

type . cast

2019 EDITION XII
BRODY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE
ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE

type . cast

2019 EDITION XII
THE HEART OF MEDICINE

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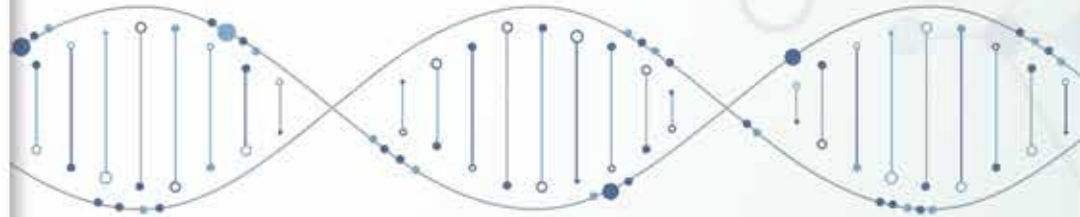
I remember reading magazines as a kid- I used to skim through to the section with side by side pictures. The ones that looked similar but challenged you to find 10 differences between them. I would look and look and then finally find them all. They were my favorite. It's easy to see differences.

What about our similarities? How often are these overlooked? How much harder would it be to ostracize groups of people if we decided to love them before differentiating them from ourselves?

I hope this issue of type.cast challenges you to see the common threads of human life. We all walk the same earth and breath the same air. We all crave love and a sense of belonging. We all feel pain and joy. We are all human. Our diversity makes us uniquely beautiful.

Emily Kragel
Type.cast editor

- Special thanks to the Brody School of Medicine Department of Bioethics and Interdisciplinary Studies, ECU University Printing and Graphics, Dr. Annette Greer, and Ms. Pat Harrington.



Cover art:
• **ALMA**
by Emily Kragel, MS2
mixed media



THE LAND WE WALK...





THE LAND WE WALK...



• **TICKBIRD**

by Bob Green, RN, CNM



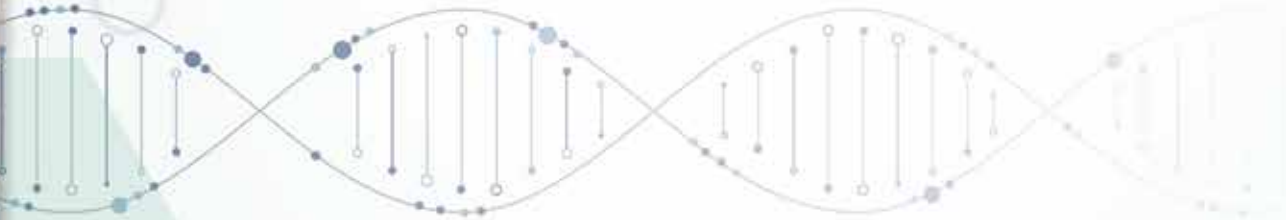
A tired Hippopotamus
stands at the edge of
a small river watching
his feet and the
rippling reflections of the
birds on his back.



'The water feels inviting' he whispers
to his feet, 'but
i'd hate for the birds to
fly away'.

• **MONTE FITZ ROY**

*by Danielle McLaughlin, MS1
photography*





• **INTRACOASTAL WATERWAY**

*by Daniele McLaughlin, MS1
oil on canvas*

THE LAND WE WALK...

• **REFLECTIONS**

*by Shivam Patel, MS2
photography*

• THREADS OF DNA

by William Meggs MD, PhD, FACMT, FACEP

Sixteen-year-old Megan Howard attended a school as diverse as a mixer for United Nations ambassadors. Though more students were white than any other ethnic group, the majority had roots in Asia, Africa, or Latin America. Her class decided to have a diversity day. Each student would share family stories. Most had been born in the United States and were American citizens, but they had rich heritages to share.

Megan's family had never discussed when and how their ancestors had reached these shores. So she asked. Her father puffed out his chest, "I'm a 100% bonafide WASP," her father told her. Megan noticed Mom's smirk.

"What's a WASP, Dad?" she asked as she scribbled his answer in a composition book.

Dad tilted his head back like a British aristocrat and answered, "White Anglo-Saxon Protestant. We founded this country. You, my daughter, have three documented ways to qualify to be in the D.A.R. Your Aunt Jennie can help you with it."

