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THE AL

Humanism
 Evolving through
 Arts and
 Literature

February 2011

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TEARS

Sharon Winters, M.D.

Tears - salty, irritation, flowing, cleansing

Associated with

Weeping, sorrow, grief.

A broken heart, a prophetic knowledge.

Falling Tears - destruction, rejection.

Tears of empathy, of sympathy,
of compassion

Tears - self-centered or God-centered.

Tears - caring, loving, devotion

Tears - loss, suffering, rebellion

Tears - move us towards action:
hope, satisfaction, restoration

Rejoice!

Empathirises

Colored Pencil

Monica Chatwal, Class of 2013

Love

Carol Warren,
Circulations

Love is a connection-----between two people

Silver cord shimmering with heart fire

Lighting the dark of a life alone

Two souls entwined

Making one heart

Promising peace and joy

Come to me with your love

Tie my heart to yours

Fill me with light

For you

Glow

Editors:

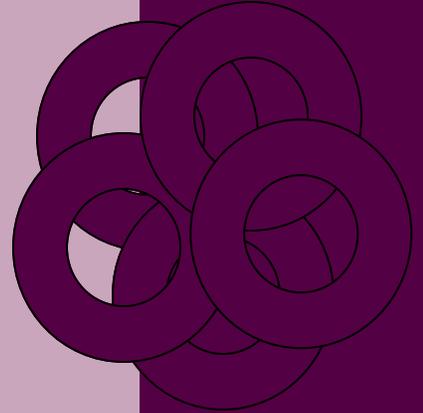
Katie Love
 Ann Sheddan
 Alicia Evans
 Eva Bellon
 Meredith McDonough
 José E. Rodriguez, M.D.
 Benjamin Kaplan, M.D.

“how do I love thee?...”

(Inspired by love and the 43rd Sonnet of Elizabeth Browning)
Jimmy Moss, M.D.

how do i love thee?...
allow me to count the ways,
one..... two..... three
hundred and sixty-five days
i sit adjacent from my thoughts.
thoughts of you and i
sitting closer, in love....
so i can trace it when we walk
i got...
places for us to talk,
if you feel like conversating.
and even though "conversate"
is not a word...
when i'm with you,
that's all i hear: not a word,
just silence.
and possibly the sound of
me tapping on your door,
bringing you.... the
bluest of violets...
and the reddest of roses,
with cards attached that say
just how much i love you
because how i love you
is brilliant...
and without reasoning,
or excuses...
it just happens.
a sudden occurrence, like...
listening to soft music,
on the calmest of evenings,
and just clapping...
no words,
no..... significant
gestures, just us both
being involved...
trying to appreciate our true value.
us.... investing time into
each other.... until what we have
appreciates, and accrues value
and interests-
my.... interests.... are compounded,
when i put my interests
in you.
and this is more than me
telling sky and moon
how much i love you.... this is
me, submerging all my affection,
and sensible senses
in you.

i'm so convinced that what we have
is lovely...
that i've filled out our
census, then moved
all unguided emotions
towards directions
opposite of our divinity.
this.... idea, poetic fragment,
scattered throughout time
and a motionless infinity...
has become affiliated with my all;
so, i give you my life---
all things peaceful,
and all that's left....
all that's me, and
all that's configured within
the confines of all my depth-
because how i love you,
is beyond numbers...
outside of time.... and far
from breath.
thus... even when this life....
escapes our paths.... i shall but
love you better...
after death.



Photograph by Eva Bellon, Class of 2013

True Love

Angela Green, Class of 2014

Dear Lover....

I apologize for neglecting to tell you that you are the inspiration behind the sun rise each morning

Gently encouraging it to set sweetly at night

Leaving for me a trail of hues to illuminate my path back to you

It seems this seed of love has grown slowly

Carefully

Contemplating which season to blossom

Only to retreat again into the solitude of the soil's womb

Leaving fragrant petals for us to cherish until it blooms again

Our passive encounters of divine origins

Led us blindly down two pebble trails that merged into one path

We named it Love

In honor of those who blazed the trail before

Bequeathing clues secretly hidden beneath each pebble

Encircling our names into the barks of trees

My hand guided by yours

It seems....

