



VOLUME 09

SCOPE

UT Southwestern Arts & Humanities Journal

Scope 2019

- 2** Letter from the Editors
- 3** Editors, Contributors, and Faculty
- A Recipe**
Adelaide Kwon
- 4** **Glass Blowing**
Steven Duncan
- 6** **A Mutual Transformation**
Heankel Oliveros
- 8** **Guanyin Pusa**
Jenny Lau
- 10** **Boundaries**
Jenna Wiles
- 12** **He Hated Herself; He Killed Herself**
Kaitlin Valentine
- 13** **Human**
Shruti Singh
- 14** **Unbefriended**
Stephanie Ngo
- 17** **Pleading with TREM2**
Sushobhna Batra
- 18** **Petition to Expand Which Parts of the
Body are Acceptable in Poetry**
Steven Duncan
- 19**

Cover art: Kallah by Emily Hurst

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Welcome to the 9th issue of SCOPE, the arts and humanities journal of UT Southwestern Medical School. In these pages you will find a selection of art, poetry, and essays from students, inspired by their experiences while pursuing medicine. We hope some submissions will be relatable to you, while others will give you a fresh perspective.

The SCOPE editor team would like to thank the contributors for sharing these very personal works of self expression. We strongly believe that medicine and the humanities are inexorably tied, each enriching the other. We hope this magazine will serve as a small reminder that emotion, creativity, and empathy are vital to our future professions.

-2019 SCOPE EDITORS

SCOPE is published by the Medical Humanities Interest Group, a registered student organization. SCOPE is not an official publication of UT Southwestern and the following works do not represent the views of the university or its officers.

<https://www.utsouthwestern.edu/life-at/scope/>

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Untitled
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Zakanya
Emily Hurst

A RECIPE

BY ADDIE KWON

How to make a medical student:

1. Get 1 passionate graduated college student. (Does not need to be fresh. Gap years are acceptable.)
2. Stir together 1 part excitement, 1 part wonder, and 1 part nervousness in a bowl until thoroughly combined, so that the mixture is an indistinguishable blend of emotions. Pour haphazardly over the student so that they don't know quite what to do with themselves.
3. Slice pre-clinical classes and clinical rotations into 4-week blocks. Add to pan with student along with 1 cadaver lab and 2 Step exams. Sprinkle in too many things to keep track of and a lack of sleep and fry with imposter syndrome. (For added flavor, add a dash of pure panic.)
4. When the student wonders why they're even in medicine and feels like maybe they should quit, cool slightly and add encouragement and support. Transfer to a bowl and mix in volunteer opportunities, hospital visits, interest groups, and free lunches, then slowly pour in the idea that they can do this.
5. In a separate bowl, strain out poor study strategies and time management skills. Beat in your current favorite study tool (Anki is highly recommended) until well combined, then add to student. This step may need to be repeated several times.
6. Soak student in empathy and medical ethics until fully trained, to ensure both are deeply infused within their core. Transfer to a pot but never let them forget.
7. Spice with enrichment electives and season with research. If desired, add a pinch of extra responsibilities for a master's degree or a distinction track and stir well.
8. Pressure cook for 4 years in high heat until you can start to see the MD.
9. When the MD has fully emerged, your student is Ready To Serve. Garnish with a white coat and serve with a large helping of student loans.







Untitled
Farzan Jafri



Costa Rica
Farzan Jafri

GLASS BLOWING

BY STEVEN DUNCAN

to shape molten glass
you must work quickly

even as the days pass
I feel a new numbness –
the sense of outgrowing
my own memory

while the white-hot bubble
still gleams, a radiant pulsar

maybe because
there is more wisdom,
but so little heart left
to hold it open

steady though, the rod
can sear and burn

knowledge cannot
find a home in youth –

our eyes close before we
ever learn to open them
now baptize this fire
and watch it break

as the years pass
over like a phantom,
I've gained a sense
and lost my other five

witness here
a startling creation

— MATUTINAL DIALOGUE —

- I was listening to a simulation of an auditory hallucination in schizophrenia. It's like having many voices at once in your head. They're usually mean and profane.
- That sounds horrible! I'm glad the only voice I hear in my head is my own.
- How do you know that's your own voice?



A MUTUAL TRANSFORMATION

BY HEANKEL OLIVEROS

Not many people in this world would ever see their mothers as she did. She used to wake up every morning around six and put in the microwave a jar of that green jelly smoothie that they used to call “mommy’s pudding”.

