

SCOPE



Southern Illinois University School of Medicine

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2010

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*Thank you to all the students who reviewed the entries
and helped create SCOPE 2010.*

From The Editors:

Welcome to *SCOPE*, SIU School of Medicine's nationally acclaimed literary magazine. In the midst of our scientific studies of the human body, we created *SCOPE* as a sacred space to examine the human side of our profession. With contributions from students, faculty, and friends, our magazine captures the full scope of medicine, life and the human condition. We experience the pathos of a cancer survivor's sister and the pain of a domestic abuse victim. We hear the liquid radiance of a nightingale's song and the incessant wail of the resident's pager. We glimpse Amsterdam's Red Light District in monochrome and a wrenching portrait of destitution drawn in charcoal. Photography, poetry, and prose encapsulate the art of living, the art of dying, and the art of medicine.

We would like to thank everyone who made the 17th edition of *Scope* possible — the contributors, the staff, and faculty. A special thanks to Karen Carlson, Jim Hawker, and Dr. Phil Davis for their guidance, support, and insight. We hope your journey through *SCOPE* stirs and awakens your connection to the collective consciousness.

— Amber May & Tyler Vaughn
Co-Editors

“Medicine is my lawful wife and literature my mistress; when I get tired of one, I spend the night with the other.”

— *Anton Chekhov, author and physician*

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Amazons

Kate Hawley

Community

❖ *First Place, Poetry*

My sister had a bad breast.
I found the knife to cut it off.
She showed me how the wound had swollen
red tenderness
as the wound healed
I held her.

Now the cancer is back. She has
given herself to city Shamans
who study her blood and feed her
measured poisons.
It is harder to keep fighting.

But my sister is an Amazon.
Her jungle is full of children
full of life.
If there is no peace
I will tear sheets to bind her
in this world
to this world.

Untitled

Erin Lynch

Class of 2010

❖ *Third Place, Visual Art*



And in Chicago...

Sumi Rebeiro

Class of 2013

❖ *First Place, Prose*

Walking by Lake Michigan with a friend, I heard a faint ringing.

Dismissed it. Wind in my ears.

Didn't stop hearing it. Stopped a moment, halting him with me, and listened, and heard- bells.

Hundreds of small bells, ill-tuned, clanking in a susurrant almost as mild as the hushed ripple of the water.

Couldn't figure it out. We were looking out over hundreds of small boats — but they couldn't all have bells, could they?

Then I saw it — metal blocks on the limp halyards, tapping against the bare masts, clanging in a quiet but variegated symphony.

We stood for maybe a minute, watching them bob on the gentle waves, hearing the dissonant but soothing murmur of the boats, talking in their sleep, gentling the wind and waves and each other.

It followed us as we turned away.

Neon Lights

John Godwin, M.D.

Dept. of Internal Medicine/SimmonsCooper Cancer Institute at SIU



Saving Lives in Style

Michael R. Pranzatelli, MD

Department of Neurology

❖ *Second Place, Poetry*

Shakespeare rushes to the OR,
gloved and latex-free.
Reaching into opened chest,
he clasps the heart- Shall I
compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and temperate-
Paddles. Stand away! Again. A rhythm's made
— Nor shall death brag you wand'rest in his shade...

Shelley is an intern
on a conference call,
then mouth-to-mouth
with cyanotic Frankenstein
— behold all — a skylark flutters out.
Moved, the monster sits and speaks:
My soul is an enchanted Boat
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float...

Donne scurries to the ER,
paged to see a drug OD.
A spritz or two of Narcan,
coma's gone, the woman's free
to hear a pager clang and bleep.
What is that wretched sound,
she weeps, Is it for you or me?
Send not for whom the bell tolls, ma'am. It tolls for thee...

