



# SCOPE

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# LIST of CONTRIBUTORS

Carolina Andrade  
Madison Argo  
József Bordás  
Ashley Goad  
Bethany Johnston  
Jacob Khoury  
Kelly Lawson  
Jessica Lee  
Emily Marquez

Alyssa McNulty  
Cooper Mellema  
Andrew Ngo  
Duc Nguyen  
Joshua Riechers  
Audrey Rutherford  
Sharon Syau  
Kaitlin Valentine  
Chelsea Zhang

## the EDITORS

*editor-in-chief* JESSICA LEE

*senior editors* RAAMIS KHWAJA  
WILLIAM PRUEITT  
SHELLY XIE

*writing editor* KAITLIN VALENTINE  
*design editor* WHITNEY GAO

*publicity team* SHARON SYAU  
FLORA YAN

## the FACULTY

LYNNE KIRK, M.D.  
JOHN SADLER, M.D.  
JAMES WAGNER, M.D.

*cover:*  
"Spinne"  
Ashley Goad

*below:*  
"Family"  
Ashley Goad

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# Rift

by Jacob Khoury

*It has always been a mystery to me how men can feel themselves honored by the humiliation of their fellow-beings - Mahatma Gandhi*

The sun shines bright above, but you still feel cold  
I am cold too, across the way  
A rift between us, too deep we think

Standing high up, we stare down these sheer red walls this river carved so long ago  
You and I, across the way, see rocks tumble down, hit the sides, crack into pieces  
Too deep to cross, too deep, we think

But, courageously, one takes a step down, then the other steps too  
Carefully navigating down these rough rocky paths, out of the waterless desert above  
All we have we carry with us on our backs, so heavy on our backs

We slip, we trip, we stumble, you and I each on our way down  
Different paths to the same point, so tough we think  
Each step heavier than the last, each breath heavier than the last

But, eventually you realize, you are not so cold now, not so tired now  
And I start to see some specks of green unfold into a forest below  
As we each traverse the remnants of the great and powerful river that divided us

What starts a dribble becomes a roar as you and I move closer to the rapids  
Near the bottom where the paths even out  
Slowly you and I start to notice the warmth, notice the life, notice each other

Until at last, you and I realize we are under the same sun that shines so bright above  
Whether we are here at the bottom or back up at the top  
This rift between us, too deep we thought

---

*left, top:*  
"Peyto Lake"  
Joshua Riechers

*left, bottom:*  
"Leiben aus nichts"  
Ashley Goad



# As Ever, You See but do not Observe

by Bethany Johnston

The group-study room labeled 2.406A is the best space in the library. This fact is generally agreed upon by the more imaginative and youthful among them, who require the photo-synthetic joy glowing warmly through the single glass wall, in view of a reasonably cultivated brick courtyard at the center of campus. That light, interrupted only by its more primitive beneficiaries bunching thickly on high branches outside, strikes a pattern on the back of a young woman's shimmering brown hair. She is asleep, without earplugs or headphones, face pressed into an open copy of "Dr. Pestana's Surgery Notes." Her profile creates a haphazard paragraph which emerges from her nose, philtrum, and blissfully parted lips: " - but the trauma - not fully awake - damage is severe - deviation, therapy is - new and increased, - not diuress to the -"

Across the large table we find a pair of her companions: a young man reclining in a bright blue hoodie, and another young woman, with a rather distinctive squint wrinkling her brow in studious focus. The young man clenches slick headphone wires lightly between his teeth, which run dutifully along his cheeks to the small, orange buds in his ears. He is beating the backspace key with a fervor previously reserved for the video-games of a former life, which we might argue he has not fully relinquished; such conquests likely now unfold via more and more ever-challenging levels of executive eminence and important emails. There are thin little hairs stuck to his cotton sleeve, dog hairs perhaps, leftover from this morning when he drew the fat, wiggling huskies to his chest before leaving home. A faint saliva stain discolors the lip of his hood, courtesy of the old wobbly one, which he first held one distant Christmas morning, giggling with high-pitched delight.

To his left, the third student rests her face in one hand. There is green highlighter smudged onto that palm in careless flecks, which she will later discover on her cheek in the reflection of her darkened screen. She will snicker at this and smile at her own expense, because the black years, narrowly escaped, taught her to laugh. For now though, she frowns at the laptop and debates, we might imagine, the utility of memory palace or acronym. It would appear that she hates acronyms. There might be any word for any letter, but which word? As ever in life, perhaps she could think of millions, but never the right ones. Her phone buzzes suddenly, the screen lighting up: "Uncle Jed" it reads. She stops breathing. She stands abruptly, taking the phone as she goes, not putting it to her ear.

The sound the door makes when she steps out wakes our sleeper. Blinking once or twice, she lifts her head of spilling hair off the pages. The smallish handbook closes itself abruptly in lieu of its drowsy paper-weight. She looks down without a sound, and noticing the square-ish drawstrings of her scrub pants, continues adding to the knobby ladder of practice knots. Her oversized linen bag is monogrammed and oddly shaped by the warping contours of its crowding constituents, slumping sideways against the chair legs. Another sort of book is partially visible among the tightly packed materials. Part of the yellow block-lettered title "The Case for Primary Ca-" disappears behind another rather thick textbook titled "Surgical Recall," who itself ducks behind "Guidance for the Surgery Applicant." You might notice the state of the rearward text, for it is older, paperback spine splitting and peeled. The two in front with glistening hardbacks are new. She exhales heavily into the quiet room.

As he replaces the single earbud he removed when our third student left, the black rectangle of his own phone illuminates. His eyebrows raise. He sits up straighter in his seat. He glances across the table - she is still tying. He stares at the short message a considerable length

of time before slumping back into his seat and spending another period rapidly oscillating his pen in the air between forefinger and thumb. The pen in question bears the same name as that on his driver's license, visible from our vantage point behind a foggy plastic cover-slip in the wallet lying open by the phone. However, the pen bears a title surely not as yet appropriated to the young man. He stops wagging it long enough to study the plastic-ness of this mass-produced ware, and its attractive sleek lettering. He starts to stare at this too, but a moment later he has traded it for a new pen from his pack on the floor. He returns attention to the phone, swiping his thumb across the glass, pausing at the cursor blinking there.

