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Permalink

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Publication Date

2007-04-01

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PLEXUS

Journal of Arts and Humanities



Good Day, Bad Day, photo
Shari Rosenberg Atilano, Ophthalmology

Front Cover:
Montmartre Stroll, oil on canvas
Betty Wong, Pediatrics

Back Cover:
A Swirl of Color, Xian, China, photo
Patricia Lenahan, LCSW
Family Medicine

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The PLEXUS staff wishes to recognize the hard work and support of the following individuals:
Ellena Peterson, PhD, Gayle Pierce,
Linda Hill, Carroll Rudy,
& Dale Fukuda
from Printing Division.

The Senior Editors also wish to thank Sarah Mourra and Boback Ziaieian for their endless guidance and encouragement.

PLEXUS

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Scientist and Doctor

I gather my instruments. I snap on my gloves.
I apply my personal protective gear, first my coat and then my safety goggles.
I enter my identification code.
Access to the facility is granted.

I file into the laboratory with my colleagues.
I take note of the chemicals, reagents, and wash basins that line the walls.
The smell of formaldehyde and phenol fills my nostrils.
The specimen has been prepared on the laboratory table.

I obtain a fresh blade for my scalpel.
I position myself for the primary incision along the thorax.
A wave of excitement swells over me.
A true scientist I am, ready for the day's work in the lab.

But then—
I stop.
I hesitate.

She lies peacefully on her pillow, blanketed by the royal blue canvass ensheathing her.
Her arms neatly tucked at her side, her nails polished with a glossy pink.
Her legs are outstretched, her feet facing towards the east.
She rests calmly in her bed.

She invites anyone to explore her soul and know who she was.
A mother, a wife, a daughter, a friend.
She lies ready to pass on knowledge about science and about life.
She lies at the bridge between science and humanity.

I adjust the grasp on my scalpel and wield it with poise.
I no longer hesitate. I feel at ease.
Silently, I express my gratitude to her. I thank her for allowing me to take part in her life.
No longer just a scientist am I,
But now becoming a true doctor.

Neal K. Kaushal, Class of 2010

Opposite Page:

The Street, oil pastel on paper
Tracy Slone, Class of 2007

Men in White

I no longer stop to gawk at the alien the moment I walk in the room. Not that it's not there-or that I don't see it anymore-it's just that I'm starting to overcome the compulsion to stand paralyzed like a deer in the headlights, or worse yet, run screaming from the room. Oh, it's still there alright. But, I think I'm learning to let it live its life, and I'll live mine.

When you apply for med school, you don't know you're signing up for the mortal CIA. Then, somewhere in the catacombs of your years there, you learn the secrets of this world and the next. It's not as though anyone ever sits you down and spells it out. But you see the fleeting shadows as you walk down a hospital hall at midnight. Doors close on their own. Lights flicker off by themselves. A patient dies for no good reason, while the family prays, doctors pound on his chest and antibiotics drip above. You begin to feel the eyes of a stranger watching you, and with time you start to suspect. Then one day, you're reading a CT, a smoker for 30 years, and you hear the faintest rustle from the corner. You turn, and there he is, the alien. You're not surprised-after all this time you had figured something fishy was going on-but somehow, the patient doesn't recognize him, doesn't know him, doesn't even know he exists. What are you supposed to do? Introduce them? "Mr. Jones, you have lung cancer. It's probably not resectable: most lung cancers aren't. We can give you chemo, but frankly, it will make you sick as a dog and only slightly delay the opportunity to drown in your own blood and mucus." There used to be a part of me that believed knowledge was power, that if there was an alien in the room, people would want to know.

But people don't. We all understand the concept of aliens, but most of us think it's baloney. It's foreign. Some will think you're nuts if you come up with something so preposterous. An alien indeed! "What about modern science? What about my sister's neighbor's mechanic? He had lung cancer and now he's just fine and para-sails on the

Evolution, photo series
Eric Silman, Class of 2008



weekends. I want a second opinion!" On the other hand, some folks will believe you and leave your office overcome with panic, unable to live the remainder of their lives knowing an alien has breached the borders of their home and hope. "I give up, Doc. I just want to go. I don't want to die like that. I don't want my kids to see me like that." So what do you do? You do what every doctor has done before you. You look past the alien, you walk around him, you pretend to the populace at large that there is no such thing as aliens even though you know better. You offer radiation, and ocean scenes on your waiting room wall. But you don't book appointments too far in advance. And you suggest they spend Thanksgiving with their grandkids instead of Christmas this year. "It will be a nice change, and the leaves are so pretty in the fall." So you sit beside them, squeezing their hand, until one day, the alien steps out of the shadows, and you cannot act surprised, but you tell them, your heart sinking, that you've seen aliens before, and you know. And maybe you find out that they know as well-- that everyone believes in aliens a little bit, that everyone suspects, but that they choose to pretend those doors had stayed open, and those lights, always on, always bright.

