are all man and unashamed
to braid each other's hair
and greet each other with a hug
hold each other's hands while they walk
slowly through the marketplaces,
even as the less-expressive Hausa smile and jeer.

She takes my arm between her hands,
just like our heart-tribe scattered all across
the nations of this lonely, lovely world
where we will write ourselves and fade away;
she takes my arm between her hands
and stroke-speaks into it her gift,
"Tabitha is my friend."

BEFORE YOU CLOCK IN

MICHAEL STACK, MS-2

Hey PSCU. I hope you have a great day!
Before you clock in, read this, if you may.

Each and all of you shape the day with your
own unique touch.
This place truly is special because we care so
much.

Caring for sick children can cause our hearts
to strain.

Stick together. Stay strong. A rainbow is sure
to follow the rain.

Compassion is a strength, not a weakness.

Never forget this as you face trauma and
sickness.

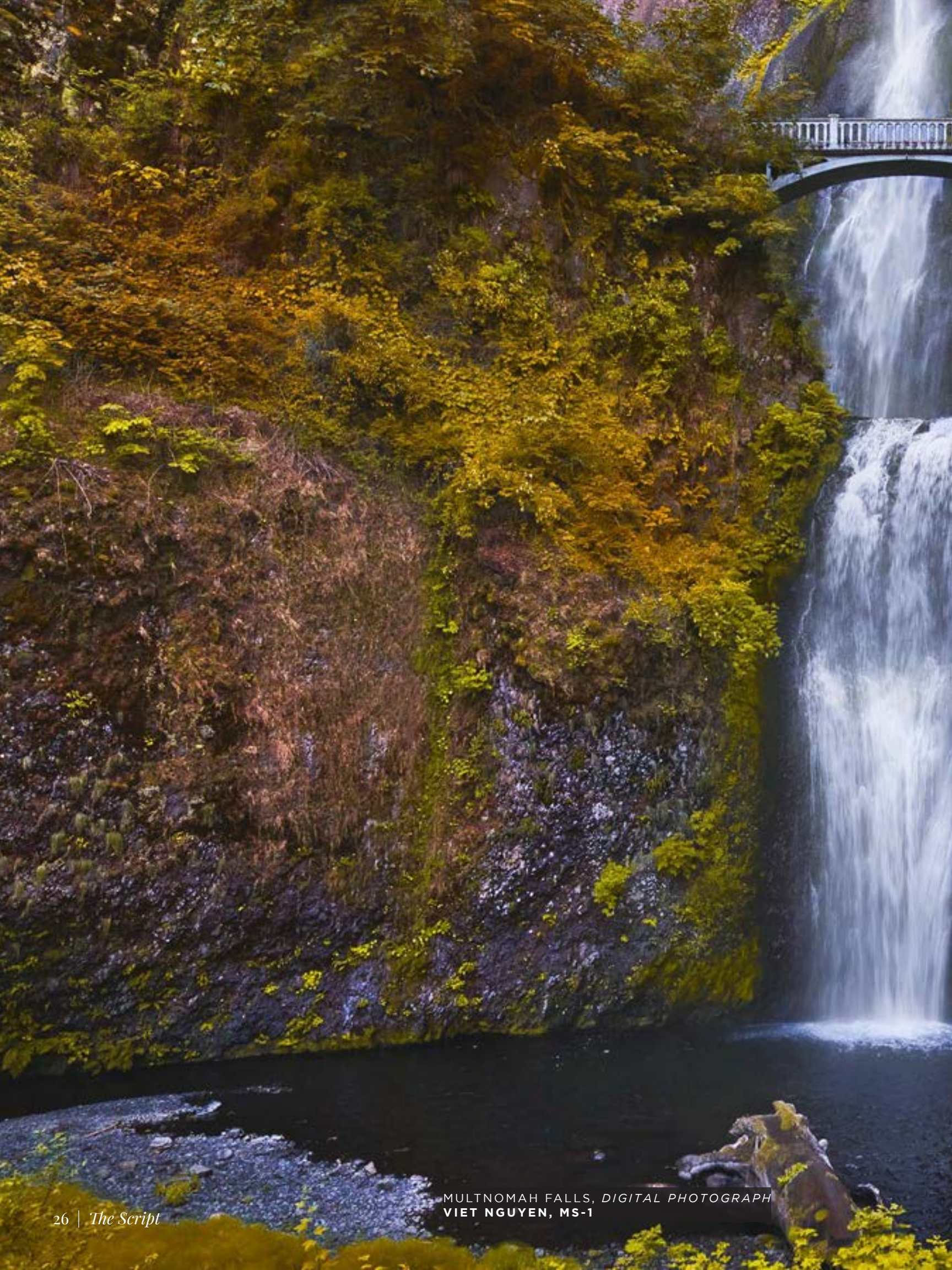
Do everything to make a difference in the
life of a little one.

This can be a scary place, so try to make it
fun.

Don't worry. If your patient can smile, you
have already won.

From the bottom of my heart, this team is
the best.

To have been a part of this unit, I am truly
blessed.





YOUR SMILE
AUSTIN KENNEDY, MS-2

Your smile,
That is my weakness.
Deep from your soul it flows,
Dancing under rays of light.
A spring sunflower,
Blooming.
A happy bird,
Singing.

Can't you see?

Playful giggles,
Tickling my soul,
Laughter in the making,
An adventure worth taking.
Oh the electricity coursing,
Shocks right through me,
Full of love and admiration,
With you, no better sensation.

Oh can't you see,
What I see,
In the beauty of,
Your smile.



WINTER CABIN, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
BRANDON FOLEY, MS-1

35 MM ART, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
MADELINE GOLDBERG, MS-4



COPENHAGEN, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
ANAMARIA PARUS, MS-2



THE ATTEMPTED ESCAPE

STAN K. SUJKA, MD

*(To my patient, tortured by his body and mind.
My heart cries for you and your pain.)*

Blood splattered on fresh fallen snow
“faggot, faggot, faggot” they screamed,
pummeled your face,
a child of ten,
you wouldn’t fight back.

Now a broken man,
stripped of the orange jumpsuit.
of your dignity,
black nakedness crucified on
hospital sheets of snow.

Like a serpent
you slither in life’s sanguine puddle
clutching your crotch
blood, thick like honey goo,
oozing between your dirty fingers
sweet, odor of rotting fruit
coats your long painted nails red.

Guards
guns at the ready
bloodless faces recoiling
seesaw swaying on their feet
a state of male weakness
they behold

On a cold,
stainless steel Mayo stand,
a baggie with ice,
your gift to Hermaphrodites
gray, cold, dead
delivered
with a Tract II razor.

A white bra
useless armor
bulges with toilet paper
flag of your surrender.

Your teeth chatter:
SOS

A dullahan of the night
demonic fairy?

Sour sweat
drips down your face
wraps its water claws
around your neck.

Gasping, your
short, shallow breaths
race to unconscious font,
as your gift to dim deities,
rattles into trash.

Reality,
cruel monster,
stabs, strangles, and rips at last brain
the sardonic refrain
haunts your memory

“faggot, faggot, faggot”
tears drown your heart

But,
cleanse your soul?

Clean or dirty

A broken heart remains.

WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF, *MULTI-MEDIA* CATHERINE MITCHELL, MS3

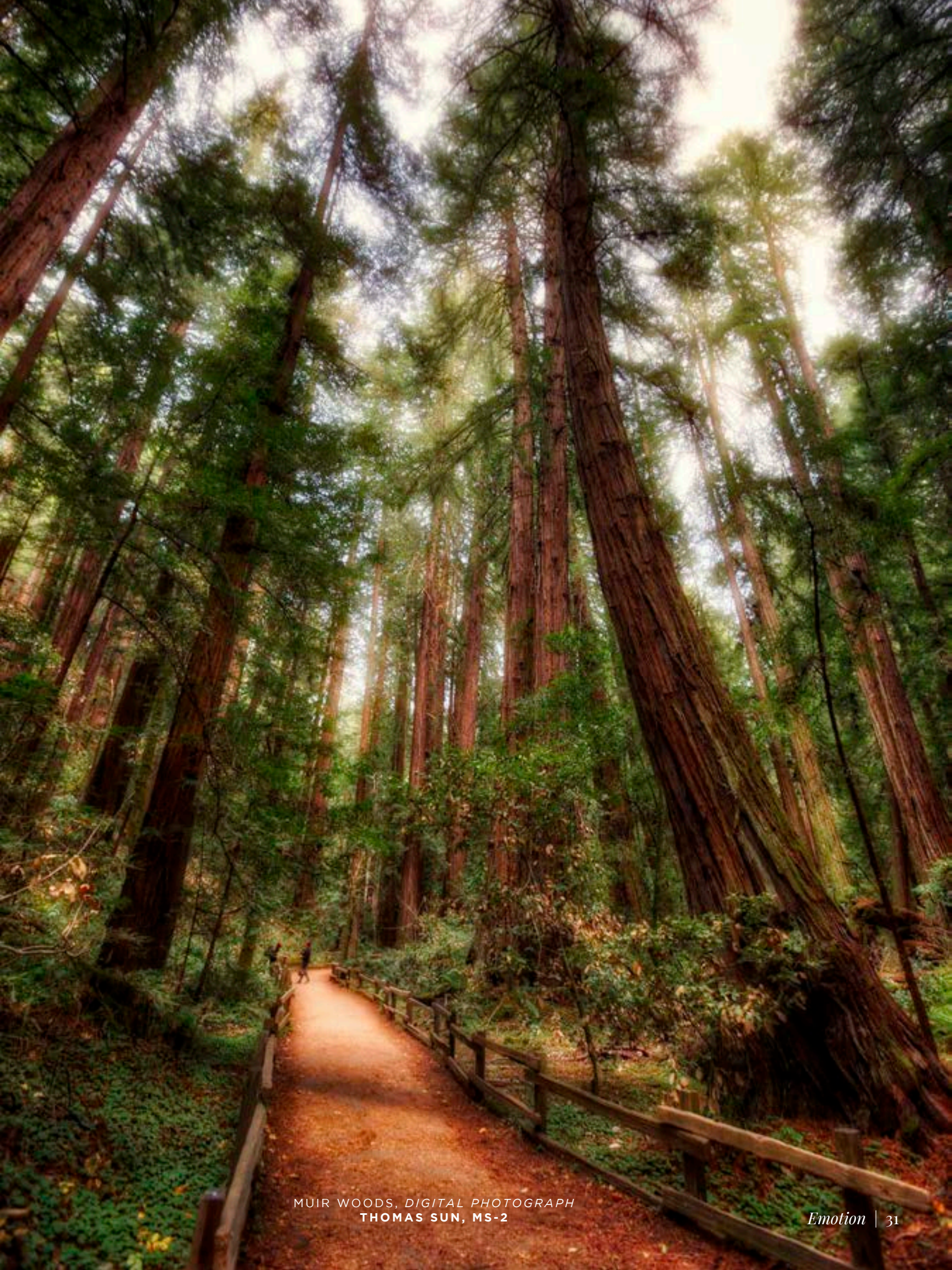


SEEING DOUBLE, *MIXED MEDIA* KIMBY ROSENTHAL, MS1



ORNAMENT, *ACRYLIC ON OBJECT* CHERRY LIU, MS-2







PERCEPTION

*“Every artist dips his brush in his own soul,
and paints his own nature into his pictures.”*

Henry Ward Beecher



FAREWELL TO OUR FIRST PATIENT

IBRAHIM MUSRI, MS-2

I remember the day we first met you and unwrapped the sheet from your face. Nothing really prepared us for the stillness of death, an almost tangible thing, which seemed to add to your weight as we lifted you off the cold steel tray. We were new, it was our first dissection, and the thin plastic gowns and gloves hardly seemed an adequate barrier. But we learned not to fear you, for though we would never get to know your name, you would be our teacher in the coming months as we studied anatomy.

The surgical instruments in our toolbox were accompanied by chisels and saws, instruments we at first thought too crude to use on you. Though the smell of formaldehyde was overpowering at first, it soon faded from notice, and with it, the feeling of revulsion that taking a knife to a corpse should elicit. In that cold room, we were visitors and the dead were our hosts, welcoming us with frozen gestures and silent faces.

We found that we were not the first ones to open you up. The old scars had nearly faded, but your heart still displayed a surgeon's careful work. We were not seeing the perfect anatomy of a textbook, but a body returned long after the warranty had expired. The question was simple: how did you get to be here on this table after decades among the living?

But the answer proved elusive, and the more we found the less certain we became. Perhaps you could've told us at the beginning, but you were patient as we stumbled our way through each organ and structure. As the weeks went by we uncovered more clues, and learned more about what brought you here and what we had in common. We discovered only a small piece of your story, and I wish you'd had the chance to tell us more. Though there must have been those that mourned you among the living, we are grateful that you were our friend among the dead.

We started out strangers to each other as much as you were to us, but you became the seventh member of our team. The manual was put aside and you became our guide, and our hands no longer shook when we slid on new scalpel blades. This may not have been the first time a knife made contact with your flesh, but thankfully it was to be the last. We could not take you back with us to rejoin the living, nor could we return your body in one piece like we found it, but your lessons and your legacy will remain with us for years to come.

You were thinking of us before we met you, and we are grateful for the choice you made. The mind that decided that death would make you a teacher, once resided in the brain we carefully removed from your skull and preserved. That's all we have left of you, our first patient.

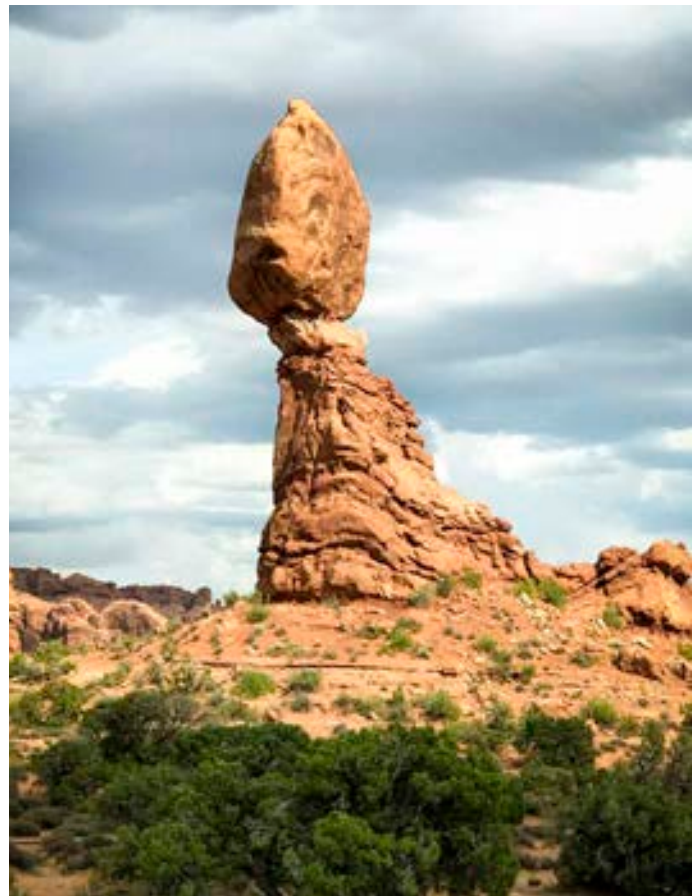


PERUVIAN ANDES, DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH
JONATHAN MAYL, MS-4

