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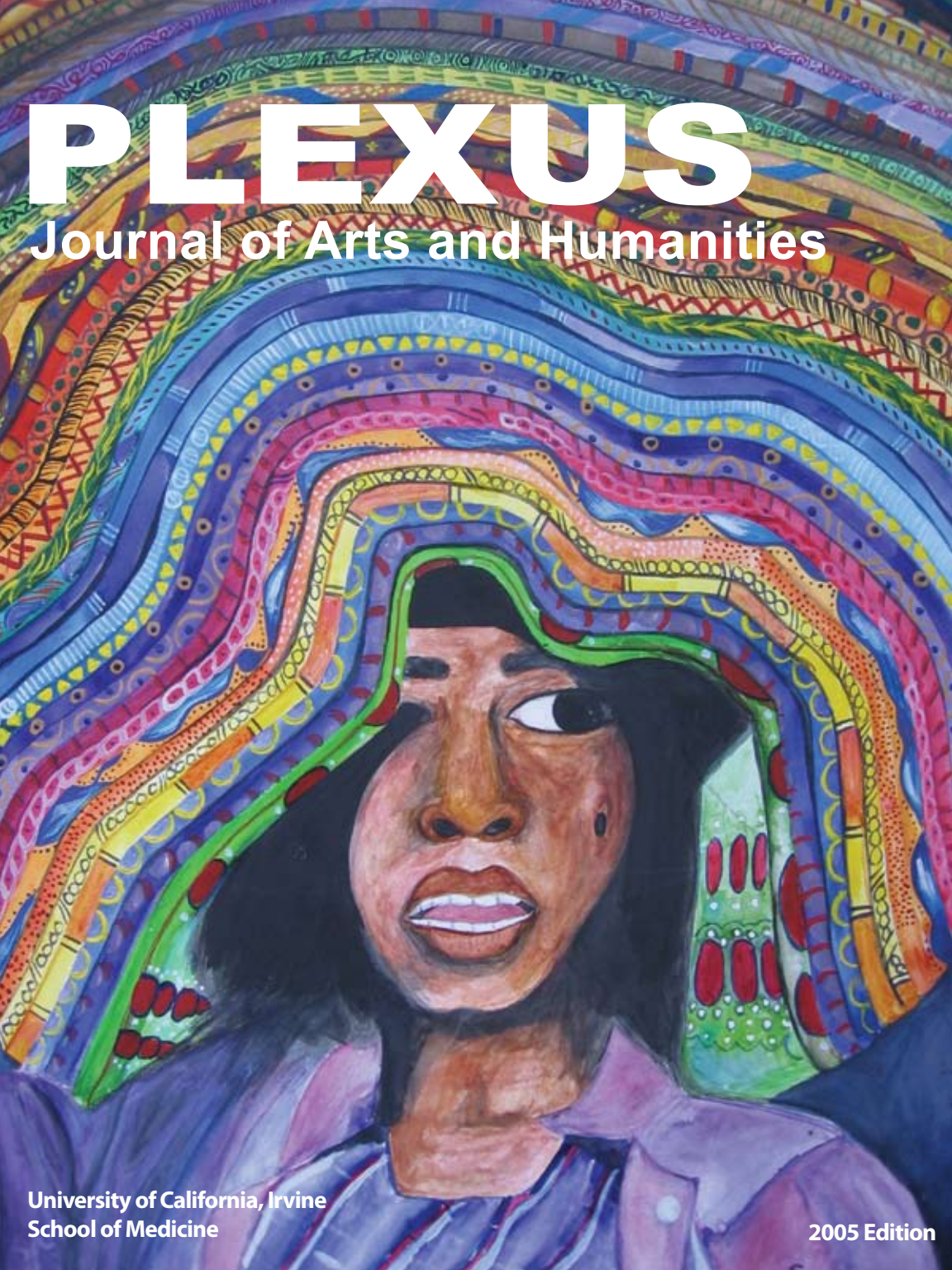
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PLEXUS

Journal of Arts and Humanities



University of California, Irvine
School of Medicine

2005 Edition



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Jose, On Being Diagnosed with Hodgkin's Lymphoma in a Second Language

It doesn't hurt.
It is not "tender."
That's a red word
like beef heart on stiff white paper
or an Elvis song
a low voice on a crackling record

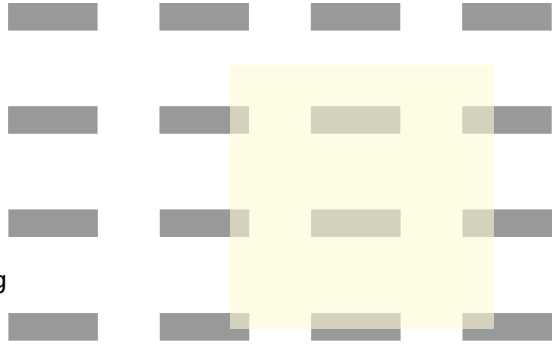
The doctor,
the nurse, tucking me into each exam room,
the medical student with the thick fingertips,
grind the lump against my throat until I'm choking
and look disappointed when I tell them
it doesn't hurt.

My "node"
such a nasal word
the doctor's upper lip stretches when he says it
it's still humming in the bones of my face.
They told me it was "fixed, immobile"
that was the day the knives came out
—to fix it again, I wrote home to tell my family,
so they wouldn't worry

"Chemo" too
sounds strange, Native American almost
like the postcard from New Mexico
of the lacy village, carved in canyon. Sometimes
I believe I am there, in the very early morning
when the frame of the hospital tower goes dark
I can only see those windows of light

But while these ancient fires are still burning,
he is already back, still asking, pressing
my disease into me, "rounding."
Five years of English language classes
but I am less sure of what I am saying
or feeling
each time I have to answer,
it doesn't hurt.