Last winter, an old friend's daughter was diagnosed with inflammatory breast cancer. "But," she offered hesitantly, "They don't have to operate. They said they would just try chemotherapy." They don't have to operate? They won't operate, because they can't operate. It would do no good. And there we were sitting on her flowered couch, coffee cups in our hands, an alien between us. "The doctors say she's doing well on the treatments. She's even taking some time off to come down and visit next month." A lamp overhead dimmed.

"Well, the two of you should enjoy that time," I replied, as I stood and opened the front door to a flood of full sun, full light, and full life.

Meghann Kaiser, MD
Resident, General Surgery





Bride, oil on canvas
Neera Sodhi, Class of 2010

God is a child

God is a child, angry,
stomping his feet, screaming
irresponsible and looking for attention,
wrinkling up his nose, smiling.

Caressing you without purpose
the slap comes forcefully,
child-like, a selfish teenager,
and nothing more.

God is a child
pretending to be what He is not
pretending be with you
when He is nowhere.

God is a child
alone and afraid.
In the dark where once there was nothing,
where nothing exists but delusion,
momentary, a grasping, the child is gone.

Henri Colt, MD
Pulmonary and Critical Care Medicine



Untitled, acrylic on canvas
Katie Homann, Class of 2010

The Lamp

I bring forth the lamp
To show you the way
The lamp to shine a light
For your path
So you may journey the way
To the heart and soul of your truth
The truth for which you search
To lead you to your inner spirit
The inner spirit you have long searched
For the answers to open your heart and soul
To the divine right for true
Happiness and inner peace
The lamp will glow freely on your journey
Once you reach the truth of your inner spirit

Susann Kuzma-Rios, RN
Perioperative Services



Woman in Profile, acrylic on canvas
Douglas Skarecky, Urology



Canna, oil on canvas
Neera Sodhi, Class of 2010



Clarity, photo
Shaun Chung, Class of 2010

The Joy of Motherhood, photo
Michael Habicht, Class of 2008



Flight

The breeze shifted an hour ago
breaking the hot, hairy back of the day
and along with the breeze came
peace
and relief from the dripping shackles
of a muggy jailor.

Hundreds of black lines
converged across the sky
flapping against the background
of white and blue.

Their vortex pulled Earth closer
in amazement of their numbers
wondering where they all came from
and why they picked this
exact moment
to take flight.

Sarah Blaschko, Class of 2007



**Citroën Nummer 1620. Amsterdam, NE. [De Meest
Prettiest Auto in Holland (Dutch), Primeval Press.], photo
Reuben Paul, Class of 2009**

**Inle Fisherman, photo
Andrew Eads, Class of 2010**





Unknown Whispers: A tale told through the eyes of a cadaver

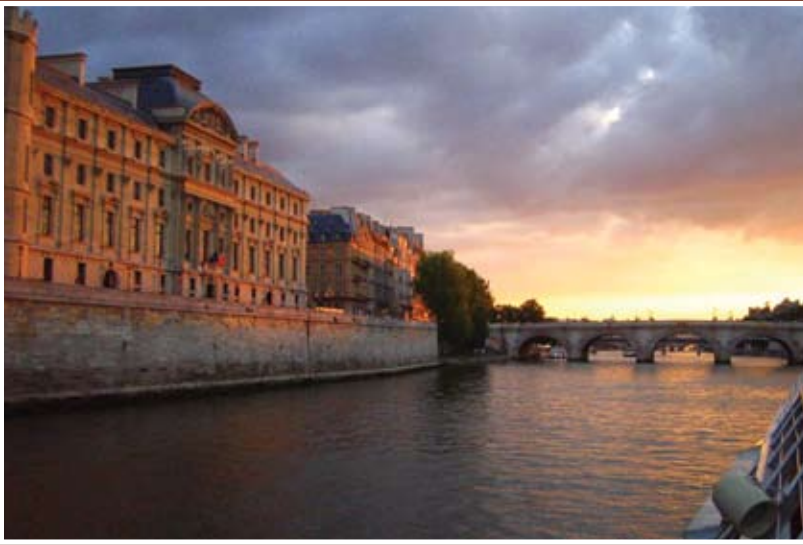
From out of the darkness
The light crashes through
Suddenly erupting in a brilliant hue
Oh how the brightness illuminates my eyes
Wandering through each arm, leg, and thigh
I wonder what each day will bring
The clock always churning ahead,
Never ceasing
Never knowing the thoughts of those around
And contemplating the meaning
Of every sound
The day drags on filled with emotion
Laughter, frustration, thoughtfulness,
Dedication
On a path littered with complications
The shadows move from side to side
Sometimes looking towards their guide
To show them how to work majestically
Towards a goal so fragile and precarious
I see the white walls surrounding me
Everybody milling around the tables
What are their thoughts?
How do they continue?
Am I all alone looking at the endless snow?
The steel is moving in every direction
Even though there is some contradiction
Where is this, and that, and those other things
How will they find the answers?
The clock keeps ticking, endlessly
Even though I am always still
Each minute passes with a bitter chill