ARCHETYPE, WATERCOLOR AND INK
▼ KYLEE CRATE, MS-2



BALANCING ROCK, DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH
▼ ROBERT PELL, MS-2



TRANQUIL AVALANCHE

NISHA SHARMA, MS-1

The fluid snow holds all sound captive
Fluffy, white ornaments glide from above
To kiss the circadian asphalt
Swishing ice skates outline snowflakes
For the peristaltic caress to sweep away stress
Signaling snow-angel thoughts

As the pulsing avalanche riots and bellows,
To obliterate all shelter.
The dead air flares the gun.
To ignite a ski race within the vein's course
Their tracks carve out toxic skulls
Alarming the frigid, militant spine

To coalesce and seek another blink of life
Buried deep in snowy equilibrium

THEY SAY

RACHEL TRUONG, MS-1

Words should
flow like rivers
from my mind,
a cascade.

But
here, my words
are halted,
unsure.

How does one
say
“It’s not good”
when
faced with ears
and eyes
so full of
hope?
Impossible.

Sometimes,
my sentences speak
in staccato
and
my phrases tear
and tremble,
stressed.

I search for
the best way to
say it, but
nothing comes.

Sometimes,
My words don’t have a stop,
because there is so much to say.
“The test results came back great!”
“Is there anything else I can help
you with?”

“Have a safe ride home.”

How does one communicate
every result, recovery, and
restitution
without including so much detail
that
no one goes home until late?
Impossible.

I say

Words should have a stop, so all
can stop and think.

And words should slow when
they need to and skip over stones,
so the current won’t sweep them
away.

What is here and there and
everywhere? What sings and
snarks and snarls?
Is it a riddle or story or song?
Yes.

And it’s poetry.



ALABAMA HILLS, DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH
VIET NGUYEN, MS-1



FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF E.E. CUMMINGS AS A YOUNG CARDIOTHORACIC SURGEON

ETHAN HARTMAN, MS-2

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in my hands, those bloody gloved instruments, those couriers of
life and death) wherever you go, my mind goes, my dear(for you were someone's daughter after all)

you, in all your youth, wade knee deep amongst the flowers
being a flower yourself(root of root, bud of bud) how could you not
(and yet)

plucked,
so viciously from this earth
by someone too drunk to care
curved ink [bound your heart] -should it go unused-
to the next () thorax
vacant

with the vigor of life your engine roared
as we opened you up to look under the hood
but still, you weren't there to experience
the lub-dub, lub-dub, lub duh-dub, of the ward

Such strange ness, that one tragedy can equal
Three miracles(one heart, two lungs)
which--

once,

breathed

the love

(so deep)

of a high school sweetheart(still beating in his chest, i presume,
...though somewhat fainter now)

to the recipients of this gift I say;

you cannot know
you mustn't know
the giver of this gift of life
for it would only serve to break the heart
that i've worked so hard to maintain

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in (on) my hands)

THE CHANGING FACE OF MEDICINE

MICHAEL R. PRANZATELLI, M.D.

...Portraits hanging on hospital walls, the forgotten. Those in medical history books. Mood, the attitude captured with lots of brushes, lots of strokes, lots of colors—please do not use so much grey and black (well, there was Manet). Do not put them behind glass in the dark hallways. Vincent got one off on Dr. Gatchet—Paul, why did you give him a gun? Red is still the most expensive color; we all have a blue period....

The Eyes – “The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes, but in having new eyes.” Yes, Marcel. I see it now: our assumptions were wrong! Treating schizophrenics by hypoglycemic shock, colon resection, frontal lobotomy! Treating syphilis with malaria or mercury! Pneumothorax for tuberculosis and sleeping in the cold! Exchange transfusions for kids with Reye syndrome—vanquished: no more aspirin for fever! Baby Patrick Bouvier Kennedy had neonatal RDS before surfactant and steroids! [Factoid: the 24-week preemie now survives!] Gastric ulcers before *H. pylori*! Chemotherapy for cancer—poisoning—are we still doing that? Now we tweak immunity. How could they have been so ignorant? Surely, we are not so ignorant. Theirs was the ignorance of living at the wrong place in Time.

The Nose – “For breath is life,” the Sanskrit said. “Breathe well, you will live long on the earth.” How could Henry Ford know his cars would kill the air, our breath? Down the airway, the tiny endoscope peeks. In tenement dwellings, asthma’s triggered by cockroach feces, while next generation drugs target cytokines: monoclonal antibodies to recombinant fusion proteins. No more iron lungs—the man in a lab coat made his vaccine. It’s okay to smell the peach, but wash away insecticides, tend the microbiome. The smoking industry lied: nicotine was added to cigarettes. The graves of the Nameless, so many died. Does anyone recall the Marlboro theme? The plume—E-cigarettes. What is the cure for the common cold? Such panic over Legionnaires’ disease, HIV, Ebola... Michael Crichton warned....

The Lips – They part: “primum non nocere” (above all, do no harm). Organ transplants and old immunosuppressants. The first heart—his name was Lewis Washkansky from Cape Town—he lasted 18 days. Now kidneys, liver, lungs, face. Look! Ears grown on arms, organs forming in petri dishes. [Radio: Suicide attempted once per minute; completed, every 17.] What



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is the cure for suicide? Please check the formulary for Soma... and the copay. The epochal 'wonder drugs'—opiates—they kill pain, relieve such suffering—do you remember the teen with Ewing's (she cried for pain meds too soon). They kill addicts. What is the cure for addiction? On the Internet: the president declared a war... "O brave new world..." Miranda said. "'Tis new to thee," said Prospero.

The Chin – "Take it on the chin and work it through." Resolute. Clone the individual. Measure with the -omics. Slice disease from the human genome with CRISPR. "Precision medicine" takes time. The 15-minute slot for patients—didn't you read the contract: 26 patients per day? Researchers clamor for big bucks—the federal funding "stock market exchange"—do you have what it takes to be a researcher? Do you incorporate discoveries into your practice? Here's the fifty-billion-dollar biomarker industry—throughput machines screening while you sleep. Knowledge explodes; learning, life-long. Do you read journals with your hand beneath your chin, or does your chin slump on your chest? Just in: Doctors needed on the moon base. No on-call duty if you go to Mars (has 3-D printing and a pill to slow aging).

