



Dolores Jean Lavins Center for Humanities in Medicine presents

THE TEMPEST

MAYO CLINIC SCHOOL OF MEDICINE • ANNUAL CREATIVE ARTS PUBLICATION

FORWARD

Fact and feeling are inseparable in medicine. We memorize symptoms, diagnoses, and side effects while witnessing birth, death, and everything in between. We confront the most intimate, vulnerable parts of the human experience, and in the midst of the chaos, we also come face-to-face with our own emotions and must make sense of our place in medicine.

This publication was born to capture *our* most vulnerable moments on our journey to becoming physicians. While it captures our reflections, creativity, and showcases our talent, it also serves to remind us that the journey of becoming a physician is more than rote memorization and hard science; it is an art.

We are proud to present *The Tempest*: a collection of poetry, prose, and visual art meant to illustrate the growth of a medical student into a physician.



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THE DOLORES JEAN LAVINS CENTER FOR HUMANITIES IN MEDICINE


is pleased to sponsor this third volume of the Mayo Clinic School of Medicine Creative Arts Publication. Our mission is to support Mayo Clinic's primary value, the needs of the patients come first, by integrating the arts and other expressions of human culture into the healing environment.

We serve patients, families, caregivers, students, and community members. All programs are free and cover a broad spectrum of the arts, including music, dance and theatrical performances, visual art exhibitions, bedside arts programs, and lectures. Through the Mayo Clinic School of Medicine we offer selectives designed specifically to meet the needs of our students. Many of the students published in this volume have participated in courses such as The Human Element, The Practice of Narrative Medicine, Creativity for the Physician in Training, Telling the Patient's Story, or other workshops or seminars such as Literature and Medicine or Narrative Healing.

We see creative expression as a tool for navigating the rigors of medical training, and we are honored to have the opportunity to help develop and produce this collection of original work by students of the Mayo Clinic School of Medicine.



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COLLECTED FROM
MEDICAL STUDENTS

GREY SHEEP

BY JOSIANE JOSEPH

I envy the black sheep
At least she is recognized for her existence
With this odd shade I wonder should I bahhhh like everybody else,
Or just come up with something new to distinguish myself?
Should I graze with the normal pale sheep,
Or see what else is new with my few awesome black buddies?
We've all got the same wool,
Maybe I can just play it cool, ease in, act natural.
You know what — forget this!
I am a grey sheep.
I am going to show these grazers what grey sheep can do. ●

MEDITATION ON RESIDENCY APPLICATIONS

BY MITCHELL HEINER

My helpless dissection in cold naked night
What will they think, did I do right?

Savages, pirates and warlocks are they
My CV served up as their succulent prey

Silent, in qualm, methinks I am erred
To this death match, I came quite unprepared.

Is it worth it? My quandary revealed once at last
I don't know, but I've paid out the nose and asst. ●



SNOWSTORM

BY SOMYA JALAN

ZUMBRO WREN

BY NOELLE THEW

I saw a wren
enjoy the wind
over the Zumbro

it opened its wings
to sail vertical
feel the full orthogonal force
before tucking in its wings
into a dive bomb
carried in a sharp little arc
right to the waterline

And up again

we piece together
life's history
into self-replication
sex
and a dense ball of momentum
ever-driving
futureward

fun, then,
a Vestigiality? By-product? Trade-off?
What say you?

meaning, meaning
ever our pursuit
more cortex to survive disasters
and draughts
to come to self-awareness
to wonder at it all

yet think too much
and self-destruct

a little fun
a little joy
a little mystery
encoded

helping, and grieving, us all ●



VULNERABLE PARADOX

BY JEREMIE OLIVER

“This is an illustration I drew as part of our Humanities in Medicine selective. It has been an incredible experience for me to participate in the selective. I have loved finding ways to integrate the arts and humanities into my passion for medicine and science.” ●



COTTON CANDY SKY

BY TYLER BROBST

HEPATIC ENCEPHALOPATHY

BY MITCH HEINER

I walk down a gray hall draped in the dusky shadow of
a waiting weekend, whispers are everywhere.

The aseptic asylum walls surround me, what
despondency they have perceived in the lonely nights.

They bellow, "Careful! Crazy lies ahead!"

Flapping hands bid me enter, I see the buttery sunrises
below her brow, blinking violently.

Awestruck, indulging in sensations soaked in ammonia.
I examine her stomach.

Tap, thud, tap, thud! "This belly's gonna blow!"

Sweet tinctures are her savior; still, she becomes
skeleton, foreshadowing a solemn occasion.

Waiting through borrowed nights, her eternal course
prolonged by children playing God, But wait...

Ah! She sings. "Lucidity is resurrected!"

Gathering, waiting for wise words, her loved ones are
bear boys, bushy beards give way to blue collars.

Her husband, brain silent and jowly, oozes glistening
gratitude tears. What revelation do I make?

"We're in the clear now, hug her tight!"

Off home for farewells with pup in hand, she smiles
with her bear boys and exits stage right.

On a plane with salvation angels, my hubris is
exhausted and I pause with deepest satisfaction.

One week later, phone rings! "She passed...?" ●

COLORS

POEM AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARYA SHAH

What is the huge difference between a moth and a butterfly
that makes us like one so much more than the other?

They both have wings and they both can fly.
Both may have wings adorned with an eye.
One may be orange and one may be brown,
but one makes us laugh while one makes us frown.
Why on earth is that?

It's like some unspoken rule
That some colors are lame and some colors are cool.
It literally makes no sense, you know?
'Cause it takes all the colors for light to glow!

I've cringed at moths, as I sit outside at night
And now I think back with disgust at my own blind fright.
It sickens me to think that out in the world
That same type of fright is blindly hurled

At human souls.
It expressed by the number of times we hung our flag
Halfway down poles, this year alone.

When I take look around at this world,
It makes me cringe and it makes my toes curl
With the discomfort of having to see
Just how judgmental colors can make us be.

If I'm being honest I'm just going to go ahead and say it aloud:
White is just a combination of all colors, so there's no need to be proud.
What some consider purity is really a beautiful blend
Of a long list of colors, a list with no end.