Eye in the Sky, photo series
Josh Waltzman, Class of 2008

I long for the days in the sun
Watching the golden rays drench the world
Tall trees swaying under an endless sky
With fresh breezes surrounding my skin
But now I am constrained
Trapped within this skin
That becomes number with each second
There are faces that dance around my eyes
Their mouths are so close
But the words seem so distant
All sounds appear as a continuous whisper
With no meaning, no purpose, and no intent
I lie there listening so carefully
Trying to distinguish their contemplations
Desperate to understand my fate

But all hope is lost
The whispers begin to fade in the background
And the sound of a waterfall
Emanates from afar
All the words are gone
And only harsh noises remain
My only companion is the white light
Surrounding every surface
It illuminates my world
And keeps me company
I try to think about what will come
More steel, more whispers, more water?
Yet my mind races around the single thought
What happens when the light goes away?

Ryan Wright, Class of 2009



On the Seine, photo
Vicky Millay, Class of 2009

Greek Shoe Salesman, photo
Shilpa Gattu, Class of 2009



Bed 28

Morning finds you
on the one leg we allotted
Father's face in the mirror
clumps of hair covering pillows

"I got ten years"
You crow

Once, in a wartime Jungle
sleeping on the brim of a placid Lake
Oily black waters crept and carried
your mattress to the River

A bright bloated Moon watched
you floating, asleep,
Clasping
the gun to your chest

Silent bullets
passed over you
Carrion birds
you never saw then.

Sarah Mourra, Class of 2008



Out the Barn Doors in a Moment's Notice,
sepia photo
Justin Kuhns, Emergency Department

Sunset Over the Amazon River, photo
Nate DeNicola, Alumnus, Class of 2006



Schoolteacher

My name is Trevor Nguyen.
Sometime in the seventh month of the year 1948, I was born.

I couldn't do what I wanted to do.
Growing up in poor family, I had to work hard to help my family.

*I always wanted to be a schoolteacher.
But stopping school after second grade, I didn't know how I could fulfill my dream.*

I worked morning until night in the paddy marshes.
Preparing the rice fields, I was on my feet day after day.

I could still feel the water sloshing around.
Several years later, I finally was able to buy a water buffalo.

*I always wanted to be a schoolteacher.
But stopping school after second grade, I didn't know how I could fulfill my dream.*

I lived in the same village just south of Saigon for most my life.
With my wife, I had three sons and two daughters.

My second daughter then married an American.
When I was getting old, she sponsored me to join her in Westminster.

*I always wanted to be a schoolteacher.
But stopping school after second grade, I didn't know how I could fulfill my dream.*

I always believed that America was the land of opportunity.
Moving to this place, I thought I could pursue my dreams.

Trafalgar, sepia photo
Eric Chen, Class of 2007



I wanted to learn English too.
As an old man, I found it quite difficult to learn.

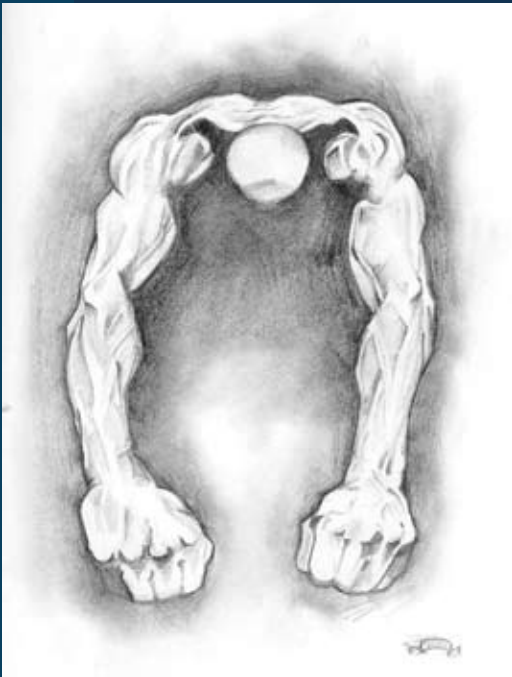
*I always wanted to be a schoolteacher.
But stopping school after second grade, I didn't know how I could fulfill my dream.*

I then got a heart attack.
After my death, my body was embalmed.