...I sat beside the boy with ALL from my student days. The sepsis—multiple antibiotics, irradiated leukocytes, and still the sepsis. Blood draws, rounds, charting, all hours—the relapse. "Am I going to die?" he asked. "We tried to save you," I said. "We didn't have the knowledge back then." "I know," he said. He turned towards me. "But you tried." Now let us remember those we saved and those we lost....





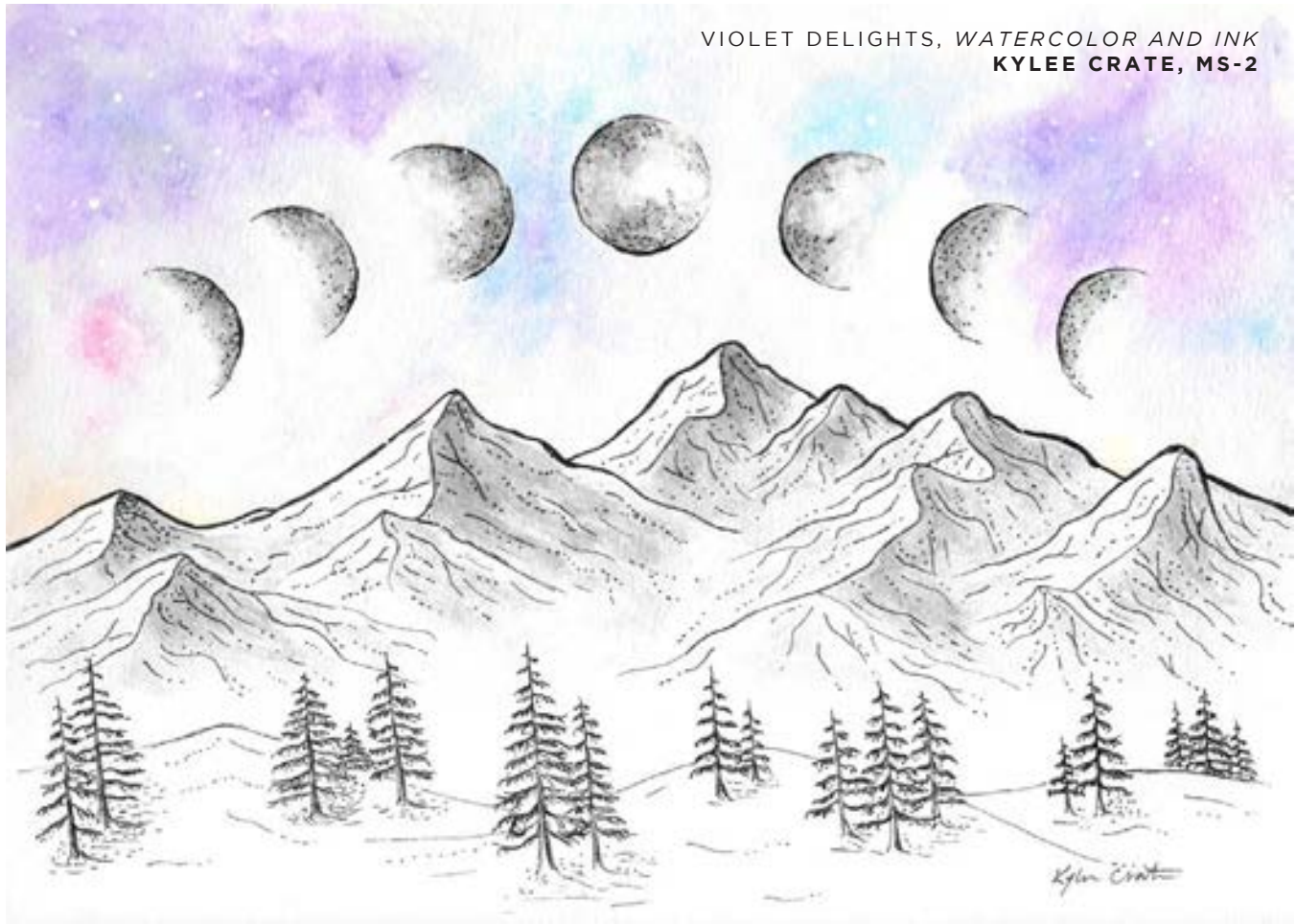
JACKSONVILLE PIER, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
AUSTIN KENNEDY, MS-2

BALDWIN PARK, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
AUSTIN KENNEDY, MS-2



SUMMER IN ITALY, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH*
JONATHAN KEYES, MS-2





VIOLET DELIGHTS, WATERCOLOR AND INK
KYLEE CRATE, MS-2

TENDERNESS

STAN K. SUJKA, M.D.

He brings her to my office.

Stick figures of the past.
married 50 years.

Her eyes red, afraid, tired, swollen
Pupils pinpoint, black dots
swimming in boiled yolks,
wormholes into her misery.

She rubs
her pain pills plugged gut.
She moans,
one foot in the next world.

Her husband,
Stares at the floor, murmuring;
"I had to dig her out every day."

I hold my breath,
room spinning.

The only sound
is our pounding hearts.

He raises his head, slow,
to see if I heard him.

My stare embraces him.

The silence kisses his beautiful heart.
The air lifts him closer to heaven.

I love you better, worse, till death.

I hear him.

THE EVOLUTION OF EVE, ACRYLLIC O CANVAS
MICHAEL R. PRANZATELLI, M.D.