That again I neglected to tell you that your touch excites my heart to beat

Faster then slower

Simultaneously

I withdraw instinctively

But you patiently guide your fingers through mine

Drawing me near

Eyes interlocked....all doubts disappear

I forget to breathe

You inflate my lungs for me

As we float down this path that many have partaken

Declaring our destiny

Etching our names into history

As two people who unknowingly

Ascended into the land of purity

Choosing to live amongst the stars with those

Who were blessed to find true love



Photography by Eva Bellon, Class of 2013

Fire on the Beach

Eric Heppner, Class of 2014

How you relight this fire of mine
from long dead ashes in a pit of sand.
The darkness gone in a conflagration divine,
when thoughts of you that defy command.
This beacon light guides ships to harbor
and draws home part of me long lost.
This fire to me is the stone marker
of when life became worth its cost.
The flames dance to the unheard song.
The ember recites an ancient verse.
With perfect tongue I would not sing along
but let flame weave its heavenly curse.
We sit by this fire and stare at the sea,
And just for this moment endure eternity.

Feathers

Camilo Fernandez-Salvador, Class of 2014



Comfort

Eva Bellon, Class of 2013

Sharon Winters, M.D.

So if we have a desire to climb a mountain or sail a sea and we give up our home and family and friends to pursue our adventure saying to ourselves, "If I don't go now, I may never go and I want to go," what is the action to us. For if we believe in the resurrection and in eternity, then it doesn't matter if we go now or not for it will be there for us to do or it will not be important to do; and if we don't believe in the resurrection, then whether we do it or not, we will die and it won't matter then if dead is dead....And if we don't believe

in the resurrection, then why are we here on earth. If we are only here by chance, then nothing matters, not us or those we "love," or those we hate or the things we have unless we believe that because we are here by chance, we should make the most of the pleasures we find in our treasures, as we can take none with us when we die. So, grace and peace to us who believe. And faith, hope and love are our past, present and future.

- Love is never saying hello
- Goodbyes that don't exist
- An entanglement of souls
- Picking up where I left off
- Knowing your answers
- Finding ours together
- Love is having nothing to hide
- Thoughts that connect
- Circles of emotions
- A glimpse of one mind
- An understanding
- Love is breathing in
- Extensions of our being
- Creating a space inside
- A gentle ease into time



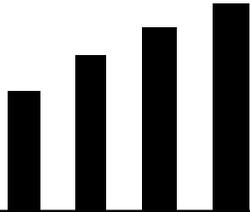
Gold

Camilo Fernandez-Salvador

Class of 2014

Rosa Parks

Samuel Williams



The year was December 1st 1955
And the south was divided by segregation
The civil rights movement was very much alive
And it was in need of some vigorous stimulation

The momentous event occurred in Montgomery Ala-
bama
And no one could imagine its true magnitude
Of one little lady who was caught up in a system
That was both wicked and rude

Rosa parks was as tired as tired can be
She was hurting from her head to her feet
Yet she would change our nation's history
For refusing to give up her bus seat

For refusing she was put in a cell
Fingerprinted and put in jail
Still those who gathered to pay her bail
Knew she had rung the right alarm bell

Rosa parks didn't want confrontation
All she wanted was some old fashioned respect
But when she got the nation's attention
She stood firm and stuck out her neck

The civil rights movement would last much longer
But Rosa's stance helped broaden the fight
Thanks to one little tired lady
Who sat down because she knew she was right.



Untitled by Camilo Fernandez-Salvador



Chances and Changes

Katie Relihan,
Class of 2013

Hey Daddo,
I just talked to you yesterday
...you said I love you Katez
...you said you were going to get two stents placed today
...you said there were not going to be any complications
...you said you would be done by 10 AM and would not have to stay
...you said you would quit smoking and change your ways
Now
...I am looking at you
...I am asking myself why
...I am wondering if you will be there in the future, will you be there
next week or even tomorrow
...I detest you for telling Mom, Michael and I to let you die
You are undergoing quadruple bypass surgery at 59, oxygen saturation of 93%, and ejection
fraction of 37%
...what am I to think if not the worst?
...you made it out of surgery and are in a medical coma
...you don't look the way I remember you one bit
...you should have quit smoking earlier, you should have changed, it is all your fault
Why?
...am I crying
... am I this upset
...am I this angry
...can I not keep myself together
...am I so glad you are still alive and I can see your smile
...do medical miracles happen
...did I forget to say I love you and thanks for being my Daddo before you went in for surgery?
Did I tell you how much I love you and wanted to thank you for being in my life?

How to Submit to HEAL

Interested in adding your art, photography,
writing, poem, or other artistic expression
to this collaboration?

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