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2006

WHORL: 2006

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A silhouette of a person stands on a beach at sunset, with their hands behind their head. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright, golden glow. The ocean waves are visible in the distance. The text 'Wh 2006 rl' is overlaid on the image, with the '2006' inside a dark circle.

Wh 2006 rl

WHORL



2006

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Whorl is published by the Creative Arts Society and is distributed free of charge to the Boston University Medical Center. The Creative Arts Society was formed by Boston University medical students to bring the entire medical center community together and create opportunities to share works, teach each other, and promote self-expression, growth, health, and fun.

Some of the events sponsored by the CAS include Art Days, Kick Back Kafe, and Arts-Healthcare Alliance. All faculty, employees, students, and alumni of any Boston Medical Center program are welcome to attend CAS meetings, activities and submit works for publication in *Whorl*.

For more information on CAS and *Whorl* please visit <http://people.bu.edu/creative> or contact Henry Nguyen at henrybn@bu.edu or George

Cover:

Heart on the Beach

Henry Nguyen
MD-PhD Student

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Jeromy Lian
Medical Student

New Year's Celebration

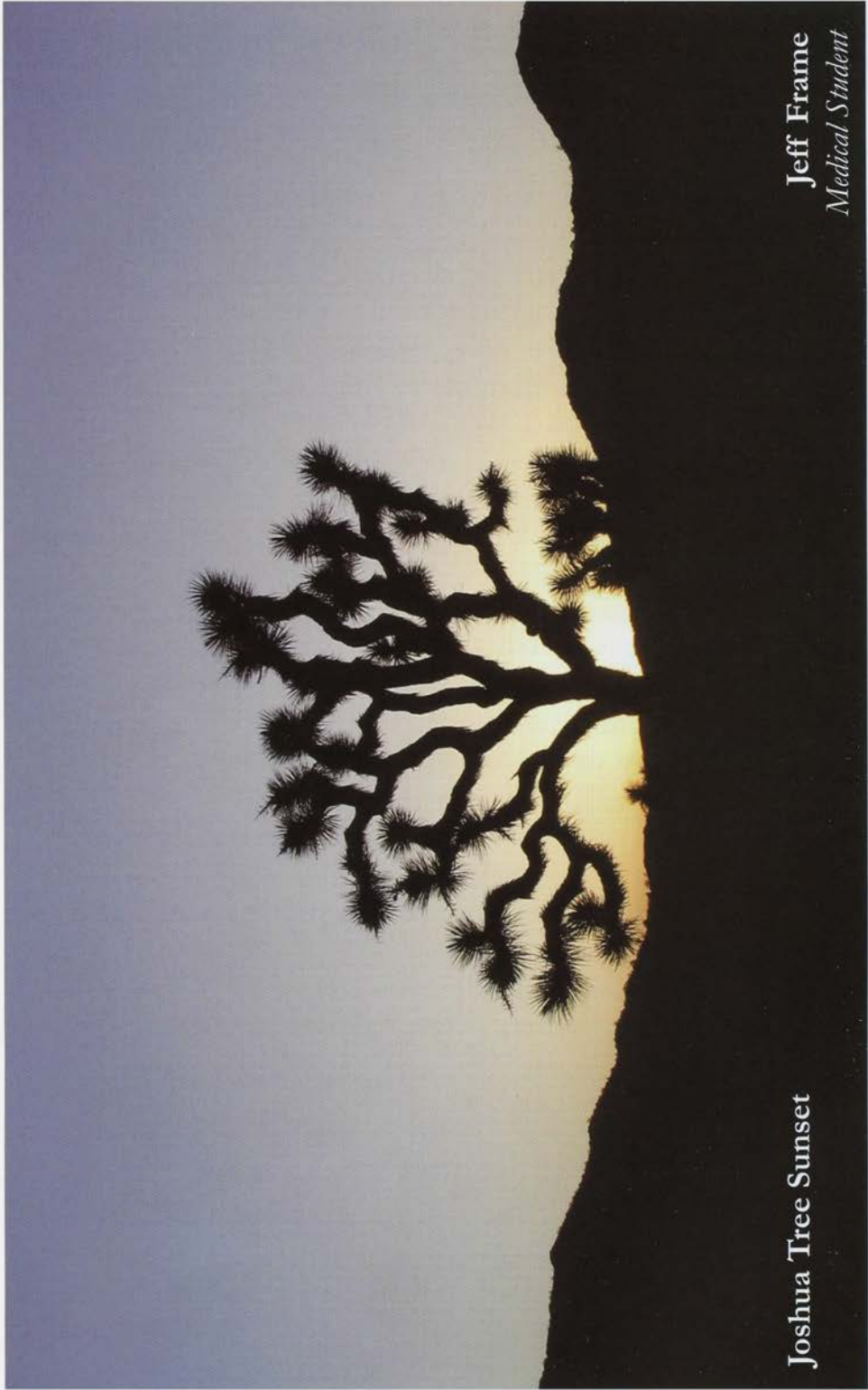
Have You Ever?