Beep. Beep.

The food was ready, but before this matutinal banquet, she would change her mother’s diaper. Involuntarily, the smell of the urine would always bring her back to those late nights in Rue de la Verrerie, which was the street where all the bars were at in Aix-en-Provence. “It smells like a street full of bars”, she would tell her mother and she would laugh with her eyes still closed.

Mmmhshhh. Ahhhhhh. Mmmmmh.
Ahhhhhhh.

The pain of stretching every morning. Her mother looked like a little caterpillar moving up and down, but not going anywhere. All her movements had been slowly effaced until she became confined to her own body. She was indeed a caterpillar, but without the promise of metamorphosing into a butterfly. There

was a feeding tube in her stomach that allowed her daughter to pour and pump some mommy’s pudding. She would then close the feeding tube and go back to bed.

One day, she couldn’t fall asleep, so she decided to read a book with the hope of eventually going back to the arms of Morpheus. Searching among her high school books, she stumbled upon a collection of Kafka’s stories. *Die Verwandlung* caught her attention. She remembered reading that novel when she was a fifteen-year-old. It was the bizarre story of Gregor Samsa, a man who wakes up one morning converted into a massive and monstrous bug.

Back in the days, Gregor’s transformation seemed so absurd and grotesque that she struggled to see any meaning at all in his story. Now as a young adult and with a mother suffering from a gradual and deadly motor disease, she felt like Kafka had written a novel describing every aspect of her daily routine at home. Just like Gregor Samsa, her mother would open her eyes every dawn transformed into a giant bug. She would utter sounds that did not translate into words. Her psyche was disconnected from her body and her condition seemed monstrous to everyone. She did not even have the right to have fresh food anymore. Like an

insect, she was condemned to be fed with a revolting green pudding that no other human would ever want to taste. In the past, she used to be the provider for her family, but had now become a financial burden. With tears in her eyes, she wondered whether she would also feel an immense relief once her mother died just like Gregor's family did in the story.

The agony of such epiphany took her back to bed.

Maybe I'm the real hideous bug because my sickening mind doesn't match my healthy body either.

Not many people in this world would ever see themselves and their mothers as she did. They used to wake up every morning transformed into massive monstrous bug





Bangkok Lotus
Taylor King

GUANYIN PUSA

BY JENNY LAU

My grandma talks to random people in the hall
Without knowing a word of English.
I'm not sure how she does it -
Does she communicate via body language
Or through that secret language of the soul
That binds us together as human beings?

As we walk down Northcross Mall,
she greets:
the janitor, the hairdresser, the pizza vendor.
They all grin hugely and nod at her,
telling me that they love seeing her around;
We receive free pizza and candy bags.

She gestures to the hairdresser's cast,
Admonishing her for walking around;
The hairdresser reassures her,
Thanking her for her concern.
My old stuffed animals go to the janitor's
children,
Too poor to afford any of their own.

In the car ride home, she tells me
To treat everyone with kindness
and give to those in need.
I hear her praying at night
before the incense burner,
and fall asleep knowing that I am safe.



In Utero
Eliza Ferrari



Untitled
Annie Hans

BOUNDARIES

BY JENNA WILES

People say boundaries and we may think jail.
We may think limited, narrow, outdated, inhibited
But if so we may fail to appreciate how boundaries help.

They help define, delineate, allocate, delegate
And let us narrow our function enough to have purpose.

Take yellow, which you can only name if it has been separated from red, or from blue.
Even though there's beauty in blending, you will only enjoy yellow if there is no other hue crowding
in and turning yellow into something else.

I think also of my cells. Which one could function if I took away their membrane?
Should I let them "think outside the box" should I let them "break down walls"?
No, I want them exactly bounded and functioning excellently in the margins of their bilayer
boundaries.
Should my liver blend with kidneys? Create something new and beautiful?
No! Or I will be in organ failure!

Lanes of the road? Agreements in a lease? Restraining orders? Restaurant orders?

Boundaries between yes and no, this vs that, mixed or separate, is or isn't, now or later.
I actually love boundaries!
Because even as they create confines they also create space. . . for something good, something
productive. Something that needs a place

But not all boundaries are welcome.
Sometimes grey is more necessary than black and white, sometimes any line at all wasn't right.
You've seen it.
We refuse treatment because of that? They're not allowed because why?
And you've felt it.
Can the patient be the friend? Can we be pillars for patients and yet still need pillars of our own?
Can we believe in this science despite all the people it's letting down?