Stargazer

Rachel Ade

Class of 2010



A Tribute to Nicolò

Jacob Broderick

Class of 2012

❖ *Second Place, Prose*

I will tell you the details as closely as I can recall them. Still, there are too many details to describe: how I came to be in this small room, in this small home, in this foreign country; how he and I met and why he was telling me about his past. The truth is that I visited the house of this old, lonely man, in Biella, Italy. Let's call him Nicolò.

Nicolò told me of his loneliness and depression. His wife had died, and since then he stayed at home, alone. He went out only to buy supplies, never made friends, and expected to die alone. It was miraculous that we had met; miraculous that we spoke to each other; miraculous that he opened up to this strange foreign kid.

The last time we met, Nicolò pulled me from the first small room to a second. He unfolded an old map of the city. He placed it on the table and looked at me. Eventually, I recognized that it was an older version of the city Biella. He then reached into a drawer and pulled out a small object. He waited until I finally asked, "What is it?"

"A bullet," the elder responded, "But it isn't mine. I stole it. I stole hundreds. This is the only one that I never used. These bullets were the start of our rebellion."

This old man had stolen ammunition and begun a rebellion? This certainly intrigued me.

"I grew up in this town, and in World War II, it came to be occupied by Nazis. I was much younger then. Just a boy.

"When the occupation began, we were not to leave our homes. The streets were closed. But my gang of friends and me didn't confine ourselves to such rules. We rebelled. There was a time when I was hungry — we were all very hungry in those days — so I left home to steal some bread. I was big enough to climb over the wall near my home, but small enough to hide behind fountains and vehicles. It was dark, and I snuck over to where a group of sol-

diers sat to eat. Y'see, they had only recently occupied the city, and a larger group had arrived that very day. They weren't yet organized, so they ate on the ground outside of a building that evening while they waited for accommodations to be prepared.

"I snuck in behind them, as they ate near a glowing lantern. All of their faces were illuminated, but mine was in the darkness. One of them had left his backpack behind him, near me. I gently stepped toward it as they continued talking. I grabbed his pack, which was incredibly heavy. I quietly threw it over my shoulder. My breath was heavy and slow – I still remember the excitement, my heart beating too hard. As I inched away from the group, one of them must've seen the light bounce off of my small body. He screamed, and I ran.

"They shot at me as I ran! They shouted German words. I was too scared and excited to return. If I ran, my gang and I would be talking for ages about my confrontation with the Germans. If I returned the bag... who knows? Maybe it'd be as bad as being caught.

"But, despite the large pack, I was smaller than they were, and could weave in and out of small alleyways. I lost them, no thanks to the heavy pack I carried. Still, my home was only several streets away, and I was home long before they gave up the chase. I heard shouting for a half hour after I closed the door.

"There was no food in the pack, but there were boxes of shiny, goldish bullets, among other items that I deemed garbage. The next day, I asked several of my gang to come and see my trophy. We laughed for hours at the German soldiers, all while safely in the confines of my home.

"Then we got an idea. We found a shovel. We took the bullet outside near some bushes. A soldier stood about two blocks away. We placed the bullet on the pavement. All of my friends hid in the bushes, but I grabbed the shovel. I slammed the shovel with all my might onto the bullet. An enormous bang echoed through the town as I leaped into the bushes. The soldier came running, and ran right past. When he was about two blocks away in the other direction, I pulled another bullet out of my pocket. I placed it on the ground and gave it a grand smash with the shovel. The explosion sounded, and the soldier turned immediately. I thought I had gotten into the bushes before he saw me, but I must've been wrong. The soldier grabbed my shirt collar from within the bushes, and pulled me forcefully to the street. My shirt tore on the branches, along with some of my skin.

“He yelled at me in German. I just nodded. He began shouting louder, so I nodded faster. His face turned red and he screamed at the top of his lungs. I nodded all the more furiously. He let me go and fumed as he walked back to his spot on the corner two blocks away.

“For my friends, I was forever a hero. We had defied the Germans, and I had survived capture and interrogation.”

Nicolo stopped talking. I also stood silently.

