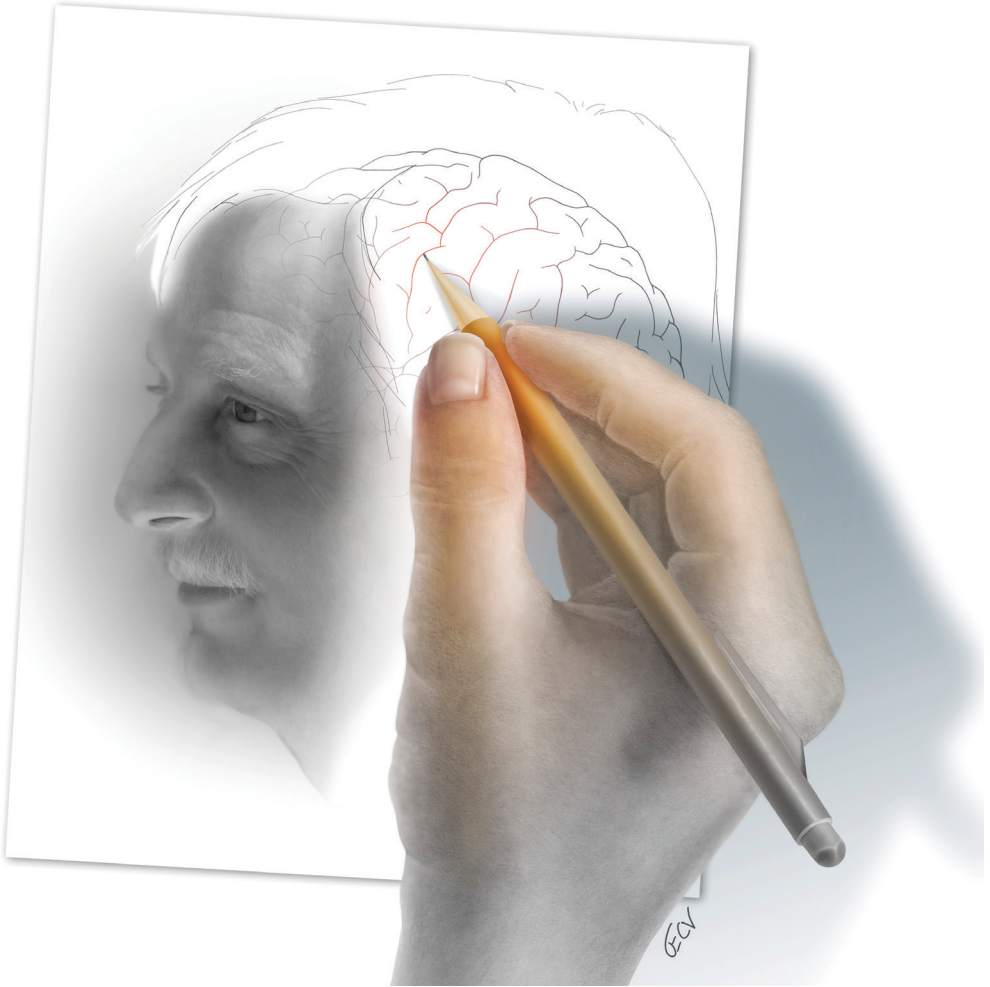


# Humanitas

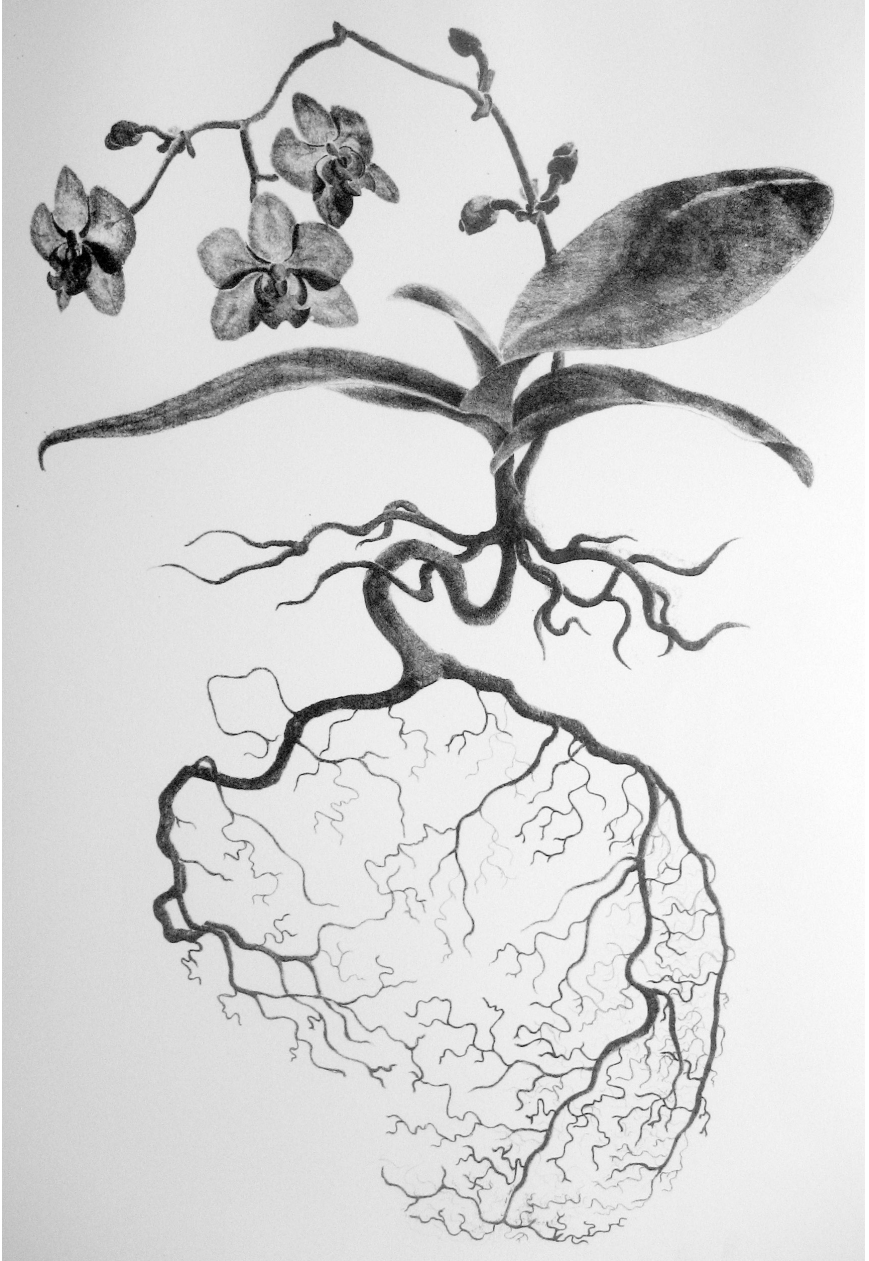
*A literary journal of the  
Medical University of South Carolina*

