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Boston University



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Xu Xu, BUSM 2013

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The Creative Arts Society was formed by BU medical students to bring the medical center community together and create opportunities to share works and teach each other, and to promote self-expression, growth, health and fun. Events sponsored by the Creative Arts Society include Art Days and Kick Back Kafe.

All faculty, staff, students and alumni of any school or program on the BU Medical Campus are invited to attend committee meetings and activities, and to submit works for publication in *Whorl*.

For more information, please send an e-mail to tanyad@bu.edu.

Cover: Flutter By
Shireen Heidari, *Medical Student*

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School of Medicine**

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Educational Media Center

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Firey Clouds
Arizona Sunset

Allison Pelusso
Medical Student



OBJECTS IN MIRROR ARE CLOSER
THAN THEY APPEAR

Rearview

Tanya Donahou
Medical Student

The World Is White

The world is white
and I'm a black speck,
struggling against a tide of needs unmet.
Wandering to and fro
in a whirlwind of snow,
hoping to find home before my sun sets.

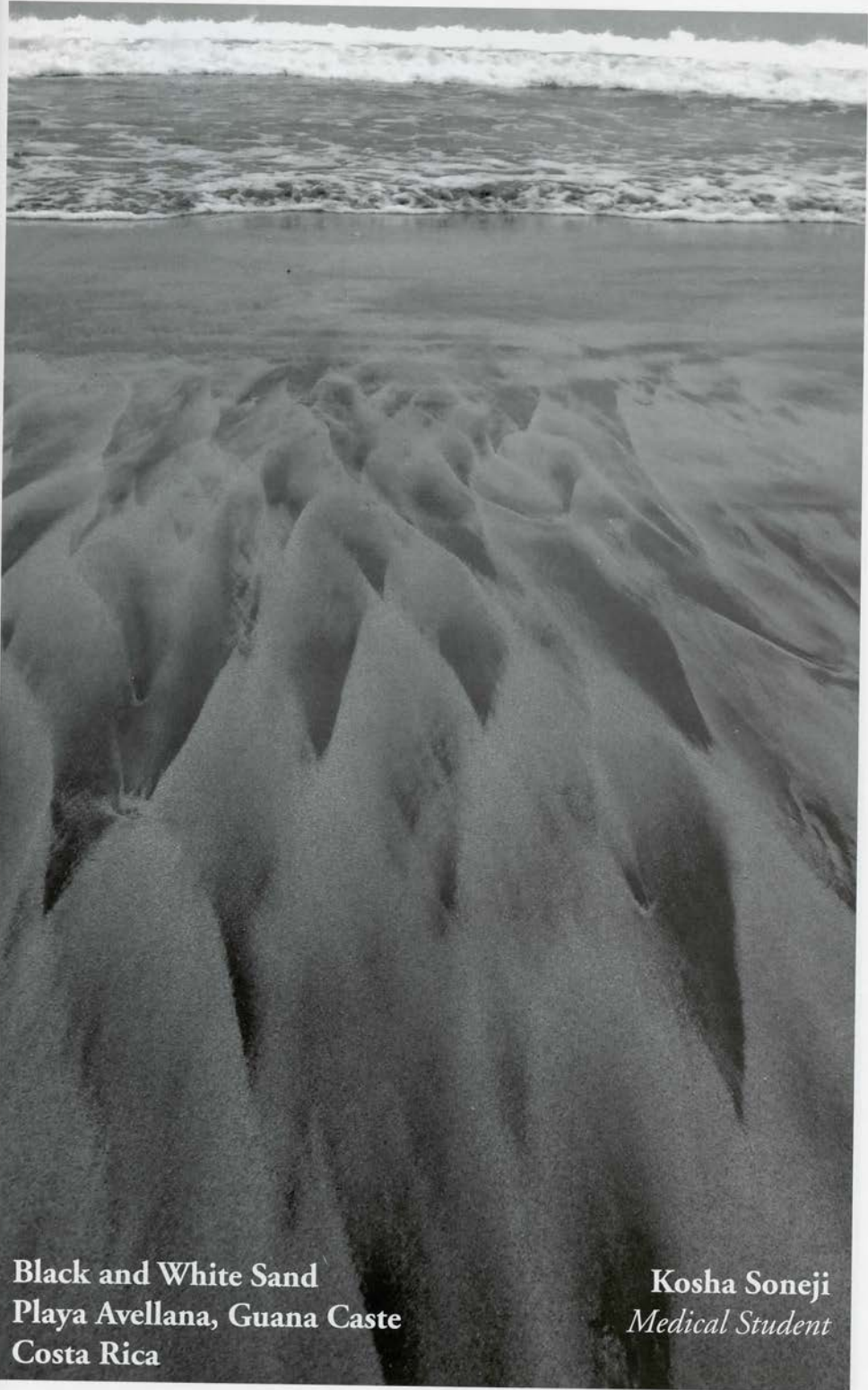
The world is cold
and I burn like fire,
breaking the darkness
and melting frigid hearts with my desire.

The world is white
and I could be white too;
denying my very being until I am someone new.
Twisting and turning until I can't be recognized—
staring in the mirror at someone I despise.

I could change my name and change my dress
all in the name of becoming a success.

But that's not me—
I could never do that
because I know having a black speck
is what makes the white worth looking at.