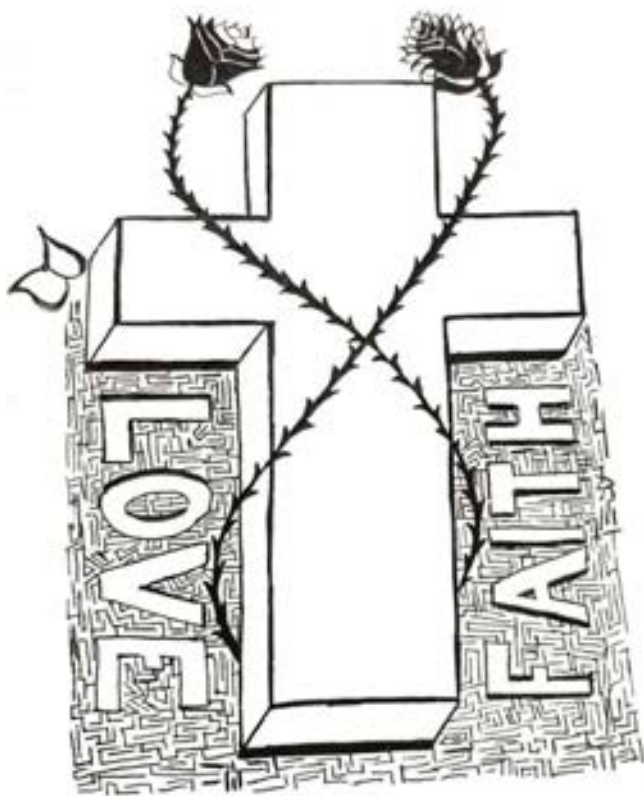
TULIP FIELD, OIL ON CANVAS



TAIWAN IS A COUNTRY, OIL ON CANVAS



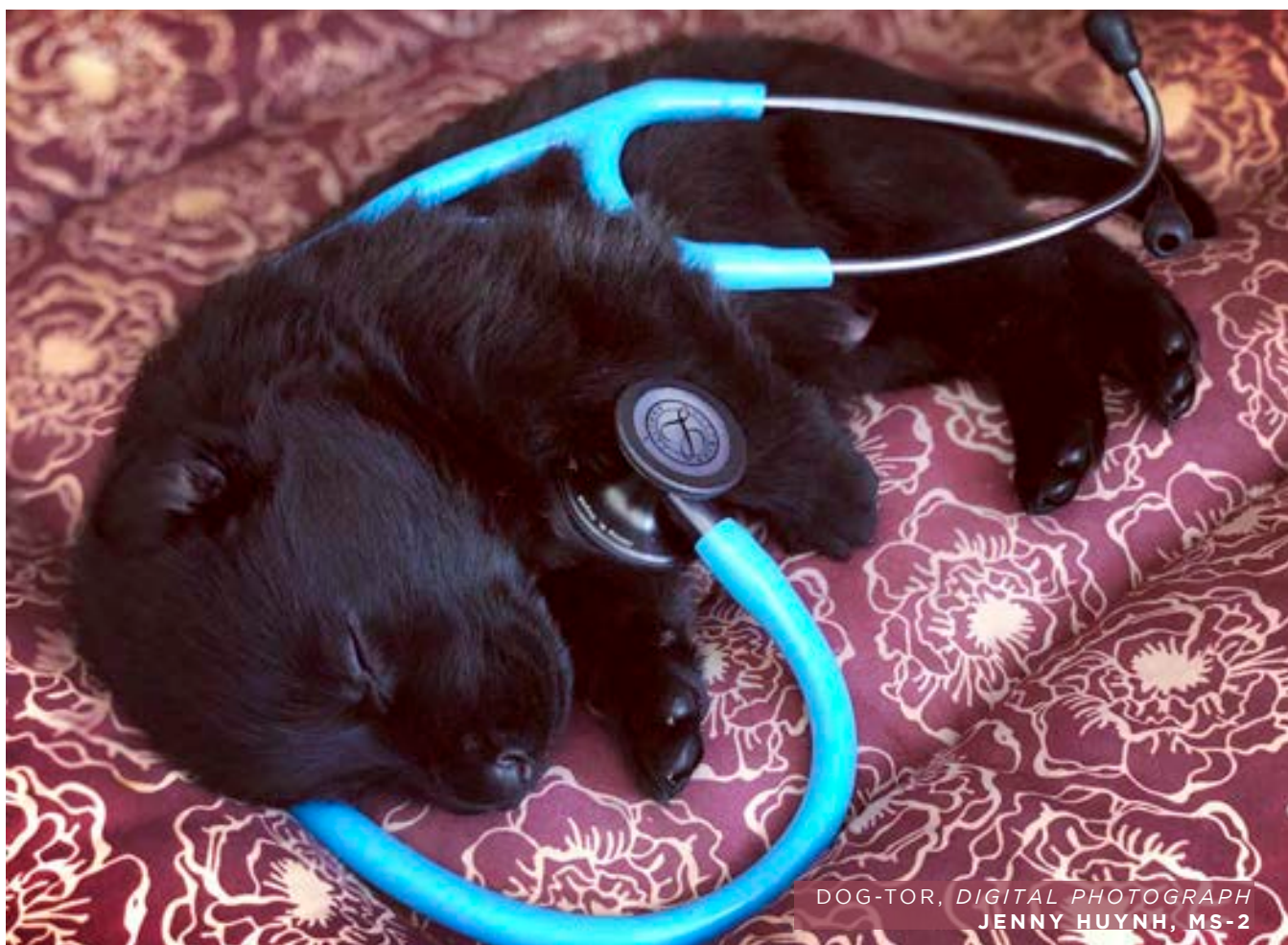
CHERRY LIU, MS-2



UNTITLED, PEN AND PAPER
ASHLEY LIM, MS-3



DIVERSITY, ACRYLIC ON CANVAS
SARAH M. DHANNOON, M.D.



DOG-TOR, DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH
JENNY HUYNH, MS-2



DEATH

*“Do not go gentle into that good night. Rage,
rage against the dying of the light.”*

Dylan Thomas



ALABAMA HILLS, DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH
VIET NGUYEN, MS-1

EURYDICE

CHRISTINA SETO, MS-2

"hic, ne deficeret, metuens avidusque videndi/flexit amans oculos, et protinus illa relapsa est." --- Ovid, Metamorphoses

("Just before the end, the lover, ardent and afraid, turned his eyes backwards, and immediately, she vanished.")

When I met my very first patient, she was very still and silent. Her teeth were clamped shut, her eyes sealed closed, and as I reached out my hand to meet hers, the rigidity was shocking. The first moment in which I opened the body bag and stared at the cadaver wearing nothing but an ankle tag, the moment in which I confronted the nakedness and anonymity of what studying anatomy really meant, the moment in which I held the hand of my first patient, medicine became visceral and tangible and human.

At first glance, my first patient was nobody. She was a line on a laminated piece of paper posted on the wall: table 16, age 62, self-employed restaurant owner. I knew nothing else about her, nothing about her name, her family, her life story. But as I sat on a stool and she lay on the table, something about her was familiar, and I realized I had seen this ghost before. Not this particular patient, of course, but her spirit, in the spirit of a woman named Eurydice.

I first met Orpheus and Eurydice in the pages of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* when I was a sophomore in college. Their story is a story of love and loss, as a deadly snake bite blemishes their joyous wedding day and Eurydice suddenly dies, leaving Orpheus behind in the world of the living. The ancient musician struggles to grieve, to believe in the cruelty of the Fates. In a defiant and desperate attempt to recover his lost love, he embarks on a journey deep into the depths of the darkest realms, a world of unworldliness. On a warm October morning, just weeks after beginning medical school, I followed Orpheus' footsteps down into the Underworld as I began anatomy. It was in that murky darkness, full of death and decay, that I met my first patient and remembered Eurydice.

No one told me how cold it would be in Hell, how frigid it would be to feel lifelessness with my own fingers, how numbing it would be to use a chisel and a scalpel to chip and scrape away what little dignity there is left in death. As I brushed my blue nitrile gloves across ribcages and

