

SCOPE

2020



On the cover:

PARKINSON'S

Acrylic on canvas

ART - 1ST PLACE

Glen Aylward, MD, Faculty

Editor's Note

Welcome to SCOPE, where SIU medical students, faculty, physicians and community members get a space to express themselves through art, poetry and prose.

In medical school, we go through the first two years pounding away at books and facts. The knowledge we learn seems so concrete, albeit immense. When we start third year we have to swiftly re-conceptualize this understanding and realize that decisions are fluid, situations are nuanced and our knowledge cannot be simply exchanged — an input piece of knowledge for an output decision.

Physicians are often seen as cold and unrelatable. To the contrary, I believe the most common reasons we choose to pursue medical careers are a core desire to work with people and make decisions that will benefit their well-being and ultimately, their lives. Working in medicine is often dark and light in the same way that art is. It is a journey we must navigate with humanism and rigor. The pages in this book are filled with images both dark and light, reflective of the diversity of thought involved in medicine. You might find yourself pensive, saddened or contemplative, or you might find yourself inspired, with a smile on your face, plainly happy.

Me, I feel appreciative. My sincere thanks to all colleagues and members of the community who enriched this 2020 edition of Scope.

Stephanie Short

Editor-in-Chief

Stephanie Short, MSIII

Faculty Advisors

Christine Todd, MD

Kathleen Jones, PhD

Review Staff

Bukky Tabiti, MSIII

Yuri Fedorovich, MD

Karie Schwertman, MSIV

Staff Advisors

Steve Sandstrom

Kristie Parkins

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Civilized Oculus	Christine Todd	4
The Cadaver	Ashay Vaidya	5
We Can	Peter Somers	9
It's Days are Numbered	Cynda Strong	10
Angry Birds	Amit Sapra	11
Power Pose	Amit Sapra	11
Rihanna	Trinity Dvorak	12
Music, End of All Graces	Sumi Rebeiro	13
L & M	C. Leslie Smith	14
Rays of Light Over Lake Springfield		15
	Dominic Aiello	
Little Grand Canyon	Dominic Aiello	16
Loneliness	Scarlett Madison	17
Blooming Redbuds	Mary Stjern	18
Symbols of Remembrance	Emily Wade	19
El Paso Doble	Marie Vera	20
Beating	Emily Wade	23
Mama Pray for Me	Bukky Tabiti	24
Blessed	Amit Sapra	25
Tallin Orthodoxy	Peter Somers	26
Don't Save Me	John Grace	27
Mediterranean Lunch	Christine Todd	28
Dragonfly	Cynda Strong	29
The "Firsts" - I'll Learn	Carol Forestier	30

Freshly Bathed Robin	Dominic Aiello	31
Curated Space	Christine Todd	32
Be the Change	Madison Kauffman	33
Stray Cats	Peter Somers	34
Living Will	Kathryn Waldyke	35
Kings of Winter	Sumi Rebeiro	36
Mirror Mirror on the Lake	Kevin Hingle	37
Spring Break at the Seashore	Mary Stjern	38
Harbor Evening	Mary Stjern	39
Bring Me the Head of Pepé le Pew		40
James Vincent Thomalla		
Missouri Pasture	Jordan Hammer	44
Still, Small Voice	Kathryn Waldyke	45
Henry the Hippo	Vamsikrishna Naidu	46
Our Best Friends	Richard Nicol	47
Old	John Grace	48
Summer Sunset at the Lake	Mary Stjern	49
Robin Enjoying the Eclipse	Dominic Aiello	50
Black Irises	Sumi Rebeiro	51



CIVILIZED OCCULUS

Digital Photography

Christine Todd, MD, Faculty, Alumnus

THE CADAVER

PROSE-1ST PLACE

Ashay Vaidya, Student

“Why are you still at school? It’s 3 AM, go home!”

I sighed, looking down at Allan’s text, and sat back in the chair. Medical school offers two options: either you genuinely learn the material by studying every day, or you pretend to learn it by frantically cramming two days before an exam. In my first year of medical school, sitting in the pale fluorescent study room, I was a devoted practitioner of the latter.

“Anatomy is an absolute nightmare. I have no idea what the hell’s going on. I’m heading to the lab to look over a few things before I go home. Why are YOU still awake? It’s 3 AM, go to sleep!” I replied back.

Something smacked against the windows. Startled, I looked up and relaxed as the tree branches lifted back away from the panes. The wind howled outside as freezing rain pelted the windows, creating an icy glaze over campus. There was supposed to be a little bit of snow tonight, but this was shaping up to be quite an ice storm.

I gathered the laptop and books into my backpack. My school badge also laid on the table, with my name and photo on one side. On the other side, I had placed a yellow sticker with my home address, in case I lost it somewhere. I clipped the badge to my shirt, grabbed the backpack, and walked out into the dimly lit corridor. The building creaked and groaned against the wind as I walked down to the third floor. As I stepped off the stairs, the repulsively sweet odor of formaldehyde crept up my nostrils all too early. “Ugh, c’mon people,” I complained as my eyes settled on anatomy lab’s open door. Someone had accidentally left the lab unlocked again. Walking into the lab, I closed the door behind me and, after a few moments of fumbling around in the darkness, flicked on the lights.

The dissection tables were arranged in two neat rows that spanned across the long and narrow room, totaling 12 tables for 12 teams. Each stainless steel table top slid open to reveal a 16 gallon immersion tank, where the cadavers would lay when not being studied. I walked over to my team’s table and slid open the top. Our cadaver’s name was “Mitch”. He had died from lung cancer at the age of 79 and his family had graciously donated his body to the medical school. We’d learned a lot from Mitch, going through various body systems throughout the

year. Now, I had two days to learn about the neuromuscular system, and its daunting complexity was forming a knot in my stomach. Luckily, I had Mitch here to help me.