I did not want to be cremated.
As I had requested, I was brought to the local university.

*I always wanted to be a schoolteacher.
Stopping school after second grade, I finally taught a class in the anatomy lab.*

Timothy Minh, Class of 2010



Hypertrophy, pencil on paper
Pooya Javidan, Class of 2009

Connections, ink on paper
Jaquan Horton, PhD Candidate



My Dying Patient

Today was awful
Just terrible and horribly bad
How can only a single day
Make me feel ever so sad?

Today I wore bright pink socks
In hopes of bringing some faint cheer to my day
But after a day like today
I just feel like running away

I want to run away from my dying patient
The one whose pain I cannot take away
How can this not become personal
When my patient looks so much like "she" did,
So close to her final day

Open Seas, photo
Edan Wernik, Class of 2007



My patient has malignant melanoma
Her chance of survival is slim to none
That is what makes my day so awful
Leaving me wishing it all were done

I want to just hold her hand
Tell her everything will be alright
But I know it would be a lie
Especially when I know she will lie there
Alone all night

Do you ever wonder?
Wonder about what thoughts
Run through their head
Alone as they lie there
Sometimes I wish it were me instead

I do not wish to become ill
But I wish for some quiet time
Some time to allow my mind to process
That which makes me try to rhyme

So much pain is seen within these walls
So much despair that refuses to fade away
Sometimes I find it difficult
To want to be here the next day

We are supposed to be like robots
Not allowed to feel or become involved
To admit we have emotion
Is seen as a problem we cannot solve

But I do have emotion
I can empathize with many families' pain
For I have lost someone dear to me
And I think it is this that keeps me sane

We need to teach each other
That it is okay to feel
For I believe it is this
That truly allows us to help heal

Priya Sonik, Class of 2007

Subtlety

Mentally subtract
the taste of honey
spooned swirls of liquid
across the tongue.

What lies beneath
in steeping watery gold
is much more subtle
and yet
still sweet.

The spoon daintily laughs
brushed against the cup.

Rosehips perhaps
or maybe
jasmine.

Sarah Blaschko, Class of 2007



Mate de Coca, Cuzco, Peru, photo
Shari Rosenberg Atilano, Ophthalmology

Septimus, acrylic on photograph
Sarah Mourra, Class of 2008





Serenity, photo
Marina Planoutene, Hematology & Oncology



America, photo
Benjamin Howard, Class of 2009

Entamoeba Histolytica

Transmission is oral-fecal,
Oh so dirty and sexual.

Asymptomatic carriers,
Beware their derrieres.

Penetrating portal blood circulation,
Causing hepatic abscess formation.

Treatment is Metronidazole,
And don't drink alcohol.

Dave Miller, Class of 2009



Jagged Life, photo
Ryan Roza, Class of 2008

Untitled

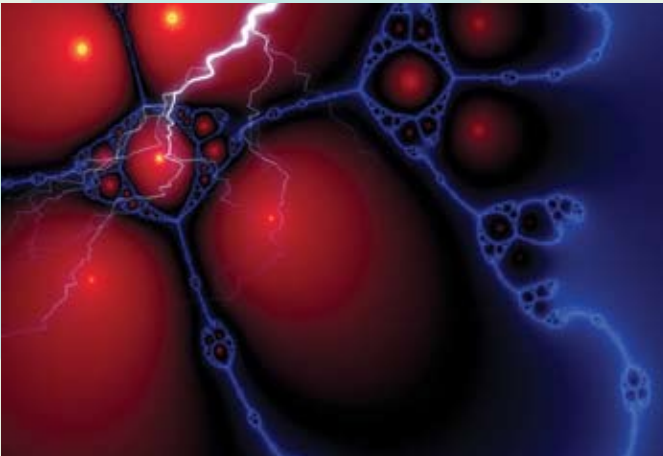
There had been a time that he cared.
heart weeping with openness unfounded
in days where the world shone bright.
these hands had always seemed too big for him.
it was not as though he belonged to himself but
had become someone else, someone who
he had nothing to lose.
it was the look in their eyes.
they were not human. or he was not human.
sometimes it was painful just to touch them.
i am not alone. i am not alone.
he said.
And the world just walked on by.

Caren Armstrong, MD/PhD Candidate



**View Nº 0420. Big Creek Baños. Big Creek Reserve, CA.
[S**t-Taking Views from around the World, Primeval Press.],**

photo
Reuben Paul, Class of 2009



Illumination, digital image
Trung Thai, MD, Psychiatry

Despair

The wheelchair sat empty
A paper fluttering on its seat
Was it mocking me?
Or was it beckoning me?

I stood transfixed
Taking in my surroundings
In unfamiliar territory once again
What happened here?

