

THE SCRIPT

LITERARY AND ARTS MAGAZINE FOR THE UCF COLLEGE OF MEDICINE



VOLUME VI
2019-2020

THE SCRIPT

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 VI
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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 Medical City at Lake Nona community grows - with a new UCF teaching hospital, cancer center and no day, as home to more of our university's health-related programs - it's a wonderful time to celebrate the healing power of art.



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

Illness and health issues are cause for great concern for patients, relatives and observers of the human condition. Like all items of importance, we often struggle to make sense of illness and are often left with an incomplete reckoning. Art provides an avenue for individuals who have suffered to make sense of, and work through, the thoughts and emotions stirred by disease.

The Arts in Medicine student leadership team have worked through the year to organize this publication. Our students, residents and faculty have submitted some of their most personal and introspective work for publication.

We are pleased to present in this volume a collection of work from Dr. Jose “Pepi” Borrero. Dr. Borrero is a professor of surgery and medical education at UCF. He is a celebrated world expert on peripheral nerve injury, in particular the repair of the delicate network of nerves that runs from the low neck to the arms – the brachial plexus. Dr. Borrero is called upon to teach the techniques for repair, and to do these complex surgical cases worldwide and it is a pleasure to have him in the UCF family. In addition, he has contributed to the medical school since its inception as a mentor to students, and as an engaged faculty member. Dr. Borrero is also a talented pilot, boxer and artist. For this edition of the Script he has submitted a collection of work reflecting his artwork on the theme of WISDOM and we are thrilled to share them with our readers.



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

We hope that you enjoy these and all of the Script submissions as much as we have while preparing this edition of our journal.

FROM THE EDITORS

Each year, *The Script* has continued its tradition of celebrating the unification of arts and medicine found within its pages. We have celebrated the beautiful journey of life, the deep touch of humanity in emotion, the unique angles of perception, and the great mystery of death. This year, we also wanted to pay tribute to the wisdom gained from years of experience with life, emotion, perception, and death. As such, you will find within the pages of this year's edition of *The Script* a touching tribute to an incredible journey through medical school and beyond, one that many medical students are honored to begin undertaking from the moment the white coat is placed on our shoulders.

We hope that you continue to enjoy all of the incredible work created by the UCF College of Medicine community and that as we take you on this journey, you reflect on your own journey and how it has shaped who you are today.

Best,

Rachel Truong
Literary Arts Chair

Amy Haynes-Ali
Visual Arts Chair

Nisha Sharma
President

ARTS IN MEDICINE

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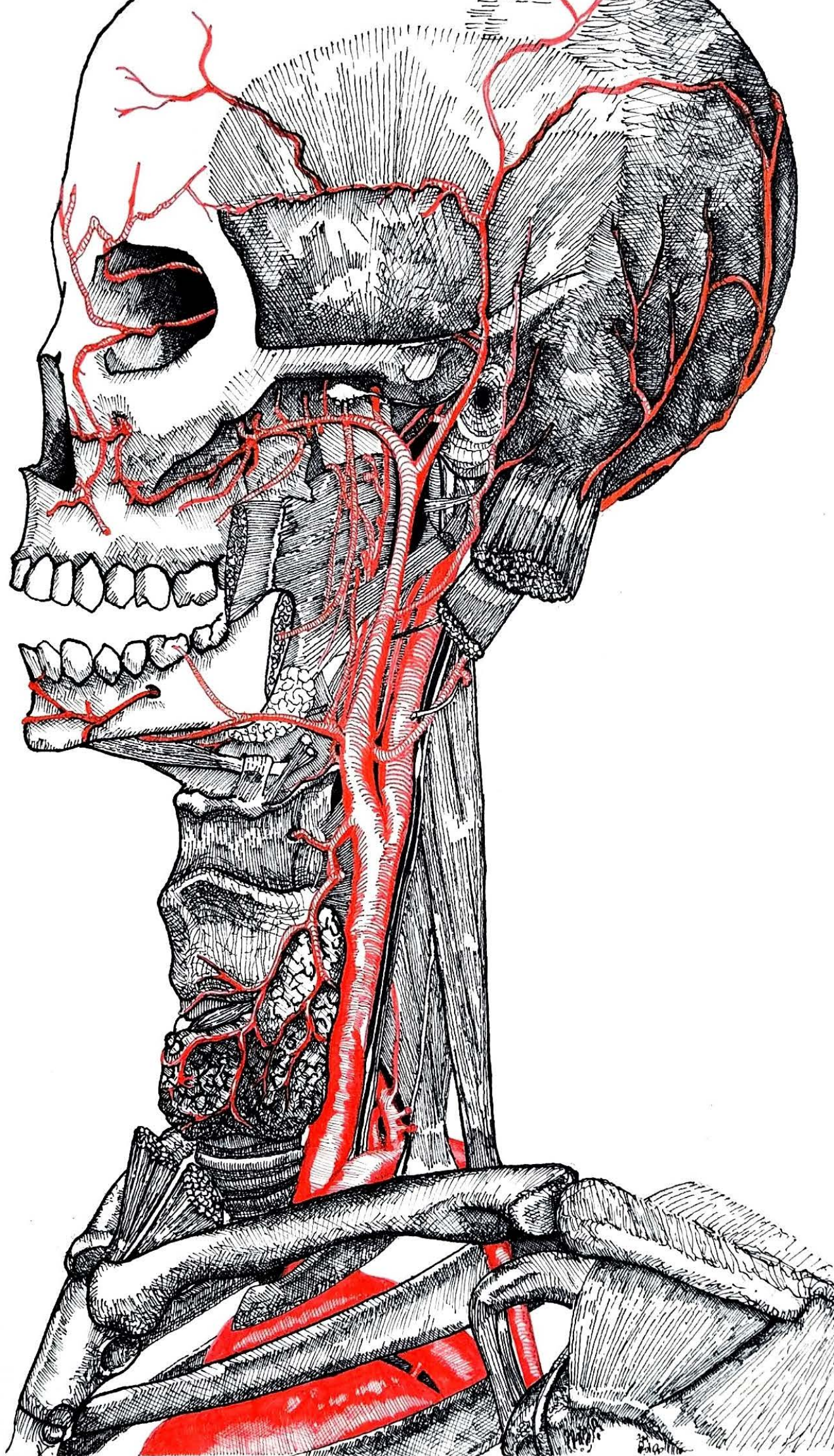
Alex Nhan
Treasurer



LIFE

“Different people have different journeys for different reasons. You can't judge, but you can celebrate that there are connections everywhere.”

Jane Seymour



ARTERIES OF THE HEAD
AND NECK
NICK RICHWAGEN, MS-2



DEAR YOU (YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE)

RACHEL TRUONG, MS-2

Dear You (you know who you are),
This is a chance for me to thank you.
Perhaps one day, you'll open this book
and find these words addressed to you
Perhaps you'll know, perhaps you won't.
But somehow, you always know.

Here, I celebrate you.
Who you are, what you're made of,
your pride, your shame,
your regret, your laughter.
Your life just being you.

You, who taught me what life was
at the beach, with all those shells.
With seagulls and storks and fish around
you pointed to the water and I ran
laughing loud, proud, and bright.

You, who taught me what death was.
When you whispered about saying goodbye
to your friends, your youth, your heart
yet still you held me
with joy.

You, who taught me what love was
over a bowl of steaming pho.
It's an open book, a tiny door,
and a trip to the wetlands at sunset.

You, who taught me what medicine is.
It is life and death and love.
It is holding on and letting go
and

You, who I celebrate.
For your love, your touch, your mind.
For what you've done, and what you gave
and all you're giving still.

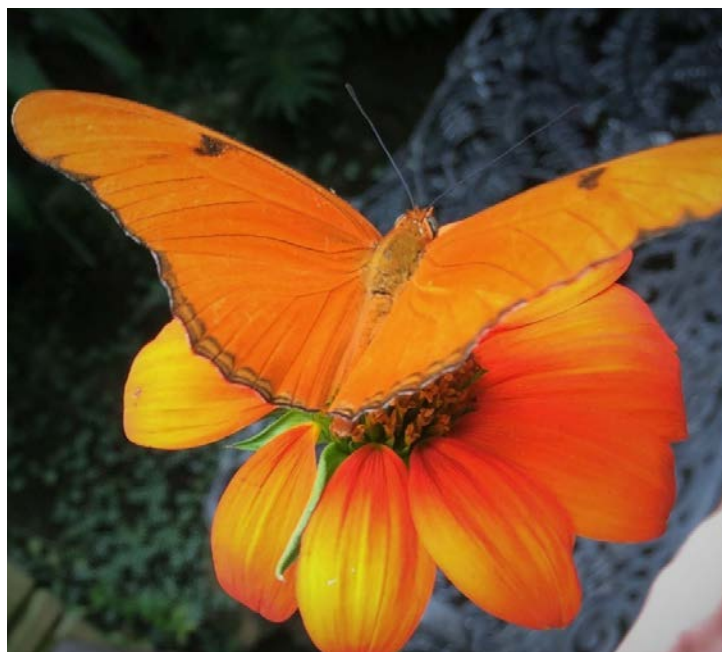
You, who rose on painted wings
and carved your path with history.
When my wings came, you opened your arms
and taught me how to fly.

