

Inside Out, 2020

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INSIDE OUT 2020

Inside Out

Jefferson Literary/Arts Journal
2020

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Everglades
Benjamin Chipkin
Photograph

Foreword

Welcome to the 2020 issue of *Inside Out*!

Inside Out is the literary and arts journal of the Jefferson student body. As such, it gives voice to our scholars as they migrate through their educational experience at our University. The creativity and vision of our students is featured within the pages of this book. Showcased is student work that was created in the intervals between classes and notebooks, dorm rooms and city streets.

Please enjoy this issue of *Inside Out*, as our students offer a unique view of their world using images, colors, words and light.

Charles A. Pohl, MD

Vice Provost of Student Affairs at Thomas Jefferson University

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Editors' Statement

At the close of an inspiring and unusual academic year, we are elated to present to you *Inside Out 2020*: our animated and unpredictable collection of visual art and literature. Each year, this publication spotlights the mundane and magical moments of life for students, researchers, and professionals in the Jefferson community. This year, we celebrate those bright individuals who place memory in conversation with hope, who give witness to life in cycles of death, and who praise the rain as well as the sun. In stillness and storm, our artists question what it is to love and how to let go. We hope you smell those hints of home, taste those bites of despair, and in doing so, find humanity in the tension.

We are thankful to all the talented people who make up this magazine, and we are humbled to share their contributions with you.

Danielle Crabtree & Preeyal Patel

Editors in Chief

Benjamin Barnhart

Literary Director

Cara Mergner

Production Director

Sophia Lam

Art Director

Submission Information

Inside Out is a presentation of artwork, photography, short stories, poems and essays that is published annually. All full-time and part-time Jefferson students are welcome to submit work and to apply to serve on the magazine's editorial board. Submissions may be emailed to Dorissa.Bolinski@jefferson.edu. Photographic submissions should be saved as a .jpeg file using the highest resolution possible. Artwork should be photographed from a direct angle, without glare or visible background, and saved in the same manner as photographs. Artists who submit non-photographic material will be given the opportunity to have their accepted pieces professionally photographed by a Jefferson photographer in order to assure the best presentation in the printed magazine.

All submissions will be reviewed anonymously; not all submissions will be printed. Please note that entries will be judged as submitted; *Inside Out* will not crop, sharpen or otherwise adjust an improperly-saved graphic submission.

Manuscripts (prose, poetry, translations, short plays, etc.) should be submitted in a Word-compatible document, and saved under the name of the piece (or "untitled," if applicable).

All submissions must be accompanied by a separate cover letter document containing the following:

- Author's or artist's name
- Email address and local phone number
- College, department or undergraduate program and year in school
- Genre/medium and title of each submission

View the online version of *Inside Out* at:
jefferson.edu/university/campus-life/inside-out.html

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Wild Bill
Chen Zhou
Oil on canvas