Why am I here?
Among the fetid smells
Among the human debris
Seeing the empty wheelchair

It must have been so very difficult
To crawl up on those railroad tracks
Determinedly dragging a crippled body
Onto the center of the railroad tracks

I hear the engineer say
This is number sixteen for me
Commuters walked aimlessly down the aisles
They would be arriving home
Much later than planned

The police officers walked along
The quarter mile of tracks
Identifying body parts as they went
While I stood helplessly
At the side of the track
Staring at a forearm disconnected
From the torso

I thought about the note
And the woman who wrote it
I thought about how we all must have failed
I thought about what desperation
Or courage it took
To crawl out of the wheelchair
And onto the tracks



Rendition of Hale Woodruff's "Girls Skipping",
collage of torn magazine strips
Julie Hui, Class of 2010

How often do we avert our eyes?
How often do we fail to see the pain?
Because we are too busy
Or don't want to know?
Does our apathy contribute to this end?

I wonder as I walk along the tracks
With the officers
I wonder as I get back into the police cruiser
I wonder when I get home
And sit silently for hours
I wonder every time
I cross those railroad tracks.

Patricia Lenahan, LCSW
Family Medicine

Dayenu*

suspended between
last night's dissipated threat
of a Santa Ana
and a rainstorm that will
ride north of us on the jet stream
the mid-December sky is
immobilized stock-still and transparent
a "you-can-see-Catalina" day
with Saddleback Mountain
a prodigious clarity
15 miles to the northeast

I glance at a blur in my peripheral vision,
something's not right with that hawk

it is too close for its speed;
too fast for its distance
it is too big
it is no hawk

but the first golden eagle
I have ever seen
free, on-the-wing
colossal

it is altogether at ease
shaving off thin layers of sky
as it plies gravity
at nuanced angles of attack
it tips, turns and slides away
at effortless velocity
nearly out of sight
in a few heart beats
soaring upwards on a thermal
earning its name
as sunlight perfuses its plumage

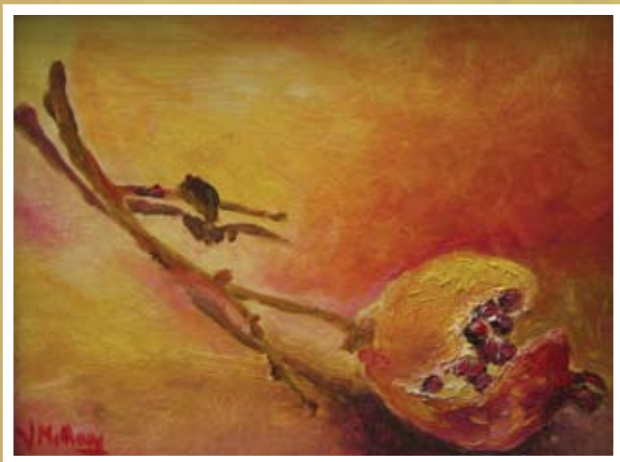
my eyes follow
as it wheels across the sky
to join the unnoticed
second, third and fourth eagle
at once there are
two pairs of golden eagles
gyring in my view
steering a smooth, luxurious
course south

** Dayenu, Hebrew for "it would have been enough";
title of a popular traditional children's Passover song
that recounts the multiplicity of signs and miracles in
the Exodus story.*

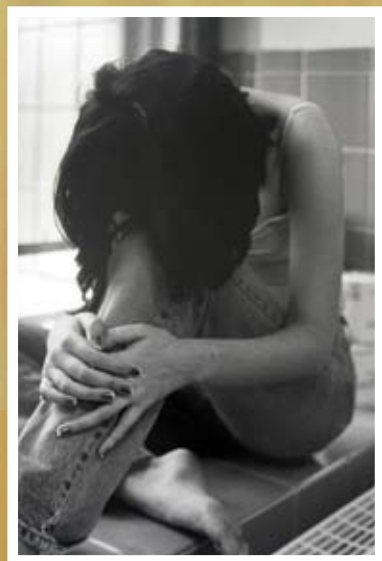
Brian McMichael, Class of 2007

Lamu, Kenya, photo
Jamie "Akiva" Kahn, Class of 2009





Pomegranate Dreams, oil on cardboard
Vicky Millay, Class of 2009



Girl in Bathroom, photo
Jamie "Akiva" Kahn, Class of 2009

Extended Metaphor

"Residency,"
my attending tells me,
"is like running a marathon."

(...through the Sahara...

...wearing stilettos...

...and a fat suit...

...while giving birth...

...to triplets.)

