

murmur

A Literary & Arts Journal

University of Rochester Medical Center

SPRING 2019

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Dear Reader,

This is the fourth edition of *murmur*, a compilation of poetry, prose, and visual artwork created by providers, mentors, and students at the University of Rochester Medical Center. It is the successor of *Turtlequill*, which served as URMC's literary magazine in the preceding decade.

With this edition of *murmur*, we aim to understand attitudes towards experiences in medicine. These perspectives pervade our lives as patients, providers, and peers. We carry them both inside and outside the hospital. This publication offers a space for members of our healthcare community to translate their own perspectives in medicine, and how they interact with others', into diverse forms of expression. Thus, this issue is centered on **PERSPECTIVES**, with subthemes of **Access**, **Resilience**, and **Mental Health**. The fourth section is **Passion** and includes work that aligns with the central theme and was **Not Otherwise Specified (NOS)** as a subtheme.

We thank our editorial board and readers, Dr. Erik Larsen, Dr. Natercia Rodrigues, the University of Rochester Division of Medical Humanities & Bioethics, the Arnold P. Gold Foundation, the Cluster for Health and Human Values, University Committee for Interdisciplinary Studies, the Rochester Academy of Medicine, our artists, and you, for helping continue this URMC tradition.

Sincerely,
Emily Gore and Jonathan Dillen
Co-Editors-in-Chief

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access

“I’m just a—I’m a whole lot of different simple people.”

-F. Scott Fitzgerald



Hanna Kinzel

There is an apology here

Blythe Fiscella

somewhere (part I)

It started before we were born.
I don't think it was anyone's idea really,
but I'm starting to think
I have an idea of how it happened.

I have one version anyway.

There was amber in a glass;
There was the sound of a can
crunching under foot
tiny bottles
kicked under the seat.
There was a need,

a needle.

 cold wintered winds—
the smell of paint and incense,
cigarettes and late nights.

There was church and
Sunday to see your children.

All that while out here, we were growing up.
Our bones were getting longer,
Our hands outgrowing their child shape.

There were boys and lice, imaginary games
and begging for ice cream.

There was a beat-up liver that handled
what it needed to handle,

for longer than any of us could ask.

And your belly outgrew itself,
There was violent vomiting
blood breaking through—

all of you thin and bruised,
your bones nearly breaking

I couldn't bear to look at you
in a body borrowed,
a body barely.

And in a moment,
I wasn't the one abandoned.

somehow (part II)

I can't understand how slow a minute feels
for someone waiting to live.

Someone died and their liver
lived—
in a cooler on ice.

Last year, my dad shared a liver with a kid
in an operating room down the hall.

And a body was emptied out
somewhere else.

The someone that died was still a kid,
eighteen, probably an overdose they said.

My brother says my mom argues with
his memory,

She was on the couch, needle in arm,
tourniquet blue
and unable to hear his four-year old
shouting.

Somehow she lived
Somehow. And a stranger saved my father's life.

Guest in a Foreign Home

(A Story of Duchenne’s Muscular Dystrophy in China)

Catherine Jay

I glance at that little boy...

Chubby-cheeked still, and glowing
With the accomplishment of that slight
Gain in height that comes with standing -
Feet firmly splayed
In the one position that gives balance
To legs already beginning to betray him.

His Dad swoops in,
Large hands easily covering his son’s feet
And, with a jerk, “fixes” that splay
Attempts – with ignored futility – to
Ward off the years on steroids,
In a wheelchair, with ventilator protruding
From a too-young throat.

In that moment, that motion,
I am paralyzed by possible versions of that scene
Playing out later to this child – adolescent – man:

This beautiful boy who – even now –
Is taking my white hand
And calling me “Auntie,”
Telling me “not to worry,” since he can
“get me to the fruit stand”

Told to run faster, jump higher, be MORE
But be more in ways a deletion prevents.

Always a disappointment, never valued
By the one person he seeks, no *needs* to impress
...in a society still shunning
An antiquated construction of handicap
That doesn't have room for the brilliance I see
In this 3-year-old's eyes.

Unless something changes.

Who can we help –
Father, son, or society?

...as guests in a foreign home?

POP UP

Deborah Yu

I was going to write a haiku, but now I'm just going to write about Haiku, the e-record mobile app.