Volume XV  
2011





*A literary journal of the Medical University of South Carolina*



**Manflower**

Mark Currin College of Medicine







## Forward

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Dear Readers,

It's my pleasure to welcome you to Volume XV of *Humanitas*. What you will find inside is a collection of writing and imagery from the faculty, staff, and students of MUSC, but I believe it represents something more than that. At MUSC, we are in the business of people. We nourish the lives of our community through patient care. Our endeavors in research and quality improvement provide tools for cultivating health improvement across the globe. And by educating the health professionals of tomorrow we plant seeds for a brighter future. At *Humanitas*, we hold to the principle that art is a demonstration of the human condition. It's a snapshot of hopes, dreams, and fears. It's a rolling reel of heartache, joy, and wonder. My hope is that this collection will give you a peek into the heart of our institution—that you will be able to see the depth, passion, and diversity that makes our organization unique and human life so precious.

I would like to thank everyone who contributed this year. Selecting a few works out of so many wonderful submissions was a humbling task for us. I would like to encourage all of you to submit again in the future—your willingness to share is what makes this publication possible. Thanks as well to the Humanities Committee for your continued support. Praise is also due to the Editorial Board, Kristina Rodgers-Chisek, Dr. Carol Lancaster, and the MUSC University Press for the strong work they provided.

My final gratitude is to you. Thank you for taking another look at the talent of our establishment. I hope you enjoy your time with us.

Jon Jennings

## Awards for Humanitas XV

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### **Prose**

*10 Years*

Diann Krywko *Division of Emergency Medicine*

### **Poetry**

*An Incredulously Damaging Situation—Hailing Inner Voice*

Justin Uzl *College of Medicine*

### **Visual Art**

*Dixie Still*

Kathleen Giarla *College of Nursing*

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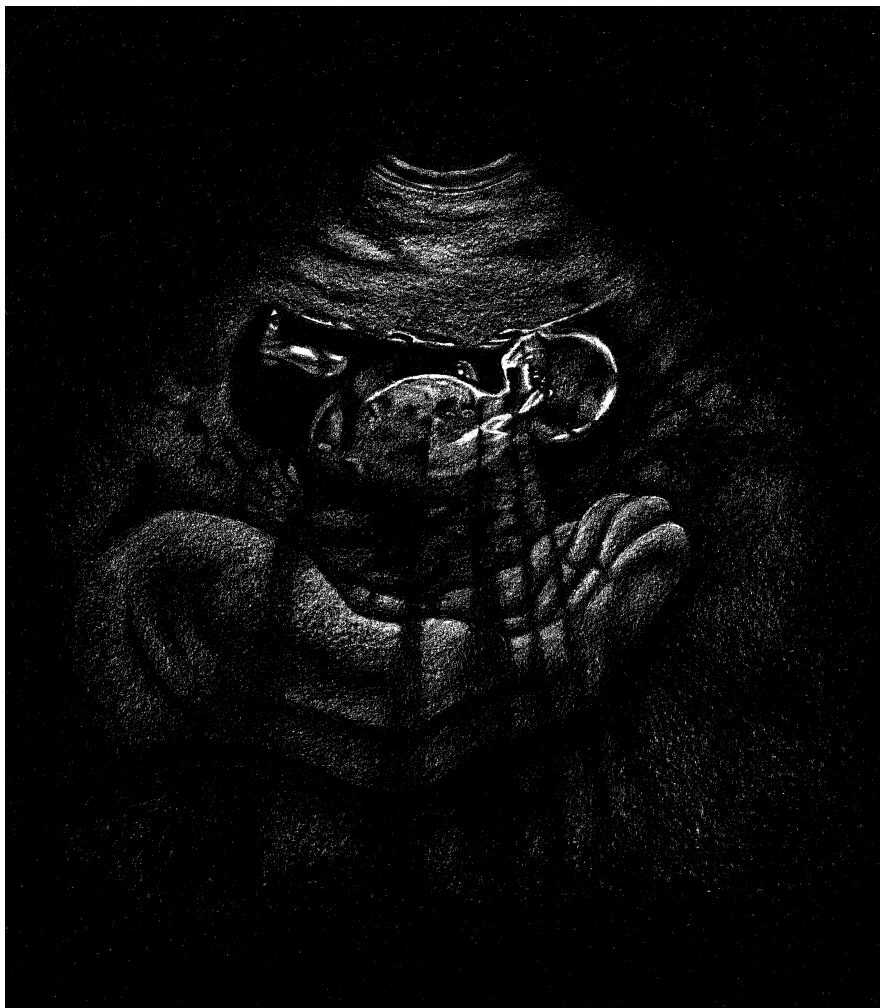
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# House