Danielle Andrews
Medical Student



Black and White Sand
Playa Avellana, Guana Caste
Costa Rica

Kosha Soneji
Medical Student



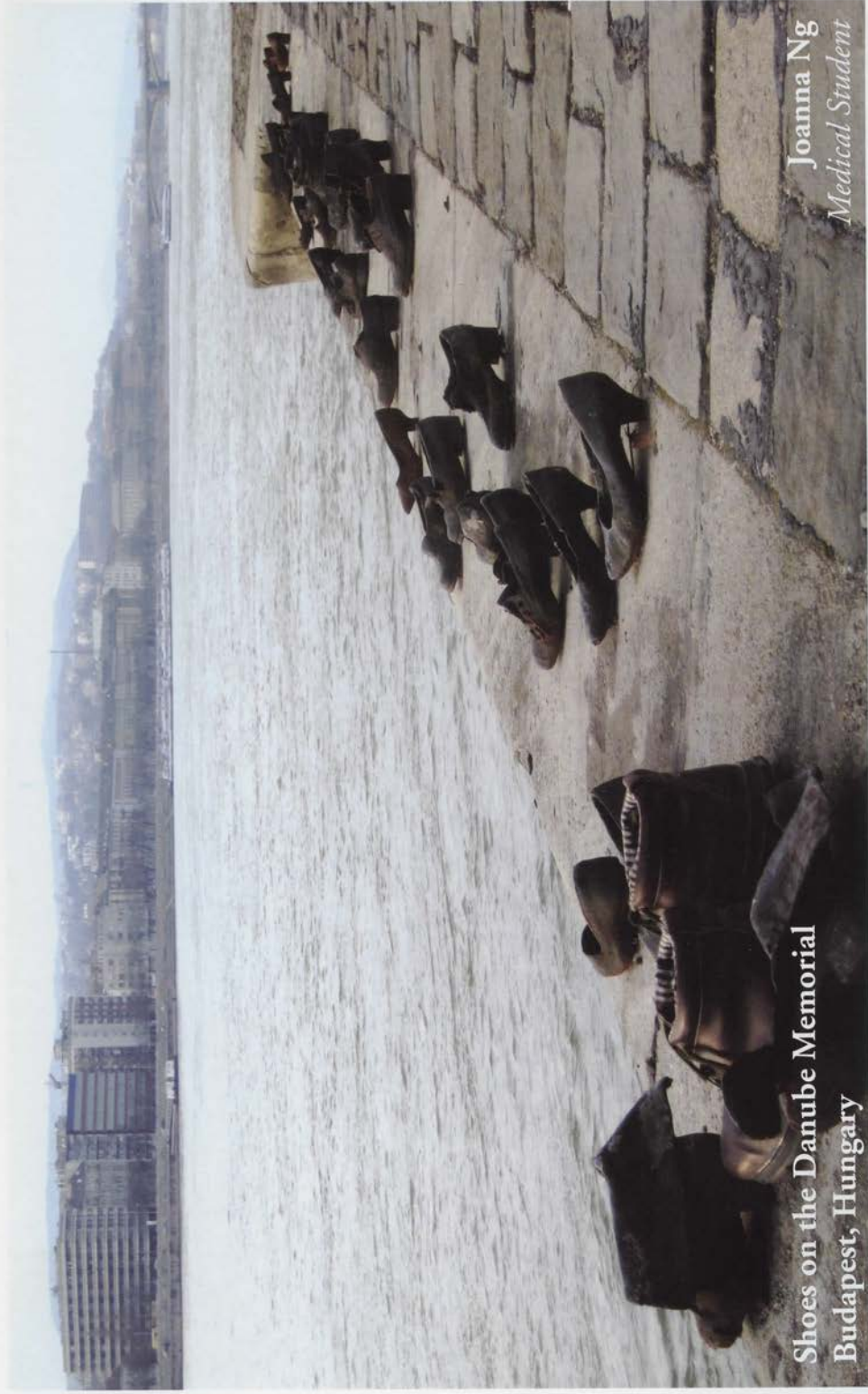
Kosha Soneji
Medical Student

Dona Maria - Outdoor Market
Quetzaltenango, Guatemala



Produce Market
Weifang, China

Xu Xu
Medical Student



Shoes on the Danube Memorial
Budapest, Hungary

Joanna Ng
Medical Student



Driftwood

Sarah Rosen
Medical Student

Forgiveness

Tell me what you're thinking
Let me justify my fear
This piece, once broken
Into a shadow disappears

A great divide
The separation of our kinds
A time for feeling -
Not the place for lines

Victors stand alone
Enemies draw the line
Tracing through the steps
The mystery of each find

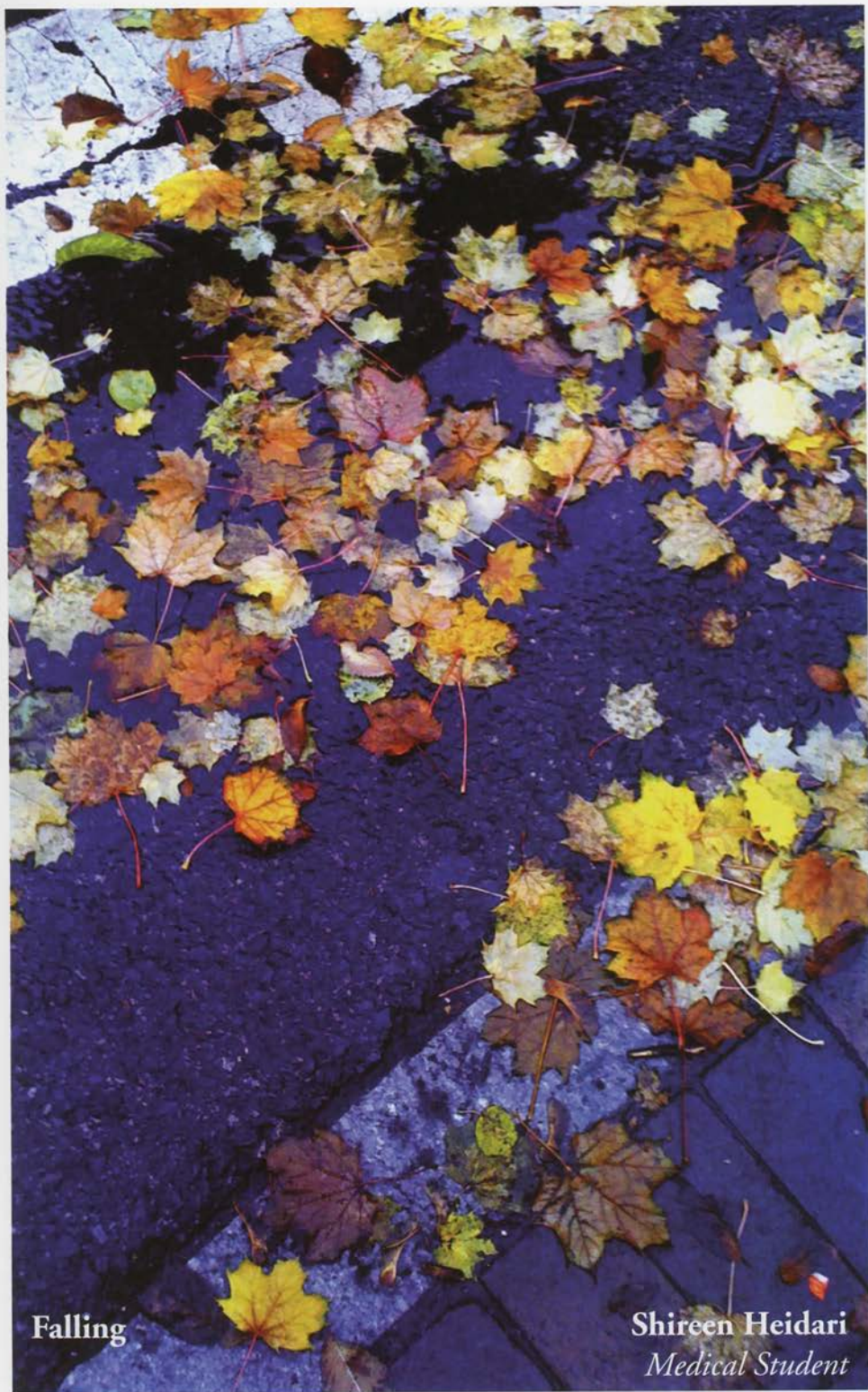
Catch a broken promise
Mend a shattered heart
The wreckage of the wounded
Forsake - the hardest part