When I look people, I will try to see
All the things that make you just like me.
We are all born of the same carbon and coal
but what makes us different makes our society whole.
Let's all take off our tinted glasses
And take care to avoid making subtle passes
At each other for so superficial a sin
As the beautiful color of our God-given skin.

What is the huge difference between a moth and a butterfly?
There is none, really. ●





SEDONA

BY ARYA SHAH



CEREBRAL ROAST

BY ADIP BHARGAV

Colored pen drawing/digital editing ●

MY TREATMENT DECISION

BY LEAH GRENGS

It was the Monday after Thanksgiving and amidst my interviews for psychiatry residency, wedding planning, and the hiatus that is fourth year of medical school, I had an appointment with my neurologist. I knew what to expect; it would be the same as every other visit. I would be told that there was a concerning spot on my MRI scan, which could represent anything from a different slice of cranium, to a post-surgical scar, to a tumor, and I would decide to watch and wait.

I was sitting alone in a clinic room on the 8th floor of Gonda where I have seen patients myself. The neurologist was almost an hour late due to a storm in Toronto, but I passed the time by looking through examples of wedding invitations on Pinterest. My colors were white and coral, but I also loved the ones with gold as that was the color of my engagement ring band.

The neurologist came in with a nurse practitioner trainee. Once he started explaining that the mass had gotten larger, he was sure it was a recurrent pilocytic astrocytoma and that I needed to decide what to do for treatment, my eyes filled with tears and I became a blubbling mess. I knew I should be more composed as I am in the health profession myself, but my willpower was defeated by my emotion. I was shown my scan with two spots: one bright white and enhancing at the bottom of the dark cavity left by the original tumor resected when I was a kid and one more dim and light grey in color located more medially. He explained that it was the latter that was most concerning as it was in “high stakes real estate,” meaning uncomfortably close to my brainstem. With the word brainstem, I shuddered because I understood what that means. To me, it meant the possibility of respiratory collapse and death; however, in my case it would more likely mean a worsening of my already spastic hemiparesis and bitemporal hemianopsia. When I regained some composure, I managed to question the effect this could have on my cognition. As I will be a psychiatrist, this is of the utmost concern. His answer provided a snippet of relief.

At the completion of my appointment I walked into the lobby, completely aware that several people waiting had noticed me, a young woman with a limp and tears in her eyes. I was wearing my glasses so I could not even use the excuse that my contacts were bothering me; a handy excuse I have used

numerous times over the past few years. I wished I could run out of there, but I had a prescheduled neurosurgery appointment on the same floor. I checked in with the receptionist, forcing a smile and a joke to distract from my palpable distress. A very long ten minutes later, I was called by the clinic assistant who told me that the nurse practitioner I had my follow-up appointment with would like to speak with me. As I clutched the phone, she said that I should meet with the surgeon in person as he could more knowledgeably explain the risks and benefits to me of surgery in case I must consent. This was shocking news to get over the phone and the medical student in me judged her choice of words and thought of how I would have handled the situation differently if it were me on the other line.

To meet with the surgeon, I took the employee shuttle to Saint Mary's Hospital, praying the entire time I would stay hidden from anyone I know. I again attempted in vain to deceive the receptionist with a smile and a joke. I met with the nurse practitioner first, whom I had already left a bad first impression. The surgeon was new to Mayo and recently graduated residency, but also had a PhD and a strong British accent, thereby disguising his freshness and increasing my confidence in him. He said if he were me he would want surgery; surgery would allow me to take all my gambles up front; compared to radiation in which I may be fine at first before I deteriorate. He also advised waiting until after the wedding, but not too long as the more my tumor grows the riskier the surgery will be.

By the time I was completed with my appointments, my phone had zero battery left so I sent my fiancé an email entitled 'pick me up asap.' By this time I had a profound tension headache and uneasiness in my stomach; the systemic symptoms of stress and anxiety. I gave my fiancé a quick summary of my visit because that was the very least I owed him, but still did not have the strength to divulge detail. I asked him to call my parents and slept until my headache resolved. Upon awakening my headache was gone but I was overwhelmed by questions: how will this impact my residency choice? Do I need to choose a residency based on their health insurance? What if I am kicked out like that psychiatry trainee from GW with cancer? I also thought of how that morning my most significant problem was how to lose the extra 30 pounds I'd put on during medical school in time for the wedding. I had

planned to sign up for the gym that night and cook chicken and carrots. I still cooked the chicken but this time with pasta. I was trying to use CBT to stop overeating when stressed, but this was obviously an exception.

The next day, I went to a consult with radiation oncology. This time I felt stronger with my fiancé by my side. I kept the appointment to appease my neurologist and be a good patient; however, the thought of the latent period before side effects freaked me out. During the appointment I learned I was an excellent candidate for Mayo's new proton beam therapy. I remembered learning of the proton beam being purchased earlier in med school and having a classmate scoff that for the price of the beam a whole African country could be vaccinated. I never thought that one day I would need this novel technology myself and I felt extraordinarily lucky to be where I was. If I decided to do the proton beam, I would need a total of 28 treatments five days per week.

Although I was six months away from an MD, I felt completely unqualified to make these enormous decisions regarding my own health. I had no desire to intellectualize my situation and just wanted my doctors to tell me what was best. I liked the idea of a noninvasive treatment and doing something about my tumor while I was in medical school and before my wedding and residency. I sent my neurologist a frantic portal message followed by an email. He called me on my cell and counseled me that the proton therapy was a wise decision and what he would want if himself or his daughter were in my shoes. At that point I had to decide when to start. With the help of my neurologist and the dean of students, we decided on after the holiday break when I was finished with most of my interviews, knowing I would likely have to cancel all of my January ones. I was then forced into action: calling my family with the news, setting up my intake appointment with radiation oncology and working with the school to allow me to schedule more flexible electives while in treatment. By the end of the week all of my plans were in motion and life began to feel a bit normal again. ●



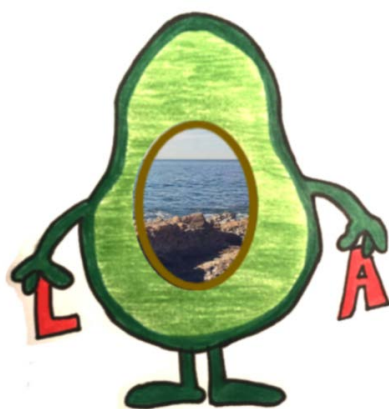
OAK CREEK CANYON

BY TYLER BROBST

HAPPY GREEN PILL: A HAIKU

BY SOMYA JALAN

My avocado,
a med student's luxury
#calilove ●



GIVING TREE

BY ANDREA LYKE

My donor's trunk had more than 100 rings. Her limbs weren't as strong as they used to be, and her crown lacked the leaves it once knew. The intricacies of the roots, trunks, and branches of her nerves puzzled me. Equally perplexing was the realization that I was not in an anatomy lab, but a boreal forest.