-Meghann Kaiser, Class of 2006



Rooster on Grass. acrylic on glass by
Christine Dang, Class of 2008



Moment of Clarity

I had a moment of clarity
and like a flash it was gone.

Maybe if I'm quiet enough I can hear it again
Shhh...
 my feet beat to the gravel
 my hands move with the sound
and somehow it comes together.

and somehow it could be visceral
yet never have existed.

I lie back
I blow smoke
I think
The stream stops only for serenity
when the wind is silent.

...the flame blew out with the wind
there were ripples in the water.

-Nick Athanasiou, Class of 2006



Untitled #6, photo by
Janet Tsang, Class 2007

Aphasia

I was the intern who said you had

Aphasia

Brought about when the blood stopped feeding your brain.

I see words trying to come out
as though from a doddering typewriter
or grizzily in a tattered yellow gown.

The nurses call you wino
The chart calls you homeless
The attending calls you a blessing
'cause you can't talk back.

If I paroled your words—
what would you say?

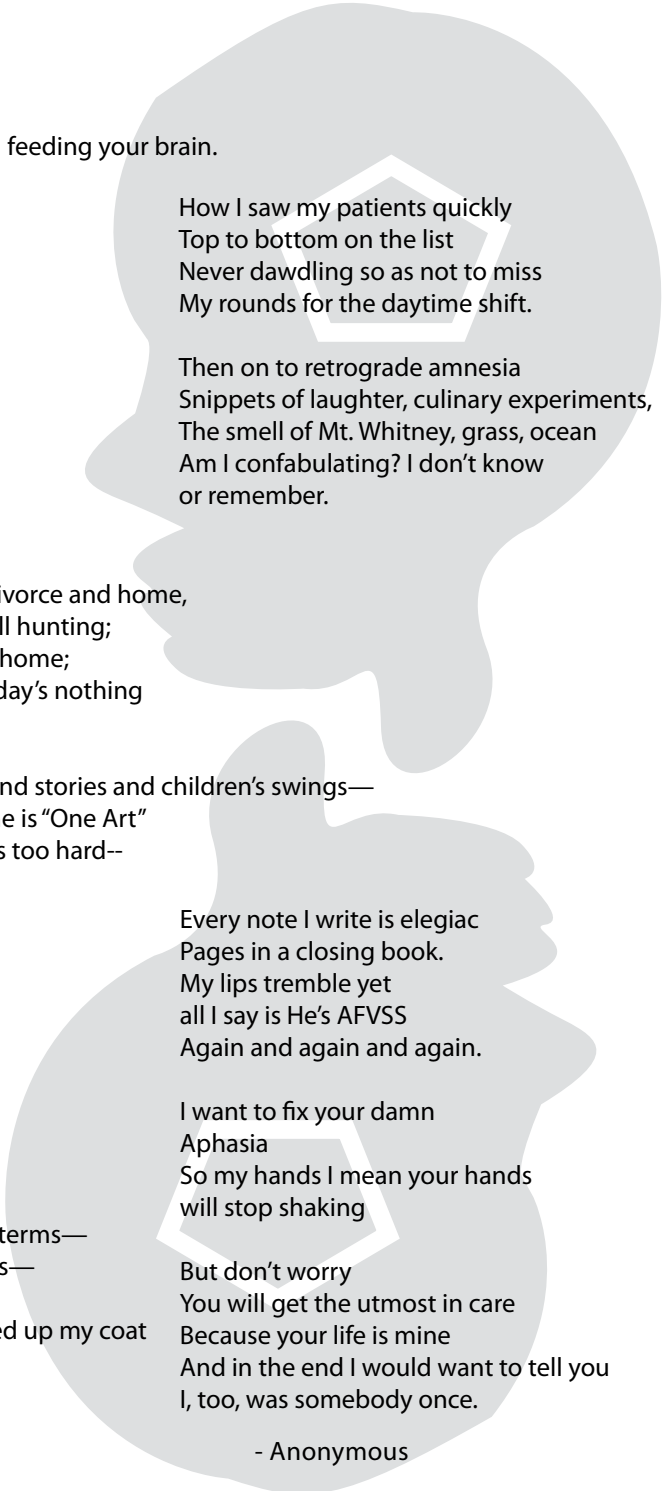
How first went the job, then the affair, divorce and home,
How addiction is nothing but a good will hunting;
How Players on 2nd had been a second home;
How sweet bourbon tastes after a long day's nothing

We would enter into a conversation
About unimportant things, like clouds and stories and children's swings—
And the poem I would tell you—its name is "One Art"
By what's her name? oh, remembering is too hard--
Or perhaps the one I read
at a coffeehouse in the Haight
the night I danced with a stranger
past twenty after late

Without the keys I only watch your eyes
scan the buttons done and pager on,
the trappings of my life.

Sir, what would I tell you
If you could unlock my aphasia?
It would be a jungle of mnemonics and terms—
viruses, penicillins, and other such pearls—

How this morning at the cleaners I picked up my coat
No coffee, lipstick, chocolate bits
just nuclear winter white.



How I saw my patients quickly
Top to bottom on the list
Never dawdling so as not to miss
My rounds for the daytime shift.

Then on to retrograde amnesia
Snippets of laughter, culinary experiments,
The smell of Mt. Whitney, grass, ocean
Am I confabulating? I don't know
or remember.

