Reaching for the Sky
Phuong-Nghi Nguyen
OSU College of Optometry Class of 2023
“Medicine is my lawful wife and literature my mistress; when I get tired of one, I spend the night with the other.”  - Anton Chekhov
Ether Arts is the literary and visual arts magazine of The Ohio State University’s College of Medicine. We are committed to the publication of artistic works by Ohio State medical students and alumni, as well as students and staff outside of the College of Medicine. We seek to demonstrate the artistic discussion within the community, allowing the exploration of what it means to be a medical professional and what it means to be a patient, blurring preconceived notions of what it means to be either.

MISSION STATEMENT

CONTACT

The Ohio State University College of Medicine Humanism in Medicine Initiative
203 Meiling Hall
Columbus OH 43201

SPECIAL THANKS

Carol R. Bradford, MD
Anna Soter, PhD
Tracie McCambridge
Caitlin Donahue
Medical Alumni Society
Medicine and the Arts
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*Delta*  
Katherine Begley  
OSUCOM Class of 2022
Dear Reader:

Thank you for choosing to explore this year’s issue of Ether Arts, the literary and visual arts magazine of The Ohio State University College of Medicine. This issue proudly features over forty works of photography, drawing, poetry, and prose from students, residents, faculty, and staff from the health sciences community at The Ohio State University. We hope this issue will continue, as have previous ones, to showcase our community’s creativity, diversity of expression, and commitment to humanism.

Ether Arts is indebted to those without whom publication would not have been possible: Dr. Anna Soter for her invaluable contributions as submission editor and advisor; Dr. Linda Stone, namesake of the Linda C. Stone Humanism in Medicine Program, for her consultation and leadership; Dr. Carol Bradford, Dean of the College of Medicine, for her thoughtful foreword; Sarah Burns and Radhi Pandit for their vision and work in designing this magazine; and Tracie McCambridge, Caitlin Donahue, Medicine and the Arts, and the Medical Alumni Society for their generous encouragement and continuing support of the magazine.

Special thanks also to the editorial board members for their hard work in putting together this magazine and to the editorial staff of past issues for providing continued inspiration and enduring models. Finally, a special thank you to the contributing artists and writers for sharing their gifts with the OSU health sciences community.

Please enjoy the array of themes explored in this year’s issue. Some artists have chosen themes that have been on our minds this past year, such as the impact of coronavirus in “She’ll Be Back” and “Inspired,” the search for peace in “Secret Garden State,” and the cry for justice in “One Day” and “Power. Strength. Passion.” Some artists take us to faraway places, such as “Laguna Beach” and “Yosemite.” Others find beauty here at home, in scenes such as our beloved Mirror Lake in “Murky Mirror” and the operating room in “Holy Chlorhexidine.” Throughout your viewing and reading, we hope that Ether Arts provides opportunities for peace, joy, and creativity.

Sincerely,

Nick Yoo
Editor-in-Chief
Welcome to the 2020–2021 College of Medicine Ether Arts magazine.

I am really honored to provide a foreword for this year’s publication of Ether Arts. Integrating medicine with the arts is a point of pride at the College of Medicine. While art allows creators to express, and viewers to feel, a wide range of emotions from sadness and anxiety to joy and peace, art’s powerful depth and striking beauty can also serve as nourishment for our souls.

Ether Arts allows us to ponder what it means to be a medical professional, a patient and a human being. From poetry and prose to visual art, these incredible works celebrate dynamic moments in medicine and life; and they reinforce our continual need to further strive to understand the human condition.

This year’s issue includes impressive works by Ohio State community members, Ohio State medical and health sciences students and College of Medicine residents and faculty. The magazine boasts 18 moving poetry and prose selections—including works from the physical realm (“Shutdown”), short glimpses (“breathless”) and personal reflection (“Lymphatic Migration”)—as well as 23 stunning visual art pieces, among them “Walking on Water,” “Inspired” and “Floating.”

Congratulations to our talented students, residents, faculty and staff who crafted this outstanding issue of Ether Arts. I hope you will enjoy this diverse collection of voices and our celebration of art in medicine at The Ohio State University College of Medicine.