Just the other day, I was looking up a patient who had been mentioned during rounds as new to the ICU. Reflexively, I opened the “My Patients” tab, and at the very top, I saw the name Holly Hartfield*. Not the person I had meant to find—but because Holly was someone I distinctly remembered from a few weeks ago while I was part of the Pulmonology consult service, I paused.

Holly was a frail older lady, with short curly brown hair, bright blue eyes. When I first saw her, she was lying in bed and didn't look particularly comfortable. She was adamant she hadn't had too much trouble with her breathing until “this.” The monitor said she was taking something like 25 or more breaths a minute – hardly able to get through a full sentence. A nasal cannula was coiled around her face. With every exhale she would purse her lips. Her voice would creak a little when she spoke. Her hands would tremble a little whenever she gestured. There was something very gentle about her.

With her incurable lung disease, we didn't have more in-house treatment to offer. Her condition was stable. She had been improving back to her baseline... So, before she got sick from anything else in the hospital, we definitely wanted to send her on her way.

**name changed for HIPAA.*

Except Holly was scared to go home. She told us: afraid of finding herself suddenly unable to breathe again, especially living alone as she did.

With any talk of sending her home, I watched her breathing get faster and faster. When she couldn't catch her breath, she would gasp for more air, *fast-erandfaster*.

“Close your eyes. Imagine yourself on a beach...” said the attending physician in his deep mellifluous voice, attempting to calm her down. I thought of warm sand and frothy waves sweeping a shoreline. And I watched Holly's SpO₂ blink higher and higher on the screen. Her respiratory rate settled.

(As we walked out of the room, though, I thought I saw it starting to creep back up...)

For the next few days, we visited her to convince her it would be best if she went home and followed up with a specialist for her kind of lung disease – he'd definitely take great care of her!

And finally she did leave.

And then she came right back.

Although I wasn't “following” Holly during this re-admission, I quickly learned she had suffered a terrible gastrointestinal injury that landed her in the ICU.

This time, a breathing tube was in place. I can't remember for what we were consulted. I do remember that, once again, we didn't have much more therapy to offer her, at least beyond what she was already receiving. I more vividly remember the surprise of seeing how sick she had become. Just like that.

I prayed to the universe for her recovery.

*

*

*

Days, maybe weeks later, I realized I had never formally exchanged more than an introduction with her. I was 99.99% sure she wouldn't remember me at all. Nevertheless, seeing her name appear on my phone screen made me smile. So I pressed to open her chart.

“Deceased Patient Warning: You are entering the medical record of a deceased patient.”

My options for this pop-up were: “Cancel. Continue.”

I had never seen this “feature” on Haiku before. As if encountering a digital notification of her death weren’t already shocking enough, heart-wrenching enough, the choice of the word “warning” felt more accusatory than considerate. It seemed as though something, somehow was upset *with me*... For the next few days, I would tap on her name, see the pop-up, and close the app. Why was I doing this to myself? Was I double-checking, in a way, trying to affirm that she was, in fact, deceased? Why *not* just open the chart? Even *by accident*? Perhaps in wanting to find out how she might’ve died, I was crossing some line? What kind of trouble could I possibly get into by doing so?

A classmate would later explain to me that we are allowed to open the chart for educational purposes.

But I still haven’t.



(My?) Donor

Davy Ran

The Dissection of the Orbit and Eye

Emily Gore

See the world through her eyes, they instruct.
And I must,
I fancied they'd never find it so indisputably opportune.

Through blurry diplopia
An unstable world,
Your cancer,
The doctor's mouth contorting to deliver bad news.
Twice.
Your vision attempting to guide you
Through jolt and auditory void.

Oh the irony-
You nobly care for aged souls,
Through the squeeze of your own demise.
Knowing all along they'd outlast you.

Your trembling index finger rises and generates
That familiar, slow and somber press
Propelling a penetrating gust of relief
To your unaccompanied lung,
Your left-sided right-hand man,
Who empowers you to sigh,

And blow out the candles on your sixty-fifth birthday.
Our gift will come far too soon.

Your beautiful digits
Grasp a pen with earnest
As you sign yourself away and grant us permission.

I myself feel sanguine today,
So in my sketch
You wear rose-colored glasses.

I gently guide my grease-ridden probe through your pupil
And tap on your cornea.
What a privilege.
What a twisted privilege.

