

2015 EDITION VIII
THE HEART OF MEDICINE

type . cast

Editor's Note

As students of medicine, our lives are often a flurry of motion. Hours seem to slip away as we hurry to see patients, hurry to find time to study and hurry to our precious free time. Rarely do we even have a moment to catch our breath and contemplate the beauty of the world around us. In these pages, over the span of a "day" from dawn to dusk, is that beauty captured in traditional art, photography and the written word.

The photographs on the front and back cover were taken by Cherese Beatty of the ECU Department of Pharmacology and Toxicology. Titled "Heart Tissue", they typify that art can be found everywhere. The Pirco-Sirius Red stain was performed on 5-µm sections of mouse heart tissue to stain for different collagens based on the size of fibers in the tissue. Colors for different collagen fiber types were green, yellow, orange, and red as fiber thickness increased, creating an unique yet suprisingly beautiful interplay of colors.

Art is all around us, if only one looks hard enough. Together, let us find the art in medicine.

Sharon Rachapudi

Sharon Rachapudi, M3 - Editor-in-Chief

Online version

Our magazine can now also be found online! Please visit www.ecu.edu/typecast

2015 type . cast team

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Special Thanks

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Department of Bioethics and Interdisciplinary Studies

William E. Laupus Health Sciences Library

Dr. Todd Savitt

Mrs. Pat Harrington

Dr. John Christie

Dawn



Noon



Dusk



Feedback

We welcome comments, suggestions, donations and submissions for future editions.

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Dawn

Fierce

(acrylic on canvas, 30 x 40 inches)

“My first nephew, Charles Edward Davis, was born on October 28th, 2014. I painted this for him with hopes it will be a gift he enjoys for the rest of his life. The title is to remind him to live and love fiercely.”

Dylan Suttle, M4
Brody School of Medicine





Succession

Parteek Singla, M4
Brody School of Medicine

Accomplishment

Distinctive success
found in the roads of effort
rewards diligence.

Arun Ajmera, M2
Brody School of Medicine

Park Avenue

Elaine Shao, M3
Brody School of Medicine





12th St. Lifeguard Station (acrylic on canvas, 18x24)

Dylan Suttle, M4
Brody School of Medicine

Beerfoam Surf Sands

The shore
spitting out sea life
onto the boiling sand.

A turtle floats aimlessly by
a seabird on his back.
The two discuss
the Common Market
devaluation of the pound
the living stage.

The seabird knows Shakespeare.

The turtle is part French.

Talk ebbs.

The rising moon pulls their thoughts to shore and
warm grass and
worms.

Bob Green, RN, CNM
Clinical Assistant Professor
ECU College of Nursing



Heat Index

Marsha Hall
College Accounting Director
School of Dental Medicine



Perspective

Rachel Wilson, M2
Brody School of Medicine

One Night in Jyväskylä

Icy air and haloed lights call home
voices dancing, swirling,
enticing audible melodies strange
and familiar float together
Looking and laughing like home but never
seen before - or was it?

Crunching rock in snow, then biting chill drops away to
inside unwinding scarves and discarding gloves in a pile.
Calls laughter old-ness in freshly drawn scenes
reverberating echoes of friendly home fires
Never before lit. Comforting warmth of
chocolate and mint
First time sips of old reminiscence
Wrapping comfort as securely as the scarf
against the outer cold.

Icy air and haloed lights call home in an
Ancient first time

Christmas beckons. Home scents and sounds but
Never seen before. Home for Christmas
First time - or was it?

Cheryl V. Elhammoumi, MSN, RN, CCRN
Captain, United States Army (Ret.)



Resplendence

Mehrin Islam, M2
Brody School of Medicine

Noon

Self-Reflection

“A little bit of self-reflection never hurt anyone. As a medical student, such a busy life can make you lose sight of yourself, so much that you fail to recognize even your own transformation. Examine your character, examine your persona, examine your ideas. It is only when we see the worst in ourselves that we can allow someone in to tell us we’re wrong.”