My phone buzzed with Allan's reply, "Going into the anatomy lab alone in the middle of the night? Lol can it get any creepier? You're like the first character who dies in every horror movie." As I slid the phone back into my pocket and slipped on some blue nitrile gloves, I caught something out of the corner of my eye. In the dissection table across from me, there was a tuft of black hair and 4 fingers poking out from the top. The team with this cadaver had done a sloppy job cleaning up after class. I walked over to the tank to place everything back into it properly. As I slid open the top of the table, my breath caught in my throat and I jumped back.

I had become relatively used to being around a cadaver, but this one was deeply unsettling. The woman was much younger than most of the other cadavers, likely in her 30's. Her face wasn't wrinkled like the others. The skin wasn't blotchy and tinted yellow like most cadavers. The flesh appeared almost...fresh. A deep jagged scar stretched from the bottom of her left eye to her left earlobe. However, the most startling feature was her lips. Smearred with dried blood, they were stretched wide across her face, from ear to ear. Her yellow teeth peeled out from beneath the blood-caked lips to create a hideous grin.

I quickly placed her hand and her hair back into the tank before walking away, feeling nauseous. My phone buzzed again, but I ignored it. The medical instruments were placed in a locked cabinet on the wall. I walked over and unlocked it with my keys, taking out a scalpel and pickups. Working on Mitch, I took my time separating the muscles of the forearms from fascia and identified them one by one. My phone buzzed again and again, but I let it go. I could text Allan back later; the quicker I finished learning this anatomy, the sooner I could get out of this damn building and go home. As I moved down to the muscles of the hand, I suddenly realized something.

I had completely forgotten to close the table top of the female cadaver, leaving her body out in the open. I walked over to her before placing the scalpel down next to her body. As I was closing the table, I paused. She had piercing blue eyes that stared straight up at the ceiling. They gleamed in the fluorescent lighting, two pools of ice sitting next to that grotesque grin. I wondered, why hadn't I noticed them before?

The phone buzzed once more, and I lost my initial self-control. Peeling the gloves off, I looked down at the bright screen. "Allan Williams: 12 messages and 2 missed calls". I unlocked the phone and was greeted by a string of messages from Allan:

“Hey, did you check your email? It’s kind of scary, you might want to get off campus.”

“Okay, now I’m freaking out a bit. Pick up your phone, man.”

“PICK UP DUDE.”

My heart sped up as the messages frantically went on and on. I opened my inbox to find an official university email:

Attention University faculty and students:

Late this evening, a patient admitted to the Lincoln General Hospital’s Psychiatry unit assaulted and subdued her nurse. During this incident, the patient bit the nurse on her throat and drew blood. The nurse’s identification card was then used to exit the Psychiatry unit. The patient was last seen running out of the unit with blood on her face.

The patient’s name is Clarice Waters, with a height of 5’8” and weight of 150 lbs. She is Caucasian with black hair, light blue eyes, and an 8 cm facial scar on her left cheek. If seen, please call University police immediately. Do not try to engage or detain the patient yourself, she has a longstanding history of violent behavior.

Thank you for your patience and vigilance in addressing this matter.

My head stayed down, hand clenched around the phone, eyes frozen on the screen below. A wave of sickening nausea hit my belly, as I tasted the sour remains of my dinner. Beads of sweat dripped down my face, soaking my shirt in the frigid room.

The cadaver’s eyes – her unnerving blue eyes, the ones that I failed to notice when I first slid open the dissection table. Of course, I hadn’t noticed them. After all, how could I? She had chosen to keep them closed until now.

I didn’t look at her. I didn’t grab my bag. I didn’t look back at all. I just ran.

Sprinted out of the lab, turned into the corridor, pounded down the stairs as fast as my feet could take me. Bursting out of the front door, I was greeted by the ice storm outside.

The parking lot was a block away. I sprinted towards the lot, breathless as the freezing wind cut through my lungs. 20 steps away from the car, my feet slipped on the ice-glazed asphalt. I screamed as my knees crashed to the ground, cracking the icy sheet below. My badge fell off

my shirt, clattering to the ground. The yellow address sticker faced up at me, taunting me with the distant hope of home. As the wind whipped and howled around me, I heard the sound of footsteps behind me.

I crawled the rest of the way to my car and got to the driver's side. Pulling myself up against the sedan, I yanked the door open, shattering the glassy ice along the frame. Jamming the key in the ignition, I gave it a sharp turn. The engine groaned and stalled in the glacial temperatures. Panicking, I looked back through my rearview mirror.

She stood in the moonlight, the winter wind roaring around her, whipping her hair across her eyes. Gleaming scalpel in one hand, she calmly started walking towards the driver's seat. She ran the scalpel's blade against the side of the car, like a cat toying with her prey. I desperately pressed the door lock, but she slammed her elbow into my window, shattered it in one blow. Shards of glass embedded in her bloody elbow, but she stayed unfazed.

I turned the key again, but the car refused to start. I jerked my head away just as she slashed the scalpel into the leather headrest, mere inches from my face. With her free hand, she reached into the car and grabbed my face. Shoving my head back against the headrest, she dug her fingernails into my cheeks. As I pushed her away, her other hand swiped towards my neck, slashing the scalpel into my shoulder instead. I screamed in pain as my white lab coat soaked crimson with blood. As I turned the key one final time, the car roared to life. With my hands welded to the steering wheel, I stomped on the accelerator and took one final look at my rearview mirror.