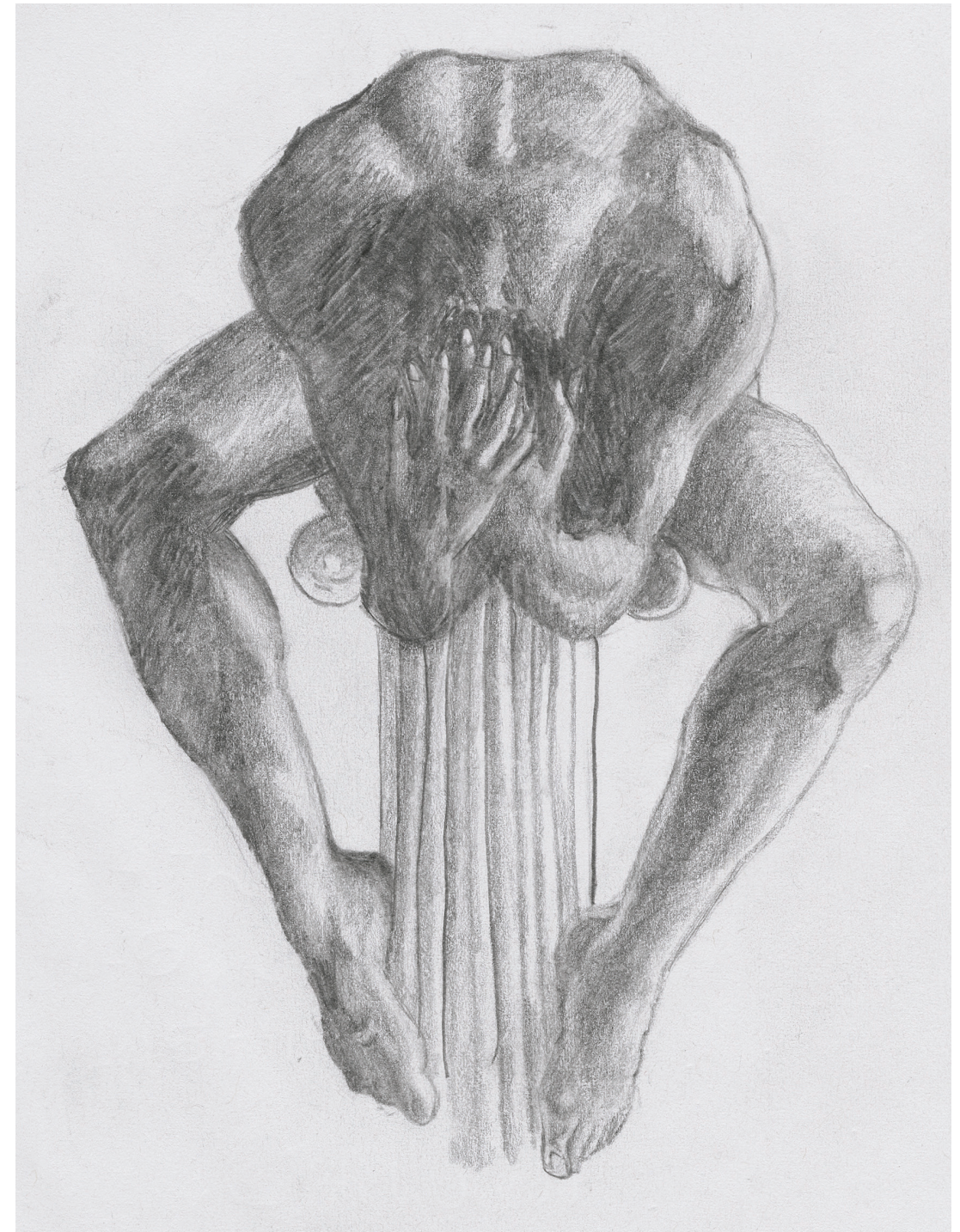


Part One

Winter

Begin Again
Daisy Zhang

When the temperature is below freezing,
You know there must be flowers that bloom in the winter
You view the camellia and the honeysuckle and the holly bushes
And wonder how they fare under the ice chips
Over the snow mounds
They dot crimson against a white landscape
On our foreign streets
In this little neighborhood
They call you the sunshine
And your voice the trickling stream
You visit once a year
But every year I wait—
And the winter air feels cold against my skin
As the peace washes over me
And I feel myself begin
To bloom.



Grieving
Sonali Koduri
Drawing

Undone
Hana Chamoun

SHE IS UNDONE
RAW
AFLAME

THE LAST GLINT OF EMBERS
WARY TO REIGNITE

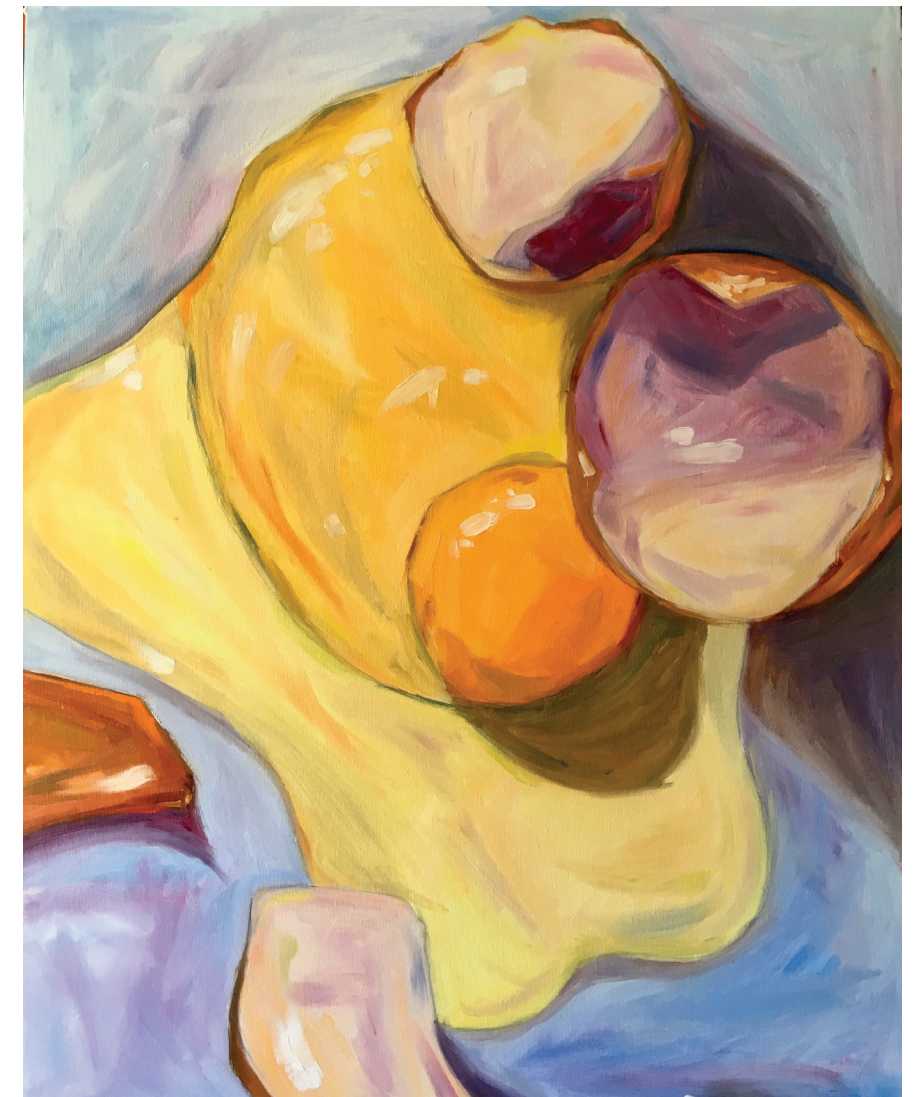
EXHAUSTED FROM SELF IMMOLATION
THE BURNING AND THE PAIN

THERE IS NOTHING LEFT TO GIVE
NOTHING LEFT TO CONSUME

HERE SHE LIES CONTENT TO LANGUISH
AND SILENTLY DIE OUT



Blue
Chen Zhou
Oil on canvas



Egg
Zoe Wong
Oil

Two Weeks
Hana Chamoun

IT'S NOT FAIR YOU GET THE SKY
EACH TIME I LOOK
HEAD & HEART TURNED UP, ARCHED &
OPEN

IT'S YOU
IT HAD TO BE YOU

YOU TOLD ME 2 WEEKS
YOU TOLD ME AND I WEPT
SILENTLY, TO NOT DISTURB
THE UNTIMELY PERFECTION
OF TWO LIVES COLLIDING

RIGHT BEFORE AND NO SOONER
THE COSMIC CRUELTY
OF KARMA'S REVENGE

NOW WORLDS APART
STRANGERS AS WE BEGAN

IT'S NOT FAIR YOU GET THE SKY
BOTH MINE AND YOURS

NOW I LIE BENEATH YOU
AS ONE DOES
UNDER THE STARS

PULSING
ACHING
WONDERING

WHAT WAS
WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN
WHAT WILL BE

IT'S NOT FAIR YOU'LL KEEP THE SKY
THE STARS
& ME

Expansion
Zaynab Sajjadi
Acrylic on canvas





Connections Across the Deep
Beverly Anaele
Photograph

Compartmentalizing
Brittany File

I package you
neatly

fold your corners
tightly

and eye your plot;
the third shelf
from the top.