"What's the D.A.R.?"

"Daughters of the American Revolution. Our forefathers created this country from scratch."

"When did they immigrate here?"

"We're not immigrants. We were here before the immigrants."

Mom laughed out loud and said, "Everyone but Native Americans are immigrants."

Dad snorted and said, "Just because you came from immigrants doesn't mean you can denigrate my heritage."

"Mom, when and where did your family immigrate from?" Megan asked.

"A little bit of everywhere, from Greece to Ireland and Italy to Norway.



Just put, a typical American mutt. It used to matter, if your folks came from Irish or Polish or wherever, but not anymore."

Megan scribbled notes and said, "Well, at least I'll have something to say on Diversity Day."

Megan typed her report for Diversity Day. When the big day arrived, her teacher had decorated the classroom with banners that said things like All People are Created Equal. A Styro-foam sphere was pierced with colorful flags from all the nations. Posters showed people of every shade of skin smiling together. The largest poster had the blue-and-white seal of the United Nations surrounded by photos of people from all over the world.

Her friend Peter told how his grandfather had sneaked over the border from Mexico to give his family a better life in America. Devon said his family had traced his quadruple great grandfather's arrival to a slave ship from Nigeria. Wanda's brilliant father had come from China to go to graduate school in chemical engineering and had been snapped up by DuPont. Megan's palms moistened when her turn came to speak. She stood in front of the class and whispered, "I don't have much to tell. My father knows some of his ancestors came from England before the American Revolution. My mother has people who came from

all over Europe, but doesn't know much about them. I wish there was some way to tell."

"There actually is," her teacher said. "There are companies that can determine where your ancestors came from, by analyzing the DNA in a sample of spit."

"How do I find out about these?" Mega asked.

"Just Google it."

Megan asked her parents if she could get the DNA test. Her mother thought it a waste of money but her father thought it an excellent idea and gave her his credit card to order a kit. She filled a vial with her oral secretions and sent it off in a prepaid mailer. A week later her results arrived.

Her parents were on the back patio enjoying a before-dinner martini with olives. She took the envelope out on the deck and told them the big moment had arrived.

"I can't wait to see it," her father said. "I know you're 50% pure WASP. Her mother rolled her eyes heavenward.

Megan read the results aloud. "25% English, 25% Irish, 10% Scandinavian."

"Now we know where your blonde hair came from," Mom said.

"10% German. 10% Spanish. 10% Italian."

"I told you my ancestors came from all over," Mom said.

"Five percent Greek, and 5% Nigerian."

"What?" Dad said, leaping from his chair and spilling his martini. The martini glass cracked into ten thousand shards of crystal.

"I'll get a broom," Megan said.

Dad turned to Mom and said, "You've polluted my gene pool."

Mom laughed and said, "Are you kidding me? You grew up in a small town in southern Mississippi. I grew up in Minnesota. Besides, you and Megan tan so well and my skin is oh so fair."

Dad turned red and then purple. "My ancestors are 100% WASP."

"So where did the Irish come from?" Mom countered. "Last I heard they were Catholic."

"Northern Ireland is Protestant, WASP," Dad shot back. "So we know that my 50% Irish came from the north."

Megan stepped between her parents and raised a palm toward each, like a cop stopping traffic from both directions.

"Wait," she said. "No need to argue. Just send some of your spit to the DNA lab."

"A waste of money," Mom said.

"Hell, no," Dad screamed. "We're going to hold you responsible."

"OK," Mom said. "We're going to find that you're 10% Nigerian."

When their kits arrived by mail, Mom and Dad sat on the back deck

sipping their evening martinis and contemplating the small brown plastic vials with a white funnel shaped top.

Megan laughed when Mom told Dad, "I can fill my vial faster than you."

Dad responded with a frenzy of spitting, but Mom won.

"Hooray," she said. "A victory for womanhood. I'm champion spitter."

"Yeah," Dad said, "but you're going to lose when we get the results back."

When the results arrived a week later, they waited until each had a martini in hand.

"Let's let Megan open them and read the results to us," Mom proposed.

"Whatever," Dad said.