When the third student returns some minutes later, only our sleeper looks up. "Third" walks around the table, large coffee in hand, casually clearing her throat as she sits. She deposits phone and drink to either side of the laptop's silver frame, producing a quiet, whispered whistle fairly between her teeth as she returns to her notes. Any tension in her manner as she left the room has certainly been relieved of her now. She clacks out the password on her laptop, and uncaps her highlighter.

Our sleeper, having finished her handiwork, has transitioned to studying the glittering ring hanging by a chain on her neck, previously obscured just out of sight beneath her scrub top. She grasps it in both hands, tilting this way and that in the light. Without looking from the shimmering circlet, she reaches one hand to her phone. She selects a red icon with her thumb, and taps through the rigid white grid of calendar days. Six days from the present contains a large bullet point with capital blue letters: "INTERVIEW." The preceding squares, however, are blank. She drops the phone, reaching behind her head to undo the clasp. The diamond returns to her finger, and the long, delicate chain is carefully stowed in a small inner zipper of her bag.

The young man has still not begun his reply. Instead, he preoccupies himself with his computer screen, and the picture of a young woman displayed there. The photo, bordered in blue and liked by 207 people, boasts an image so enviable, it might have been posted by a popular travel publication. Before a backdrop of snow-capped mountains gleaming in clearest sunshine, at the banks of an impossibly aqua lake, a slender figure with womanly eyes crouches by a rather handsome German Shepherd. The crimson hiking jacket makes her auburn ponytail brilliant in the sun, and the tightness of her athletic black leggings is utterly maddening. Our young man picks up his phone and pumps out a few short words with his thumb, which then hovers over the send button. He presses it.

Our third student, lime highlighter in hand, is deep in thought, making her marks this way and that on the thick binder of text before her. Trailing off after some discourse in her mind's eye, perhaps prompted by some befuddling sentence on the page, she returns her cheek to her palm. They are all silent in the room together like this for some time, the unnoticed quiet of intimacy enveloping them without ceremony. Her unmotivated screen fades to black. Reflexively moving her hand from face to mousepad, she pauses. She laughs out loud. He removes one orange earbud and turns to her, grinning expectantly. She shows him her face; they snicker together. Her pupils dilate when he smiles. This will be a problem for him he is never able to solve.



# Julia's amber

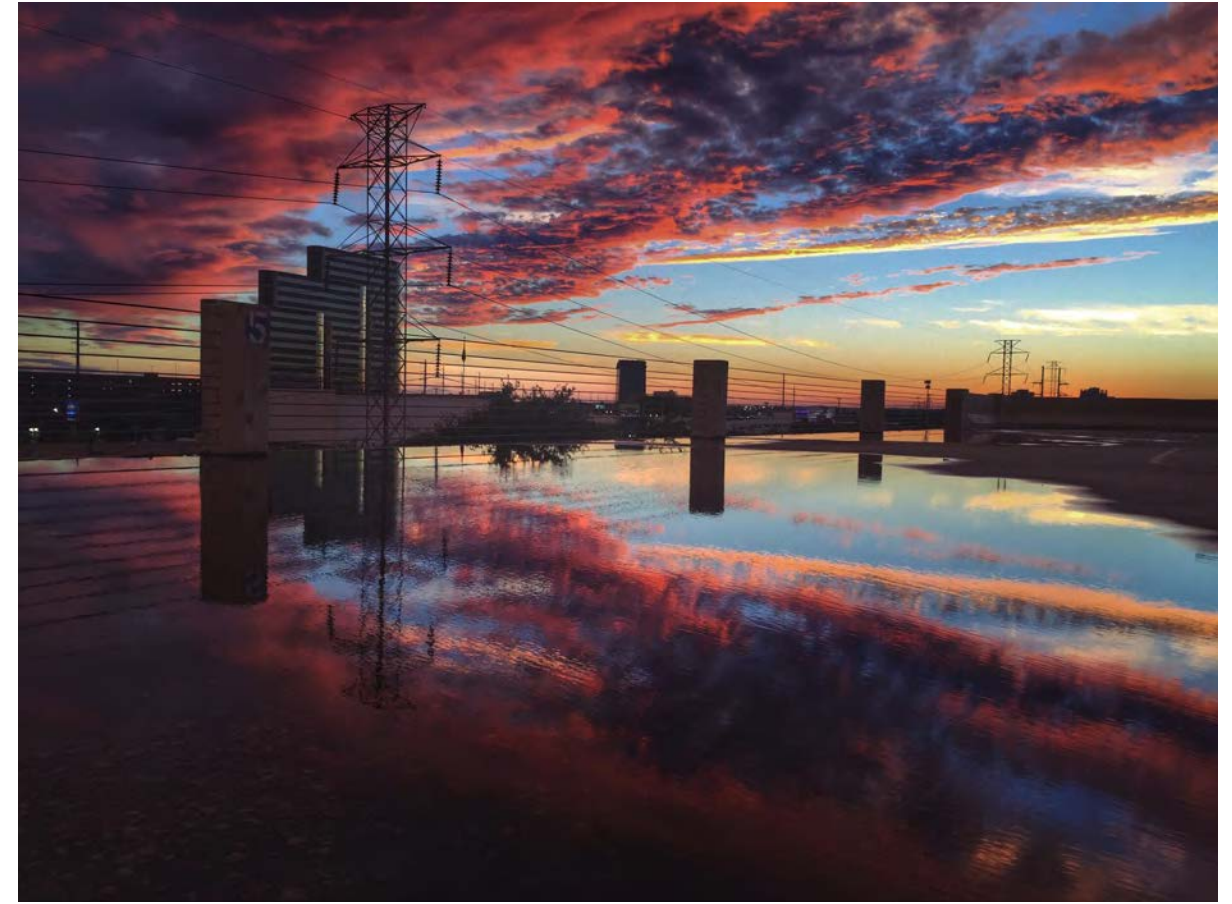
by Chelsea Zhang

If your irises are rings of amber  
And you are a monarch butterfly  
Trapped in amber  
Would you wake up  
One day  
No longer amber  
But become fire?