Ashleigh Menhadji
Medical Student



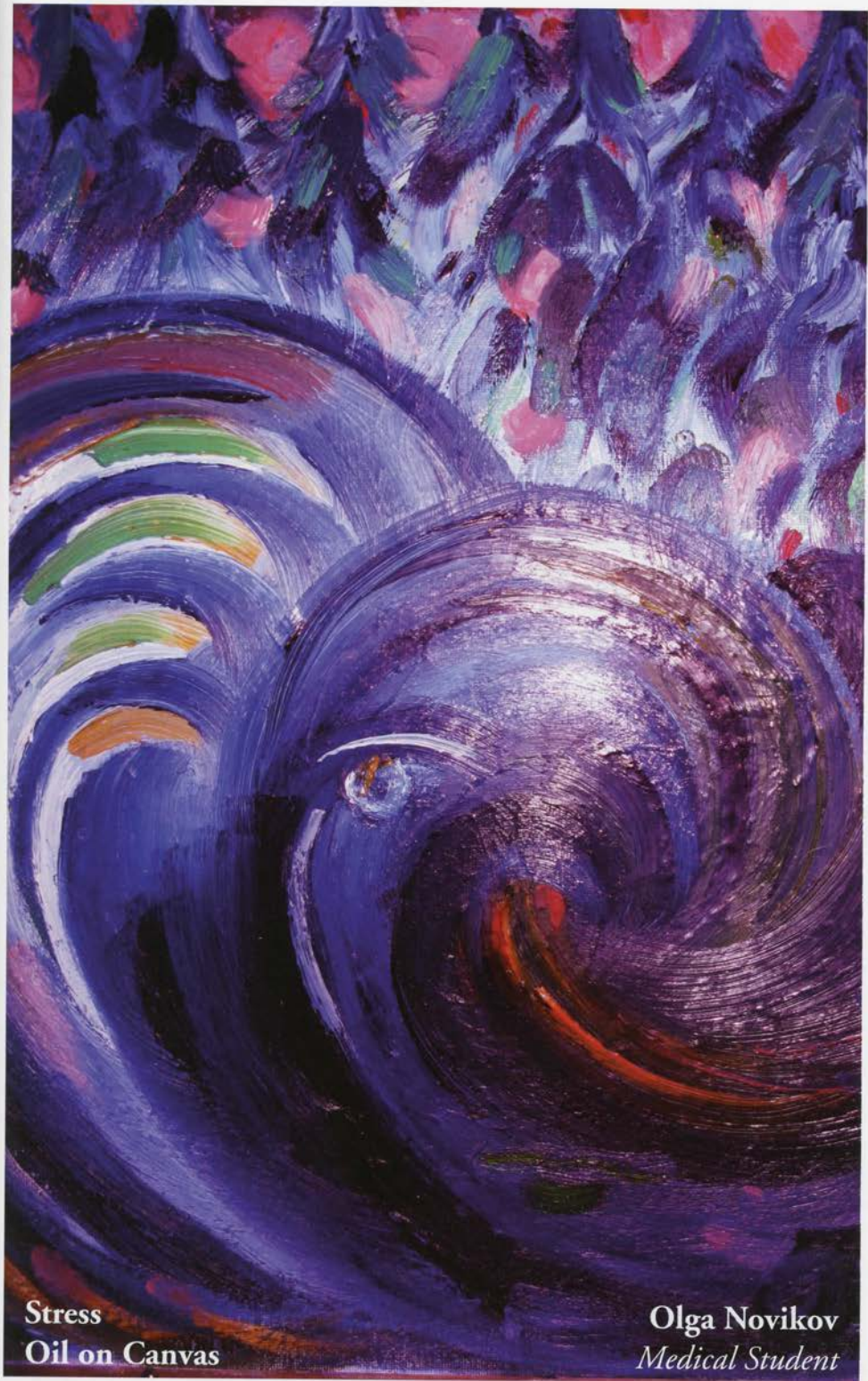
In Storm's Wake
Acrylic Painting

Tiffany Ynosencio
Medical Student



Falling

Shireen Heidari
Medical Student



Stress
Oil on Canvas

Olga Novikov
Medical Student



Joanna Ng
Medical Student

City Street
Sopron, Hungary



Persepolis, Iran

Atisa Beihaghi
Medical Student



Sydney Opera House Interior

Xu Xu
Medical Student



Fretboard Climb

Kristen Giambusso
School of Public Health Student

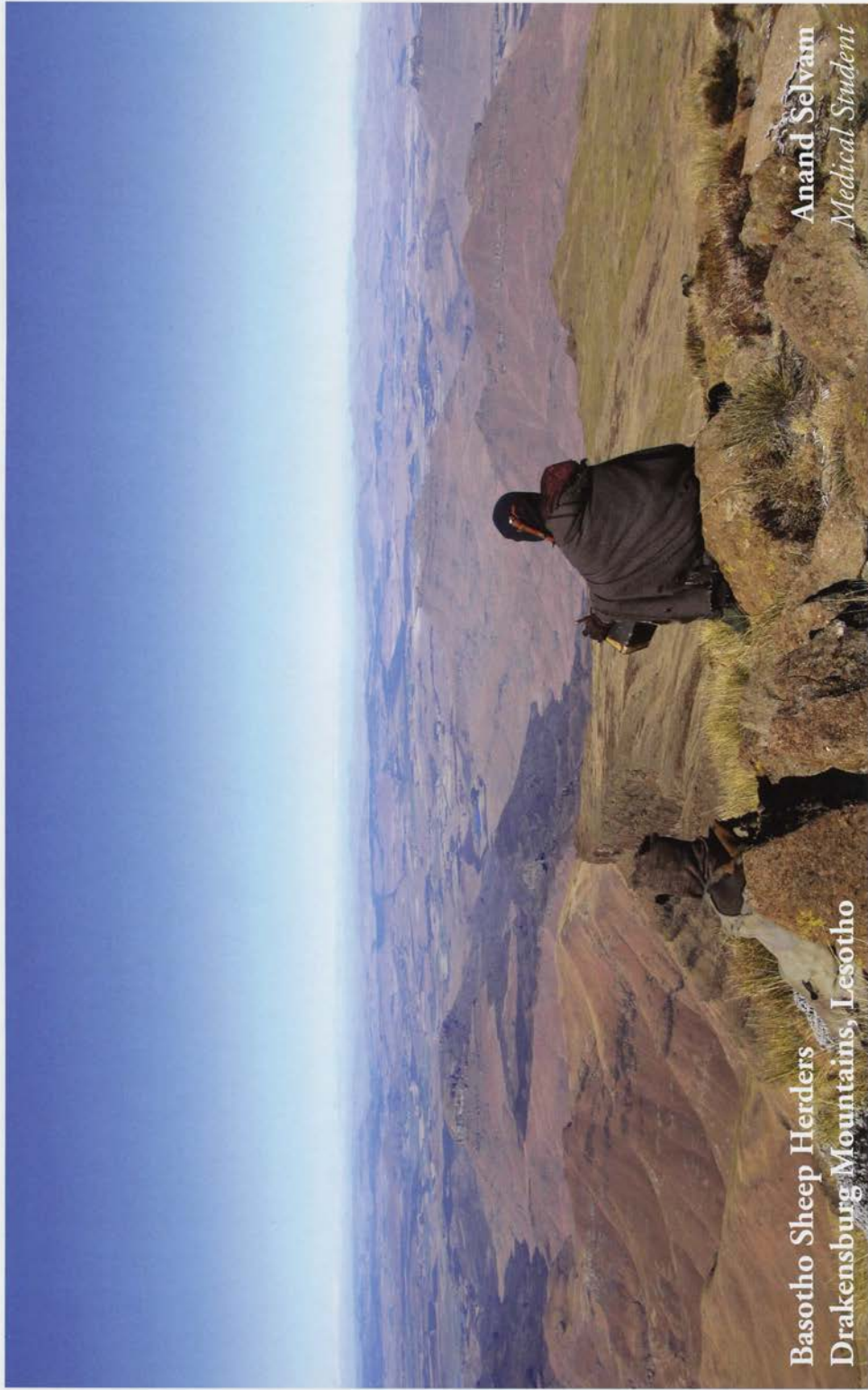


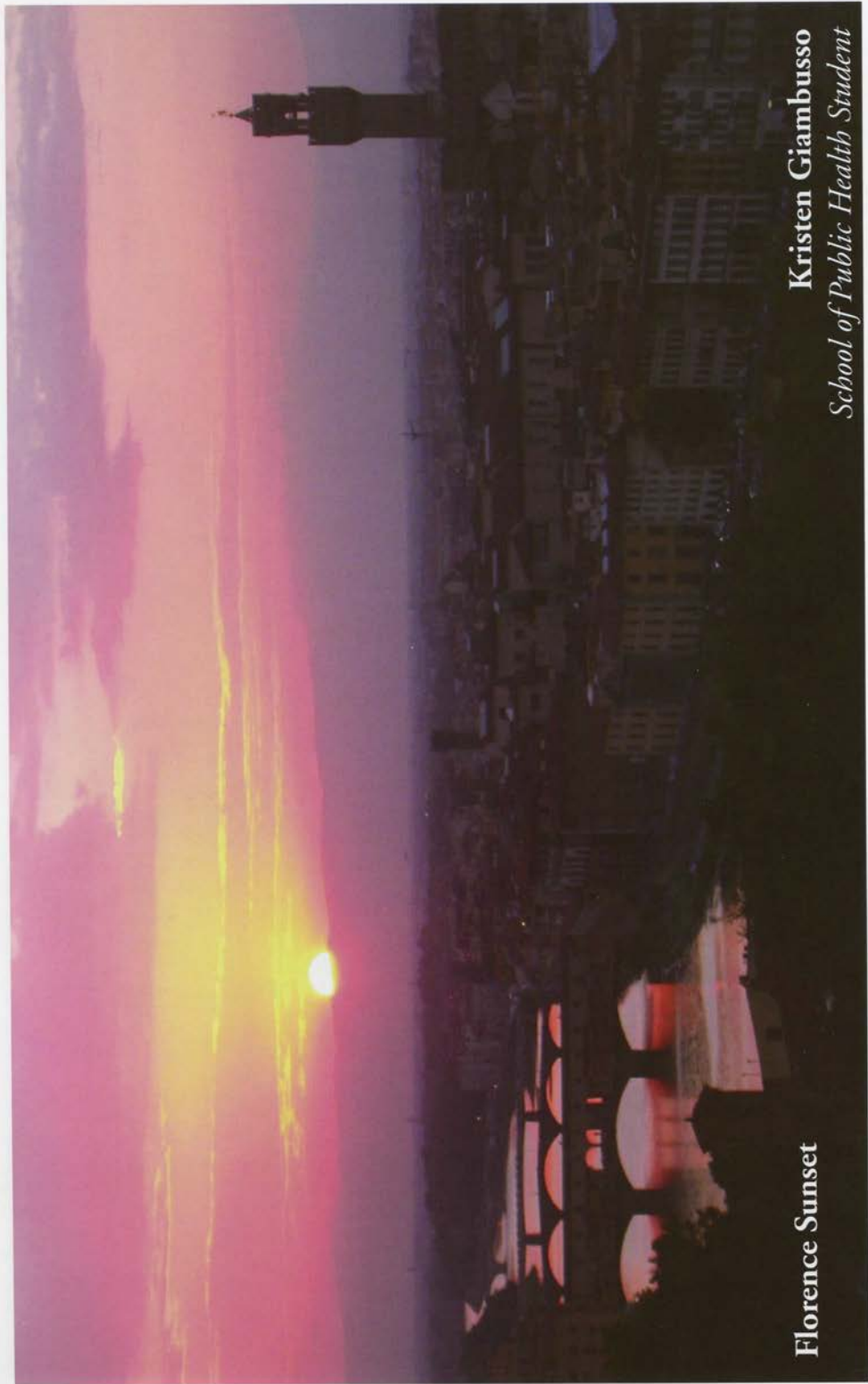
Hyunjoo Lee
Department of Ophthalmology

London

Basotho Sheep Herders
Drakensburg Mountains, Lesotho

Anand Selvam
Medical Student





Florence Sunset

Kristen Giambusso
School of Public Health Student

Anatomy in Reflection

Your body is the seed that will give so much life, laying down a legacy of knowledge that will continue to grow and bear fruit long after the original seed is forgotten.

You are an exponential gift, from one man to eight future doctors, to hundreds of patients and the multitudes that make up their families and friends.

You gave us access to the wonder that is human life, and challenged us to find and discover all of the intricate parts working together to make one man.

You allowed us to know you in a way that no one else had, not your best friend, not your children, not your wife, or even yourself.

Your quirks and individualities reminded us daily of the complexity and uniqueness of each life, no two exactly the same and each demanding their own respect.

You embody the cornerstone of medicine, sacrifice for our fellow man, and serve to remind us that the sacrifices we make as doctors are reciprocated by our patients.

You gave the ultimate gift to humanity, yourself.

Tanya Donahou
Medical Student



Seal Cove Sunset
Nova Scotia, Canada

Chris D'Ardenne
Medical Student