Megan pulled a chair up to the glass-top deck table, ripped open the two envelopes, and spread the reports in front of her. She scanned the pages and burst into laughter.

"What's so funny?" Dad asked.

"Dad, you're ten percent Nigerian."

Mom joined her laughter.

"Not possible," Dad shouted. He leaped up from his chair and dropped his martini glass, which shattered into ten thousand shards of crystal.

Megan high-fived Mom and said, "I'll get a broom."

"These results have to be fake," Dad said. "I'm sure my ancestors didn't consort with the black race."

"There's no such thing as race," Megan said. "I've researched it out. Just variations in skin color. We're one race, or more correctly, one species. The only race is the human race."

"But," Dad said.

"No ands, ifs, or buts. The science of DNA is clear. One race. Only one in ten thousand genes is different in people with different skin color."

Dad slept poorly that night. The next day at work, his supervisor, a man of ambiguous ethnicity, called him Bro'.

"Bro'," Dad asked. "You're calling me Bro'."

"Yeah, Bro'. I had my DNA tested and I'm thirty percent Nigerian."

"So why do you think I'm Nigerian?"

"Don't forget, our daughters are friends. Megan told my daughter."

Dad surprised himself by high-fiving his Bro'.

**VENICE •
BEACH
SUNSET**

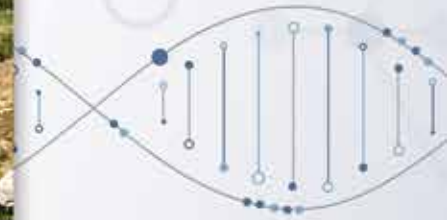
*by
Nelly Bellamy,
MS4
photography*



THE BAND WE WALK...



- **WEEKEND HIKE**
*by Nelly Bellamy,
MS4
photography*





THE LIVES WE LEAD..





• **TO SURVIVE IN MEDICINE**

by Kelley Haven, MD

To survive in medicine
You have to stay silent
Keep your head down
No sick days, no tears
Just get the work done
See the next patient
Close the chart

Once you emerge
From med school
From residency
From research
From fellowship
From faculty meetings
It feels like waking up from a deep sleep
And holding your beautiful family
Who has lived 7, 8, 9, 10 plus years
With you coming and going like a ghost

They love you back to life
They give you permission to cry
While watching movies
And going to recitals
And chaperoning field trips
And telling your boss you will take an hour off
While your kind colleagues cover for you

You find gray hair and wrinkles and age spots
That popped up over 10 years of
Nights not slept
You stop dyeing your hair
After your daughter tells you
The silver is beautiful.
You have earned it

You start paying off loans
One by one
The car, the house, the education
You start saving for college
Hoping she doesn't choose medicine
There is so much suffering these days
And she is so full of hope and kindness

You set your alarm
And wake up at dark
And walk the dog
And make your coffee
And review the charts
And wake her up
And make her breakfast and lunch
And kiss her good bye
And go to work
And survive in medicine

• **DAIRY COW**

*by Nelly Bellamy,
MS4
photography*

THE LIVES WE LEAD...



- **BRIDGE IN THE PARK**

*by Elena Pak, MS
oil on canvas*



- **NINO**

by Ashley Jee-Hae Choe, MD, MBA

His best wrinkles were those beside his eyes, adding emphasis like exclamation marks to every emotion. Those mirroring exclamations reminded me of my grandfather - my Papa - and in turn helped transform a simple school assignment into a path-shaping event.

When I was first given the assignment of doing social home visits with hospice patients, I was hesitant: first, because showing up to a stranger's house to spend time with him felt invasive; second, because my severe allergy to cats makes me apprehensive to go to people's houses when I am unsure if they own such beloved pets; and finally, because my scars from my recent hospice experiences were way too fresh, and the thought of having them reopened almost broke down the poise I had worked so hard to achieve.

My first day, I had gotten there unfashionably early because of my contingency planning for traffic and general proclivity for getting lost. I sat in my car in the driveway for a few deep breaths to calm my nerves. It took me a few minutes to prepare myself and to decide if it was more appropriate to wear my short white coat or forgo it. The purpose of the assignment was to talk to hospice patients in a station other than as a doctor-in-training, and I knew nothing could prepare me for the hovering fog of death I'd come to associate with my hospice experiences – the anticipation of “when” rather than “if.”