Finally he spoke again, “I’ve been alone for a while now, never visiting my old friends. Last night, the last of my old friends died. I just wanted someone to hear our story.”

I asked him, “Why not write a novel or something?”

He responded sadly, “Maybe when I was younger and happier. Now, I’m just alone and waiting to die.”

Those may have been Nicolo’s last words. It was the last time I saw him; it may have been the last time he spoke to anyone. This is my tribute to him.

Left Behind

Kristen Solberg
Community



Pappaw, 2009

Ross Silverman

Dept. of Medical Humanities



I Want

Amelia Frank

Class of 2013

❖ *Third Place, Prose*

I want to fix the world's lonely old man problem. I never want to see another old man dining alone in a restaurant. They break my heart, their argyle backs hunched in booths, unused and sparkling place settings reflecting back liver spots from across the table. There's something painful and helpless and quiet and aching about these old men all by themselves.

I want to find every old man a young woman — years and years ago — to grow old with, and if their young woman dies when she gets old, I want to introduce them to each other, these old men. I want to see packs of old men meandering through malls, cackling at each other and eating hot dogs dripping mustard; throngs of old men playing chess or four-square or skiing or jumping a slow and careful double dutch. Old men walking in threes and fours down icy streets in winter, bundled up in dark plaid wool and helping each other over the most slippery parts. Sleeping in twin beds, dormitory-style, wearing those Rip van Winkle night caps. In the mornings they would lovingly set the levels on each others' hearing aids.

Or maybe their young woman wouldn't have to die when she grows old at all. Just as long as the old men stop dining alone. And then maybe my heart will stop breaking.

Trust

Kathleen C.M. Campbell, Ph.D.

Department of Surgery

❖ *Third Place, Poetry*

But I have [redacted] told you [redacted] everything and still you
Don't believe me [redacted].
What is wrong with you [redacted] that
You ask so many [redacted] questions?
You [redacted] need to learn to trust people.

Street Scene

Jamie Feldmann
Class of 2013



Point Lake, August 2009

Robert M. Wesley

Department of External and Health Affairs

A moose cow
And her calf
March boldly
Through my camp,
Their land,
I, a visitor,
Of no real interest.

She, seductive matron,
Wild beauty,
Sleek, strong,
Her summer coat
A deep, brown shine,
Taller than me
She pauses.

They step casually
Into Point Lake,
Glide through the
Sunlit shimmer
Of melted glacier
To the opposite shore,
She browses.

The calf cavorts
Along the shore,
Kicks its heels,
Makes me laugh,
Mother waits patiently,
Knowing his youthful
Folly will pass.