Sincerely,

Carol R. Bradford, MD, MS, FACS
Dean, College of Medicine
Vice President for Health Sciences, Wexner Medical Center
Leslie H. and Abigail S. Wexner Dean’s Chair in Medicine
Professor of Otolaryngology – Head & Neck Surgery
One Day
Hafza Inshaar
OSUCOM Class of 2023

I am stung
by futility
because
the protests
the outrage
didn’t just start this summer
because this struggle’s
been going on
for centuries
and we’re still here
outraged
clamoring to be heard
to be seen
as human beings
and when that’s denied
and argued
and fought against
this basic humanity
in all of us
regardless of what percentage
of melanin
courses through our skin
when this outrage
continues to fall on deaf ears
again and again
when we remain rooted to the same spot
again and again
I am stung
by futility
because we keep saying “one day”
but how much longer ‘til “that day?”
Sara Colombo
OSUCOM Class of 2022
“I’ll be back!” Jane squealed over her shoulder. She skipped out her front door, over the steps, and down the driveway. Her aunt leaned up against the faded green mailbox. Eleven-year-old Jane had been waiting for this outing for months, as today contained the ultimate agenda: selecting candy from the local drugstore before plans to see the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus – it was finally in town! The duo had a tradition of sneaking candy into the arena under their full-skirted dresses. It was their “little secret,” as they called it, and gave Jane a giddy surge of adrenaline each time. She yearned to grow up.

“I’ll be back!” Jane stammered before shutting the door a bit too quickly. A vibrant 26-year-old, she bolted out the front door to wait at the end of the driveway where Danny would soon pull up. Ever since they met at Marjorie’s get-together the week before, Jane and Danny were all each other could think of. Jane couldn’t wait to see her first movie in color, let alone to spend time with a boy who finally kept her attention. Of course, she wasn’t blind to the fact that all of her girlfriends were engaged, but Jane refused to settle. To calm her parents’ fears, Jane had told them that she was going out that night with Phil instead, a man who had a few things Danny did not: a trust fund, high-class status, and a law degree on the way. Phil was entirely more her parents’ type, but Danny had kind eyes and made Jane laugh until she was sore. She whisked out the door before her parents could get a glimpse of the one waiting.

Years later, “I’ll be back!” Jane said to her seemingly countless grandchildren scurrying about her house. “Dan, watch the kids for a bit, will you?” She wanted to run to the store to get Breyer’s chocolate ice cream for her famous milkshake recipe. Being a grandmother was just about Jane’s favorite thing in the world. To her, there was something about so many little ones vying for her attention that made her heart full. Jane’s youngest granddaughter tugged at her grandma’s jeans and asked for a story. Jane smiled down at the three-year-old’s gleaming eyes, stroked her soft cheek, and hoisted her up onto her hip with a grunt. Together they went to the market.

In the year 2020, Jane lay supine on her pristine white bedsheets on a cold November night. Frankly, at 95-years-old, she was exhausted. The coronavirus pandemic thankfully hadn’t affected Jane and Danny’s ever-expanding family tree for most of the year – that is, until it did. Jane didn’t know how or where she’d gotten it. She only knew she couldn’t give it back. Danny had picked it up too, but his sturdy body seemed miraculously unfazed. Jane peered up from her bed to find her husband, son-in-law, and that same three-year-old granddaughter standing over her – only those gleaming eyes now belonged to a 23-year-old, a medical student at the family’s favorite university. Jane sensed pressure on her face, as if she could feel the weight of her now-wrinkled skin draping over her bone structure and succumbing to gravity. She struggled to keep her eyes open. Her fatigue was palpable. Her family began professing their love and kissing her cheek. With her voice breaking as if she’d directed all energy toward producing these words, Jane smiled knowingly and said, “I’ll be back.”

And she was right.

PostScript: After several decades of marriage, Jane and Danny were separated months later when Danny unexpectedly passed away. Jane is heartbroken and grieving. She knows that she’ll be back with him someday.

From the editor: Names and identifying details have been replaced to protect the privacy of individuals.
Floating
Justine Schneider
OSUCOM Class of 2023
The Invisible Concept
Ladan Navari
OSUCOM Class of 2024

Call me by the shore,
by the sea,
by the surface,
where we last sent our prayers
to the invisible
on the other side of the world—
Unseen by all,
planted by many,
Nourished by a few.
Call me with the questions
that do not have answers.
Send me all the tears,
all the fears
that never get resolved—
For I am the sand
that sees it all,
feels it all,
deals with it
All,
and settles for nothing,
But the weight
of the waves
that beat the legs
of the less fortunate.
Laguna Beach
Carrie Chen
OSU Dental School, Class of 2021
Lauterbrunnen
Garrett Yoder
OSUCOM Class of 2022
I turn the water on as hot as I can stand it. Within a few seconds the release begins to happen. My entire body is overcome with a small amount of relief and I become physically aware of my shoulders dropping.