Every note I write is elegiac
Pages in a closing book.
My lips tremble yet
all I say is He's AFVSS
Again and again and again.

I want to fix your damn
Aphasia
So my hands I mean your hands
will stop shaking

But don't worry
You will get the utmost in care
Because your life is mine
And in the end I would want to tell you
I, too, was somebody once.

- Anonymous



Winter Dissection

The rain rushed over his hands
carving rivers through his wrinkles
His palm ensheathed in a cloud.

This palm of clay
over a clenched scaffold of bones
Black thunder ferried his caresses to the shore.

He, drifting and sinking
leaking salt and water
cried with the clouds to sleep.

He bade us
to sharpen our knives
now we split his slumbering skin.

Around him, odors
and murmurs ferment
Two palms palpate the hush of our breaths.

He bade us
and that ocean of gaping mouths
now we ebb at his scab and wounds.

Now we drink and sail
the collapsed drains of death
where he holds us in a lullaby.

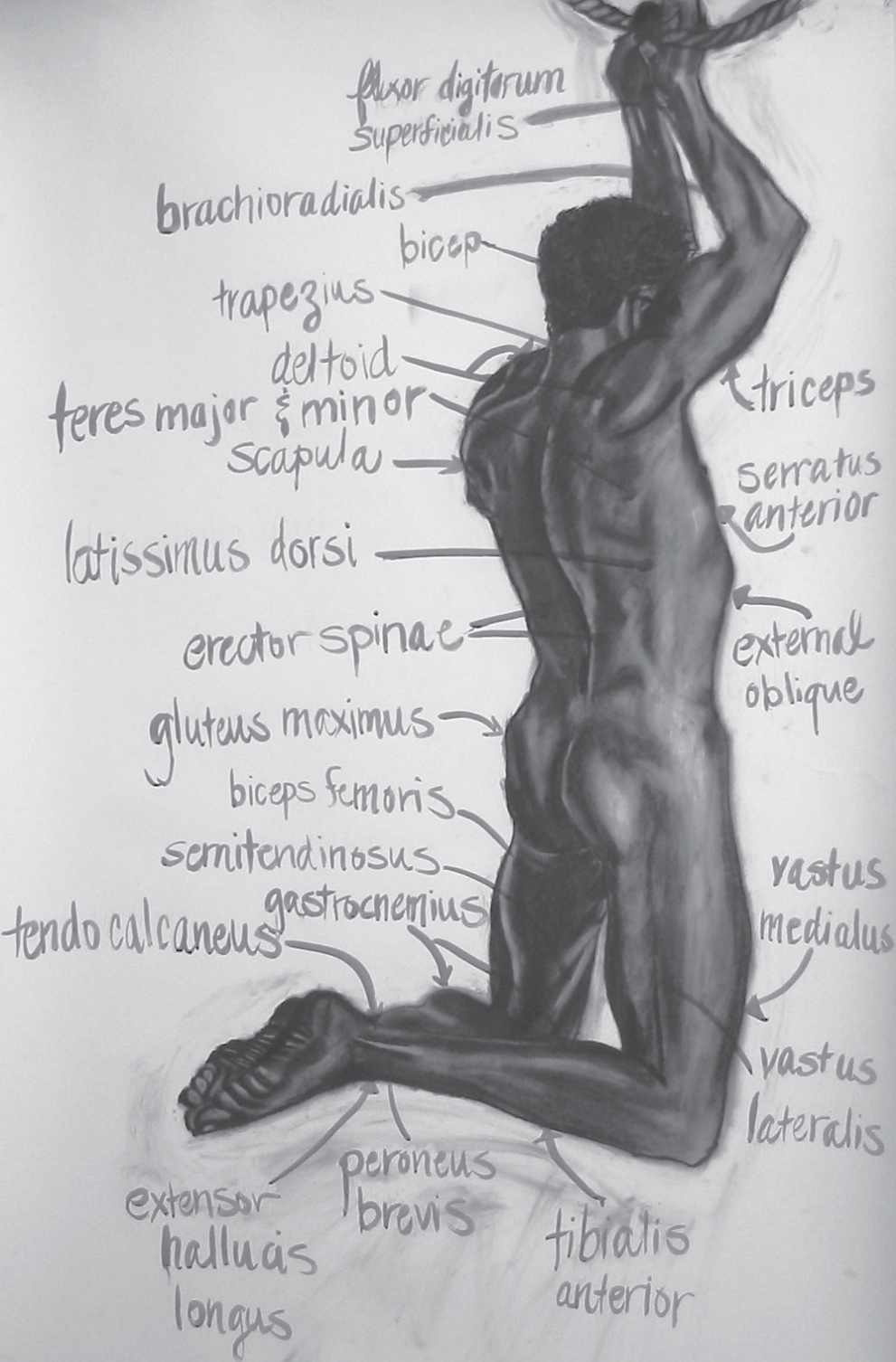
- Sheila Chan, Class of 2008

Mumbai at Dusk, photo by
Michael Brewer, Class of 2006



Prayer Flags, Bhutan,
photo by Bonnie L'Allier
Department of Psychiatry &
Human Behavior





My Short White Coat

5 minutes ago.

Goodbye Short White Coat. Goodbye,
No longer will I feel the shame of wearing you,
Knowing that when they see you, nurse, doctor
and patient see a lowly med student,
You were my plight and the mark of my
embarrassment.

Goodbye Short White Coat,
You were a fashion faux pas from day one, too
short to be warm, too thin to be a sport coat,
Made of cotton that didn't breathe and short-
ened when I washed you,
Fabric that shrank when it absorbed my sweat
and my tears.