With all my love,
cực cùng của ông ngoại

FLOWER POWER
TIM LE, MS-2



NATURE I
MARIBEL AMARO-GARCIA



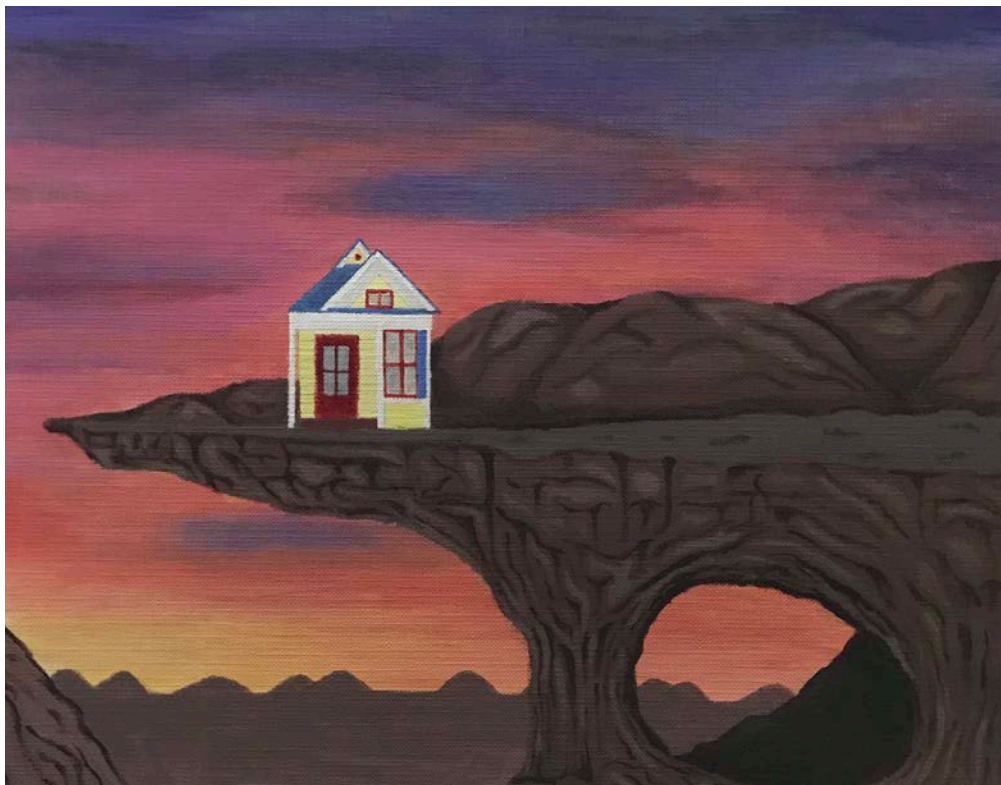
FLOWER POWER
TRINA RUDESKI-ROHR, MS-2



GETTING READY FOR BED

KRISANDRA HARDY, MS-I

his shirt is lazily stuffed into
his pajama pants
he looks ridiculous I laugh
and say he looks like he's 90 years old
so he wedges his pants up higher
"Oh God" we cry in laughter
and at first it's a joke
before I realize it's a prayer



LIFE ON THE EDGE
LAKE LINDO, MS-I

POOPY: THE FACE OF GASTROCOLIC ATRESIA, ▶
DAVID VU, MS-3

SNAPSHOT OF ICELAND, S. HAMAD SAGHEER, MS-4
▼



▲ COLLARED LIZARD, OKLAHOMA, NICK RICHWAGEN, MS-2
◀ UNTITLED I, KIMINOBU SUGAYA, PHD

HONG KONG
VIET NGUYEN, MS-2

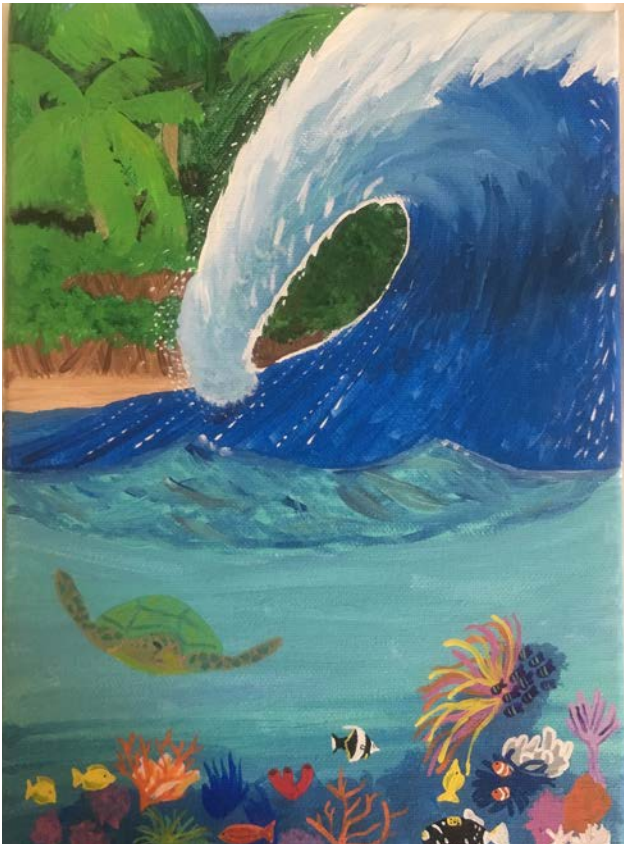


MENCIUS POETRY
AUSTIN E. CARMACK, MS-4

Benevolence is to a gentleman as petals to the cherry blossom, for
without its petals the cherry blossom would be naked and unflattering.
So too would be a gentleman without benevolence.



PRAGUE
BRENDAN SWEENEY, MS-2



▲ STRIPED MULLET IN SALT SPRINGS, OCALA, FL
HALE TOKLU, MSC, PHD

◀ OCEAN WAVE
ALEX WALER, MS-3

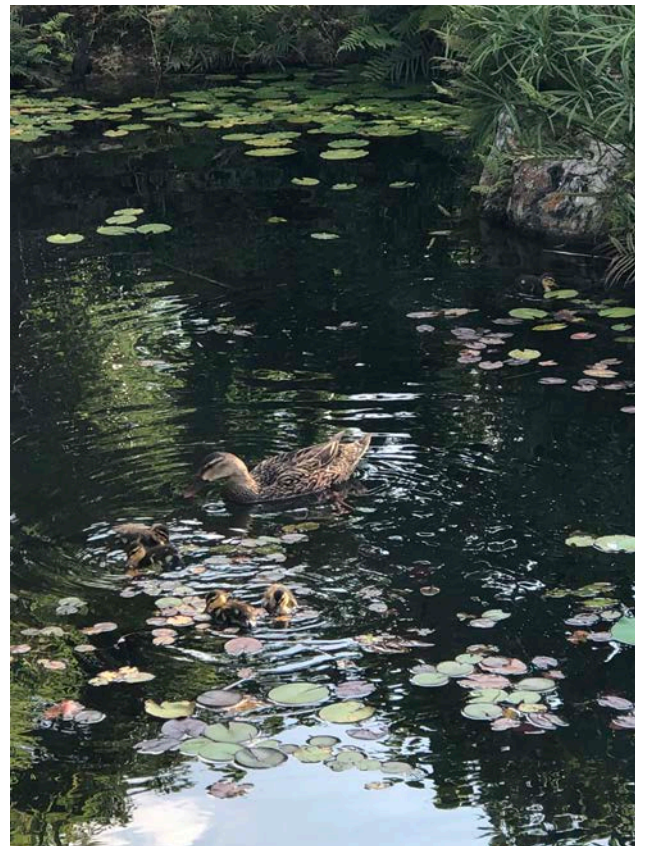


KOI RIVER
RAMAPAADA MEDAM, MS-1



▲ MATERNAL CHILD CARE
JOHN B. COPPES, MD

CELEBRATE THE MAGIC: THE DAPPER DUCKLINGS ►
DAVID VU, MS-3



PLANT CUPCAKES
CHERRY LIU, MS-3

EVOLUTION

TABITHA ECKERT, MS-2

For every gain of function
there's a loss.
When it is smaller than the gain,
we call it
progress. Evolution. In our minds
it is so linear,
excelsior! Embrace it, seek it. A to
Z.
Except – we are not alphabets. This
moving foward
skews our spheres. One two three
four,
M1 last year, M2 now, next year
M3 –
new names
beyond the ones I knew, names
for the space allotted me, a groove
on this trajectory
to future self. Still I can't shake the
questions
or the growing grief. Remember
who I was – who we were – legions
and prototypes, the pre-precursors
of now-me – how we saw age-old
mysteries
in each-year-new-edition books
and looked
into cadavers' eyes
in search of who what why once
lived there, cried
about G-proteins, not because our
brains were aching

but because they were more won-
drous than we guessed?
I don't have time for tears or prose
now. Sometimes I
can't tell which dream is sleeping,
which awake – tests failed,
appointments missed, essays for-
gotten. I still gaze
at one-way windows – in sim-lab,
not in donor's face –
and wonder who what why is look-
ing back, but
my reflection is a judging pen, not
grace. When I imagine,
it's in retrospect: I wonder, did the
microbe that
across the years became all this
ever just miss
the solitude of single cell
or lullaby of ocean on its mollusk
shell
or how its gliding limbless stream-
lined body felt
or mud on dragging belly, peace of
pea-sized brain?
Did it grieve gain-
of-function-loss on days when
memory
showed through like rare recessive
trait? Because
I do.





CHINCHERO DISTRICT, PERU
TIM LE, MS-2

COLORADO ROADS
MARIA JAMALEDDINE, MS-1



DENOUEMENT

SHELBY AUGHTMAN, MS-2

A whirlwind of possibilities stands before you, enticing you with its promises of finding life's meaning, paying it forward, and finally knowing the reasons why. Entranced by the what-could-be, you pause and consider the what-has-been, laid out like shards of colored glass, forming an ever-evolving mosaic, with each new moment of life shifting the image's very foundation.

And with that image, that blueprint for piecing together the chaotic amalgam of unknown variables before you, a feeling of uncertainty creeps its way into your essence. What if the whirlwind is impossible to traverse? What if the blueprint crumbles to dust mid-journey, leaving you stranded? Or worst of all, what if that unfinished masterpiece that is your essence is unrecognizable, marred with clashing constellations of color, completely unreadable? After all, you think, how can I hope to ever understand the infinite variables that interact with me as if they were atoms rebounding with each collision, creating their equal and opposite reactions?

Success, sparkling before you like a most precious jewel, is not some laundry list of tangible titles, trophies, and told-you-so's. But, like looking at the constellations head-on, even in the dead of night, when you try to focus in on it, just to get a clear glimpse and imagine what it would feel like to hold in your hands, even for a moment, the image starts to fade, a reverse polaroid. And it's only then that you realize, If I'm constantly searching for "success", I'll end up missing it completely...

We're trained from childhood to imagine success as a single goal, a sense of finality, but then what comes after? What's next? But that's just it. That's exactly what success is NOT. And suddenly, you turn back to consider the mosaic of your own life with its kaleidoscope of colors and myriad of facets as the truth dawns on you. Success comes from living a life you're proud of, whether that's finding happiness in everything from the smallest flower to the largest sunrise, looking at another person and instantly knowing you're home, or calling your fears out by name and moving on.

Smiling to yourself, you turn again to face the whirlwind before you and continue on to the most thrilling, daunting, and rewarding journey of your life. As you take your first steps, these words begin to take root in the garden of your mind, allowing you to see the world not in black and white, but in shades of gold, with every moment holding the potential for success. This is the moment you've waited for. Hold onto this feeling. Don't let it go.

SHE.

RASIKA PATEL, MS-I

She cradles
Bowels of crimson that splurge on life,
Crowned in the petrichor,
From arcs of tubes like watering cans
That wind into wind,
Muddling leaves woven in brilliant hues.
Breath upon limen bows in boughs
To waves that undulate in her resilient tongue.
How can the ceiling not break
From hips of steel.