You
must
stop
falling
from
here.

I stretch
as far as my calves allow,
I strain
to hoist your burden
above my head,
and shove you to
where the dust persists.

I know
you exist,
but I don't
want to see you.

A knot makes a home
in my throat;
I'll wait
for the dust
to settle.

Untitled
Danielle Crabtree
Photograph



Lifelight
Bryce Eng

The drumbeat of its wings
whisked sky into flurry
hovering above me
on an ethereal plane

With roar swayed aspen
leaves danced in rhythm
and the ground pulsed
with vigor beneath my feet

Talons reached out
clutching the weak
a mother clenching
her young to her breast

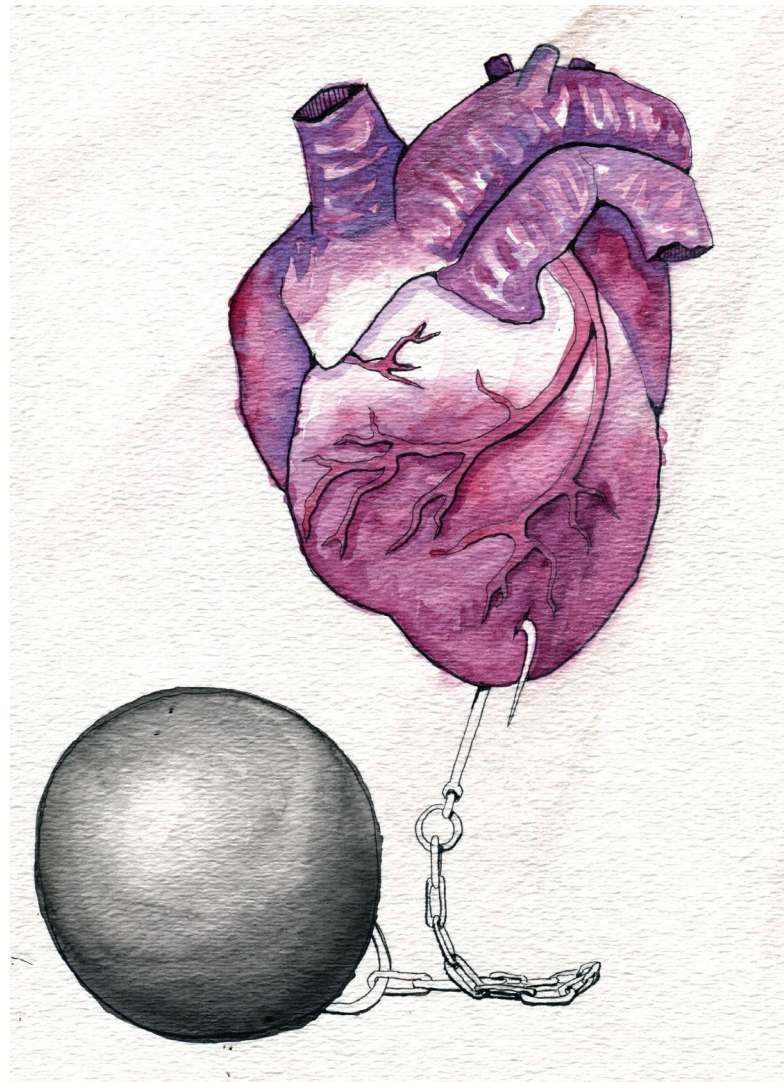
Whereas I wandered below
lost in my to-do lists
ill afford to confront the
rhythm raging in my own chest

The Cardiologist
John Miller

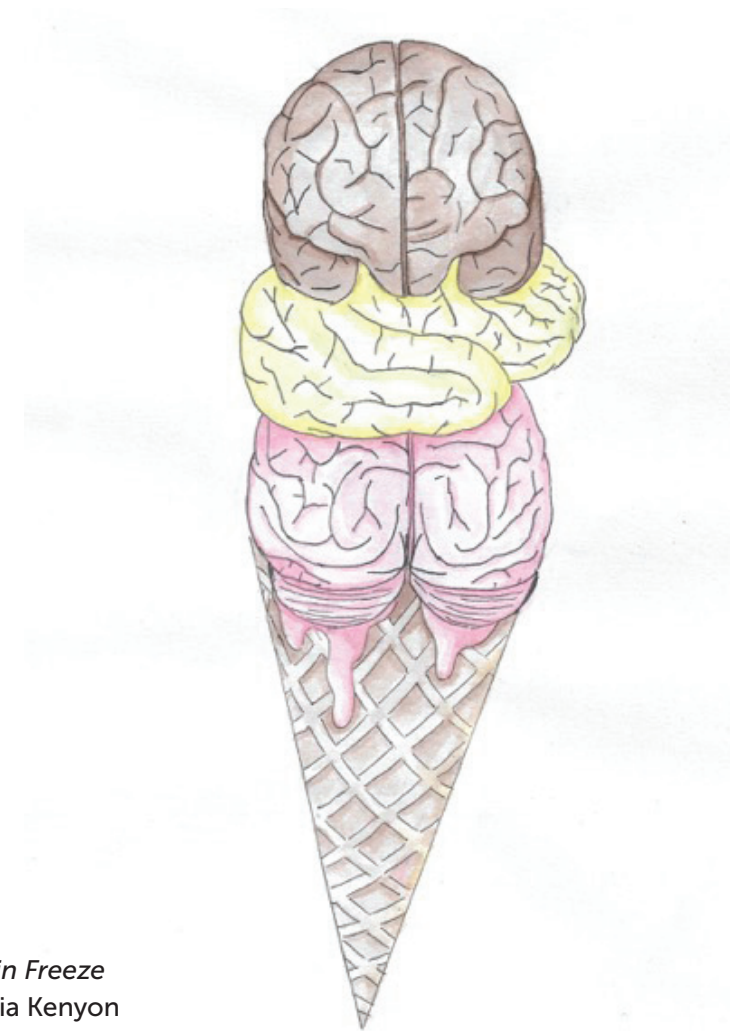
Wakes to the sound of his dog's insistent rhythmic footsteps beating against the wood in the atrium below his bedroom. Outside, the sun resumes its mechanical journey, circling around the earth's axis – the way a gear pushes time in a clock.