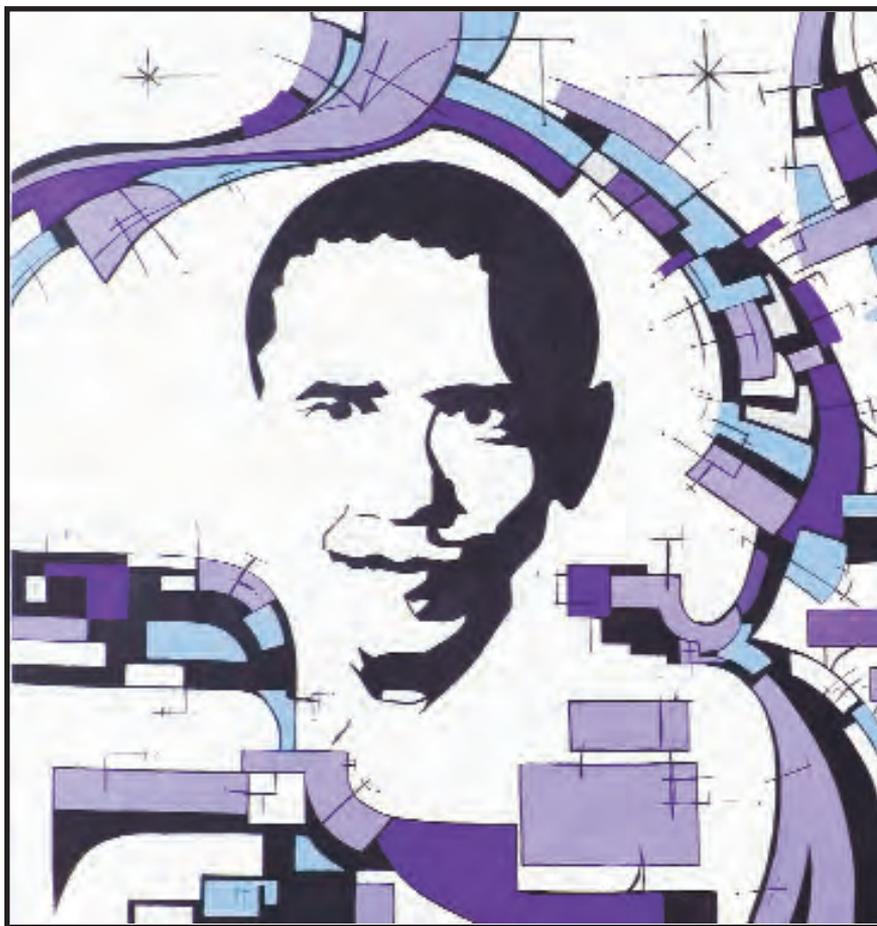
In the full majesty
Of birthright,
They turn,
Amble back to the woods,
Leave me with
My thoughts and joy
In their freedom.

The Dynamics of Hope

Keith Jacobs

MEDPREP student

❖ *Second Place, Visual Art*





Unexpected Sunshine

Sumi Rebeiro

Class of 2013

Unexpected sunshine today- though I couldn't see it and don't know what it looks like.

I was lying on my bed, gazing at the ceiling and trying to nerve myself to study when she passed my house.

I'd never heard a nightingale. I only know that among all birds it has the loveliest voice.

So she is my first nightingale. Her voice is the sweetest sound I'll hear — today, and perhaps all week long: a woman outside my window, walking past and singing.

I caught only a moment of her song — a honeyed, softly rippling trill, clear and high and warm.

I didn't raise the curtains to see her, didn't even move; only closed my eyes and listened, basking in the liquid radiance of her music.

I don't know who she is or what she looks like. But she sounded like sunshine, and through the damp, clinging grey of the afternoon her voice was a dulcet tranquility on my skin.

Misty Morning

Lauren Ringer
Community



Tears

Omonigho Ekhomu, M.D.

Class of 2009

Did your mouth always cry like that
even when first your cry came forth?
Announcing your arrival onto the globe
and your hands were small
and your eyes still questioning
and your greatest delight was ice cream and resting
in your mother's arms.

Did your eyes always flow like that
when you danced in the plaza
and cavorted with your girlfriends
discussing the finest boys
the newest songs
and flipping your dark hair
so that the breeze found a new playmate
in its tresses

How long has your mouth been sad
dear one?

When did the suffering of the
world overtake you
so that suicide became a respite
and loved ones now are terrorists
and you reside alone,
eyes flowing,
mouth crying
eyes shouting your despair

When last were you young
and when last happy?
if I saw you at your birth
would I know you now
if I saw your joy as a child
would I know you now at 50
with your pain?
As you sit across a table
depending on me
and even not understanding fully your words
yet the language need not be translated
I am crying
you are crying
you pull me to where you are
my eyes begin to flow and my mouth cry
at the beautiful joy child
now a sad heartbroken woman
who the child no longer knows.

A Cure for Alzheimer's Disease

Heather Uteshev

Department of Medical Microbiology, Immunology and Cell Biology

Listen. Preserve. Cherish.

The war stories, love stories, and stories of days gone by.

Listen.

The photos, silverware, and embarrassing family traditions.