Have you ever
stood among a group of geese
and listened to their sounds,
the shuffling noise they make
by just dragging their feet,
and watched how they bend forward
extending their necks to reach the ground
while following the movements around them
when they pluck the dry yellow grass,
blade by blade,
mixed with some dirt
which supposedly cleans the stomach,
and have you also found that these sounds
of grass-plucking, feet-shuffling
are briefly interrupted
by an occasional flapping of their wings,
perhaps to stretch them or
to give the air above a gentle push,
and that all the sounds combined
create a rhythm that is soothing,
so soothing like a lullaby –
so, have you ever noticed that ?

Sybille Rex, Ph.D.

Research Scientist

Whitaker Cardiovascular Institute



Joshua Tree Sunset

Jeff Frame
Medical Student



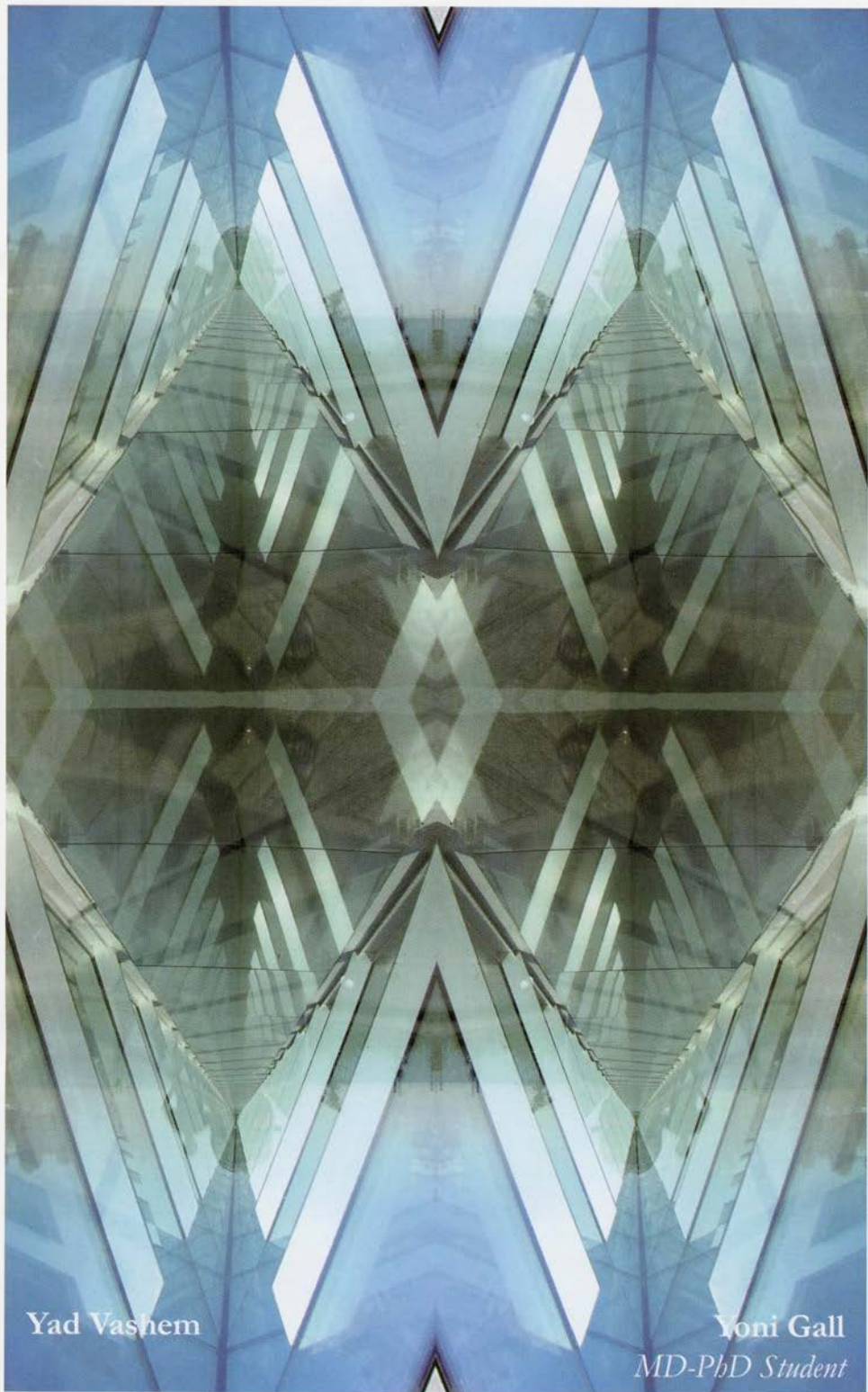
Oombie Carts

Sandra Langmandel
School of Public Health



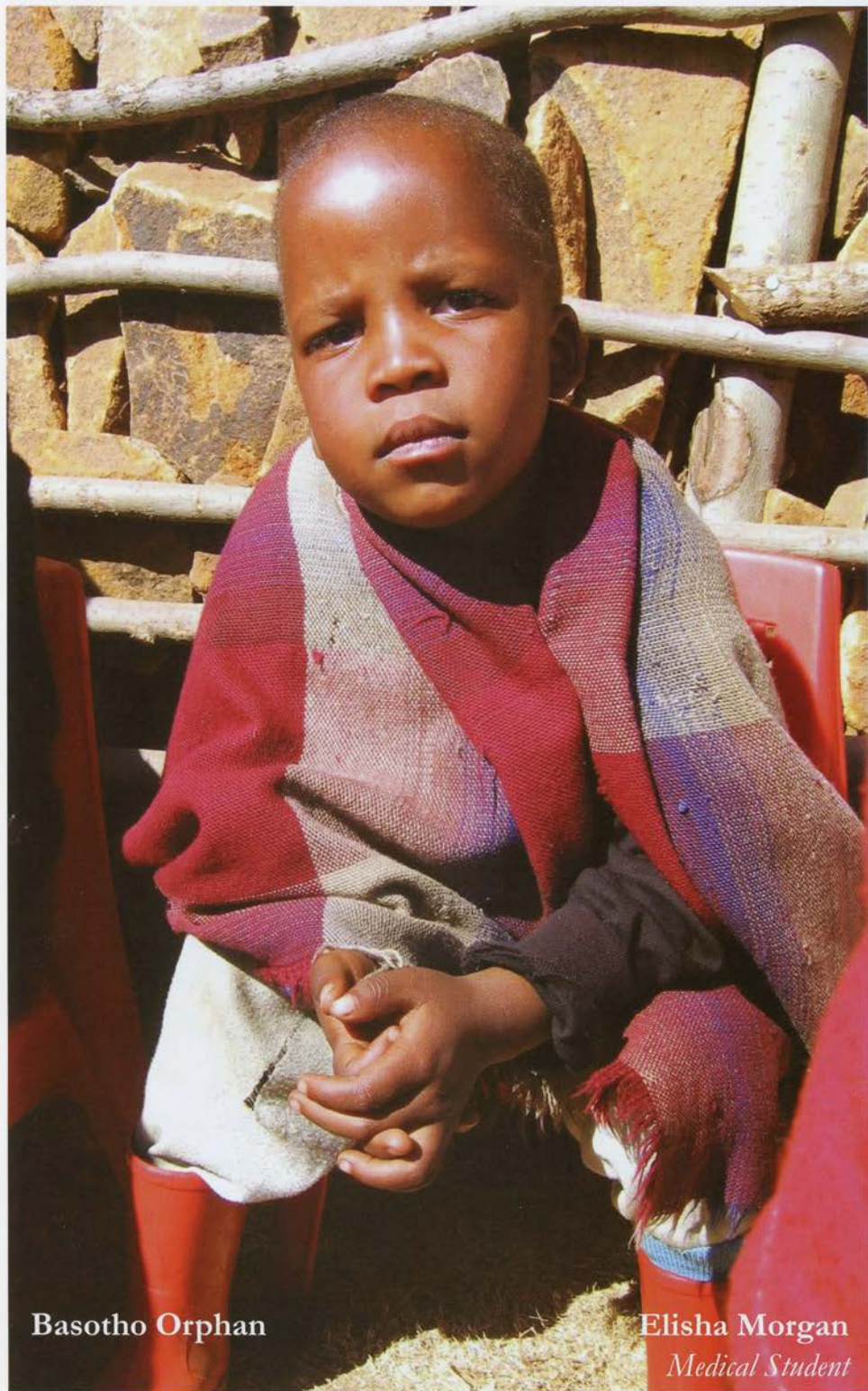
Pearl of the East

Jeromy Lian
Medical Student



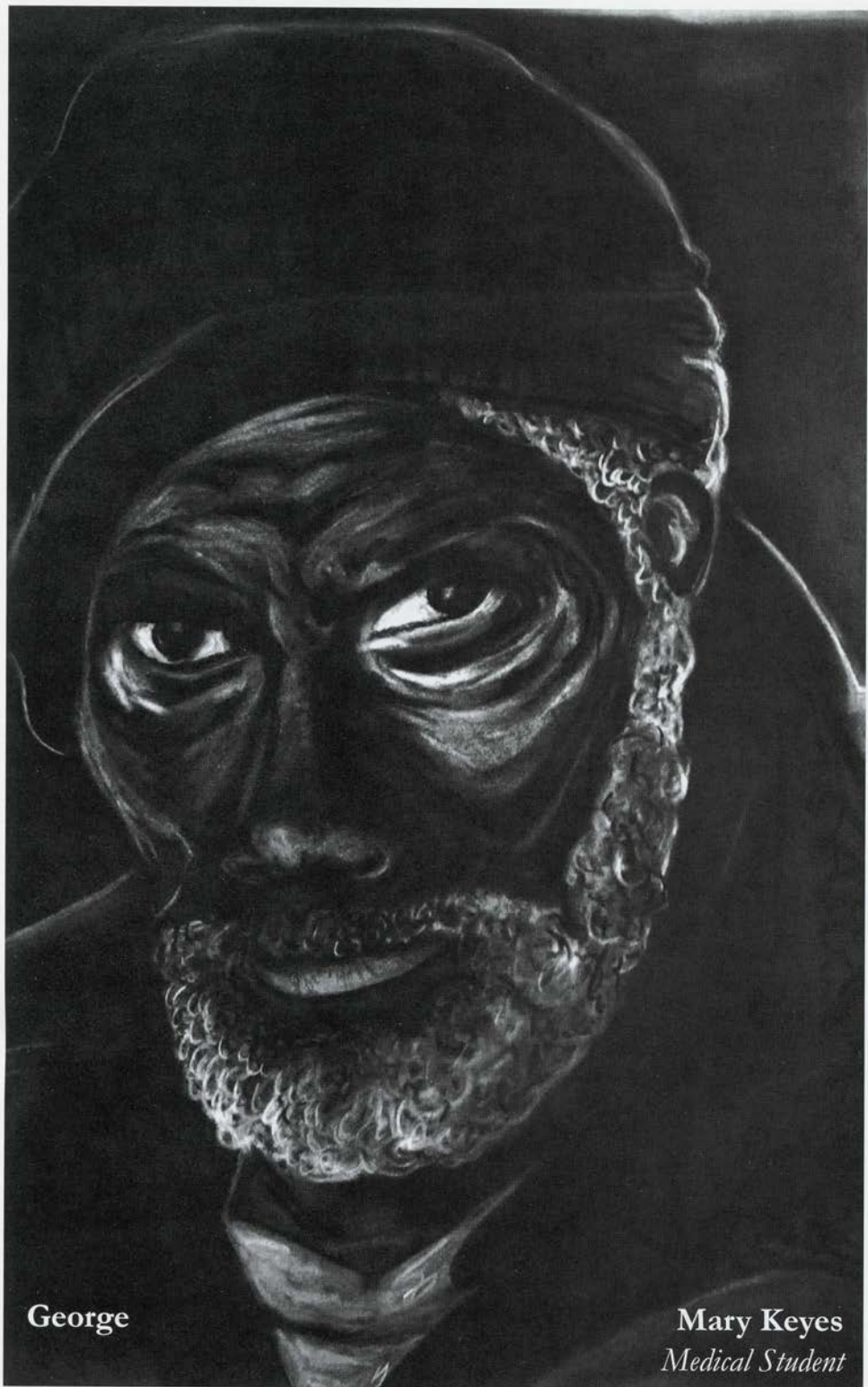
Yad Vashem

Yoni Gall
MD-PhD Student



Basotho Orphan

Elisha Morgan
Medical Student



George

Mary Keyes
Medical Student

Broken

[he said]

i can taste the cocaine in your kiss

[he said]

i can see the full moon on your lips

[he said]

won't you stay a while with me?

i'm afraid you'll die if i let you fly

you're broken....

[and so am I]..

[she said]

i can see the stars melt in your eyes

[she said]

i'd choke the sweet breath from your sighs

[she said]

won't you spend a night with me?

I'm afraid I'll die if you let me fly

you're broken...

[but so am I]..

[they said]