Her face was twisted into a snarl as she watched me drive away. As she looked down at the ground, her eyes widened. She reached down and picked up my badge. The cold blue eyes scanned its surface and rested on my yellow address sticker. Her eyes flicked back up to my fleeing car, and her lips curled into a blood-stained smile.



WE CAN

Giclée

ART-2ND PLACE

Peter Somers, PhD, MD, Alumnus

ITS DAYS ARE NUMBERED

POETRY-2ND PLACE

Cynda Strong, Community

A broken backed stalk leans limply against a weathered
fence post.

Crystalized droplets dangle from the barbed wire like tinsel.

A soft blush of powdered snow covers the cocoa clumpy
ruts

as a scavenger pecks at a frost encrusted carcass.

A dash of raspberry streaked in the sunset is the only clue
that winter's days are numbered.

ANGRY BIRDS

Digital Photography

Amit Sapra, MD, Faculty



POWER POSE

Digital Photography

Amit Sapra, MD, Faculty



RIHANNA

Drawing

ART-3RD PLACE

Trinity Dvorak, Community

MUSIC, END OF ALL GRACES

PROSE - 3RD PLACE Sumi Rebeiro, MD, Alumnus

Music is not the most beautiful of experiences.

The sun setting fire to the sky as it bids adieu to the world, the stars springing like silver fish above the ocean in the fall of twilight, the white-gold billow of clouds below the top of a mountain, the smell of tuberose twined with vanilla, the exquisite glide of sweetness and satin on the tongue that is creme brûlée ...

But taste lives in the mouth. When one shuts one's eyes, vision goes, though the image lives in mind and memory. Smell is transient, ephemeral, never as vividly recalled as the emotions it raises.

Unlike all of these, music is an enchantment woven into blood and muscle.

Music exists only within our bodies. The waves of sound travel, shake the molecules of the physical world, affect objects just as photons do; but a sunset exists without anyone to see it. Music becomes music only when it enters a human skull and is decoded by the brain.

And it doesn't stay in the skull afterwards. Music travels. Whether there is a perceptible beat or not, even the sound of a single high pure voice singing—*Vissi D'Arte*, for example—blends with the thrum of the heart, begins to fall into rhythm with the pulse. Muscle fibers twitch and creak under emotion's influence. We shift and breathe in concert with its allurements. Our blood dances, even if our bones do not.

All the while, music rewrites us—entering, being created, then coursing through our bodies, an elixir crafted in our neurons and carried in our blood—but woven by makers outside of us, elsewhere from our blood and brain...most often far away.

And as it revises our pulse and breath, it weaves itself into the loom of our emotions, warp and weft, moods shifting and surging like tides as keys and tempos and time signatures change.

All art, all beauty, recall and reshape feeling. But only music does it dynamically, with every re-experiencing forcing us to relive change after change, mind and heart and body becoming chords struck on some larger instrument.

This is why music is hailed as the ultimate art, the end of all graces—not because it is intrinsically higher or more beautiful, but because it is the closest thing to magic of which humans are capable: An enchantment of feeling, woven of the shift of atoms, made to surge through every inch of bone and vessel, decoded by our minds into nothing less than the thundering necessity of life continuing.

L & M

POETRY-1ST PLACE C. Leslie Smith, MD, Faculty

House after house we planned.
Pointing at this one or that one
Manor of the future
The process of pieces sorting together, cohesive
We gave each up, shrugged shoulders and moved on
As one

Home after home we created together. Until this,
Our stripping down and rebuilding, became the final resting place.
Walls displayed with our Saturday scouts
Fillers of space carefully chosen
(Negative space too)
Sills with your orchids on the precipice
Of bloom

How can I now lay in this our bed, our sheets, our room
Here without you?

My eye finds you in the details, the broad strokes, the whole
Picture my aloneness
Without you in my space

I see the shadow of you ascending to the door,
Hear you dropping heavy-footed steps;
Tinny country voices
Twanging in the background

How can this, our home, now be
My home alone?

What am I do with these spaces you've left to become space?
It must be that I am mistaken.
Grief has saturated
Our space
My space
Dragging my limbs with its nails gouging the floor
Following me, in your shoes

I have to leave our space to breathe
And on this, our walk, I find you
Our steps in sync
Our arm in arm
Lips brushing my ear

Your fingers cradling the pieces of my heart together
Making it possible for me to endure
This change of space



RAYS OF LIGHT OVER LAKE SPRINGFIELD

Digital Photography

Dominic Aiello, Student

LITTLE GRAND CANYON

Digital Photography

Dominic Aiello, Student



THE SHADOW OF MY LONELINESS

Scarlett Madison, Staff

My loneliness can only be seen
When the light or the sun
Is beaming down on me.
The dark I seek
Because there I know
My loneliness will never show
A candle flickers
And my loneliness appears
I blow out the fire
And my sorrows disappears
Sometimes I think
I don't want the sun to shine
I know it sounds silly
But it was just a thought in my mind
Shadows are big and some are small
They appear on sidewalks, floors and walls.
Without my shadow
I would not exist
But me without my loneliness
Would be Heavenly Bliss!



BLOOMING REDBUDS

Pastel

Mary Stjern, Community



SYMBOLS OF REMEMBRANCE

Acrylic on Wood

Emily Wade, Student

EL PASO DOBLE

PROSE-2ND PLACE

Marie Vera, Community

The sound of the pendulum on the grandfather clock awakened her. Not startlingly, but smoothly, like a silky scarf fluttering across her body. She listened intently (*tick, tock, tick, tock*). She imagined that, somehow, her heart automatically synchronized with the swaying of the pendulum.