I'll admit, life seems more interesting when I wander into the grey. But I only dare it because there
are some boundaries in my life that will not fade. Black and white are my welcome retreat when I'm
struggling to find how form and function can meet.

So as we work to break boundaries, re-define, and open doors - as we must,
Let us also appreciate how a well-placed boundary makes order from chaos.

HE HATED HERSELF; HE KILLED HERSELF

BY KAITLIN VALENTINE

He hated Herself.

She haunted Him, tormented Him, hid Him
underneath the façade of normalcy and false femininity,
of lies.

His mother thinks herself a failure, mourns her lost daughter;
but that daughter – in truth, in grit, in resolution –
has found Himself;
and so, has saved Himself.

He killed Herself.

but for the first time,

He lives.



HUMAN

BY SHRUTI SINGH

The first day of anatomy lab, I walked in more excited than afraid. Finally, after all these years of studying the different systems of the human body, I was going to see a real human body and discover what is inside, layer by layer. Some senior medical students had warned us that it might be an emotional experience. But when I took the scalpel in my hand, and started removing the skin from my cadaver, I did not have an existential experience. I felt nothing, or nothing out of the ordinary at least. Did this make me inhuman? I had heard that going through medical school desensitizes you. But, I did not think that I would be skinning a dead human on the second day of medical school without feeling something or that I would be eating lunch nonchalantly while watching anatomy dissection videos.

One of my patients, Ms. Graves, had cancer. She came to the hospital nauseated by the cancer in her colon, which had been in hiding until a few hours ago when it declared itself through the numerous masses in her liver seen on the CT scan. She was alive one moment, and dying from her cancer the next. When I walked in her room that day to tell her that the pathology report of the biopsy from her liver had confirmed the diagnosis of cancer, she didn't look surprised. But something felt different – my words had left the air devoid of any hope. Ms. Graves tried to convince me, or maybe even herself, that this news was expected, “That's nothing that we didn't already know, right?” Yet, I could see the storm of tears form in her eyes, which came pouring out as I stood there feeling helpless.

Walking down the stairs from her room, I felt my eyes getting heavier. Soon tears were blurring my vision, and I paused in the stairwell, hoping no one would pass by. In her room, I had to appear calm and supportive, hoping my white coat would cover the heart-sinking feeling in my chest. But in that stairwell, where I stood alone, I could shed my white coat and let out the human in me. Two years ago, when I had cut my way through my cadaver's colon and found it covered in cancer, I did not realize the atrocities it had inflicted on the human who lay lifeless in front of me. Now the cancer had relapsed, this time in a living, breathing person.

In the past two years of pursuing medicine, I thought that I was losing touch with my humanity, the irony of which was not lost on me. Here I was, training in one of the most altruistic professions, yet I could feel the human in me fade away. During my time on my rotations in the hospital, I uncovered my humanness under the neutrality of the white coat and the thick skin I had developed over the years. In the midst of all the pain and suffering, and people facing mortality, the white coat fails to separate us from the person on the patient bed in front of us. I learned then, and have re-learned many times since then, that my white coat does not have any extraordinary abilities. Under it, I am still, very much, a human.