above:  
"Iris"  
Ashley Goad

right, top:  
"Untitled"  
Andrew Ngo

right, bottom:  
"The Birds"  
Kaitlin Valentine





## V by Sharon Syau

V is for penetrance, for happy endings, for ever afters  
V is for eyes close-and-closing, for hands tracing ivy on skin  
V is for I's becoming V's becoming V's becoming I's, but

V is for Venus and Adonis because love ends, even for gods, and  
V is for the intra- of intravenous that fails, leaving us the  
Venous of blown IV's, but

V is for verge of, for when we pull them back, tooth and nail, but

V is for pointing and looking, because if we look, it points to—

THE END

## The Gutted Voice by Kaitlin Valentine

The dark red of the wood  
Cut through with light  
The hollow thump of the belly  
And the scent of dust  
That flies up upon the striking of the string.

White dust, sticky with sound  
That sticks to the wood  
Paling the red and  
Catching the horse  
Before the bridge that carries the load

Of the gutted voice.

---

*left:*  
"The Cellist"  
Carolina Andrade



# REASONS TO LIVE OUT OF YOUR CAR FOR A SUMMER

*by Joshua Riechers*

“ Towering 10,000 feet above its base elevation, Mt. Shasta dominates the Northern Californian landscape. Only a third of people attempting to summit end up making it (weather, fatigue, elevation sickness, not starting early enough). A high base camp (~10,000 ft) is required to acclimatize. This picture was taken at dawn as we crested the first ridge, after climbing steep ice banks for 6 hours. We were only halfway done with the climb at this point, but we were through the steepest and most technical terrain. The feeling of topping out on the ridge and seeing the sunrise was indescribable.



12-13: 'Above the Red Banks'  
14: 'Multnomah Falls'

top: 'Big Sur'  
bottom: 'Morro Bay'





“ One of the centers of Navajo culture, Canyon de Chelly has been continuously inhabited for over 5,000 years. More than 40 Diné families (often spanning generations) still call the canyon home, farming traditional varieties of corn, raising sheep, and tending small orchards. Their log dwellings (called hogans) stand alongside ancient pueblo cliff dwellings. Spider Rock, the freestanding sandstone spire shown, rises over 800 feet above the valley floor.



16-17: 'De Chelly'  
18: 'Pointy Mountain'  
top: 'Sentinel Pass'  
bottom: 'The Road to Mt. Robson'



“ This was taken on Prewitt Ridge in Big Sur from one of the many free campsites that line the fire roads running in the national forest. It took a couple of hours on dirt roads to get to this spot, but we had the place to ourselves. The low-lying clouds over the ocean made the place very surreal.



# Departure

by József Bordás

Alfred Menhey stood upon the platform overlooking the countless corpses, contemplating their condition. How many hundreds lay before him tucked away beneath six feet of soil he could not fathom. While the new arrivals received slabs of stone to serve as headboards to the site of their ceaseless sleep, the founding denizens received no such distinction, for the plot outdated Halham itself. Despite the repeated abortion of colonization attempts by aborigine attacks, eventually, from the loam straddling the Esak River and fertilized by the bodies of innumerable natives and nomads, the city emerged. Whereas previously sickness and senescence drew people to Halham Cemetery, the passing of time brought booming business in its wake, requiring infrastructure for the fresh flow of workers. As a macabre message to the immigrants to dissuade their disruption of domestic employment, the residents erected Edmington Station to abut the ever-expanding burial ground, leaving the departed to welcome the arriving. Trains bellowed to announce their presence, animating the living into action, but despite the desecration of their peace by the raucous rattling of rails the remains still slept their sacrosanct slumber, refusing to stir from their sepulchers.

In contrast to the centuries-long convening to the site, Menhey sought escape. He shifted uneasily as he waited, his hands plunged deep into his pockets despite the temperate evening. His fingers probed for a distraction, though nothing could prevent his racing mind from completing its circuit to the matter at hand. He reflected on three days ago, when business brought him to Halham from Levenwich and the madness had started. Upon arriving he had sought out the nearest inn, fatigue and frugality on the taxi fare guiding his decision. The trees lining the sides of the inclined street like silent sentinels standing straight at attention stretched their limbs in salute toward their comrades opposite as the cab crawled past, forming a funnel of foliage around the road. The interdigitated branches, blown by the breeze, shook their leaves in ripples like those of waters washing distant shores. The harvest moon like the eye of a jaundiced Polyphemus peered down intently at the murky shades of black and grey that swam below. The Wilkins Bed and Breakfast, with the miniscule stone wall circumscribing its grounds a crude crown for the hill upon which it sat, appeared amidst the trunks as they reached the zenith. The allure of the lonely light illuminating the vacancy sign blinded the tired traveler to the miasma that should have instilled in him misgivings.

