



# PLEXUS

Journal of Arts and Humanities



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

**Front Cover:**  
**Montmarte Stroll**, oil on canvas  
Betty Wong, Pediatrics

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

## Sponsors

School of Medicine Dean's Office  
Office of Educational Affairs  
Office of Admissions

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

## Journal of Arts and Humanities

### *Co-Editors-in-Chief*

Jamie "Akiva" Kahn, Class of 2009  
Mariam Naqvi, Class of 2009

### *Managing Editor*

Pooya Javidan, Class of 2009

### *Senior Editors*

Audio

Lauren Cheung, Class of 2009

Beautification Project

Janet Lim, Class of 2009

Creative Writing

Jamie "Akiva" Kahn, Class of 2009

Layout & Design

Mariam Naqvi, Class of 2009

Marketing & Outreach

Janet Lim, Class of 2009

Visual Arts

Vicky Millay, Class of 2009

### *Associate Editors*

Audio

Wesley Ryan, Class of 2010

Beautification Project

Christina Umber, Class of 2010

Creative Writing

Dana Steenhard, Class of 2010

Layout & Design

Rod Mortazavi, Class of 2010

Marketing & Outreach

Julie Hui, Class of 2010

Visual Arts

Neera Sodhi, Class of 2010

### *Selection Editors*

Antony Hazel, Class of 2009

Pooya Javidan, Class of 2009

Jane Lee, Class of 2009

### *Selection Committee*

Sarah Blaschko, Class of 2007

Brian McMichael, Class of 2007

Sarah Mourra, Class of 2008

Manijeh Torki, Class of 2008

Roya Saisan, Class of 2007

Tracy Slone, Class of 2007

Josh Waltzman, Class of 2008

Randy Wei, MD/PhD Candidate

Boback Ziaeeian, Class of 2008

### *Faculty Advisors*

Elizabeth Morrison, MD

Johanna Shapiro, PhD



## 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

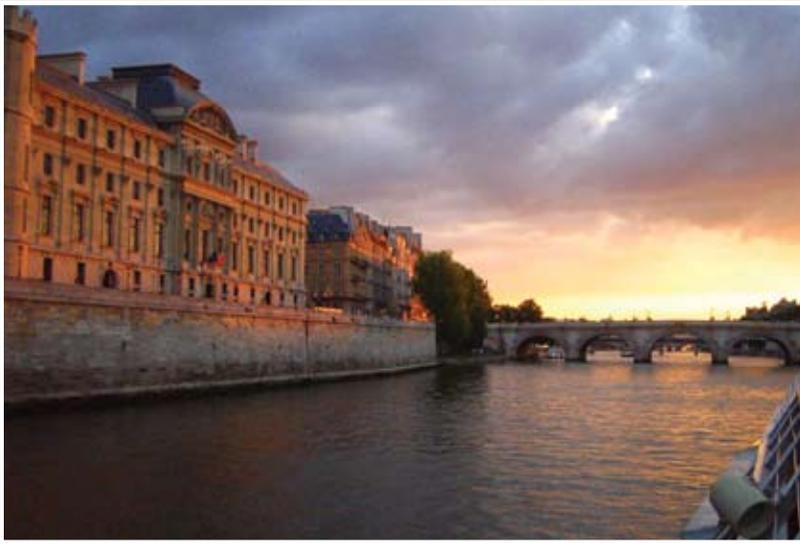
From out of the darkness  
The light crashes through  
Suddenly erupting in a brilliant hue  
Oh how the brightness illuminates my eyes  
Wandering through each arm, leg, and thigh  
I wonder what each day will bring  
The clock always churning ahead,  
Never ceasing  
Never knowing the thoughts of those 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.

