2011

WHORL: 2011

Creative Arts Society, Boston University School of Medicine

Creative Arts Society, Boston University School of Medicine

http://hdl.handle.net/2144/18286

Boston University
Whorl is published by the Creative Arts Society of Boston University School of Medicine and is distributed free of charge throughout the Boston University Medical Campus.

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: Boat Detail
Andreas Dewitz, MD, RDMS
Associate Professor of Emergency Medicine
Acknowledgements

*Whorl* would like to thank the following people for their support. Without their generous contributions, this publication would not be possible:

Jean E. Ramsey, MD, MPH
Assistant Dean, Alumni Affairs
The Alumni Association of Boston University School of Medicine

Dan Madigan, B.L.A.
Domenic Scrceni, Ed.D.
Educational Media Center

BFS Daniels Printers

All work printed in *Whorl* remains the property of the artist or author, all contents copyright 2011
NOTHING REVEALED

And collective dreams
sneak into life’s bubble,
then float away
into the steel gray sky
where Arjuna’s arrows
and dragon kites
lay waiting,
silently.

Is it a paradox
that Zeus sits upon a cloud
playfully allowing
this psycho-drama
to unfurl?
No one dares to dance,
uninterested birds
watch an insipid display
of raindrops upon the roof,
and lightning
strikes the ground,
twice.

Steve Persad
Assistant Manager
Facilities Management
Summer Time in Beacon Hill

Allison Peluso
Medical Student
Eagerly pulling my five-year old face to the window I saw my dear babushka standing broad-shouldered, upright, like a soviet giant. She waved her good-bye to my U.S. bound plane.

Four years had passed since I last saw my grandma. She finally got on the plane to America. Baggage included one faded, brown-handbag and one case of uncontrolled Parkinsonism.

Small arms I wrapped round my grief-stricken mother. Her
tears pouring down at the sight of my grandma re-
duced to a clump of frail tissue, aphasic and
trembling as men rolled her wheelchair towards us.

Magic pink pills helped to fix my weak grandmother.
Basking pain-free, her face blossomed like flowers but her
neurons rebelled against all medication and
once again, grandmother wilted and shook.

Doing as told, I helped walk my grandma and
painfully watched as her trembling frame stalled like a
truck on the brink of exhaustion from pulling an
obstinate tree with roots fixed in the ground.

Walking her, feeding her was just the start. It was
helping her toilet that broke both our hearts. With her
clothing all stripped and her dignity shred, my young
innocence lost and resentment was found.

Starting to tire from the weight of my onus, my
childish self-centeredness clouded my judgment and
slowed my response to the call of my grandmother
into a sauntering, hesitant crawl.

Parents engulfed by their burgeoning store, with me
running the house until they came home late.
Babushka ailed so my chores were abundant. My
friends enjoyed childhood while I fed her juice.

Summer vacation gave me some reprieve. With my
small cartoon suitcase I went to the beach and I
wished awful things. Then my mom had to leave hearing
news that my grandma had died in her sleep.

Each day I think about my lack of effort to
help my poor grandma with her daunting baggage, but
she’s left behind that suitcase of troubles to be
filled by my guilt and my drive to help others.

Andrey Ostrovsky
Medical Student
Addiction
Sculpture
Brown Stoneware
Mint Creme Glaze

Tara Stewart
PhD candidate
Department of Pharmacology
and Experimental Therapeutics
big cup

it will rain
today.
on my soul?
on my feelings?
the flowers have
all wilted
from the lack
of caring ...
no wind
no sounds.
silence. really?
roads that end,
cannot find their
beginnings.
and now i sit
with an empty cup,
that was picced together.

shattered dreams,
hopes.

stadium drive elementary

i went back
to the brick building
of my construction.

my elementary school.

intimate smells
sights
swelling my thoughts.
my hands touched
the walls,
the large and the small
as i walked familiar
steps
of long ago...