Koh Phi Phi Long Tails
Taylor King



Ayutthaya Ruins
Taylor King



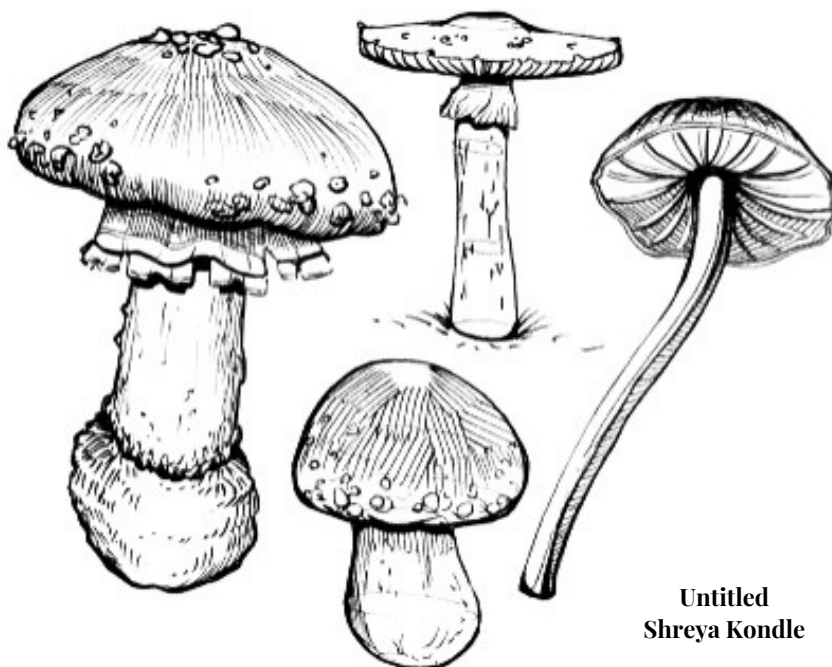
InsurmountableBrend
en Park

UNBEFRIENDED

BY STEPHANIE NGO

(adj.): Patients who lack the capacity to make their own medical decisions but who have no family members or other surrogates to speak on their behalf.

“I wasn’t always like this,”
 But it’s unclear what you mean—
 The hazy eyes? the hollow cheeks?
 The hands, two ashen, restless ghosts?
 “My husband passed in ninety-three;
 I never wanted kids.” I see,
 That’s why you’re all alone
 Why your protectors are unnamed.
 An inmate of your tiny frame,
 You’re sometimes full of rage
 Your mind, cassette-like, plays the past
 But it all goes away so fast.
 The only one who visits:
 Your celestial friend, your sun
 But I’m afraid when this is done
 That he will be, exclusively, the
 One who watches over you.
 Is really no one closer to
 Your heart, who could reach out?
 Your hands have not stopped moving since
 You pray, you sigh, you smile, you wince
 “I wasn’t always like this.”



Untitled
Shreya Kondle

PLEADING WITH TREM2

BY SUSHOBHNA BATRA

To TREM2,
 The master of migration,
 Steer thy microglia towards the island of
 plaques
 Beat the drums of the glial rhythm, Oh
 Microglia!
 Play with thy chemokine comrades; listen to
 their cry
 Unleash your surveillance on the Absolute
 aggregates
 Years pass by. The dastardly amyloid dust
 collects
 Benign it may appear what becomes a
 monstrous burden
 TREM2,
 The curator of the calm before the storm
 As thy microglia meander through the
 convoluted CNS maze,
 Mingle with ApoE, and clear the alpha beta haze
 Oh Mycroglia!
 Cuddle thy TREM2, keep it strong
 Preempt the plaque burden
 Maintain the ApoELomb
 Such is the wish of thy neurons, of thy glia pals
 Hereby thy abode shall thrive



Lighthouse
 Rachel Manuel

PETITION TO EXPAND WHICH PARTS OF THE BODY ARE ACCEPTABLE IN POETRY

BY STEVEN DUNCAN

The heart,
the hand,
the ischioanal fossa.

Surely there's
a place for these
in poems
we will venerate.

The chest,
the lungs,
the esophageal sphincter.

These must belong
as much to art
as they do
the human form.

The blood,
the tears,
the respiratory mucus.

Each one is a part
of our shared experience,
each a thing
of beauty.

The eyes,
the lips,
the rectal nerves.