Goodbye Short White Coat,
G-d I hate you.
The symbol of my indignity, my insignificance
and shame,

Because I wore you they assigned me learn-
ing issues and presentations and little blurbs
and small topics and five minute talks and 10
minute PowerPoints,
Because of you I waited until 7 when my work
was done at 1,
Because of you I laughed with them when they
laughed at me,

Because of you I made their copies, I trans-
ported their patients; I checked their X-Rays,
looked up their lab results and went to the
cafeteria for them,

Because of you they got mad at me for
studying too much when there was
nothing to do and studying too little when
there was so much to do,

Because of you the patients only remembered
they had 3 types of cancer, 2 types of
diabetes and took 10 medications when the
long white coats asked the same questions I did

Goodbye Short White Coat,
Soon I'll be able to park within walking dis-
tance of the hospital,
Soon I'll get meal vouchers,
Soon I won't pay the university to
work in its hospitals,

Soon I won't need sign-in sheets and won't have
family tree assignments and EBM homework,
Soon I can sign my own SOAP notes, orders
and prescriptions,
Soon a bitter, lonely, angry intern or resident
won't ruin my life with one stupid
sentence in his/her "evaluation" of me, of my
worth, of my being,
Soon their keen insights into the depth of my
soul won't matter as much in determining the
course of my career.

Goodbye Short White Coat,
A longer coat means more respect,
A longer coat means more pockets
and no backpack,
A longer coat means dignity.
More importantly you stupid Short White
Coat, a Long White Coat means I'll be a doctor,
After 2 years of preschool, 9 years of elemen-
tary school, 6 years of high school, 3 years of
community college, 1 year off, 3 years of uni-
versity, 2 years of post-bach, 5 years of medical
school, 4 years of research. . . and a whole lot of
time crying. . . I will finally be a doctor.

So Goodbye and Good Riddance My Short
White Coat.

- Babak Bobby Rostami, Class of 2005

Exposed

Thick lenses
Thinly veil
Burning eyes that watch
His hand brushing your hand
As his had brushed mine
Tracing figure eights
On a flowered and fluttering tablecloth
Blown by warm wind
On an empty hilltop street.

Hands that hold your heart
As his had held mine
Refreshing its tattered caverns gently
In a warm bath
Extracting dark blood
That had stopped cold
For so long.

Stinging eyes watch him cover
Your mottled veined skin with a thin cheesecloth
And remember
Him pulling the sticky linens of this morning
Over my nakedness.

- Sarah Mourra, Class of 2008



Sexuality (Series of 3),
chalk pastel by
C. Gail Ryan,
Class of 2006



Untitled

Halls of white
Eyes are opened
Sweat and blood
A timeless journey
Winter nestings
Emerge as one
Springtime of our life

- Darren Raphael, Class of 2006





Reve, watercolor by
Sarah Mourra, Class of 2008

Anatomy

Your vessels connect organs like traffic highways
Transporting cars from your liver through byways.
Why is my bloodway pumped by energy?
Explained by theories of this-and-that-ology.

Like oil processed in a refinery,
The body refines impurities quickly.
Though blood may slow for traffic or accidents;
Cars coagulate, helicopters circumnavigate
A team that quickly cleans the scene below before
The rest of the interstate ever even knows.

And since so much is riding on your tires
It's buyer beware for the service you hire
No two shops are the same, not even those with the same name
And some repairs cost you more than you paid.

So keep your streets clean for a rainy day.

Because leaves that plug gutters, form piles of clutter
And now you hydroplane on what started only as a puddle.
Crash, shriek, hit, watch out for the tree-
Welcome to ER, line starts there for emergencies.

But don't worry dear driver, there are collateral tracks
And most of these anastomoses will pick up the slack.
Traffic report on radio at five minutes to six
If only our bodies were as easy to fix.

- Nick Athanasiou, Class of 2006

#5

The window cracked to allow for breeze
An ocean rhythm lulled away
The stars in her eyes and sand in her pants
The engine's tempo set the tone
The sea breeze seeping cool and sweet
Stop light red, a rest well placed

Silence, comfortable sweet symphony.

A beat in time, hand entwined
The notes of the night in a perfect score
All was finished
A forte farewell
The clap of the door shouting, "Encore!"

- Ryan Roza, Class of 2008

Endurance, photo by Jerome Kim, Class of 2007



subject: desire for new swim attire
dear mr. aaron harries,

lately, i've been considering switching from my boardshorts at the arc pool to a more aerodynamic piece of swimwear. i feel my breast stroke may improve if the cumbersome fabric of boardshorts is removed from around my knees. i began my speedo shopping online. they all seem fairly standard. so far, the "Speedo Nylon Striped Square Leg" pair is my leading favorite...

but then i was reminded of your swim shorts which i innocently witnessed a number of days ago. they had a casual retro feel, soft colors, and modest cut. i set upon finding them, but have had no luck. i even troubled myself by visiting some local surf shops, but those counter-culturists don't even carry speedos, probably due to social beach stigma. anyway, i figured asking the wearer of the shorts in question "who makes those shorts?" and "where can they be purchased?" a more efficient method of going about my search. i hope they make them in a wide variety of colors so that we avoid the awkward day where we both arrive at the arc pool sporting the same swim attire, like teenage girls clad in the same puffy dress at a high school formal dance. i, of course, would clearly be the imitator with my underdeveloped frame and poor swimming technique.

where might i find those shorts?

sincere swimmer,
- Boback Ziaieian, Class of 2008

Home Away from Home,
photo by Jeff Westin,
Class of 2008





Dark Star

The unimaginable mass in his abdomen
Pushes mercilessly through his back
Passes instantly through the hospital bed
And sinks into the center of the earth
Pinning him in position
—a specimen in a collection
a great recumbent termite queen
a distended and humbled Jabba the Hut

Ballooning
Pregnant like a blister
Without shame or irony
He tells me, “I try to drink a 12-pack a day.”
Do I hide my shock?
An awkward attempt at connection,
Or is it that I’m trying to surprise him
right back in the kisser
By predicting that he no longer gets a buzz
that some people drink like that
just to keep from getting the shakes,
“Yep, and so I won’t hallucinate like I did
last Wednesday.”