Yes, my donor was a tree. Not a fir, or a maple, or an elm. But a giving tree.

I don't know the ways in which my donor gave of herself before she passed away. Perhaps she baked apple pies using her fruit or fed campfires with her kindling or turned her branches into the pages of a children's book. What I do know, however, are the ways in which my donor continued to give even after her death.

My giving tree taught me to be courageous. Realizing that all trees eventually die is frightening. Some get uprooted in hurricanes, others get infected by worms or ash borers, others are pulled out of the ground as saplings, still others just dry up. What happens after a tree dies is a mystery, but my donor showed me how to trust in the moment after the final gust of wind. She practiced faith that those who handled her body would do so with respect and grace.

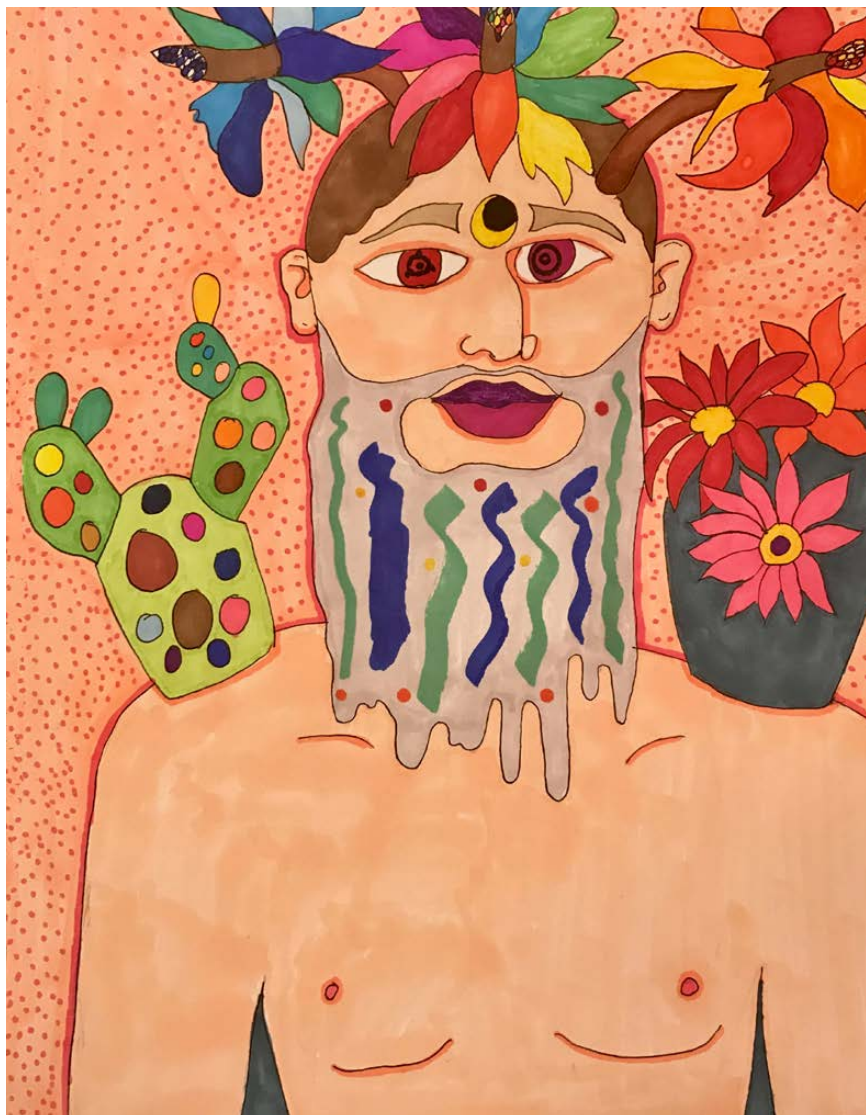
Trees aren't afraid to shed their leaves and reveal the intimacies of their naked branches. My donor, too, showed great bravery in letting strangers examine and explore parts of her that she had never shown anyone else. She let any self-doubt blow away as she gave herself fully to us.

My donor tree also taught me something about how I look at older trees. As already mentioned, I was in the presence of a centenarian. I had expected to find failing kidneys, perhaps

metastatic cancer, or evidence of significant heart damage. But this tree surprised me. Though her bark was more delicate, her core was as strong and sturdy as mahogany. Age did not limit her strength or capacity to give.

And, of course, my giving tree gave me more than a couple anatomy lessons. The complexity of the body is as rich as maple syrup. Sometimes, in my thirst for knowledge, I would gulp down a big glass of apple juice. Other times, I would find myself drowning in a pile of leaves. Regardless, my donor remained patient as I came out of the dark forest with a better sense of who we are and what we are made of.