EMOTION

*“Let my soul smile through my heart and
my heart smile through my eyes, that I may
scatter rich smiles in sad hearts.”*

Paramahansa Yogananda





UNTITLED
CATHERINE MITCHELL, MS-4



DIL (HEART IN HINDI)
RASIKA PATEL, MS-1



GREEN
ANNA JACOBS, MS-4



REUNION SILHOUETTE
TARA JEHU, MS-2

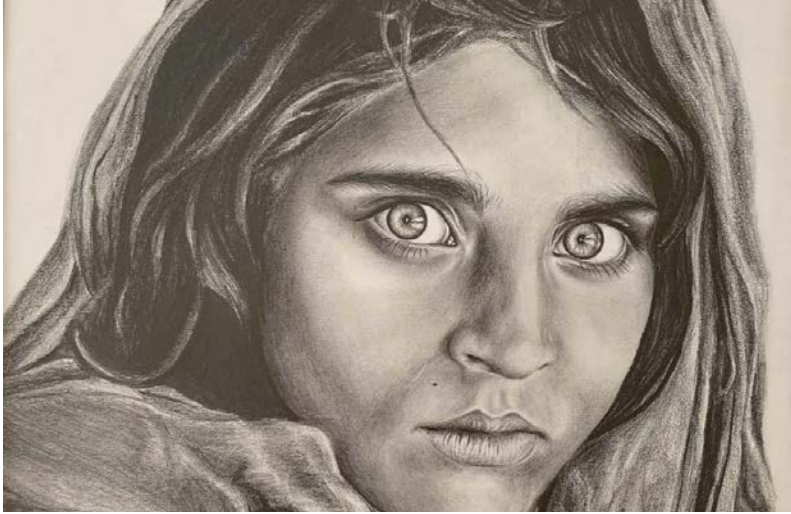
IMPOSTER SYNDROME

SANKALP GOBERDHAN, MS-I

Do I belong here? Was I let in by chance?
Ah, we meet again, Imposter Syndrome.
When you show up, you bite me like ants
And make me feel unwelcome in my own home.

I look in the closet and see my white coat hang,
A symbol of the work I've done to reach here.
There were happy times and sad times, before REL rang,
Gap years were an emotional time, full of hope and fear.

Go home Imposter Syndrome, I don't need you,
I get way more done without your shadow looming over me.
I belong here with my classmates, to do what we do,
To impact the future, Class of 2023.



▲ DRAWING OF 'AFGHAN GIRL'
FROM THE JUNE 1985 ISSUE OF
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC
NATALIE BRUSH, MS-2



SINGULAR ►
LAKE LINDO, MS-I





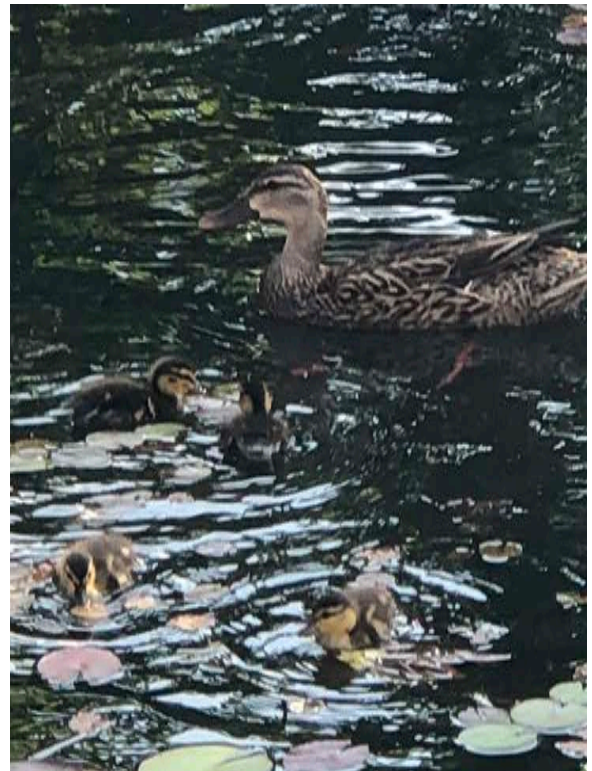
IF I RAN AWAY WITH YOU
TABITHA ECKERT, MS-2

What if I ran away with you
for just a couple days, just like you
asked me to –
would that be long enough
or would it be too short – a
chance to see
clearly or lens more opaque?
What if these bubble-blown
dreams
can't stand up being touched,
can't handle real hands reaching
out?
Do I just like you now, through
filmy screens,
soft glaze, glass-window glow,
and half-light when the lamp is
low?
Would there be an answer for me
if I ran away with you?

VOICES AT THE BORDER BETWEEN ISRAEL AND GAZA -
LUCY WU, MS-1



THE JUNGFRAU
KARI SHAVER, MS-1



MOTHER DUCKY, YOU'RE THE ONE!
DAVID VU, MS-3

FAITH.
KRISANDRA HARDY, MS-1

faith is an evolution.
from the primordial shallows of
my child mind – a man died on a cross
that makes me sad –
to love, forgiveness, and other key words.

as i grow, faith grows too. less chant and incense, and more
the experience of being human. overwhelming awe.

a feeling. first ride on a wave
sunlight striking a mirrored building
lightning strikes
the birth of a universe
modeled on a dome

the breath of life
that flows from desert
to rainforest
to ocean
to me.

the magnificence of the unknowable universe
death sitting with me in the darkness of night
the power of a microorganism
the wealth of an ecosystem.
the unlikelihood of us.

we do not know what time is.
we do not know
what
time
is

imagine death.infinity.the edges of the universe.fields of
electromagnetism and gravity.leptons.muons.gravitons.love.
death (worth saying twice.

)you cannot.

so what makes you think you can imagine God?

God is ineffable. maybe,

we do not know.

faith is what we're left with.

CRACK IN THE EARTH (AFRICA)
LANCE GRENEVICKI, MD



SEA SALT BREEZE
ANGIE EL-SAID, MS-1



UNTITLED
TAMMY PHILLIPS, MS-1



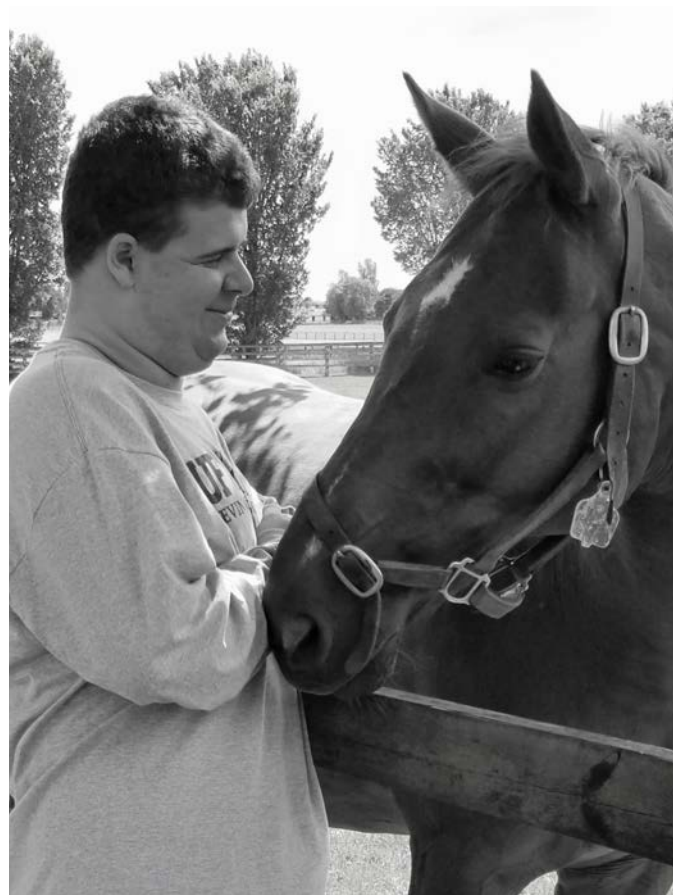
VUNG NHAO
VAN ANH DO, MS-3



THE KING FISH
LANCE GRENEVICKI, MD



A CONNECTION
JEFF O'BRIEN, MD



SECOND LOVE
TABITHA ECKERT, MS-2

He took with him my languages,
the ways my creativity
shimmers like an oil spill across the rain-wet
asphalt
of my mental streets,
the way imagination once
was witch's brew, a simmering
thing gone wild with life that boiled to escape,
mercurial and shimmering.
They left me here just like he did,
so trapped – stilled heart, and silenced mind;
I missed them more than I missed him, I missed
emotion-thought combined
and how they are life of their own;
I missed those live-wire-possible beliefs
that love could change the world and hope
would

pay the mortgage on
the homes made of our lives. Then, you.
You took so much but left me more.
You set me free half-carelessly when no one
really trying
had been able to before
you wandered in. He took my wings with
him; you
knocked the latch loose on the door
quite accidentally, and it swung wide,
and even as you walked away,
half-accidentally, the way you do the things
you do,
not looking back and unaware,
you gave back all my words to me.



FIERY SKY AND OCEAN
CHERRY LIU, MS3

PROFANITY
TABITHA ECKERT, MS-2

I used to run long country roads in college
training for
my first half marathon, feet on and on,
staccato claim: my stubborn heart can overrule
the tiredness of
calf-thigh-hip-spine on tarmac lines
that split Wisconsin fields of crops thick as my
running buddy's hair,
cresting in breeze, my own Red Seas –
sometimes I ran the line along the middle of
the road, just cause
I wanted to, like I could prove
significance by calling rules irrelevant and
optional.
The soybean leaves just shrugged at me,
the cornstalks hummed a laugh at my prepos-
terous grandiosity:
long after I fade down and die,
this civilization fails, subsides,
the land beneath the fields will still lie East-
West open to the sky
through which the smitten universe looks
down in wordless awe.

