

SUEÑOS

An aerial photograph of a vast landscape, likely a coastal plain or a large field, viewed from a high altitude. The sky is a deep, clear blue, and the ground below is covered in a dense, textured layer of white clouds or low-lying vegetation, creating a sea of white effect. The horizon line is visible in the distance, separating the land from the sky.

*A Literary Magazine
By GW Residents
August 2008*



Napili Bay Beach, Maui, Hawaii

S. Ryan Gregory, M.D.

Sueños 2008 (Vol 1)

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Acknowledgements

Dedicated to
Dr. Kandan Viswalingam



Kandan was resident of the year. And, for good reasons: he was intelligent and compassionate. We dedicate this first GW Internal Medicine literary magazine to him. He will be forever in our thoughts and hearts.

Our Gratitude to

Dr. Joan St. Onge,
Dr. Jehan El-Bayoumi,
and Dr. Alan Wasserman
for their moral and financial support.

Special thanks to
all those who
participated and
donated their work!

Letter from the Editors:

“Sueños” means dreams in Spanish. The wonderful thing about dreams is that they are limitless and unexpected in much the same way as our creativity.

This artistic magazine reflects the inspiring perspectives of our fellow GW residents. We hope that you enjoy this first annual collection of writings, sketches, and photographs.

Editors:

Mary Ann McYat

Mary Reyes

Homan Wai

Mary Reyes, M.D.

“Untitled”





View from Victoria Peak, Hong Kong Homan Wai, M.D.



Victoria Harbour, Hong Kong Homan Wai, M.D.



Peru

Eduardo Zamora, M.D.





Juan Reyes, M.D.