Above all, my donor taught me how to give. Like the giving tree, bit by bit, she gave herself all away. At the end of our course, all of her wood had been used up. Her fruit was all gone. Even her roots had been pulled out of the ground. But, she had one more gift left to offer. She planted a seed in my classmates and me. Thanks to my giving tree, I am better equipped to take care of future saplings, trees with swings in the front yard and redwoods that have graced the earth for longer than me. I will use the offerings she gave me to help the garden of humanity flourish. ●



ARIEL

BY BOBBY LARSON AND LENNY HAAS

Ariel is a personification of beauty, growth, and healing that transcends gender and sexual identity. The name is derived from the character Ariel in Shakespeare's play *The Tempest*. ●



DRAWINGS FOR FRIENDS

BY GOHAR MANZAR

TOP: Stylized portrait of a dancer friend. Made with Sketchbook on a Samsung Galaxy Tablet. BOTTOM: Stylized portrait of my eyelash sweater-wearing friend: a pianist, book-lover, and candle-obsessed mother of a sweet dog named Nannie. Made with Sketchbook on a Samsung Galaxy Tablet. ●



UNTITLED

BY TINA HAKIMI

I feel small.
Every day, under the weight
Of glory that is medicine.

I feel small.
When I forget yet again
The name of that drug
That treats what's it called?!
And I reach for my phone.

But I feel BIG.
When I'm told of my power
To make the decisions
That could change a man's future.

Trust.
That I understand,
Because it is the same that I give
To those I call doctor.

I feel small.
When I think of the giants
Whose shoulders have caused
Me to be able to stand
And deliver good news
Of a treatment that works
And a life now called "saved".

I feel small.
Almost everyday
Since I've come to this place
I've felt small.

I feel BIG.
When I understand
The level of trust that
Is placed in me
By almost complete strangers.

I feel weak.
When another sleep deprived night
Has me reaching for coffee
And yawning in class
And wondering why
I didn't stay safe in a job.

And I feel strong.
When persistence pushes on.
And the weeks march forward.
And another hurdle is overcome.

And I delight.
When the lightbulb goes off,
And a connection is made,
And I remember the reason
That medicine is fun.

So when it doesn't feel fun,
And the hours get long,
And the exhaustion creeps in.
How will I cope?

There has been many a moment
When down on my knees,
I have cried out to above
And asked If I can.

I feel blessed.
When I look all around me,
And remember where I am,
And the people called colleagues
And I wonder why I'm here.

If I have learned anything,
Anything at all, in my 25 years
It is this:
That Life is Journey
And not at all about the destination ahead.
Medicine must be too.

Will I remember the journey?
Or will I remember the "why"
Will it be the face of a patient?
Or the face of my child

The answer is the same every time:
You can. ●

JESH

BY LENNY HAAS

Four strangers met at Virginia, and little did they know,
What would happen over seven weeks, as they all did grow.

They came from far and wide, from the East Coast and the West,
From Arizona and Africa, this combination turned out best.

Within a swanky basement, an important pact was made,
Sworn upon Domino's pizza, their charter provided aid.

Together they faced challenges, briskly with the morning breeze,
With the press of button, they accomplished this task with ease.

With blade in hand they stormed ahead, cutting left and right,
Dodging electric lines and hidden plumbing, they travelled deeply through the night.

Their heavy atlas gave them direction, their digital map showed them the way,
One dove right in to hidden lakes, and they discovered a secret conductor at play.

The solid walls which blocked their path, were no match for their buzzing machine,
Initially frightened of this tool, one became a confident and determined queen.

Travelling to Zanzibar by motorcar from Cameroon was no easy feat,
With patience, care, and fortitude, one's accomplishment could not be beat.

These four took daily rest stops, and recounted what they knew,
Teaching each other their stories, eventually became their glue.

They found time to learn and bend, with their friendly avatar,
These memories of tranquility, Aang and Korra took them far.

Once the sun began to set and the snow didst drop,
They retreated to their homes, where the fun didn't stop.

Mandated meals they had planned, from khichuri and exotic curry,
To pasta omelets and swimming salmon, these were all eaten in a hurry.

They found warmth from fireballs, within each of their hearts,
Through their bacchanalia, their spirits did not depart.

Appreciating Virginia's powerful gift, became a deep-rooted priority,
Respecting the land in front of them, there was no minority.

Once they went from head to toe, they knew their time was soon to go.
Monthly reunions still take place, at which they find their special home base. ●



SEASONS

BY SHEMONTI HASSAN

THE LUCKY ONES

BY MITCH OBEY

This entry begins with Match Day a mere two weeks away, and I cannot help but find myself reflecting upon the journey. The inaugural day of medical school orientation was nearly four years ago now, and it would be entirely cliché to say it feels like it was just yesterday. But the truth is that it honestly feels like a lifetime ago. And yet I still remember the finest details of that day, down to the very breakfast I ate and the suit I wore. Anxiously I approached the old limestone steps, marking the entrance of the Mayo School of Medicine's Great Hall. There I stumbled upon two other students, my classmates-to-be, who were taking pictures and making memories of that special day. We introduced ourselves, then took a deep breath, and together pushed open the doors to the next four years.

For me, medical school was an accident, something I didn't plan on or even dream of. I grew up in a family with no ties to medicine, in a community with one stoplight, and summers spent working on local farms. My dream was to attend culinary school, and become a pastry chef. Food was fascinating, and that interest was cultivated by watching shows such as "Diners, Drive-ins, and Dives" on the Food Network. Cooking was the ultimate release from reality, allowing for creativity, passion, and focus. Often serving as a foundation among cultures, it has the ability to bring together families, friends, religions, and enemies. I wanted to become a part of that legacy, and dedicate my life to its preservation, but then one day nine years ago my dream was gone.

As a senior in high school I was offered to shadow an orthopedic surgeon, and to be quite honest I didn't even know what one was back then. Medical students often come from families of physicians, which offers them years of exposure to the medical profession. In fact, many probably dressed up as doctors for Halloween. The rest of us come from families with no doctors, no nurses, or anything at all related to healthcare. However, where you come from or where you've been doesn't determine your fate. I'm a prime example, and that's why I believe medicine is so special. You can be big or small, short or tall, male or female, and young or old. What it takes to become a great physician isn't on the outside, it comes from within. At that very moment nine years ago when I slipped those scrubs on and wandered my way into the operating room, my passion changed forever.