"Today is the day," she thought to herself. Today she would give herself fully to him. She would not hold anything back. She had been toying with him, she realized, and that was tremendous fun; but it was unfair to him because he wanted her, so badly, to abandon caution and trust him by giving her all to him. But in her reverie, she realized that her playfulness was just a ploy. She was afraid to relinquish control of the one thing over which she had total power.

Herself.

Her **SELF**. All that she had to offer him was SELF. And when they were together, he let her know in no uncertain terms that he wanted all of her. When he pressed himself against her, she could feel the warm air (or was it hot?) from his lungs on her neck as he breathed in her scent. Gaspd, really; almost sniffing in the most primal of ways. OWNING her, as he held her.

As she lay there, she imagined what it would be like. Secretly, she enjoyed the strength with which he held her; the passion with which he released and then decidedly pulled her to himself. There were times, that just the sight of him could cause her body to react in ways with which she was unfamiliar. But, she was trained. She was trained to rebuff his advances in the dance. And then not. But her instincts told her that she would lose his interest if she continued to amuse herself with his desire.

So today, she would turn her SELF over to him. It sounded so...but then, in many ways it *was* primal, instinctual, animalistic.

Competition. "Bolero" begins to play in the background...

Chasse'. She allowed him to guide her in the side step, straining not to move her hips to the flow of the music. He stopped her and gazed passionately into her eyes. She thought she saw the grey flecks in his eyes shift to a silvery sparkle. Then it was gone, but the smolder was

still there. He, the matador. She, his prey.

Sur Place. The matador stomped, and faced the bull as she stomped in reply. He left her alone during the separation and she felt her resolve falter; but not wanting him to know, she continued her Sur Place arrogantly using the flow of her dress as his cape.

Huit. When she thought she could no longer bear to be separated from him, he returned to her. She allowed him to bring her in close and ply her with his body's heat. Hips together, arms up, they danced in a figure eight. The entire time, she kept her eyes fixed on his and her mind reeled as he guided her in that familiar pattern. She became lost in the music, his eyes, the heat of his touch. She was hopelessly his, and he somehow recognized the moment she relinquished SELF, and he embraced his supremacy over her. Then inexplicably, he pushed her aside.

Attack. Almost violently, he stalked her, and she him. Her heart began to race and he pulled her to him and gave her a primal sniff that caused her insides to react as he rubbed his face against hers then slightly brushed his lips against hers. Was the matador seducing the bull to eventually achieve striking distance?

Pushing her away, he allowed the tension to build between them. She was enraptured with the passion in his eyes and the power in his limbs as he approached. He teased her and she stomped, daring him to come at her. His arrogance was at once appalling and appealingly seductive. Her insides quivered in anticipation of his touch; her skin burned with flashes of fire.

Did the tension between them just rise? She did not think that was possible...But it was driven by his actions, his tests of her resolve, his looks of arrogance – as if he *knew* she was his and it was only a matter of time before he would lance her body with his "vara."

Again, he stalked her as though he had already won the fight. She stomped again and dared him to come near.

Rather than feint, he charged her. He lifted her above his head then she tumbled and fell into the strength of his arms. Without hesitation, he allowed her to continue sliding down his dominant leg as if she were pleading for an end. He looked upon her as though she were the most beautiful creature he had seen; then piteously, because he was the matador and she was the bull and there was only one resolution to the Paso Doble.

She yielded to him, hitting the floor, back arched prepared to receive him. His powerful legs flexed then extended, propelling him into the

air. Just as quickly, he raised his "vara" above her, and she willfully consented to their union; demanded that he take her.

Mind.

Body.

Soul.

With deadly yet sensual precision he entered her...plunging his "vara" into her still-beating heart. She collapsed in ecstasy as the last note of Bolero's crescendo played...And with her last breath, the bull whispered to the matador, "My lover is like a bag of myrrh that lies between my breasts."*

Then.

Silence.

The audience erupts. Flowers pour from the seats. The matador helps her from the floor; she gasps, but smiles the sated smile of *una mujer* whose energy was sumptuously spent. She leaned on him as they waved and walked the promenade, comforted by his unyielding strength and the musky smell of his body. She was finally *HIS*.

As they received their perfect score, the crowd again erupted in applause. He embraced her and kissed her on each cheek. Then he turned around as a faintly familiar face rapidly approached. It was Khai. She recognized him as the matador's roommate.

Khai and the matador lovingly embraced. Then kissed full on the lips.

So, she gathered herSELF, as she went about picking up flowers.

"I am a rose of Sharon," she reminded herself, "a lily of the valley."*

*From the Song of Solomon

BEATING

Acrylic on Wood

Emily Wade, Student



MAMA PRAY FOR ME

Bukky Tabiti, Student

heavy laid my head on your lap
tears after tears washed your thighs
you caressed my hair
so gentle
with hands
so rough
years of labor had not been nice to them
yet each stroke
so tender
so soft
a mother's hand
a grandmother's hand
my mama's hand

I drowned your nightgown in my tears
they cling to your slender legs
how heavy my head must feel to them
but you held me closer
bearing my weight and yours

hoarse words filled the air
to meet my ears
a song
no
a prayer
in a tongue only you shared
with the most high

your voice cracked
and your tears washed my hair
an anointment
that put me at ease

as my tears finally ceased
yours did not
as you persist
to pray for me

BLESSED

Digital Photography

Amit Sapra, MD, Faculty





TALLIN ORTHODOXY

Giclée

Peter Somers, PhD, MD, Alumnus

DON'T SAVE ME

John Grace, MD, Alumnus

As my days roll long into the night,
And the night rolls strong into my bones,
I ask you not to save me.