I rang the doorbell and was greeted by his nurse. The house smelled of a mixture of pasta and medicine, but it was subtle and welcoming. It reminded me of my old babysitter's house when she'd make her own spaghetti and leave it out to dry – except I saw no pasta here. What I did see was Nino.

He was shuffling quickly across the carpet of his house and stopping to whip his nasal cannula behind him, “I hate this stupid leash.”

It was caught on one of the living room chairs, so he gave it a good yank and kept on moving. He looked nothing like a hospice patient – he was too vibrant with life, and his heart failure most certainly wasn't acutely decompensated.

“Oh, hello there,” he said. His energy changed from being grumpy at his oxygen to a warm welcome. He took my hands in his and gave

them a squeeze. “Come sit over here on the couch.”

I let him lead me – nervously scanning for signs of cats or cat hairs on the tweed couch that could be an allergen waiting to clamp down every single one of my airways. Of course, I believed Nino would have gladly shared his oxygen, but I worried he wouldn’t want it back once surrendered. We sat on the couch in awkward silence, not knowing enough about the other person to even know what to say. I am no skilled conversationalist and was fearful of my own feelings in this situation, so I put on my best calm facade: hands folded and still, breathing even, eyes politely taking in my surroundings.

“Well aren’t I lucky to get such a sweet, pretty one. How old are you?” His eyes sparkled gently, emphasized by those wrinkles. I laughed, feeling my calm becoming more real than fake, “I’m 23 actually.”

“So young! The things I would do with an age like that. My wife and I – we traveled the world when we retired – never let anything stop us. Now I’m leashed here in my own house.” He flicked the tubing of his nasal cannula just once for emphasis, shaking his head. “Wait here.”

He stood up and shuffled toward the steps, getting caught by the limited length of his tubing. With two quick glances to either side, he slipped off his oxygen, hung it on the stair rail, and made a surprisingly agile way up the stairs. He came back moments later with a photo album, slipping his oxygen back in his nose before resuming his seat beside me.

I spent almost two hours with him that day. I sat quietly and listened to him narrate his adventures with the love of his life. He talked as much with his hands and the wrinkles beside his eyes as with his words.

“We’ve been on 32 cruises – and not just any kind of cruises – but the month-long kind. The kind where you travel distances to see something of the world – not just vacation. Have you been?” I shook my head no. His brows knit together, and his wrinkles became more severe, “Well you’re young, but you’ll have to.”

He’d resumed flipping through the pages of his photo album, his energy growing brighter with each flip. He’d walked the Great Wall of China. He’d been dancing in Peru. He had a lifetime full of adventures to share with me – a girl who had never lived more than an hour from where she was born... a girl who had never felt any kind of wanderlust because school was year-round and a close second only to family.

• FLUTE PLAYER

by Bob Green RN, CNM

A well-worn flute player sits
his back against
a wall looking lazily out the window of
The Student’s Coffee House and Crematory.

He wears an elegant suit.
A well worn suit.
A comfortable suit.
A dark gray suit and
darker burgundy shirt and tie

He sips late’ and listens to
Rampaul through headphones
occasionally marking time with
his right hand.

Occasionally smiling at a well played phrase the gold
ring on his right pinkie is just large enough to
catch the light that lingers from
past performances.

Bob Green is an Emeritus Clinical Assistant Professor at ECU. He is a retired Certified Nurse-Midwife and taught in the ECU Midwifery program and undergraduate OB nursing at the College of Nursing.

Bob fell in love with Midwifery because of the birth of his oldest daughter Muriel, who was born at home in Elkins, Arkansas in 1978. Bob’s love of Midwifery is second only to his love of writing, especially poetry.

Bob has been wordsmithing since he began writing with a big yellow #2 Ticonderoga pencil. His goal has always been to pack every word with as much meaning and feeling as possible. He has published in a number of literary/poetry magazines and professional nursing journals. Currently Bob is working on several writing projects including Newhouse Notebook (newhouse-notebook.com) and a book about his adventures on the family’s wheat and dairy farm in Western, Kansas.