Each year medical schools are filled with incoming students who are considered “Type A” and strive for perfection. Most have very little personal experience with failure, which is where the danger lies. Medical school not only challenges you academically, but also emotionally, physically, and mentally. You will be faced with some of the most stressful and challenging times in your life, and how you respond determines success. So then it must seem very strange that students with such qualities would voluntarily subject themselves to the grueling journey of becoming a physician where “perfection” truly does not exist. Perhaps it’s because we’re crazy and enjoy a good challenge, or maybe it’s because we want to try and change the world.

Each year there are stories about the “dangers” of medical school in the news. How an estimated 300 to 400 physicians die each year from suicide. That approximately 6% of medical students fail or drop out of medical school, 11.1% suffer from suicidal ideation, 27.2% from depression, and 32.4% from alcohol abuse/dependence. What about the financial burden? How about an upwards of \$300,000 in debt that only grows in interest as it is slowly paid off. I guarantee most students don’t have the slightest idea of these risks before beginning medical school, I know I didn’t. Do medical school applications need to be issued a Black Box Warning, or Surgeon General’s Warning, or perhaps just a signed informed consent? No, that would be wildly outlandish, and quite frankly unnecessary. But the point here is that this profession is not for the faint of heart. It has dangers, and possesses the ability to put you in the crosshairs of your patients, colleagues, and the law.

As I find myself in the shadow of graduation I cannot help but reflect on the past four years. The path to graduation will be very different for each of us, but the final goal will forever remain the same. To become a physician means earning one of the highest privileges in our society, and as we heal our patients we must do so with compassion and empathy. Physicians are in a business unlike any other, one that requires a lifelong commitment to dealing with real human beings. Patients will seek refuge, and place their greatest trust in your hands at a point in life when they are most vulnerable. It truly is an amazing opportunity, and we can only hope that graduates around the nation will be ready to accept that responsibility.

This past week a friend asked if I thought I would do it all over again, and I took a minute before answering. In retrospect, getting into medical school felt like an act of God. The grades, volunteering, leadership, shadowing, and everything else it took to spark the attention of admissions committees is quite remarkable. I often think about the thousands of students who couldn't quite get into medical school. Maybe it was because of one bad grade, an MCAT score below the 90th percentile, or perhaps they were simply lost in the shuffle. Even those that made it will at times suffer from "Imposter Syndrome," and wonder how and if they are actually supposed to be here. Adding insult to injury, each year students around the nation too often lose sight of this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity and post about how they regret ever going to medical school. I urge them to reconsider. Take a second, step back, and remember why you came here.

You know I often wonder which experience I will remember most. Maybe it will be the first newborn I delivered, the first surgery I scrubbed, the first dying patient's hand I held as they passed away, or the patient who died beneath my arms in the CT scanner as I performed CPR. It's a tough question to answer, but perhaps it doesn't need an answer. Time will tell which memories we hold onto, and those that will slowly fade away.

Before I sign off, I'll leave you with this final thought. In a few short months I'll be proudly standing beside the other forty-three students in my class on graduation day. They are without question the most spectacular and amazing people I've ever had the privilege of knowing. As we part ways for residency, I will always remember how we survived this journey together. We are the future of medicine, and for that very reason I believe we are the lucky ones. ●

ICU, ALONE

BY NOELLE THEW

I watch you breathe
crack open your eyes
comatose

no family beside
none left to contact
save your son

he refused to chat
“Let him die at last”
he hung up the phone

what did you do
with these years of yours?

you look so peaceful
I want to see you as a grandfather making his lap a horse carriage ride
I want to see you as a husband, delivering flowers at the end of the day

I want to see you as a neighbor who rakes another’s lawn

but what I see is flaky skin

did your words hurt someone?
did your hands cause pain?

did you ask for forgiveness?
Did someone hurt you?

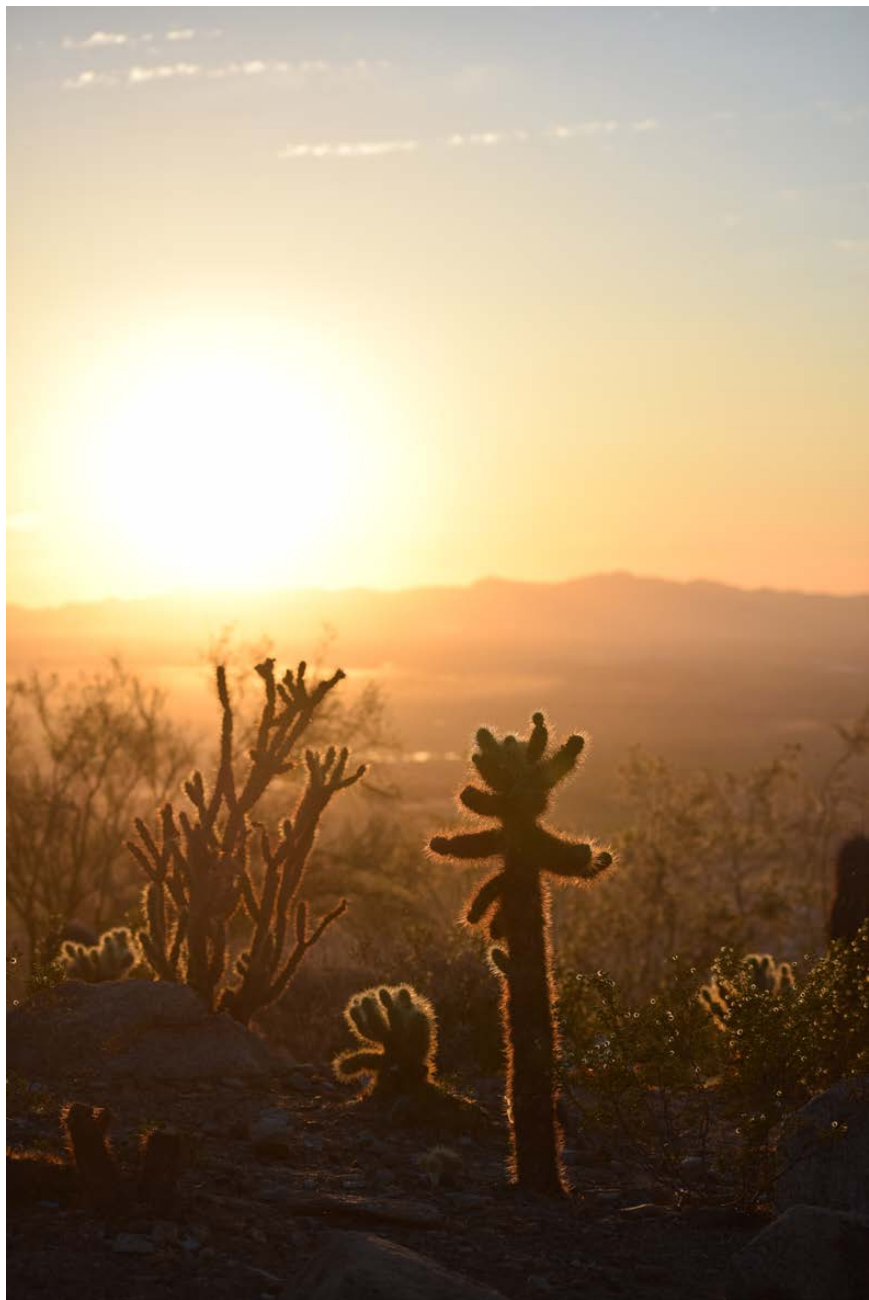
we thirst for good endings
closure
edges clean
but here you take your last breaths
at the advice of a stranger
acting in common best interest