As time's spider wraps me in a sheen,
Cocooning my remaining schemes,
I ask you, "Please forsake me."

I have given what I have,
And given what I know,
And all that now remains is rising shadow.

The life that I had known,
The light that I had seen,
The fire I had saved,
The luminance in me,
Lives more in...you...than I,
Grows dim against the cold,
Burns more in those I've touched,
Than in my shell of old.

All the work I've spent,
All the life I've lived,
All that I have taught,
All that I have given.

Is more in you than I,
Lives more in yours than mine,

Lose yourself while saving me?

You've wasted both our time.



MEDITERRANEAN LUNCH

Digital Photography

Christine Todd, MD, Faculty, Alumnus

DRAGONFLY

Digital Photography

Cynda Strong, Community



THE “FIRSTS” - I’LL LEARN

Carol Forestier, Staff

Books, doctors, seasoned parents and now websites can tell you. Your child’s ‘firsts’ are so memorable.

The first smile. Is it gas or emotion? I’ll learn to spot the difference.

The first time they pull up. Will they walk soon or just create disasters? I’ll learn to move objects.

The first fall. Do I panic or handle it like a pro? I’ll learn what needs a hug and what needs an ER visit.

The first school day. Will they pay attention or just want to be social? I’ll learn life’s lessons with them.

The first date. Will it be awkward or appropriate behavior? I’ll learn to listen to every detail.

The first apartment. Did they see how I kept a clean house or will they not care about appearance? I’ll learn to keep my mouth shut.

The first move back home. Do I charge rent or let them get back on their feet? I’ll learn to draw a line between leniency and making them independent again.

The first time an officer stands on your doorstep to let you know it was the last time you saw your child alive. I never intended to learn a reaction for that.



FRESHLY BATHED ROBIN

Digital Photography

Dominic Aiello, Student



CURATED SPACE

Digital Photography Christine Todd, MD, Faculty, Alumnus

BE THE CHANGE

POETRY - 3RD PLACE Madison Kauffman, Community

You can't change the world.
People lie when they say
You can make a difference.
Because in reality,
You are not strong.
Never believe that
Your life is special.
Trust me,
You can't fight for what you believe in.
Stop pretending that
Dreams can come true.

(Now read it backwards)



STRAY CATS

Giclée

Peter Somers, PhD, MD, Alumnus

LIVING WILL

Kathryn Waldyke, MD, Faculty

While I can put pen to pad
(type on laptop, really—sad...)
I would like to have my say
before the time I go away.
Here it is, my living will,
written while I'm writing still.

If I start to breathe death's
wheeze,
keep my mouth moist, pretty
please.
No TV when I'm alone!
Play *my* music, from my phone.
Anything I've loved so far
helps me through the final hour.

Toast me, plant me—anywhere
Once I'm gone, how could I
care?
Spend your money on a box?
Give the cold dead feet new
socks?
Such a waste these seem to me.
But—
do what you want; I won't see.

Sorry if I've left a mess—
I've too much stuff, I confess.
Give the music and the books
to the singers and the cooks.
All the projects never done...
would you each just finish one?

Money left should do good
things.
Sell the baubles and the bling.
Send some kids to college or
places where they might learn
more.
Pay for heat and kibble too
for a shelter or a zoo.

Other messes, personal—
I can say, my life was full!
If I stepped on toes, I plead
for forgiveness that I need.
If you think that you hurt me,
know that I forgive fully.

Funeral? Better a hike.
Have a party I would like.
Pull out my old photo books.
Have a good laugh; take a look.
Play some music from CDs...
keep them all in order, please.

Sing a song—in tune, OK?
I'll sing too, in my own way.
Cook a good meal; share it
round.
Use the recipes I found.
Grow tomatoes or a rose
in my garden—I'll be close.

I'm sorry.
I love you.
I forgive you.
Thanks, Mary

KINGS OF WINTER

Sumi Rebeiro, MD, Alumnus

Christmas trees are beautiful, especially mine: Twinkling lights, ornaments of porcelain and pewter and blown glass, glowing happily in the living room.

Pine trees outdoors are more beautiful.
There will never be a contest; will never be a question.

Snow on the branches, weighted, every crystal shimmering with each shift of light from heavy, shadowed blue-lavender into pure white iridescence;
the free pine needles underneath the snow-weighted boughs illuminated against the dark blue of the sky and winter stars, too delicate even to be feathery, filamented, sparkling with wayward breaths of blown snow, quivering with the breathing of the tree...

There is something stern, ominous, enigmatic about pine trees in winter.

Living beings, immobile, cloaked in snow, vulnerable to any shift of land or weather and yet wrapped in silence, unconquered, immune to all but the most devouring of fires...

Majestic, dominating,
swaddled in cold,
dreaming the long winter around them,
too alive to notice the small humans threading between.

The dark pine forests of the far north defeated their legendary huntsmen in winter, harbored the hunt's deadliest enemies: Jokul Frosti and wolf-packs and the Erbkönig, ice and silence and endlessness, pathless as the night between the stars.

Humans needed to conquer them.

What better way to make something harmless than to kill it, bring it inside,
hang porcelain ornaments and sparkling lights—even the occasional lighted candle—from the branches of a tree that does not burn?

But one cannot conquer a thing by killing it.

