

A photograph of a forest floor covered in thick, vibrant green moss. Several tree trunks are visible, some in the foreground and some in the background, creating a sense of depth. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of the moss.

Veritas

Literary Arts Magazine

Spring 2011 Volume 23

*The University of Virginia
School of Medicine*

On The Cover

Moss
by John McMurty

Editorial Staff

Kasandra Hanna
Juliana Minak
Jessica Davis
Thomas Albert

Faculty Advisor

Marcia Childress, PhD

The University of Virginia
Center for Biomedical Ethics and
Humanities Programs for Humanities

*May 2011
Volume 23*



Veritas is the University of Virginia School of Medicine's literary and visual arts publication. Published annually since 1994, *Veritas* has been student edited since 2000. We received financial support through the Student Council, Mulholland Society, and Medical Alumni Association.

In addition to this annual spring publication, *Veritas* also exhibits medical student art in the Claude Moore Health Sciences Library every fall.



Opposite Top: photograph of mural by Weitao Wang SMD 14 taken by Long Vinh SMD 14 **Opposite Bottom:** Sunset at Humback Rocks by Solomon Dawson SMD 14 **This page Top:** Bicycle in New Orleans by Michelle Samson Maust SMD 11 **Bottom:** Untitled by Juliana Minak SMD 11



The First Frontier by Nicholas Clark SMD 14

The four of us met, brave explorers were we
Huddled around him, eager to see
Our journey before us, finally drawn near
Into human flesh, the first frontier
The bow of our vessel cut neatly through seas
Of fascia and skin, into Shoulders and Knees
We darted through Tendons and traversed the Spine
Charting each facet of nature's design
Past smooth bony mountains and sulcular glens
Through miry humor and crystalline lens
The voyage persisted into the bizarre
With tangling vessels and cancer's thick scar
At last we emerged, having finished our rite
Completing the spread of discovery's light
Though not without life and not without limb
We came out the other side more changed than him



Top: Doin' the Things That we Want To, **Bottom:** Street Hassle 2 both by Christopher Aloeos SMD 13 (photographs of originals)



Above: The Old Home by Sam Zhao SMD 12

Right: Untitled by Juliana Minak SMD 11

Opposite: Double Doorway! by Sam Zhao SMD 12



“For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the Lord, “plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.”-Jeremiah 29:11 NIV

Like the Tower of Babel the books
cluttering my desk climb heavenward.
Each text clamoring to be read,
yet filled with foreign languages
I can't yet understand.

Immunology... Hematology... Oncology

A never-ending list of diseases and
disorders stand menacingly before me.
and I face this modern Goliath struggling
to know the right drug to place
in my youthful, inexperienced sling.

Insulin... Furosemide... Digoxin

Lord, You called me down this path.
You filled my heart with the passion,
the desire to care for your children.
Guard me in this Lion's den that
tests my faith and courage.

You alone know what awaits me.

Father, bless my studies. Strengthen
me. Help me to wield Your sword of the
Spirit to endure and to learn this art so
that I may watch over those lives
You have already destined for my care.

So like Peter, when the time comes, I
will step onto the water before You
carrying my patients with me.



Daffodil, Defeated by Michelle Samson Maust SMD 11

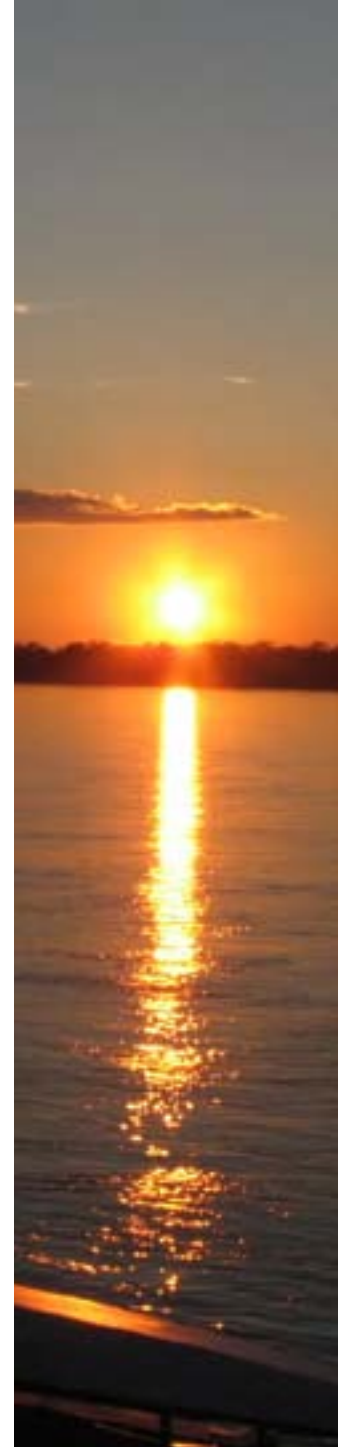
Creased from the weight of the rainstorm,
Persisted until its stem gave way to the stress.
No mental state, no cognitive input
To influence the mechanical output.
Held until the very moment its skeleton failed.

