

Inside Out

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Inside Out, Spring 2011

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Inside Out



Spring 2011

INSIDE OUT

JeffArts Literary Magazine Spring 2011

Editor-in-Chief Jennifer Lewis

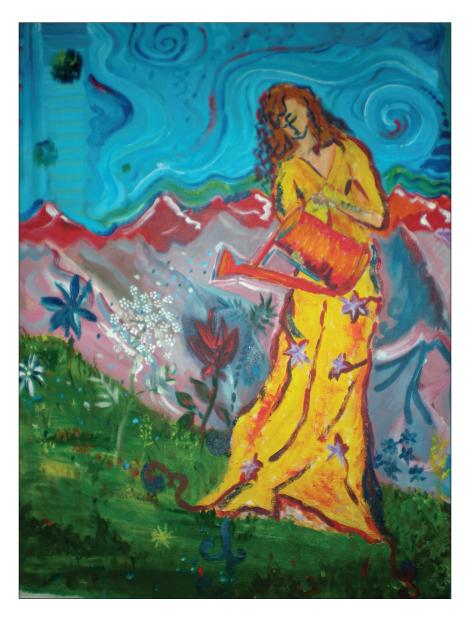
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The Jefferson Arts organization was founded primarily to offer Jefferson students the opporunity to express themselves through art. The Jefferson Arts organization focuses on such media as art & photography, writing, and music, and supports diverse activities including live readings, art exhibits and musical performances. In addition, the organization publishes *Inside Out*, an annual art and literary journal which showcases photography, paintings and sketches, short stories, poems and essays contributed by Jefferson students. All of these activities are designed to bring more diversity to the Jefferson community; to allow students, faculty and staff the chance to stop and reflect on their daily lives; and to provide a creative outlet from the rigors of school and work.



Foreword

Why make time for the arts?

Inside Out gives us a glimpse of the creative work that goes on day to day at Thomas Jefferson University. The media employed are diverse, but the artists represented in this journal share a common spirit that values creativity and self-expression. While out students enrich themselves by these pursuits, they also enrich our campus lives by sharing them with us.

> Michael J. Vergare, MD Senior Vice President for Academic Affairs Thomas Jefferson University July, 2011

Submission Information

Submissions may be emailed to Dorissa.Bolinski@jefferson. edu. Photographic submissions should be saved in a .jpeg file using the best resolution possible. Artwork should be photographed from a direct angle, without glare or visible background, and saved in the same manner as photographs. 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 or artist's name
- Email address and local phone number
- College, department or undergraduate program and year in school
- Genre and title of each submission

Inside Out does not publish anonymous submissions, resubmissions or previously published works. Further submission inquiries may be addressed to JeffersonArts@jefferson.edu.

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Heather Tattersall

Boundaries

Kanani Titchen

These white walls keep the world out lock me in should be punched... and often... by me. by my doctors. by my nurses. Walls are boundaries, frustratingly safe but safe.

These white coats keep the illusion alive hem me in should be washed... more often... by me. by my classmates. by our tears. Coats are confines, unfortunate necessities but necessary?

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These white lies keep the public at ease

do me in should be uncovered... but aren't... by me. by you. by Joe Patient. Lies are comfort, carefully polished. But, careful...



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To Dung Nguyen

Blue jeans

Bonnie Bennett

A light mist of rain rests on the windshield. A cool summer breeze dances with my lazy hand hanging out of the window. Crickets sing along to Dylan's sweet songs as we ride the deep blue night.



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Christine Chen



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Matt Richards



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Subhasree Basu

On Our Mistakes, and Physics

Khalid Mohamood

As I write this, there's an unfinished Whopper on my desk next to my laptop. I eye the Whopper, it eyes me back. That burger has been sitting there for a few days now. And being the medical tech that I am, I can tell you what types of bacteria have grown on it and the relative count of each.

On the far side the desk, two little spike-like objects project upward from beyond the edge. A cockroach's antennae. For the sake of this note, I'll name it roachie, no capitalization. Cockroaches don't have a sense of self, so it would be a waste of energy hitting that Caps Lock key.

roachie brings one leg up the edge, hesitantly waits, and then pulls it back. No sudden movements, the large human is clearly not noticing roachie. Seems like the coast is clear.