Preserve.

The healing kisses, too-tight hugs, and the look that said “I know.”

Cherish.

When you cannot remember, I will remember for you.

I will teach my children and when I cannot remember –
they will remember for the both of us.

Listen. Preserve. Cherish.

In the Lab

Kathleen C.M. Campbell, Ph.D.
Department of Surgery

You ask me if I see patients.
I don't know what to say.
My mind drifts
Through the window to the past,

I see my little Appalachian Grandma
Braids wrapped around her head.
Laundrywoman at the School for the Deaf
Every Christmas
Scooping up all the children
“Not picked up”
And taking them home to
A Christmas tree
A homemade present each
Her own 7 children
And sometimes oatmeal...
Their own families too ashamed to know them.
Even at 83, my mother can still fingerspell.

Years later,
As an extern at that same school
I saw a patient
Pretty,
Middle aged.
Well spoken
Watched me intently as I gave her instructions but did not
follow them.
The sound finally so intense it vibrated her earphones.
Then she pushed the button.
Kanamycin had left her with no hearing at all.
Before cochlear implants, before any technology to help.
Her family refused to learn sign language.
She looked through the window of the sound booth to my
side and saw everything.
I had looked through to her and had seen nothing.

(continued on page 30)

In the Lab (continued)

Later in Iowa,
I watched as cisplatin transformed my beautiful ovarian
cancer patient into a bald pale ghost.
But still fighting until she could no longer
Hear her children on the phone.
On the coast, couldn't travel.
She looked through the window to me
Where there was nothing for her.

Then my John Wayne father,
All muscle.
Size 15 wedding ring. Worn thin.
Then lung cancer
Too weak now for cisplatin's side effects
The last hope.
Now, no hope
Knowing my research
He peered into me and asked
"Nothing?"
I could protect my rats,
But not my father.
And the South Dakota windows
Icy on the outside
Too warm on the inside
Should have rained tears
But instead merely fogged
And froze.

Bench to Bedside
15 years
Too long
For some an eternity.

Years later,
My stepfather
A boy she had dated in high school
After so many years
Met at their spouses' graves
Became happy
But then brain cancer
Slowed by radiation
Left him unable to eat and swallow
Feeding tube refused
I didn't know a thin man
Could lose 80 pounds
And still breathe.
But not for long....

In the lab.
Reading.
Reading.
Stacks everywhere.
It just might work

But our radiated patients in India can swallow now.
They can still eat.
Our cisplatin patients can hear. every one of them.
Maybe in the US some day
If we just keep working.
If we can just find the money.
If we don't give up.

Do I see patients?
They are always with me.
In the lab.

Madness

Jeffrey B. Hubbard
Class of 2013

Webster describes many words and many ways,
Back in the day, my nana didn't introduce me to any,
She would just say, "Look it up".
Why couldn't she just tell me the definition?
Now that my intuition has grown, I realized she put me in position,
To see the real world without MTV.
See, Atlas is getting weary; our burdens are growing heavy,
The levees of our minds are desperately in need of relief,
It is my belief, that many of us are MAD.

He is MAD,
She is MAD,
The community has lost it.

Feeling anger and resentment is the common in my community,
Negativity seems to be the only true unity,
Financial instability, leads to a love of fast money,
Honey, if he really cares he will wait,
Contemplate your actions, the decision should be final.
I am often distracted, by this distinct complacency with mediocrity,
Sadly, many have fallen, not through but into the crack on the
street,
Yet we continue to leap, without regard, into the next fad,
I'll be glad when we smarten up, but next generation,
Views education, as a means to an end.

We are MAD,
They are MAD,
The community has gone insane.

Today is marked by extreme enthusiasm, excitement, agitation, and/or franticness,
Needless to say, my colleagues and I are experiencing emotional madness,
See, we're glad this phase is concluded, but forced to remain sharp for the big leagues,
Just feed your need for knowledge, and keep your dream close to your heart,
Start this chapter with an erect confident erect approach,
It only takes one match, your match, to start the eternal flame of your legacy.
Rest easy, the path is already beaten, just follow it to nirvana.