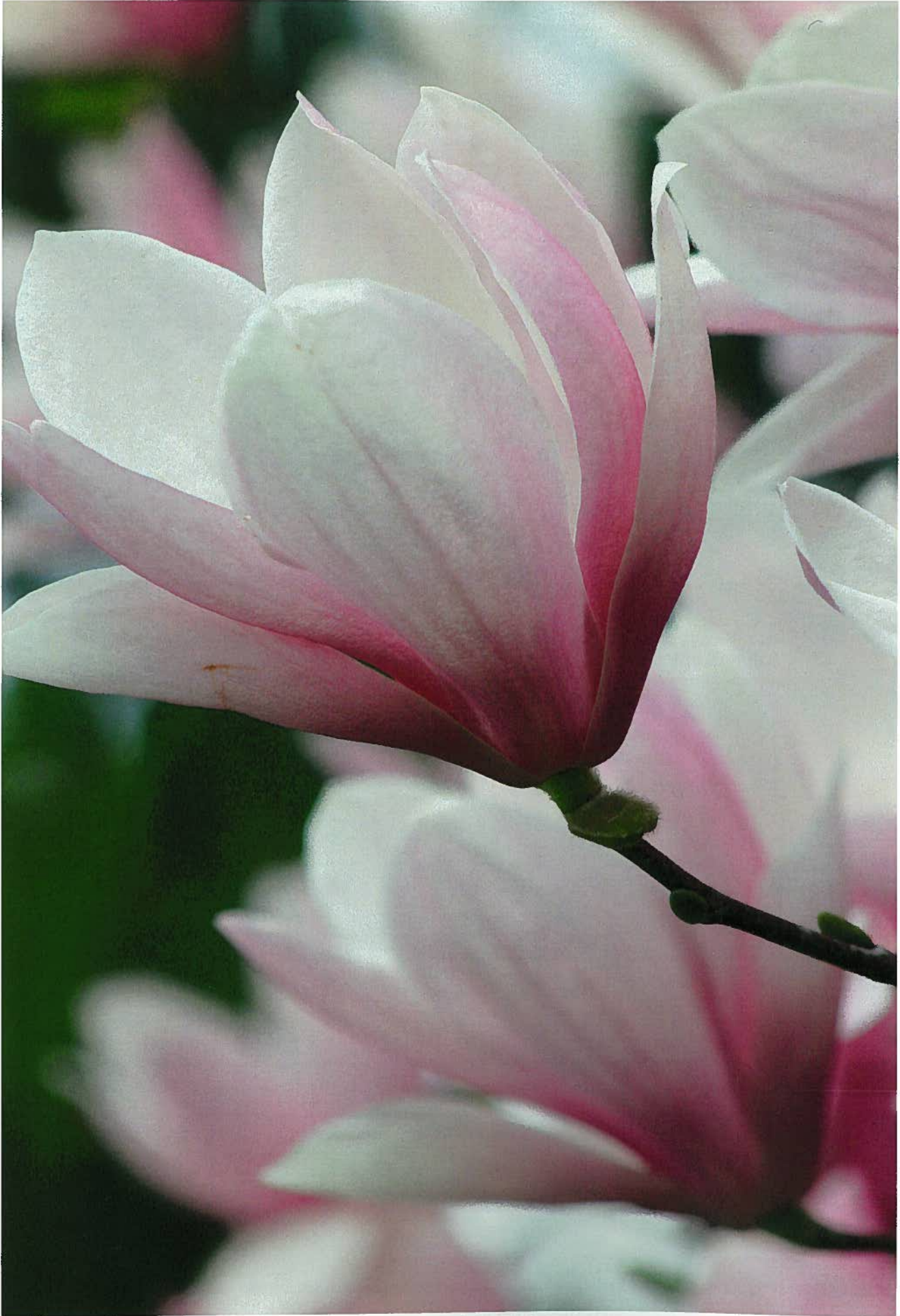
Maasai Women

Maasai Mara National Reserve, Kenya



Juan Reyes, M.D.

Kenyan Lion



For Jenna

*A water strider afraid of being submerged
I dance trepidatiously along the surface of her soul
Delicately caressing the confines of her essence
I tiptoe on the sun's reflection cast upon her flesh
The unrelenting heat of her beauty rapping against my skin
A lifetime of sorrow evaporates into the ether that envelops me
And I suddenly realize that I walk among the living dead
For in a place that is anywhere but inside her, I fade away
For it is not enough to be the sand that blankets her shore
I long to be the shore itself
To capriciously plunge inside her
Bathe in waters that emanate from her heart
I long to dive so deep
To be crushed by her ocean
Readily exsanguinate in her image
Touch the blue of her existence with the red of my blood
Her liquid the only air my lungs hunger
I thrust my ability to breathe on her sacrificial altar
Opening my mouth wide to drink of her love
Drops of her quintessence coalesce upon my lips
Singeing my tongue as they trickle down my throat
The weight of her passion leaves me gasping for air
Readily imbibing the last of her nectar
I willfully drown in her poison*

Basem S. Goueli, MD, PhD



“Untitled”

Mary Reyes, M.D.



“Soumō”, final match of the Yokozuna spring tournament, Japan

Eitan Podgaetz, M.D.



Homan Wai, M.D.

“Untitled”

Eitan Podgaetz, M.D.



Outside metro station in Tokyo Ginza



“Wishes”, Japan

Eitan Podgaetz, M.D.

Kinkaku-ji golden temple, Kyoto

Eitan Podgaetz, M.D.