The taxi pulled through the arc of the porte-cochere and retreated behind the palisade of trees after depositing Menhey. Darkness pooled in the windows of the hotel, which with a silent stare solemnly surveyed the cemetery. As Menhey approached the front entrance, he examined the tendrils of suffocating ivy that laced the pale façade like a network of bulging veins, tracing their pattern amidst peeling paint that with the wind flaked, fluttered, and fell like sloughed skin. Upon his knocking on the dark wood door, a silhouette thawed from the insert of frosted glass. Locks clicked, disengaged, and hinges creaked to reveal his haggard host, who ushered him in with a wave. While Wilkins went to prepare his guest's room, Menhey examined the various volumes that lined the shelves of the anteroom, which the owner had converted into a small library. Of all possible selections, he ignored the glaring gold of gilded spines in favor of something subtler. The pages plastered between worn and faded covers appeared incongruously crisp, as though their text had been rarely read. He soon thought he knew why, for he felt aloof toward the characters and alienated by the allusions meant to convey atmosphere, and yet a certain reluctance stayed his hand momentarily before returning the pamphlet to its

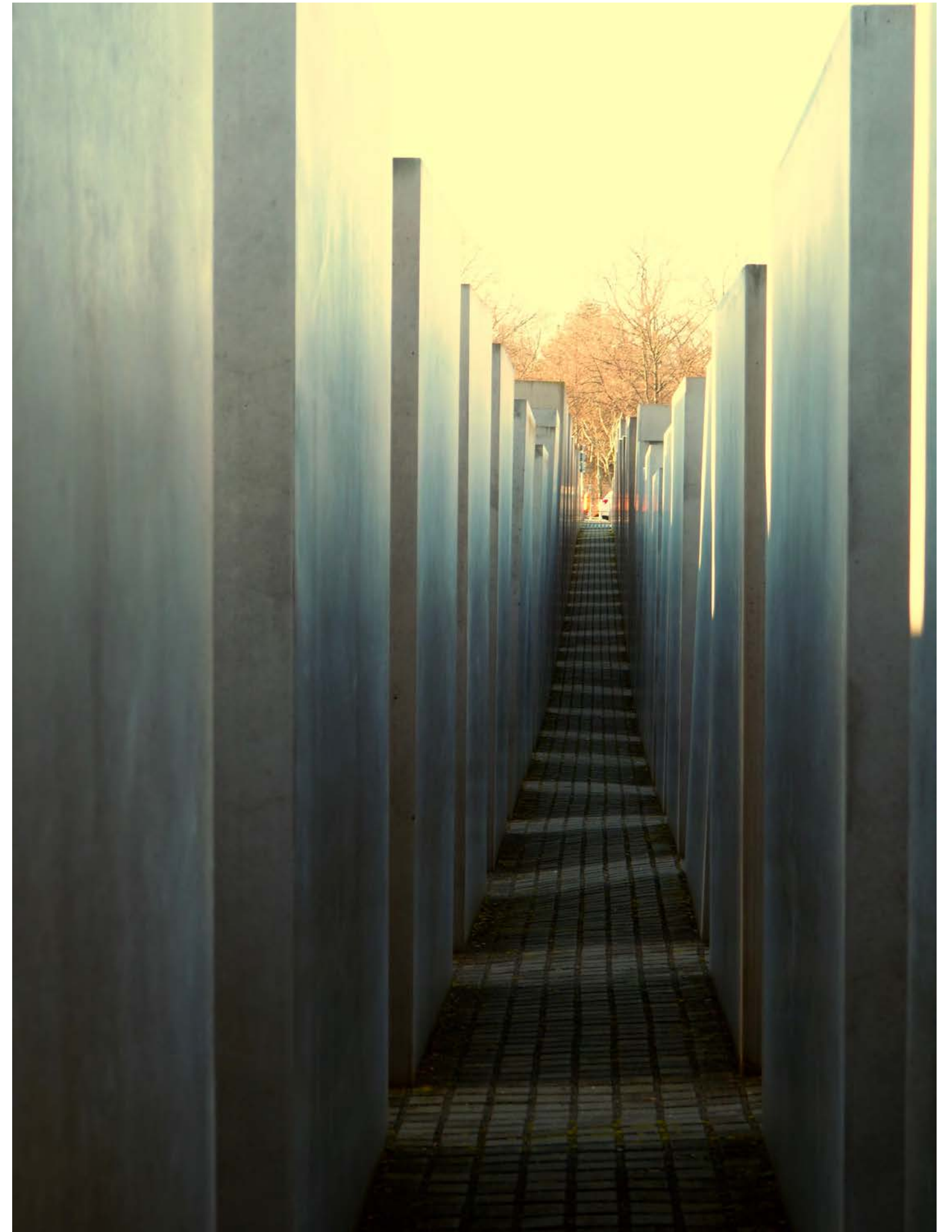
“Forever one of my favorite places to watch the sun go up. Grand Teton National park was only 40 minutes from where I worked in Yellowstone, and holds a special place in my heart. Jagged granite peaks with no foothills make for ridiculous views and excellent accessibility.”

20-21: 'Prewitt Ridge Sunrise'  
above: 'Grand Teton Sunrise'

proper position as Wilkins returned to escort him to his room. Despite its apparent dullness, the peculiar play resonated with a certain section of his subconscious, for certain scenes projected themselves upon the black canvas of his sleep each subsequent night. A lone shepherd, clad in hooded robe and staff in hand, coaxed him closer from the freedom of the fields toward a crumbling city perched precariously near the shimmering surface of a long-lost lake. When in the morning Menhey walked the streets of Halham, everywhere he turned he saw not faces but pallid masks plastered on people, each a member of the chorus of the tragedy centered around him. The cycle repeated with the setting of the sun, his advance toward the neglected capital of doom's domain resuming where consciousness ceased it previously. On the third night, his toes touched the frigid dark lake of indescribable depths, sending ripples of water across its surface and those of horror through his mind. He had awoken then, catching Terror closing its constricting ice-cold grip on his throat, and resolved to execute his exeunt. Before leaving for Edmington Station, he silently made his way to the library, flicking through the fateful folios one last time. Resolved to destroy the source of his suffering, Menhey flung the culprit copy into the fireplace. The pages rustled in the air to reveal a horrid woodcut, flashing a final glimpse of the ashen face of the haunting hooded figure before dissolving into the flames.