At some point his shoulders slumped a bit, his wrinkles softened, and his talking hands lost their spunk.

“I did all of this with my wife.” His voice was soft and gently laced with grief. “We were sitting here on this couch, holding hands and watching TV.” His story took that echoing turn – that quality of reflection someone gets when they’re unburying something deep in their chest. It’s something powerful and tangible where they can see it inside themselves despite their forward-facing eyes, where their shoulders hunch over to keep it inside at their center. He continued, “She got up to get a drink of water. She yelled over to me to ask if I wanted anything... and then there was a loud noise, and the breaking of glass...” The echoes of his reflection were telling me the rest, but the story had emerged from hibernation and was going to make its way out past his lips. “She was dead. Instantly. I called 911, but I knew she was gone. In the kitchen of our house. Getting a drink of water... and that was the end of our adventures.”

The test of my poise was then, and it was exactly what I’d feared. It wasn’t just Nino and his oxygen leash made necessary by his end-stage heart failure, or the part where he shared his most precious memories of his life with me – it was the energy he took on afterward. Nino and his wrinkles and his eyes that sparkled. His life and his energy glowed – an ember. That slow, steady glow of what is left behind from something that burned with life but was now a warm memory. Nino with his memories, Italian tanned and wrinkled skin, and his sparkling eyes reminded me of my Papa. The power of his echoes reverberated with my own, making them louder.

My Papa had been on adventures too – but his were from war and from the struggle of transplanting his family from a comfortable life in Korea to a start-from-scratch American life. Unlike Nino, Papa didn’t like to talk about it. He hardly ever said anything, in fact. But he would listen with his sparkling eyes emphasized by wrinkles, and he would glow with a calming warmth. He would tell me I was beautiful, and he would encourage me to study hard and live my life.

My second visit with Nino was shorter. This time when I walked in, instead of dragging his oxygen behind him like a leash, he was doing a pacing shuffle around his kitchen with a phone cord behind him. He was angry, and each flick of the phone cord gave his feelings a physical reverberation. There was an error with his documented birth year, and

it was causing problems with his medical insurance. They wanted an original certificate of his birth, but Nino had an adventurous life of around 90 years... and his original birth certificate was burned along with the Italian government building it was in decades prior. All of it seemed to be a silly way for a hospice patient to be spending his time – arguing over when he was born.

Nino had told me of his journey to America. He’d left his life in Italy to look for opportunity in America. He worked for a business owner, who then passed the business onto him. He talked about the sweat he put in, the luck he’d found, and the blessings that followed him the whole way. He talked about how much he loved his new country. He told me of the beauty in the life that he’d found here with his family – that he’d earned – that he’d built. He said he loved his home country, but there was no place like America. And this Italian immigrant again reminded me of my Korean immigrant Papa.

Even then it was an interesting time to be a first generation American in America. There’s divide and frustration about what we have become, and controversy on if we are really as great of a country as we call ourselves. But Nino spoke to the loyalty I feel and was raised with to this place. Nino and my Papa – immigrants who sacrificed so much to make and build a life here. Every generation of their families following owe everything they have to their struggles – their hard work, their starving weeks, their long work days for little pay... it made them who they were, and in turn, it shaped me. These people gave their lives so their children and grandchildren could live and prosper. They gave their lives so we wouldn’t know the struggle they know – letting us use their embers to start our own fires.

The last day I spent the most time with Nino. He greeted me outside on the patio with a bright smile and his bright, wrinkled eyes. Nino told me again of his travels and advised me where to go dancing in South America, shared his favorite countries for wines, and what the best cruise routes were. He told me how he’d succeeded and persisted because of a love for his family.

The day was cool. Sunshine was peeking through the trees, and it was just slightly breezy. I’d been sitting outside on a day like this – the day my Papa died. He was diagnosed with “cancer everywhere” only a couple of months before he died. He decided not to pursue further tissue diagnosis or treatment and opted to go straight into hospice. The



- **COW FROM BURGOS**
by Daniele McLaughlin, MS1
oil on canvas

three days before he died, he was in bad shape. He had the fog of death over him. Stealing his appetite. Stealing his energy. Stealing the sparkle from his smiling eyes and relaxing his emphatic wrinkles. I stayed with him for three days before I was due for a mandatory class session which would take me away for at least two... and my insides knew he wouldn't make it until I could come back. I sat by his hospital-grade bed in his living room. He'd just finally fallen asleep, so I didn't want to wake him just yet. I held his hand which was tanned, warm, and wrinkled. I just held it because it would never be so warm again in my own. It was when I started to cry that he woke up. I'll never forget his expression – because it was startled. He was alarmed because I was crying, and he tried to comfort me. I told him I had to leave him to go back to school.