Dad made me sad and mad and for first time
in my life I swore.
“Damn it,” I said; he bowed his head.
I'd crossed the lane of us and now was running
on a yellow line
of holy ground; profane, profound.
There's no real difference between disgust,
desire, except
direction of the urge. Connect, diverge,
are vectors going different ways, distinguished
by trajectory:
Sanctity:Sin, End:Origin –
an existential seesaw far too big for me, gym-
nastic game I'll never be
enough to play. I'd meant to say
“East-West-North-South aren't big enough to
change my mind or love, why must

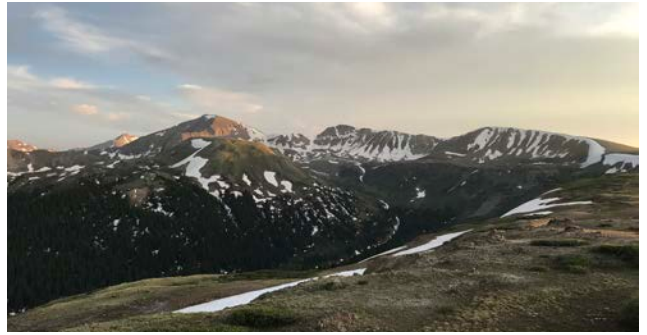
we disagree? It's hurting me
how words are hiding what we mean,”
but in my trying to be heard, I scrambled up
limits and words:
vectors are for functions – functions are mo-
mentum's proof.
Profanity – I pincer-grasp these concepts far
surpassing me
and tack them to my point of view –
a trestle for a pebble, scaffold for my bold futil-
ity –
call fields and sky witness to my
audacity, cram hell into the fault between
Dad's heart and mine –
as if somehow I can endow
myself with greater meaning if I trivialize,
make common
with my wrinkling lips things that eclipse
both time and space, whose rightful place is
with the gods – or gravity.
No yellow lines or hearts like mine
to throb with love and life and want, and yet
they echo, resound, haunt
with still-unfolding meaning, audience to
mankind's convening
round our Babels. Meanwhile, I – brave little
cinder in their eyes –
run on their median lines and throw my arms
as wide as they can go,
hail mysteries witness to my wants and griefs
and futile hopes and wild beliefs.

If true meanings can nod, they do. This little
spark is nothing new,
she who forgets that she will be forgotten oh
so easily –
but they? They will outlast, remain – like fields
of corn sprawled on vast plains,
like whatever hell is or why we thought of it,
past words and lines –
Around-Within-Last-Also-First, jewels of the
reverent universe.

LAND VS SEA
LINDSEY WEBB, MS-1



THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, CO
ANDREW ROMERO, MS-3



CATCH OF THE DAY
LINDSEY WEBB, MS-1



WALKING STILTS
AMY HAYNES-ALI, MS-2



▲ YUMMY
CHERRY LIU, MS-3

ARE UNICORNS REAL? ▶
CHERRY LIU, MS-3



MOUNTAIN CLIMBING
VAN ANH DO, MS-3



ENLIGHTENMENT--THE REALIZATION OF SKETCHY PHARM
DEBORAH SHIOMI, MS-3



TO MY BROTHER- WITH OR
WITHOUT ASD YOU ARE
STILL PERFECT TO ME

DEBORAH SHIOMI, MS-3

When you entered this world
You were born perfect in every way
You're no less perfect now
than you were on that day

And though you may be blind
To what the rest of us see,
A flower does not realize
How sweet he is to the bee.

By just existing in space
Not by making a sound
Gentle and still in his nature
No need to jump up and down

And like you dearest brother
Perfect in your own space,
There's no one else in this world
Who I'd want in your place.



WISDOM

*“Knowledge is of no value unless you put it
into practice.”*

Anton Chekov

Medicine and Art: Our Medical School Library

Jose Borrero, MD

Our library is a major source for scientific medical information. The study area is full of medical books, but it is also surrounded by paintings, photographs and art objects. Our library is a beautiful example of the blending between medicine and art.

But how did this come about?

Seven years ago, in the year 2011, our school moved to a new medical building. Our library in the second floor, was a state of the art, fully equipped facility. Its walls, however, were bare. Decorations were needed. As a contest, our dean and library director, invited faculty and students to provide art material. Selected pieces, were to be displayed and serve as decoration.

Among other objects, paintings from Dr. Jose Borrero were selected. They have remained in our library since then. Examples are included. Each of those paintings have a description: A short story of what the painting is about. All paintings relate to emotions experienced by the author as a medical student or as a young doctor. It is hard to believe, although the paintings are about 50 years old, the personal stories behind them easily applies to medical students today! They are examples of how emotions are expressed through art.

Medicine is a unique combination of science and non-science. A medical student must learn to master those two components.

Medical students are scientists. As scientists, students must memorize numerous facts. They must understand complex scientific concepts.

The non-science component of medicine involves two parts. One relates to witnessing and understanding behavior and emotions displayed by those in pain, or afflicted by illness, or facing death. The second part calls for recognizing and accepting personal feelings while involved with patients suffering pain, illness or death.

Art helps assimilate the science component of medicine. In the form of songs or silly poems; and in the form of paintings or rough sketches, art is of help. It simplifies and allows understanding of scientific concepts. It provides memory aids.

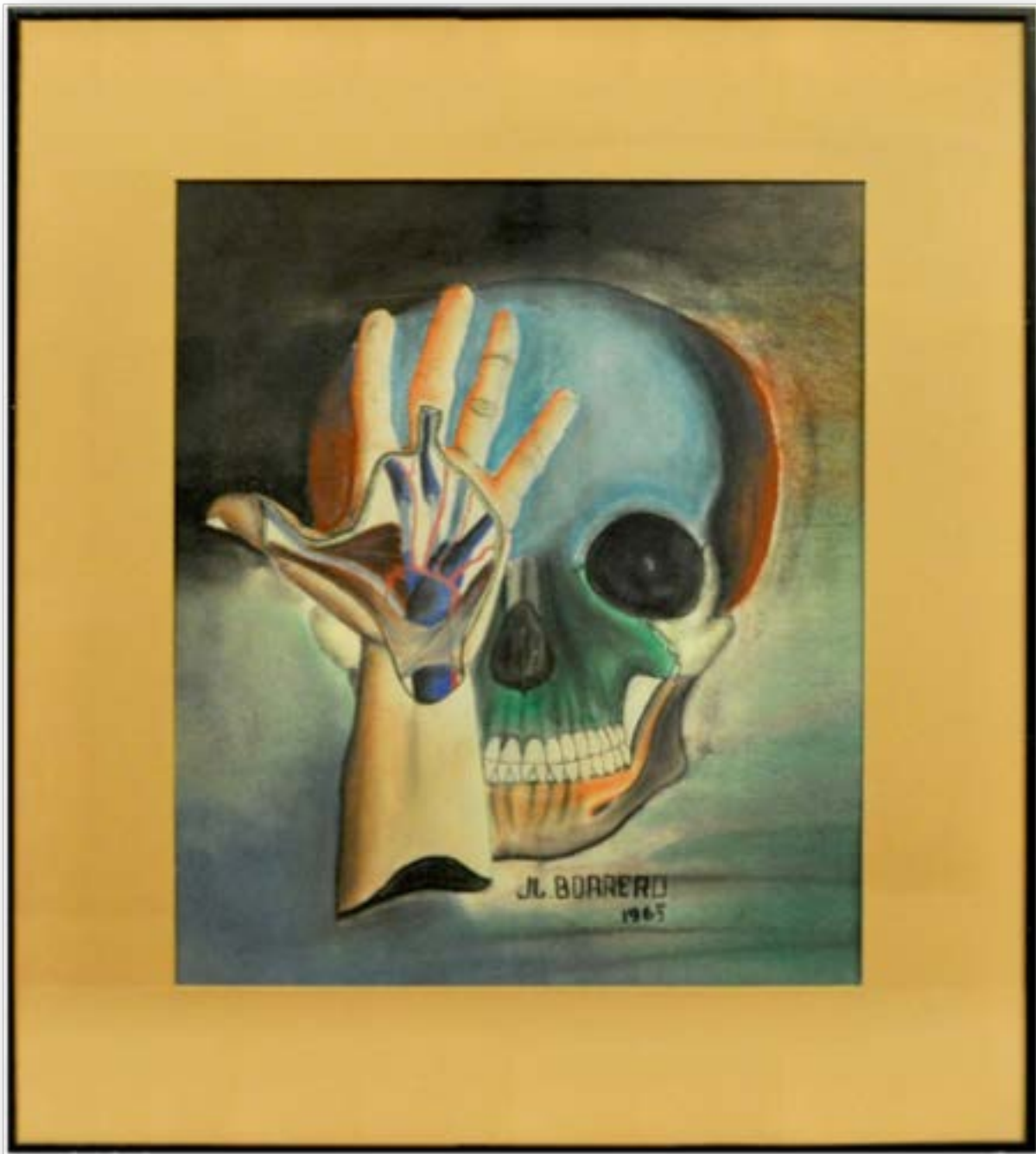
For the non-science component: Art, provides a mean to communicate emotions. It allows students to express feelings.

Art allows medical students to cope with both components. Art relieves the stress of rigorous schedules and long study hours. Art has helped medical students understand science and express emotion. Our library reminds us of that.

Dr. Borrero is a founding faculty, professor of surgery and medical education. He has been involved in teaching first- and second-year students. He has served as advisor and mentor. Students have selected him to receive awards for excellence and inspiration on five different occasions. He is now retired, serving as volunteer faculty and senior consultant to students, residents and attendings.

What follows is an extensive art collection painted by Dr. Borrero throughout his medical career, many pieces of which are proudly displayed in the library at the College of Medicine. We at Arts in Medicine hope that the wisdom and experience found in each of these pieces helps guide you as you move forward in your own lives and careers.

University of Central Florida, College of Medicine, July, 2019



THE HAND IS LIKE AN EYE

The hand is a big part of our brain, almost as good or as important as an eye. Drawn during my first semester as a medical student in the Anatomy Laboratory (at night, after hours). To me, it was certain that I would become a hand surgeon. I knew it.

Pastels – 1965



NELSON'S TEXTBOOK OF PEDIATRICS

I did not care much for that Green book. It reminded me of runny noses, coughing and dirty diapers, mixed with memorizing formulas for growths and weights, all in a crowded room! Mothers lost their beauty and patience, much like a flower loses its petals. I need a glass of water to swallow that pediatric pill.