Blue Mountains, West of Sydney, Australia

S. Ryan Gregoy, M.D.



S. Ryan Gregory, M.D.

Sunset, Lack Jackson, Wyoming



S. Ryan Gregory, M.D.

Tillamook State Park, Oregon Coast Line



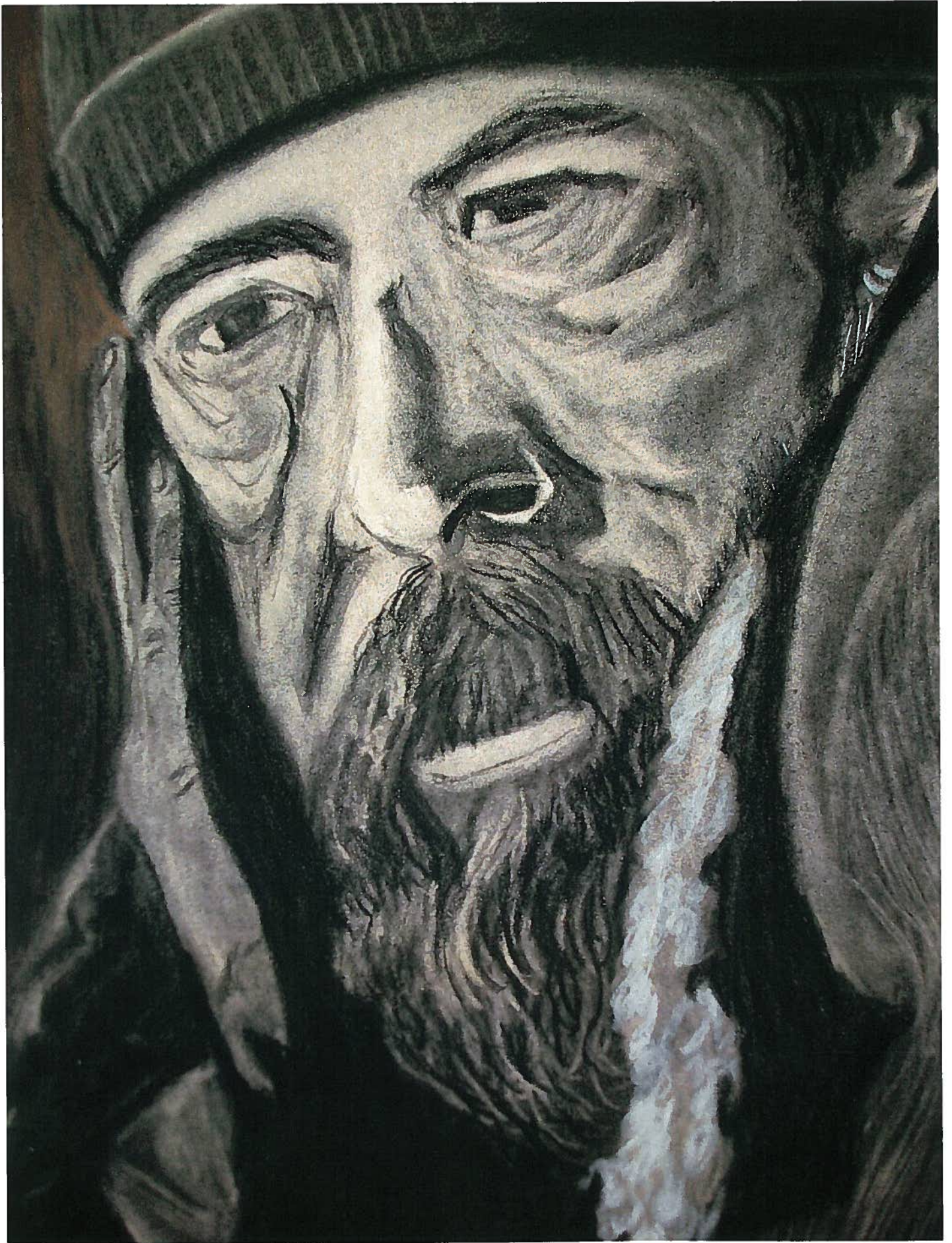
David Popiel, M.D.