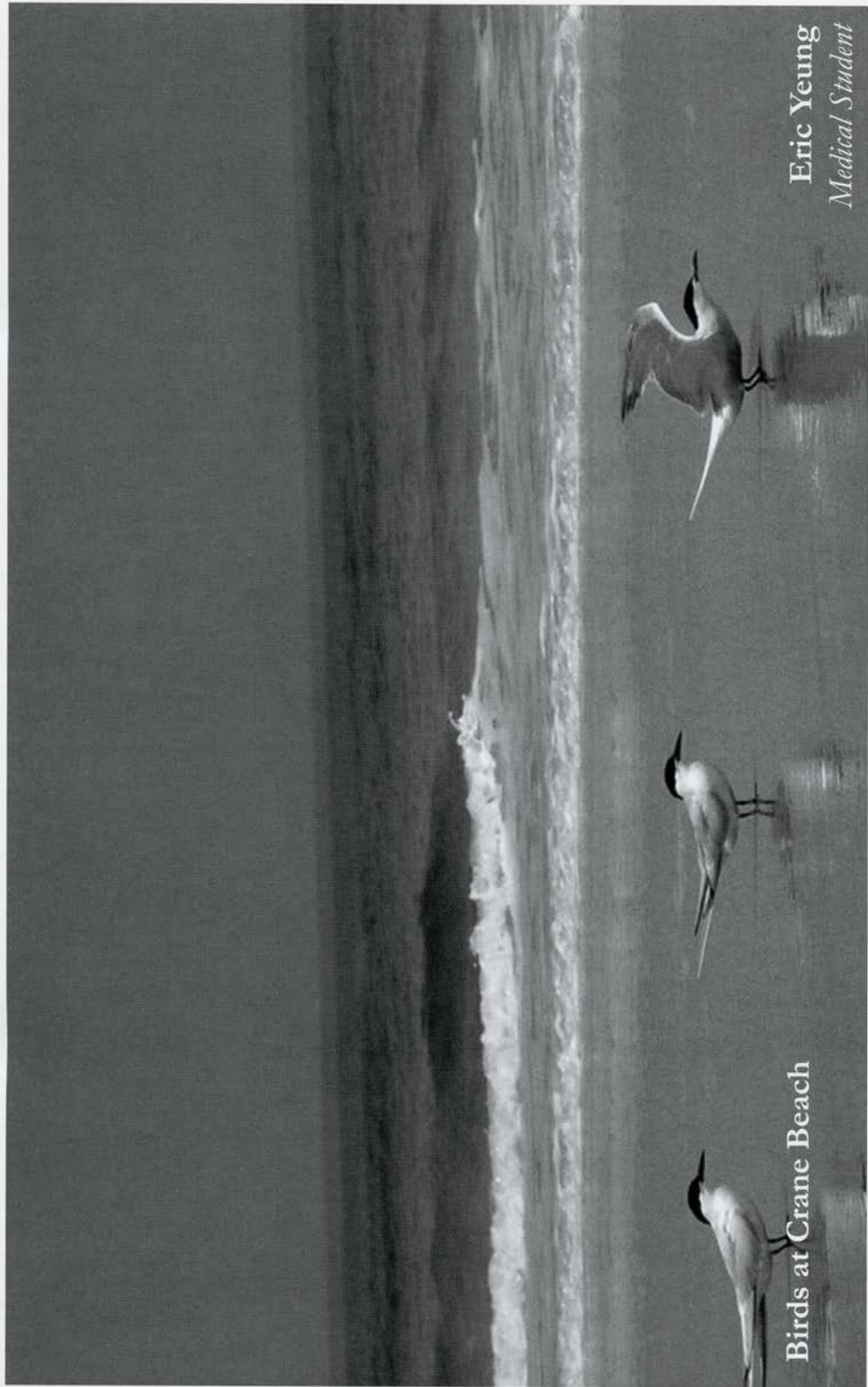
the dancehall shines like silver fishes

tied up on strings like all our wishes

drowning...

[in the empty ocean of our Heart].

Nina Nandy
Medical Student



Birds at Crane Beach

Eric Yeung
Medical Student

Poet's Lament

The words I wish to say
don't want to come out right
it seems, I cannot find a better way
to twist the twinkling twilight

The lines I write down straight
come out crooked, too,
I don't desire to compose anything great
but my bills are more than overdue