Java Remonde, M2
Brody School of Medicine



Bon swa

Bon swa. It is always on that plane ride home. Throughout the week, I trek through, seeing children one by one. Listening intently as parents describe vaguely similar complaints with subtle yet essential details.

My interpreter weaving her way through the language far from concretely and not just translating but defining her role in interpretation of a language full of nuances and insinuations. Intimately listening to a child's heart beat or putting my hand on the back to feel the rumble in her chest. The rhythmic echoings of "manje, manje" when placing a tablet in a toddler's mouth to eat. "Kraze!" said emphatically by the interpreter when the child attempts to spit out the large tablet.



Puzzling over whether I am doing enough or too much with my antibiotic choice. Reassuring myself that at least I saw them swallow albendazole and witnessed mom's tight grip on the bag of AK meal.

My hope bounces from day to day like the balls we place in their little hands rejoicing at a child recovered from cholera or a simple smile as a child passes by on the way to be examined.

It is on that plane ride home though where I start to feel it. A deep aching, gnawing making its way from my xiphoid bone up to that organ in our chest we have enmeshed with love and pain. I feel the all-too-familiar hot stinging in my eyes. My mind goes to the one-year-old twin who looked more like a five-month-old without a mother or a hot meal to sustain her. The baby with rattling in his chest and on auscultation the crackling of paper serving as a warning sign. "Where's mom?" I hear the utterings in Creole as they discuss, "mouri...," and I know she has died. Left for the DR and came back "sick." Reality sets in. I am but a drop in a very large bucket. But I'd rather be that drop than a hole. Hope carries us all. Even moreso in a place like Haiti as we see in the eyes of these parents who trust us with their children's lives when life has only been so unfair to this point.

Shiva Zargham, MD
Pediatric Co-Chief Resident

Class in Session

Naima Stennett, M2
Brody School of Medicine

Accountability

Essential essence
of responsibility
swallows blame for deeds.

Arun Ajmera, M2
Brody School of Medicine

Grandmother Willow

Mehrin Islam, M2
Brody School of Medicine



Nice A

Marsha Hall
College Accounting Director
School of Dental Medicine



Eating Green Beans Raw

Vegetables on the counter
No time to cook
Eating green beans raw
Grab a radish slice some cheese
All with a little wine, if you please

Trying to keep organic clean and local
Processed and packaged, nope
Struggle to stay healthy in this stress mess

Advanced study
Full time work and someone said it's part-time study
Can't imagine more

Worry about students –
mine & me & my student-colleagues
Help them help me help us help each other

Getting my veggies
Eating green beans raw

Time for 10,000, how
Someone tell me how to hit 10,000 steps and
8 hours sleep a day rather than a week

Green beans raw, good stuff!

Cheryl V. Elhammoumi, MSN, RN, CCRN
Captain, United States Army (Ret.)



Bungee Jumping in Storkhorn

Rachel Wilson, M2
Brody School of Medicine



After the Storm

(oils on canvas, 20x16)

Mehrin Islam, M2

Brody School of Medicine

My favorite place

I have traversed the bright streets of Paris at night
And watched the ebony blanket recoil from light.

I have seen the soothing prairie sun

Creep down over blades of grass, one by one.

I have climbed the craggy cliffs of the Himalayas

And been to nearly every corner of creation, birthed by Rhea.

I have even touched the cold, infinite splendor of space

And realized the ephemeral beauty of the human race.

I have sailed every sea and landed on every shore,
Yet none have the thing that makes my heart soar.

No sunrise is as breathtaking as your wide, gentle smile.

No landscape can enchant like your eyes do beguile.

The rosiest rose from the greenest Elysian field

Could not conjure the happiness that your smile does yield.

No concrete jungle or ancient wonder can compare

To the feel of us together with our souls laid bare.

You can give me the ivory towers of the Taj Mahal,
Or the grandiose stone expanse that is the Great Wall.

You can offer me the castles of European kings,
Or even the icy, breathless wonder of Saturn's rings.