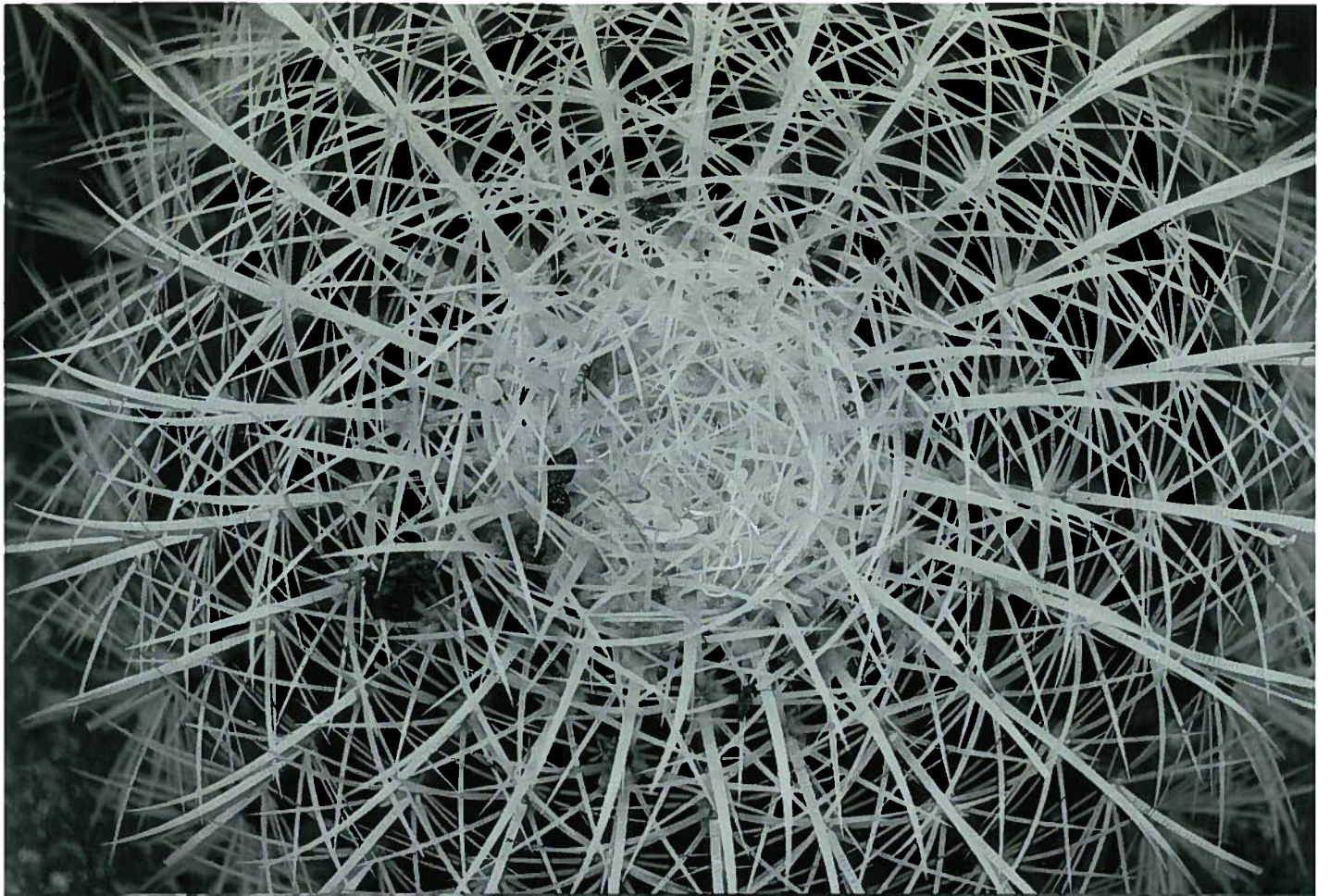
Outside of Uyuni Salt Flats, Bolivia



David Popiel, M.D.

The Bolivian Side of Lake Titicaca





Medical instinct

I'm not normally a superstitious guy. I don't read horoscopes, I don't believe in ghosts, and I'm suspicious of all things spiritual. It's true that I never admit to having a good day when I'm on call, but that's more because I'm afraid of how my team might react than any potential consequences. (Good days are highly jinxable, or so it's said.) This past year, though, when a patient informed me one night that he was going to die before morning, I'll admit that I was unnerved.

This was the kind of guy who was frail enough to go at any time, but there was no particular reason why he should have passed on that night. His blood pressure was fine, his labs were reasonable, and in eyeballing him, he just didn't appear that toxic. Why he thought he was going to die was a mystery to me; yet, he had a look in his eye like he knew something. To make the situation worse, he waited until just before I was heading home to let me know.

I've had many patients die, but this was the first time a patient had ever told me in advance. Usually it's the other way around: I'm the bringer of bad news. Perhaps if he'd have given me a warning shot, as we're taught to do ("Doc, I'm afraid I've got some bad news for you. . ."), I'd have handled it better. But he didn't, and the news troubled me. The problem was, since I couldn't identify anything immediately life-threatening to him, I didn't know what to do about it. I ended up signing out for the cross cover to check in on him that night, and went home for a restless night of sleep myself.

The first thing the next morning I went to see my patient, who was doing fine, precisely as I had left him. How silly I had been. Apparently, my medical instinct had proven more reliable than his spiritual one; either that or the Grim Reaper had made a mistake. It was a victory for medicine and science, and I was cleared, at least temporarily, from charges of incompetence. I don't know everything that happened that night, but in retrospect it appears that my patient had mostly been frightened. He had called out to me in a way that I only partially recognized at the time, asking for comfort and reassurance, and I had failed him by simply responding medically to the situation. Then again, that's what I'm trained to do. The next time, though, that a patient announces his or her impending doom, I expect that not only will my assurances to the contrary carry the weight of a little bit more experience, but also the warmth of a little bit more compassion.

Wyatt Ehrlander, MD



“Untitled”

Paul Jain, M.D.



University Hospital, Kara, Togo (West Africa)

S. Ryan Gregory M.D.



Carnival, Brazil

Maneesh Jain, M.D.