Mark Ahlman *Department of Radiology and Radiological Science*

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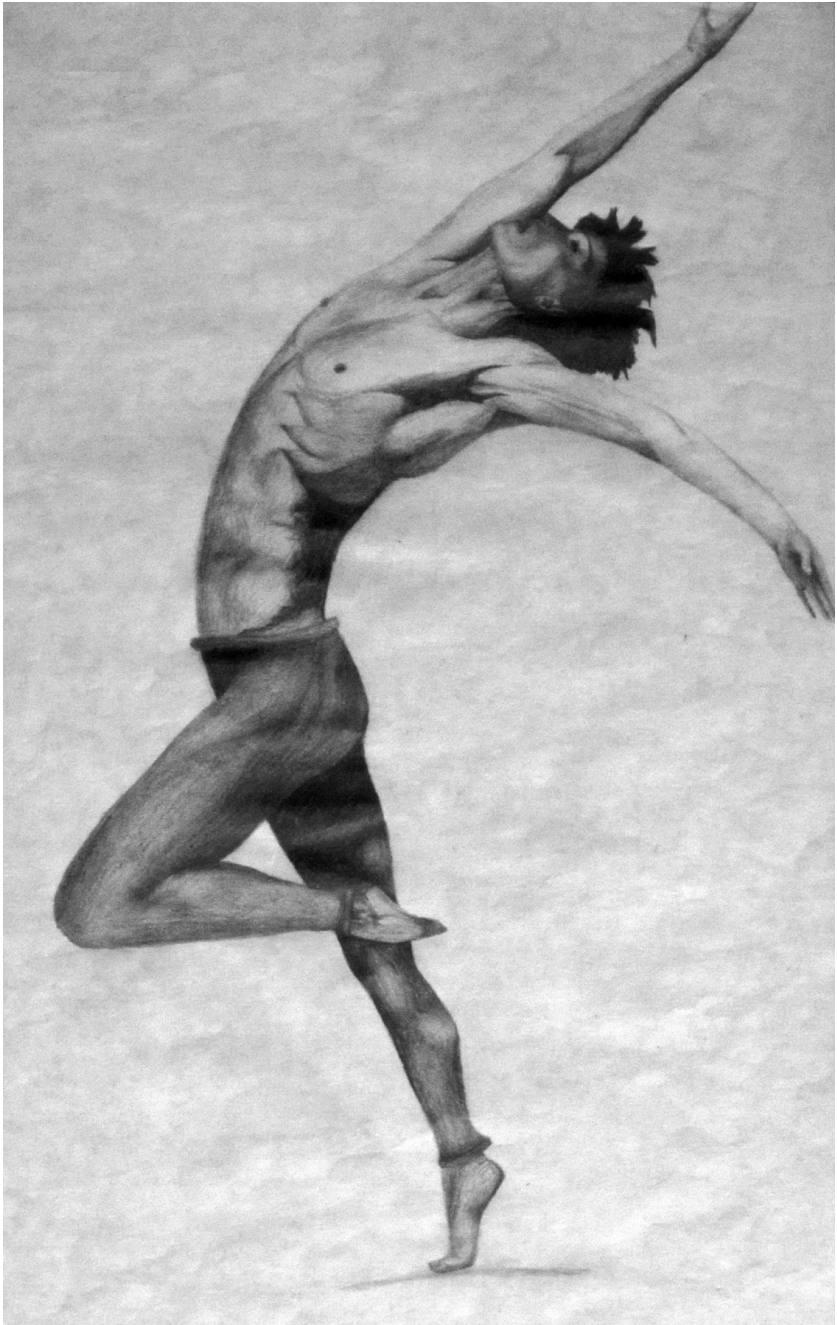


You could have taken my cheap advice for free.  
You could have jet away from us feeling better,  
never to think about me or our exchange again.  
You could have... you could have...  
but you didn't.  
You returned.  
You returned to give me an apple.  
You returned to give me an apple with a smile.  
And then you quip, gratefully yet purposefully,  
"An apple a day keeps the medical staff away!"



**Dance Like No One is Watching**

Rebecca Harper *College of Dental Medicine*



# An Incredulously Damaging Situation

Justin Uzl College of Medicine

---

*An Inconceivably Damaging Situation/Hailing Inner Voice*  
*Immunoreconstitution of AIDS patients characterized within six stanzas.*

A night, a requiem.  
Freedom, I flow on the ebb; bobbing up and down, up and down.  
Holding my head above water with the armor of youth.  
The music jives and vibes dancing across the floor calling to me.  
Five dollars is the price to be paid, the entrance fee to possibilities.  
I push and pull squeezing in between lovers, friends, and gazes as I trek  
to the oasis.  
On tiptoes, I perch; a look speaks to the barkeep.  
The ice crackles chilling vitality; adorned with a green wedge.  
To my lips; a sip slips, slides down with a chill; warmth.  
Bodies pulsate, pound to the beat of the rhythm and my eyes lock.  
Stillness, his blue stare captures.  
His gravity pulls.  
Bodies collide; fuse.  
Glee.  
Hand in hand, exit with the ringing of last call.  
Perfect hands, perfect feet, perfect heart.  
As one,  
Entwined in his embrace, he shares my bed.  
The light splits the once dark room and I peer out.  
Out stretched hand fills the emptiness.  
I am alone. Was it a dream?  
Red fills a vial. "You can't trust him," a lady in white says.  
Positive.  
  
A battle wages; the catalyst has disappeared into the night.  
I stand alone.  
What a fool I am to live.  
My throat clutched by fear. Shall I give up?  
A declaration is called and I march.  
Science is my ammunition and doctors my foot soldiers.  
A new language greets as I enter this war torn county.  
How to be victorious?

As with any great masterpiece, a sense of ART is one's basis.  
Antiretrovirals shall be my paints constructing a reconstitution to immunity.

My opponent, cloaked in black, sickle in hand  
A virus holds refugee on a mission to hijack the machinery of life.  
The scaffold collapses under the weight of replication.  
HIV marks the door for death.  
The towering mass falls under the pressure of its microscopic foe.  
350 is the ticket price.  
With a brush stroke, ART is created.  
Counting up to survival.  
A coup ends the reign of deficiency.  
Cocktail in hand, will I be cured? (Robbins GK, et al.)

A battle won, the war carries on.  
The enemy strikes; security is lost.  
A purple HAART  
The key to the game, a genotype held within.  
The virus pulls back at the hand of this new weapon  
CD4s build a force in sight of the enemy.  
"How can this be?"  
The answer lies in a co-receptor and it's suppressive ligand:  
CCL3LI-CCR5.  
Susceptibility, immune damage, viral load light up the control panel.  
Genes forge this course of vulnerability.  
Pathogenesis can prevail no matter the strength of HAART conjured in the heat of battle.  
What is my risk?  
"Low," says the man in the white coat, "the news is good."  
For others instability is encoded within the message;  
Reinstatement of immunity is incomplete.  
A balance of arms is mounted; a counter.  
Will I prevail?  
I stare at the pills in my hand. How should I proceed? (Ahuja SK, et al.)

A strategy needs to be shaped, evaluated, tested.  
Homeostasis:

Immunity in a population of Ts.

The balance teeters, up and down, with the weight of HIV.

Cells deplete, expand on the whim of effectors and cytokines.

Why this flux?

Interleukins 2 and 7 climb amongst the positive.

Is it the number of receptors?

No support is found.

Is it the ill will of the cells?

Noses turned up to the cytokine inducers; this is the Ts' hypo-response.

CD4s grow, the viruses' HAARTs smashed, yet impairment.

Will you dance with me, receptor?

"Yes," I will dance with you; the phosphate-signal ignites.

STAT5 hails for interleukins 2 and 7 as well as 15.

With your HARRT relief is found in 7.

Again, CD4 powers up.

Survival is in the research and I hope.

The virus evades, but not for long. (Camargo JF, et al.)

Remission: a definition of me.