Meghann Kaiser, MD, Resident, General Surgery



Harsh Fate, photo
Trung Thai, MD, Psychiatry



Violin, acrylic on canvas
Sheila Chan, Class of 2008



Girl Lost in Thought, pencil on paper
Julie Hui, Class of 2010

Cherry Delight, oil on canvas
Alicia Sheen, Class of 2010



Demented Patient

My roommate
on the orthopedic ward
Is about 80
Yesterday she fell and broke her hip
while she was doing the laundry
She reached too far for the detergent
And down she went

The next day
after she returns from surgery
she has what the nurse informs me
is post-anesthesia dementia
Basically, she knows who she is
but she can't understand what happened
to her

She can chat perfectly lucidly
about her children
(one here, one in Oregon)
her eight grandchildren
(they are really something else)
and her dogs
(a black lab, a German shepherd, and
a stubborn dachshund)

But she can't understand what happened
to her
She can't grasp that she's in a hospital
When dinner is delivered
she acknowledges it is pretty good
but then insists she'll go to the refrigerator
and make something better
I persuade her we should just eat up

She pulls out her IV repeatedly
and tries to get up to go to the bathroom
She is very worried about not making it
to choir practice tomorrow
and wonders how her children
will find her

Periodically, in the middle of one of our
amicable conversations
she will suddenly blurt out
"But what happened to me?"
At first I try to explain about the laundry
and the detergent
but then I fall silent
How can I answer that question?

Periodically she cries out
"I'm not supposed to be here"
and "What am I doing here?"
"There's been some mistake"

The nurse explains she is demented
and moves her closer to the nurses' station
But secretly I don't think she's demented at all
I feel just the same way
and I'm asking just the same questions
Only I can't say them out loud

Johanna Shapiro, PhD
Family Medicine



Tanneries, photo
Boback Ziaieian, Class of 2008



Sunflower, photo
Tanni Thai, Accounting



Bach Cantata

Maybe it was because a Bach cantata
was playing in the background

I am on the pre-op surgical floor
stashed away in a curtained cubicle
awaiting my turn in the morning's surgical line-up

The cubicle next to mine
is full

The same people are in it
a husband caregiver
and a wife
awaiting her turn in the morning's surgical line-up

The curtain divider
is only a thin piece of cloth
(it has yellow butterflies and green dragonflies
on a blue background)
and I can hear them chatting indistinctly
a funny story about one of the grandkids
(we are telling those too)
a whispered endearment.
They seem nice.

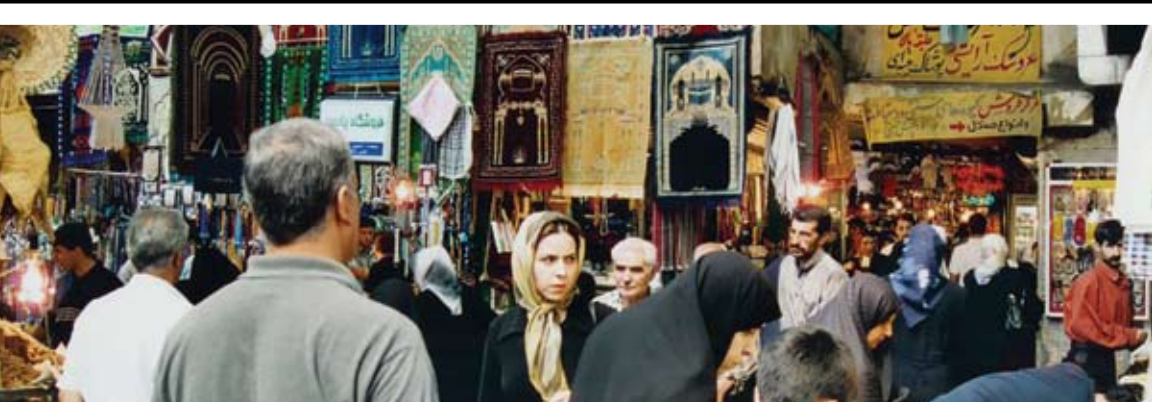
His wife is called first
I see her wheeled past
supine on the gurney
her hands folded across her chest
maybe in prayer
maybe to prevent
her elbows getting scraped
as the team navigates the narrow corridors

For a moment suspended in time
there is nothing more
Then I see her husband
walk past my cubicle
He is alone
I am alone
(my husband is looking for coffee)

He hesitates, then makes eye contact
and smiles at me
Our eyes are full
He doesn't stop, but continues to follow
his wife
wherever her new path will lead
I am heartbroken
Maybe it was the Bach cantata

Tajrish, Bazaar, photo
Pooya Javidan, Class of 2009

Johanna Shapiro, PhD
Family Medicine





Bryant Park, photo
Randall Fan, Class of 2007



Men in Dhotis, photo
Shireena Desai, Class of 2009

You Say God

You say God
with a little g,
With a twisting upturn of your lip,
With a bitter pebble in your throat,
(too small to cough out,
Too large to swallow)
Snagging each syllable,
the virus you insist
You never caught.