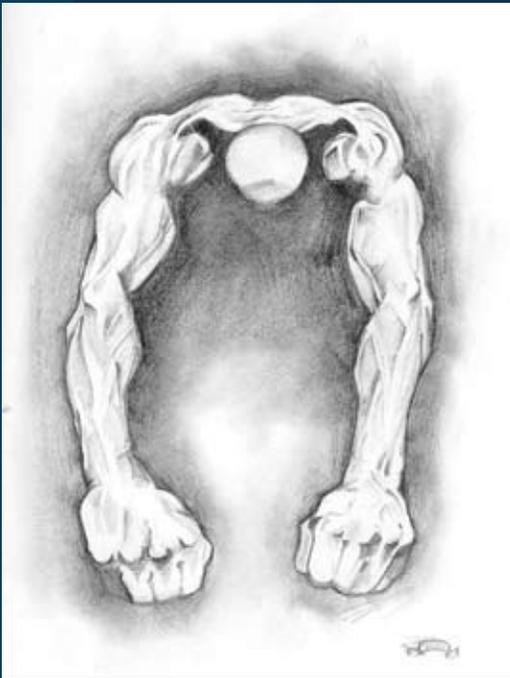
*I always wanted to be a schoolteacher.  
But stopping school after second grade, I didn't know how I could fulfill my dream.*

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.

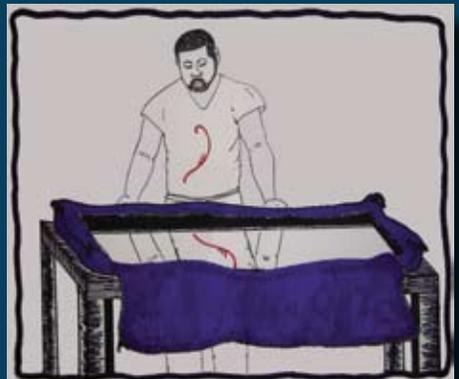
*I always wanted to be a schoolteacher.  
Stopping school after second grade, I finally taught a class in the anatomy lab.*

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

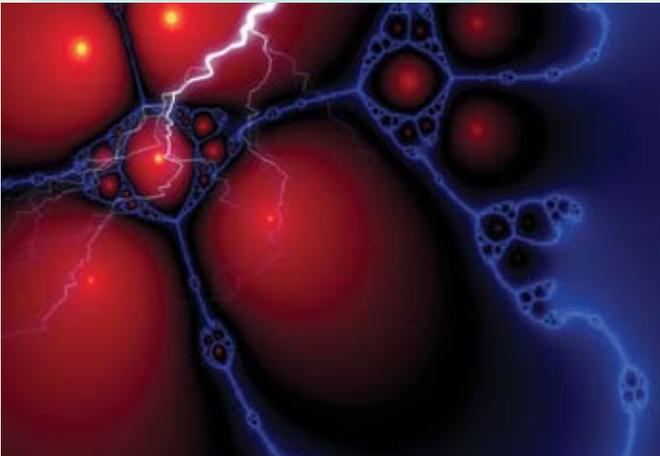
There had been a time that he cared.  
heart weeping with openness unfounded  
in days where the world shone bright.  
these hands had always seemed too big for him.  
it was not as though he belonged to himself but  
had become someone else, someone who  
he had nothing to lose.  
it was the look in 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.*