In the hospital, he delivers diagnosis after diagnosis. He has seen these cases, these symptoms, many times before, and so he goes about the days, circling from room to room, prescribing this and that like a bird tethered to a ceiling fan.

Returning home, the walls appear to have relaxed, embracing his return from work. He clambers back into bed, exhausted, and waits for the sun and his dog's certain footsteps to signal the next contraction to push him through this circulatory loop.



Heavy Heart
Kelly Abramowitz
Watercolor



Brain Freeze
Alicia Kenyon
Ink and water color on paper

The Anatomy of Depression
Jenny Chan

She knows nothing of the abstract but begins to gather dust between her pearly bones. She hears that there are infinite universes but knows that infinite is indefinable; infinite is boundless. Infinite are the dancing girls who open their skins to view the beauty they believe to be buried within. When she rests, she awaits a glamorized motion picture displaying vast versions of herself that she could never conjure with her wretched imagination. In some, she is void ceasing to exist and thus never annihilated. But when she wakes, she is reminded of unavoidable entropy in a cycle where Life adores Death and Chaos is a lonesome dwelling that fiercely distorts reality – its ghouls constantly whispering of the unknown: do you believe in humans? In others, she is everything. As she nears the epiphany of being, she liberates fear of the mundane. But when she wakes, she is a mere freckle of existence residing in a vast vacuum orbiting a ball of flame. She lives a life that is sparsely contrived and awfully predictable, and it is with this seemingly fickle absurdity that she realizes that with infinity, everything that could be, is.



History
Jasmine Wang
Photograph

To be Learned
Noah Christian

Four walls and a heater
sound warm but neither
protect me from the distance
nor the bitter

Cold that comes along
as I crane my neck long
to cram, study, and pray
that I can see

With my meticulous notes,
side by side with these tomes
to learn from masters
that I'll never know.

My window overlooks
the people in my books
and maybe, someday I'll see.

Strewn upon my desk;
figures, notes, texts,
drawn in perfect confusion and color.

Yet somehow these miss
the complex simpleness
of the human that is

On paper, blood doesn't move
The veins aren't actually blue
Nerves don't glide on endlessly.

And notes cannot fully tell
the differences in smell
of *C. diff* from the perforated bowel.

Reviewed studies show
to not kink the flow
of the patient before I open my mouth

Yet no written word,
can speak and be heard
what the first cry conveys

Diagrams for hand placement
do not capture what is meant,
while holding one for the last time

So when will I learn
to trust what can't be earned
unless I walk each step with you

I walk and walk and walk
and talk and talk and talk
just to be with you and heal



Solitude
Jasmine Wang
Photograph

The Parting
Zoe Wong

A stranger greets you at the door
How can I let go of your hand?
Snow, a cold air lashes my core.
A stranger greets you at the door
Sunlight peaks through, it warms my sore
and soothes you as you stand.
A stranger greets you at the door
I let go of your hand.



Denouement
Binjil Mupo
Photograph

Becoming
Anonymous

Between the sirens and the car horns
on a warm summer night,
sometimes I forget where I am,
and a cool breeze will cut through the heat
of the evening faded lights and
I will smell the salt and seaweed
of the old seashore park
we used to haunt and climb the towers
that were built to win a war that never came.

Fear does funny things to a person.
Concrete gets poured and young men
get stolen straight off the boardwalk,
their families cloaking terror in the strikes
of glowing anvils of pride.
They were born to save our nation
from the chemicals and the bomb blasts
and the fires that burn through the night.
They carry heavy fate on their backs
and I wonder if they knew their service
in the sandboxes of their youths.

The towers stood like statues for our learning curves,
draped in old vines and shrapnel pine needles.
But we swung around the spiral staircases
and raced to the water's edge
and traded stone throws under the sighs of gulls.
We surely didn't know.

We didn't know the masks and stiff starch
you need to wear to tower over the world
at its ugliest and save what is left.
We didn't see the use in the cardboard walls
we would come to need to box ourselves away
from the days that we had faced.



Well Earned
Matt Sears
Photograph

Unreality
Brittany File

Speechless

Air falls out of my lungs

until my abdomen tenses
and from my gut
I scream back at your words

It's not ALS!
It can't be ALS.

My muscles work fine

it's just my tongue...

won't cooperate...

with my thoughts...

And your diagnosis

creates an inferno in me
that only the fridity
of the air outside this exam room
can extinguish...

Until flames
reignite

to make me
acknowledge
once again
that I

may end up

Speechless



One Point
Jasmine Wang
Photograph



House Salad
Benjamin Chipkin
Photograph

Knowledge

Danielle Crabtree

The soldiers came home and spoke of the stench of death.
I ask Peleus, What does death smell like?
He pauses, Imagine suffocating on lit blood.

Once, hot oil clung to my mother's hand while she made popcorn.
But there was no smell past her screams. I know
that when the hair dryer gets close to my head,
the lingering scent is a sister of hair smoke.
I read about the Phantom of the Opera
and assume when the fire reached his lair, the byproduct was sweet.