Photo Stream

Deborah Yu

Disney cruises, European parades
Sisters in diapers, bad dates
You've shown me
In those 5, maybe 10 minutes
(well, if I'm lucky, fifteen)
When I sit at the edge of your bed
to ask you how you're doing
and if you've got any more questions

Swiping left and right
desperately looking for that photo
Or up and down
for that list of movies to watch
You might ask me to wait
Or hold on a sec
And I am sorry to see you search so
hurriedly to
try to share a part of your world

Curating your existence to me
In just a few rushed minutes
So that I may learn of you
The way *you* want to express you
Not from
#bloodcultures
#ionsfloatinginyourveins
#thatultrasound

To happen upon *your* Gallery
I am grateful

resilience



Dublin Heat

Jeffrey M. Lyness, M.D.

Pietà

William Wylie

Striding along the fourth floor corridor
Of Wilmot Cancer Center,
I spot a shining figure seated in repose.
Molten sunlight pours into your room,
Silhouetting your hairless pate
and bathing you in light.

Androgynous in illness, you are a Golden Madonna:
Mourning many losses,
Or perhaps a single one.

Suddenly, your eyes meet mine.
Exposed, I scurry onward,
An embarrassed voyeur
To your moment of Grace.

patient

Richard (Xi) Chen

in the darkwood shadow of this waxwhite plain
eyes turned to paled fire outside the windowpane
as a patient

reflected in my self

i was a person of words of real meaning and
before this snowfall comes to bury and blind
my frail friend i hope to become again

“No,” the Doctor said, “you are *my* patient now,
and I will save you.”

Patient (*adj.*)

Manifesting forbearance under provocation or strain.

as in:

“To pry apart violent Islamic radicals,
the United States has to become knowledgeable
about internal cleavages and be *patient* in exploiting them.”

(S. Power, *New York Times Book Review*, 07/29/07)

no, i do not wish to get up
i do not want to look at you

no, that does not make me more “comfy”

no, that’s fine
it is truly and sincerely alright

no, i did not know that
or that
no, you didn’t say that

no, my memory is fine

no, i am not “peevd”

i know who you are
do not touch that
please do-

because history is a nightmare from which
i’ll escape this

Forbearance (*noun*)

The quality of being forbearing. See *leniency*.

Leniency (*noun*)

The quality of being lenient.

Lenient (*adj.*)

Exerting a soothing or easing influence.

as in:

i see why *i'm* here and you're there

I'm sorry for what has happened to you we did the best we could it must be tough I can't imagine what you're going through I can understand what you're going through must be tough we are here to support and acknowledge and validate your suffering would you consider counselling would you consider therapy would you consider can i get you a tissue a styrofoam cup of tapwater a hug some human warmth our chaplain is quite nice would you like to sleep on it you must feel tired you must feel stressed you must feel anxious you must feel overwhelmed and shocked and puzzled You must be

pa t i e n t

“dis photo you got here on your chart isn't bad”

my nurse is very nice

he's a 50 yo ex-cop from Queens named Samson
he has a lived an untouchable past and has a clear shot to hell
i like that
he lets me look at my chart it reads near the top:

PT #S61I74D DOB: etc. Dx: etc. Tx: etc.

Z. Smith, in verse:

suffering has purpose in reality.
to the suffering person suffering is not solely suffering.
it is only for You, as a symbol, that suffering takes on any meaning
or purpose etc. etc.
Pain is the only symbolic thing there is.

like dada tracing triangles at the whiteboard
halcyon sunlight showering our hyaline ceiling
i look up and i see myself seeing me

he marks: pt A, pt B, pt C

guide turned friend turned dust raining toward
a past which cannot be my future
a body a mind which cannot be Mine

i am what i am, and that is fine.

Six Word Quotes Heard Within These Walls

Ramya Kaushik

We've fought tougher, let's beat cancer.

Push! Push! She has your eyes.

Are we doing anything for her?

Honestly, we don't know the answer.

Mom didn't want this, this way.

You've lost a lot of blood.

If you poop, you can leave.

Two more steps! Five more steps!

I saw the coolest case today.

I knew I should have quit.

Could you please explain what's happening?

I just want to get better.