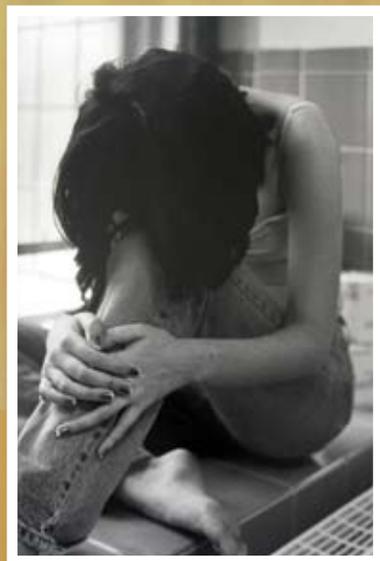
**Brian McMichael, Class of 2007**

**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 Ziaeian, 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.

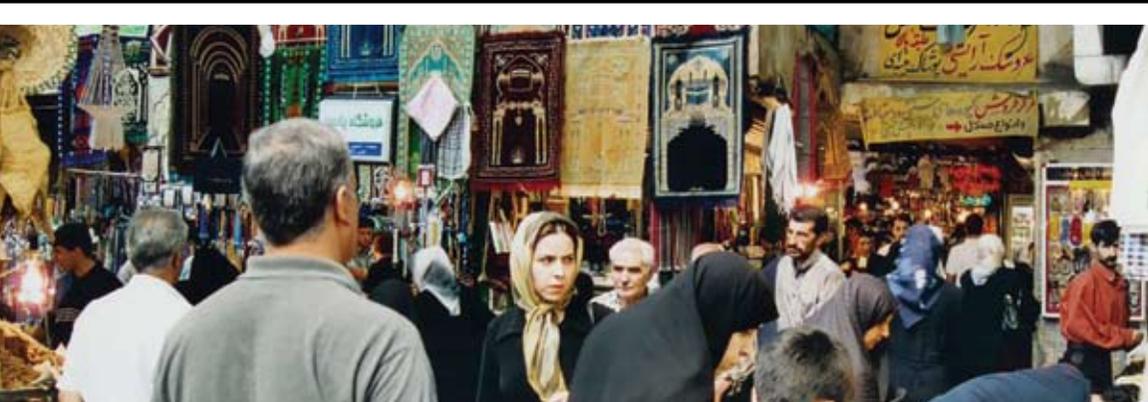
His wife is called first  
I see her wheeled past  
supine on the gurney  
her hands folded across her chest  
maybe in prayer  
maybe to prevent  
her elbows getting scraped  
as the team navigates the narrow corridors

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

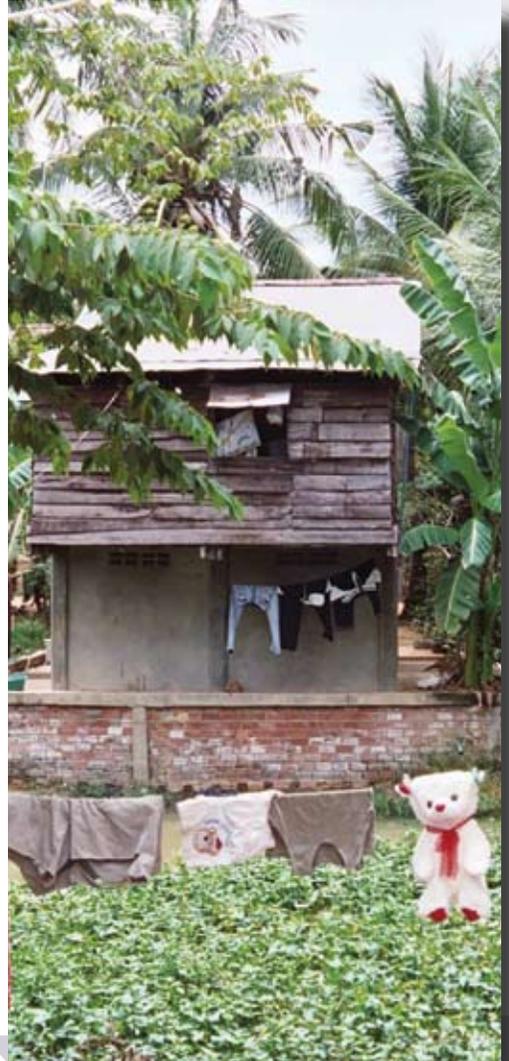
Under this light, my shadow diminishes.  
Memory hangs, like a final tear,  
Clinging to the angle of my jaw.

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  
 the  
 p  
 o  
 t  
 a  
 nestled  
 cabin  
 my  
 to  
 trees  
 laden  
 pinecone  
 lights appear as  
 the  
 past  
 Climb  
 Climb  
 powder  
 white  
 of  
 bed  
 reflections  
 the  
 under  
 ned  
 d  
 i  
 h  
 of each other  
 sli  
 ack ice  
 the  
 pp  
 bl  
 e y  
 r  
 careful  
 of  
 mountain  
 snowy  
 the  
 Climb  
 P  
 U  
 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.



WWW.PLEXUSAUDIO.COM



# UCI School of Medicine

(c) 2007 PLEXUS

*Published works were contributed by UCI School of Medicine students, faculty, staff, alumni, and patients.*