It's time, time for reconstruction of this barren land.

No olive branch to clasp onto; a fight for order.

It has many names:

Immune Reconstitution Syndrome,

Immune Restoration Disease,

Immune Reconstitution Inflammatory Syndrome.

Immunity flourishes with oppression.

Cell-mediation spills interleukin 6.

Flames engulf tissues; suicide.

Opportunity, I have an opportunity for you.

Hidden in CD4 is a dysfunction and it is begging to be found.

Who am I?

If the conditions are right, activate.

And I self-destruct.

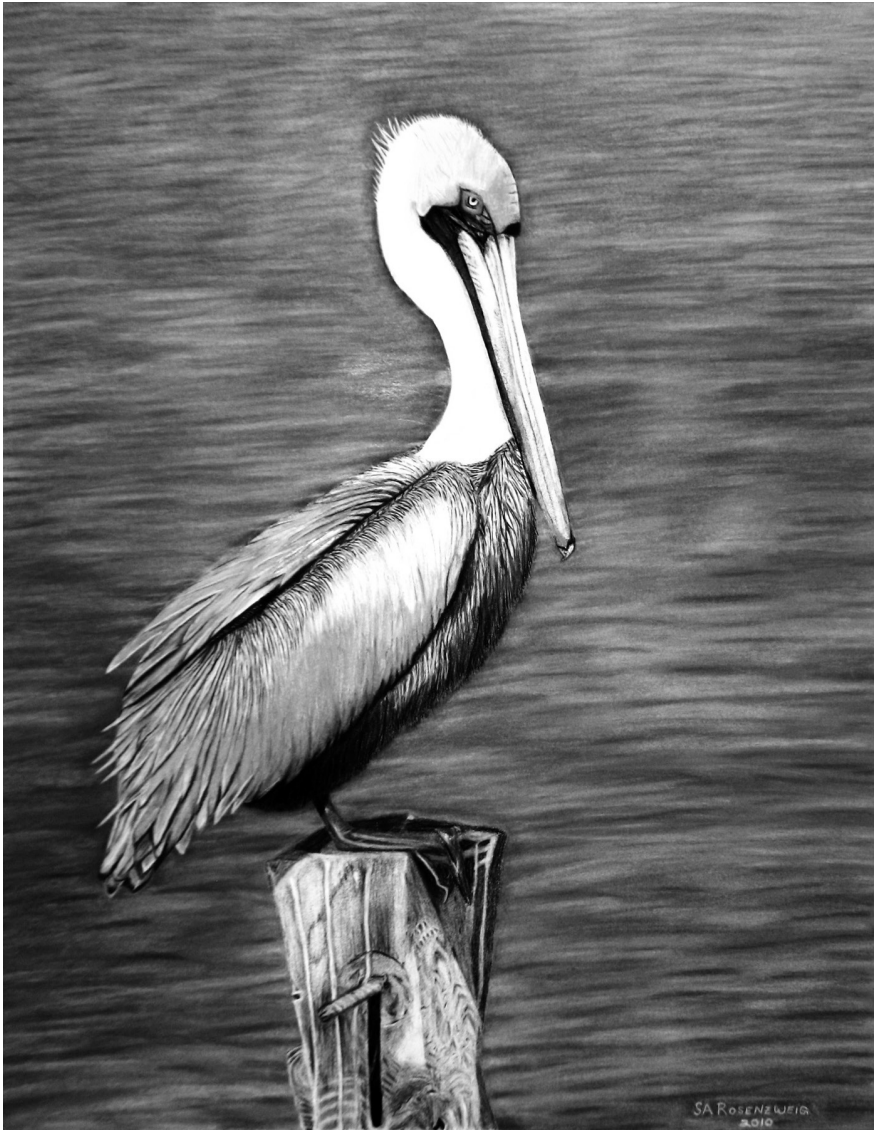
The antiretroviral opens the door to autoimmunity.

Lupus, Guillian-Barre, and Graves stand on the other side.

I am so very tired.  
Shall I raise the white flag;  
To tumble and stumble and fumble and fall away to be forgotten?  
No, I have come too far. (French MA)  
A death sentence?  
To be positive, how is one to act?  
A moment for denial, a second to mourn, and fight.  
No blame, no anger.  
Days to weeks to months to years,  
And I march.  
Restrictions do apply, worry will encompass, and blockades will arise.  
“What is your cell count?”  
A question spoken by my doctors, my mother, my lover.  
Yes, love comes.  
A cough, a sneeze carried on the wind. Could it be my end?  
Protect, inform, educate,  
I am accepted.  
I am me; not a cell count, not a virus.  
I am a child, a brother, a parent.  
Gray hairs will find my head before the disease takes my body.  
Progression; therapy, vaccination, a cure are within reach.  
One must sing and dance.  
To give up is death.  
I fight.  
I survive.

# Pelican

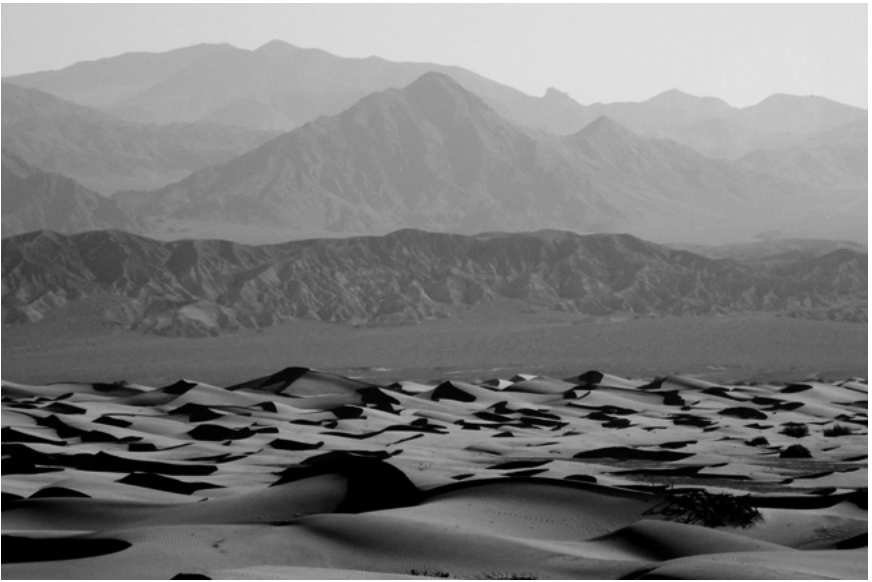
Steven A Rosenweig *Department of Cell and Molecular Pharmacology*



# Death Valley Dunes

Hampton Andrews *College of Medicine*

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I can still see her standing over his bed as if it were yesterday. Yet, ten years has passed. She was a confident, energetic young lady distraught about her father. I had just graduated from residency and taken my place among faculty and scholars. We both found ourselves uncomfortable by his side; she in her ability to be outwardly strong and comforting, I in my clinical ability and judgment.