The sound of something scraping on the platform compelled Menhey to spin around reflexively and return to the present. A malodorous current laden with the musk of mold wafted through the station, sending the pages of a discarded newspaper, the crumpled vestiges of yesterday, scurrying away into the obscurity of night to be forever forgotten. The moist air came from the northern shore of Halham, from past the mausoleum at the nexus of the necropolis that like a mansion loomed over the miniscule tombstones, and commanded the unregulated weeds and grass to bow repeatedly. On the platform, which like a pier stood still amidst the undulating earth, cold beads of perspiration burst from Menhey's pores. A yellow glow morphed into a floating form as it filtered through the boughs of the trees at the distant end of the cemetery, the beam shredded by branches into regal robes, tattered and torn, waving in the wind, materializing into the pastoral deity that instilled insanity, herding humans via hallucinations. Menhey knew that if he did not leave now the satire of a shepherd stalking amidst the stones would force him to behold the vile visage concealed by a counterfeit, thereby sequestering his mind and securing a servitor, as it had in the play and threatened in his dreams.

Restlessness plucked at Menhey's nerves, sending them buzzing like vibrating cords. He almost succumbed to the urge to flee, turning his back to the tracks, when the approaching train emitted a woeful wail entreating him to stay. New resolve welled within him as he checked his watch, the arms of which at right angles read three, just as they had each night when he escaped the kingdom of nightmare. The locomotive clattered and clanked the metallic plates of its segmented length as it crawled on countless wheels in a massive mechanical mockery of the millipedes that served as sextons in the surrounding soil. Menhey gave the graveyard a last look as he stepped from the platform and commenced his fall to the tracks. The elation he felt proved ephemeral as he saw the supposedly solid mask that shielded the shepherd's true form twist into a grim grin, but by then he could do nothing. The train raced on as it pulled through the station, as Menhey knew it would, its gleaming forelight burning bright with a cyclopean stare, blind to the stowaway it delivered from the land of the living to a distant domain enveloped by darkness.



*previous:*  
'Six Millionen Leben'  
Ashley Goad

*left:*  
'Some Walls Are Not Meant To Be Built'  
Ashley Goad



# To See as Prophets Do

by Sharon Syau

They stood around me in white coats, all twelve of them, looking at my belly. Big group. Not the normal team. I watched their gazes and their faces, noticed stethoscopes curled up in pockets and wrapped around necks. One of them clicked a pen into the silence and then stopped.

"How long has this been here?" The old physician's voice was loud for our little room. My skin jumped at his touch.

"That?" I was distracted by the students' eyes. Eleven pairs of them followed the physician's hands, which traced firm circles on my skin.

"Since Monday, I think," His fingers were cracked and dry. Before I even realized that his ring-fingers were ring-less, I had already wondered how his wife put up with hands like that. I wondered how Ellie would laugh if she were here. She'd sit by my side and make everyone smile. Then she'd tell them about how she lost her first tooth falling down three stairs when she was seven. My own left hand tingled.

Hands pressed around the small patch of clean gauze.

"Does it hurt at all when I do this?"

I shook my head. It was only a small incision for a biopsy of the abdominal mass. I had been waiting for the pathology report to come in all day. Flashes of waiting for her path reports all those years ago ripped and slashed and clawed their way through the layers of calm I had wrapped them in. I thought Ellie would have her mom for so much longer. I thought Ellie would have me forever.

Steady now.

I watched one of the white coats push up her glasses. Another ran his hand through his hair and scratched his beard, looking harassed. I wondered if there was somewhere he would rather be, and wished he could be there instead.

The layers of calm re-settled.

I wondered whether Harassed's hands were cool and damp from still-evaporating hand-sanitizer, whose dispensers grew at regular intervals along the hallways. One was planted in the wall beside my door.

The protective shroud pulled itself over the now-dull shards of memory, re-knit.

"And you came in for...?"

I blinked. His voice seemed to echo.

"Diarrhea and vomiting." A pair of eyes lingered on the molehill that my pacemaker made. I watched those clear, dark eyes trip across the decade-and-a-half-old scar and imagined what it must look like to them. Her hands, which I knew had unwrapped the human body layer by layer, twitched. She put them in her pockets.

I kept my eyes on her face, but directed my words toward the old physician. "I just couldn't keep anything down anymore."

Her eyebrows tightened. I envisioned her mind's eye and saw her imagine the path of the pacemaker's leads, which ran from subcutaneous fat to veins to heart and coerced beat after monotonous beat out of an unwilling heart.

Behind closed doors and out of patients' earshots, they would whisper that the mass crushing my intestines and leaching critical blood flow was an "incidental finding." Pure happenstance.

"—explain the results?"

They had. Someone from my treatment team had come in. Long, solemn, with hands clasped behind her back. Her eyes—they had seen. When those eyes turned their attention from the evaporating hand sanitizer to mine, I saw my future reflected in those glistening globes. My forever was spiraling and spinning out, too far and too fast for what even she and all her medicine could bring to bear.

"I think we're still waiting on specifics," I said. No need to burden the unburdened.

"Oh, right—" The old physician looked down at the chart. "We still don't know what type of Non-Hodgkin's." His voice had quieted and his eyes took on that familiar look. He pulled my shirt down and the covers up.

"I hear your daughter's been complaining about not seeing you. How old is she?" He tried for a smile, but it was too late. The look had already split and replicated, budded and multiplied. It leapt through space more nimbly than I could have imagined and a blink and a half later there were twenty-two more copies staring back at me.

"Eleven." I cleared my throat and reached for one of the hospital water bottles. "Ellie's eleven now."

"Fifth grade, huh?"

Twenty-four glazed, identical gazes looked back at me, each having seen what was coming. I was no prophet, but I could see the intensity of their visions brimming and blazing.

I smiled and nodded as the white coats thanked me and waved their good-byes. One of them came over and put his hand on my shoulder. His mouth moved and shaped reassuring words out of air, but his eyes leaked doom, plain and clear. He extended a hand and I shook it.

The door closed behind him.