PANIC

Lavern Sleugh-Sharpe

the skipping of my heartbeat
is a subtle hint that belies the tsunami
i know is coming
one second im talking and the next
i hear the sound like horse hooves in the distance getting closer
and the rush of blood to my head is dizzying and
sounds are distorted and my vision blurry
and my knees are weak and the world is dark
my chest is tight and my lungs collapsed
so i fight for air and gulp for each life breath
while my eyes leak pain and the fright is acute but the fear is chronic
and the failure seems all at once real and a dream
and i ride the tide of adrenaline and savor the height of unbridled emotion
even while dreading the inevitable crash of reality
im freefalling so i cradle my head and scream
but i don't think
i made a sound
cause the fuzzy human-shaped apparition holding my hand does not react
are you ok dear
i rock methodically to the discordant harmony of chaos in my head and
i say no but only to myself and i squeeze my eyes tighter
hoping it will go away but willing it to stay
as i embrace the out of order jingle jangle that is the skipping of my heartbeat
BREATHE...

Visit

Edward Sambrano

I.
I had to convince myself
Of apoptosis erasing
Impending cancers,
Causing the separation
Between our fingers and toes:
Of a logic behind
A death my eye can only see
When pressed firmly
To a microscope;
In a graveyard,
In the springtime,
A leaf falls.

II.

You, who came to class
In mud-stained gym shoes,
Who grew, sequoia-like, from absorbing
Every word our teacher said,
Who was sanded down by cotton swabs
Until there was nothing left
But sawdust and sinew,
I met you where seas
Of country grass
Were parted by lanes
Of traffic—oncoming,
Headlights specters
Barely visible
In the early spring morning—
And I held your hand.

III.

The preservative rushing

Through veins, arteries,

A welling-up like springwater

Under pressure beneath the cold

Fur-laced skin of the mouse lending a last, fleeting

Lazarusing, one anxious,

Jittery squirm

Of the toes, one joyous flick

Of the tail, one great, momentous,

Pious writhing:

An opportunity to dance.

IV.

You'll forgive me any bitterness.

If you were to see me now,

Dulled by the classroom, the laboratory!

In public, I've learned to believe

There's a certain pleasure in recounting

The seeming urgency of previous suffering.

I warn myself in private to be suspicious

Of any unearned comfort,

Cautious of an absence of catastrophe. In fact, there are capillaries

Of truth within the body of a life:

Not revelations during bed-bound crises, but unplanned

Recollections, mere activity

Of the brain. Others' generous offerings.

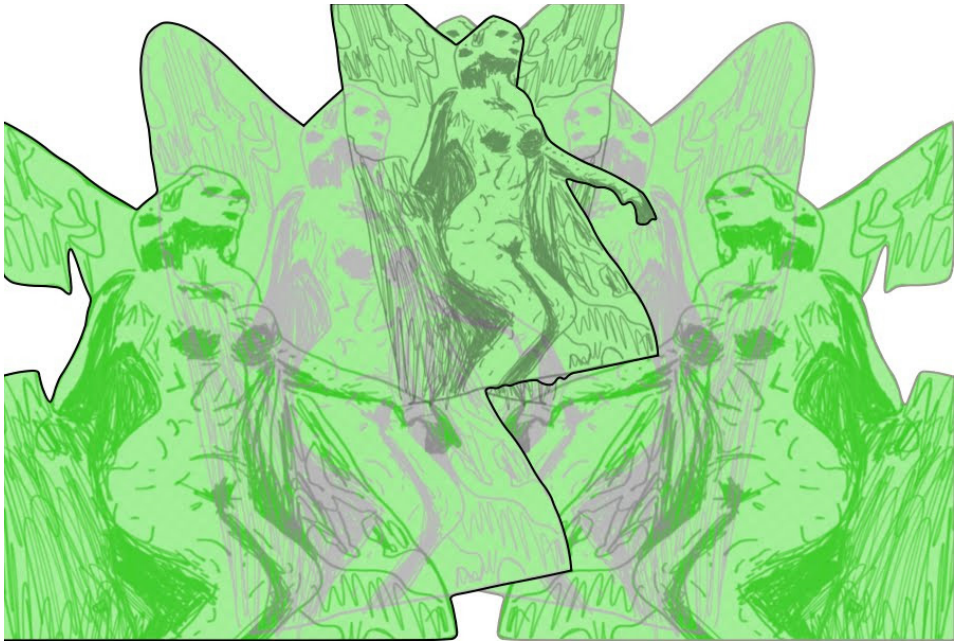
At moments, fate introduces

Those who compel an entire anatomy

To sing: heart, lungs, cerebrum aflutter

In harmony. I'm coming to realize

Complaints are meritless.