Yet none of these compare to your sweet embrace

Which shall forever remain, my darling,

My favorite place.

Sharon Rachapudi, M3

Brody School of Medicine



Turkish Radiance

Tamoore Arshad, M2

Brody School of Medicine

Sunset at Antalya Bay

“Despite the busy moments of day-to-day life, sometimes you just need to sit back and watch the sunset.”

Tamoore Arshad, M2
Brody School of Medicine

Dusk





The Satanic Dance

An Inspiration written from the First Sin.

A lying brother was paralyzed with fear
When the Father of Lies drew his evil lance.
The devil threw his pointy pitchfork,
Signaling the start of the Satanic Dance.

The Power of Darkness finally hopped and began to shuffle
With the day closing fast;
The brother lost his soul
As Satan danced his last.

The Thief twirled around the Tree of Knowledge
As hot sparks pierced the sky.
I know not why God appeared then,
But all was lost as He began to cry.

As God brutally tore off the Wicked One's limbs
Beelzebub screamed and slithered away.
God desperately searched for the lost brother's soul,
But, alas, the Serpent still has it to this very day.

Arun Ajmera, M2
Brody School of Medicine

Underpass

Parteek Singla, M4
Brody School of Medicine



Wheal and Flare

Tamoore Arshad, M2
Brody School of Medicine



Hospital Clinica Biblica, Costa Rica
Shannon Tillett
Brody Medical Bookstore Manager

Calling Out Sick

I glance at the time clock...
I am not late...
I clock in... get to the unit...
okay the assignments and fate.
One nurse called out sick,
no one to replace...
This is not a good night for the patients...
And I cannot let them see it on my face.

Sonya Renae Hardin, PhD, RN, CCRN
Professor, College of Nursing

OSCE

Jerri Waller, M3
Brody School of Medicine





Untitled

(acrylic and charcoal mixed media painting on plywood, 36 x 24)

Hellen Ransom
Assistant Professor
Department of Bioethcis &
Interdisciplinary Studies
Brody School of Medicine

Sleeping with the Dictionary

In the dark night's flesh,
The dictionary,
A strange yet cumbersome framework
Of versatile denotations,
Is not immune to the boredom
Of the wide-awake reader.
The solitary habits of the curious
Companion render the book seductive,
Arousing the reader's vigilant state
To the soporific trance of words.

I retire to your room,
Admiring the bed that has been
Over and again witness to
The sins of human bodies.
Comfortable in the confines of
Silence, I come to envy you,
My brown-haired companion,
Whose eyes are ready to watch
The unbroken darkness.
Clutching my unabridged bulkiness,
Heavy with the weight of blistering
Definitions, you make yourself comfortable
Among the laced sheets and
Turn on the bedside lamp to
Illuminate the pages of words defined.