I took my glasses off. Rolled onto my right side. And before I could glimpse my own reflection in the mirror that Ellie had left by the bed, I let my eyes close.

Rest, with its promise of dreams—unbroken and unsullied—called. And I went.



# Dear Donor

by Jessica Lee

Who you were, I will never know  
"Ninety-two years old, female"  
Medical history in neat black lettering, story not told

I came to know you inside and out  
Better than friends, family, anyone  
Yet I never caught your name, I met you when you were gone

I peeled back muscle layers, peering at your weary nerves  
As I traced my finger over your vertebral spine, I contemplated and imagined  
Your story and the story chronicled by your body lyrically intertwined

More than once it crossed my mind what you might think of us  
Strange, inexperienced hands digging inside of you  
Taking apart bones, slicing through tissue

The day we cut through your skull to reveal your brain  
I remember my fingers curling under, lifting from the hallowed vault  
My breath catching in my chest as I cradled everything that once made you who you were

The next week I removed your enlarged heart, the organ that failed  
In that final moment, where were you?  
How did you feel?

Many hours spent by your side, at times I sat and grasped your pale hand in mine  
You let me in and words will never be enough  
If only I could know you beyond the weathered body you left behind

---

*left:*  
"Untitled"  
Cooper Mellema



# ~Many Years Later~

*by Alyssa McNulty*

I used to be happy, living in a world of report cards and clubs.

Social media isn't quite so social of late,  
people flee from the game of politics to escape the battle of parties,  
swords forged of opinions,  
clashes in cyberspace,  
while fights are waged on the ground.

A fearful mind in a fearful time.  
Protests for causes and marches for civil rights,  
vice versa or all of the above.  
Soldiers are fighting overseas and  
children are homeless.

A tiny battered hand knocks at the door,  
only to be pulled back under the shells.  
People came here for glory, gold and god-  
the last to praise the almighty any way they saw fit.  
Today, there's more persecution here than I can count.

I used to think the world was peaceful,  
perhaps that was merely a doe-eyed state of mind.



# Sorry

by Emily Marquez

I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry about the five hours in the waiting room,  
And the three hours in the chair in the hallway,  
And the two hours in a room of your own,  
And the hour minus fifty-five minutes we spent with you,  
Before we sent you away,  
With a stack of paperwork,  
Written in a language you don't understand.

I'm sorry that this is your doctor.  
No, it's not what you think.  
She's very well-qualified, trained with the best.  
The thing is, what good  
"Doctor, the order didn't print!"  
are qualifications,  
When you are  
"Doctor, the pharmacy doesn't carry that medication!"  
drowning in sickness  
"Doctor, the patient has no place to store their insulin!"  
and documentation,  
And hands  
"Doctor, the patient is tachycardic to the 130's!"  
held out in begging  
"Doctor, the patient has no funding!"  
or in prayer,  
"Doctor, there are no open beds!"  
And there's only one of you  
To go around?

I'm sorry we told you that all you had was viral conjunctivitis,  
Without bothering to explain what that even meant,  
And we didn't ask if you had any questions,  
And the truth is we would have dodged them if you did.  
We scorned your decision to come here once out of earshot,  
I'm sorry we forgot that you didn't have a choice,  
Because who would choose this if they did?

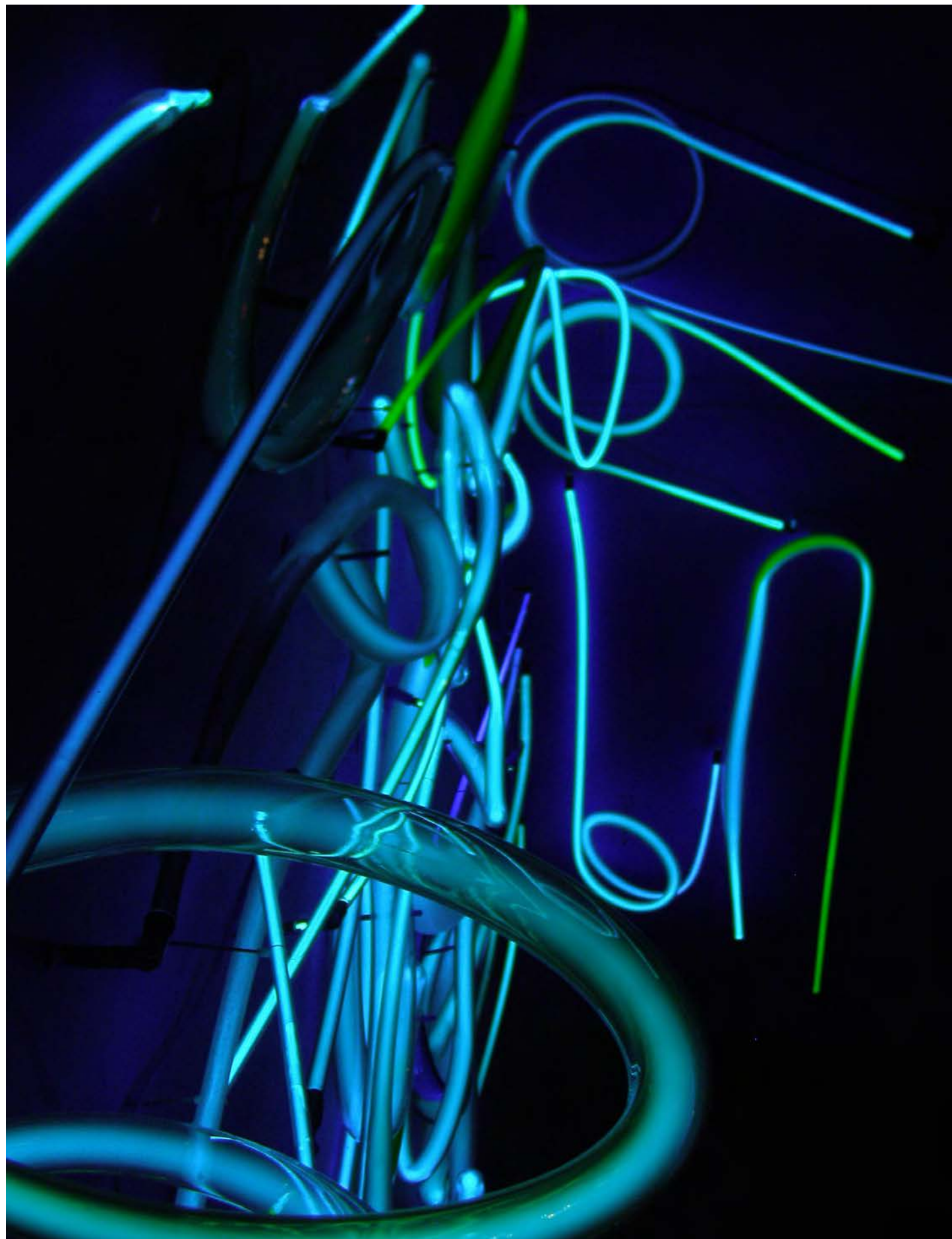
I'm sorry about this system,  
That you didn't have a say in it,  
That I didn't have a say in it,  
But we're the ones who have to live with the decisions,  
And we can't make them understand,  
Because they don't know what it's like to have nowhere to turn to for help,  
Yet we are the experts in having no one to catch us when we fall.