Clearly smelling the burger, roachie swiftly moves toward it. Our juxtaposition in regards to the burger is such that there is a 60deg separation between roachie and me. I quickly estimate the speed at which roachie is moving, and, using physics, calculate the time it will take for it to arrive at the site of Burgergeddon.

Around the Whopper lie the remains of countless brave cockroaches. All of them tried to get a piece of that burger, and all of them died in the attempt. Some died on the first encounter with the sole of my flip-flops, while others managed to valiantly hold on to dear life, at least for a couple of seconds while I swung again at them.

Seeing the dead carcasses of millions and millions of its brethren did not deter roachie in the least. If anything, it seemed to actually spur it on toward reaching that long-rotten Whopper. I could literally see its small brain chugging away, compiling and evaluating each and every dead cockroach's circumstance. Roach #1 had died because it went towards the burger in a straight line, while #2 tried to dodge the flip flop, but lost precious momentum while doing so. Roach #3 timed his approach during the wee hours of the night, in the hope that the large human might be dozing off and a little loose in his defenses, but to no avail.

roachie noted all these attempts, and devised a plan that was guaranteed to help it pass my flip flop.

But, inexorably, my calculations were impeccable, my aim was true, I factored my vectors correctly, and plopped poor roachie on the head. One more dead dead roach.

Moral of the story: There is no better teacher than our own mistakes, and death is as inescapable as a law in physics.



Lara Murphy



Han Koon Ooi

Passage, Rites

Jennifer Lewis

The ides of August are steeped in pungent city smells, days of thunder but no rain, and hours of dissection. Teach us what it means to know a body from the inside-out. We the untried sawbones, soft-pedaled our task—

sought to euphemize her as a vessel, wrecked and yawing with mute limbs across the table. We plumbed limits of fascia and sinew, unearthed caches of arcane facts. We sounded the measure of her secrets with the lead of a scalpel, three months long. Treasure hunt, jigsaw puzzle, she was each of these: roadmap to practice, to surgical wards, to the rest of the patients we will ever touch.

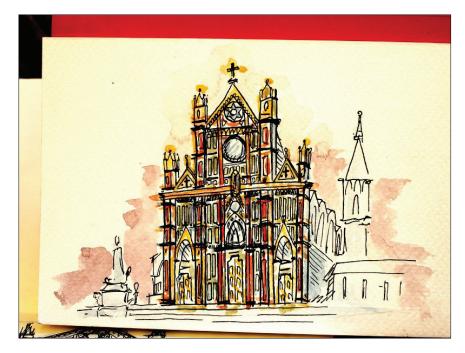
So why, fourteen months later, the foreignness of David, recumbent in a suit I'd never seen before, a light wool the color of heron wings? Gone were the suspenders & ball cap and the little notebooks he kept in his front shirt pocket. His face looked good. But the composure of his folded hands sent me reeling, back to the first day of lab, where she waited, wrists crossed and held together with red yarn. Now she was in the casket, flaps of torso ajar and the heart just visible in the center of her chest. And I grieved for both of them, for the suffering of life's end and the indignity of what comes next.

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Mara Modest



Aivi Nguyen

Pulse

Christina Furia

Music...

It's the symphony of her soul And makes her feel whole

Inside

Her tympanic membranes where all the sound is processed Is so much static.

All she hears is constant chatter, doubting drums

Sounding slowly that haunt her once happy dreams.

She looks outside to the waking world, asking the skies

A thousand whys.

Inside

The deep walls of her chest where she is all sewn together Is a song that sounds, soothing her soul.

It plays through the chambers of her heart, composing itself. For every percussion is a beat granted, keeping her alive like the air

She breathes.

Don't try to stop it for she will surely flat line. Inside

She knows only she can make the voices cease and the pulse Continue beating.

Give her one chance to make the song in her heart heard.

Her dreams, like the bow of a viola in your hand that waits to Slide soothingly across the strings of its instrument.

Look into her broken brown eyes; they beg you to hear the pulse, Inside.



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Christina Nguyen

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Francina Girard

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