Then the tears begin to flow. I know from yesterday that once they start, stopping them is beyond my control. They stop when they are ready to stop. They stop when they have emptied the last heartache of the day.

I cannot feel the difference between the wetness of my tears and the shower drops on my face. I’m able to wonder about this odd fact while draining away another day of hopelessness.

I press the faucet as far to the side as it will go. Willing it to go farther. Willing it hotter. Wanting the water to scald my back. A shower is the only place I can truly shed my skin. And without being able to shed my skin, and the capacity to grow a new one, I cannot carry on again tomorrow.
Searching in Darkness

Anita Kumar Chang, DO
OSUCOM Faculty

The red moon glowing
Reflecting light not its own
Shines bright, none-the-less.

The clouds catch the light
Of a fading, setting sun
Brings colors alive.

Opening the shade
“wow” exclaims the toddler’s heart
Wonders at the light.
Fight or Flight
Justine Schneider
OSUCOM Class of 2023
Shutdown
Grace Hobayan
OSUCOM Class of 2024
Honorable Mention, Best Poetry
The entire world’s now on shutdown
People all over having a meltdown!!

Chaos in grocery and retail stores,
warning signs on many doors;

No boats, no planes, just travel bans any more,
No concerts -- no games, disappointing fans galore;

No school at all, just learn from home
No hangin’ out, just talkin’ on the phone;

Stuck in one place with nowhere to go
Sure fight the bug, just tell me how;

The number of cases keeps on increasing
Global hysteria still unceasing;

Every aspect of life’s afflicted
Because of people worldwide infected;

We live in a worrisome time in history
Even with research, this bug is a mystery;

It seems hard to fully eradicate so
Isolating ourselves is now our fate;

Every day keep checking the news,
Against this bug we should not lose

Put aside your differences for you must know
That we are all facing a common foe;

Social distancing changes one’s plans
Avoid all contact and wash your hands;

We’re told no nearer than five or six feet
No handshakes or hugs -- smile and wave when you greet;

Hope and pray for an end to this malady
Don’t trust the press with their logical fallacies;

Listen to people who know what it’s about
Not just to anyone who happens to have clout;

Ask only for the cold hard facts of the matter
Not for speculations or nonsensical chatter.

No other pandemic’s been more contagious
The response of the world to this bug is outrageous;

How soon will a cure be finally found?
We don’t really know. We’re still on “Shutdown!”
Hopetown - A place we all need a little of

Michael J. Devany
OSU East Staff
Palmaris Aureus
Ladan Navari
OSUCOM Class of 2024
I was neither dead nor alive, but somewhere between. Zombies wandering through the hospital, vampires who knew no sun.

4:44, 4:45, 4:46 AM - time in the morning was forced into streamlined efficiency. Crunch, crunch down the center of the street-liten path; a ghost in the night, my footsteps over the undefiled snow powder left a faint trail of life while the world slept in peace.

7:15, 2:30, 5:30 PM - time stood still in the OR and flitted by unnoticed and unannounced. The last outpost in a world damned to distraction, the open body on the table an unavoidable bulwark against anything but pure focus.

The choreographed dance like an ancient tribal ritual, the rhythm moved from the spirit more than the mind:

Suds, suds, squeeze
Tear, tear, toss
Scrub, two, three, four...
Two, three, four
Two, three, four

The water washed away our sins. Purified, we held our hands up high; we disdained the profane, untouchable, unclean. Seal us, O scrub tech, gown us and drape us, glove us and love us. Spin us and forgive us, for we know not what we do.

Baptized, we now baptized others. The body was bathed in holy Chlorhexidine. We paused and bowed our heads for a moment of silence; we reflected on what we were about to do.

The Hypnotist behind the screen coaxed the body to sleep: “You’re going to go to sleep now.” She punched and tapped and clicked at whimsical gadgetry as accordion bellows billowed. Snakes were swallowed, eyes were closed, honeyed sevoflurane oozed into our consciousness and tempted us to join the departed.