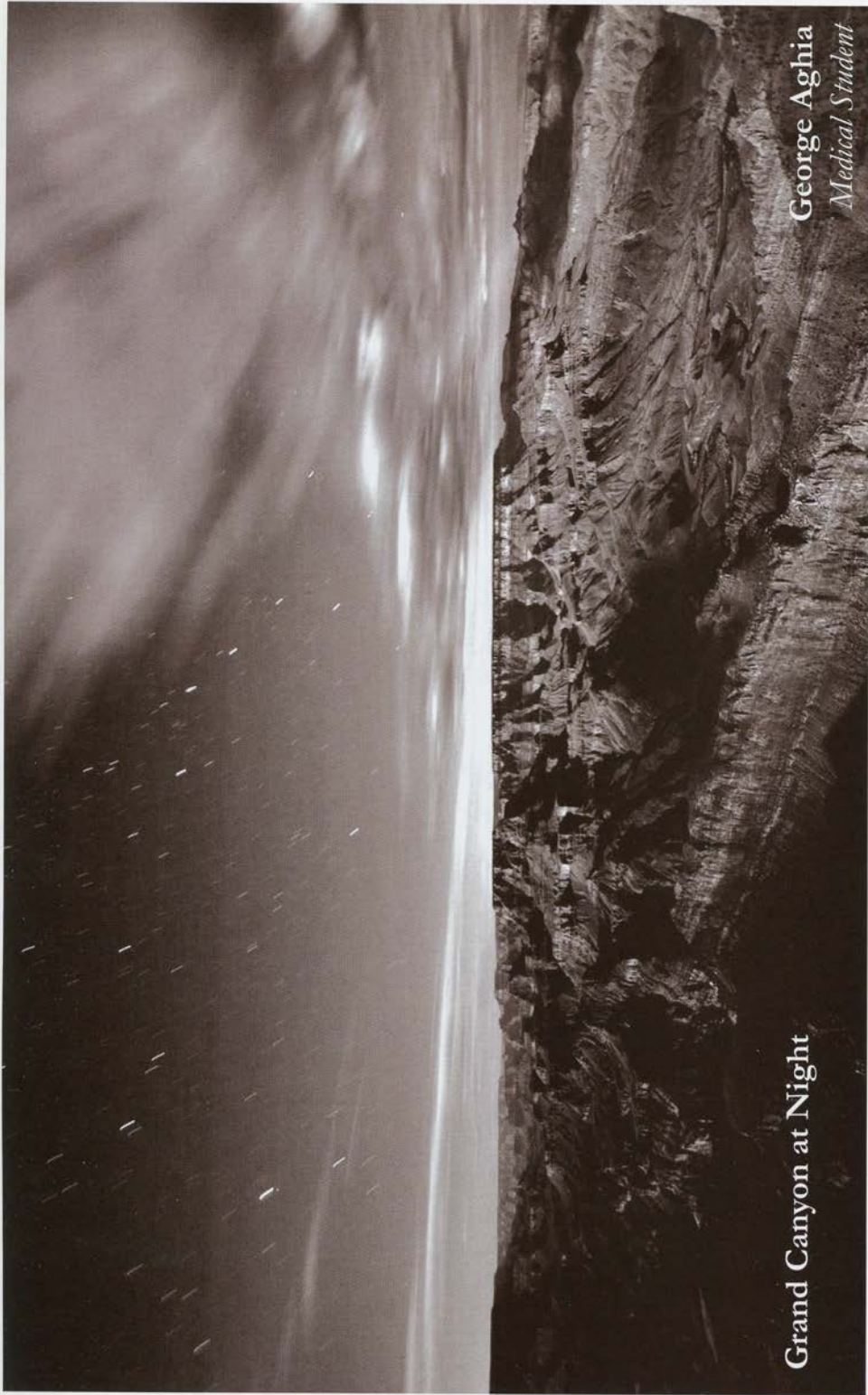
Even the stanzas wobble and dance
completely out of syntax and rhyme
I can tell by one last glance:
I'm going to vanish into the anti-sublime

It's not easy to be a poem-writer,
with all honesty, I have to confess
I might perform better as fire fighter
instead of gambling with words I don't possess

Sybille Rex, Ph.D.

Research Scientist

Whitaker Cardiovascular Institute



Grand Canyon at Night

George Aghia
Medical Student



Elisha Morgan
Medical Student

Wheel Barrel

Moments Before Waking Up

into the void
I step
not remembering
what is behind
darkness surrounds me
only darkness

something is
brushing my face
touching my arm
I open my eyes
still darkness
only darkness embraces me

am I falling? am I flying?
am I living? am I dead?
I cannot see
I cannot speak
I remember nothing
all I know is

I feel complete

Sybille Rex, Ph.D.