To be like the daffodil!

To give everything without thinking.
Without support from others.
Vulnerable and exposed to the elements.
Unable to push harder than one thinks possible.
Alone in a field of flowers.

Above: Untitled by Jocelyn Vu SMD 14

Opposite: Sunset on the Amazon River in Peru by Solomon Dawson SMD 14





Above: Atreyu by Diana Newsom SMD 11 **Opposite Top:** Machu Pichu in Peru by Solomon Dawson SMD14 **Opposite Bottom:** Sunset Over Lago Atitlan by Jenifer Marshall SMD 11 (photograph of original in acrylic) **Next Spread Clockwise from top Left:** Dubai Sand Dune by Pranay Sinha SMD 14, San Fransisco by Pranay Sinha, Untitled by Jocelyn Vu SMD 14, Untitled by Jocelyn Vu SMD 14



A Date with Poe by Christopher Aloeos SMD 13

I blame it on fate, you call it a date,
This journey, this voyage, this trek.
With a creak of the gate, I leave my estate,
Two birds, each other inspect.

I veer from the road, this humble abode,
Of dirt and gravel and rocks.
I drop off my load, enter a mountainous node,
Where field-mice often steal socks.

Yet I walk through the pass, cisterns of high grass,
My hair worn insolent and wiry.
I make one last, inquisitive pass,
At my brain's most dandy inquiries.

It asks,

“Kind sir, how now, which way do you go?
For you have a date with Edgar Allan Poe.”

Whether thought or view, it's no more than a loo,
So I remain steadfast and on target.
I catch glimpse of a hue, the deepest of blue,
Next to your house: a stable, a market.

It means nothing to me, this static of trees,
And the dancing of rueful bums.
Instead it's the dancing of bees, and the shaking of knees,
And the planting of seeds with your thumbs--

--that leave me at my best, I have forsaken the rest,
Save a few canvases naked and yearning.
I long for your kiss, your compliant caress,
My stomach like the tide, it is turning.

It grumbles,

“Kind sir, how now, which way do you go?
For you have a date with Edgar Allan Poe.”

Walking down the line, in a race against mine,
My ideas, they lead by a nose.

Yesteryear you opined, “Young lad, my dress, it is fine,
For watering lilacs with a hose.”

Oh, but what I did say, and in such a trivial way,
To this statement that you did wrought.
Much like the sun's rays, on the most mystical days,
By the night, I have already forgot.

I am reminded,

“Kind sir, how now, which way do you go?
For you have a date with Edgar Allan Poe.”

But back to the trail, I lurch like a snail,
The stable, the market -- I passed.
I smell in the air, oh, it never does fail,
The aroma of your most recent repast.

A thousand more paces, indelible traces,
Like breadcrumbs, they guide me to you.
But I try to remain hasty, to avoid all the faces,
That would impede my guidance to you.

They jeer,

“Kind sir, how now, which way do you go?
For you have a date with Edgar Allan Poe.”

My legs they are aching, my back isn't yet breaking,
But I foresee it in my hapless fate.
The ground it is shaking, the leaves fight the raking,
And I fall just short of your gate.

You see it is plain, for I feel no more pain,
It is simple and lawful and fair.
Like the smoke of the train, and the fall of the rain,
I move in direction through air.

But as the smoke goes right, and the rain does plight,
I shoot straight up to the sky.
It is without fright, a bit of joyous delight,
I can still see you from oh so up high!