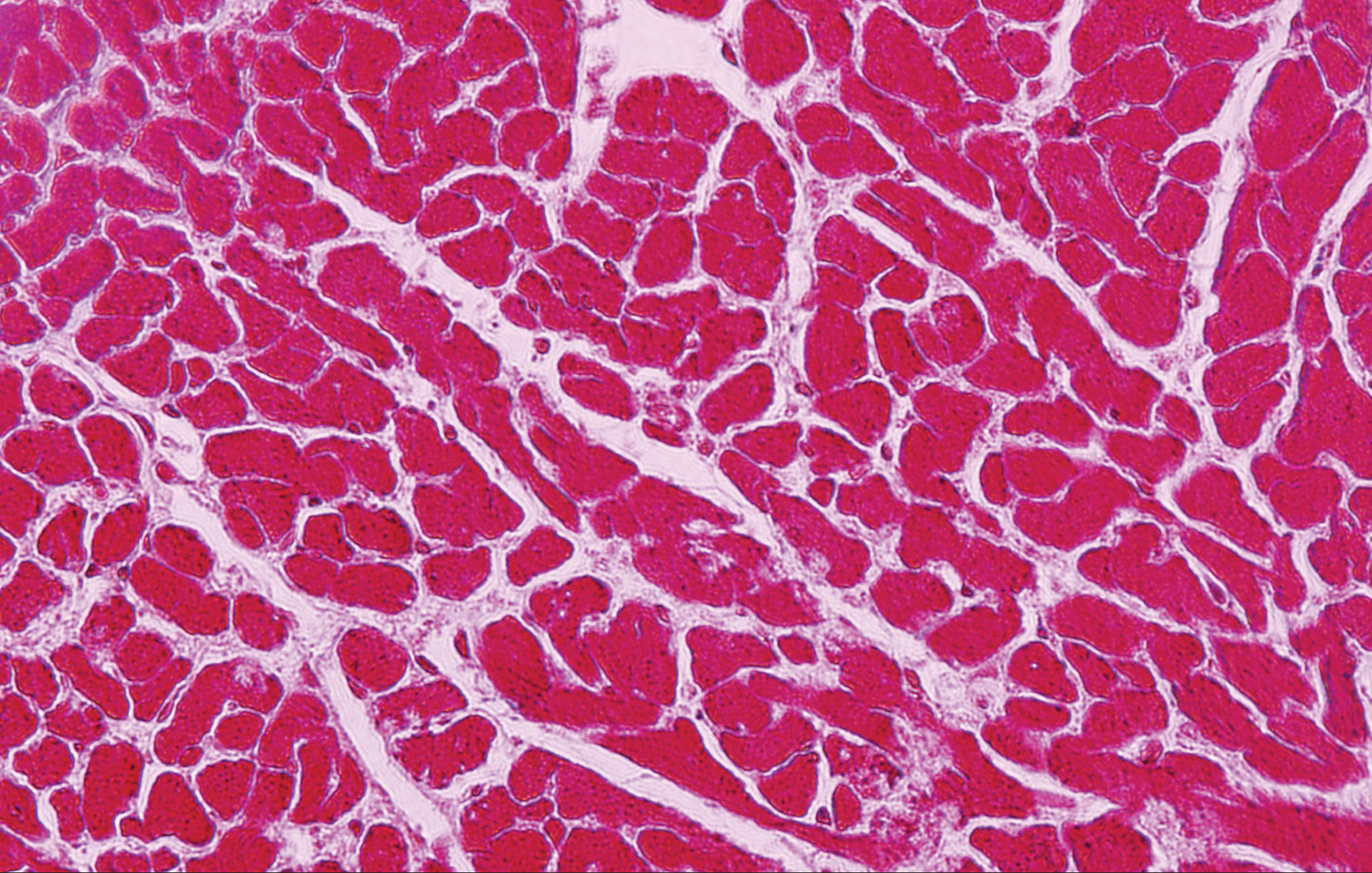
The conscious exercise begins in
The reader's mind, tossing words
Of unknown meaning in hopes
Of finding repose. Yet such a state
Is unattainable, reserved for those
Mastering the art of sleep,
Which you have yet to experience.
Rather you allow for the night's
Possibilities to consume you as
You leaf through my thin sheets,
Until you stumble upon—

A glossary of words
With one defined order.

You are lying next to me,
As I listen to the air
Escaping your nostrils. I
Recall times in which we
Were aroused by myriad possibilities
Of the most perverse positions.
Satisfied, you would gaze at my
Bare cover wrapped among your sheets
And trace your finger along the
Curve of my spine, whispering
The most symptomatic words.

Good works are meant for
Enjoyment; fumbling through the
Thin sheets of a love maker's bed
And getting lost in the ingenuity of
A passionate exercise. Great works,
On the other hand, are meant to
Provide a sense of climax, like
An orgasm after sexual intercourse
Followed by the abrupt crash of
Explosive satisfaction. This rhythmic
Pleasure continues long past closure,
Embedding the desire to begin
Without exit. The reader in you
Looks for that entry at the root
Of writing, through the
Symbolism of the written word.

Vanessa Dorismond, M2
Brody School of Medicine



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