Research Scientist

Whitaker Cardiovascular Institute



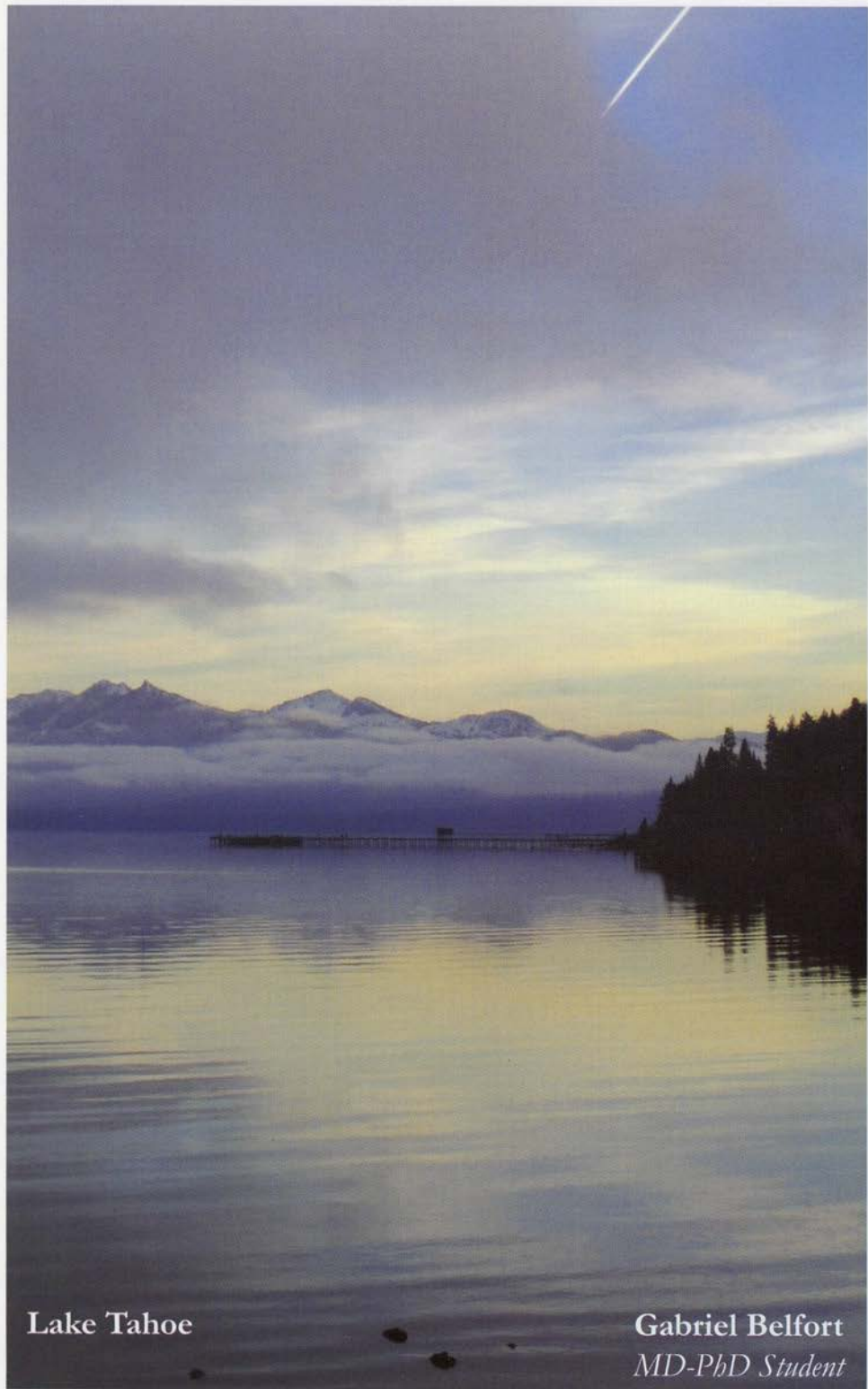
Electric

George Aghia
Medical Student



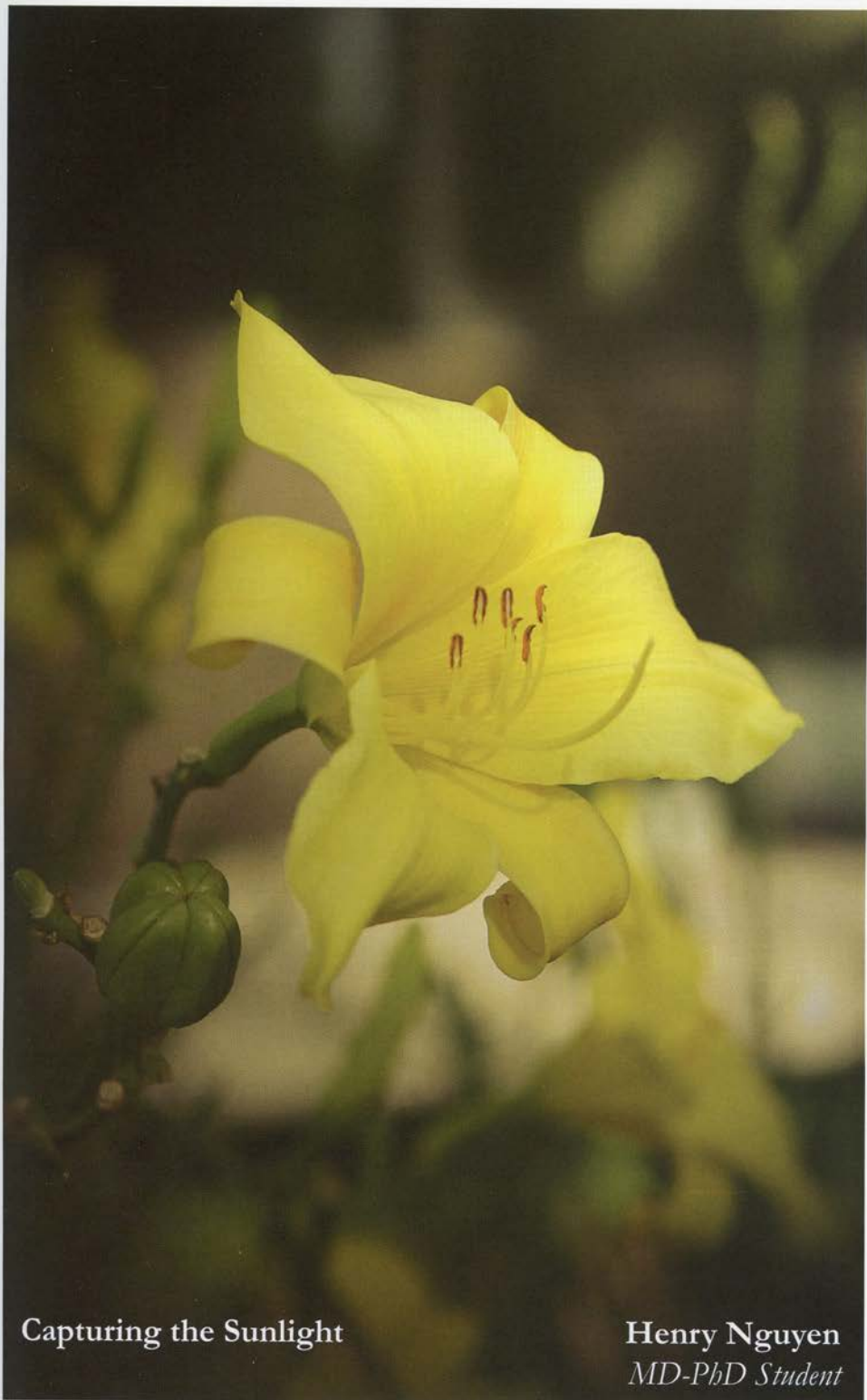
Steps, Montmartre

Vivian Borek
Editor, MedCenter News
Corporate Communications



Lake Tahoe

Gabriel Belfort
MD-PhD Student



Capturing the Sunlight

Henry Nguyen
MD-PhD Student



Small Lighthouse

Eric Yeung
Medical Student



Matterhorn

Gabriel Belfort
MD-Phd Student

Medusa's Touch

I wondered
at your gesture,
dismissive,
probing and invasive
like a surgeon's scalpel
slicing through
skin and tissue.

I wondered
at the latent force
of your clenched fist,
the sweat on your brow
and the droplets of blood
that oozed between
your tightened fingers.

I wondered,
was your skin compromised
by a sharpened blade,
or were you
simply crushing
an uninvited heart?

Steve Persad

*Assistant Manager
Facilities Management*



Jeff Frame
Medical Student

Joshua Tree Thistle

Kolkatta

Land of my mothers, my motherland
Nothing else fits so warm around my neck
At the same time, both comforting and choking
The skeleton framed tar-coloured men wear
White turbans and kurta pajamas, tugging rickshaws
carrying chunky white tourists that look like
Marshmallows, pudgy cheeks and eye-glasses
Trying with all their Imperial Might
to hold their heads above the palpitating masses forever pushing
forward-