Allison Peluso
Medical Student

Make A Wish



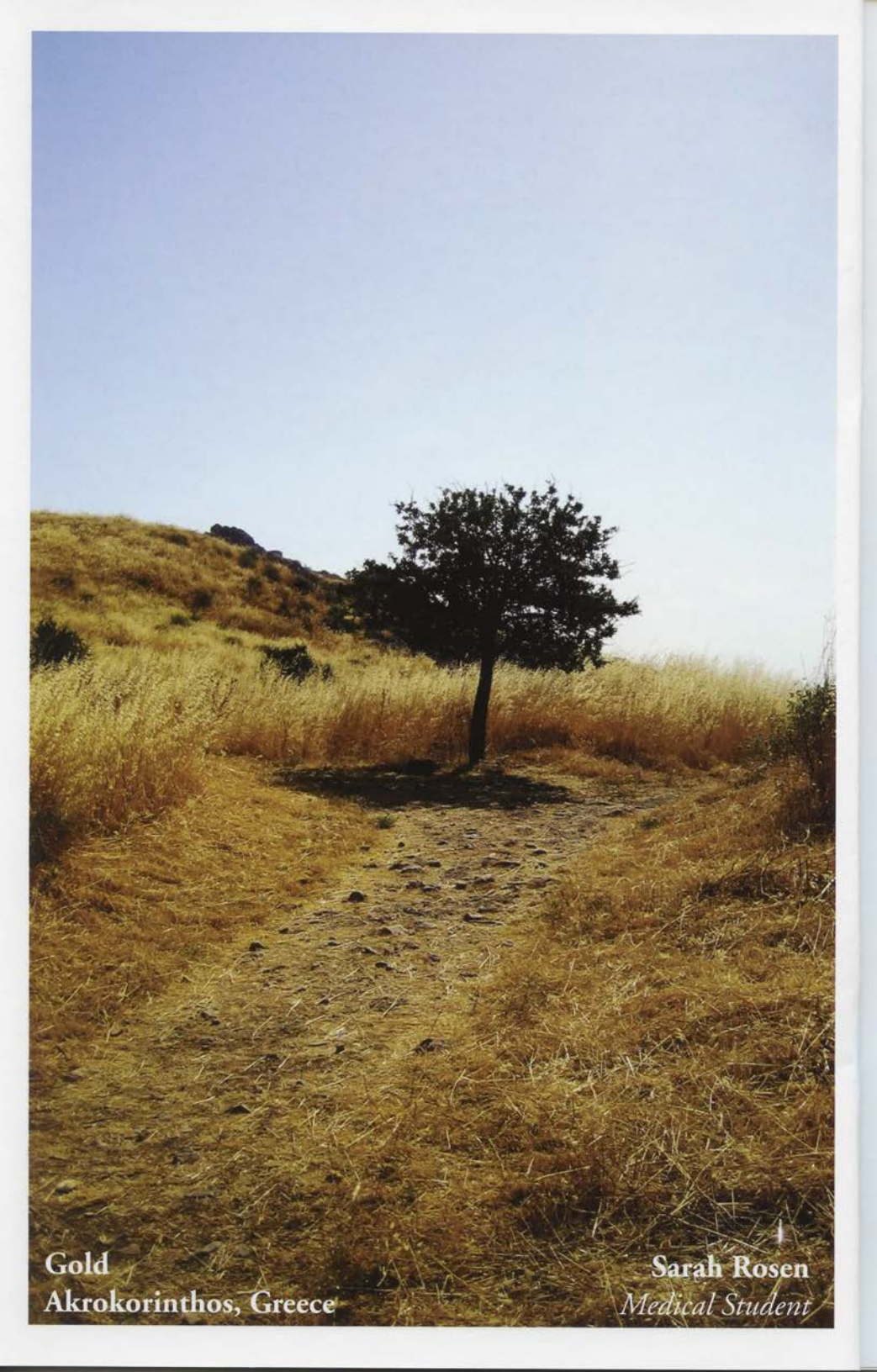
Payal Patel
Medical Student

Harmony in Nature
Pencil Drawing



Bumblebee

Payal Patel
Medical Student



Gold
Akrokorinthos, Greece

Sarah Rosen
Medical Student



Tiger in the Snow
Watercolor on Paper

Olga Novikov
Medical Student

My Way

He stood proudly, his soiled boxers around his ankles, one hand gripping the bed railing and the other offering up a jar of urine. At 83 years old, Dr. B was full of knowledge, bursting with advice and unable to contain his many anecdotes. His body, more aged than his mind, was also wearing down, as he was quickly losing control of his bodily functions. But he didn't seem to have a care in the world. He showed no sign of shame or humility either. Instead he stood proudly, with nothing left to lose and hence nothing left to hide. At life's end, maybe there isn't anything left to share aside from body and soul.

Once a renowned physician who ran a major hospital, Dr. B was now a dying patient, of course still intent on being the doctor. He refused scans to check the progression of his cancer, refused IV treatment for his dehydration, even refused having his vitals checked. But he knew what he was doing. He was already on hospice care for his terminal cancer - it wasn't necessary to go through the risks of drinking contrast fluid just to assess the stage of the disease already insistent on killing him. He didn't need to put an obvious source of infection into his body by allowing IV fluids to be administered since he could just orally hydrate himself with juice and soup. And he certainly did not need his vitals taken if his blood pressures were fine before and he felt well enough to be worried solely about the whereabouts of his eyeglasses. He was a doctor for longer than even the attending had been alive and he knew what he was doing.