She held his hand and looked at his face. That man had always been her inspiration. He had lived through the Great Depression as a child, had served as a corpsman in WWII. He worked during the day on the farm and finished his job in the factory at midnight, only to get up the next day and do it all again. Education was valued. He made sure that his children received one, for he hadn't graduated but second grade. There was no question that he was close to her heart. She was his little girl, even though she was a grown woman.

He had been diagnosed with leukemia while she was in college many years before. The chronic cancer had turned aggressive, and now, after countless rounds of chemotherapy and transfusions, he was done fighting. And, I think, so was she. She had seen enough of the suffering, enough of the pain, enough of the battle that would eventually be lost. As his daughter, she knew that there was nothing left to do except be with him.

I was his advocate, in charge of ensuring the best care and the least pain and suffering. I found myself questioning everything I had learned in my medical training. Was there something more to do? Was there a therapy that hadn't been tried? Was there something I had missed? Could I fight more for him? Was I his best advocate? As a doctor, I knew that the decision he had made for hospice care was ultimately the right decision.

That day she had come to be with him. She knew it would be his last. The bacteria overwhelmed his weakened system, his temperature rose, and his body became mottled.

She watched as his last breath was taken. "I love you Dad". He was at home in his bed, where he had wanted to be. At his side stood my mother, my brother, my sister and myself, his baby girl.

I can still see myself standing over his bed as if it were yesterday. Yet, ten years has passed.



# Reflections of Time Spent in Lecture Hall

Eric Knapp *College of Medicine*

---

If I sit real still I can hear the gentle ticking  
Strike quietly while the professor speaks and between the pencils  
clicking.

But I mustn't be alarmed when I finally hear the sound  
Of the trillion ticking time bombs that lay hidden all around.

Shorter, shorter, shorter burns the long end of the fuse,  
And the one who struck the match must surely be amused.

It's the telomere, the telomere, can't you feel it breaking?  
It's me the hourglass of genomic irony is constantly unmaking!

How cruel it is which brought forth life is free to do the bidding,  
As I decay each day in lecture hall, just sitting, sitting, sitting.

Oh, unforgiving telomere! Why do you haunt me so?  
You use me up to pass you on and then package me to go.

Physicians have no answer, no preparation, and no cure.  
"Take a pill and exercise. Endure, endure, endure."

In spite of you, tragic telomere, a lesson will be passed:  
To use it now the best I can, it's going fast, fast, fast.

Like you I am recycled to recesses all around,  
Leaving remnants, losing resonance, with the passing of each round.

I become my past as you slowly waste away.  
Put me back together by marching backwards through the days.

Through muffled sounds of telomeres that are shortening each breath  
The lectern lends the knowledge of eluding awful death.

Oh the walls! They're closing in. The ticking I can't bear.  
The laughing genome mocking me and no one seems to care.

Shouting out so loudly "if you seek to conquer death,  
Your search will leave you with no such telomere left!"

# Longing

Simone Maybin *College of Medicine*



## **A Collection of Meditative Haiku**

Amy Painter *College of Nursing*

---

Life's Summits  
vulnerable rocks  
weep as they thrust granite skyward  
petrous laughing peaks

..  
Joy  
exuberance is  
our energy multiplied  
infinite laughter

..  
Hearts  
we percuss the present  
perpetual potassium leaks  
bloody metronome

...  
Measures of Time  
Measured energy  
four seconds lined in a row  
present musically

...  
Lonely Reflections  
Fear to look inside  
finding visceral congruence  
with lonely apathy

...  
Musical Encouragement  
external laughter  
your notes are contagious light  
luminating souls

Science  
Muse cleaving causation  
Defines disciplines of worlds  
Faceted reason



# Dreading Horizon

Logan Szubski *College of Pharmacy*

---



# **When All the Leaves Have Fallen**

Adam Davie *College of Medicine*

---

When all the leaves have fallen,  
And the nights have been long awhile,  
When no longer can I walk outside at leisure,  
I'll crawl under a heavy blanket,  
And sleep as long as I can.

But when I wake,  
I will not have to look outside to know  
I can only sleep so long-  
And the leaves must be raked.  
There is something pretty, too,  
About snow on the ground,  
When it spreads so evenly,  
Without an end in sight.



# Fresh Coconut Milk, Costa Rica

Diana Vincent *Department of Radiology*



I.

During the several years in which my dad and I battled his Alzheimer's disease, I maintained a private commentary of his decline. Alzheimer's disease can take the stamina and much of the joy of life from the caregiver and the patient alike. As I wrote in the solitude of my home with tears running down my face, my saving grace was that my experience might ultimately help other caregivers to know they are not alone. This disease is insidious. It takes the mind, the memory and the very soul of the loved one and leaves you with only the outer shell. In the beginning the person looks the same. Soon you realize that the person you love is fading away in front of your eyes and you have no control. My father had never been sick a day in his life until dementia affected him. He neither smoked nor drank and he lived 90 years. Only the last five years were escalating days of sickness. Dementia may have taken him away; but, it never defined who he was. It did, however, begin to define and limit me --- as "Caregiver".

II.

As caregiver, you have some good days and even bright ones, too. But time and again you feel tired, angry, alone, unappreciated and very misunderstood especially by those who have not walked this road. Often they are old friends and distant family who won't believe the path of the illness. They confuse the patient and insert themselves in ways that are not helpful and often hurtful. They don't know the meaning of Alzheimer's disease; but say they wish to help. They misinterpret your dilemmas and your trials. Their actions become a contradiction to the patient's needs, the medical diagnosis, and your personal wishes. Sometimes you just want them to go away. Such was the case for me and my dad.

III.

I received a phone call from an individual who was upset that I would not bring my father to Chicago for a visit. The person said they talked to him all the time and he wanted to come; but, I would not let him. My father was showing signs of dementia and had exhibited particularly difficult behavior. The professionals and medical staff had cautioned me



that he would be difficult to handle on any trip---especially one back home. My cousin, Roy, told me that he probably would not want to leave once I got him there.

Then I received this long voice mail from someone who ended with the words “I feel sorry for you. You have taken your father from his family and his friends”. That is when I remembered that I was not simply a “caregiver”. I was “His People”.