mechanical animal, Beast within a Beast
Women ornamented in fabrics of organza, chiffon,
Gold embroidered thread-work, such delicate hands to
Sew bits of wood and scraps of mirrors in elaborate display
An offering to grace the Form
Shy eyes flirt beneath flowery veils
Sometimes I catch a glimpse of a nak-chaabi
And lips reddened by pan leaves
If I could see those eyes I know they would be Beautiful
Wild and melancholy,
Dark and wet like the blood that binds us all
Then swiftly ash-coloured hands draw fabric to conceal
Through the marketplace unhassled they push forward-
Heart within a Heart
And the streets are caked with the mud of a thousand heels
And chickens and goats line up like schoolchildren
On the way to the Slaughterhouse
Beast within a Beast

Nina Nandy

Medical Student

Contributors

Jeff Frame

Eric Yeung

Jeromy Lian

Sybille Rex

George Aghia

Yoni Gall

Mary Keyes

Elisha Morgan

Gabriel Belfort

Nina Nandy

Vivian Borek

Sandra Langmandel

Steve Persad

Henry Nguyen

Whorl Online

<http://people.bu.edu/creative/whorl>

A photograph of a beach at sunset. The sky is a gradient of orange and yellow, with the sun low on the horizon. Waves are breaking on the shore, and a pier is visible in the distance. The foreground shows the dark sand of the beach.

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<http://people.bu.edu/creative/whorl>