Dr. B did not want a straight catheter. He asked me if I knew how many bugs get into the system that way. He wanted to simply give a urine sample in a jar. For anyone else, it would not have been a problem, but with urinary retention, it was an ordeal for him. In an effort to bypass the nurse's wish to insert a straight catheter, he had gotten out of bed, stripped down and urinated into the jar standing up, ignoring his recent trouble with fecal incontinence. His roommate's wife had rushed out to inform us of the smell, mess and horror of the situation. I had walked in to find a man resembling a skeleton draped with flesh colored cloth and ornamented with large black rimmed glasses proclaiming his victorious feat with a urine-filled jar as proof. At that moment, Dr. B looked more like a venerable figure of author-

ity than another geriatrics patient who had lost control of his bowels. Seeing him stripped to the bone almost, wastes voided but knowledge still flowing from the opposite end, made me feel as if he was the doctor in his birthday suit and I was the infant in my white coat. He was the most confident person in the room, invoking Sinatra's "My Way" to further prove he was not wrong in making an unsanitary mess, declaring his independence and role as his own primary caretaker.

It wasn't until later that night that I listened to the song and realized maybe Dr. B wasn't only applying the title to his incident, but the whole song to his life. The song is written from a dying man's view, letting the world know he lived his life his way with no regrets. And then I saw that I may have been one of the last people that Dr. B tried to pass along his message to - to always look at the big picture. It didn't matter that we had to clean up a mess; we had managed to avoid risking a urinary tract infection and we had gotten our urine sample. For a patient with not much time to live, it was important to assess the big picture for him as an individual. As a doctor, it's necessary to treat the patient, but also treat him as an individual. Physicians are trained to evaluate a patient as he comes into their care by diagnosing a problem and then applying the appropriate methods of management. But as Dr. B relayed to the team repeatedly on his day of discharge, we need to treat the problem according to the individual it presents in, not the other way around.

I had never seen a body in that state before - the expression 'skin and bones' had never been so literal. But it was the stark contrast of his spirit that made me admire rather than pity Dr. B. It was as if the more his body wore down, the more his soul bore through, making it very clear to see the individual inside the patient. As a student, it's still a difficult concept for me to apply, but I know the image and words of Dr. B will stay with me as I learn to care for my future patients as individuals.

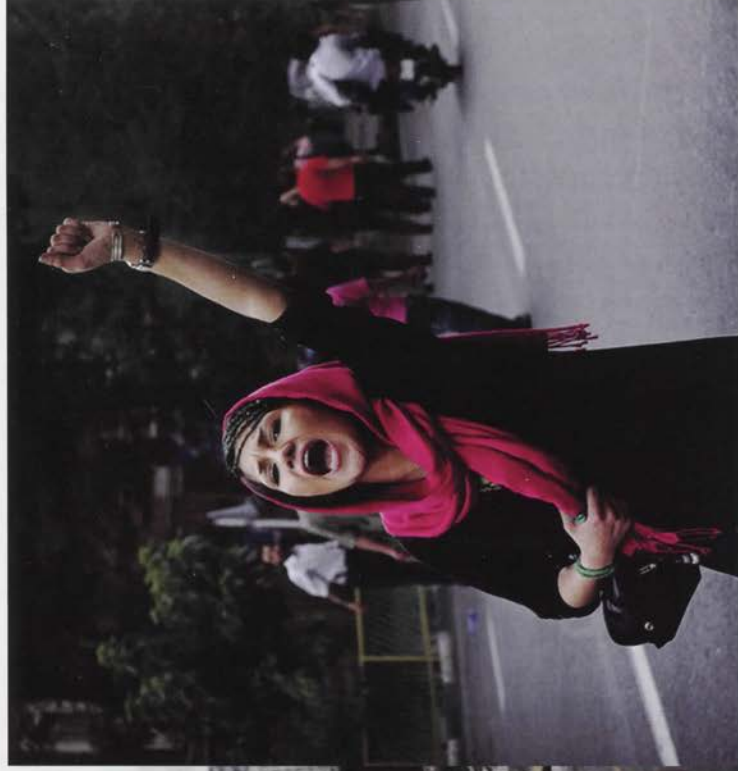
Swathi Gadangi
Medical Student



Go Green

“We write Mousavi, You read Ahmadinejad”

Iran



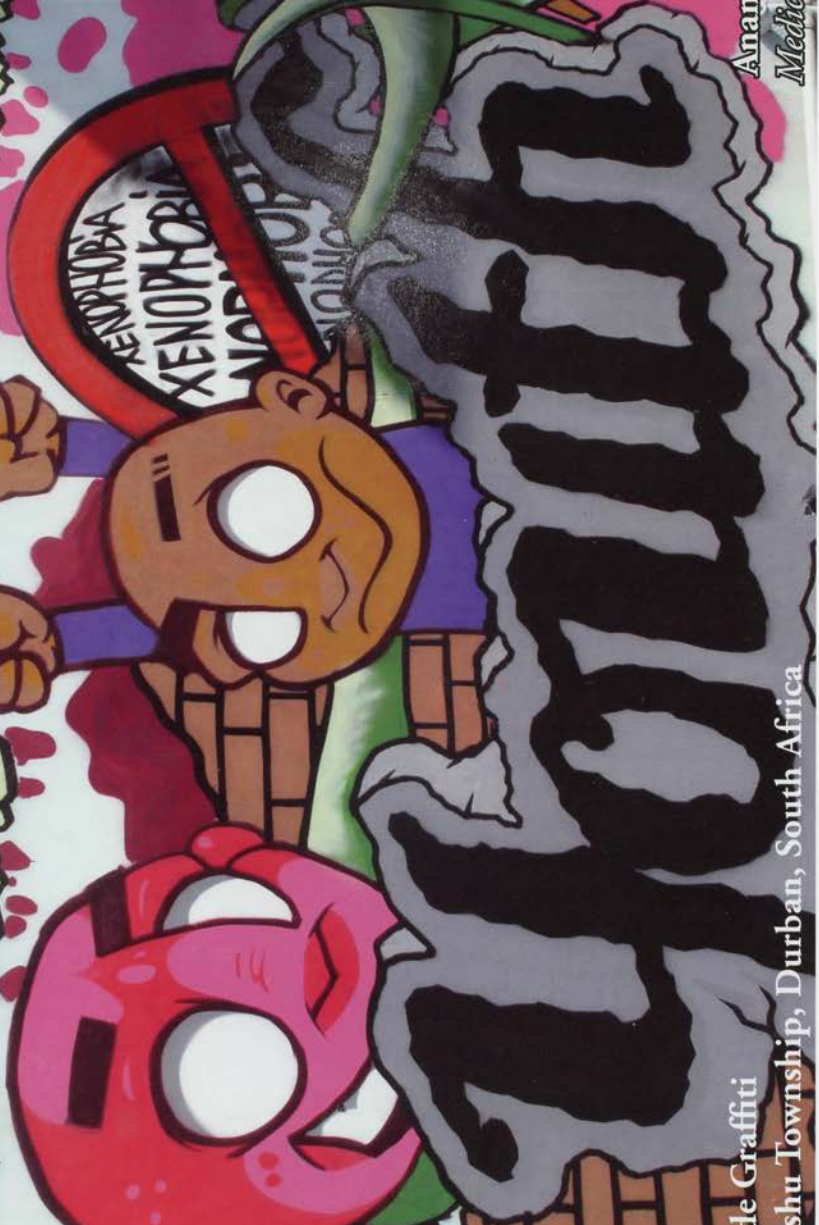
Intolerance

Amir Marvasti
Medical Student

Color Blind



WHATKIND?