In Labor-
ed breathing
We deliver him by
Caesarian invasion
crossing the Rubicon into his homeland
by “tapping his belly”
Cause and Effect
Ascites fluid is clear and golden
The stream shooting in through the
needle
Produces a startlingly nice head
Inside the sterile vacuum bottles

He is polite and grateful
Chatting easily about his
Interesting and lost career
We fastidiously capture his
Disturbingly milky elixir
Easy blame slips away

7 liters later
He breathes easier
While at the same moment
The other person in the room,
His dark star child
Begins to grow again
Inside his belly

- Brian McMichael, Class of 2007



Anxiety, My World on Fire, Enigma (Left, Right, Bottom), paintings by Tracy Slone, Class of 2007



Untitled, photo by Miya Allen, Class of 2007



PJ on the Dock, photo by Zach Koontz, Class of 2007



Abuelita, photo by Viviana Martinez,
Class of 2008

Universal Grandmother

You look beautiful sitting
In the sun with your white hair.
Aged ninety-two, your legs won't even
Help you get out of your chair.

The stroke made certain that
Balance would not be your friend,
Your exercises help, but you just
Can't remember that you are on the mend.

So you get up and you fall
And your hip cracks in two.
After your surgery, what surgery?
You pull out the IV many times, not a few.

The doctors all said call the family,
It won't be much longer.
But you proved them wrong
Beat hospice, grew stronger.

Twenty-four hour care costs a lot
Sixty-thousand to be exact.
Your family all chips in,
But even they are about to crack.

Would you still live
Remembering the pain from yesterday?
Would you still live
Knowing your life's work was slipping away?

- Jason Phillips, Class of 2007

One Day

Awake, it's early morning.
Even the sun is still asleep.
Stumble around in the dark, cat meowing at my feet.

Journey is a hazy drive behind headlights.
The hospital looms before me,
Awake and alert in the now dim morning light.

My little one.

So small even for an infant her age.
Her exhaustion worried me.
Now, her eyes open when I hold her.

Sick, but not truly in danger.
Congenital infection we can treat.
But, the hands of healing halls do not always bring gifts.

Breath sounds...in, out, in, out...
Mental fingers crossed
Velcro *crackle, crackle, crackle*?

No.

She is still safe.

- Lena R. Schultz, Class of 2006



Double-Irish-Chains, quilt by
Christine Dang, Class of 2008



Untitled, sculpture by
Sarah Lopez, Class of 2008



Heart on a Fork

They say don't put your heart on a fork.
Never expose yourself to pain by laying the heart bare.
Don't give it as an offering to someone who doesn't care.

But what if they do share the sentiment?
And you don't trust your emotions enough to move
There is so much more of you to grow and improve.

Is my faith in God's sovereign will strong enough?
Do I trust enough that when the appropriate time is due,
Whoever he is, my beloved will be prepared for me too?

In the meantime, what should I do?
Love with reckless abandon, catch the whirlwinds of bliss.
So what if nothing can come, there is euphoria in this.

It creeps softly, lies dormant and strikes in a vulnerable moment.
Pain wells up from the diaphragm, flashes up the sternum,



Untitled, Mixed media by Long Duong, Class of 2008

Radiates along the ribs, sears the heart and renders me numb.

Turn censorious, lachrymose eyes to yourself in the mirror.
Detesting the dilated veins, scorning the trickling droplets that begin again
Crush the yearnings of that autonomic, blood-glutted organ

Take scalpel in hand, steel yourself for invasive surgery.
Slash open the skin and striated sheets, slip between the ossification.
Tie off the arteries, triumphantly lift the pulsating diversion.

Relinquish your treasure to the master physician.
Watch the fuming liquid nitrogen wash over and glaciare.
Frozen in mid contraction, finally at rest it can sit and wait.

The Surgeon calls.
Come silly one. What do you wait for?
Hold your breath and pass through the door.

- Anonymous



Moraine Lake, Banff National Park Canada,
photo by Jose Ospina PhD, Class of 2005

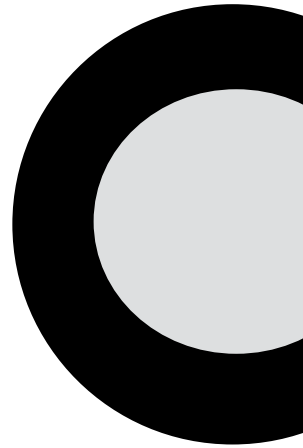


Innocence, photo by Erwin Ong, Class of 2007

Untitled, photo by
Viviana Martinez,
Class of 2008



Oh the Joy of Plastic Surgery,
drawing by Kristy Davis,
Class of 2008



Stream of Consciousness

...I keep searching inside myself for something profound, something that drowns out this boredom of being buried in books about lipofuscin granules and the intricacies of the external anal sphincter for what feels like 37 beautiful Sundays in a row, and “why am I paying 40% more to do this again next year” keeps echoing in my head as I realize that I don’t enjoy studying at all and stress squashes my libido and I almost forget why I’m doing all of this because my memory is so packed with minutia and somewhere in there I’ve lost me.