The joke is on us, hovering beside our small indoor trees,
with snow-glittered, needle-fringed giants,
stars caught sparkling in their breathing boughs—
awake, serene, deathlessly lovely
in a way humans cannot capture or keep—
watching through the winter that has slain us time out of mind,
cold and magnificent,
unharmd under the open sky.



MIRROR MIRROR ON THE LAKE

Photography

Kevin Hingle, Community



SPRING BREAK AT THE SEASHORE

Pastel

Mary Stjern, Community

HARBOR EVENING

Pastel

Mary Stjern, Community



BRING ME THE HEAD OF PEPÉ LE PEW

James Vincent Thomalla, MD, Alumnus

The phone rang awfully early for a Friday morning that I wasn't on call:

"Yeahlo"

"Hey Vince, Craig here, I got a question for you. The boys were playing hard the other night. Did you happen to notice if Chester had any fresh scratches or bite marks on his face when you picked Elwood up?"

The boys are Chester and Elwood; Craig's and my 5-year-old springer spaniels who happen to be best dog pals. When they were younger, they had hunted together but then Chester became gun shy; they remained best buds away from the hunting grounds.

"Boy Craig, I dunno. Why, what's up?"

"Well, you know we had that skunk in the culvert and Chester was going from end to end..."

Ah yes, the skunk. Two nights ago, my friend Craig had noticed a skunk in his front yard which had made the culvert under his driveway its new home. Craig and his son had waged war against it for a whole day. Craig's son, Justin, had chucked rocks at it, but the skunk hadn't been dissuaded from returning to its new abode. Chester had been badgering it too, running from end to end barking periodically, just keeping an eye on its whereabouts.

Finally, they decided to forcibly evict the intruder. Half a can of Sea Foam was sprayed into the culvert. It probably wasn't a very bright idea but seemed to be an expedient solution. The skunk's beady eyes were visible, but it didn't seem to be repelled by the high octane, ether and alcohol mixture. Carefully, a lit match was flipped into the opening. The results were predictably instantaneous and impressive as a stream of orange and blue flame shot 15 feet out of the end of the culvert, resembling an F-16 Hornet's after-burner at takeoff. One would have expected the culvert to be launched down the street or at least a bullet of black and white fur but, no, everything remained in place. After a suitable interval the guys peered into the opening. The beady eyes were still there, although perhaps a little bloodshot now and there

might have been a little cough of smoke coming from the skunk, like the gopher in Caddyshack.

Justin took matters into his own hands and got his pellet rifle out of the rack. Chester high-tailed it as soon as he saw the rifle. The beady red eyes were an easy target and the problem was quickly resolved, sort of. Recovery was tricky but the carcass was finally retrieved by aid of a long piece of bamboo equipped with a nail. The smell was interesting; initially more of a burnt, essence of BBQ-ed spare rib. That typical road-kill smell had yet to take over, but it did. Since the initial olfactory insult was so mild, the guys decided to double bag the body and pitch it into a garbage can for pick up in a few days. However, with the early summer heat and the natural release of more aromas, Craig's wife started to complain, as did the neighbors.

"Get rid of it!"

Under the cover of darkness, Craig and Justin placed the now triply bagged skunk into the back of the truck and headed out into the country to deposit it in a roadside ditch. Mission accomplished and skunk-free the drive home was a great laugh as the day was recounted.

"I thought that culvert might blow up!"

"Yeah that crossed my mind."

But that evening after washing up, Craig discovered the scratches on Chester's face. Where did they come from? The culvert? Elwood? Or the skunk?

A whole new skunk problem emerged with Chester now the focus because of his past health record. Chester had not received a rabies vaccination for a few years. This was not done out of neglect but as a result of his severe allergy to the vaccine. Twice he had received the rabies vaccination and twice he had suffered an anaphylactic allergic reaction requiring emergent trips to the vet as a prostrated pooch in need of a doggie EpiPen and IV fluids. He damn near died! A blood test by his vet had shown he still possessed a degree of immunity from his previously administered near fatal vaccines, but by Wisconsin law he was not vaccinated against rabies.

"Do you think that Elwood might have scratched Chester on his muzzle?"

"Well it's possible the way those two chase and bite at each other."

"I'm gonna have to look into this a little more. We got rid of that skunk but what if it had rabies and bit Chester?"

Rabies! Old Yeller! Hydrophobia!

Rabies mortality is a serious global issue. A search of the Web revealed that there are an estimated 15,000 to 70,000 human deaths a year from rabies, possibly higher due to under reporting, and as one would guess a greater problem in underdeveloped countries. There are even deaths in the United States although those are rare events. Review of the CDC's data for rabies shows that starting at the turn of the 19th century there were about 100 deaths annually due to rabies in the U.S. until the mid-20th century when the numbers dropped precipitously as the result of post exposure treatment of those who had been bitten and universal canine vaccination. Even so there are still rabies fatalities in this country, even in Wisconsin.

From 2002 – 2017 there were 379 reported cases of rabies in animals in Wisconsin – the vast majority in bats (357) with the next most common host being skunks at 14. Wisconsin has seen rabies in humans as well. In 2000 and 2010 two elderly men became ill and died after being bitten by a bat. They presented with symptoms of central nervous system involvement which is the virus's target. Once in the brain the virus wreaks havoc causing confusion, headache, dizziness and aberrant behavior ultimately leading to coma and once these symptoms are established, irreversibly to death. Or so it had always been thought.