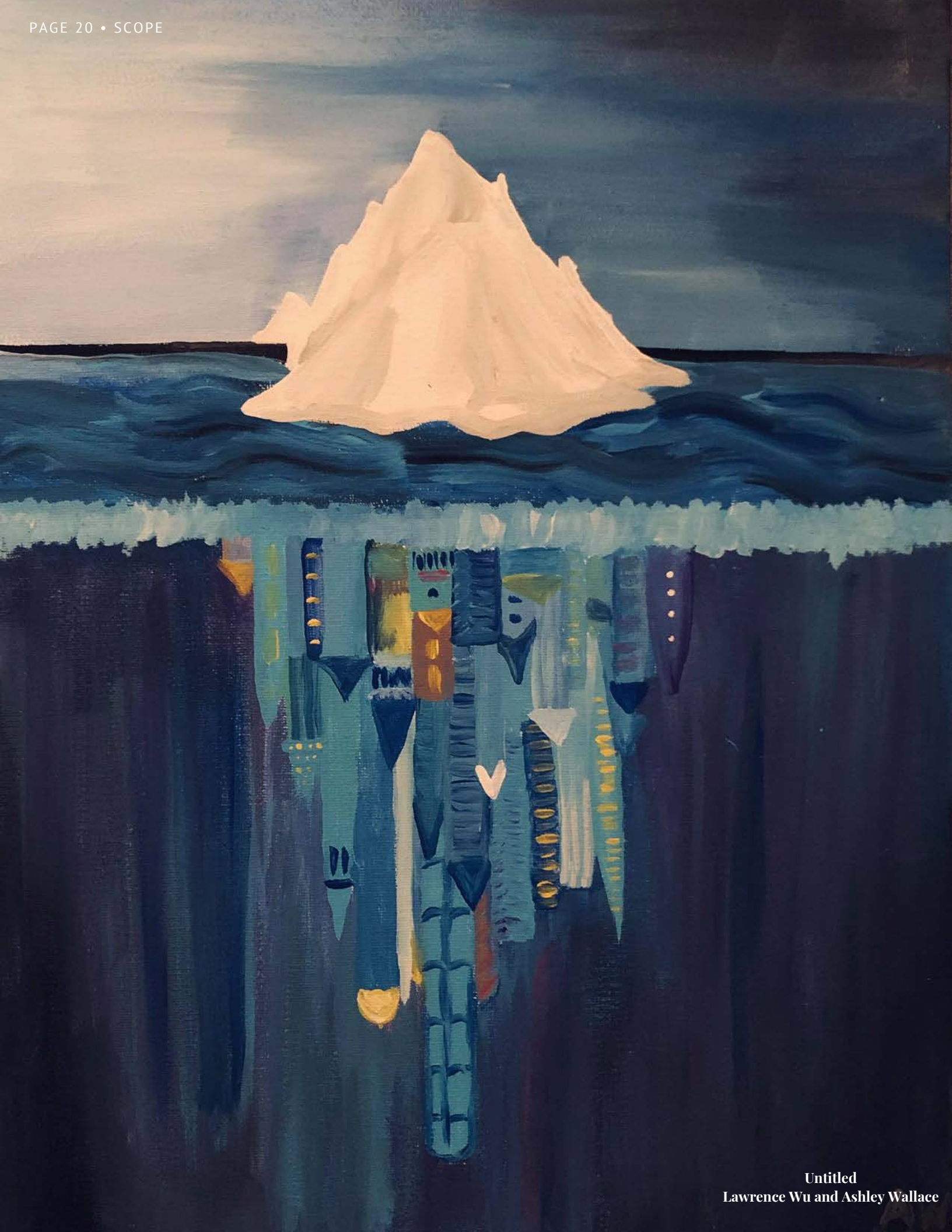
The head,
the cheek,
the coccyx.

Barriers built
to protect the word
I pray we can
scalpel through.

And to whomever it was
that limited us,
I've a bone
to pick with you.



Untitled
Mohammad Siddiqi



Untitled
Lawrence Wu and Ashley Wallace

CONTRIBUTOR BIOGRAPHIES

LOUISE ATADJA

Louise Atadja, M.D. Class of 2022. Louise is interested in creative expression whether through writing, drawing, or photography. She currently calls Shanghai, China home and loves to travel both back there and pretty much everywhere. Her interests include both global health and orthopedics with a focus on pediatrics.

ASHLEY BARASA

Ashley Barasa, M.D. Class of 2020. Ashley enjoys exploring new hobbies in her spare time and created the above piece over the course of a semester, inspired by her fascination with starry skies and space exploration.

SUSHOBHNA BATRA

Sushobhna Batra; 3rd. Yr. Ph.D. Candidate. Sushobhna is a curious scientist and a creative artist and believes that science and art complement each other. She penned down this poem while writing the scientific proposal for the qualifying exam in the second year of her doctoral studies.

STEVEN DUNCAN

Steven Duncan, M.D. Class of 2022. Steven loves writing and spending his evenings exploring new forms of expression (and studying the cranial nerves). His poetry has been featured by Silver Birch Press, Ink & Nebula, Utah Life Magazine, Prolific Press and others.

ELIZA FERRARI

Eliza Ferrari, M.D. Class of 2022. Eliza is a first-year medical student who loves art and true crime documentaries. This piece reflects her undying passion for embryology... just kidding. But she does enjoy drawing in her free time!