Finally Starting to Fly

Tom Kearns

mental health

Monsters

Kate Crofton

They gnash their teeth
And bare their claws
Inciting a wild rumpus
Behind doors drawn shut.

You live with ferocity
Doubt you'll make it to fifty-four
No time for commas or consonants
An effervescent crescendo
You cling to the present progressive.

She says, "I don't love you anymore"
And you are untethered
Can't stop running
Can't insert enough miles
Between the beasts and the pavement.

You chase the memory
Of momma's throat pinned to the wall
With chalky nicotine lozenges
And punch yourself in the forehead
Like a phoenix birthing itself.

She refuses to make vanilla from scratch
Because vodka reeks
Of danger
And the apple doesn't fall
Without bruising.

You are praised for your handiwork until
The patchwork quilt unravels all at once
And your lips are numb
A paralyzed tornado of rage
That can't be controlled by a whip stitch.

You realize that you have been hiding
Far too long;
We are the monsters
In our own closets.



Neither Here Nor There

Amanda Lai

Therapy

Edward Sambrano

Take solace
You're not alone,
Needing a little therapy
After every poem you read,

A last line becoming a What Next,
Not alone even among those who confuse
People for poetry. Who's to know for sure
Whether the coming and going of lovers,

Friends, parents, the friendly barista
(Did he quit?) or the unmoving black ink
On a white page, their static arches, sharp ends,
And circularities, is occasion to suffer; or why your favorite books,

A final page waving and joining
The others, end
So abruptly?

Reflect upon your slender, bony fingers—
Like those of a surgeon—now limp, lifeless
Hanging at your sides. No compliment here.
I mean you hunch compulsively

Over a lamplit table each night, tear
A sentence, a bloody red organ, hold
Its dysfunctional pieces in cupped hands and place
Them in your pocket. Feel failed clauses weigh

You down like loose change.
Moreover, let this be a reminder
To invest in yourself the same precision
And attention you show a poem.



A Body Not My Own

Hanna Kinzel



ACCEPTANCE

What do you think is most important to you right now?
Okay, I want you to draw what _____ means to you.
Try to keep _____ in mind when things get tough again.

Tom Kearns and S.H.

Seven Ways of Looking at Melancholy

Richard (Xi) Chen

I

Google:

“a feeling of pensive sadness,
typically with no obvious cause”
pensive...

II

an excess of black bile,
a broiled dream to be bled,
cancer of the breath...

III

melons and cauliflower
leo mns, apathetic roar
call me *flower....*

IV

history:

“in mourning it is the world which
has become poor and empty;
in melancholia it is the ego itself.”

V

they are holy who,
faces planted to earth
force their lives bent
on their way back to work...

VI

books:

1. the front part of the head
2. outward show or pretense
3. any of the bounding surfaces of a solid figure

VII

a moonless night, the
blonde submarine crushes the curb
and i catch a light as
he asks me to watch my head...



Clarity
John DeGuardi

I painted this piece for a patient, Mrs. S, who arrived at the hospital severely catatonic, unable to move her limbs, converse, or eat. Fortunately, over the course of many weeks, Mrs. S improved dramatically and I therefore chose to paint two parallel images to detail Mrs. S's progress during her hospital stay.

The image on the left, although identical to the image on the right, contains far less detail, which is intended to represent the patient's poor recollection of her severe catatonic state in addition to my own very superficial understanding of the patient herself.

To convey Mrs. S's improvement, I painted the image on the right with more profound attention to detail. The greater detail in this image reflects the many things I learned about Mrs. S through our many conversations and interactions.

Watercolor served as a convenient medium to articulate this contrast between the blurry and clear, the vague and precise, because depending on the amount of water implemented, watercolor can yield either a specific or general depiction. By using more water I was able to construct a more general image compared to when I used less water, which produced a more detailed illustration. It was amazing and inspiring to observe Mrs. S blossom into her warm, colorful, and smiling self after being in a state of paralysis and incoherence. The beauty of this transformation along with this patient's many unique qualities and talents, I believe are captured by this image of a Christmas tree strung with ornaments and lights.

passion-NOS

before they got here

Blythe Fiscella

I.