The closest I ever came to death was in a funeral home for my grandmother,
and there, everything smelled like sanitized musk mixed with old pillows.
And I realize I forgot the young die too,
without cushions to catch them, violently.

I nod my head, feign understanding,
my eyes full of the self-immolation
of a monk I'd seen in a book
once. The soldier recognizes the turning pages
in my pupils, and smiles mercifully.



Still
Shea Andrews
Ceramics

I'm Sorry We Couldn't Save You

Sarah Roselli

To my first overdose victim

It wasn't even my shift. It wasn't even my night to work. But when "30-year-old female; possible overdose" toned out over the loud-speaker, the night chief looked at me and pleaded, "Can you come? In case she wakes up...it would be good to have a female there so she's more comfortable."

I gave a quick nod as I pulled on my job shirt and zipped up my boots. When we left the station, dispatch told us it was possible CPR in progress, so we gathered our supplies: Narcan to reverse the effects of the drugs, an airway to keep your lungs open, a BVM to pump oxygen into your body, and an AED to restart your heart. It was our arsenal of weapons against death.

We pulled up to the scene, which was now swarmed with cops. "I think she's dead," muttered the detective.

We entered your apartment and danced over smashed beer cans, empty pill bottles, broken glass, and torn up newspapers, trying not to disturb the scene. I looked up and saw you laying on the couch. The first thing I noticed was how your legs were spread open; there was a blanket draped across the bend of your knees. My eyes worked their way up your body and saw one of your arms crossed over your stomach; the other was hanging off the couch as if it was grasping for help that came too late. You died reaching for someone, or maybe toward something.

Your mouth was opened as if you were crying out for help. When we tried to close your jaw, it wouldn't move. Your cells used up their last bit of energy to make your body stiff.

This was the first sign of death. (rigor mortis)

I put my hand to your neck in desperate search of a pulse beneath the tips of my fingers. I couldn't find one.

This was the second sign of death. (lack of spontaneous circulation)

When we rolled you on your side and lifted your shirt, we saw how the blood settled to your back. It stained your body different shades of white and purple, which followed the pattern of the wrinkled sheets beneath you. It had been a while since your blood was circulating.

This was the third sign of death. (lividity)

When the paramedics arrived, they pronounced you.

– *Every time the clock turns 0204, I think of you.*

To the husband of my first overdose victim

Dead bodies are weird right? They don't look like they're sleeping. I don't care how many books you've read and movies you've watched, the dead don't look peaceful. I know you couldn't even look at her; I saw how your eyes stayed fixed to the mess beneath our feet.

I'm sorry you had to see her like that.

It was just a fight. Husbands and wives fight. God, how could you have known this would happen? It wasn't your fault. You didn't do this to her. It wasn't your fault, but I know for the rest of your life, you will feel like it was. I know you'll replay all your lasts: last hug, last kiss, last tears, last fight, last words.

Don't forget about all your firsts, too.

When the police finish taking pictures, you'll clean up the empty vodka bottles, pick up the broken needles, and sweep up the shattered glass. You'll neatly fold the clean laundry she forgot to take out of the dryer and you'll try to match all the pairs of socks right this time. Maybe you'll empty the dishwasher even though it's your least favorite thing to do; even though it was always her job.

I know the house will feel empty without her in it.

I know we were called because of your wife, but we treated two victims today. I know you were upset with us for not doing more. You were pleading with us to use the arsenal of weapons we left at your front door. You pounded your fists against the walls and cursed us and a god up above as tears fell and stained your cheeks. I smelled the alcohol on your breath when we tried to pick your limp body off the floor; you had finally given into the grief.

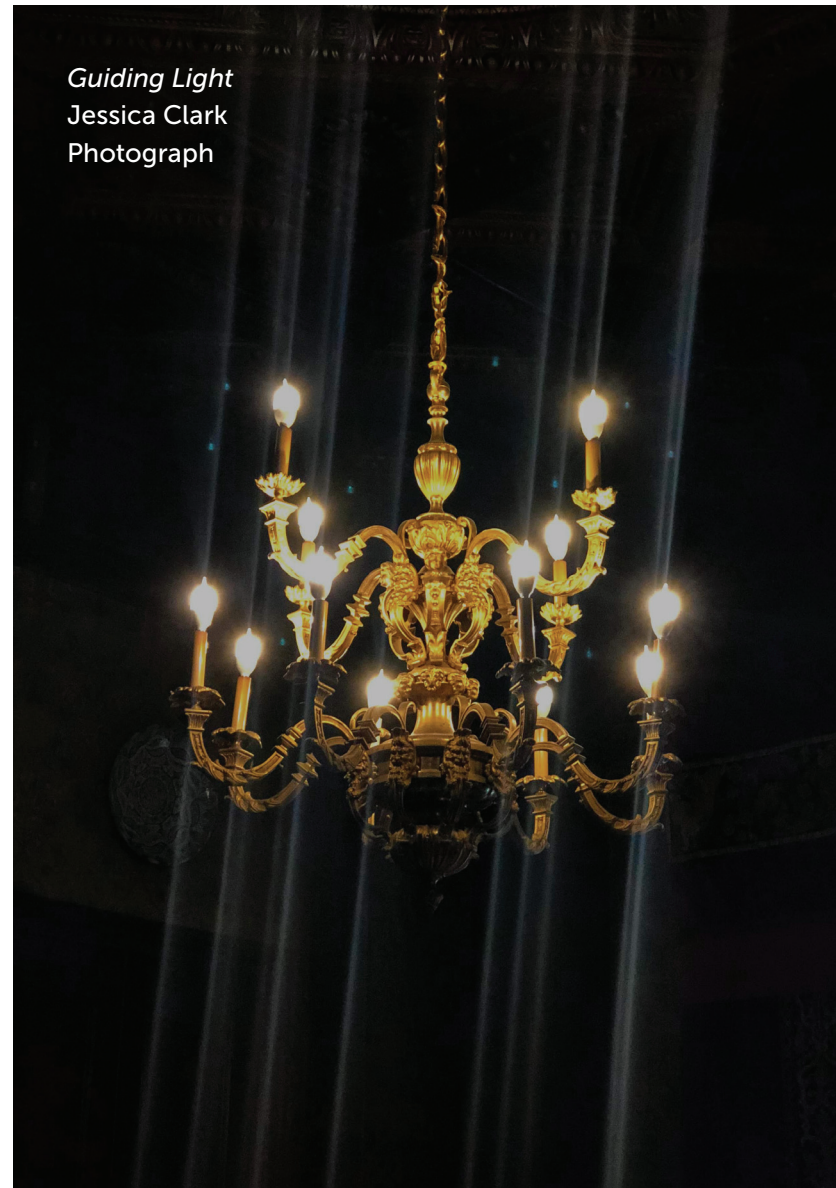
We did everything we could, but death settled in too quickly. I'm so sorry...