In 2004, another Wisconsinite, 15-year-old Jeanna Giese, presented with a fully developed case of rabies and survived, a first documented case study. She too was bitten by a bat on her left hand. The wound was thoroughly cleaned but about a month after she was bitten the classic symptoms of central nervous system involvement appeared. She was transferred to Children's Hospital of Wisconsin in Milwaukee where rabies was confirmed and with it the grim reality of her impending death. With little to offer her and out of desperation, doctors there decided to place her in a medically induced coma to see if that would slow the progress of the virus's march to the brain and allow her own immune system time to establish a response. No one thought that it would work, but it did. She recovered and went home. She had to endure a lot of rehabilitation, but she prevailed and graduated from high school and went off to college. This "first" made headlines around the world and the "Milwaukee Protocol" was subsequently used in several cases but with mixed results and consequently the initial excitement about its success diminished over time. The few who did survive fully developed rabies have been extremely fortunate and have been thought to have been infected with a less aggressive form of the virus. No one knows for sure, but it demonstrates three things: 1) Rabies is out there and we need to be aware of it. Specifically, the CDC recommends post exposure treatment for anyone who has been bitten or possibly bitten by a bat. 2) Once the clinical picture of central nervous

system involvement presents it is almost always fatal. 3) Treatment with immune globulin before those symptoms appears is uniformly protective (about 30,000-60,000 courses of treatment in the U.S. annually for cases of presumed exposure).

Craig made a quick call to Madison and was ultimately referred to the Department of Agriculture, Trade and Consumer Protection (DATCP), which turned out not to be such a quick call. Despite Chester's blood demonstrating antibody activity against the rabies virus, he was still considered to be unvaccinated, and since the condition of the skunk was unknown, he was considered to have been exposed to rabies. There were three options: 1) Put Chester down. 2) Quarantine Chester for 180 days in a veterinary facility (no house arrest) to see if he developed signs of rabies. 3) Retrieve the skunk's head so the brain could be viewed microscopically for the presence of Negri bodies which would unequivocally and conclusively prove the presence of rabies if discovered in the tissue.

"Really, I have to bring in the head?"

"Not only do you have to recover the head, but you need to get it on ice ASAP and overnight it to our lab for pathologic examination. You've got very little time as the brain will start decomposing, and if that happens the exam won't tell us anything and then you will be choosing between options 1 and 2!"

"Get the head, OK?"

Justin wouldn't help with the recovery mission, something about having schoolwork to do. So off Craig went retracing his previous evening's covert route out into the country (out at the intersection of county "P" and "U"?).

"Now where did we toss that bag?"

A search of the ditch in question was soon rewarded with the distinctly raw essence of skunk, despite the triple bagging. All he needed was the head for which he had brought a lopping shear to accomplish the decapitation. The successive bag openings got riper and riper causing Craig to distance himself further and further from the epicenter. He dumped the body out and started to cut through the neck, but the shear buckled much like a kindergartener's pair of scissors trying to cut through a too-thick piece of cardboard. Chomp, chomp, chomping. Sweat was pouring off Craig's brow!

"Who knew a skunk's neck was so stringy?"

After daintily picking the head up by one of its ears, double wrapping it in trash bags and putting it on ice in a Styrofoam cooler Craig shipped

the package overnight to the lab in Madison. Fortunately, the wait was short, and the news was good, No Negri bodies! The skunk did not have rabies and Chester did not have to go to prison or worse!

The next day life reverted back to normal. Chester and Elwood started playing together again, doing so for the next several years; Justin continued to enhance his marksmanship; Craig ran afoul of his wife in other areas; and Jeanna Giese graduated from college, got married and now has had three kids! Yes, life has been good for all involved well except for the skunk, who was heaven sent.



MISSOURI PASTURE

Oil Painting on Panel

Jordan Hammer, Staff

STILL, SMALL VOICE

Kathryn Waldyke, MD, Faculty

I've found a gift—
I listen and
the still, small voice finds me.
It comes most times
not on command
but when I am in need.

It speaks at times
for comfort or
for clarity, or qualm.
I hear it best
—it does not roar—
when ambient noise is calm.

In gentle swish
of breeze in tree
the sound may still come
through.
But daily noise,
cacophony,
drowns out the whisper'd cue.

I never know
what time it might
creep into thoughts or mind:
in bed at dawn,
last thing at night,
or stranded in stalled line...

Sometimes I know
the voice I hear
—as family or friend's.
It may be God--?
It may be fear--?
—a "guide"? a "muse"? Pretend?

One time it was
—I don't kid you—
the voice of Johnny Cash.
He sang a new
tune, lyrics too.
It's bound to be a smash....

The shame for me
is life's so full
—of blessings, and of choice—
The busyness,
the tides that pull,
are drowning out the voice.

I feel a sad
role in this, too,
for making others miss—
by scheduling
too much to do
on students' and kids' lists.

I think mine's not
the only ear
that needs to hear it speak.
Making space and
time so we hear
brings strength when we grow
weak.

HENRY THE HIPPO

Vamsikrishna Naidu, Student

Henry, momma, and papa hippo lived together happily,
In the Sahara in Africa, close to the sea!

Henry loved to eat grass, shoots and reeds,
But absolutely did not like seaweeds.
He could eat them all day,
As an appetizer, dessert and an entrée!

But Henry felt insecure of his weight,
Because he was larger than all his classmates.
And one day when he went to school,
He met Malcom, the mean mule.
Malcom made fun of Henry's size,
Called him fat until tears dripped from Henry's eyes.

That day he left school very depressed.
And soon, he became obsessed
With losing weight.
So he stopped eating for two days straight.

Momma and papa noticed something was wrong
"Henry, you haven't eaten all day long!"
He sadly replied, "I'm just too fat!"
"So, I refuse to eat, and that's that!"
"You have no reason to be ashamed"
"love your body and yourself" his parents proclaimed!