James T.E. Chengelis, MD
Department of Psychiatry
Momentary Waterfalls
Acadia National Park, ME

Tanya Donahou
Medical Student
The Blue Heron

Within the depiction
which is this river,

The Blue Heron is composed.

In the moving world,
like the rock which
is his perch,

He must be the stillness.

He knows that
what he needs, will come.

He must be ready for it.

This morning's rain runs
off the slate of his back.

He understands, somehow.

The rain is the river, and
The river is the fish, and

The fish is himself.

Daniel Thomas Moran

Poet and Clinical Assistant Professor
School of Dental Medicine
Days End
Wellfleet, MA

Winnie Roche
Department of Health Law, Bioethics and Human Rights
School of Public Health
My Blue Window

This morning I looked out my blue window from my bed below; a leafy branch that sways could barely scratch the azure’s endless deep, though I know the other side is blackest space.

The color is so absolutely pure, no wisp of cloud or haze to change the hue. Should I cut off that branch that interrupts my perfect rectangle of startling blue?

I know the world is full of rich detail, that oneness ends when you look through the ‘scope; the cells, the stars, your friends so different are than what you thought; yet there is always hope

when I awake and look up from below and see it light my room, my blue window.

Daniel Simpson, MD
Clinical Instructor, School of Medicine
In From the Cold
Nepal

Jennifer Foth
Public Health Student
Invincible Summer

My invincible summer cannot be covered by frost heavy days
Cannot be shoveled over like snow upon the pavement
My invincible summer sings of warm days and breezy nights
Whispers to me about babbling brooks and gossiping leaves
Reminds me of bumblebees fighting over blooming hollyhocks.

My invincible summer does not forget sweat on skin, in hair, on lips
Swatting flies and scratching bites
It remembers the smell of wet earth, the caress of afternoon wind, the hesitation of dusk.

My invincible summer knows December
The isolating cold, the suffocating darkness and the endless gossamer gray
But it chooses not to pay regard

Instead it imagines the sun against its face, the bird’s tiptoe in its trees, the blinding blue sky in its mind’s eye

Until they arrive.

Kristin Schuller
Editorial Assistant
Department of Endocrinology
Daniel Moran
Poet and Clinical Assistant Professor
School of Dental Medicine
The Lower Depths
Shatila Refugee Camp - Lebanon

Ashish Premkumar
Medical Student
Sun Drenched
Rockport, ME

Mahesh Sadhnani
Dental Student
### Opening Beckett

I am in  
my mother's room.

I shall soon be  
quite dead at last  
in spite of all.

Where now?

Nothing to be done.

---

### little prince

my name?  
who cares?  
do you?

the world  
goes round.  
so fast ...  
it stopped.

i got off,  
it started  
to spin again.

---

i walk  
alone  
down  
the abandoned  
deserted  
path  
all i hear  
is the pounding  
beats  
of my heart,  
alone.

---

1st line: Samuel Beckett, (1955) Molloy  

---

James T.E. Chengelis, MD  
Department of Psychiatry

---

Arranged by Matt Nugent  
Professor of Biochemistry, School of Medicine
Rainfall over Uluru
Australia

Xu Xu
Medical Student
WOUNDED

Flowers,
roses maybe,
dying petals
falling nonetheless
and becoming impaled
upon the jagged thorns.
Winds
wanton and cold,
a song and a familiar voice
amidst the shouting,
flashbacks and memories
amidst the pain.
Love
so many times left unsaid,
befriends unsorted dreams
like wetted leaves in the pond,
sinking
slowly
to
the
bottom.

Steve Persad
Assistant Manager
Facilities Management
Through Prey’s Eyes
Acrylic Painting

Tiffany Ynosencio
Medical Student
Cruising the Lochs
Loch Linnhe, Scotland

Winnnie Roche
Department of Health Law, Bioethics and Human Rights, School of Public Health
Embryonica
Search for the Stem Cells

Bradley Phelan, MD
Pulmonary Fellow
Center for Regenerative Medicine

Wh2011rl