And then, for no apparent reason, I wonder “whatever happened to Jenny Jane Glee, the girl who had curly hair just like me and who went to the same college as me until one day when she was hit by a speeding car as she crossed a street (just like me)?”

And so I go online to her website to discover what I didn’t want to, to discover that although we had the same accident and the same arterial epidural hematoma and the same curly hair, blood-drenched and shaven off by the same frantic brain surgeons, she is now far more bored than I with only 120 treatments in a hyperbaric oxygen tank and a new wheelchair to entertain her as she sits, contorted and grimacing unknowingly, surviving but not living, ever since she woke from her 11 months of coma.

I cry, am confounded and baffled and don’t know why she ended up like she and I like me. And I want nothing more in the entire world than to help her, to make her whole again, to resurrect her beautiful smile and her nickname “Jolly” and enable her to be, once again, Jenny Jane Glee.

Somehow in those tears, in that passion that yearns to fix just that one shattered soul, I discover in me a doctor to be, a doctor to be who is grateful and fascinated to be studying lipofuscin granules and the intricacies of the external anal sphincter, a doctor to be, who’s once again, me.

- Jeanette Waller, Class of 2007

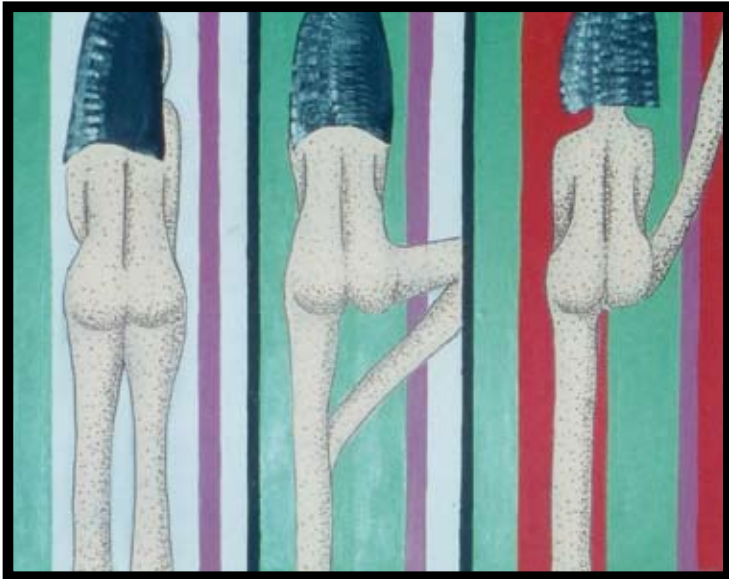




Perry Beauchamps: Environmental Scientist, photo by
Greg Chinn, Class of 2008

Kyrgyzstan, photo by Daniel Chun, Class of 2006





Stretch, acrylic paint and ink
by Mary Wang, Class of 2006

Russian Dolls

As a child, not yet a woman
I loved those Russian dolls-within-dolls
The smooth, colorful, varnished surfaces
of that red-cheeked, flowering babushka
and (as I conceived it) her many daughters
some happy, some pensive
all safely tucked away inside the womb
of their mother.

But the one I liked best
was the last one of all
The littlest daughter
the tiny baby I claimed as my own

Now once again
the magical dolls open up
to reveal their secrets
The scalpel carves neatly through the
superficial flesh
plunges deeper into the abdominal cavity
then penetrates the core of womanhood itself –

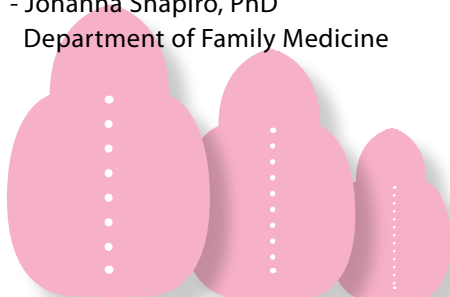
Oh marvelous uterus – home to such beautiful
babies! -

Still pure, still pure these dolls
greeting each opening with a
benignly smiling countenance

The knife keeps twisting
into the innocuous fibroid resting securely
within the uterine wall
finally reaching the heterogeneous mass
Of cells within

The tiniest doll of all
Leers back at the astonished surgeon
With malignant eyes

- Johanna Shapiro, PhD
Department of Family Medicine



CPR For Goldfish

One day I came home to find one of my three goldfish dead on the carpet. I did not know they could jump out of their bowl like that. When I bent over to pick him up for disposal, I noticed a slight movement of one of his gills. Without much thought, I plopped him back in the bowl to see what would happen. He sank to the bottom. “Oh well,” I thought. “I’ll take care of that later.”

When later came, I noticed the other two had raised him to the surface where he gulped a feeble breath of air. Wow, he’s still alive. With fascination I watched as a dance ensued. He would sink, and they would raise him; he would sink, and they would raise him again. Then an amazing thing happened. They began poking him with their snouts—one on each side, sometimes together, sometimes alternately. If he sank, they raised him again to the surface for air. They were relentless in this. It was not a quick process. Slowly it dawned on me they were actually trying to revive him, to keep him alive. It sure looked like some kind of fishy CPR to me. What instinct was behind their actions?

He survived with no apparent ill effects, and years later I still remember this miracle of nature and the feeling of awe and excitement watching it. Being brought back from death is an awesome thing. Only because it was a fish does this seem minimized. But still, it is in the little things that one finds a miracle.