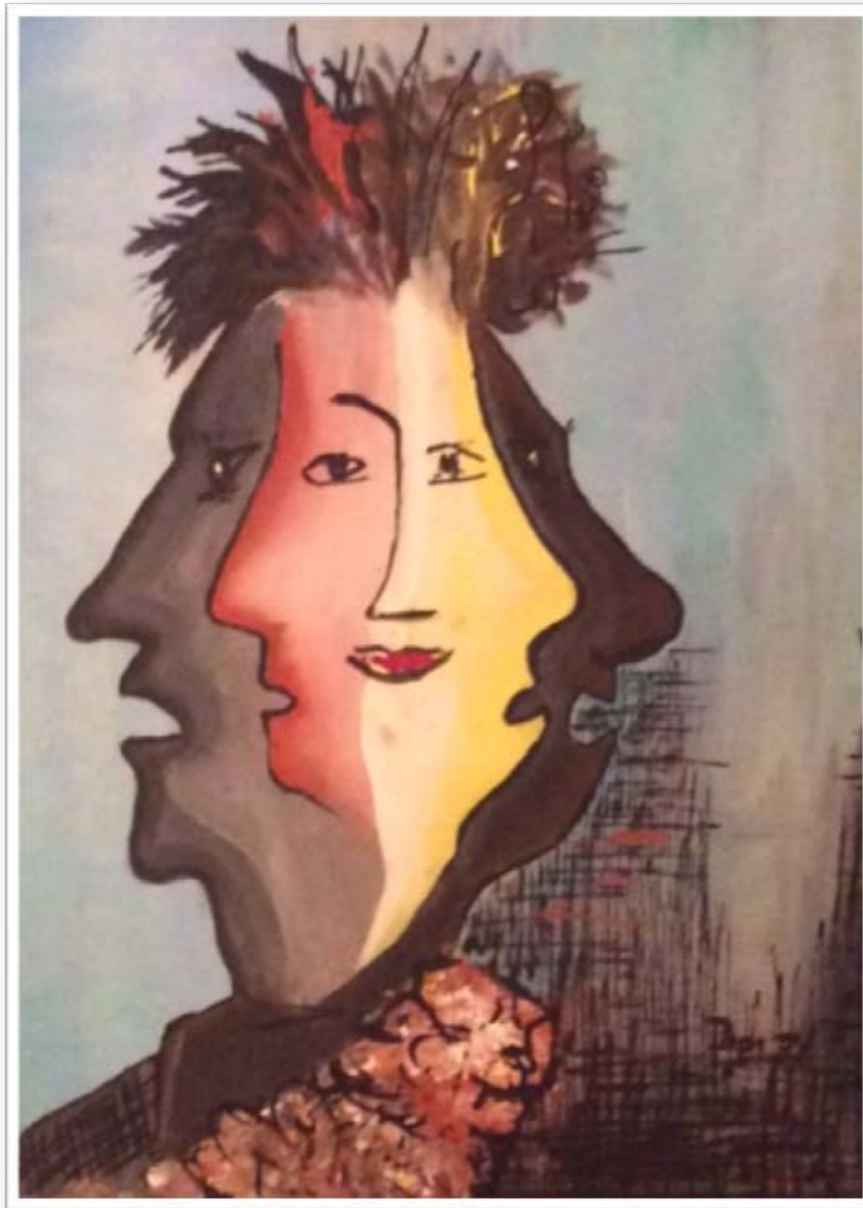
Pastels – 1967



THE DANCE OF FIRE

Eager, anxious and ready to start my 3rd year clerkship in Surgery. I chose to be with the most feared, strict, demanding and hardest working surgeon. I was determined to dance with grace, style and confidence through that fire.

Acrylic – 1968



CONFUSION

Close to graduation, most medical students are confused. What specialty? Where to go? How much more can my family and loved ones endure? How much money do I owe? But my confusion was different. It was mostly about the joy and pride of who, or what, I had become: **a doctor!** Is this **really me?**

Acrylic – 1969



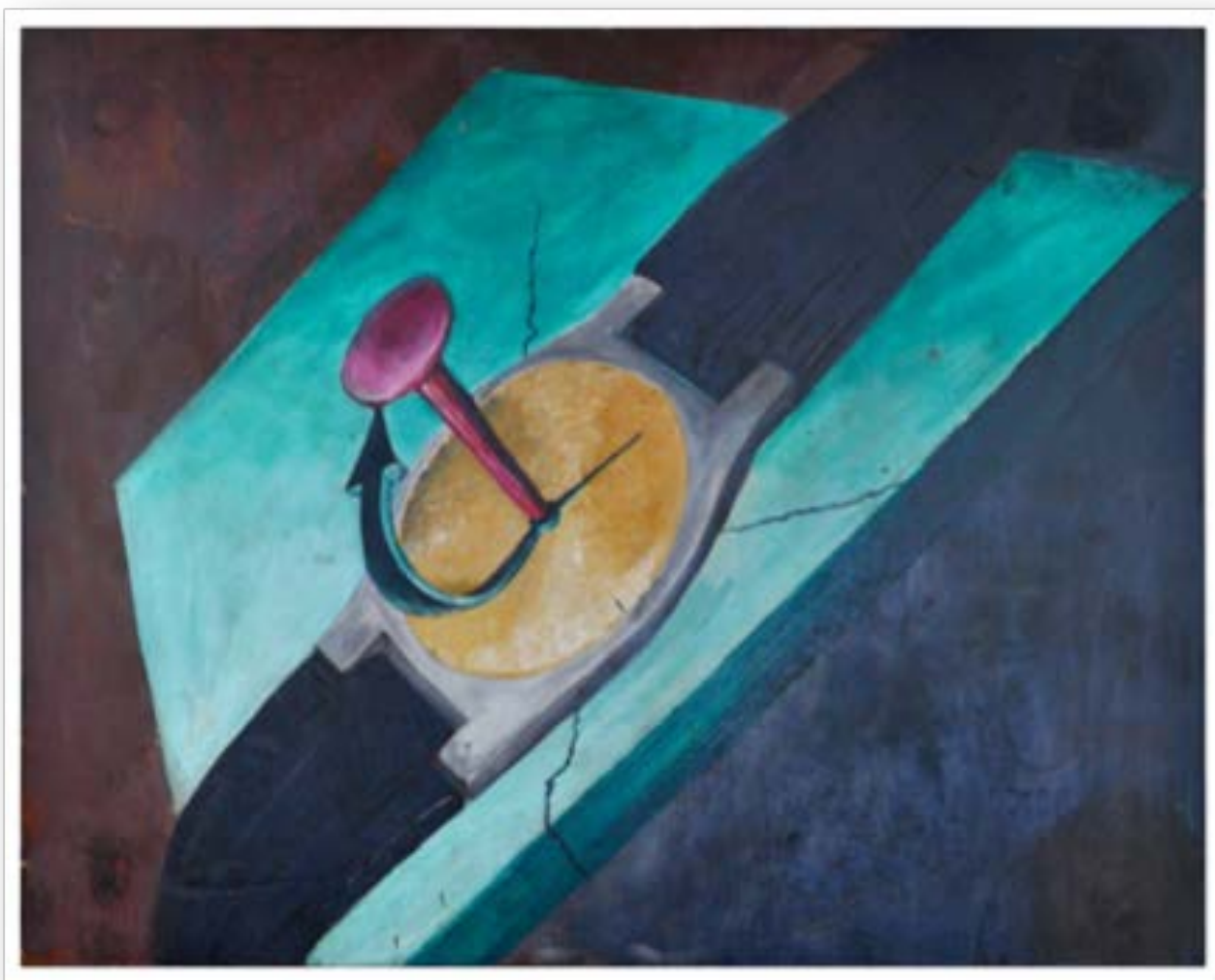
THE PERPLEXED MAN

This painting addresses the concern over a medically related condition. The artist-author, a young surgery first year resident, experienced the death of his first-born son who was undergoing a complicated open-heart surgery.

The perplexed man, blue with anguish, hair on end, and with blood shot eyes stares at the heart with a ventricular septal defect (VSD), a congenital abnormality. Electrocardiographic recordings travel through his brain exiting his ear as he tries to understand and repair the condition. Though obviously alarmed, his expression is firm and controlled, like a surgeon should be.

His baby boy died during surgery on the date recorded in the painting.

Acrylic – 1970



KILLING TIME

After my internship, since I was sponsored by the armed forces, I received orders for Vietnam instead of surgical residency. Those orders were changed, shortly thereafter. Fate, I guess... But then, had to wait. While waiting, I took advanced, specialized training as a flight surgeon, and in helicopter fire rescue. Although exciting, interesting and demanding, for me, it was like “killing time” before starting formal surgical residency. I will be a surgeon, some day!

Acrylic – 1970

We would like to thank Dr. Jose Borrero for adding his wisdom and experience to this year's issue of *The Script* and the College of Medicine as a whole.



PERCEPTION

*“It's easier to go down a hill than up it but
the view is much better at the top.”*

Henry Ward Beecher



ONE-WAY MIRROR

IBRAHIM MUSRI, MS-3

Substance-induced psychotic disorder. That was his diagnosis when he left the hospital and entered rehab. The words meant little to him, but he was sure of one thing: He needed help to get better.

I became acquainted with his history through patient interviews over three weeks. Despite meeting him at perhaps his life's lowest point, I found his story incredibly compelling. I couldn't help drawing parallels, wondering how easily we could've traded places had our circumstances been different. I realize that's a bold statement to make. I mean, what could a medical student like myself possibly have in common with a patient suffering from crystal meth addiction?

Yet I noticed the similarities: A young man growing up with parents from different cultures, growing up too quickly to enjoy his childhood, always dreading the painful experience of coming out. His gratitude towards his family for accepting his sexual orientation, and his shame in waiting so long to tell them. The disappointment of being let down by the religion he had been raised in, while striving to honor it all the same. The fear of always feeling out of place, of never finding or connecting with that someone special.

He described how he struggled to find the right words when they would ask the dreaded questions: "How do you know?" and "Are you sure?" I sympathized, remembering how frustrating it could be when I knew that no answer I could give would be satisfactory.

Of course there were differences: I didn't come out in my teens, I didn't enlist in the military, I never contracted HIV, I never used crystal meth, I was never homeless, I never witnessed my mother point a gun at me, and I never attempted suicide. Differences that did not make me better than him, rather only fortunate that I had been spared what he had gone through.

The patient interview is a one-way mirror by necessity, the most difficult part of which is maintaining a detached empathy, ultimately for the patient's own benefit. There is much I wished I could've said to comfort him—to let him know that he wasn't alone—but I knew it was best to keep quiet. Instead I listened to his story, hoping the rainbow pin on my white coat and the concern in my expression could convey without words what I couldn't say out loud.



CAMPANULA LASIOCARPA -- MOUNTAIN HAREBELL
ANDREW ROMERO, MS-3



MAN-MADE SUNRISE
MICHAEL REN, MS-2

SEASIDE SUMMER

RHONDA ANDERSON-ROBINSON

The huge waves are crashing, flung in from the seas,
The balmy winds are blowing, swinging through the
trees.

Seagulls standing whimsically on a plank,
Gawking at passersby as their secret prank.

Lacerated rocks cavorting in the sand,
Elaborate designed shells wafting in my hand.

But wait, what's this? A fallen brown leaf to send...
A foreboding message to notify me of my seaside
summer's end.

CHARGE OF THE INTERN BRIGADE

PRAN M KAR, MD, FACP, FASN, FAAP

Copied from Poems of Alfred Tennyson,
J. E. Tilton and Company, Boston, 1870

1.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
Into 550 Webster, West
Rode the 86-87 Interns One of
the finest
"Forward, Interns!"
"Charge for the beds!" they said:
Into the valley of Training
Rode the Interns without rest.

2.

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to learn, not cry:
Into the valley of Training
Rode the Interns without rest.

3.

Patients to right of them,
Seniors to left of them,
Attending in front of them
Yelled at for having blundered;
Urine analyzed and blood
cultured,

4.