We gathered the last of our supplies, obtained signatures from the officers standing guard at your door step, and pulled the sheet up over her face. The last thing we said to you before leaving was: "I'm sorry for your loss."

We're told to say it, but what a dumb thing to say.

I know part of you died with her. I know the idea of living in this world without her is unfathomable, but please promise you'll try. Try not to let the dishes pile up. Try to fold all of the laundry while it's still warm from the heat of the dryer. Try to pick your head up off the floor and look people in the eyes. Try to let the grief settle, and don't let the guilt stay too long.

– *This isn't your fault.*





Ocean Reflections In Afternoon Light-Morocco
Sarah Roselli
Photograph

Part Two

Spring



Group, Dynamic
Matt Sears
Photograph

My First Poem for Me
Emily Bucher

Some days i have this feeling
That I am an oyster, calm and rested
in the velvet valleys of the ocean floor.
Pearls, round and smooth
Cupped into the fold of my tongue,
Undisturbed-
Or maybe just unaware-
Of the water cresting above,
tugged on by moons, beckoned by stars

Some days I can let my shoulders fall away
Tie them back with a bow that is satin and silver
And let my chest rise and sit high
on top of my bones,
My feet making rhythm beneath it all
Carrying me forward, kissing grass
While my face is all sky.

Some days my curls are licked by the sun—
Gold and raveled and twisted by the finest spool
And finishing in a brown
that is the same color as the freckle
from my mother

Some days I am all armor
sheet metal that doesn't so much
Keep things out,
But keeps things in—
Things that are mine:
The heart, beating
The mind, on its throne
The throat, ushering the words for my lips to form 'round.

And those days, a realization—
it comes first like gentle rain,
 A just noticeable drizzle
 Building to a storm that is some thunder
 (But mostly brilliant lighting)

—that those are the days I am most me.



Chameleon
Zoe McWatters
Watercolor, pen and ink



Cloud
Kelly Abramowitz
Watercolor

Pluviophile
Daisy Zhang

There is no greater pleasure than
Seeing the sky darken, greying in anger,
Doubled over
Stomach rumbling
Guttural growling
The starting drops are the
Tap

Tap
On the windowsill
Before the ratatat tat
That subsides into slow shushing
Soft, whispering
Against leaves, fading into trees
Teardrop curves
Trickling around cheeks,
And clinging to eyelashes
At the end of a rainfall,
Dew clings to grass blades,
Gleaming knives
Puddles hold the sky
Crisp and sweet
And light
At the end of a rainfall,
The world
Seems to resonate
The final drops
Off a lonely drain pipe

Tap
Tap.



Perspective
Erica Westlake
Photograph

Unremitting Rain
Emily Bucher

They say it's going to rain for the next 62 days. 62 days of unremitting rainfall. They say there is nothing we can do about it. They say that vinyl on the roofs won't help. They say neither will sealing every crevice and crack in our walls and doorways. They say that on the 41st day, it's estimated the ground will no longer be able to hold all the water. They say the oceans will spill over and reclaim the land they once receded from. They say the tide, replenished, will wash across the cities and that the buildings, loosened from the earth will topple like saplings. They say that our best bet is to build ourselves a sturdy canoe. They say oak is best but at this point, with the rain starting tomorrow, any old tree from the backyard should do. They say to hop in with or without oars and hope for the best. They say we will find ourselves scattered amongst strangers, drifting, in this new, giant ocean. They say we should embrace one another's language, find a common tongue, love one another's hair and song and skin fiercely. They say we should turn our cheeks to the sky and embrace this rainfall. They say this is the world, this is the world now and this is the only way to survive it.



Tel Aviv
Danielle Crabtree
Photograph



Sunset by the Schuylkill
Stephanie Beldick
Acrylic on canvas

<https://jdc.jefferson.edu/insideout/vol10/iss1/1>

magnolia
Nava Barman

This flower between us, small, fragile, and blue.
We held it tight.
A memory, tugging at the roots
we planted in our chest.
With every beat fell a petal, rocking slowly
toward cracked earth
below

Sad, that the sweet water of Aspen streams
could not replenish what has now become dark, purple and bent.

At night, lost in the never-ending war raging within my hippocampus
rough dreams are
softened
by the scent of your magnolia.

It follows you, just as it always did.
And for a brief moment, we hold our flower again
and I have found my peace.



Into the Horizon
Sophia Lam
Photo



Gramma
Zoe Wong
Oil

Home
Emily Bucher

is where I let out my first exhale.
I imagine under certain light it
looks like the pollution
trapped in my lungs from the city;
Like the deep green waves of
all the things I've stuffed down this week.

I linger on the porch steps—
letting myself fade into the stillness of the night out
here.
I breathe in the stars,
Letting the wind settle leaves and
sweep them up again.