I am MAD,
You are MAD,
Our community is irate.

On occasion, I lack good judgment and restraint,
No complaints, I should be able to lose it from time to time,
Because I'm, a product of my environment.
My understanding of the term has evolved, it's unique,
See, my mom has been MAD since he left,
Death has brought madness not sadness in to my existence,
And given me certain significance.
Her efforts should be applauded for their resilience,
She is more than a woman to me; she is both Mom and Dad,
The true definition, my definition of MAD...

Triptych on Medicine and Art

Michael R. Pranzatelli, M.D.

Department of Neurology

For his fingers, pain and stiffness
daily fight. Transferring brush to gnarled hand,
he gives to Bathers sculptured flesh,
imparts an ardent glow. Through an amanuensis
working clay, his passion ladles Venus
into bronze, despite the bandages,
the wheelchair, a shoulder ankylosed.
If fate attempts to dowse in uttermost despair,
it casts no pall on colors *en plein air*.

Call him not Rheumatoid Arthritis;
his name: Pierre August Renoir

Chouchou loves the child in her father,
his piano, playing without being touched
in the shine of the moon, giggles, tickles
fingerless in Children's Corner — a lullaby
for Jumbo, for the doll, a serenade.
Through ramping headaches and memory loss,
his passion takes Golliwogg's cakewalk towards
the surgeon's knife (Gershwin joins him, too)
into that mysterious French nightmare *Jeux*.

Call him not Brain Tumor;
his name: Claude-Achille Debussy

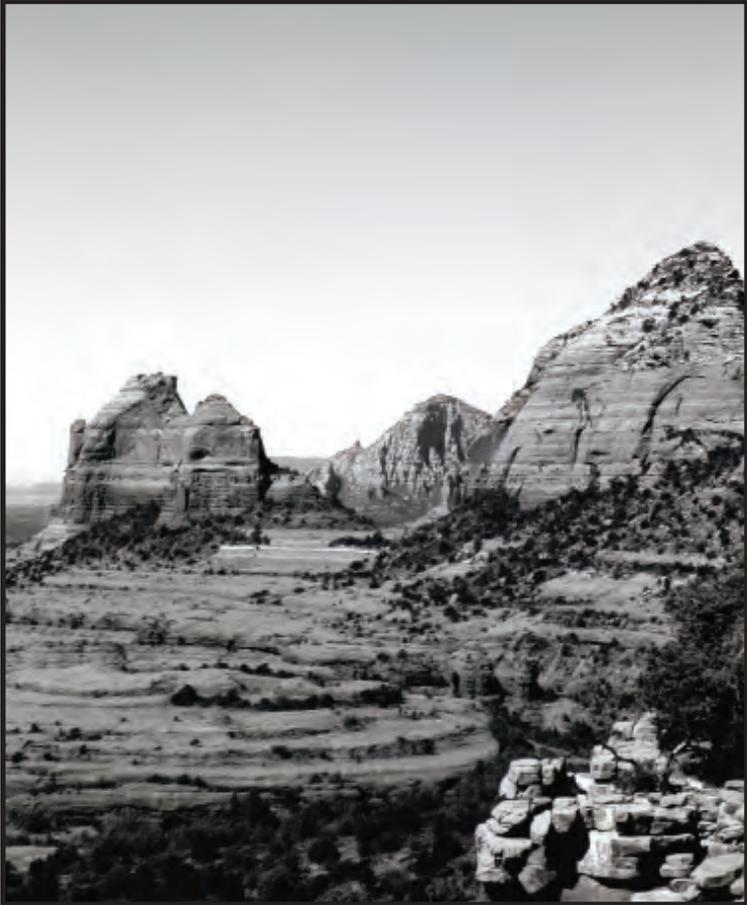
Anna Cornelia leads the ritual
to his namesake's grave. He twists
into an olive tree, grief-turned-shadow-purple,
brilliant more than sun's glint on the leaves,
a place for crows to rest from endless flight
across Wheat Field. Through gulps of turpentine
and absinthe, pillows of camphor, poverty, neglect,
his passion flees asylum corridors;
genius lucid, lithe, unfettered soars.