I can't find the moment
I lost the words
To explain
The touch of a porcelain
Soft, blue-veined hand
On a seventh-grader's sweating, fevered forehead
In a hospital
Built on brittle flowers and wilted balloons.

I don't remember how
I forgot the words
To explain
The way my breath catches
In the back of my throat
When I realize that you are nothing
But flesh.

Sarah Mourra, Class of 2008



Roses, oil on canvas
Mariam Naqvi, Class of 2009

Mt. Livingston,
watercolor on paper
Katie Homann, Class of 2010



Poised Pose, photo
Janet Lim, Class of 2009



Indigenous girl in native dress, photo
Dorothy Liu, Class of 2009

An Away Rotation, photo
Parker Duncan, Class of 2008





Rain, photo
Sayeh Beheshti, MD, Resident, Psychiatry



Endurance, photo
Miya Allen, Class of 2007

Sophia

Walking in newness,
I know I am alone
In a vacuum of silence,
Each sound dying before blooming.

Nothing can reach me,
Except the wind, like hooded death,
Meeting me wherever I run.

My breath breathing lungs breathless,
I open up my chest like a bowl.
I trade parietal pleura,
To drink in the sky.

My legs stripped bare,
Brittle bones pluck silent notes.
My body, a soundless melody

Under this light, my shadow diminishes.
Memory hangs, like a final tear,
Clinging to the angle of my jaw.

He solves this labyrinth of vessels.
She excavates my tissue landmarks.
Still my place is placeless,
And my steps trace the traceless.

I remember language,
A footpath, leading me home.
Its echo reminded me
Of the distance to be traveled

My quiet mind, unmoving lips,
A sure sign of homecoming.

Pamela Hockett, Class of 2009



Hung Out to Dry, photo
Meghann Kaiser, MD, Resident, General Surgery

Untitled, ink on paper
Rod Mortazavi, Class of 2010

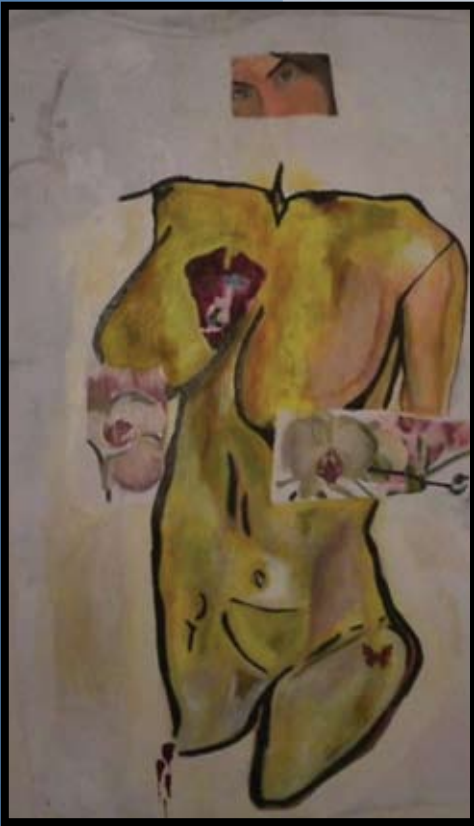


Untitled, color pencils on paper
Jane Lee, Class of 2009



Sidewalk Sage, photo
Jared Garrison-Jakel, Class of 2009

I Bleed Alone, acrylic, oil, and mixed media/decoupage on canvas
Tracy Slone, Class of 2007



South Rim Thanksgiving, photo
Megan Stephenson, Class of 2008





Future Cost of Living, oil on canvas
Lauren Cheung, Class of 2009

Just me

When lies begin
They never stop.
I lie to others
and then to myself.
Or maybe, it's the other way around.

Henri Colt, MD
Pulmonary and Critical Care Medicine

Lost and Found

Before you were married and divorced
you lived together for a time
in an old Craftsman, built in the 19 teens
in the backyard, the dirt in the planters
had chunks of ceramic and metal
bits of broken glass that time would expose
and rain would polish clean
these were dangerous for the dog
you told yourself

After a storm you'd patrol the backyard
for these antique hazards
you'd walk a systematic pattern
searching the ground for crusty jaggednesses
worrisome iridescent glints

You took to noticing the patterns
that these pieces laid in
you tried to assemble them in your mind
into their original wholenesses
you'd imagine the people who used them
and then discarded or lost these remnants
you were mapping out over time

The ghost that haunted the breakfast nook
shuffling about most mornings
before daybreak
and repeatedly opening that same window
that looked out onto the backyard
was probably searching
for one of these keepsakes
that you could never completely reassemble