I'm sorry I used to care,  
I'm sorry I bled my heart out,  
I'm sorry that my lungs filled with fluid and my muscles with acid,  
I'm sorry I had to save myself.  
I'm sorry we couldn't talk to each other like human beings,  
Because that may have been the only cure.  
I'm sorry that all I have left to give,  
Is not enough to take away the pain.  
I'm sorry I couldn't save you,  
I need you to know that I tried.  
I'm sorry.



*previous:*  
"Enchanted Place"  
Duc Nguyen

*right:*  
"Wanderlust"  
Ashley Goad



# Reflections on B6

by *Jacob Khoury*

We take a course called human structure  
To learn the structure of ourselves  
We take this course called human structure  
And discover what's beneath our skin

We learn human anatomy,  
Each fissure and foramen,  
We learn the bones, and the nerves,  
And trace each sinew around its curve

But to do this, we need a human  
Yes, a human being  
A human who had friends like us  
Thoughts, feelings, dreams

And this human being, we broke down  
Took apart  
Bit by Bit  
And now  
We build back up from these broken bits  
To see - to know - to feel - just what's inside ourselves

And we thank these friends that we've made,  
Though they didn't speak  
They taught us more than we could know  
By their gift that was so meek

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*left:*  
'Ne'  
Ashley Goad

# Graydation

by Jessica Lee

The glass is cool beneath  
my fingertips, amorphous droplets cling to  
rain-pelted windows, faint shimmering constellations  
quivering before they fall, tearing thin wavering streaks  
down the smooth pane

looking out over a vast gray expanse  
I am leaving, the welcome deluge washing away  
past months, strings of days I don't remember,  
circles upon circles I have been walking, memories  
few and indistinct, rusted in their luster

the whisper touch of Winter  
floats over my skin, slipping by  
with silent footfalls she settles in,  
her dry, brisk breath brushes lightly  
against my cheek, my eyes come to rest  
on hers softly, my returning friend

as time curiously ebbs  
between mercury thin and heavy lead,  
my mind swims miles away, the hours wasted  
among people I sit never glancing around or lingering  
for better or for worse I have grown into  
solitude's insulation

standing on the platform  
of a busy train station, all ages, races,  
and genders rush by, bags and children grasped tightly  
in hand, weaving their paths around me, unquestioningly driving  
towards their destinations as I remain still, amidst  
a whirling blur of bodies and technicolor

yet one thought keeps replaying  
like the shiny black tenuous ribbon wrapped delicately around  
the cassette tapes I sang along to merrily each morning, on the way to school,  
I would hate for someone to stop even for a moment, to look in my eyes,  
for fear they will see the waves dark as midnight  
rising and falling treacherously around me, pushing and jostling  
in all directions, a mighty riptide slowly pulling me under,  
wrapping its strong warm arms around,  
as I am ferried to depths dark and soundless, complete and timeless,  
or worse, that all to be seen may be  
a flat hollow gaze  
staring back

I need to go  
every sinew, fiber, and nerve-ending in me knows  
to stay will take what little is left  
I don't want to be forever lost  
how much more can I let  
fade away

right:  
"Ephemeral"  
Duc Nguyen



# Untitled

by Audrey Rutherford

Our first patient's skin is cut to the bone.  
For our many sins, we are forced to atone.  
No longer a face, no longer a story.  
A life once lived in glory turns gory.  
The first year cuts through our thickened skin  
Removes our spirit, our soul worn thin.  
Implanted in our hearts the ever-shocking rate  
Of study. Regurgitate. Study. Regurgitate.

The third year comes on quite acutely.  
Patients' life-ending diagnoses made resolutely.  
While juggling life-determining diagnoses for careers,  
Needless to say, days end in tears.  
Remember my third patient, Dorothy's grandmother,  
Her sticky sweet blood glucose high, one draw after another  
Which mimicked my own sticky sweet memories  
Of life before medicine, oh what a breeze.  
I pray that the hundredth patient to me  
Remains more than just a sixty-year-old man with COPD.

The residents suffer from crippling pressure fractures  
With too much weight piling, patients with too many factors.  
Their brittle skeletons once past living creatures,  
With resorption of passions that once helped them be teachers.  
Their bones reformed under the new medical matrix  
The crumbling system just looking for a quick fix.