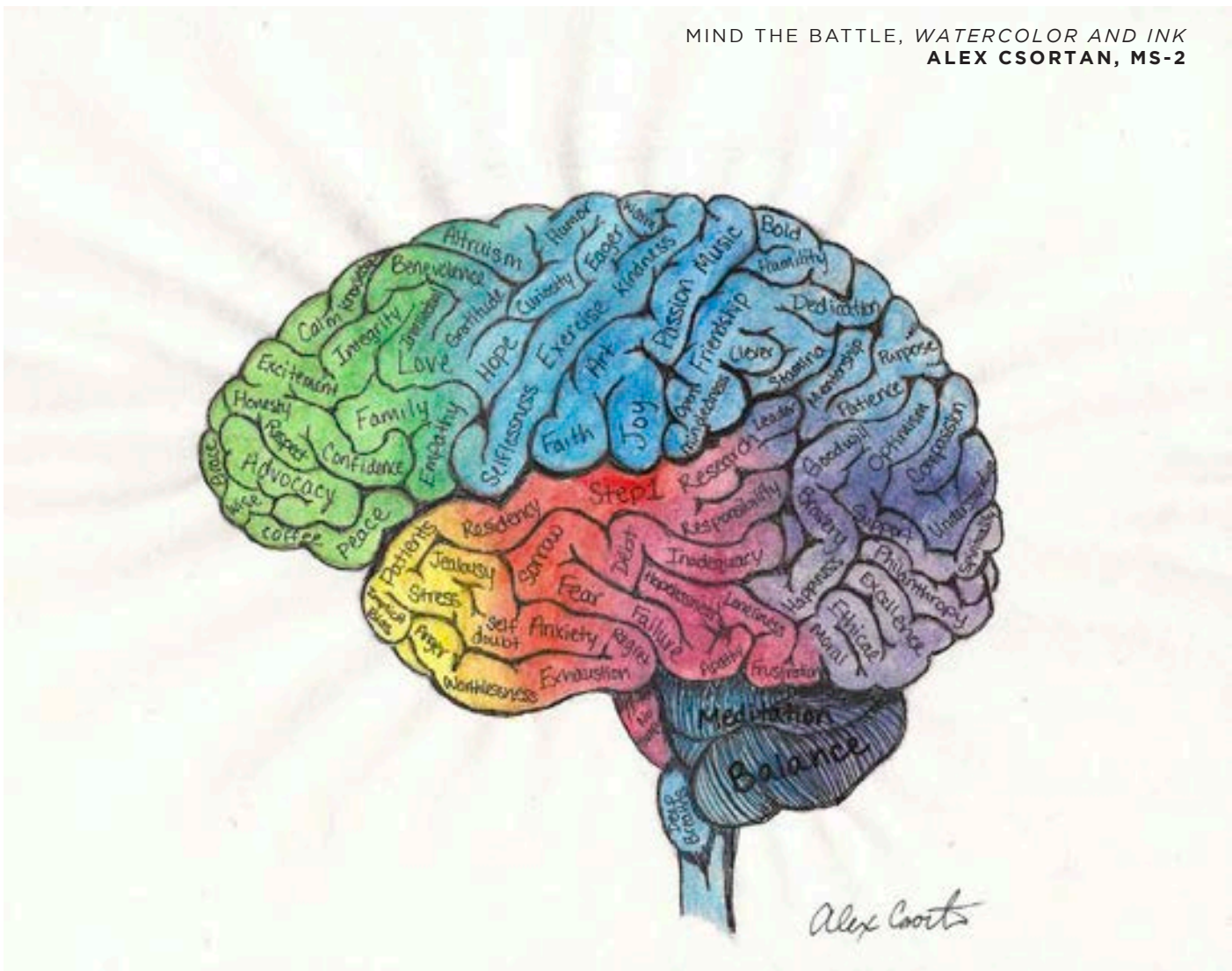
skulls, I wondered if my own fingernails were as blue as those gloves, as bloodless and blue as the body on the table. I found myself shivering in my scrubs, selfishly wishing to sleep or snack or shower, to be anywhere but the anatomy lab. And yet the beauty of anatomy is as overwhelming as the cloying smell of formaldehyde. No one told me how elegant a perfect pair of lungs can be, as graceful as a butterfly's wings. No one told me how cleanly and efficiently the muscles of a hand are arranged in such a small, delicate space—how, even now, when I reach for an octave on the piano, I see only flexors and extensors moving in harmony with the notes.

It was in the land of the dead that Orpheus heard music in the moans of ghosts, where he heard the potential for the song in the shade where his Eurydice wallowed. His

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ANGEL, DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH
AUSTIN KENNEDY, MS-2



music so impresses the gods that they return his beloved to him on one condition: that he not look at her until he was back to the land of the living. Near the final steps of his journey, he fails and—longingly, lovingly—looks back toward her, unable to help himself. She vanishes. He can never bring her back. Having loved and lost twice over, his mourning inspires him to create music more beautiful, more exquisite, more poignant than ever before.

It was there in the anatomy lab that I learned to hear the stories of our patients the way Orpheus heard the haunting music of the Underworld. My patient was no longer nobody, she was everybody who had ever been lost to a loved one. For each cruel and gruesome act of mutilation brought forth by my own hands, there was a moment full of amazement as I saw with my own eyes the intricate interconnection between my first patient and this ancient myth. For each day that I dreaded that sterile chill of the anatomy lab, there was a day full of wonder for the exquisite woman before me, and the ways in which she embodied all the lost souls before her.

From musician to physician, Orpheus reminded me of the power of loss, but when I look over my shoulder, it will be for my first patient. As I walk away from the cadaver table toward the land of the living, as I enter a career listening to the music of beating hearts and lungs filling with air and life, I know I will glance back towards the stranger who taught me a painful and powerful and priceless lesson. When I look back on my first days as a medical student, I hope to remember the courage and conviction that a stranger had within her, to walk with me into Hell, to let me brutally satiate my own curiosity, and finally, to let me leave her behind, as lost to me as Eurydice was to Orpheus. She gave me the opportunity of a lifetime—truly, the gift of her lifetime. She was as selfless and generous as any good physician should be, and yet, when I look back over my shoulder, she will already be gone. Although I could not bring her back to life, and although I will never be able to thank her, I hope to honor and remember her sacrifice throughout my medical career as Orpheus did Eurydice with his music.

FOR SARAHS AND RACHELS

TABITHA ECKERT, MS-1

For parents who lose their children, or never get to have them...

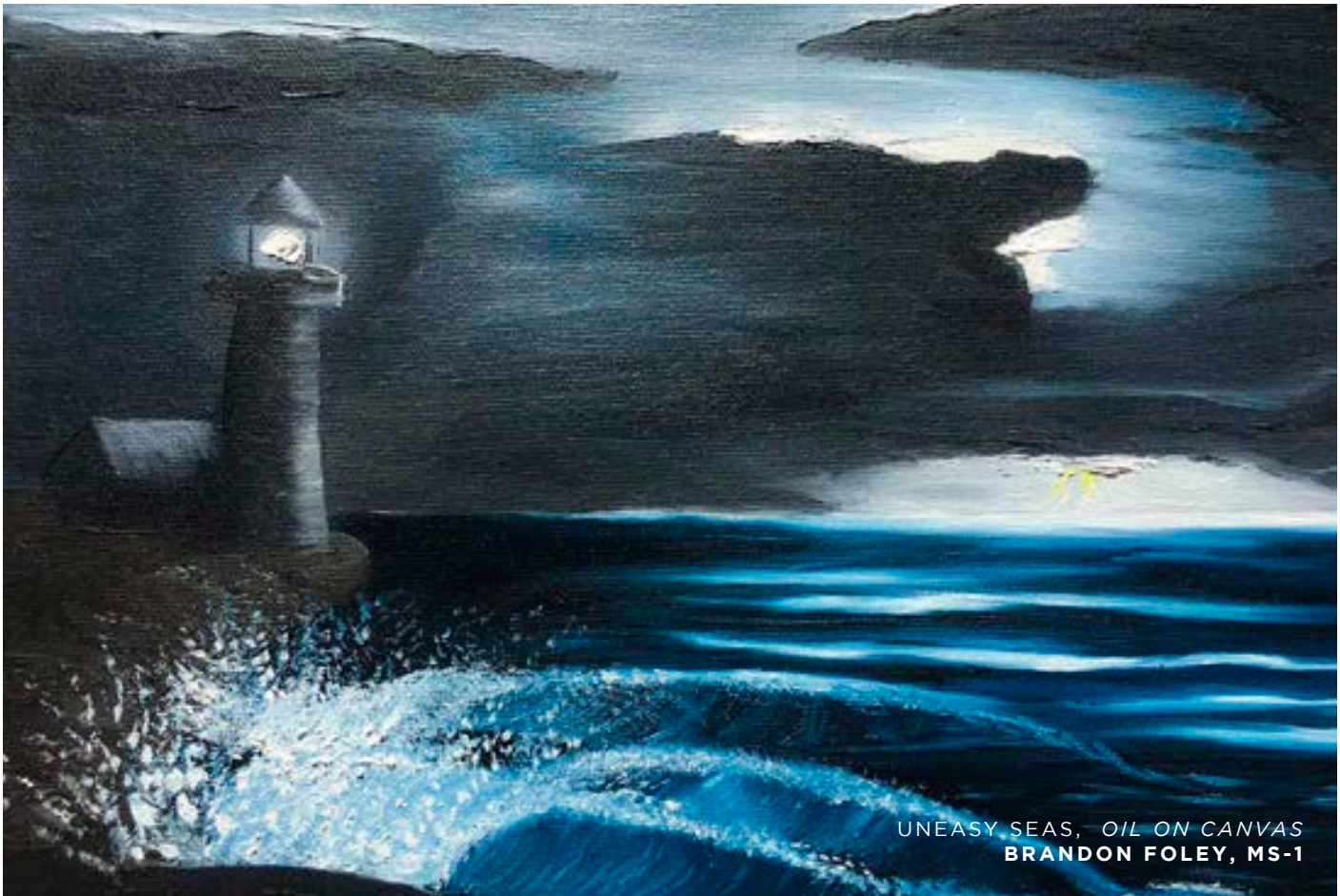
The little boy on the bus last night
had lashes as black as ebony
in his fullmoon face with its halo of
blond hair, a vestige of infancy.
He looked blankly through me, past me –
merciful, I think – wise child – so merciful,
ignoring the hunger he woke in my soul.
It rarely sleeps, this longing – how can it?
Too busily growing to ever lie still.
It stretches the seams of me, splitting
identity, meaning, and peace apart.