Later as things were coming apart
you thought of intentionally
creating your own artifact
breaking something
and throwing it out in the yard
scattering all but a few, completing pieces
for those to come after

who might someday work this site
with shovels and sifters
brushing away the earth
to free the incubating relics
perhaps the only lasting thing of you

and when she assembles your mosaic
piecing together your life in her imagination
her face will look down on these remains
she will pause and smile to herself
as she understands
what she has found

Modern Day Natural Encounters, photo
Lauren Cheung, Class of 2009

Brian McMichael, Class of 2007





Photographs from 'Garden of Earthly Delights, Revisited',
photo series
Irene Lee, Class of 2010

Flowers, acrylic on canvas
Sentelle Eubanks, GI/Oncology



The Attack

The four of us stood on the deck
sun burnt
and be-flipped
waiting to see the
fish.

I squirmed and protested
as I was slathered
in pasty sunscreen
and was sprayed
liberally
with insect repellent.

My brother resisted less fervently.
(He was younger).

At the very moment
nanosecond one might say
as if a camera shutter
clicked
just as the repellent can was
capped.

We were quite
engulfed
by a gaggle
of rabid
mosquitoes.

PACE, photo
Steven Samawi, Class of 2008



My bite count went
from zero to twenty-seven
in four-point-five seconds
(quite before the screams could even leave
my throat).

After they had their fill
or maybe the breeze shifted
the hapless vampires left us
and I was left
gangly and swollen.

As we nursed our wounds,
we comforted ourselves
with
the Glaring Truth.

The mosquitoes were illiterate
and could not read
Paragraph IIb subsection IIIa
of the
Repellent Contract.

Sarah Blaschko, Class of 2007



Eye Can See, photo
Bishoy Said, Class of 2008



• **Logic**

• If
• injustice
• is merely moral chaos
• written into the laws of thermodynamics

• If
• karma
• is more than divine scorecards
• tallying the equation of the cosmos

• Then
• the Golden Rule
• is not so simple as we once believed
• and kindness felt, only the probability
• of kindness done,
• by each of us.

• **Meghann Kaiser, MD**
• **Resident, General Surgery**

From Buda to Pešt, photo
Daniel Gromis, Class of 2009



Young Model, pencil on paper
Charles Aono, Lab Technician, DR



Venice, photo
Shilpa Gattu, Class of 2009



Winter Wind, photo
Shanda Gomes, Class of 2009

I in my

I in my
chair
alone

among my team of carefully calculating colleagues
who wonder if you are depressed and
who wish ease of suffering for you

in my view

of you

as a case that

I think maybe could be helped by trying to see

You in your

bed

isolated

among your visiting group of well-intending friends and

with your palpable despair and

with your I wonder secret hope that

We

Can

Steven C. Cramer, MD
Neurology, Anatomy & Neurobiology

Here's Looking at You, oil on canvas
Betty Wong, Pediatrics



Morning Jewels, photo
Linda Hogsett, Ultrasound Technologist



From Atop a Mountain

The land lay still, the hills like fabric
draped hastily over the ground.
Ripped muscles of earth
cloaked in trees, soft chaparral.

The sun cast back
a watchful, orange eye
as buildings bejeweled the landscape.
Lights tinkled on in twos and threes
the smog stroking affectionately.

Our words, we cast over it all
settled in some cul de sac,
a bird's nest, or enveloped
in a crinkling, drying leaf.

Sheila Chan, Class of 2008



Transmogrification, photo
Christina UMBER, Class of 2010



Bottom of the World, photo
Greg HEITMANN, Class of 2009

the stars
 where
 sierras
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 cabin
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 to
 trees
 laden
 pinecone
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 Climb
 Climb
 powder
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 r
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 of
 mountain
 snowy
 the
 Climb
 Climb
 Climb



Clouds, photo
David Thayer, Class of 2010

Minaret Rd.
 Jamie "Akiva" Kahn, Class of 2009



Beginning, photo
Ali Razmara, MD/PhD Candidate



Untitled, photo
Peter McQueen, Class of 2010





PLEXUS AUDIO

Plexus Audio provides audio artists with a way to showcase their talents. All of the work has been created by affiliates of the UC Irvine School of Medicine and Medical Center. We hope that you enjoy the large variety of innovative and creative works and stay tuned for future developments from Plexus Audio.

Lauren Cheung
Senior Audio Editor

Wesley Ryan
Associate Audio Editor

Beautiful Thing
- Romantic Torture

Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets
by John Williams

1. Prologue: Book II and the Escape
from the Dursleys 3:12

2. Fawkes the Phoenix 3:42
- Katherine Chiu

Song 24 mix 1
- Reuben Paul

"Let's Rock" Intro
Silent Assassin
Persevere
- The Amazing C.I.G.



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