XENOPHOBIA
XENOPHOBIA
XENOPHOBIA
XENOPHOBIA

Streetside Graffiti

KwaMashu Township, Durban, South Africa

Anand Selvam

Medical Student



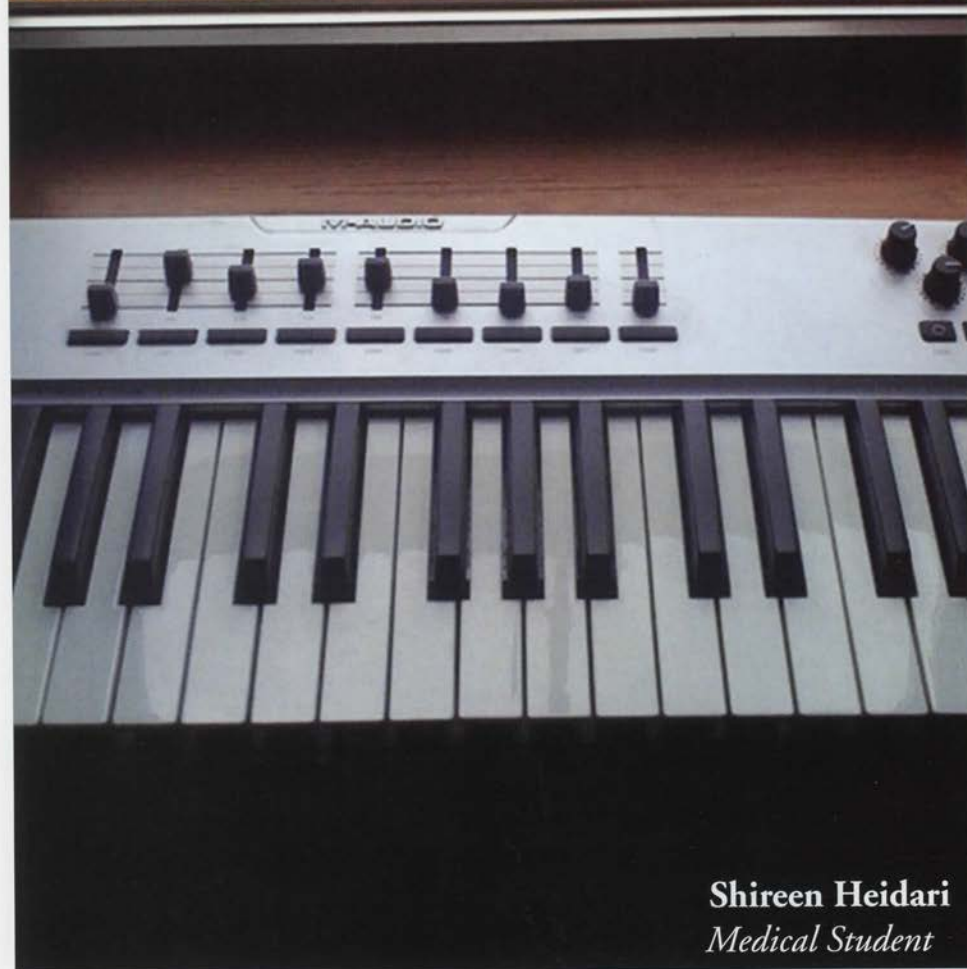
Bonfire Nights
Badlands, ND

Tanya Donahou
Medical Student



Bazaar
Tehran, Iran

Atisa Beihaghi
Medical Student



Shireen Heidari
Medical Student

Echo

silence!
i force my fingers' compliance
yet
still aching, yearning to touch
the glistening keys set before me

what to do?
there is no sound, yet melodies
echo
echo in my mind
waiting to be brought into reality

fingers skim keys
yet still
no sound,
no sound can be heard
as i merely touch the surface

strings wait to reverberate
patient, so patient
in spite of my reluctance

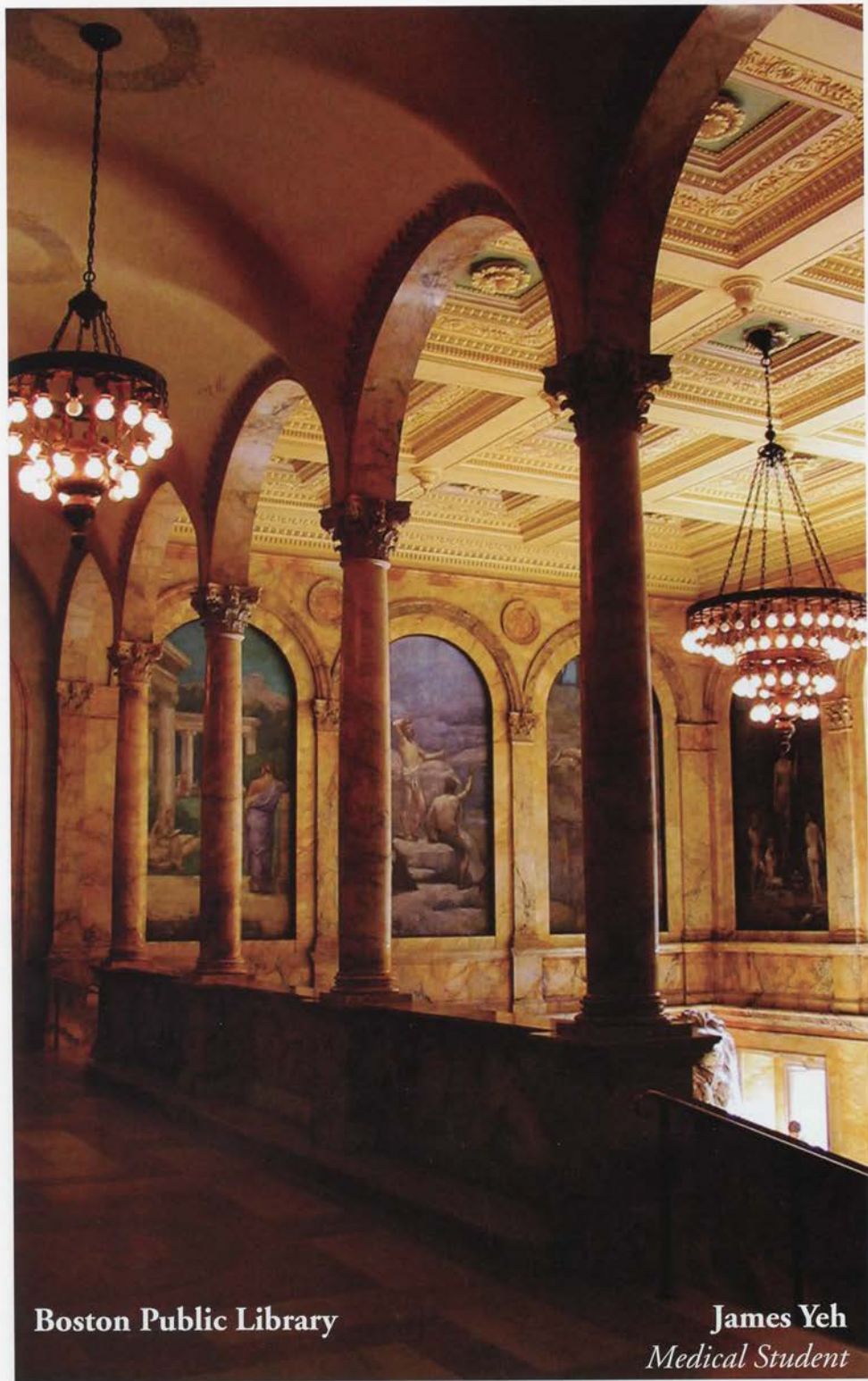
head falls
down,
down into the black glistening coolness
of wood against skin.
breathing stills
in recognition of the silence in the air

inhale
exhale
fingers to keys
mind to soul
swept away
muscle memory only a part
of this abounding joy