He squeezed my hand and he said, “Dr. Choe.” He broke into a string of Korean words that I didn't know – but I have become accustomed to knowing what my family is saying even without knowing what their words are. He was telling me to work hard, and study hard, and that he was sorry he couldn't make it two more years to see me graduate. The only time I'd ever seen him cry was when he told me he wished he had two more years, but he knew he didn't. He wished he had two more years so that he could see me as “Dr. Choe.” So he told me to go, and to leave him, and to study hard, and that he loved me. I kissed him, said I love you, and then I said good bye – knowing it wasn't “see you later.”

The day was like that at Nino's house while he gave me all sorts of grandfatherly advice about life based on his own experiences. I listened to him talk for hours, and on my way out we stopped in the living room so he could show me more picture frames of his family. Then he took his tanned, warm, and wrinkled hands and squeezed mine. He kissed my cheek and said good bye.

Papa and Nino were not at all the same people, but they had a lot in common: the most important being family. Family was everything – it was why they had America in common. The richness of their experiences made me seek more of my own. From my Papa and through my father I learned about family, hard work, and the value of education. My family gave me everything I needed to get to where I was: drive, ambition, and dreams of what they knew I could achieve. They had showed me everything that was possible and everything I could have. But my whole life, I was raised by a family grateful for America and loving it so much they wanted to stay – with no desire to see elsewhere.

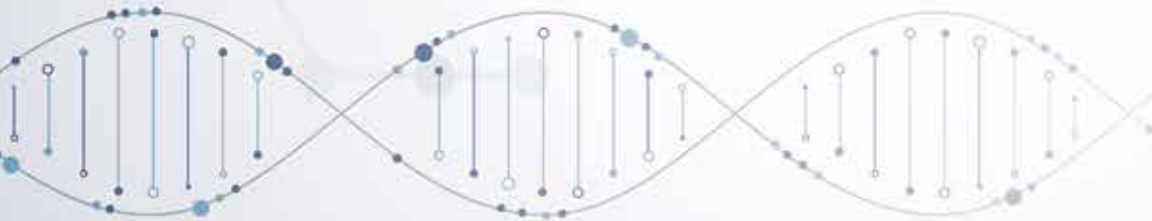
Nino reminded me about how big the world is outside of the one I'd been given. He reminded me how much I hadn't seen or experienced and to not feel guilty about wanting to see it – to not feel guilty about leaving the world my family worked so hard to build to know what else there is. He showed me all the things I could want and hope for: travel and adventure. He showed me what hospice can be – not just the death fog and forced final good byes – but that slow, glowing ember at the end of a fiery life: A mixture of anger and acceptance at limitations, joy in sharing experiences, and the echo of memories that never leave us.

AWAY ROTATION •

by Christopher Stewart Thomas,

MS4

photography





THE LIVES WE LEAD.



- **FALL IMPRESSIONS**

*by Elena Pak, MS
oil on canvas*



- **EVZONOI- GREEK
PRESIDENTIAL
GUARD**

*by Emmanuel Zervos, MD
photography*

THE LIVES WE LEAD...



- **TRADITIONS**
by Emily Kragel, MS2
photography



THE WALLS WE FACE...



- **THE WALL**

*by Bob Green, RN, CNM
(for Candy)*

James T. Thomas stood in front of
The Wall and folded and unfolded and
folded and
unfolded and
folded a piece of paper.

A newly written poem he's
carried around for
50 years.

James T. Thomas knelt in front of
the wall and
propped his poem against the glossy black granite.