Diastasis recti:
a pregnant woman's abdominal muscles
sometimes give way in the middle, gapping
to let the growing child expand,
unrestrained, unconstricted. Each layer
of the mother breaking, straining –

skin muscle ligaments bones loosening –
giving place, giving more place
till the child is ready to be born.

He is long, long overdue,
dream of my Samuel child to come.
I wait for my Joseph, so weary, so marked
by his insistent growing, his crushing weight.
Why does my John keep on kicking and leaping,
incessant jabbing, sleeping almost never.
I am growing old,
aging on my own, and prematurely too,
from bearing my Isaac's absence.
I beg you, people of God, don't lie to me
with your platitudes born of fertile wombs
like the sons and daughters you've not had to grieve
and suggestions like mandrakes you've never needed.
Let the favored ones answer my questions instead:
when do miracles come to Shunam?

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UNEASY SEAS, OIL ON CANVAS
BRANDON FOLEY, MS-1

35MM ART, *DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHS*
MADELINE GOLDBERG, MS-4



how can emptiness weigh so much?
have you never felt Rama shudder while Rachel
weeps for her children that are not?

My heart is lashed with the stretch marks of you.
Nonelastic now, it is slow to hope,
slow to smile, slow to believe.
You have loosened the joints of my courage
and robbed my mind of balance.
They say it is the certainty of gravity
that teaches us to trust.
The absence-child devours even that certainty;
I stumble unexpectedly under its shift.
You have changed my emotions, too.
She is a stranger, this woman that carries you,

that cries when she finally gets off the bus
about a merciful backlashed child who
pretended he didn't know she grieved.

My soul cramps for you to be here
as a heartbeat of your own
deep in reality, in the parts of me
that were made to give you place –
as a warmth of your own
tucked safe and secure, in these arms
whose bones curve to align with your frame.
My belly lies flat and hollow,
my abs are neatly bound together still,
my hands are free,
while above them, between them,
diastasis kardi,
you are splitting my heart apart.



DIRTY SEA, ACRYLIC ON CANVAS
MARIBEL AMARO-GARCIA, STAFF

OF LIFE AND DEATH, DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH
KYLEE CRATE, MS-2



LIGHT, PASTELS
SERGIO LARACH, M.D.

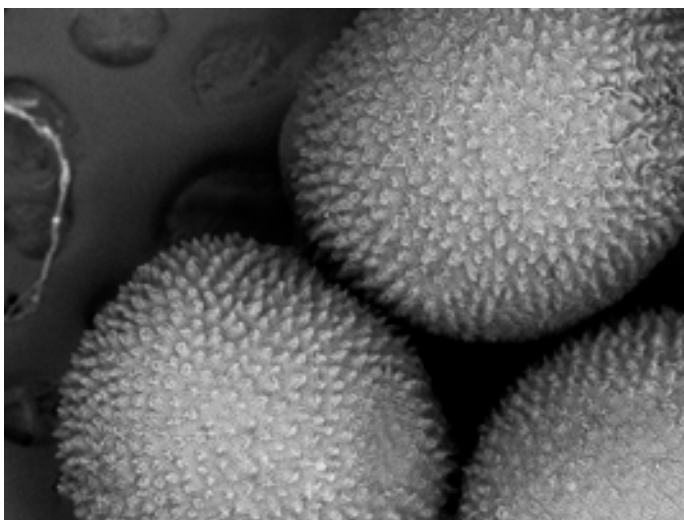
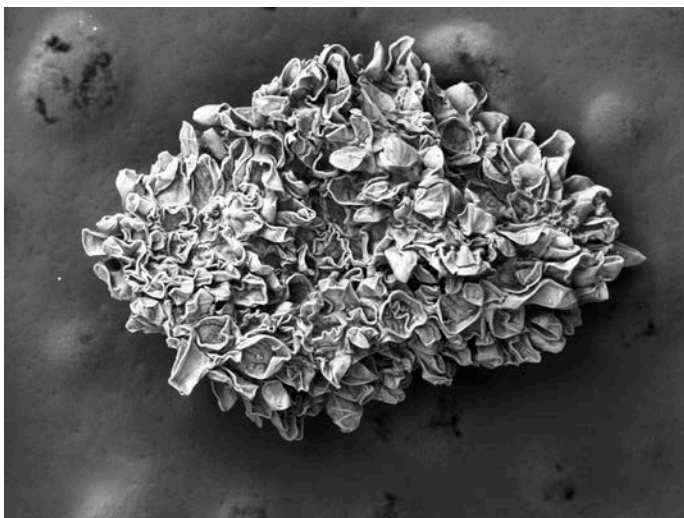


► SCANNING ELECTRON MICROGRAPHS OF
POLLEN

JI LIN, MS-2

▼ UNTITLED, PEN AND PAPER

ASHLEY LIM, MS-3



VENTILATION RETALIATION

MICHAEL MANKBADI, MS-3

Death comes knocking at the door
Is my life worth fighting for?
Not a life of vigor,
Things can't be like before