Bottle on the House

In February 2007, I traveled to Brazil with three other college friends for Carnival. While I was there, I had a chance to participate in the Carnival in Salvador and see the famous parade in Rio. We also got a chance to see the Christ Statue and lay on Copacabana beach. On my return flight on United Airlines from Rio to Washington DC, I had an event that required my medical skills. About an hour into the flight, they had announced overhead if there was a doctor on the plane. I went to the front of the plane and noticed an ophthalmologist there too. It turned out that the flight attendant had hit her ankle on the beverage cart which resulted in a decent size laceration and a fair amount of bleeding. The ophthalmologist and I placed sutures to the site to stop the bleeding. We did all of this in the front of the plane right behind the cockpit with an emergency medical kit. We spent the rest of the time talking to the flight attendants. At the end of the flight, we ended up getting a bottle of champagne along with congratulations from the pilots as we left the plane. I guess you never know when your medical skills might come in handy!

Maneesh Jain, M.D.



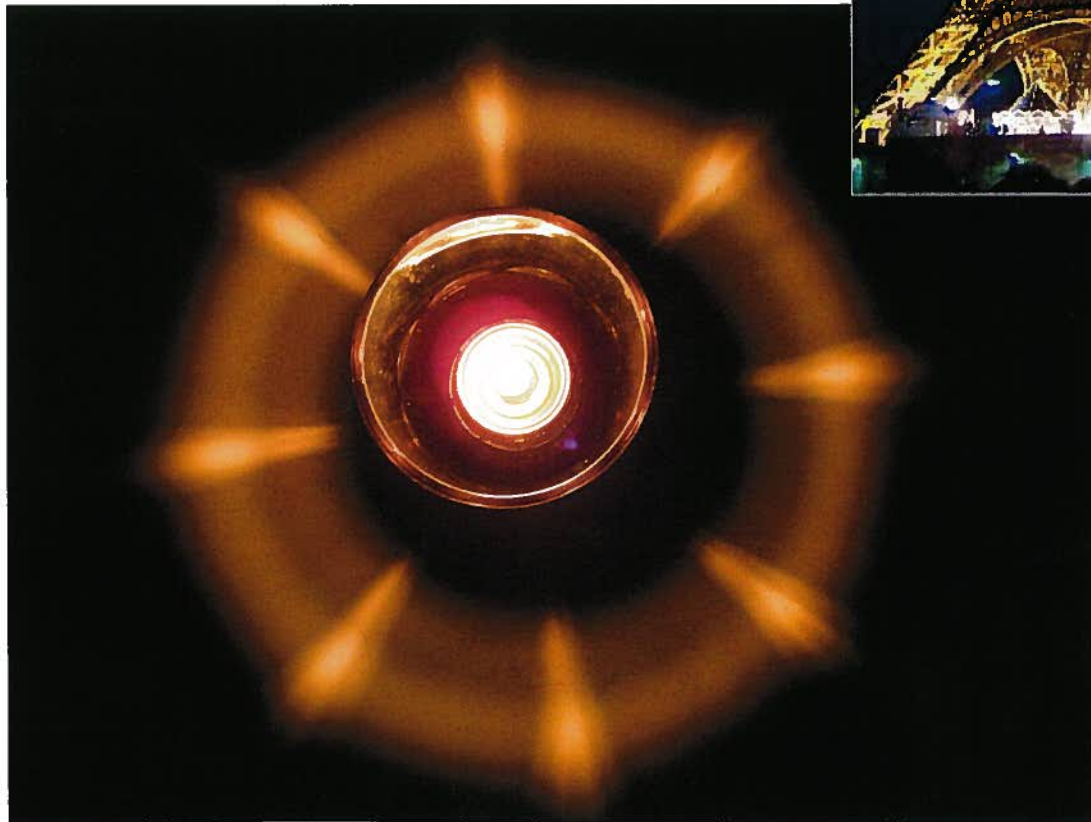
Juan Reyes, M.D.

“Untitled”

Homan Wai, M.D.