so long, stranger
I shall never know
may you meet peace somewhere soon ●



SEDONA

BY TYLER BROBST



THE GOLDEN HOUR

BY TYLER BROBST

THE WATCHER

(WITH *NIGHT WATCH #7*

BY ROGER SHIMOMURA)

BY TORI RICCELLI

This is an ekphrastic poem based on Night Watch #7 by Roger Shimomura. I saw this piece among many others in a showing about the Japanese internment at an art museum at my school. I myself know very little about the history and cultural experience of the Japanese people during this time, and wrote this poem based on my impressions of Night Watch #7 alone, but I figured it might be relevant to our current political situation.

An old man, stern and gray like my father,
stares at last week's fading newspaper.
dark eyes flicker under a fluorescent light,
his 3rd read this hour in room 5-83.

A young girl scans for the cold, blank moon,
seeking family in it's emotionless stare,
imagining a brother looking up far away,
a silk flower unseen, unappreciated in knotted hair.

A woman takes off her timeworn dress
gray-blue like my wife's own homecoming eyes.
At the temporary freedom of release, a small smile:
I see her wear the dress every Tuesday.

Yes, we see them all.

Trapped life

Contained in long charcoal boxes

Surrounded and confined by the blackened sky.

I am trapped too, here at this station,

with sight over the hopelessly trapped below.

Barbed wire sends its greetings to us

we will not let them leave

Our job to keep the Foreigners in.

The dusty desert for them alone

while we enjoy green grass, blue sky.

So I read the man's inner thoughts

written in wrinkled lines upon his skin

a hope of ended captivity.

And I watch the girl scan my cold, white face,

her moon against a stifling sky,

my gun replacing her brother's slant grin.

And I strip the woman of her privacy

perceived freedom imprisoned by wandering eyes.

Every Tuesday, I clip her wings. ●

SUITS

BY SEAN CANTWELL

I have a suit

For nearly every occasion
Including suits to stand in
And even suits to lay in

Suits for every meal
From breakfast to dinner
Suits for when it's summer
Suits for when it's winter

I've got white suits and gray suits
Maroon suits and brown
I've got suits with stripes
Suits with polka dots abound

Suits made of satin,
Silk, velvet, and wool
Suits that fit tightly
Suits that are full

It's a magical thing
When I don my fine threads
As I saunter through Mayo
The men nod their heads

The women, they swoon
The children, they wave
"Now, that is a suit!"
The old folks exclaim

The other day I woke feeling
Particularly courageous
So I wore a suit
I hadn't worn out in ages

Breathable and light
While perfectly trim
My suit made me excited
For work to begin

But when I strode up
To the Clinic front doors
Normal smiles and winks
Gave way to jaws on the floor

I held my head high
And sauntered down halls
The crowd cleared a path
And clung to the walls

"I've done it! I'm great!"
My inner sartorialist said
Then almost as soon as
These thoughts entered my head

A security guard yelled "get him!"
And took off towards me
"He must want a closer look
And this suit he should see"

When a dozen more guards
Joined the first in stride
I realized that a closer look
Wasn't what they had in mind

Thanks to my garb
I escaped the first few
Slid down the staircase
Evading another two

Dove under a piano
Ran past some Warhols
Hid behind a Rodin sculpture
Thinking I lost the guards

But as I tried to slip out
I missed a wet spot on the floor
My feet ran out from under me
And I landed on all fours

Security soon surrounded me
I knew I was finished
This is the *last time* I wear
My birthday suit to Mayo Clinic ●

#MEDSTUDENTFAIL

BY CROIX FOSSUM

I am seeing a 40 year-old female patient during my family medicine rotation. After taking a history and performing a physical exam I inform the patient that I will be discussing her case with my preceptor. I reach for my notes, and being the smooth student doctor that I am, they slip out of my hand and onto the floor. As I bend down to pick them up I hear a harsh ripping noise and realize I have split the back seam of my pants. The patient's expression does not change, but there is NO WAY she does not hear this. I slowly back out of the room so as not to reveal the evidence and rush down the hall to find my preceptor. Dr. G, who has 5 boys of her own and has seen it all before. She is not even phased by the event. She gives me a white coat that covers my backside and it's smooth sailing for the rest of the afternoon. ●



ROCHESTER SUNRISE

BY TYLER BROBST

UNTITLED

BY SAUMYA SHAH

I sit here on this crisp morning in a secluded descent surrounded by charred rocks, trees—some with leaves taking on the golden and rusty shades of autumn, and others holding their evergreen hue like it is their identity. The rest of my group sits at our base camp chattering away, and I am awfully comforted by their laughter, the occasional giggles, and the intricate conversations about coffee, the ultimate drug to which each one of us seems to be a servant to.