In his last year, perhaps of his life,  
Reminiscing on his own medical strife  
After devoting his time as a physician and healer  
He waits in his own bed - Death's a cruel dealer.  
Withered and worn from his hard, heavy years.  
Being tended to by people he once called peers.  
Immobile from strokes due to his hardened heart,  
From the stress of late-night calls and hospital a la carte.  
Only the stairs from MICU to ER for exercise.  
His anger at nurses, his stoicism a guise.  
All while a student, seventy years his inferior  
Listens to his heart, the rhythm growing wearier.  
Likely she's doing it wrong, making clinical mistakes  
But he was there once, and his soul how it aches  
For those years that his heart which continues to beat  
Had been implanted with the educational feat.  
Medicine was once his only true friend  
Now he wished medicine would not allow him to an end.  
So let's take these years for what they truly are -  
A blur, a whir, with our own death bed not too far.  
And may we look back at our progress and smile.  
May our lifetime of service be undoubtedly worthwhile.



left:  
"Untitled"  
Ashley Goad

## **ABOUT the CONTRIBUTORS**

**Carolina Andrade, M.D. Class of 2020**, grew up in Austin and graduated from Oberlin College in Ohio. Carolina and her sisters grew up playing music in many orchestras and chamber music groups. The painting is of her sister who is an amazing and talented cellist in NYC.

**Madison Argo, M.D. Class of 2019**. She has always enjoyed art, and though her free time is limited, she manages to fit art into her schedule. She believes human anatomy is God's most beautiful art piece and loves to recreate it.

**József Bordás, M.D. Class of 2020**, enjoys engaging in all forms of art, including dancing, drawing, and writing. The titular character of Robert W. Chambers' *The King in Yellow* served as the primary inspiration for the plot of "Departure", a short story that ties into the fictional world of the novel which József currently works on. As an avid fan of horror, authors such as H.P. Lovecraft and Edgar Allan Poe among a multitude of others have strongly influenced József's writing style.

**Ashley Goad, P.A. Class of 2018**. The people and beauty of our ever connected world inspired her to attempt to capture its vastness and complexity.

**Bethany Johnston, M.D. Class of 2017**, will be going into Emergency Medicine next year. This piece is a sort of a cross-sectional observation of students during a few short moments in a library study room. The "art of observation" is a theme in our training. We are taught to pay attention. In this story we observe a group of students for a change.

**Jacob Khoury, M.D. Class of 2020**, grew up in Dallas, Texas. He is a zealous reader and a lover of the humanities.

**Kelly Lawson, M.D. Class of 2019**. Kelly graduated from The University of Texas at Austin and is now a second year medical student. Painting and drawing provides her a welcomed distraction from studying. She loves watching a portrait slowly come to life.

**Jessica Lee, M.D. Class of 2019**, is from Ridgeland, Mississippi, and graduated from Rice University. She enjoys reading, writing, and being a member of the SCOPE team for a second year.

**Emily Marquez, M.D. Class of 2017**, is a fourth year medical student pursuing a residency in Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation. She is from West Texas originally.



left:  
"Untitled"  
Kelly Lawson

## ***LETTER* from the EDITORS**



We hope you have enjoyed this seventh issue of SCOPE, the arts & humanities journal of UT Southwestern Medical School. This issue features a diverse collection of works in visual arts, prose, and poetry that reflect the thoughts and growth of our medical students as they journey through different stages of their medical education.

The SCOPE team would like to thank both the contributors and our faculty reviewers for gracing us with their time and effort in the production of this issue. We hope readers have enjoyed the works and have experienced the compassion, empathy, and emotional struggles together with our students. These are elements at times forgotten in medicine, and we hope you have been reminded of how vital they are to our profession. We also hope that SCOPE inspires further interest in the medical humanities and motivate more people to express themselves through the arts.

*above:*  
"North Campus"  
Kaitlin Valentine

*back cover:*  
"Takotsubo Cardiomyopathy"  
Madison Argo

**Alyssa McNulty, Research Technician II**, enjoys writing stories and free verse poetry in her spare time. Her poem, "Many years later," is a brief commentary comparing her perspective of the world as a child to that of a concerned young adult in today's society.

**Cooper Mellema, M.D.-Ph.D. Class of 2024**, graduated from the University of Washington. He grew up in the Pacific Northwest, and has long found drawing and painting to be a calming, entertaining pastime. This particular piece was drawn as a break from the monotony of studying and memorization.

**Andrew Ngo, M.D. Class of 2019**, is inspired by looking for good lighting and chasing sunsets here at UT Southwestern.

**Duc Nguyen, M.D. Class of 2020**, grew up in California and Pennsylvania and graduated from the University of California, Irvine. He admires photography as an art form for its ability to capture and freeze forever a moment in time. He enjoys landscape, street, and documentary photography and takes particular inspiration from Ansel Adams and Henri Cartier-Bresson.

**Joshua Riechers, M.D. Class of 2020**, is a first year at UT Southwestern who is fond of travel, music festivals, outdoor adventure sports, and spicy food.

**Audrey Rutherford, M.D. Class of 2018**, is from Aledo, Texas and went to UT Austin for undergrad, majoring in business. She enjoys kickboxing, Katy Trail, picnicking, podcasts, and traveling in her spare time. She wrote this poem as a cathartic reflection upon her experience in medical school, visualizing the change that occurs to professionals in this field over time, from first year of medical school and beyond. She had a patient who was a former internal medicine physician, and the experience gave her a humbling perspective of medicine from start to finish.

**Sharon Syau, M.D. Class of 2020**, is a new student to medicine. As such, she often finds herself floundering for footing amidst the fast-and-furious pace of first-year. Friends make up for it, though. Alliteration does as well.

**Kaitlin Valentine, M.D. Class of 2020**, is a first year medical student who has loved literary magazines since her mother got her *Ladybug* and *Cricket* as a child. She has played the violin since the age of four, which was the inspiration for her poem in this issue. She also enjoys taking pictures of miscellaneous things that strike her fancy.

**Chelsea Zhang, M.D. Class of 2019**, likes gazing at the stars and is inspired by and grateful for the people in her life.