Now either a life of tubes and
immobility
Or nothing at all

I cannot go on like this,
I shall go into the abyss

Now my decision made
I am no longer afraid

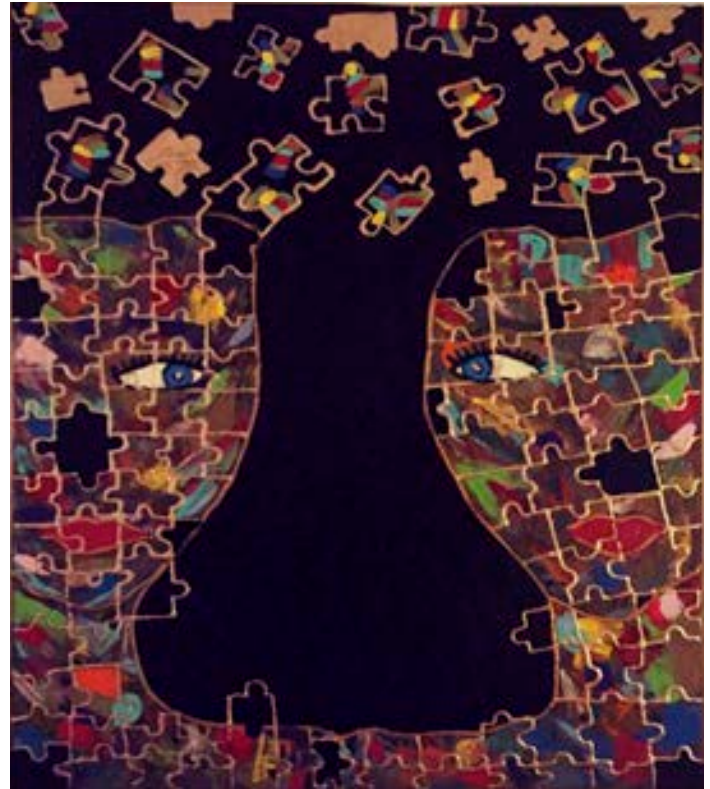
The moment comes for tubes to leave

A panic sets in
I cannot perish
I have so much more to live for
I shall defy he who reaps

Tomorrow comes,
The tube is put in permanently

In my defiance,
Death shares a smile
"Even with all this science,
You are still so juvenile"

He takes me with him far away
Though I beg and plead,
I cannot stay.



DOLL'S EYES

AARON POLLACK, MS-3

There is one secret I will never reveal to my sister: the time I took my nephew to the aquarium, which is also the time when I accidentally locked her son in my car for almost 45 minutes. In all fairness, it was Brodee's fault for losing the keys, but honestly, who trusts a 1-and-a-half-year-old with car keys BEFORE leaving the car? Clearly, I have a lot to learn from her about parenting. But I digress.

The trip was one of my favorites. Missing the major milestones of my nephew's life always fills me with guilt; medical school teaches you the complexities of life, however, it also takes you away from it. So, I always look forward to any chance to spend time with him. Anyway, I was surprised to find out that she would allow me to take him 2 hours away from home to the not so local aquarium in Tampa- not because I am a bad driver, or a poor caretaker, but because she is a very protective mother. And I don't blame her. So many things can go wrong if you are not careful. Like accidentally locking him in the car. Whoops.

Despite that minor setback, the trip was great. I saw his eyes filled with joy and light as the otters swam back and forth, back and forth. His favorite exhibit was the clown

fish; he loved watching them swim along the coral reef. As the fish moved back and forth, I could see not only happiness, but life itself in Brodee's eyes, a life full of innocent hope without expectation or fear of the future. Back and forth, back and forth. Well, I guess it's time to pull myself back to reality. Just so you know, I tend to zone out to cope. Back and forth, back and forth.

Let me take you back to a few minutes before I spaced out. My colleagues and I were just told about a newly admitted patient that had a rare physical exam finding you only read about in textbooks. Eager to learn something new, the entire teaching service went down to the PICU. Once in the room, I identified a 2-year-old Caucasian male lying on a hospital bed with tubes entering his little body from every direction, each tube carrying a component of vital life support. No family was present. My guess is the pain of being close to his body was much too hard. My attending gathered our attention to her grasp on the patient. With her hands on either side of the child's calm face, she peeled back his eyelids, gently shaking his head back and forth, back and forth. The child's eyes remained midline the entire time. Back and forth, back and forth. Eyes still midline, still lifeless, but his soft features and tousled hair looked just like Brodee.

FAMILY-CENTERED ROUNDS

ALLYSON BROWN, MS-4

What do they say at night, oh mother?
Oh, what do they say at night?
Do they say that you will soon recover?
Do they say that you've lost the fight?

What do they say at dawn, dear father?
Dear, what do they say at dawn?
Do they say that you will see another
Do they say that hope is gone?

What do they say at noon, my child?
My, what do they say at noon?
Do they say that you will grow up
wild?
Do they say you'll be gone too soon?

What do you say to my family, doctor?
Doc, what do you say to my kin?
How will I know if I have lost her
If you don't let me in?



FLOWERS, DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH
THOMAS SUN, MS-2



FACES

ALLYSON BROWN, MS-4

As my feet disrupt the dust that
remembers you,
the beaten paths between the furrows
that call your name,
I see your face in the cascade of water
droplets as
the sprinkler traces its lazy arc
over the damp, musky earth that
smells of summer.

I saw your face in the paintings
drawn with love by tiny hands and
placed beside your bed,
in the grim set of your son's jaw,
in your daughter's hasty scribbles on a
yellow pad,
tears marring her notations.

Today I see your face in the sterile
walls
that are haunted by ghosts,
in the shadows of the wasted forms.
They do not have your courage,
do not yet dare to follow your last
brave act.

Your soft whispers
No more. Enough.
Echo like thunder among the Titans
who fought for you,
your desperate battle lost
their frantic ministrations futile.

There was anger after you,
heartbreak after you,
and the sour taste of tasks left undone.
Could we have saved you?
Or did you save yourself in the only
way you could?

Now there are only the echoes left.
They do not know you anymore,
you have joined the shadows.
But I have not forgotten you,
even though I never saw your face.

THANK YOU



This publication is made possible, in part, by support from the Chapman Humanism in Medicine Initiative at the UCF College of Medicine. The Initiative was established in 2015 thanks to a generous gift from The Jules B. Chapman, M.D. and Annie Lou Chapman Private Foundation. The goal of the Foundation is to elevate the values of professionalism and humanism within the practice of medicine through activities within medical education and the community.

WHO IS AIM?

Arts in Medicine (AIM) is an organization at the University of Central Florida College of Medicine. It was founded in 2012 with the goal of empowering students, faculty, and the medical community through the power of self-expression and creativity. The mission of AIM is provide opportunities for students, faculty, and staff at University of Central Florida College of Medicine to actively integrate the arts and sciences. In the past few years, AIM has grown into a robust group of students, faculty, and staff that are united by their love for the arts.

AIM spearheads projects and activities across the arts, ranging from visual to literary to musical to performing arts. Through our efforts, we hope to maintain our vibrant community not only at the University of Central Florida but within Central Florida as a whole. AIM has partnered with a number of distinguished organizations in the region including The Pabst Art Foundation, Dr. Phillips Performing Arts Center, Nemours Children's Hospital, Florida Hospital, Relay for Life, and Community Based Care of Central Florida.

Those of us in AIM believe that within each person is an artist. We encourage you to join us on our mission to spread the spirit of self-expression through our community and brighten each day one word, one note, one brushstroke at a time.

Find us online at www.ucfaim.com.

UNIVERSITY OF CENTRAL FLORIDA