- Martha Jensen, Human Resources,
Department of Surgery



Palace of Fine Arts, SF
photo by
Lisa Ehrensberger,
Class of 2007



My Seahorse (Left) and ***Dragonfly Dreams*** (Right), quilt by Daphne Gallagher, Webmaster, UCI Marketing



Ode To A Dying Bumblebee

Ode to a dying bumblebee, not already dead
The asphalt presents his appropriate bed
For kings die on cushions of satin and such
But dying bees cannot ask for so much

Ode to a dying bumblebee, not already dead
Whose flesh be the fare on which black ants are fed
Whose colors lie dull and strewn on the gray pavement
Robbed of their shine in the gathering gloom

Ode to a dying bumblebee, not already dead
Whose funeral is over and eulogy said
By the acid rain falling upon him, one drop--
To each man his own and each creature his lot.

And in darkening light, the high silver crescent
Bears witness in verse to the mourners not present.
And the irony of any inverse world
Is the white of surrender where black lies unfurled.
Though the soul stands courageous, the lifeblood has fled,
Ode to a dying bumblebee, not too soon dead.

- Meghann Kaiser, Class of 2006



After-Work Sketch #1, ink drawing by
Marianne Ross, PhD

where I belong

I want to go home.
To sampalok air and ube skies.
To walk up chocolate hills
Dark brown earth where my
Lolo formed my past with
Caribou sweat and humid hands.
Amidst familiar tinkling sounds of words
Rolling off tongues fed with
Rice and fish.

To see eagle eating monkeys
Waiting for me in tangled jungles
Where irigots and ocean meet.
To stand drenched in monsoon rain
Cleansing dusty loneliness
Accumulated on my mud brown skin.
I want to come home.
Rinsed free from drudgery
To sampalok air and ube skies.

- Iris Valerio, Class of 2005

Waiting, acrylic on paper by Sheila Chan, Class of 2008





Whitney Waterfall, photo by Michael Habicht, Class of 2008

Lost in the Details

Gly	G	Good
Ala	A	American
Val	V	Veterans
Leu	L	Lie
Iso	I	In
Met	M	Muted
Pro	P	Pain,
Phe	F	For
Trp	W	What?

MS1, immersed in the morass of the micro,
Making memorization mnemonics for biochem building blocks.
Form dictates function, a principal protein postulate—but only?
Unveiled is the seamless and inseparable continuum with the
macro.

Parker Duncan, MS1,
Veteran, Persian Gulf War, 1991;
Brother of Veterans, Persian Gulf War, 1991;
Iran-Contra 'Involvement', 1984;
Son and Nephew of Veterans, Vietnam War;
Grandson of Veteran, WWII.



Untitled, photo by Vinh Nguyen, Class of 2005

Pride

In the murky mist
of primordial soup
an egg divides.

Secretly
in the shield of darkness
we dare not whisper
lest we put a curse on this being,
this future
who has hardly implanted.

Our words might dislodge
hopes in despair
without trying.
So it is our secret,
now that we know,
that also grows inside.

Plans will change
secrets
will expand until bursting
and the truth will be born
blinking
and afraid
into a world of toothless yawns
and gasping for breath.

This secret has a soul.
And an entitlement,
a birthright.

Plans have changed.