CONTRIBUTOR BIOGRAPHIES

AVNEET HANS

Avneet Hans, Class of 2022. She enjoys dabbling in painting as a cathartic relief from the drudgery that is sometimes med school.

EMILY HURST

Emily Hurst, MPO Student, Class of 2019. Painting and various forms of artwork are ways for Emily to outwardly express her care for others. She painted Zakanya as a gift for a dear friend who was moving cities as a representation of strength as she embarked on somewhere new.

FARZAN JAFRI

Farzan Jafri, M.D. Class of 2022. Farzan is an MS1 who loves to travel and enjoys out of the ordinary experiences. His photography aims to capture moments and sights that can't be seen during the existence of everyday life.

TAYLORE KING

Taylor King, M.D. Class of 2021. Taylor is pursuing a Distinction in Global Health and uses photography to document the world around her and remember the beauty of each place she travels. In her free time, she enjoys hiking, rock climbing, and, when near an ocean, surfing.

SHREYA KONDLE

Shreya Kondle, M.D. Class of 2022. Shreya is a first-year medical student interested in women's health and surgery. Her hobbies aside from drawing include poetry, films, books, and saving the plants in her yard from unreliable Texas forecasts.

ADELAIDE KWON

Adelaide Kwon, M.D. Class of 2022. Adelaide is a first-year medical student who enjoys reading, writing, and listening to music. She is fascinated by language and the nuances of words.

CONTRIBUTOR BIOGRAPHIES

JENNY LAU

Jenny Lau, M.D. Class of 2019, is an MS4 who enjoys writing and reflecting on life.

RACHEL MANUEL

Rachel Manuel, M.D. Class of 2022, is a first-year medical student who enjoys capturing beautiful landscapes, especially at sunset. She also developed a love for music at a young age and continues to sing and write original songs and parodies.

STEPHANIE NGO

Stephanie Ngo, M.D. Class of 2022. Stephanie is a daydreamer, book reader, and sweet-eater. Her main loves in life are acquiring new hobbies and her cat, Viktor. She aspires to write things that make people feel; she believes that reading creates levels of empathy impossible to achieve otherwise.

HEANKEL OLIVEROS

Heankel Oliveros, aspiring PhD student. Heankel grew up in Mexico and graduated from Wellesley College in Massachusetts with a Bachelor's Degree in Neuroscience. She is passionate about studying the neural circuits of the brain and is currently doing research on memory at the Xu Lab at UT Southwestern. She enjoys learning new languages, audio books, reading, outdoors, playing chess, and writing. Her short stories pivot on the experience of living with psychotic or neurodegenerative disorders. She believes that literature can show a side of medicine that is beyond scientific knowledge.

BRENDEN PARK

Brenden Park, Ph.D Candidate, is a fourth year graduate student studying atypical and secreted protein kinases. This piece was intended to capture the bleaker emotions felt by those pursuing questions with no answers.

CONTRIBUTOR BIOGRAPHIES

MOHAMMAD SIDDIQI

Mohammad Siddiqi, M.D. Class of 2022. Mohammad is a first-year medical student who enjoys traveling, art galleries, and photography. His work is inspired by minimalism and landscape photography, and it serves a purpose of instilling his memorable moments in a simple photo.

SHRUTI SINGH

Shruti Singh, M.D. Class of 2019. Writing is her way of reflecting on her experiences, or just penning down her thoughts. She wrote this essay as a part of reflecting about her first patient who died. In her free time, Shruti likes to read, dance, paint, eat, or sleep.

KAITLIN VALENTINE

Kaitlin Valentine, Class of 2020: Third year medical student and SCOPE alumnus pursuing child/adolescent psychiatry with a focus on transgender/LGBTQ healthcare and advocacy; spare time is dedicated to coffee and Harry Potter.

ASHLEY WALLACE AND LAWRENCE WU

Lawrence Wu and Ashley Wallace, M.D. Class of 2020. They have found that painting is one of the best ways to embrace wellness. They especially appreciate painting pieces that tell a story, so this one is meant to inspire viewers to look beyond surface-level first impressions and appreciate the beauty and complexity that lies beneath.

JENNA WILES

Jenna Wiles, M.D. Class of 2020. Jenna enjoys writing to capture a perspective in time that may change or be forgotten. She found in medical school that clinical medicine was far less consistent and standardized than she imagined, and reflected on her struggle with the "gray areas" of healthcare in this spoken word.

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