#### IV.

From the time I was born until I lay him at rest, I am “my father’s people”. I know I am because my grandmother told me and so did he. When I was born, I was released from the hospital but my mother was not. She remained in the hospital for weeks because of her heart condition.

My father brought me home, without my mother, and became my primary caretaker. That began our bonding---at the beginning of my life. A bond stronger than most people could imagine. There would be many times like this in which it was just me and my dad.

My dad was a milkman when I was young. He was tough and strong. This was a man who stood his ground when confronted by racial inequality in Chicago in the 1950’s. This was a man who acted with integrity and resolve in becoming the first independent dairy owner to be a member of the International Brotherhood Union.

This was my father who tenderly cared for me before he left for his delivery route early in the morning. He prepared my bottles and diapers and would take me to my maternal grandparents’ apartment. We lived on the second floor of the duplex owned by my grandparents. They with my aunt and cousin lived on the first floor. My great-grandfather lived in the basement.

I stayed with my grandmother until the end of my dad’s route in the afternoon. He would come straight home. Entering the door he would ask, “Where is ‘my people’?” My grandmother said that he really didn’t have to say anything. As soon I heard his truck pull into the garage I would get down from her lap and crawl to the door. He would pick me up and tell them that he was taking “his people” home. The last thing they saw was him climbing the stairs and me crawling up the stairs behind him.

My grandmother said that he never went out. He never had parties or guests. They never heard me cry --- just a giggle or two. It was just me and him. My mother called us “Two Peas in a Pod”. She would always say that “Al didn’t have to worry about old age because Emily would take care of him”.

And she was right. We thought alike; we talked alike; we acted alike; and we took care of each other. Once when I was making a speech in Oregon, he joined me for the presentation. Before leaving Chicago, he called to ask what I was wearing so we could coordinate our outfits.

On another occasion when I was named Vice-President of a university, my dad took the President aside and said he should know that I would give him the best of my ability. But, I would also tell him what I thought; would challenge him; and there would be things I simply would not take. That person, who left the voice mail, really didn’t know my dad so well after all. Because they did not know he had “His People”.

If they knew him well, they would have known that he would never leave my side and I would not leave his.

They would have known that he agreed with the decisions I made because I knew what he needed more than anyone else.

They would have known that one day, I would tell our story and it would make a difference in someone else’s life and caring for another.

And now they know that he was not taken from his family; but that from the day I was born until the day he laid at rest, I am “His People”.

# **Liquor is Quicker**

Sanford Zeigler

*Department of Medicine*

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Boil.

Steep.

Twist.

Extract.

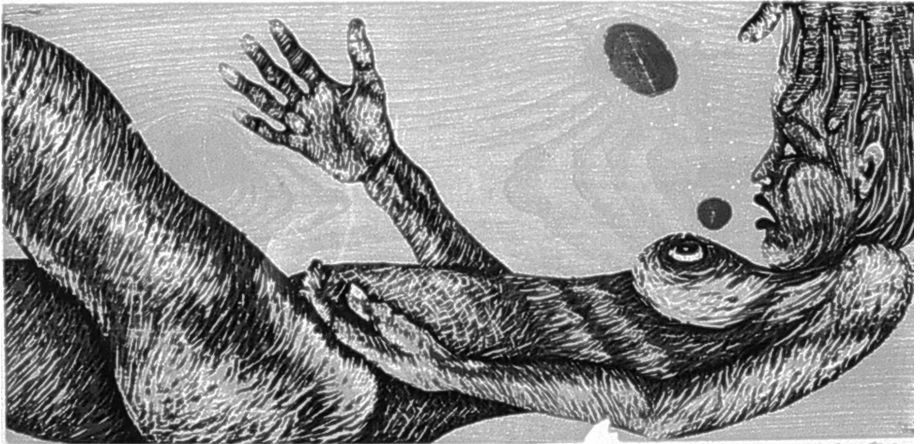
Sip.

Taste.

Distill.

Look into the dregs:

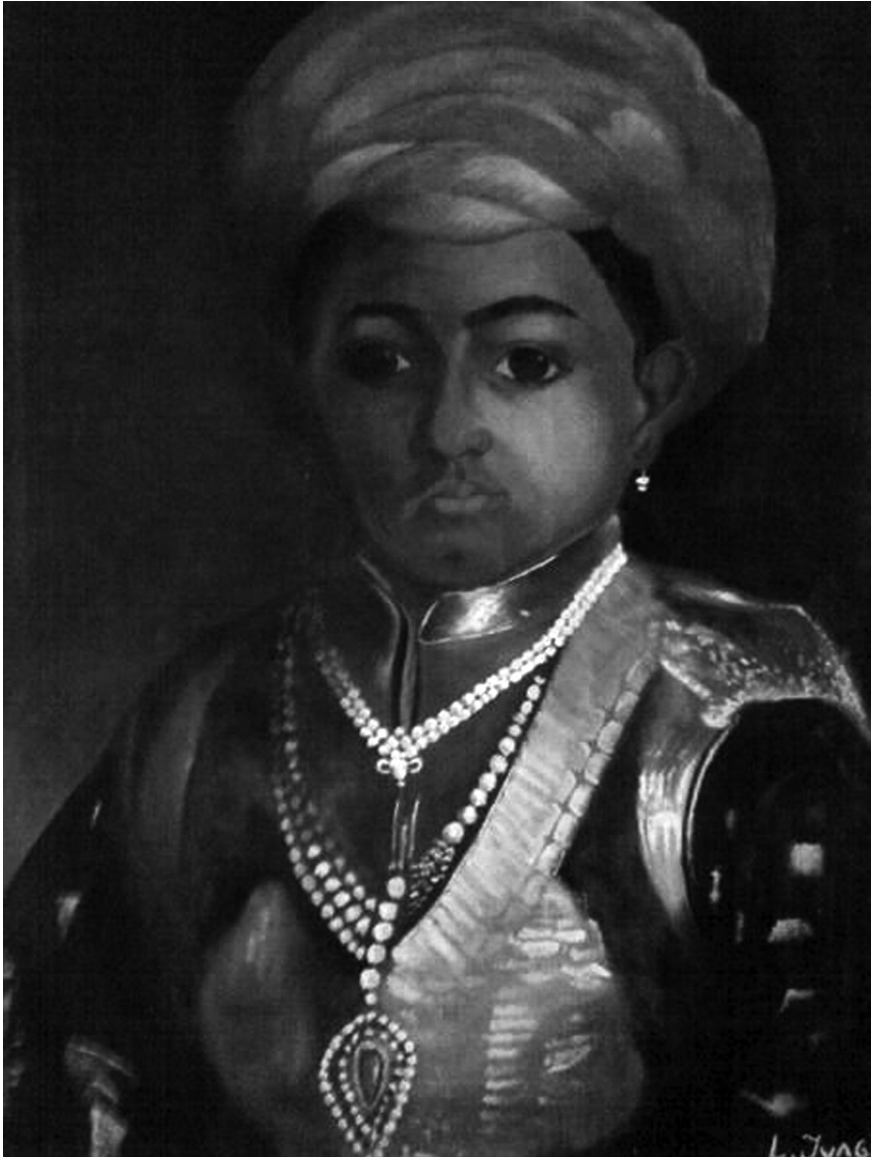
The spare power of words.