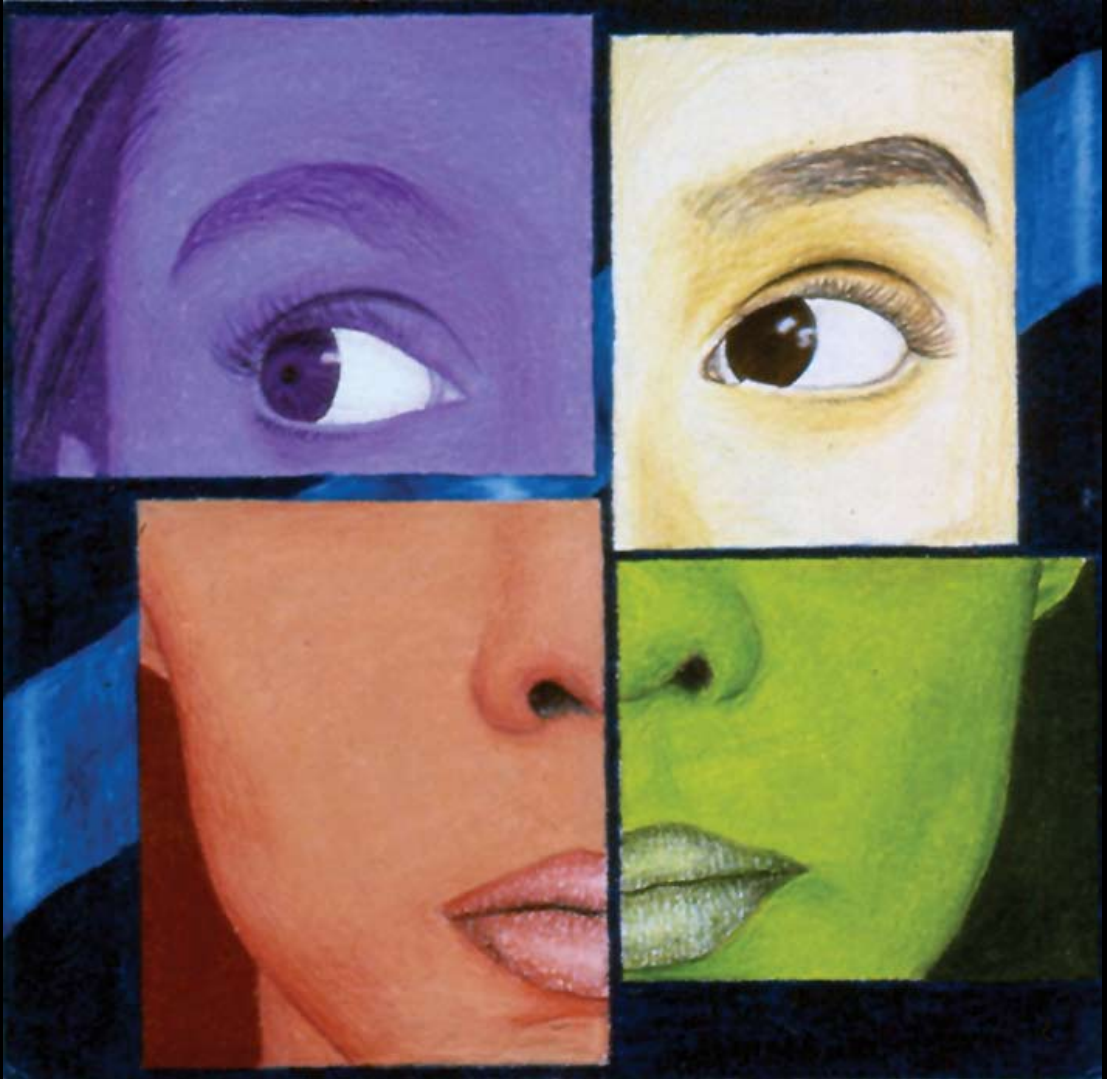
Prejudice

Bloody ribbon
made of wire
does not flap in the wind
cannot tie around the old oak tree.

Pools of blood
of pain of the past
that should never again be realized
in these days
of sterile technique
and compassionate medicine
and choice.

Life for life
and death for love
the moral battle
is never won
without prisoners
without sides razor sharp.
Sharp as needles.
Sharp as glass.

And with your laws
you try to regulate.
What is mine,
not yours.
Religion
and justice
intertwined
like a two-headed beast.



Untitled, Drawing by Glen Moore, Class of 2006

Waiting

The bad news is
You might have ovarian cancer
The good news is
You might not
Wait two weeks
We'll do surgery
To find out.

You scream, you rage
You revise your will
But you wait two weeks
Which seem like two years
Then surgeons split you
Down the middle
Peel you apart with retractors
Plunge in, snip and cut

You scream, you rage
It hurts like hell
Morphine gives you a headache
And makes you nauseous
But at least you'll know
Or not

The first pathology report
Is pretty positive
We think you have a
Leiomyosarcoma
(are you kidding?)
Is that a real medical name?
It sounds like a bad
Country and western song)
Which hardly ever comes back
And which we can't really do much about
anyway
So – you might as well forget about it.
But you'll have to wait a week
Till we know for sure.

Being a good patient,
You forget about it for a week
You have the occasional nightmare
And the less-occasional panic attack
(What if it's not country & western?)
but you wait

Then they call you with the real path report
Oops! It's not lie – oh-my-oh
(Although it was a kind of lie)
Instead, we think you have
Endometrial stromal sarcoma
(this one doesn't even sound fun)
only it could be either the high-grade
which kills almost everybody in
about two years
or the low-grade, where you have
a fighting chance
to stick around awhile longer
we have to consult with a superlab
so you'll have to wait two more weeks

You rant, you rave, you sob,
You are a crazy person
When the two weeks are up
They're pretty sure it's the good kind of
Bad kind
And they wish they'd known that
When they did the surgery
Because they would've done
A different kind of operation
But it probably won't affect
"your outcome" anyway.

So now you know.
There is nothing more to wait for.

When they pass out these diagnoses
They should pass out the xanax and
The prozac as well
They should give you the number
Of a suicide hotline
They should schedule you for therapy
Five days a week
They should look at your face,
Look in your eyes
And say, this is going to be really, really
tough
They should give you a hug
They should say,
Call me if you need to cry.

- Johanna Shapiro, PhD
Department of Family Medicine



Saharan Stripes, drawing by
Anita Rowhani, Class of 2006



Freedom Compound: Chilanga, Zambia, photo by Megan Stephenson, Class of 2008

Switches

It's dark inside
Just in my head?
In my room, the building?
Or has the world
lost sunshine altogether?

Switch

Now I see light
But where the does light end
and Darkness begin?

We laugh together today
We walk, talk, hold hands
We love and cherish.

And then there is
Tomorrow
How to know
What tomorrow will bring

Turn

Perhaps an enemy who was
the friend
To despise, hate and
Obliterate
A country with the push of a
button
A friend with the trigger of
a gun
Or a glance from the corner
of your eye

Before the baby
There is no one
A seed, a hope
perhaps

Birth
and the world is here

Flip a coin-
Black or White
Male or Female
Victim or Aggressor

Right or wrong?

To me
or to you?
Everything changes
Depending on your view

Through a microscope
Or a telescope
Or 20/20 human eyes

Are these just the evils of
time and space
Or our own deficiencies

To
Stop
To think and to feel
Before the switch is made to

Real

Or is it Real only to you?

- Roya Saisan, Class of 2007



I See, pastel on cardboard by Emile Chang, Class of 2008

Nameless Faces Not Soon Forgotten

Scientists had for generations wondered and dissected
Shakespeare told of Yorick, whom Hamlet had lamented.

Upon another skull, did he ponder, who might this be?
Today in lab I study and wonder, could this soon be me?

Learning from the dead, to give life, quite a contradiction
And soon we shall gather to give the final benediction.

We knew neither their names, nor from where they came
Only that after everything, we are grateful all the same.

- Michael Paikal, Class of 2007



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