eyes flutter open

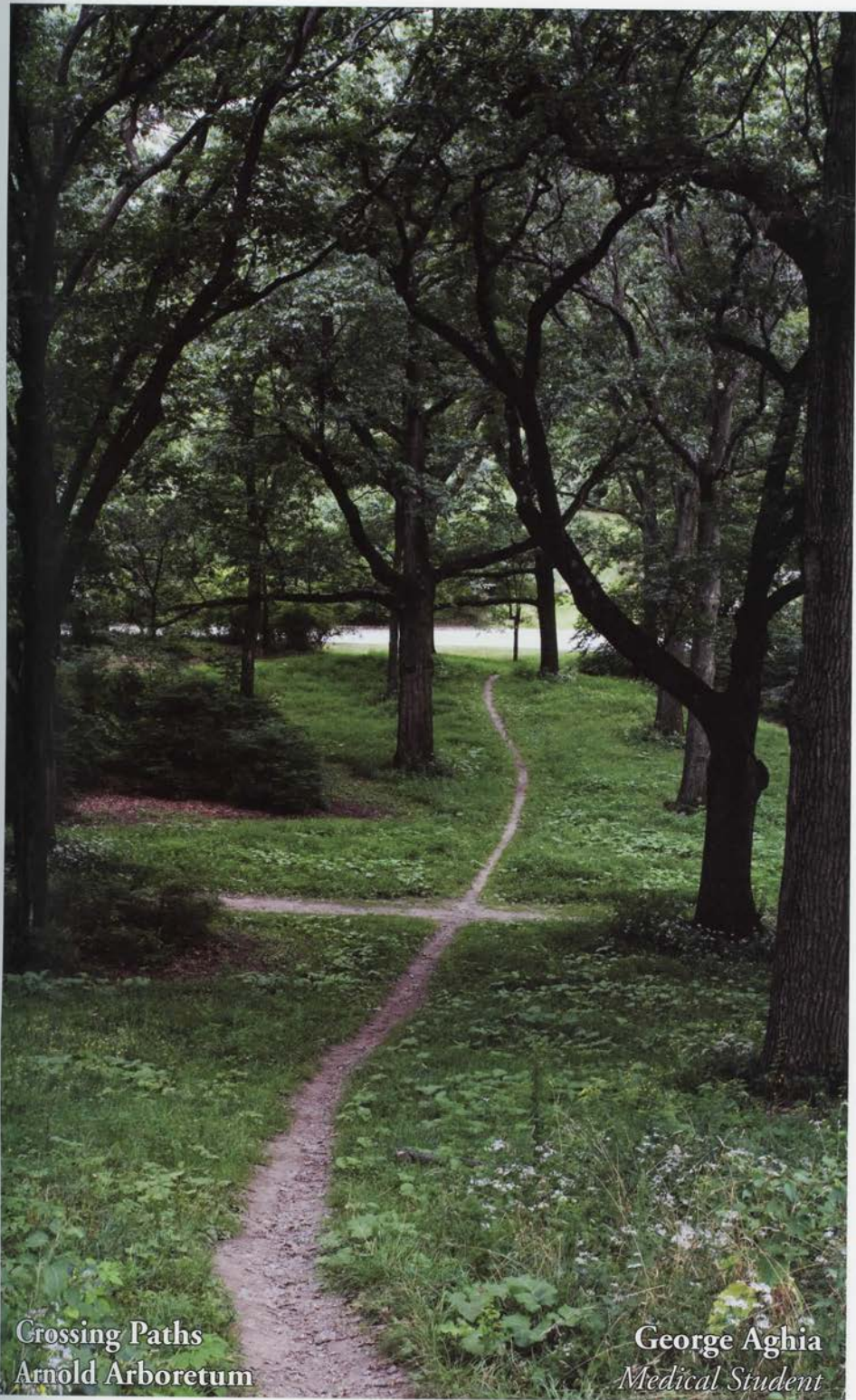
and over the silence
is the compelling echo
of My clear sweet tones.