**Rajkumar**

Lokendra Tyagi *Department of Ophthalmology*

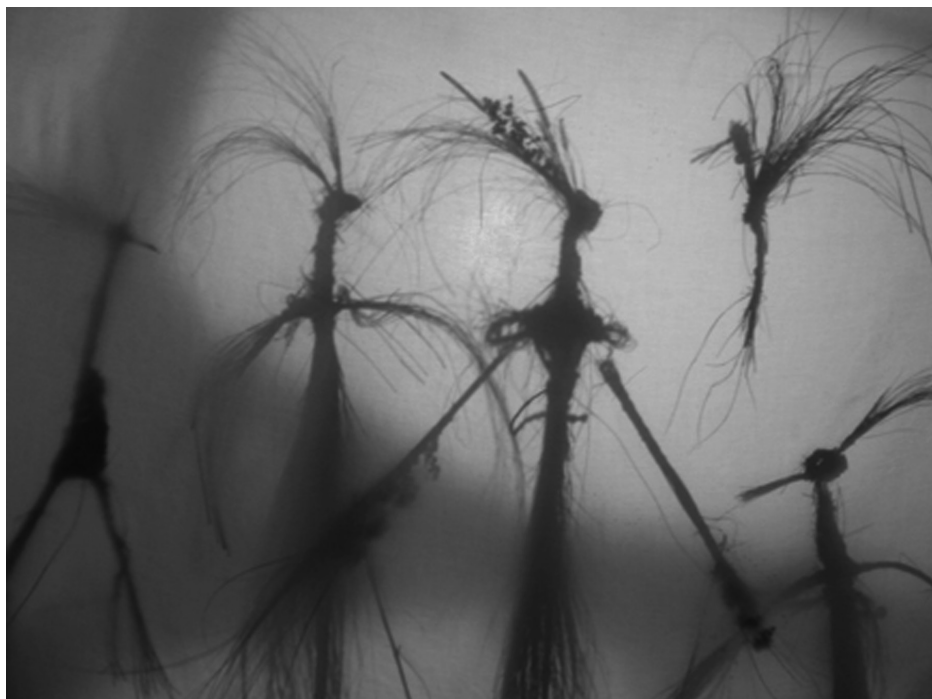
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# Sweetgrass Shadow Puppets (Wayang Suket)

Geoffrey Cormier *MUSC University Press*

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## **Branças del Belgrano**

Joseph Kavolus *College of Medicine*

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### Barrancas de Belgrano – An Argentine Park

Saturday late afternoon 5:30ish, a brisk day with a smattering of clouds, an orange and purple sky to the west, a blue sky with fluffy white cumulonimbis to the east. Initially the park is tranquil, juxtaposed with the city overrun by cars, colectivos, and motor-scooters. However, upon a jaunt through the hill-sided knoll of grass and eclectic mix of trees a dynamic scene unfolds. To the passerby Barrancas is mostly a lounge for lustful youths and owners of dogs, which oddly enough seem to come in pairs - one owner with their pet always joined by another dog and its master. Amid the statues and bust of important people I have no knowledge of others merely sit on forest green benches or lay in the yellow speckled grass, seemingly unaware of the abyss of hustle and bustle which surrounds the park on all sides. A dog and owner duel over where the best spot to relieve oneself is, the dog intent on pinpointing that perfect tuft of grass, a custom completely foreign to human comprehension, while the man desires to continue his journey, presumably home. With a closer eye and some sagacity the true colors of the Barrancas de Belgrano unfold. In the back corner under a large old pavilion, littered with various scars of illegible graffiti, three couples dance the ever Argentinean melodramatic tango. Two slender elderly gentlemen instruct the couples with the vivacity of twenty-one year old boys. The couples hopelessly joined, forfeit to the spell of brothel and malevo inspired bandoneón, the pair suffers at the whim of the music, entranced in the eyes of their partner. Just to the left a boy whirls his keys on their elongated canvas chain hitting the ground and swirling up feet-enveloping dirt, reminiscent of estancia born beleadoras. I could almost swear the businessmen passing by had gomina in their hair. Across a cobblestone street, which splits at one end (the split marked by a once flowing white fountain, the entrance guarded by pillars topped by brass urns overflowing with exotic flowers) a family brings me back to the present, playing the perennial hide-and-go-seek. The father teasingly counts “a cien” in the intentionally hurried castellano fashion that nearly equates an adequate 10 count, encouraging his daughter, no more than 5 years on this earth, to chuckle and laugh in the most quintessentially puerile manner. The girl’s giggles tease my ears and elicit warm feelings of carefree and unadulterated youth, unspoiled by knowledge. One of the park overlooks turns

into a concert hall of refuge artists lacking the skill for fame. A young man plays the guitar as his four friends drink Quilmes and joke. This park at this moment is devoid of any sadness. Afternoon turns to dusk as the city becomes evermore present, a hurricane of lights around this tranquil eye. The tango continues as new faces enter and exit the green haven, runners become more frequent and the wind begins to pick up. Meanwhile, my biological based mind attempts to rectify the existence of grand palm trees with no visible damage from the recent anomaly of snow, obviously resilient to a cold that would kill most other tropical breeds. The history of the park becomes more apparent with nightfall as one of the stately broad-sweeping tree's age shows in the orange glow of the streetlamps that riddle the park's vein-like winding paths. Only in the full dark of night do I notice the ode to America's Statue of Liberty. A sentinel on the eastern side of the park, given a place of prominence, the miniature replica is glorified and fully lit, an obvious standout amongst the areas many statues. This stirs a sense of American patriotism long forgotten to many and even longer since acceptable abroad. My shadow is now cast on up the hillside an intimidating figure with my head around four times its normal size. Any movement, including the wind blowing my hair is accentuated; even my unique stride is discernable. As the night grows later the number of people dwindles and the mean age of the park dwellers seems to grow, there is an old man sitting on a bench watching as I snap photos of the park's more distinct nighttime features. The cold grows more present and I understand why the masses have left. Looking around I realize that this park is home to many different types of visitors: some there for a vacation from the concrete jungle of Buenos Aires, others to rediscover a unique aspect of Argentine culture, and still more merely passing through, this space a scenic interlude to a longer more determined journey.