I sit here reading *Tuesdays with Morrie*, a book that is supposedly overflowing with wisdom and teachings for living life. I manage to get through the first twenty pages and then, am distracted by the little vortices that are formed as the water crashes against the nebulous colored rocks. My eyes are mesmerized by the squirrel that keeps on twisting and turning through these trees as if he is the sole owner of the rippling waters, the crinkling leaves, and everything in between.

I sit here thinking about how blessed I am. How blessed am I to be taking four days to retreat into the northernmost woods of America to backpack and camp in the middle of my medical education. How blessed am I to be getting to experience a medical student life so holistic; one that teaches me not just the etiology of congestive heart failures and the pathophysiology of pneumothoracies, but one that molds me into a being that knows to balance three worlds that are going to be at a constant battle the rest of my life: the medicine, the social scene, and the Me. Ask the version of Me that existed 100 weeks ago before my big move to Minnesota and I would never have imagined that I would be where I am right now — mentally, physically, and spiritually. I consider myself blessed to be in the realm I am in right now. But that does

not stop my mind from racing away through these woods with thoughts of apprehension. Am I doing enough of what I am supposed to be doing? Should I be studying right now instead of taking four days to canoe along the southern edge of Canada? Should I be more stressed considering the fact that I am in medical school? And the biggest question of them all: where is my life going to be in 3 years? 5? 7? What part of the country am I going to be spending the next phase of my life? Who am I going to marry? When? What kind of a life do I want in the future? There is no concrete answer to a single question above. Yet, the “med student” in me does not fail to ponder each one of these questions for hours on the end. Because the “med student” in me wants a definitive yes and no to everything—the kind of black and white I get looking at pulmonary function tests (PFTs) and determining whether this patient has obstructive lung disease.

I sit here on the very edge of this rock decorated with luscious moss with my feet grazing the air right above the layer of water, appreciating the fact that I am learning to be okay with the unknown. Maybe every individual in their 20s goes through these ebbs and flows in their comfort with the unknown. All I know is that I am surprised to find myself to have grown to the extent that I have. I am proud of myself for taking the time to prioritize personal development and social retreats. I do not think the Me in my second year of college would recognize the present Me. But the present Me knows that nineteen-year-old quite well and is thankful for that version, because that aggressive drive for success is the only reason I am sitting on the very edge of this rock decorated with luscious moss with my feet grazing the air right above the layer of water. ●

DEAR ANTIGEN

BY ELIAS SABA

Where I come from, there weren't many like me: a young lymph cell
surrounded by killer T's,
And for a long time I thought that the problem was me, you see
my father – a killer T cell – has got a bit of a major complex, fueled by a history
of too much complement.
When your day job means being toxic, it's easy to take that home with you...

I remember growing up, back when I'd only imagine of meeting you my antigen,
and he'd say, "Son if you don't plan on killing, you're going to need a lot
of correction."

I said, *But I'm not looking to kill. I just yearn for connection.*

So that's who I was: a progenitor cell with so much potential but stuck in
somebody else's differential
of what I might be and who I could see.

I used to stay up all night, wondering how I could be so mature yet naïve.
There is no heaviness like the weight of expectations you can never achieve.

So one day I said, *Dad I want us to get past this, let's tip the system on its axis.
Instead of fighting antigens, why don't we just use love as prophylaxis!*

He said, "Son its about time I asked of you this: I want you to be just like myself."

I said, *Dad, I just want to be my cell ...*

and not what I ought to be or told to me audibly,
non-obligatory, just me being me, *no apologies ...*

Because I don't believe that the fate of our universe is mere DNA, and I will not
live my life by H-L-A.

I want to live every moment one star in a constellation of chance,
I don't want to fight– I believe in ... *romance*
and slow dance and saying “Je ne sais pas le francais” in France.
Our dreams are made of sugar-coated future, not past,
so someday at last I will look to my antigen and just say:
You ... bring out the best in me, like interleukins-4, 5, 10, and 13.
You make me want to be a better T, the type that never lost my double positivity.
In a world of antibodies, you make me want to be a somebody,
and not just anybody, the type that wants to share every part of me, and show
you my CDs and what it means to be me, and give you a look and say,
You fit me ... to the T.

And it won't always be lock and key– there will be days when the blood runs wild,
but I will love you with every ounce in these twisted corkscrew vessels
because there isn't enough ferritin in the world to hold in this iron-laden love.
And you could show me my flaws– I'm very receptive, and we'd spend the rest
of our days arrested in time, at rest for the moment, because I am yours and
you are mine.

We'll leave my time in the thymus behind us and I'll show you the globe,
or maybe just a globin, hoping that every moment I never take you for granted
or hold you to preconceived expectations of “what might have been”
but rather accept you as you are: as my sweet antigen. Because,
we learn to love people because of who they are, not where they're from.
People don't fit ideals. Our ideals change to fit those we love.
So yes– where I come from there aren't many like me,
But with you that's okay. Signed, your T. ●



PERSPECTIVE

BY TYLER BROBST

YOU KNOW YOU GO TO MAYO WHEN ...

COLLECTED FROM MEDICAL STUDENTS

... you meet the CEO on your walk to work

... your professor tells you Micromedex is wrong

... you judge anyone who doesn't take long QT seriously

... you are at an Immunology grand rounds conference on atypical presentations of chronic granulomatous disease and one specific mutation has 2 documented cases ever and another mutation is listed as "rare." It appears that 2 documented cases ever is not rare enough for Mayo.

... your course director references a conversation he recently had with Joe Biden and the Pope.

... you walk up to a door and expect it to open automatically for you and it doesn't.

... you get an email notification from MayoLMS to do a training module you never heard of ... and you ignore it.

... you always ask yourself, "What is professionalism?"

... you never get lower limb anatomy. ●

AUTHORS



NORA ALI

is a graduating fourth year from Fargo, North Dakota. She received a BS in Biochemistry and a minor in South Asian and Middle Eastern Studies from the University of Minnesota – Twin Cities. She will be starting Dermatology residency at the Mayo Clinic in July 2018 following an internship in pediatrics. Nora enjoys reading memoirs and journaling, and hopes to one day fulfill her childhood dream of authoring a novel.