Guaiac paper and glove
Code blue being called above
Short time on call in bed,
Boldly they went ahead
Into Grand Rounds and M & M
Rode the tired Interns without
rest.

5.

Flash'd their stethoscope,
Soon of becoming a Senior
resident they hope
H & P, Chem Profile they wrote
All admission records they broke
Cultured them right there
Sabering the femorals bare,
Decubitus and pulled Dobhoff's
Without much time off,
Rode the tired Interns doing
their best.

6.

Honor the work they have done!
Don't let them feel they are under
the gun
Look at the progress they have
made
Honor the Interns Brigade.

Written by:
Pran M Kar, Intern
A long time ago
Grant Hospital Chicago IL
Located at 550 West Webster,
Chicago IL



Use your power on
controlling yourself,
not on controlling
others?

I wish we didn't
fight each other, but
I fought together for each
other. Fighting for others
prevents us from fighting
with ourselves.

We are not the problem, our
perceptions are. The more we
can open them, the more
we can open our and others'
hearts.

We are @ equilibrium.
The more ugliness we face
outside, the more
shift there should be
towards the beauty
of our souls.

When you think you
have reached your
end or are about to
quit, look again,
it's your dream
coming to life.

Words of Perception
By Jeslin Kera

- Inspired by
people I love.

A BRIEF POETIC HISTORY OF PSYCHIATRY

MATT KNISLEY, MD

Pavlov loved his dogs
Skinner tortured babies
Mind and body merged
A virus causes rabies

Freud the behemoth
Saw unconscious cognition
His counterpart Jung
Shared intuition

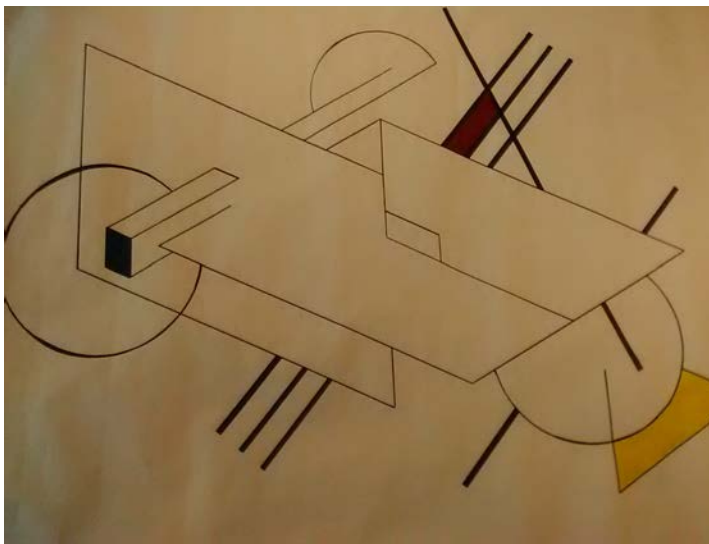
Aaron beckons
From many a-breath,
"Your thoughts and deeds
Are depression's quick death."

Emotional chemicals
Produced and excreted
Drugs that affect them
Desperately needed

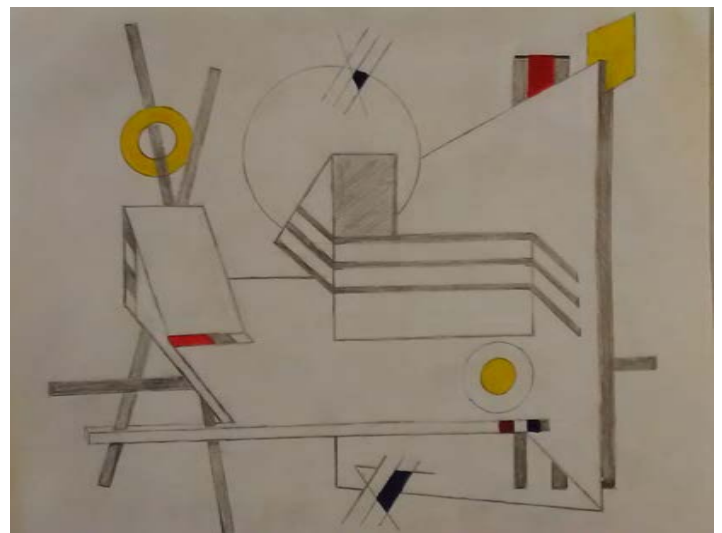
Linehan saw
Only one way about it.
Explosion of scales
Subjective without it

Brilliant research
Compassionate minds
A field to be lauded
For all future times

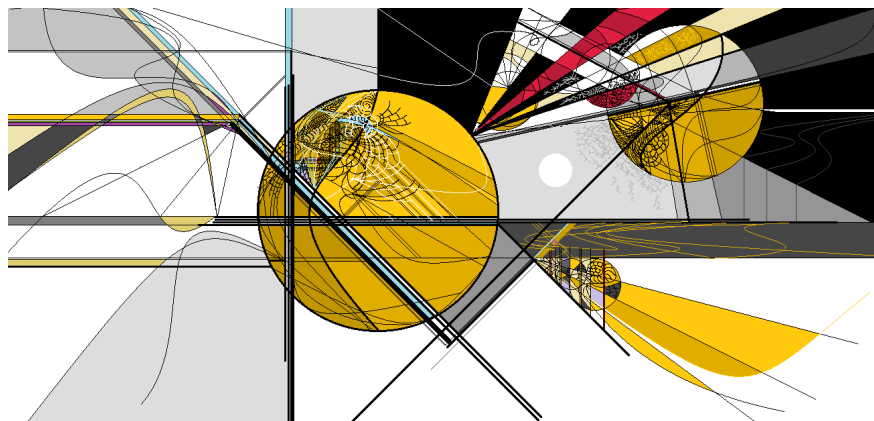
END



BAUHAUS 2019
MATT KNISLEY, MD



BAUHAUS ARENA 2019
MATT KNISLEY, MD



DESERT PLANETS
NICK RICHWAGEN, MS-2

ANATOMY SONG - TRIBUTE TO M1

MARGOT SAMSON, MS-4

I wake up early Monday
Feeling fresh as a sorbet
I take out my black laptop
Brush up on ethics for MOP

Then I listen and I sip café
To what Payer has to say
I'm in class to learn some facts
About the heart and thorax

He then points to something gray
Says "trabeculae carnae"
What the hell, it's that big glop?
I'm in shock and my jaw drops

Can't let myself get so unnerved
I hope this test will have a curve

What's anatomy, hey hey
I don't know this yet, oy vey
So instead I'll write this song
Maybe play some ping pong

There's lungs and pleura veins and airways
What's the VICC today
I log on to Webcourses
Sift through all the resources

What laws do muscles obey?
I shrug (with levator scapulae)
I better go talk to my PAC
To make sure my brain won't crack

I'd rather learn to crochet
Than look at one more X-ray

But really can you blame us?
We still don't know what's a ramus
Come on guys, please don't swerve
Appreciate that phrenic nerve

What's anatomy, hey hey
I don't know this yet, oy vey
So instead I'll write this song
Bet I'd beat you in ping pong

I don't want to sound cliché
But we take this day by day
Caf cookies, shots of java
Where is that vena cava?

Everyone's a bit dismayed
Wants this class to go away
But really, we should relax
At least we're done with Tay-Sachs

Now it's joints and vertebrae
And chordae tendinae
No more enzymes in saliva
No poisoned beans of fava

School's exciting just observe
It triggers my sympathetic nerve

What's anatomy, hey hey
I don't know this yet, oy vey
So instead I'll write this song
And go play a lot of ping pong



BRYCE CANYON, UT
VIET NGUYEN, MS-2



MADEIRA BEACH
S. HAMAD SAGHEER, MS-4

STEP1 SONG - TRIBUTE TO M2

MARGOT SAMSON, MS-4

Last year I sang about Anatomy
We thought learning muscles was agony
3 enzymes? 2 pathways? What a travesty!
Learning all of that seemed like insanity

We look back now, and we can all agree
All we needed was a little caffeine
Remember when we freaked out over pedigrees?
Hey M1s – just wait till your first EKG!

Cuz we're second years now, and what's that mean
We're past enzymes, microbes, and purines
We already know what's in vaccines
We know not to eat those fava bean

Now there's so much to learn, so much new information
Like what makes a vessel get fatty striations
Which drugs constrict and which cause vasodilation
I feel overwhelmed, here come the lacrimations

But take a deep breath, contract that diaphragm
There are 175 days till the STEP exam
That's plenty of time to learn it all and cram!
So relax, take a seat, and listen to this jam

That's so many days to watch Pathoma
So many nights drinking beers at Chroma
We have time to recognize psamomma
And know that it's seen in papillary carcinoma

Hypertension? I'll give you a nitrate!
That X-Ray? Patchy infiltrate
A-fibrillations? Go ahead and ablate
And add some aspirin, so you don't coagulate

High calcium? Gotta look at your bones
Stomach pain? Let's check for gallstones

Low thyroxine? Check your muscle tone
Got a bug? Take a fluoroquinolone!

See a patient? We can motivate!
Cut the sugar! Exercise and gyrate!
Where's your pain? Let's just do LOCATES
Can't even tell that we haven't read Bates

But I'll take a deep breath, contract that diaphragm
There are 175 days lefts till the STEP exam
That's plenty of time learn it all and cram!
So relax, take a seat, and listen to this jam
I know, I might sound a little bit genius
But shhh (I still don't what's a ramus)
I'm lost when the patient gets a little flirtatious-
I get frazzled when I'm told to put a finger up his anus

If we study hard, we won't miss a diagnosis
Well, maybe something sneaky like tuberculosis
But we won't let it get to caseous necrosis
We'll protect that cavity from aspergillosis

This year is hard, I think I have angina
I feel constricted all the way up to my carina
Maybe I should just run away to China
To hide away from the Great Wall of vagina

But I'll take a deep breath, contract that diaphragm
There are 175 days lefts till the STEP exam
That's plenty of time learn and cram!
So relax, take a seat, and listen to this jam

175 days? Damn! Thank you, mam,
That's so much time, before the STEP exam
So please take a breath, contract your diaphragm
And come sing along to this nifty little jam



BLUE
ANNA JACOBS, MS-4



JUNGLE CRUISE, MOYOBAMBA, PERU
JACKLYN LOCKLEAR, MS-4

WAILING WALL SENTIMENTS
LUCY WU, MS-1



BERNESE BOVINES
KARI SHAVER, MS-1



LAUTERBRUNNEN VALLEY
KARI SHAVER, MS-1



THREE HAIKUS
SPENCER LESSANS, MS-2

End of M1:
To my desk and back
I walk as weeks blur as one
Long days yet short months