“Incision.” The curtain was slowly peeled back, the mystery lifted. The inner mechanisms of this holy machine were exposed as Bovine incense wafted to heaven. Above the suctioning gurgle, the cauterizing beeps and whirs, and the sizzling crackle of burnt blood, ceremonial language occasionally peppered the space as we paid tribute to our ancestors: “DeBakey”, “Adson’s”, “Deaver”, “hemostat”, “3-oh monocryl”, “Richardson”, “Army-Navy”, “Wheaty”, “Kocher”.

As we journeyed deeper, the solemn liturgy gradually lifted; conversation lazily drifted back, to happier - lighter - times. Super Bowl lines, hiking pines, newly-discovered wines; laughter entwines. Five masked souls, standing together, eyes united under the dazzling spotlights, hunters drawn to bonfire, bound to the embers of the present moment.

While we meandered through the mist of memory and memoir, we had found and extracted our target. The return journey is always shortest. The present moment collapsed and time sped up on itself again. With fabric and thread, we swiftly sewed. We all are sewn - collapsing - hewn from dust and rust; scarred and scared and sacred; we all need mending. We all want to be whole.

Wake up from your sleep, sleepy dreamer. Cough for me. Don’t touch your eyes. Surgery is over, everything went well.
Tiger Breath
Zach Zins
OSUCOM Class of 2021
Growing up, I didn't see any Black or Muslim physicians or Black Muslim physicians. I simply didn't believe it could be a profession for me, this dream of becoming an M.D.

And yet, I am here now, half-way through medical school where I now see Black and Muslim physicians and Black Muslim physicians, and am thrilled to think that I too, before long, will be one of them.

What's more astonishing to me is that even as a student I have already inspired some young girls who look like me, to believe, that one day, they too, can occupy this space, that they too, can fulfill their dreams -- dreams that are as magnificent as they wish.

I hope that I’ll continue to inspire other children of color to believe that if they dream of becoming an M.D., they too, will one day, see themselves walking down those hospital corridors and know that “I can do it too... I too, can belong in that space one day.”
The Question
Grace Hobayan
OSUCOM Class of 2024

Her mind races
She looks around the room
She tries to listen
But her racing thoughts cloud her mind
Like blindfolds, but for her ears
She can't hear her peers
She knows not what they say
But the clock is ticking
It's almost her turn to speak
In her mind she thinks,
What was the question again?

Suddenly she must speak
Too soon
Much too soon for her
Not another nanosecond passes
She stumbles over her words
Self-conscious
Shivering
Skin crawling
Her voice shakes
Unstable
Unsure of herself
What was the question again?

She says the first related thing that came to her mind
At least she thought it was related
But is she really answering the question?
She rambles on
Trying to put together cohesive sentences
Within tight yet arbitrary time constraints
What was the question again?

All eyes are on her
Everyone in the front row
Turns around
And looks straight at her
Her heart beats faster
They didn't turn to look at the others who spoke before her
Is she making any sense?
What was the question again?

After what seemed like forever
She finally finishes her response
The facilitator says nothing
No response
No reinforcement
No additional statements
Just moves on to the next person
Instead of addressing the points she made
Did she fail to answer the question?
What was the question again?

She sees her reflection in her iPad
And sees a sad sight
Tears that are not there
Welling up in her eyes
She pushes her iPad aside
She can't bear to see herself
She cannot allow herself to feel like this
In the middle of class
But she can't help it
She can't help but think,
What was the question again?
Plitvice Lakes National Park, Croatia
Justine Schneider
OSUCOM Class of 2023
Blooming in Isolation
Sierra Schwierking
OSU Undergraduate, Class of 2021

A call in place of an embrace
a wave instead of a handshake
a text not a conversation
not a loss but a change nonetheless,
A time to undust forgotten visions
dropped hobbies
reminisce with those we love
a time to breathe, reflect, refocus, ask
If the path you’re on is still for you, or
if the dream you thought you’d live, gone stale
now take the time to inhale
the time’s ripe to unveil
the new.
Reassuring Rays
Elizabeth Rimer
OSUCOM Staff
My mother made the beds each day until we were ‘encouraged’, when old enough, to make our own beds. It was then that we learned about the importance of hospital corners. You neatly tucked in the end of the sheet and blanket then flipped yourself to the side of the bed to raise up the edges of the covering so as to carefully tuck the corners twice from the side. You had then mastered creating the exemplary hospital corner. It was a corner that was artistically arranged and yet practical in preventing the loosening of the bedcovers in the middle of winter. The perfect hospital corner would keep you snug and warm.