Cont. next page

Peering from above, I smile down with all love,
The butterflies almost lead to my fainting.
This world up above, it fits like a glove,

And Mr. Poe, I am with, painting.

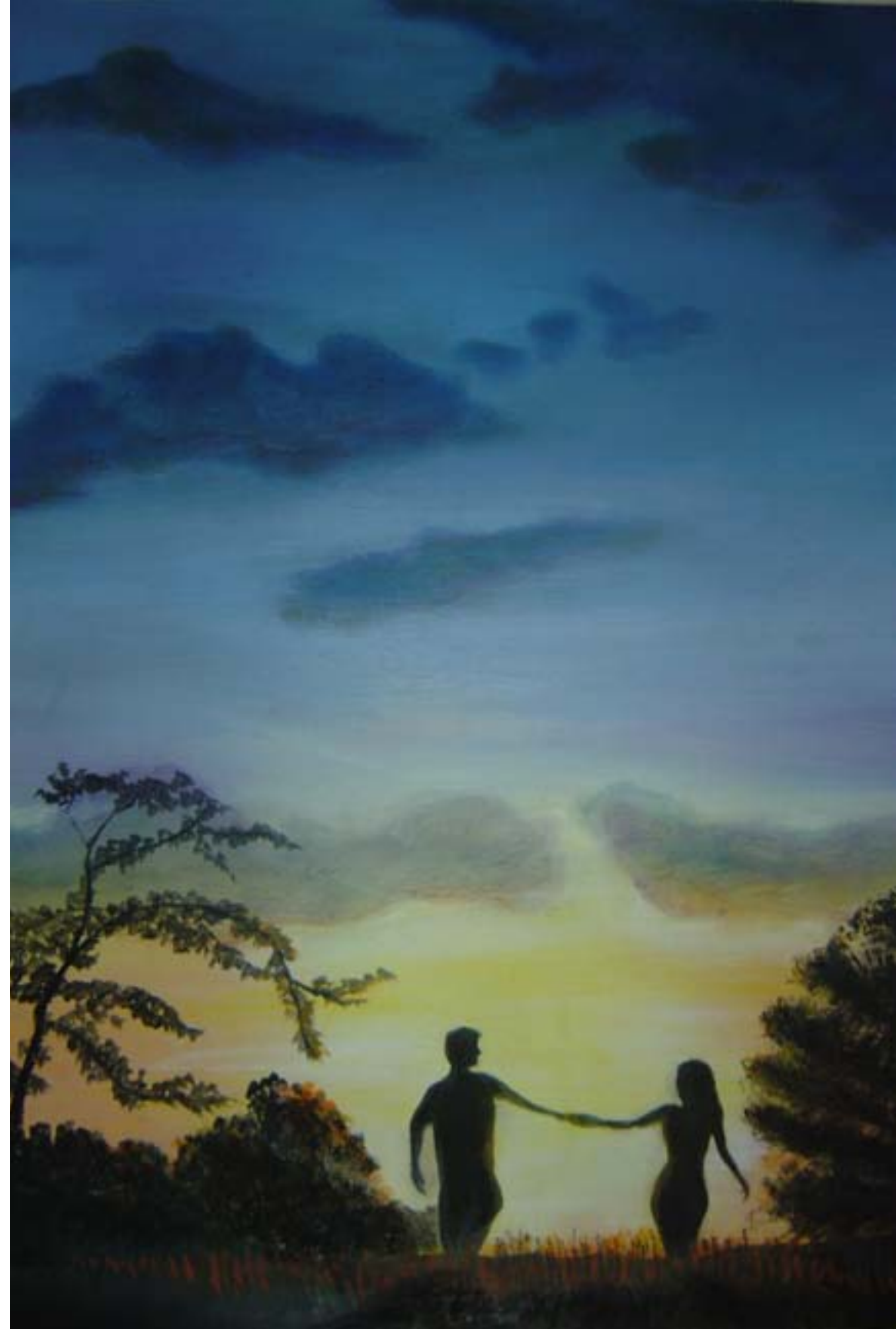
I wish it were to be, my stopping for tea,
A crown of thorns drapes the head of my darling.
Her and me, we would have chased a flea,
With a fisherman's net and a starling.