Summer:
A fleeting summer
A temporary relief
Longing to return

Return to M2:
Fresh, smiling faces
A brand new year upon us
Friends reunited



RESTING
JOHN B. COPPES, MD



LAKE VICTORIA KENYA
JOHN B. COPPES, MD



ELEPHANT ROCK
BRENDAN SWEENEY, MS-2



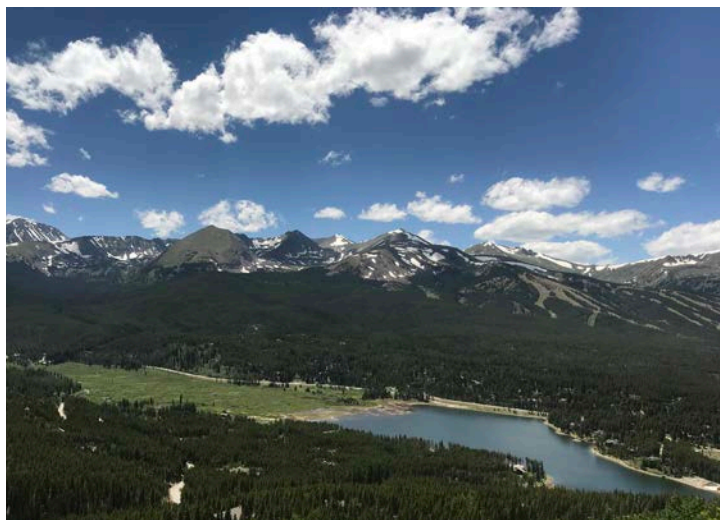
SPACE COAST SUNSET
JEFF O'BRIEN, MD



MOUNTAIN PICK-ME-UP 1
TALIA HELMAN, MS-3



SIT
TAMMY PHILLIPS, MS-3



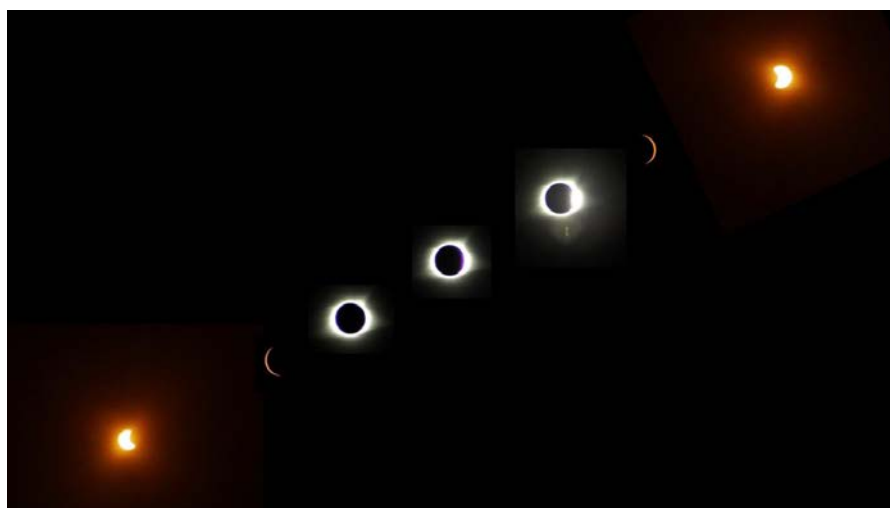
MOTIVATIONAL
SANKALP GOBERDHAN, MS-1

There you go again, clicking on ANKI,
The work never stops, there's too much to learn.
The burden is so much, you work like a donkey,
Work, work, work, till out you burn.

You don't need to kill yourself to save lives,
Take care of yourself while doing your job.
Rest now and then, keep sharp your mental knives,
There is more to life than all that makes you sob.

Remember why you're here, for the patient's benefit;
You are training to be the light on someone's darkest
day.

Study hard, study smart, study at the desk you sit,
Treat your patients and yourself and change the
world you may.



ECLIPSING
LINDSEY WEBB, MS-1

Who's going to want to read your reflection?" my roommate so thoughtfully provoked moments before submitting this to *The Script*.

So, Amy [the Visual Arts Director] asked me to write a reflection about my time in Peru. Sounds easy, right? But it's true, why would anyone want to read this reflection? How would I make this sound interesting and, hopefully, encourage students in the future to apply to work in the Yantalo Clinic in the future?

"Well, let's write about something unique" I thought to myself. There were countless moments, themes, and ideas that ran through my head as I tried to figure out the best story to put to paper. Should I talk about the man who had an Addisonian crisis, and how I consoled him (to the best of my ability) for about 45 minutes? How about the national identification cards each Peruvian had, yet still exhibited incorrect birthdays on multiple occasions? Or do I go big and talk about the awe-inspiring setup of the clinic, and how for the first time in my life I feel set on my path to medicine?

Nah.

To quote Oscar Wilde, "Life is far too important a thing ever to talk seriously about." So, yes, I did connect with patients in dynamic ways the wide-eyed naïve pre-med version of myself from a few years ago never would've imagined. But instead, one of the strongest impressions I got from Peru is how difficult it can be to get people from countless professional schools on the same page when most of them don't even know how to do their own respective tasks yet. For example, I saw a girl with stomach issues, weight problems, and *buzz word alert* anal itching. Pinworms! Mebendazole! The ability to connect keywords together! But from there, what else do I know? How do I talk to the pharmacy students about it? How much should be prescribed? I mean, how do I even write a prescription properly? (And don't get me started with the DD/MM/YYYY vs. MM/DD/YYYY method for writing out dates that confused nearly everybody.)

So, when Dr. Heather Peralta (Director of Global Health at the UCF College of Nursing) grabbed this unsuspecting medical student from the OR into post-op I didn't know what to expect. "We need you



MACHU PICCHU
JACKLYN LOCKLEAR, M4

back here." Ok, for what? What could I possibly do? Up to that point, I felt I was only in Peru because of my last name or my awkward attempts at speaking my family's native language. I mean, what could I do that Dr. Peralta's students couldn't do? The nursing students (some of them just finishing their first year of undergraduate studies) know more clinical skills than I know (unless you consider nodding with a false sense of confidence after measuring blood pressure and saying "120/80" a skill). Peralta, this passionate and hard-working woman with a PhD of Health Sciences, definitely possesses more knowledge and experience than this med student who was still awaiting his S1 grade. So, what did she need?

"I need you take this man to the bathroom to pee. He won't do it in front of my girls, because – and I quote – 'Jesus.'"

Ah.

Well, I came to the Yantalo Clinic to try and gain some experience, and if it means helping a man recovering from inguinal hernia surgery because of his modesty and strongly conservative views, then so be it. Truly a humbling experience, I slowly stumbled across a hallway with this overweight man and all his wires to the bathroom. We went through all the motions, and after washing his hands, I helped this man – still very much loopy following surgery – return to post-op to continue his recovery. After visiting the Oval Office, I decided to stay in post-op because, when else would I get this experience? Sidebar. Now, being on the MedPACt trip, we had the opportunity to work with 4th-year medical students

(with all honors showered onto Jonathen Diaz, Annie Jacobs, Jenna Driscoll, and Lauren Everett, the wiser students I got to rotate with throughout the week). They told us how, even throughout the clerkship years, we would not get this kind of exposure or hands-on experience. Focus on surgeries, no one will let you do this much until residency! ... Make sure you scrub in, that's where all the cool stuff happens! ... Internal is cool, but make sure to watch a surgery when you're here!

...

Noticing a theme here?

Don't get me wrong, I got the chance to scrub in once and it was fascinating. The fear of breaking sterile field just by scratching my pant-leg, or the sensation of absolute inadequacy as the surgeons request different tools that you've never hear of. Truly a microcosm of my time in medical school thus far: being afraid of doing something wrong or losing self-confidence because I don't know what the is even happening.

Anyway, back to post-op. While seeing surgery was the reason I was in the OR, the hand of Peralta dragged me into surgery and gave me a different kind of experience only Peru would offer me. You see, everyone kept emphasizing the responsibilities and perspectives in these surgeries would be the first any UCF med student would get the chance to experience until residency.

But when in my life will I get the chance to understand the intricacies of post-op and the responsibilities of the nursing staff assigned there? So, from that day on, after my internal and pediatrics shifts ended, I meandered to post-op to see what I could do to learn and help out with.

For the rest of the week, I helped patients on two sides of the pain spectrum – those on Cloud 9 due to their medications, and those cringing in pain and fear about what's to come next.

I helped men and women get dressed, use the bathroom, and get fed.

For the young male patients recovering from surgery, seeing another face similar to theirs was helpful as they went through some of the more embarrassing routines involved in post-op.

I felt my heart and spirits drop as a woman recov-

ering from the pain of surgery had to be explained why her hysterectomy couldn't be completed due to unforeseen complications (too many adhesions).

I laughed when the patients kept referring to me as the doctor, thinking how ridiculous it was that this 23-year-old lanky kid who really only got confidence in taking vitals that week could be perceived as a physician.

Then, I tensed up with shame when I realized I was being called the doctor because I was the only man in the room. Even when Dr. Jimena Alvarez was in the room, I overheard some patients refer to her as the nurse.

When a younger mute patient tried communicating through sign language, I did my best to console him through his confusion until his mom was allowed to enter.

I was even able to improve my confidence in speaking Spanish with the recovering patients and their families. I even gave back to some of the nursing students who taught me so much throughout the week. Since I felt my only skill there was being able to speak Spanish, I communicated for the students who knew vastly more medical jargon and skills than I could hope to know at the time. I even got the students to repeat the most important post-op phrase you can ever say: *¡Respira profundo! Breathe deeply!*

Go to Peru, you'll build lifelong relationships with the people who go with you! Like any prophecy, this tip from the 4th-year students did come true, just not in any way I could have predicted. So yeah, spending that week in Yantalo without potable water, private bathrooms, or even a moment to catch my breath was worth it.

In the end, Peru gave me the opportunity be a part of a team I was afraid I would take for granted or never truly understand. I built relationships with Lexi Hollingsworth, Chantelle Garcia, Blake Harris (amongst other students), Dr. Peralta, and Dr. Desiree Diaz. If I'm lucky, when I'm doing my clerkships in Orlando as a lost student questioning every decision I make, I'll get a helping hand from some of the hardest working Knights I know.

And, if given the opportunity, maybe I'll just wander into post-op again.



PHOTO OF DR. PERALTA, LEXIE HOLLINGSWORTH, RN, AND VINCENT CENDAN, MS-2 ▶



DEATH

*“If in the twilight of memory we should meet
once more, we shall speak again together and
you shall sing me a deeper song.”*

Khalil Gibran



THE DIAMOND'S GARDEN

RACHEL TRUONG, MS-2

Naglfar has untethered!
And there it crosses
the sea.
A ship of dead men's nails.