I wondered what it would sound like
to hear them—

to hear what they said
to themselves

before they found (or lost) themselves here,
on their backs, unable to sit up and scream

before his eyes squinted,
pinpoint and lifeless at the abrasive light above us.

before her mouth moved,
sideways and chattering as a mask breathed for her
and she fought to tell someone something.

II.

A space between two houses,
lovers separated by the things that always separate lovers—

poems passed from one home to the next.
a yard that holds sunlight and squalls, footprints and mud.

III.

Or a hallway so clean it squeaks when you step on it
Or a curtain pretending to keep this private.

The space between the houses isn't separating lovers anymore.

And the yard has dissipated, the two houses
Now just one bed

A stranger in scrubs directs you there.

IV.

I wondered what it would sound like
To hear them—

V.

A space that holds organs
That might be saved in order of importance

Whatever it takes, more machines and masks than you could imagine,
more holes in skin
 More bruises than you have ever seen

His Brain
Her Lungs

Our heart
depending

VI.

A space that holds questions and hope
Lines of prayers and poems and silence

stains of ocean
a swelling of the ground
a paper lantern leading the way

In no particular order

VII.

I wondered what it would sound like
To hear them—

as they wait

Beannacht, John O'Donohue

Because I could not stop for Death, Emily Dickinson

Things I never knew I loved, Nazim Hikmet

The Papanicolaou Test

Antoinette Esce

There once was a Greek with a plan
His smear lengthened ladies' lifespans
But ain't it a quirk
The cervix's seminal work
Was written and published by a man



Playground

Tom Kearns

Unintended Consequences of Studying with Someone you Love

Dakota Gonring

She has those kind of brown eyes that melt you
And a soft odor curiously reminiscent of Hazelnut coffee.

As I looked up across the table and saw her doing whatever,
My entrails turned to mush.

It was then that I found myself dripping down beneath –
Liquefying into a goo of blood and tissue.

And since she is the perfect companion,
She scoops me into a little cup for sipping.

“Delicious,” she mutters
Between mouthfuls of iris and pupil.

A Thought Experiment

Jonathan Edelman

Contemplate the conscious state.
What is real and what is fake?
What percent of matter makes
the ego we persevereate?
If we should shave a simple slice
from off our grey and white,
can we quantify the price?
Did we cleave the soul by knife?
Is our universe the same
or ontologically changed?
Larger then, through chunks of brain
burrow reckless soft terrain,
to differentiate the I
from marmalade Cruciferae.
With every carve of gyrus shelf,
which will fracture sense of self?
A rebirth sculpted out of dough.
But then again, how would we know?

Untitled

Benjamin Reinhardt

Might i find rest
on lonely stoops
will there be still
in my curbs
deeper than a
woody retreat
can i escape?
in the quiet
of beating hooves
driven to work.

Contributors' Bios

Richard (Xi) Chen is a first-year medical student at URSMD. He is passionate about literary fiction and writing, with published works in *Marginalia* and *Literally Literary*.

Kate Crofton is a second-year medical student at the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry and a lifelong bookworm growing into a writer.

John DeGuardi is a third-year medical student at Rochester and is interested in pursuing a career in emergency medicine. His hobbies include eating ice cream, drinking coffee, running, cycling, gardening and downhill skiing. In terms of the arts, he has no former publications, but he enjoys playing the piano and painting with watercolors. His grandfather was an art teacher and taught him to watercolor when he was a kid. Mostly he enjoys painting for the stress relief it provides, and he usually gives the paintings to family members or friends to remind them that he is thinking about them.

Jonathan Edelman splits his time as a Family Nurse Practitioner student, NICU RN, and proud Papa of precocious poppets. A graduate from the Eastman School of Music, his interests include “not the winter,” chickens, and BJJ. He is expected to graduate May 2020.

Antoinette Esce is about to graduate and finally leave Rochester after almost a decade. While here, she's done a bunch of random things like perform in plays, lobby Congress, yell about health insurance, sing a cappella, yell about medical education, research things, yell about women in surgery, and try to infiltrate organized medicine. She also hiked and wrote and played a lot of board games when she had the time. She is grateful for all of these opportunities to learn, grow, laugh, lead, and live in this snowy place and is excited to continue her adventure as an ENT doctor in the much sunnier Land of Enchantment.