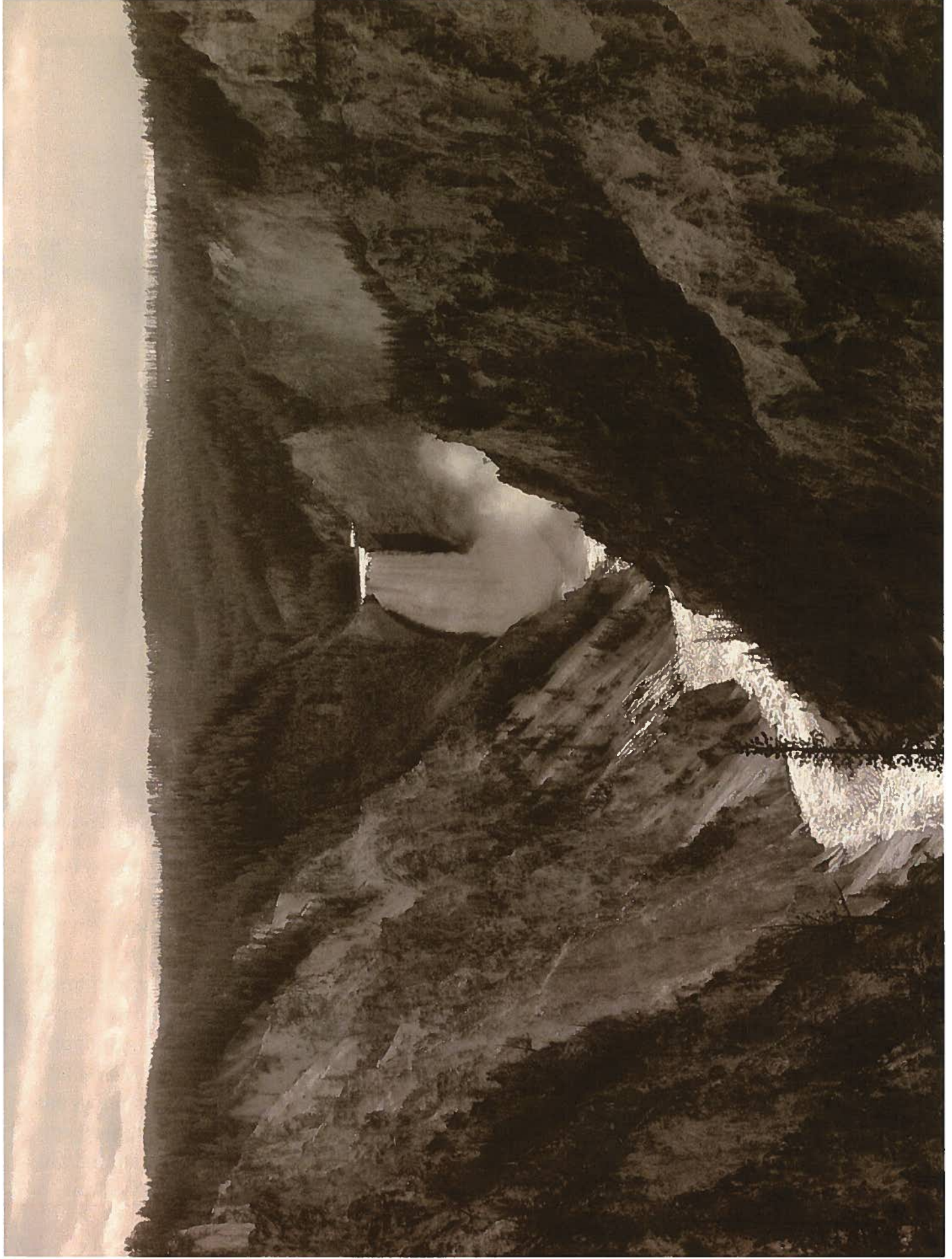


Eiffel, Paris



Homan Wai, M.D.

“Untitled”



Artist Point, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming

S. Ryan Gregory, M.D.

MASTER CRAFTSMAN

Oh Lord, Master Craftsman...

Flood my heart with the light of your love
and be the Artisan of my life.

Every tattered and torn thread of my life
You weave into the most gorgeous tapestries.

Every shard of glass of a shattered attempt of good

You purposely mold into radiant crystal.

Every splinter of my stumbling existence

You skillfully whittle into sculptures
of meaning and beauty.

Be the Artisan of my life

That every thread, shard, and splinter of my life

Be crafted into a most wonderful work of art
worthy of you!

Jeremy Carpenter, M.D.

Silent Night

Finally, a moment to lie down.
The tasks of the night are complete
and the ward is still and quiet.
If their illnesses will allow,
the patients too now may sleep
and take a short respite
from the symptoms that ail them.