Did you get the swords?
What about our armor?
What news from the gods?
What of the elves? What of the dwarves?
Ho! Heimdall's horn!
Off to battle we go.

And there we fought
in the garden of Death's Plains.
Where giants fell and
serpents snapped and
gods were swallowed whole.

Warriors both, you and I.
Always, we fought there
in the garden.
Until Ragnarok was through and done.

When Ragnarok ends, the world
begins anew.
My world began anew,
with essays and math and science.
Oh God, so much science.

You call me back
into that garden.
And I follow
but not for too long.
Ragnarok begins again
and ends sooner this time.
The world begins anew.

This new world of mine
is full of life
and death
and disease.

I search for a cure,
a way to manage,
an answer to my questions.

You search for me
to bring me back.
Ragnarok is starting again.
Will I be there?

In this new world of mine,
there is no room for
a garden.
There is no room for
you.
You, whose world cycles
like Ragnarok:
Unending, unchanging.
You, who keeps pulling me back
again, again,
to fight.
I can't.
Not anymore.

"I can't go out right now."
"I have to study."
"4 AM? No way."
"I have to grow up."
"I'm sorry."

I wonder,
are you still there?
Counting every star?
1000
2000
3000
4000
one million more.



DOTTED TREES
RAMAPAADA MEDAM, MS-1

JUNE
VAN ANH DO, MS-2



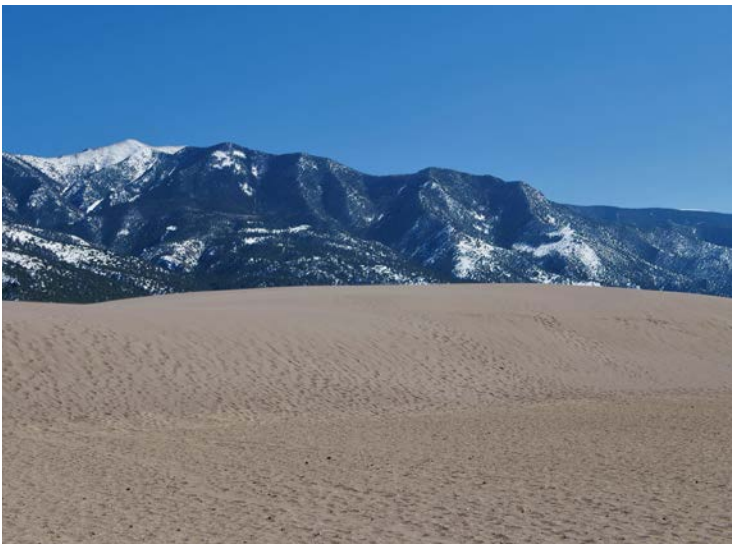
THE OLD NAMID DESERT
LANCE GRENEVICKI, MD



NO

RHONDA ANDERSON-ROBINSON

No leaves, No trees
No birds, No bees
No dirt, No dust,
No rain, No rust,
No trucks, No cars,
No stores, No bars,
No wood, No timber,
Nobody, November



SAND DUNES NATIONAL PARK, COLORADO
TIM LE, MS-2



LIFE IN THE DESERT
TIM LE, MS-2

VENICE GONDOLAS
JACKLYN LOCKLEAR, MS-4



MT. BALDY, CA
VIET NGUYEN, MS-2



WHEN OUR TIME COMES

MATT KNISLEY, MD

Battle over, loss is heavy
Another challenge soon will levy
Another chance to win in force
A chance to meet our purpose

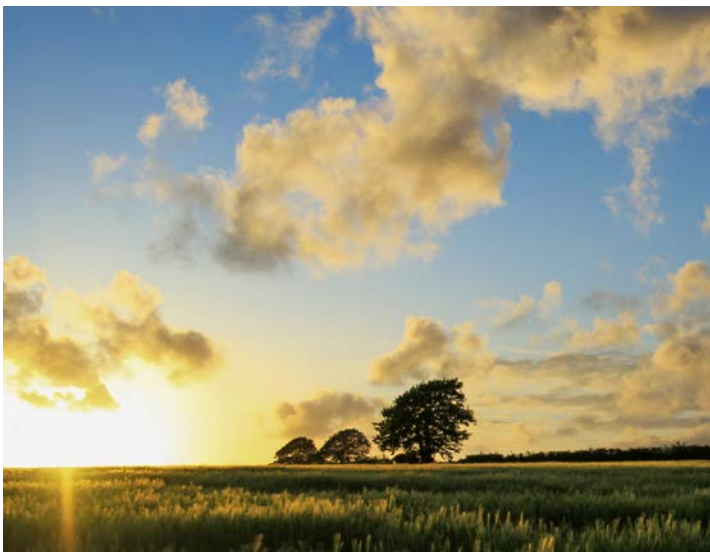
Forever known, O God, we know
Battle not on worldly ground.
Turmoil rests in heart and mind
In spirit which controls us

Creator gave us flesh and mind
But finite ways to use them.
Respect each chance to love and fight
Beams will cast of Holy light

When our time comes
Our bodies cold,
When breathless form
Yields shapeless soul

Some will say
They're glad we died,
But God will know
How hard we tried

END



SUNSET OVER ENYS
TARA JEHU, MS-2



MORNING MIST
IBRAHIM MUSRI, MS-3

CRAZY HURRICANE
MARIBEL AMARO-GARCIA



NATURE'S DIAMOND RING
MICHAEL REN, MS-2



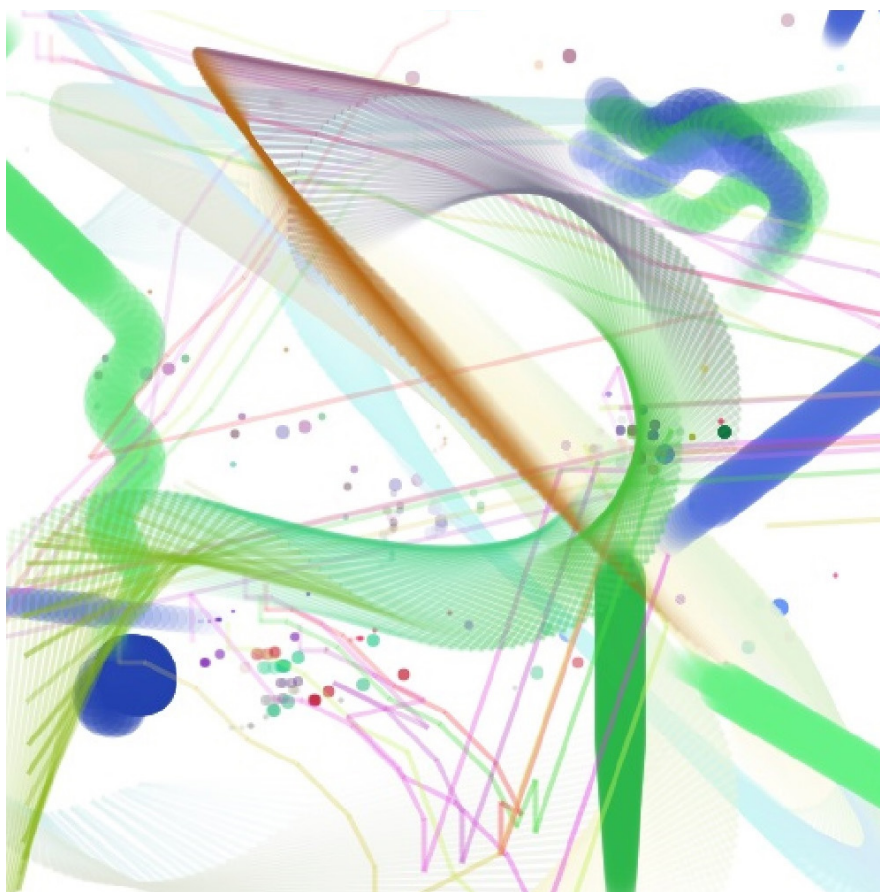
ELECTRIC SKY
KURT FORNO, MS-4



MOUNTAIN PICK-ME-UP 2
TALIA HELMAN, MS-3



MOUNTAIN PICK-ME-UP3
TALIA HELMAN, MS-3



ECHO
ALEX NHAN, MS-2

NIGHT HERON - LAKE APOPKA ▶
JOHN B. COPPES, MD

SHMEE
ALEX WALER, MS-3 ▼



▲ WAITING IN LINE
S. HAMAD SAGHEER, MS-4

UNSTANDARDIZED

ASHLEY SU, MS-1

My mind was on you when I walked in
white coat on, primed and prepped, professional gears
turning

but a smile couldn't be mustered
and the mask started to fall
the man could tell, I'm sure
a flurry of medically distant questions
the lack of connection & checklist correlated

but I thought of you again and the floodgates burst
In this tiny sterile room, I saw your beautiful face
And remembered how it was taken away

I wanted to blame you
how could you leave--how could I suffer alone But your
pain callously swallowed you up Sparing not one bit,
except what remains
For me for us to feel and endure

I saw you that day
in the tiny intimate room
The kind man and friend witnesses Of when I conceded
my profession and became human for you

In honor of J.

A NEW DAY
LINDSEY WEBB, MS-1



MISSION BEACH SUNSET
MATT ABRAMS, MS-2

MOMENTS OF GRATITUDE
LEROY JEMISON JR., MS-3



RED
ANNA JACOBS, MS-4



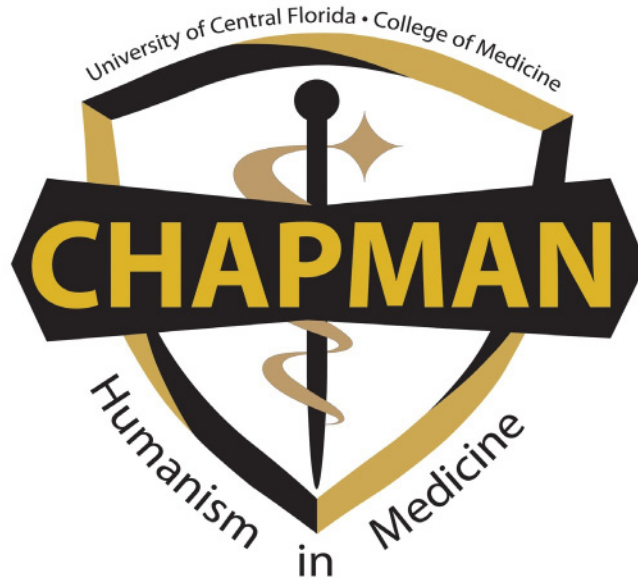
STAR GAZING
ALEX WALER, MS-3



HOW LOUD
KIMBY ROSENTHAL, MS-1



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