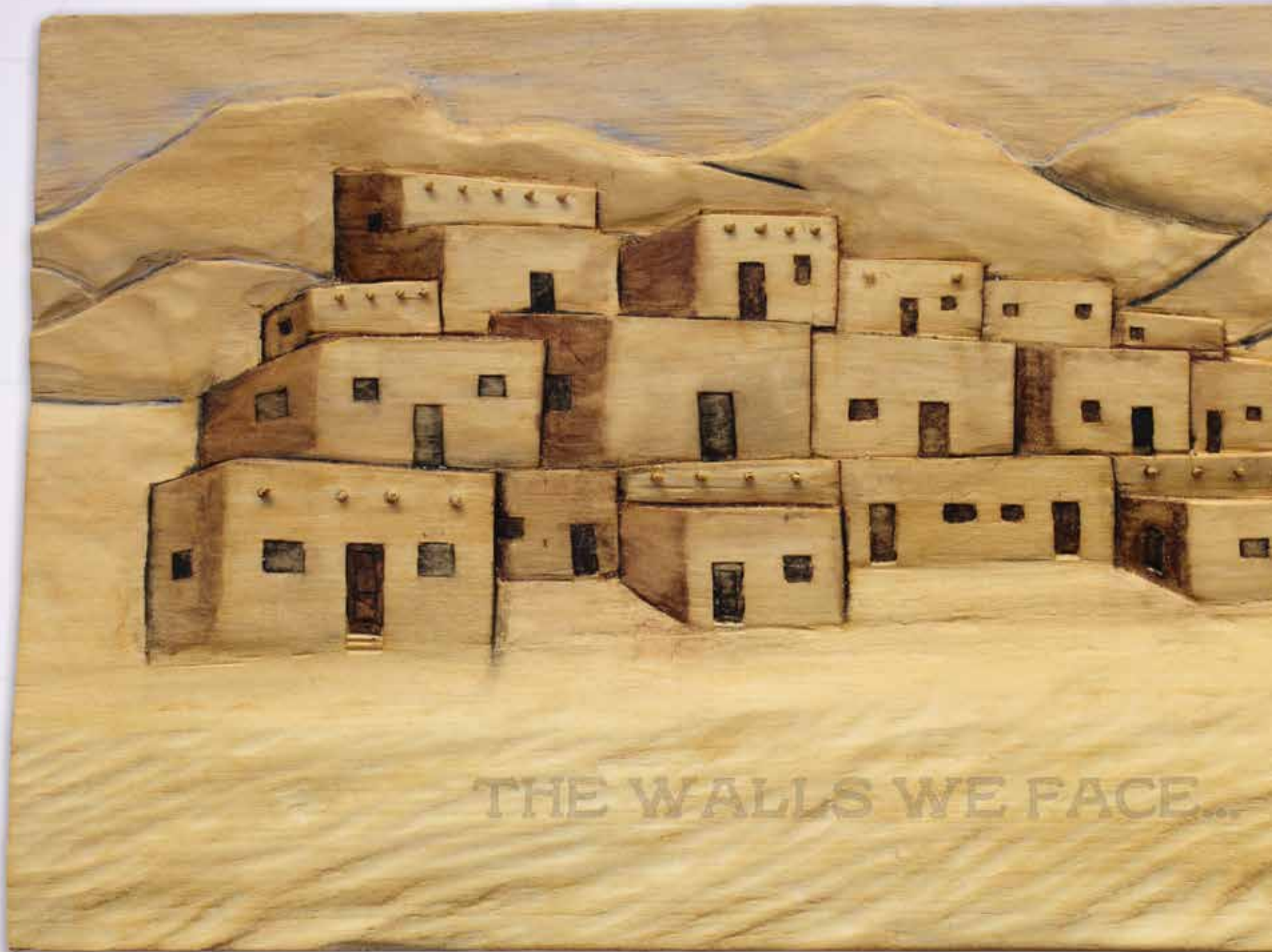
James T. stepped back a few feet
and 50 years
watching his reflection become
'Muskrat'

leaning into an M60 mounted in
the door of a Huey.



- **MORNING IN SAN DIEGO**

*by Elena Pak, MS
oil on canvas*



THE WALLS WE FACE...



• **NEW MEXICO PUEBLOS**

*by Leonard Trujillo,
PhD, OTRL, FAOTA*

wood carving:

*completed on alder wood,
9" x 14" x 1"*

1



• **JUST BECAUSE**
by anonymous

Just because One
Doesn't show up,
Doesn't mean One
Became a stray pup.