Blythe Fiscella is a mediocre roommate to two cats. She's getting better at prioritizing the purchasing of cat-toys, tunnels, and trees over handling her own chores and responsibilities as a freezing medical student. She attributes her long-standing commitment to literature and communication to Junie B. Jones and a family full of lawyers and gossip.

Dakota Gonring is an MS1 at URMC. In between making spaghetti and inventing new dance moves, he can be seen at local coffee shops studying human skulls, musing about life or talking to random people. He loves mysteries, horrors, and all things surreal. He is especially intrigued by the notion of contemporary love and how it is represented in art. He got his BA at the University of Colorado Boulder in Literature in 2016.

Emily Gore is a first-year medical student who grew up in the suburbs of New York City. She has an appreciation for abstract art, waterfront promenades, and her parents' Belarusian recipes. As an undergrad student across the street, she was EIC of *The Journal of Undergraduate Research*, and is happy to now be working in a space that's a little more colorful.

Catherine Jay is a second-year medical student who grew up in enough countries that the Toronto airport feels like home. When she's not in the mountains, she loves to trick people into eating homemade vegan desserts, sail, spread her love of purple, and curl up with a good book. Working with families affected by DMD in China keeps her Mandarin from slipping away... but more importantly has been a grounding force when the demands of medical school become overwhelming.

Ramya Kaushik is a third-year medical student at URSMD who has spent the last seven years discovering the magic of Rochester, NY. She enjoys scrolling through travel blogs, planning adventures, and making friends. She hopes to have a career in Internal Medicine, and truly believes the hospital is a magical place.

Tom Kearns is a third-year medical student. He likes making art more than rounding in the afternoon. He likes many things more than rounding in the afternoon.

Hanna Kinzel is a graduate student in the Department of Medical Humanities & Bioethics at URSMD. Her passion lies at the intersection between continental philosophy and medicine. Collecting cultural masks from different countries, she has spooked countless people entering her home. Hanna enjoys listening to *The Hobbit* soundtrack, while hiking the mountains of New Zealand.

Amanda Lai graduated from the University of Rochester in 2016 with a Bachelor of Arts in Psychology and Studio Art. She is currently a Project Assistant at the University of Rochester Medical Center’s Office of Mental Health Promotion, as well as a freelance artist and grant writer. Her work touches upon concepts of “inside-versus-outside,” particularly in regards to social relationships, and explores ways in which individuals relate to their social context and the boundary between intrapersonal and the interpersonal.

Dr. Jeffrey M. Lyness is a PGY-33. He is an avid traveler and an amateur photographer, or maybe it’s the other way around.

Davy Ran is a first-year medical student at URSMD for whom art and medicine are deeply intertwined. They attended university for fine arts and love to do multimedia work incorporating their skill in drawing, painting, photography, collage, ceramics, graphic design, and jewelry making. When not doing art or medicine, Davy’s main activity is stopping their dogs from stealing friends’ food.

Benjamin Reinhardt is a second-year medical student at the University of Rochester. He grew up in Williamson, NY. Before coming to medical school, Ben was a combat medic for the Marine Corps for several years. He then went to St. John Fisher College, where he studied Biochemistry with an English Minor. Most of Ben’s writing has been personal and reflective. In fact, “Untitled” is his first published work. His humble wish is that those who read his writings will be changed from deep within themselves, as he has been changed by the things he has read.

Edward Sambrano is a laboratory technician at URMC. His poetry has appeared in the UR student art and literature journal *LOGOS*. He spends much of his time around, or looking forward to being around, cats.

Lavern Sleugh-Sharpe is a registered nurse and graduate student in the Healthcare Management and Leadership program at the URSON. An avid reader who often falls asleep clutching her Kindle and leaving her husband with the unenviable task of prying it from her hands, she is still working on a credible response to her daughter's query about why she chose Rochester as a place to live over her sunny, warm birth island of Jamaica.

William Wylie gave up a promising career in astrobiology to study medicine. He hopes to return to space in 2020.

Deborah Yu is a medical student at URSMD. In her spare time, she wonders about her pirate-self in a parallel universe, swing dances, and reads Murakami. She thrives on creative projects and efforts to engage the rest of the world in the medical humanities.

About this Journal:

murmur accepts poetry, prose, and visual art from members of the University of Rochester Medical Center community, including students, employees, and alumni. The editorial staff and volunteer readers review pieces anonymously; selections (writing and art) are made by group consensus. Copyrights of all printed materials belong to their creators.

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