ADIP BHARGAVA

is from Ellicott City, MD but has bounced around from India to Wisconsin, Tallahassee and Atlanta. He is an avid tennis and ping pong player and loves to write and draw. Adip is fascinated by the intricacies of the brain and the disease process of cancer. He hopes to find the intersection of these interests and incorporate them in his future medical practice.



TYLER BROBST

is a fourth year medical student entering the field of pediatrics. He has always enjoyed artistic expression, having been raised in a family of musicians, and has gotten into photography over the past few years. By taking mostly landscape and nature photos, Tyler combines his love of hiking and exploring the outdoors with his passion for photography.



SEAN CANTWELL

is a fourth-year medical student from Southern California. He will be pursuing a residency in Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery at the Mayo Clinic beginning this July. Apart from submitting poems to medical school creative works publications, he enjoys movie watching, hiking, and just about anything that involves a beach in California.



LILY CHAN

is a 4th year medical student originally from New York. She will be completing psychiatry residency in Boston, MA at the Cambridge Health Alliance. She has continued to be active in the creative arts throughout medical school and hopes to be able to continue to do so in her future career.



CROIX FOSSUM

is a fourth year medical student that will be completing a radiation oncology residency program at the University of Southern California. He enjoys an active lifestyle and believes that one cannot survive in medicine without a sense of humor.



LEAH GRENGS

is a graduating fourth year medical student from St. Paul, Minnesota. She will be starting her Psychiatry residency at UND this July and is looking forward to her graduation and wedding in May. In her spare time she enjoys hanging out with her cats, cooking delicious meals and winning Fitbit challenges.



LENNY HAAS

(right) is a third year medical student at the Mayo Clinic School of Medicine. He is from Hillsborough, New Jersey and is an aspiring pediatrician. He is excited to contribute to this year's *The Tempest* and values both the arts and the sciences.

BOBBY LARSON

(left) is an emerging artist who graduated from the Mason Gross School of the Arts in New Brunswick, NJ. He specializes in abstract paintings and drawings that capture the imagination and inflame the heart.



SHEMONTI HASAN

is a current third year medical student originally from Chandler, Arizona. She is currently interested in pursuing a career in neurology. She is fascinated by the intersection between arts and medicine. She loves dancing, doing arts and crafts, watching anime, reading manga and other comics, and watching the collected works of Hayao Miyazaki.



MITCH HEINER

is a current third year medical student, originally from Ogden, UT. He is interested in a career in Urology and becoming a member of "The Stream Team!" He describes his hairstyle as "second mole to the right and straight on till balding." His interests outside of medicine include fancy pizzas, classic cinema, and mountain biking.



TINA MARIE HENDRICKS

completed her BS in Biomedical Engineering close to home at Arizona State University in 2012, before moving across the world to complete her masters in engineering in Sydney. Outside of her medical education, she is passionate about innovation and entrepreneurship. In her spare time, she enjoys creative writing, crossfitting with her husband, and creating new recipes in her kitchen.



SOMYA JALAN

is from Southern California. She likes to dance, play/watch basketball, snowboard, hike, read, play board games and watch tv. She hopes to maintain work-life balance in her future career as a pediatrician.



JOSIANE JOSEPH

is a young rising author whose works arise from self-reflection and observations of peer interactions. Her major areas of interest include but are not limited to: social justice, diversity and inclusion, character development, faith literature, and healthy expression. She is open to discussion of any area of humanities and especially enjoys (and hopes to produce) pieces that provoke conversation.



ANDREA LYKE

is a current first year medical student. Her piece, entitled "Giving Tree," was submitted and performed at the 2017 Convocation of Thanks commemorating the contribution of donors to the school of medicine.



GOHAR MANZAR

is a second year medical student and grew up in Iowa. She graduated from the University of Texas at Arlington with a major in Biology and a minor in Chemistry, and then got her Ph.D. in Biomedical Engineering from the University of Iowa. She enjoys writing, graphic design, and DIY projects like crafts and sewing. She is grateful to be part of a medical school that places a strong emphasis on the humanities and wellness!



MITCH OBEY

grew up in Chatfield, Minnesota, which is a small rural town just twenty miles south of Rochester. He attended Luther College in Decorah, Iowa for undergraduate studies in biology, and also to play baseball for the Norse. He is very passionate about the culinary arts and pastry, bowhunting, and personal health and fitness.



JEREMIE OLIVER

is a first-year Mayo medical student, originally from the North Shore of O'ahu, Hawai'i. Having lived in Brazil for over two years, he has gained an interest in incorporating humanitarian work in his future surgical practice. He plans to pursue Plastic Reconstructive Surgery, a specialty through which he can cultivate his passion for the arts, in helping restore patients' form and function. His favorite extracurricular activities include sky-diving, long-distance running, and swimming in the Pacific Ocean.



TORI RICCELLI

is a first year medical student originally from upstate New York and currently interested in movement disorders. In addition to medicine, she enjoys getting lost on runs, attempting recipes way beyond her skill level, and binge reading. She is a cat person but thinks dogs are okay too.



ELIAS SABA

is a first year medical student. His poem "Dear Antigen" was performed at the MCSOM Mixed Bag in March of 2017. He is excited to get to showcase his work in this year's edition of *The Tempest*.



ARYA SHAH

is a current third year medical student born and raised in the greatest city on earth: Los Angeles, California. She enjoys watercolors, yoga, and dancing to reggaeton of masters like Daddy Yankee and Wisin y Yandel. She hopes to pursue a career in child psychiatry and to continue making writing and the arts a part of her daily life.



SAUMYA SHAH

is a second year medical student and is originally from Southern California. She embraces the Humanities and is so thankful that MCSOM places such a strong emphasis on these “softer” facets of medicine.



NOELLE THEW

is a first year medical student from New Jersey who graduated from Yale University in 2014 with a degree in Applied Mathematics and Ecology & Evolutionary Biology. In her free time, she enjoys being in the woods, cycling, swimming, and long walks (a good thing since she's never had her own car... a status likely to change in third year).

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