Shireen Heidari
Medical Student



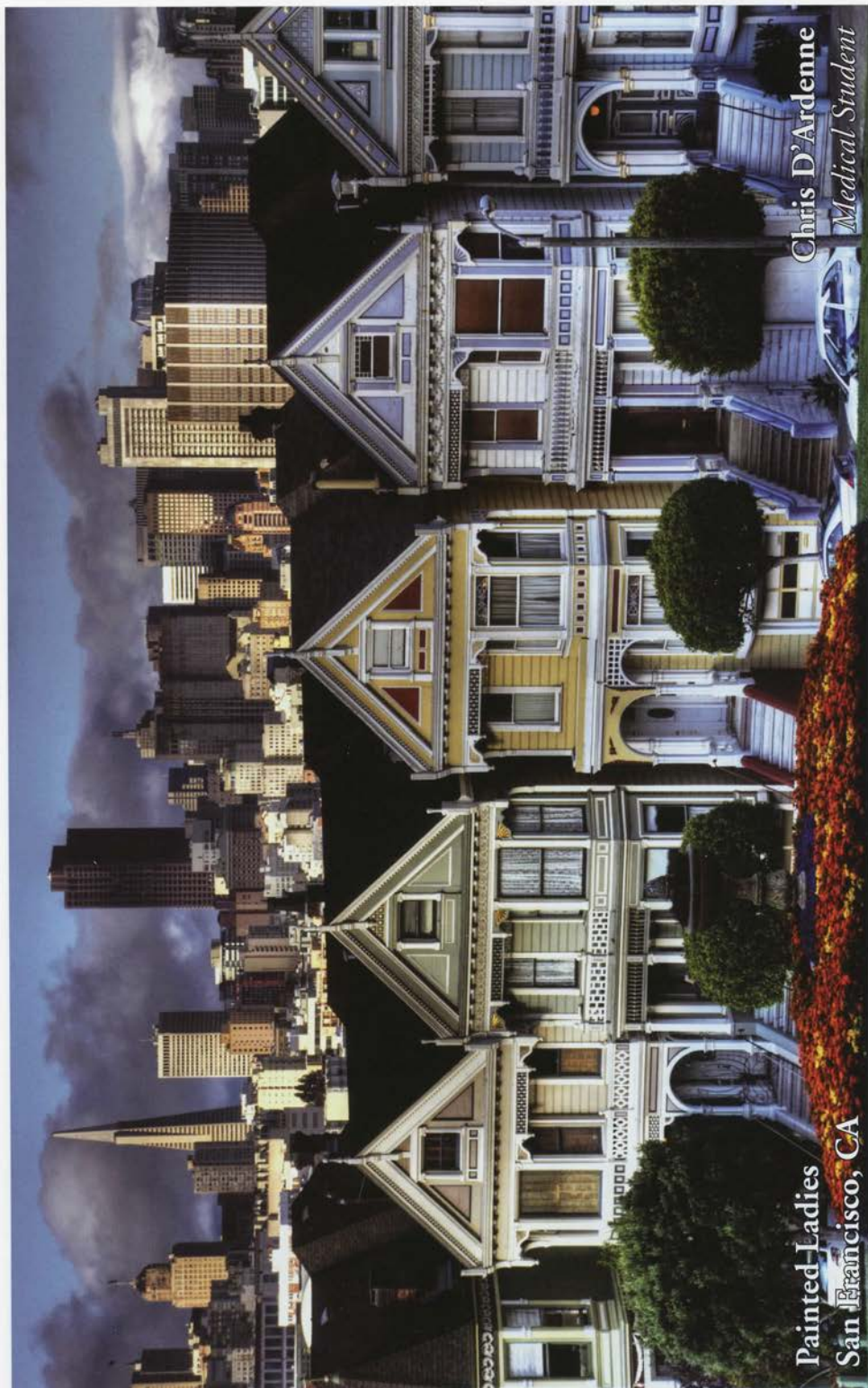
Boston Public Library

James Yeh
Medical Student



Crossing Paths
Arnold Arboretum

George Aghia
Medical Student



Painted Ladies
San Francisco, CA

Chris D'Ardenne
Medical Student



Refugee
Costa Rica

Amir Marvasti
Medical Student

Exposed

Twisted feelings
Not my choice
Suffocation – lost my voice

Eyes are liquid
Head is brick
Over & over – doesn't click

Keep trying harder
Breathing is deep
Struggle – secrets to keep

Complicated living
Justify make-believe
Now – the time to leave

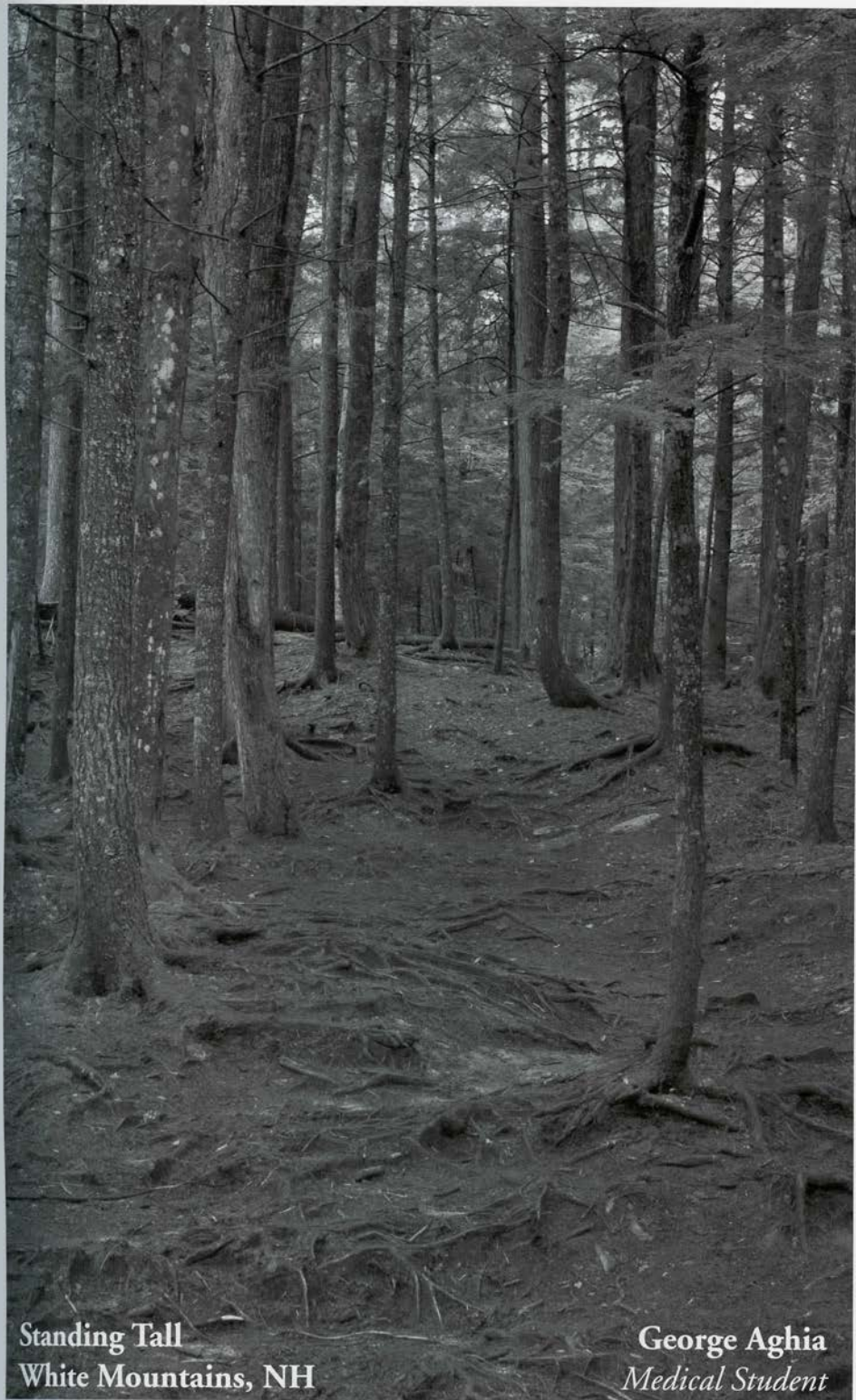
Perplexing logic
With convoluted thought
Guidance - yet to be sought

Growing quickly
Changing hands
Determination – that's the plan

Almost over
Truth be told
Trepidation – break the mold

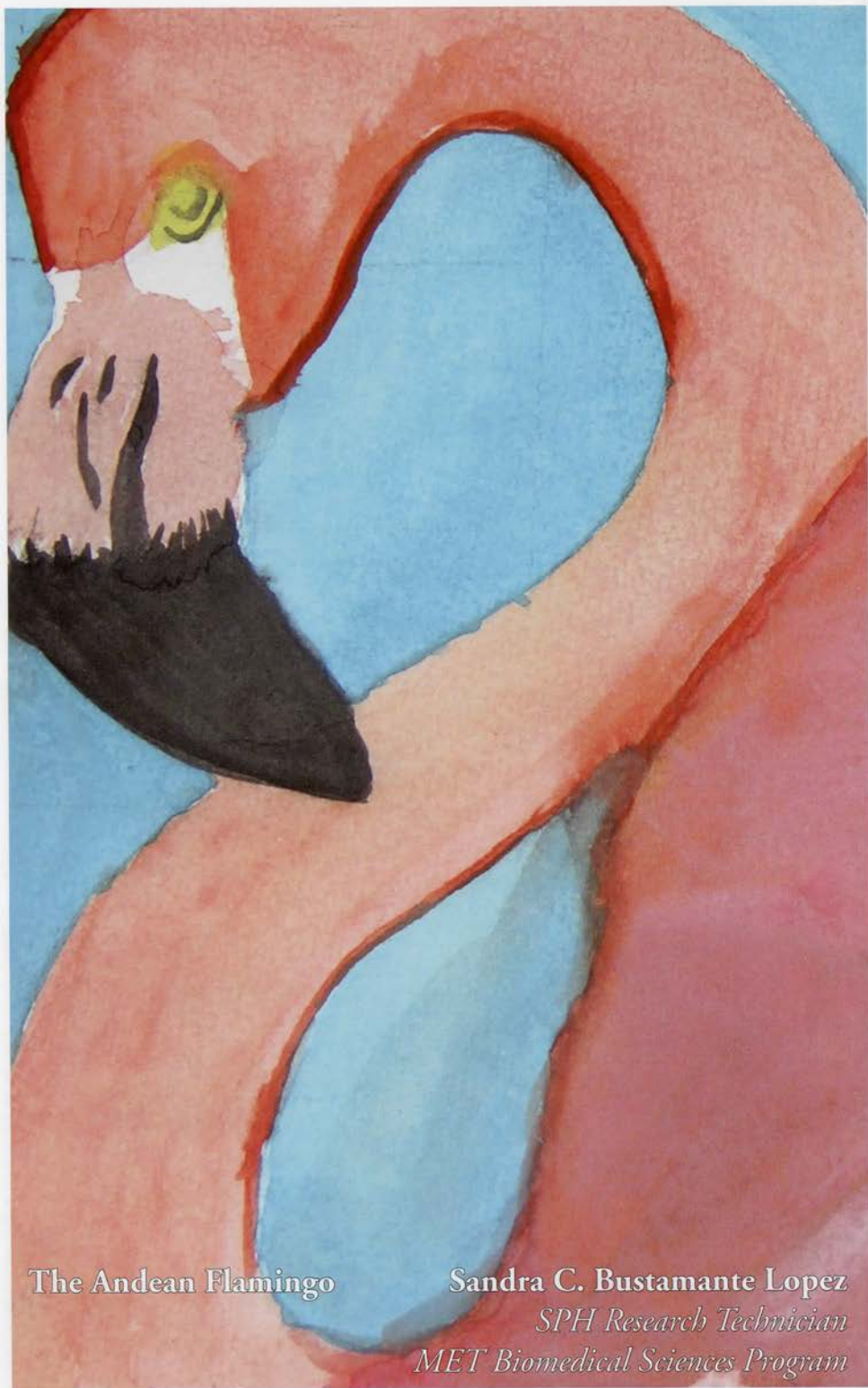
In an instant
Over time
Different – not that kind

Ashleigh Menhadji
Medical Student



Standing Tall
White Mountains, NH

George Aghia
Medical Student



The Andean Flamingo

Sandra C. Bustamante Lopez

SPH Research Technician

MET Biomedical Sciences Program



Dragon Dusk

Sandra C. Bustamante Lopez
SPH Research Technician
MET Biomedical Sciences Program

patricia

precious earth time
danced
with her soul
loquacious eyes
tenacious vitality;
life
has faded to another energy.

like a simple rose
hued
distinct
eloquent
captivating.
blooms
for all to see.

the wind blows
parching
pedals
forever.

gone.

as you feel suspended
lost
consumed in vast emptiness.

demolished
devastated
in spirit
as if you have been bulldozed over
left with sad-minded gloom.

like the world stopped
you climbed off
and it started to spin again ...

James T. E. Chengelis, MD
Department of Psychiatry

time aches
all you hear,
 feel.
 is your heart,
broken.
no longer whole
but holed.
 you are left with time
 that makes you love her
 more than before,
 afraid of fading memories ...

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