# Untitled Study

Livy MaDan College of Medicine





# **My Best Friend**

Donald Bar *College of Medicine*

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Papers scatter the floor, books lay with their pages open, and the seeker begins the task of organizing the chaos to make way for the next round. Each armful of knowledge carries with it a memory, each memory has an origin, and soon I find myself sitting among these tokens of time, organizing them to shape my definition. Percentages, honors, emails, and text messages are replaced by a sense of emptiness. It is strange the hollowness after striving so hard for the moment's peace. I settle back into the thickness of my chair and consider what brought me here, what I gave up for it, and what I can change. It is a moment of reflection, to reassess and ensure that I am on the path that will sustain me for the journey's course.

I once stood at the edge of losing medicine, of seeing a career and life that had not yet taken shape wiped away before it could have a chance to develop. Sitting in front of committees, administrators and physicians as they unveiled their perception of who I was, I sank inside myself-sick with what I had become. I had come here to survive, not excel. When the second chance came, it was no longer about survival, it was about being my best, and, more importantly, it was about for whom I was doing my best. So began the transition from survival to excellence, and along with it came sacrifice and restraint. The harder I worked, the more layers of unneeded distraction and comfort dissolved, but the better I felt. As those layers peeled away, more and more of what was left was a core that did not develop with medical school, but over 30 years of choices, mistakes and successes. This core of who I am, undergoing a constant evolution, now required evaluation. The dust had settled, I was doing well as a student, but how was I as a man?

The transient joy of doing well is not enough to give me shape, to reassure me that I am not losing myself in the midst of trying to find definition. As I considered the peaks and valleys, attempted to quantify boundaries and parameters, my thoughts rolled like a bauble in the sea, bouncing to and fro with no order other than the moments tide. But at last, like fixing upon a shiny coin on the sidewalk, I remembered a young soldier who had come home on leave. Young PFC Jones, known to me over the years as "Dynamite" for his blazing fast hands and even faster mouth, sat across from me at the table sharing tales of his training. We traded stories of boxing and laughed at how well we hid our fears. I recall the pride I felt in seeing him develop from a smart mouthed, all too-

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talented fighter, to the thoughtful and well-spoken man in front of me. And I chuckled at how I used to dread facing him in training. Here we spoke, men from such contrasting origins, as equals and with a friendship borne out of a bond that only fighters know.

Our lives would never have crossed except inside that gym, nor would we have become so close had we not swallowed our fears and given each other our best, even when it meant a bloody nose and some sore ribs. Yet this bond was not because we were comparable athletes; it had nothing to do with doing well or struggling in school. We worked together, fought together, and found respect for what we both gave day after day.

As I sit here now, attempting to connect the many bread crumbs I've followed along my path, trying to measure my strengths and my deficiencies, Dynamite spoke words that will forever be burned onto my soul that, perhaps I have done things right:

“Doc, nobody believes me that my best friend's gonna be a doctor.

Man...my best friend is gonna be a doctor! He's an officer and fighter! I love you, Doc.”

My best friend...there have never been more powerful words spoken to remind me that what I am doing matters, and it reaches far beyond the limits of academia, it is a measurement of my soul.

**On Standby**

Natalie Williams *College of Pharmacy*

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in thought  
a call that can't be placed  
in sight  
lash shadow on her face  
in dreams  
curl lifted with a breeze  
hidden  
tears nobody sees  
in song  
an old tune on the beach  
in love  
truth no one can impeach  
in all  
each thing we learned to do  
bidden  
a clear aspect of you  
endless...  
time until we're through

# Santorini

Stephanie Aston-Jones *Department of Pediatrics*

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# Ours Will Be a Different Kind of Love

Sarah Grayce *College of Medicine*

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Ours will be a different kind of love  
so that when I show you the light slipping between two leaves you will  
find it as remarkable as I have  
and I will stand beside you at the window and say nothing  
for you expand beyond what I can say in words  
because in the staggering brilliance of the light your hands guide the sun  
and in the profound abyss of the dark I will whisper so you know that  
you are not just one person  
Ours I know will be different  
for in the delicate moment when the tip of your finger touches mine  
we are an infinite extension of all that breathes and loves  
so when we are not but two empty shells they will speak of us as they  
would a river or cloud  
Something of incomprehensible dimensions



## **Under the Moon**

Scott Pearson *College of Medicine*

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Under the moon,  
I tread from one hospital to another  
to see a patient in the separate ER.  
Being August in Charleston, SC,  
my skin follicles perspire.

I await and anticipate what I might see.  
I feel somewhat inept to see this case.  
It is a probable neurology case,  
and I am not a neurologist.

I arrive.

I examine.

And I am clueless.

My lower-level is clueless.

Fortunately, my upper-level figures out the diagnosis.  
His muscle weakness is drug-induced  
and should clear soon after the medicine is stopped.  
He needs to be monitored,  
but he will be fine.

Under the moon,  
I tread back to the other hospital on my way home,  
and I know that my ignorance is not the only thing  
wild this night.

# Running Monk

Colin Crowe *College of Medicine*



**Figure Etching**

Jane Sweeny *Department of Neurosciences*



Strange, how it works.  
How can I be here, 2003,  
And be there, 1941?  
Striding the halls of Beaumont High,  
Swinging notebooks, waving to pals,  
Nodding to favorite teachers,  
Anticipating commencement  
And my valedictory speech?  
Smiling at Jan-Marie, class president,  
As she cruises by, with a host  
Of laughing friends.  
Jan-Marie, swim team captain,  
Operetta lead, Shakespeare Club.  
My unacknowledged first crush.  
How I loved her dazzling smile,  
Azure blue eyes, how she filled  
Her Angora sweater so fetchingly,  
Topped by real pearls.

Strange, how now, decades later,  
My pulse quickens.  
I'm still sixteen to her seventeen,  
Even though we're both grandparents,  
Who never met since graduation.  
But, of course, we're still teenagers,  
Two honeybees, self-assured,  
Preserved in timeless,  
Jewel-like amber,  
Some call "Memory".

# Dixie Still

Kathleen Giarla *College of Nursing*

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