I'm not afraid to admit
that dad still tucks me in.
I wear his hug to sleep in the form
of his cologne which seems to cling
to my old t-shirt.

Mom finds a way to etch a crevice into the mattress next to me,
curling up just for a few minutes
so she can part my curls
to the side they don't belong on,
smile down on the top of my head
and tell me she missed me.

And when they're gone for the night,
Love suspends itself in the room above me,
swirls around with the ceiling fan,
hums along to the sound of my sister's toothbrush in the bathroom,
brings itself to the foot of the bed,
and sleeps right along with me.

The Space Between
Bryce Eng

The space between
you me
no longer stretches
and strains
but squeezes in
an embrace

This space still
swings from
pine to palm
yet tandem is
its nature

This space

I treasure

brings one

simple answer

together

We may move with the tides

And swim on our own

But no matter the story

I will always choose you



Sunburst
Matt Sears
Photograph

Both Sides
Anonymous

Cat trips acid in the bathroom of the luxury high rise above the dull roar of the city below. She says if they're going to take her, she will go most alive, thrashing and spitting and tripping balls, finding new ways for them to be afraid of a brown girl.

But I look up from the bean bag chair in the living room and tell her that they never would, and she knows that I am right. She is not what they want. Her straight black hair and piercings and midriff outweigh her melanin in their eyes. She is a stark change from the woman her mother is, who shrouds herself in scarves and modesty.

And Cat leans against the wall of her artwork of lesbian sex acts that is showing in a gallery next week and she is a far cry from the man her father is, who touts tradition and worked his boring job right into this country. She has stomped around in her combat boots until they've lost their meaning and her parents cannot find much to say to the alien their daughter has become.

Cat stands in the hallway and stares past me with a look I cannot begin to unravel, with her golden tickets of rebellion and assimilation stuffed in her fists and she seems disappointed.

I am learning there are wars I cannot begin to understand.



Betta Splendens
Jessica Clark
Marker and acrylic paint



Autumn Tabby
Alicia Kenyon
Acrylic on canvas

Memories

Ashley Foreman

It's like my favorite smell:
Books and old pianos.
I love them.
You smell it when you enter the room,
Paper musk and sweetness of wood
and dusty hammers. It's home to me.
That feeling that twists in my chest just a little,
An ache that reminds me of being a kid
And being held and being safe.
A long talk in dim evening lights.
Firewood warmth and crackle laugh
And just like that I'm back.
Crystal stars and rising smoke
And old stories over brandy in lawn chairs.
Creaking forests that sway me to sleep,
Warm mornings that stay late and burn hot.
It's that simple and then it's not
or I'd have it now.
And it wouldn't mean so much then, would it?
And today, many miles and years after,
I am still searching for it.
Something familiar,
Something also like coming home.



Swing Set, 2006-2020
Michael O'Connor
Photograph



Lying in Wait
Sarah Roselli
Photograph

Nightshade
Beverly Anaele

It came sealed through the mail,
state-stamped logo iridescent,
shimmering glittering glinting in the sun.

I was now part of an elite class C.
A class of horn-honking
parallel-parking
road-raging
pedestrian-hating civilians.
I was free.

I now had the authority to start off
conversations with how low the gas in this
part of the state is,
and you would not believe how much
I had to fill up late last night, sis.

The license came in the mail.

But like all groups we create,
an elite class within the elite class
presented itself.
Whatdoyoudrive? Howold?
Howmanymilesand
whatdotheseatslooklike?
Whatextralightsyougot? Youpaidthatoff?
Fully?

Still, my freedom came in the mail.

Without a second thought,
I slipped it into the front plastic clearing of
my nightshade wallet so that it would glow
beneath fluorescent white light bulbs.

I was free.
All memories of my life as a pedestrian,
now washed away with every rotation of
my tires. Proud to be a member of the
blood-bound group I had just been sworn
into.
After all, we are the elite class C.