Somehow the idea of the perfect hospital corner began to seep into my thinking at an early age. A hospital was a place where things were done correctly, neatly, perfectly and lives were saved by these careful measures. No one in my family was a physician or a nurse. The school counselor let me know that I could be a nurse but not a doctor. Then, in the late 1940’s we became a family with a television. Not the first television in the neighborhood, but not the last one either. Although I often watched Medic, I wasn’t too sure about medicine as a career. And then came Dr. Kildare and Ben Casey. Things were definitely looking more interesting. Then came Marcus Welby, MD. Dr. Welby was a family physician. Television had finally caught up with what most doctors in small communities throughout the country would have been long doing. He made house calls, he had time to talk with his patients and listen to their stories. He was wise and caring and compassionate. Here was a role model in the medical profession that I could relate to, but one that was carried out by the acceptable gender of the time.

In the late 1960’s, we began to see more and more women realize that it is possible to be gender biased against our own gender. The question of who made the rules about what women could or could not do came into sharp focus. Now, we could continue to believe that our gender decided our careers, or we could realize that we had the intelligence to be whoever we wanted to be and follow our own will. We could even think about our own bias toward our own gender.

Our world view began to change. When that happened, we found ourselves in a challenging place. The question became whether we would move in the direction of our deepest dreams or not. For my mother, born in 1916, and now the mother of 5 children, the question was answered. However, for her children, it was relevant. Could the Dr. Welby’s of the future be women? Could the Norman Rockwell painting of the old family physician placing his stethoscope on the doll in the outstretched hands of a little girl, be a woman? Could the male chauvinism in the medical profession depicted on M*A*S*H and other television programs, become the last gasp of the past?

In 1821, Elizabeth Blackwell was born in England. In
1832, she and her family moved to the United States. Like most women in medicine today, she had nurtured a vision of being a physician. And, like all of us, she was fortunate enough to find mentors that came to believe in her, and her vision. She undertook training and in 1849, she graduated at the top of her class despite the open discrimination against her. She was the first woman in this country to receive a medical degree, and threw open that door and the pathway for women in medicine. Still, it took another 100+ years to begin to even the playing field for medical school admission.

Today, we see The Ohio State University’s College of Medicine class accepting women at more than 50% of the class. It was not that long ago when we were at 35% or 20% or even 5% of admissions into the field. Many questions have been answered about our gender’s ability to function in the challenging world of medicine. We’ve consistently shown that we are smart enough, skilled enough, compassionate enough and dedicated enough to become physicians in all fields of medicine. Yet challenges remain. We’re still in the process of building an environment in which we understand the ways in which we might better support women in medicine. We’re also still a long way from recognizing the myriad different views of our profession from those that do not so easily fall into established gender categories. We have come a long way from the bias that made life so difficult for Dr. Blackwell, but it’s not the time yet, to rest on that early accomplishment. The field is still ripe for more pushing of established boundaries so that medical leadership truly reflects the make-up of our profession. It is time for us to examine leadership roles with compassion and conscious awareness of the valuable contributions made by each human being within our profession regardless of their gender identity.

It is said that the power of one human being alone is not enough to move us forward but, in reality, it can be and has been the power of one human being that does move us forward. Might we ask ourselves, when we get up each morning and look in my mirror, what we might do today to mentor and teach the next generation of physicians? And then, at night, as we do the final brushing of teeth and look again in that same mirror, may we ask, what did we today to make sure that each student, each resident or new physician, thinks positively about their place in the future of medicine?

May the continuity of care we collectively offer our patients and their families spill over into the continuity of care we give our students, our residents, our peers and our colleagues. Maybe it can be our way of creating, every day, the kind and compassionate practice of medicine that we hope for. Maybe in being a compassionate mentor, role-model, teacher, and clinician is our way of creating the perfect ‘hospital corner’.
You and I
Jodie Makara
OSUCOM Class of 2023

If you'll be my wheels
I'll be the air inside them
If you'll be my handlebars
I'll be the cushion that surrounds them
If you'll be my saddle
I'll trust in putting my weight on you.

