

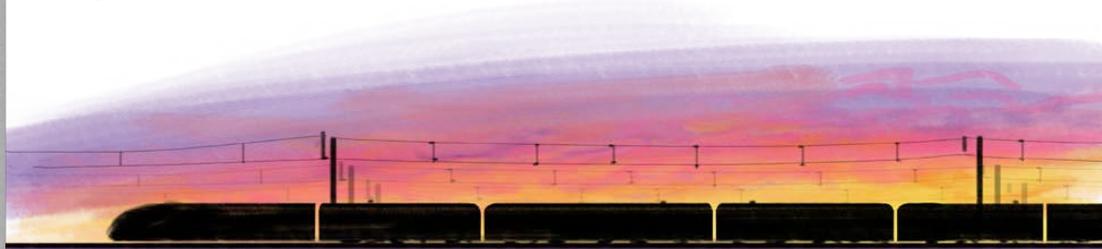


# HEAL

Humanism Evolving through Arts and Literature

## HEAL WRITING WORKSHOP

This past October HEAL hosted a writing workshop for the medical students at the College of Medicine’s main campus. Participants were presented with a photograph and the task to place themselves within the reality of the image, employing all senses in order to invite the audience, the reader, into the lived reality of the photo. As workshop participants learned, great humanistic writing requires skillful observation, attention to detail, and choosing the right words—all skills that are equally important in the practice of medicine. As William Carlos Williams said of his dual profession as poet and physician, “...one occupation complements the other, that they are two parts of the whole, that it is not two jobs at all, that one rests us when the other fatigues...”



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## TRAIN STATION AT DUSK MEMOIR

Amanda Wilder, Class of 2018

As the shades of the sky shifted from blue to a deep royal purple and the sun’s bright yellow light began to pool at the bottom of the horizon, the nerves I gathered to take this trip fell over me like a curtain. I glanced anxiously at my watch for the twentieth time—7:25,

the train should be arriving soon. The empty station whispered to me: leaving this city meant I would be starting over in the next one all alone. As the overhead florescent bulbs kicked on, I felt pangs of excitement from deep within my chest. Next stop: Madrid.

## FREIGHT

Angela Bradford, Class of 2018

The sky reflects the unfolding fraught adventure, as though it is trying on every garment in the closet, trying to look just right for the arrival of the train. The purple scarf with the gold dress? Or pink gown with white shoes? It is as indecisive as me, standing on the platform, wondering what I’ll say when the

moment arrives. In the hours before the city wakes up, I stand at the edge, weighing my options. As the distant rumble, like faraway thunder, is noticed first in my bones before it reaches my ears—the mad thought occurs, of leaping before the train to avoid having to say anything at all.

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Department of Behavioral Sciences and  
Social Medicine

HEAL is a place for medical students  
to share their growth and development,  
for faculty and staff to impart their  
knowledge gained from experience, and  
for members of the community to express  
how health and healing have impacted  
their lives.

We hope this work increases your  
appreciation for the art of medicine.

## COTTON CANDY

Juno Lee, Class of 2018

I didn't understand it. The park was empty, except for this cotton candy vendor. I had already circled the park twice, between naked black trees, crunching damp gravel on the trail. The overcast blanketed gray and blue and even the songbirds seemed to whisper today. But here I am, silently watching this whistling smiling hulk of a man, delicately twirling his wand of sugar into clouds of pink. I could hear him through his tangled dark beard, talking about the newspaper's font being too small or some shit. My eyes fixated on the ever growing spinning tumor and I couldn't move away.

Travis Bontrager, Class of 2018

Over the stinging aura of freshly mowed grass,  
the sun beats down with an audible glare.  
The line stretches far from the shade,  
a cotton candy cart offers little cover.  
a swirling pink web appears from the dry air,  
wrapping, growing, spinning, enticing.  
Only a crumpled dollar more for the jumbo,  
a painted mouth over a sick stomach follows.

Denise Go, Class of 2018

We sit at an aluminum  
table, taciturn and unapologetic  
for our refusal to participate  
outside windex-sprayed  
screen doors. The  
cotton candy, sickly sugar  
processed and twisted  
into capricious gossamer  
threads, makes me  
self-conscious of my  
femininity—fleeting, confined,  
melting in your mouth  
to escape its own form.  
Of course, it's pink.  
Because who would  
ever decide that something  
so fragile like your branded  
and commercialized  
womanhood could be any  
other color?