License, Please
Malya Sahu
Photograph

Commute Daisy Yan

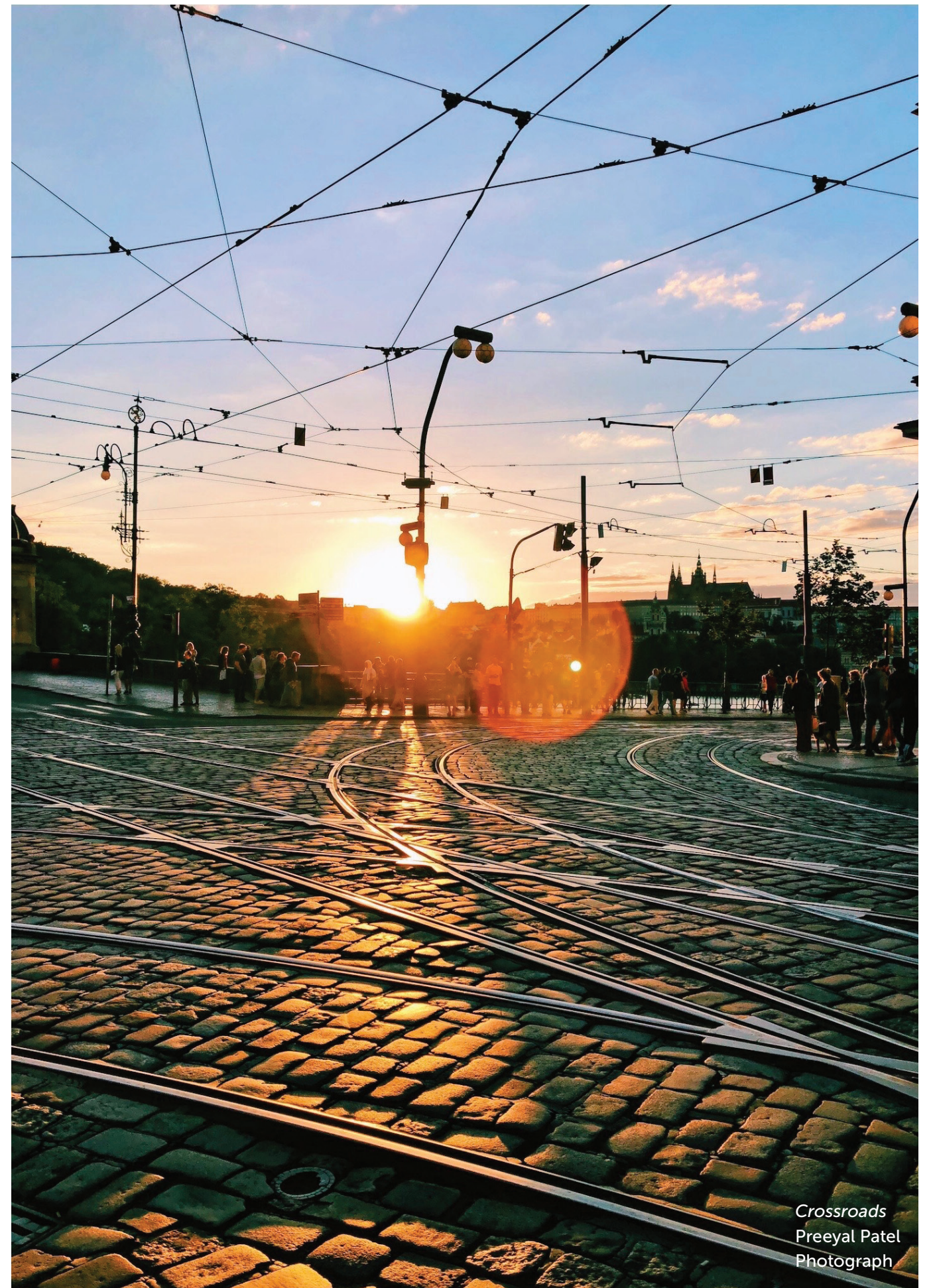
It takes her seventeen and a half minutes to ride the Silver Line (no. 4 or 5) to Downtown Crossing, where she waits patiently between the 3rd garbage bin on the left and the pillar etched with squiggle of mossy graffiti. The smell of roasting peanuts tempts her not; she knows that the train doors will stop directly where she stands and deposit her neatly at the exit stairs at her desired stop. A small triumph that confirms her citizenship of her adopted city.

Thirty-five minutes and six stops later, she exits at Porter Square. Sometimes she climbs the double flight of stairs, an activity that presses the sweat between her cotton cardigan and backpack, leaving her back unpleasantly damp. Sometimes she takes the escalators and watches the huffing and puffing of those that choose stairs with an air of smugness.

This time of year, sunlight is weak and watery. By the time she exits the subway station at 6:47 pm, it is already twilight, with faint stars sprinkling the sky. The last leg of her journey is a brisk ten minute walk past a Thai restaurant, a construction site, and some spindly oak trees. But oftentimes that walk takes an extra twenty to thirty seconds. That's all the time she needs for the Cambridge School of Culinary Arts, an unassuming brick building that spans a whole city block. The school's name is etched in gold lettering on top, imparting a sense of solemnity and wisdom. The first story is paneled in a rich chestnut wood that frames the glass doors and massive windows.

Each spacious window allows for easy viewing of the bustling tableau within. Chefs are dressed head to toe in scalding white, with double breasted buttons marching smartly down their jackets. One is hovering over the stove, stirring a roux carefully. Another is lifting a pan molded in the shape of a bursting cornucopia from the collection of copper bowls adorning the walls. Another group of chefs is painstakingly glazing chocolate eclairs. Antique maps of Paris hang elegantly next to the table loaded with a dizzying banquet.

She slows her walk to a mere crawl, drinking in the scene. The school feels curiously nostalgic yet distant, like muted characters within a TV show. Incandescent light floods her face, inviting her to join in the convivial atmosphere. It would be so easy to step through the window, don the starched apron, and move with the same assurance and fluidity. Maybe in another world, in another time, she muses, as she rounds the street corner. The tableau slips away, and she hurries on with her commute.





Burden

Daisy Zhang

Colored pencil on paper

<https://jdc.jefferson.edu/insideout/vol10/iss1/1>

Tattoos

Christopher Gardner

Ink slithers under skin
settling where the snake lay to rest.

Wire embroiders the wrist,
barbs firmly dug in.

Alone at the end of the sleeve,
the heart skips a beat.

The sun hides in the shadows
hidden by angles and wavy wisps.

Taboo is the tattoo in plain sight
Misunderstood by wandering eyes
Infused pain lingers and lives on
As the memory of fallen ones

Little Melon

Emily Bucher

You have this thing that grows inside you now
Tiny soft fingers

No nail
Gums pink and fleshy

No bite.
You work nights cutting bananas,
Sticking oats together with honey

(the glue).

Grind blackberries
To liquid and pick out the seeds,
Pinch them between bitten fingernails
until there's a pool of sweet, black ink,
Thin enough to articulate the curves of its face
A face that is all cheeks and a nose the size of a grape

You sleep on the unforgiving floor
as his chest heaves next to you—

that holds pieces Him (the glue)
of you together

You pulse together mango and oranges with a blade
Sing over the terrible racket
to muffle thoughts &
The sound of the kicks.

You suck your thumb of the juices
To feel the comfort of the act
Meanwhile the thing that is inside you
has a head that is all bald and some fuzz like a peach
Or maybe a melon.

You will take it off its stem in nine months,
When it is ripe and so perfect
Plump & smelling like pear.
& You hope that you can
Hold it in your hand
Feel its weight and its warmth

Before its no longer yours.



Food Observation

Zoe Wong

Oil



Glow
Erica Westlake
Photograph



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A Place to Stay
Shea Andrews
Ceramics