And that's how Henry came to realize,
That he should be confident about his body and size.
And when he went to school the very next day,
He completely ignored what the mule had to say.



OUR BEST FRIENDS

Pencil on Paper

Richard Nicol, MD, Alumnus

OLD

John Grace, MD, Alumnus

Stay
Aware
I must
live
And yet life is closing
And I am failing
And as I grow weaker
fear grows stronger

Be at peace
with vulnerability
with weakness
with loss

for that is only strength available in the end
but it is the greatest strength of all

peacefulness
acceptance
embracing pain and sorrow

with hope and faith in those growing stronger

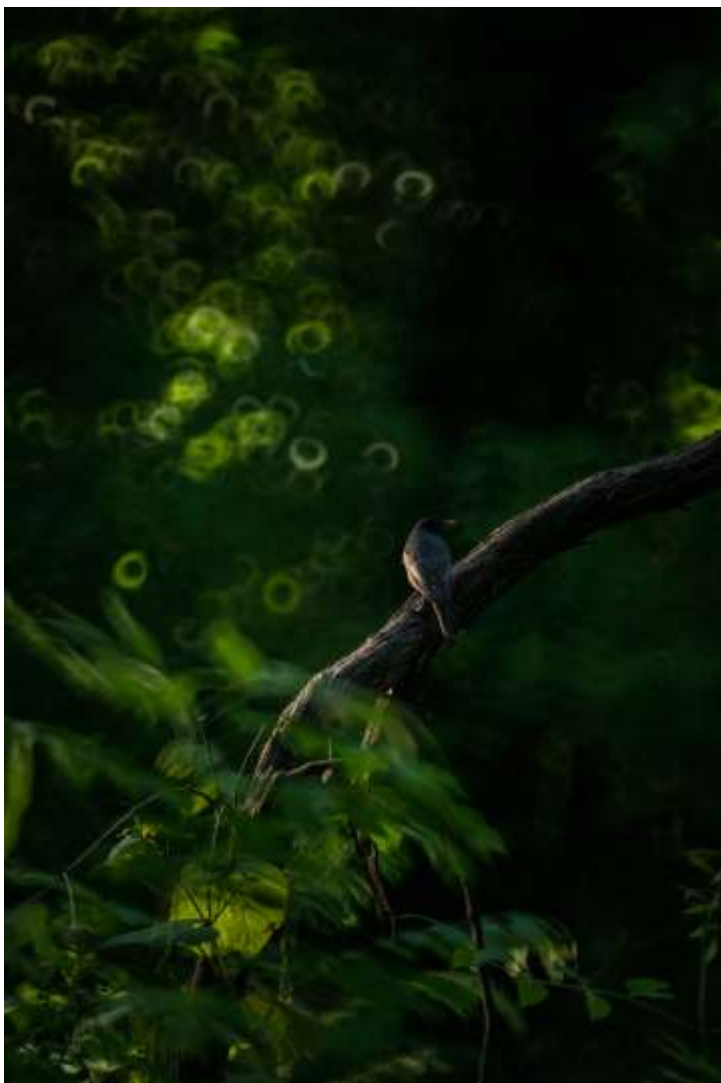
i am not afraid of leaving life to those with more life to live



SUMMER SUNSET AT THE LAKE

Pastel

Mary Stjern, Community



ROBIN ENJOYING THE ECLIPSE

Digital Photography

Dominic Aiello, Student

BLACK IRISES

Sumi Rebeiro, MD, Alumnus

They sit at my eye level at the last stop sign but one before the parking lot: Black irises.

Two of them, grown on the same stem, swaying against a field of lighter purple-and-yellow cousins.

They are not truly black, of course. The slant of the 7:45a.m. sun burnishes their darkness, pulling their true tint—an abyssal shade of sanguine-purple—to the surface of the ruffled petals. Caressing from them a gleam too subtle to be satiny, too tender to be silken.

They should seem out of place. It is a lovely spring morning, sun coaxing lapis from the sky; the all-but-black flowers swaying before their more vivacious cousins should tarnish that liveliness.

They do not.

They make everything, everything—the road, the steel of the stop sign, the other flowers, even the sky—more vivid.

Their pale cousins are more luminous in the black blooms' shadow. And if the cheerful, slender purple prettiness seems shallower than the sinuous elegance of the dusky blooms swaying (more slowly, more...deliberately) in the same breeze as they, the presence of those inky crimson-purple petals blazons their cousins' prettiness more brilliantly on the morning.

The cant of the morning light itself is sharper, its angle more acute, for the deep heartsblood stain it strikes from the soft weaving of the two entwined stems.

They are arresting. Enthralling. Resplendent.

I stare at them for a long, suspended instant before recovering a sense of time passing.

Making myself leave.

Parking the car and walking slowly towards a day rearranged by plangent dark beauty.

Wondering the while what it is in chiaroscuro—in darker shades of shadow—that lets me see more clearly.

SCOPE is the property of Southern Illinois University School of Medicine. Copyright reverts to the authors upon publication.

The views expressed herein don't necessarily reflect those of SIU School of Medicine.

Funding for SCOPE was generously provided through the SIU Foundation.

Browse past editions of SCOPE and review guidelines for submission at siumed.edu/scope or contact SIU's Office of Marketing and Communications:

801 N. Rutledge St.
PO Box 19621
Springfield, IL 62794
217-545-2155
SCOPE@siumed.edu

Submissions for the 2021 edition of SCOPE will be accepted from October 2020 to January 2021.



SIU SCHOOL
of MEDICINE