But now angels sing, in a melodious ring,
The chords moan to the violin's bow.
It's an indescribable thing, what it is that they sing:
I needn't tell, for you ought to know:

They sing,

“Kind sir, how now, were so glad you did go,
On your date with Edgar Allan Poe.”

Previous spread: A Neighborhood in Praque by Jenifer Marshall SMD 11,
Opposite: Adam and Eve by Jenifer Marshall SMD 11(both are photographs of
originals in acrylic) **Next Spread:** Clockwise from top left Reddot, Mt Cook 2, Mt
Cook 1, To be Anau, Diamond Lake 1, Clean Slate, All by John McMurty SMD 12







Above: Lions 2, Below: Lions 3, both by John McMurty SMD 12

Above: Elephant 1 by John McMurty SMD 12, Below: Vulture in Ngorongoro Crater by Tucker Mudrick SMD 11



Alphabetical Anthropology by Josiah Carey SMD

Always the light shines, the cricket sings, the green grass dances. Each morn.

Before the rows of men and cars on sidewalked streets, the seas rise, the air
breathes, the world works.

Cantaloupe and bulrushes, minerals and mockingbirds; each take their given place,
each follow their God-given command.

Dare any man repudiate this?

Ever the answer from the snake, 'Yessss.' 'Alassss.' Oh, alas!

For no man does what is good, the psalms remind; no man seeks God. But take a
while and remember, friend.

“Good hearts”, you contend? Don't consult orphan or widow, imprisoned or
ashamed; neither the foreigners, nor the mountain lions.

Hurt and abandoned lie fields and forests, the unproductive and the producer. A
delicate yellow swallowtail gelatinates on my windshield.

If only I could fix this thing! If only I wasn't a contributor to it! If only there was
something to hope for, something to live for, something to love for!

Joy comes in the morning.

Kisses fall around us in bread and wine. Accolades are yours in abundance. You are
the most delighted in of anything anyone ever knew.

Listen. Love is for you. Love. It's for you. It is yours. Imagine that truest love you
have ever seen, that greatest welcome, that warmest hug. It is how He greets you.

Miles of adventure ahead. Millions of prayers. More friendship than you dreamed.

Nothing can you do apart from Him, yet nothing can separate you from Him.

Oh and all because He has given you this standing – a standing more majestic
than the lion's, more powerful than the eagle's, more beautiful than the pinto's.

Pierced four times, He took the wrath that the creation knows is ours to take.

Quetzalcoatl and Baal, Satan and Ra, addictions and mockeries, bad deeds and
good deeds, gods and demigods, loves and desires: all are here put to shame,

Ruthlessly put to death. For they did not love like this.

See, this story silences the boaster. Silences churchgoer and villain alike.
Silence!

Truly, He offers the blessed invitation we are all waiting for.

Uplift the poor, the wretched, the disgusting, the truant, the despairing!
Commend them! Welcome them! Astound them!

Violence-breaking, insanity-deceiving, captivity-chaining, noise-quieting

Words of Life.

Xenophobic no more, the Earth continues its song,

Yields its fresh new colorful days, promises the joy of longing fulfilled,
brightens with rays of hopeful sunshine.

Zebras and chipmunks, fireflies and snowflakes, men and women all dance to
the rhythm of the Light.

This Spread: Dusky Queenstown by John McMurty SMD 12 **Next Spread clockwise
from top left:** Landscape in Grey, Fern, Hearst Castle by Kasandra Hanna SMD11, Falls
Again by John McMurty smd 12 **Last Spread:** Untitled by Joceyln Vu SMD 13





Remembering Our Time Together
by Takisha Robinson SMD 13

I watch the months thirst. Fear that is quiet
waits in memories of the last kiss
leaves will ever taste. No more rainy riot
clouds make, only an absence-dug abyss.

I watch the months speak. Tones bold as trees
that stand tall against the sun's glare in June
then whimper with the voice of the smallest peas
trapped in one pod shrinking tighter, fit to prune.

I watch the months listen. Crashing crystal
icicles freeze cherished moments.
Squirrels dream of echoes from a pistol
mute the leaves' song in acoustic guitar.

I watch the months give birth. An event brooded
by the wind, that's when I began and we
concluded.