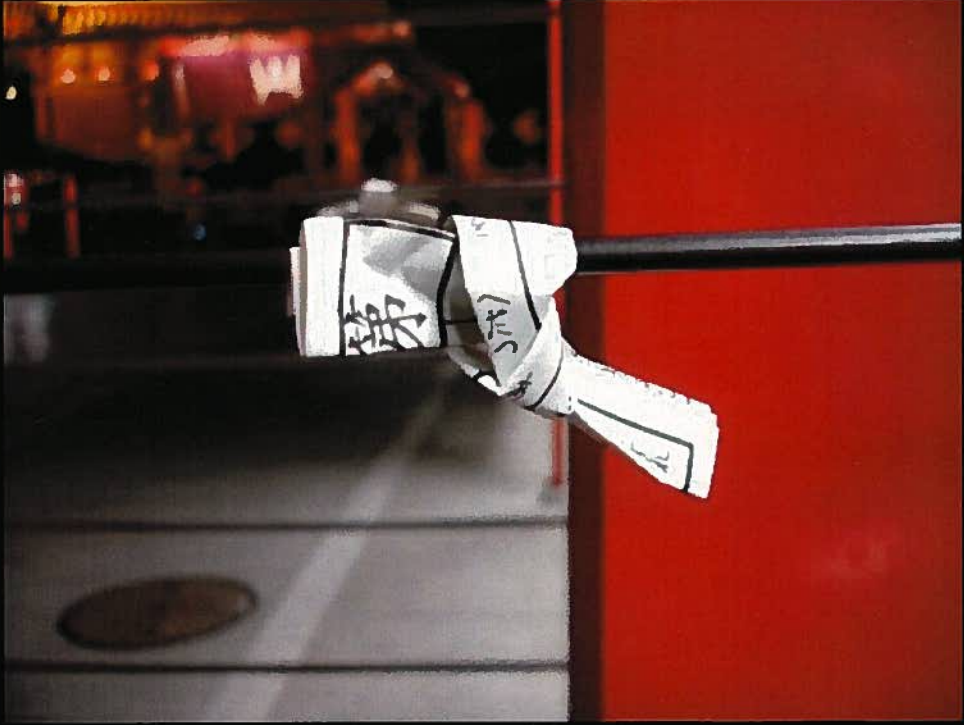
A rare luxury it is
to remove the white coat
and rest with one's patients,
letting the lines of distinction blur
between carer of and cared for.
A sweet slumber it will be,
restorative to body and mind.
Sweet, yet cautious.
The shepherd too knows sleep like this,
one eye shut in rest
the other cocked half-open,
scanning the field for shadows
that may flick and flutter across it
and threaten his flock.
Interruptions are begrudged,
but more feared is the fully silent night,
which suggests that the sleep was too deep
and that luxury may have turned to negligence.
The sleep of call is usually devoid of dreams,
but a recurrent nightmare does exist:
that upon awakening the flock will be one fewer,
a cloud of oblivion having obscured
the helpless calls of a patient who lay dying.

How deep dare one dive
Into the sweet embrace of oblivion?
A single frightening thought piercing
What if the pager isn't working
Or worse yet, the high-pitched beeps sounded
But were not enough to rouse the clouded mind.

And that when one returns to the ward,
the flock is stolen and gone.
To join one's patients in slumber
Is a rare privilege to be cherished.
Minute by minute restoring
Metered in minutes
The nurses stand guard
How deep dare one dive
Into the sweet embrace of oblivion?
The patients by all outward measure
Seem content and stable,
and if their illness too may sleep,
They will be quiet until morn.
This sleep learned from the cave ancestors
The sweet encloaks enwraps in
Restorative, replenishing the mind with power
A battery charging

These are precious, stolen moments of the night,
and interruptions are begrudged.
Yet a night uninterrupted by alarms
Also unnerves
With the thought that luxury may have
Turned to negligence
That pages were slept through
While a patient lie dying.
Usually an interval beeping
will punctuate the night.
Calls from concerned nurses
About matters big and small
No dreams and beeping will at interval
Interrupt
Devoid of dreams yet luxurious nevertheless
it serves not to fertilize the mind
But to recharge it.

Wyatt Ehrlander, MD



Mary Ann McYat, M.D.

“Tokyo Fortune”

Mary Ann McYat, M.D.



“Greek Lights”