If you'll be my rock
I'll lift you higher than you've ever been before
If you'll be my tree
I'll hang on every word gifted to me
Branches and branches of untold secrets
If you'll be my ocean,
I'll swim for endless miles
Enjoying your constant, soothing company

If you'll be my pie
There'll be nothing left to share
I'll want you all to myself
If you'll be my pie
I'll be the whipped cream that covers you
From crust to filling, head to toe
Until you're ready to share yourself
If you'll be my pie
I'll be the bundle of bananas
And together,
We'll be two peels in a pie
Dinner in a Cave - La Gruta
Carrie Chen
OSU College of Dentistry, Class of 2021
Honorable Mention, Best Visual Art
The world gasped for breath
Waiting for an end, but when?
Where is our new day?

Untitled Haiku
Kyle Murray
OSUCOM Class of 2023
Timeless
Sachi Gianchandani, MD
Neurology Resident, PGY-3
Lymphatic Migration
Ladan Navari
OSUCOM Class of 2024

The last word grandpa said to me
was “lub dub”
then sealed the membrane of his eyes.
I was taken to the interstice
of the two worlds—
miles and kilometers
separating our breaths.

Seeking a purpose,
a direction,
I sought a vessel
to the land of opportunities,
passed the patrols
guarding the walls of hope—
I was finally home.

Pure as water,
I pushed as hard as I could—
no steps to climb,
no external muscles to ease my path.
I grasped every node,
stressed syllables,
and learned vowels,
until I turned them into valves
that opened up
to a scarlet future.

Sometimes
the efforts seem to be
in vain,
but even then
I can hear the murmurs
of a woman
Deep inside my chest—
so near
yet
so far away—
Standing at the end of the path,
whispering through a duct:
“You are hope!”
“You are life!”
breathless
Hafza Inshaar
OSUCOM Class of 2023
Honorable Mention, Best Poetry

Grief
has no expiration date
days
weeks
months
years later
it will creep up
during those moments of quiet
and take your breath away.
Walking on Water
Zach Zins
OSUCOM Class of 2021
Award for Best Visual Art
Silo Tops
Arti Vaishnav
OSUCOM Class of 2024

Up on that silo
in the middle of Ohio
we watched the crops grow
in the sun’s glow
A Midwest Meadow

Skies calm, time slow
we let our worries go
into the wind’s flow
till tomorrow

Today I know
with our smiles so
our touching shadows
we found peace from head to toe
Looking West - Berlin Wall
Garrett Yoder
OSUCOM Class of 2022
In death, She writes to me

Nicolette Payne

OSUCOM Class of 2021

Layers of tissue peel back like pages
A memoir spread from her spine
Clues woven in strands of silver hair
Scars whisper secrets of sins

Intimate moments etched in deep wrinkles
Punchlines of jokes dancing on dimples
Hook of her nose she always hated
but everyone else loved

Lashes full with unmade wishes
Eyes holding years of unedited film
Widened hips that were home
to sprouts of new humans

With her heart in my hands
I can almost feel the rhythm
Beating like a drum
Melodies sung to past lovers

Even in a sea of formaldehyde
She still feels so alive
At 25 did she imagine she would survive
Not as a body, but a book
Convergence of the North American & Eurasian Tectonic Plates (Pingvellir National Park, Iceland)

Morgan Amigo
OSUCOM Class of 2021
I need a break to stop the noise
To clear my mind, equipoise
I have always loved to dance and sing
But this ICU choir is a peculiar thing
Here the ventilators keep time
While dialysis machines whine
The infusions croon the harmony
Code Blue pages ring a dark melody
My mind spins even when the day is complete
Their phantom chorus plays on repeat

Even in those rooms of patients on hospice care
The silence is deafening when death is in the air
I need to clean my slate
Find my secret garden state
Remember when I was five
My imagination was so alive
Turned those trees behind my home
Into a kingdom all my own

It seems I found a place like that again
When I found this rooftop secret garden
You must close the outer door
Before entering inside
As if to seal off the outer world
I no longer have to hide

Up here the winds keep time
While city cars below whine
Daisies croon the harmony
While bell flowers ring the melody
I spin maskless under the arbor
Here I can take off my armor

You see I just turned twenty-eight
And people are asking me their fate
Desperation in their eyes
All they want is to survive
And I wish that I could take them
To my secret garden state
Where oxygen is plentiful
And we can be nonsensical
Singing freely through our tears
Without worry, without fears
But for now I will hold them tight
As I get them through this night