Call him not Mental Illness;
his name: just Vincent

Sedona

Sue Houston

Department of Internal Medicine



Street Lights in the Tetons

Peter Somers, Ph.D., M.D.

Class of 2000





Pain

Sumi Rebeiro
Class of 2013

Yesterday I talked to you for the last time,
and oh, if I could only tell you how my eyes longed
to treasure a single blue glance, a last
smile; or even the shaggy, lovable way your hair
frames your perfect face—

but you would not look at me.

So, instead, my last memory of you is the green
and rotting wood of your front porch between my feet,
and the whisper of paper passed between us
by fingers which never touched.

A Most Unhealthy Recipe

Heather Uteshev

Department of Medical Microbiology, Immunology, and Cell Biology

Begin with a large ceremony; a fist of flour and box of chocolates.
Squeeze until empty and fill a pan with just enough love to cover the bottom.
Add a pinch and a dash of "It will never happen again."

1 cup of tears, a hot shower, and a promise.
2 cups of sugar and 3 cups of blame.
Fold the wet ingredients into the dried laundry.
Don't forget the dishes.
Whip egg whites to a stiff peak,
whip her between the shoulder blades.
Set the timer to scream.
Roll out the dough and lay her across the mattress.

Combine all of the frustration and pain — chill overnight.
One second thought, let her freeze.
In the morning, set the oven to 400 degrees.
Remove after several years and get a sharp knife.
Cut into the center, a raspberry filling. Tastes like blood.

Makes 4 servings.

The Hat that Killed the Crush

Amber May
Class of 2012

fly into NYC for a lunch date
fly away from mid-life melancholy
on a crush of dreams, foolish man
fantasizing about the life he won't live
with a woman not his wife
with the chutzpah to hope for consummation,
or at least consolation from the ennui of aging.

saunters in, anticipation peaking
And in seeking, he sees only a little old man
Wearing a ruffled brown hat
a hat which — even for an old man — was outdated.
The head beneath the hat swivels round.
Dismayed, the face beneath was his stuff of dreams.

but she has been transformed by it,
and, suffocating, all he can exhale is “nice hat.”

In a Dark Room

Amelia Frank

Class of 2013

As night draws on, sleepy confessions start.
Eyes closed and silent, I am listening
While you speak low, desperate to thaw my heart.
Night drifts near day, darkness deepening.
You snapshot me and think you've captured all,
Still moments frozen there in heartbeat's time —
But I'm a shadow flashlit dark on walls
And silly stuck in picture pantomime.
Your eyes are dazzled, by the brightness burned
Within, imprinted on your flashing memory.
You reel and shutter as I start to turn:
I flicker, faster than you can perceive.
Tomorrow I am a residue of night —
The negative is all that's left of light.

Shared Eyes: Vanguard of Modern Architecture

Brandon Hamm
Class of 2012



In Front of the Lafayette Cemetery

Sumi Rebeiro

Class of 2013

the sun hit me today
with the force of your smile, and
shadows that had blended before
with the crevices in the sidewalk
sprang out, sharp and dangerous against
the sunny world around, like
the shadows in my soul
rise, crawling its walls
and cracks against your luminosity
when you look at me

We Are But What We Seem

Amber May
Class of 2012

We are but what we dream
That which we envision, we seem:

A vow of world peace reverberates,
As you expound on Enlightenment themes.
My lips pay homage to your temples,
Housing tangible progression.
Your resolutions released, realized...

A new generation sighs,
Feeling its potentiality actualize.