## RHAPSODY IN WHITE AND BLUE

Gorana Knezevic-Zec, PhD

Department of Behavioral Sciences and Social Medicine

*This necklace has it all—something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue!*

*I 'borrowed' the J hook from an old Japanese necklace—all other elements are new. Royal blue crystal drops connect two strands of off-white (faux) pearl beads and drops. The second strand has pearl and crystal drops that give a rich dangling effect. Blue crystal rondelle beads provide additional bling to this necklace.*

*I started making jewelry 'accidentally'—my sister (in England) started ordering vintage jewelry from USA sellers, mostly original art deco necklaces, and had them shipped to my address rather than to Europe. Some of those beautiful necklaces arrived damaged, with broken strands/beads and I decided to 'fix' them. After repairing a few pieces, I decided to make one of my own. And now I have a nice collection of necklaces!*



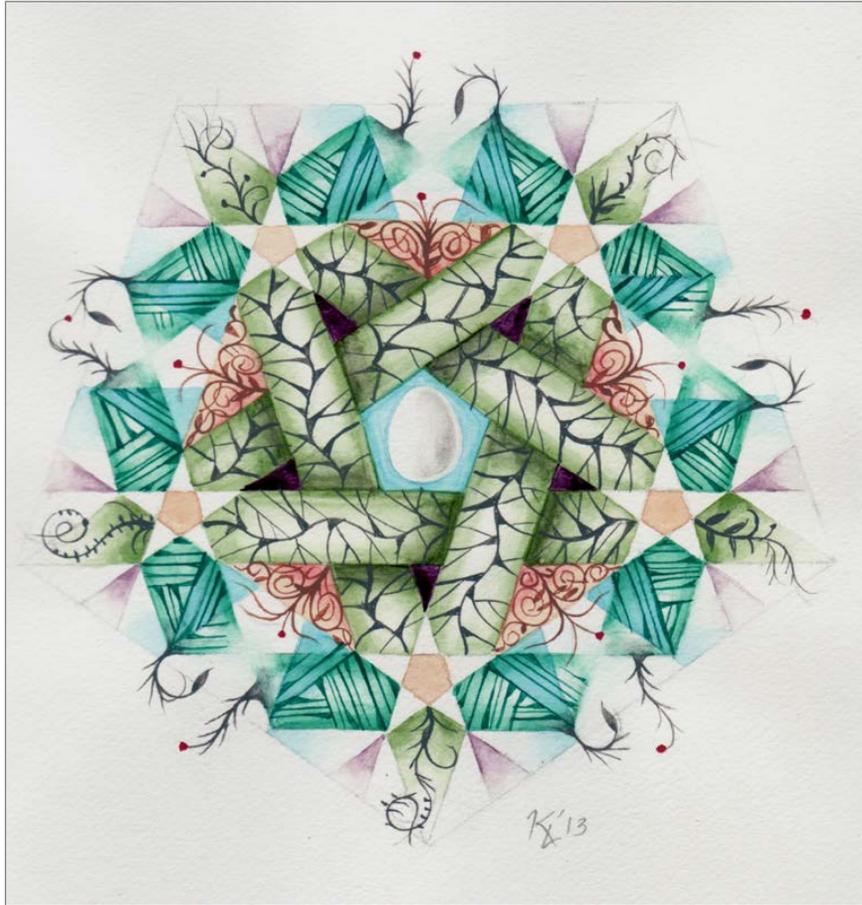
## VERNAZZA

Ashley Morton, Class of 2017

## GIANT KATYDID

Stephanie Tran, Class of 2018





## CRAQUELE

Karl David Lorenzen

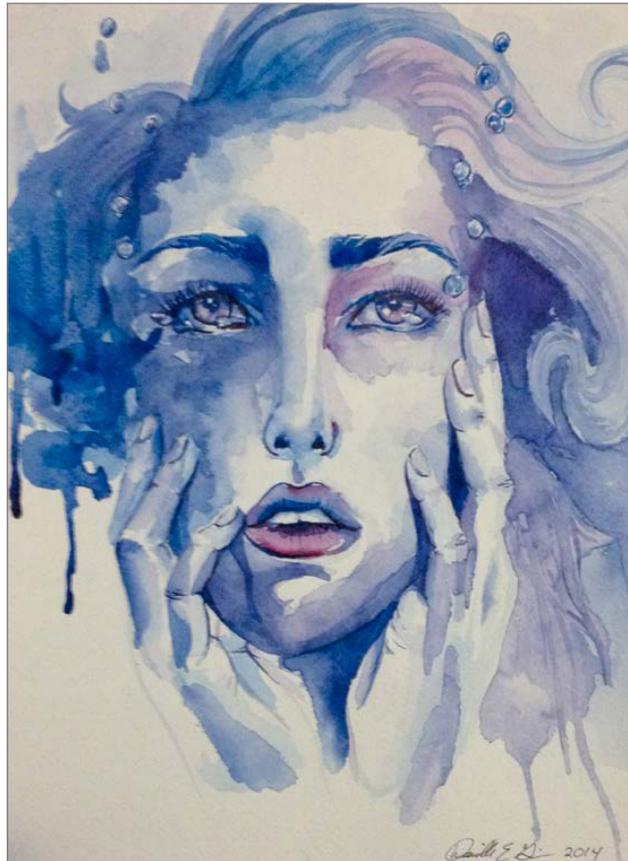
## REMEMBERING ECUADOR

José E. Rodríguez, MD, Department of Family Medicine and Rural Health





**FLORIDA SUNSET**  
Trung Tran, Class of 2014



**LAST CHANCE TO BREATHE**  
Danielle Guinan, Class of 2017