Just because Two
Said a bad word,
Doesn't mean Two
Is in a bad herd.

Just because Three
Doesn't shed a tear,
Doesn't mean Three
Isn't drowning in fear.

Just because Four
Doesn't pray each day,
Doesn't mean Four
Has a heart that is gray.

Just because Five
Hangs out with Four,
Doesn't mean Five
Has Christ no more.

Just because Six
Isn't on time,
Doesn't mean Six
Committed a crime.

Just because you
Think I do things wrong,
Doesn't mean you
Know my hearts every song.

And just because I
Think that you judge,
Doesn't mean I
Should hold a grudge.

2

3

4

5

6





• **THE MICU**

by James Edwards Eubanks, MD, MS

Admit in room 225

The MICU: end of the line

Lines, tubes, and access

This is clinical speed chess

Workup in room 225

The Patient: a sick body

For us to turn, water, and feed

And to give blood as she bleeds

In the MICU, social status is stripped away

Life's wins and sins equally forgotten

Such superficialities, extraneous

Just look around, it's all sanious

She is drowsy, drooling, dying

Her brain is not working

Her lungs collapsing, organs failing

Family and friends are all wailing

To cope, sometimes we joke

Dark though it seems, it's essential therapy

This work is too hard for soft hearts

Superheroes wanted for these medical arts

An a-line and STAT chest x-ray

Fellows, residents, nurses abound

Decades of specialized training among us

Our collective efforts likely superfluous

Sats and MAP are dropping too fast

Epi and Levophed are put on a drip

I race to see if she is complying

For this is the corridor of the dying

The MICU is a testing ground for resiliency

As I try to meet the demands of empathy

This place is the gate between life and death

And I'm there when she takes her final breath

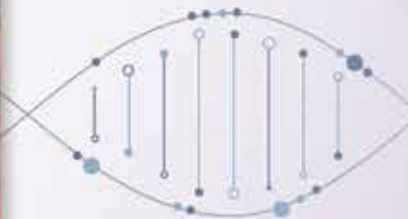
• **RAINY DAY**

*by Nelly Bellamy, MS4
photography*

THE WALLS WE FACE...



- **FENCES**
*by Nelly Bellamy,
MS4
photography*





• **BEAUTIFUL EYES**

*by Cheryl Elhammoumi, RN, MSN-ED, CCRN
inspired by a child with Down Syndrome*

So tiny, so soft you came
That fear rose within me.
Were you fragile and ready to crumble?
Would I cause you to break?

Your hands were so delicate with a single line
And tiny fingers to grasp on mine
To cling in infant's trust.

Your eyes, deep pools of wonder, flickered
Open to your New World marvels,
Then closed again in soft repose.

Elation rose to praise. I plummeted in despair
Convinced I could never give you all you asked.
Yet, we began, you and I...

Me, learning and teaching; you, teaching and learning
Tears and fears, bumped knees, and bruised hearts –
Beautiful Eyes, you did not ask, you gave.

Intellectual diversity lends color to our tapestry bringing the variety of bold jewel tones to the
gentlest pastels representing the diverse nature of human gifts.

THE WALLS WE FACE...



• **BLIND DEFENSIVENESS**

by Holly Pittard-Ingram, MS2

Should I hold onto memories,
Or just let them go?
Should I hold back emotion,
Or just let it show?
Should I cry the tears,
That are about to over flow,
Or wipe them away
So no one will know.
Do I hide the pain
Till it is too much to hold,
Or should I be stronger
And not let it unfold.
You ask how I'm doing,
But do you even care?
Are you really concerned,
Or just want gossip to share?
With all these questions,
Why should I trust you?
You'll judge and criticize.
It's what people do.
I'm not aware until after,
Once everything is through,
When I finally see
The pain you had too.

OUTSKIRTS OF LIMA, PERU •

by Holly Pittard-Ingram, MS2

photography



THE WALLS WE FACE...



THE LAND...

THE LIVES...

THE WALLS...



- **SCAN TO HEAR MUSIC**
by Alexander K. Murashov, MD, PhD