2013

Inside Out, Spring 2013

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INSIDE OUT

JeffArts Literary Magazine

Spring 2013

Editors-in-Chief

Dierdre Axell-House
Emily Fay

Editors

Michael Barbato
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Yuting Mao
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Ethan Sellers
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Dr. Michael J. Vergare

The Jefferson Arts organization was founded primarily to offer Jefferson students the opportunity to express themselves through art. The Jefferson Arts Organization focuses on such media as art and photography, writing, and music and supports diverse activities including live readings, art exhibits and musical performances. In addition, the organization publishes *Inside Out*, an annual art and literary journal which showcases photography, paintings, sketches, short stories, poems and essays contributed by Jefferson students. All of these activities are designed to bring more diversity to the Jefferson community; to allow students, faculty and staff the chance to stop and reflect on their daily lives; and to provide a creative outlet from the rigors of school and work.

View the online version of *Inside Out* at
http://www.jefferson.edu/inside_out/index.cfm

Foreword

Some would say that Jefferson’s attention to the arts goes back to the alumni decision to purchase the *Gross Clinic* by Thomas Eakins. At the time this work was considered radical in subject matter and style. Since then there have been many additions to our campus art collection, but none as fresh as those that appear in this issue of *Inside Out*.

This venue for student expression began in 2000, but the support waned in 2004. It was revived in 2009 and continues to evolve in scope of the media presented and quality of work. The selection process relies on a hard working committee of students who are supported by a cross section of faculty and staff. I wish to extend my sincere appreciation to all of those students who contributed their creative work for us to enjoy in this publication.

Michael J. Vergare, MD
Senior Vice President for Academic Affairs
Thomas Jefferson University
Spring 2013

Submission Information

Submissions may be emailed to Dorissa.Bolinski@jefferson.edu. Photographic submissions should be saved in a .jpeg file using the highest resolution possible. Artwork should be photographed from a direct angle, without glare or visible background, and saved in the same manner as photographs. Artists who submit non-non-photographic material will be given the opportunity to have their accepted pieces professionally photographed by a Jefferson photographer in order to assure the best presentation in the printed magazine.

All submissions will be reviewed anonymously; not all submissions will be printed. Please note that entries will be judged as submitted; *Inside Out* will not crop, sharpen or otherwise adjust an improperly-saved graphic submission.

Manuscripts (prose, poetry, translations, short plays, etc.) should be submitted in a Word-compatible document, and saved under the name of the piece (or “untitled,” if applicable).

All submissions MUST be accompanied by a separate cover letter document containing the following:

- Author or artist’s name
- Email address and local phone number
- College, department or undergraduate program and year in school
- Genre and title of each submission

Inside Out does not publish anonymous submissions or previously published works. Further submission inquiries may be addressed to JeffersonArts@jefferson.edu.

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Evan J. Slagle

Mom,

Ethan Sellers

Mom,

Remember the doldrums
On the lake at dusk
When we paddled
Across to grassy shallows?
You spotted the Great Blue first,
Of course, spread one hand,
Fingers splayed
Just above the water's surface,
As if to still the ripples from our wakes,
And extended your other arm
Toward the heron in the reeds.

It watched as our kayaks drifted closer,
Serpentine neck moist with lilac
Light sifting through over-arching oaks,
Minnows darting between its crossed legs.
The lap of waves against the nearby bank
Was a prayer and you and I were praying.

I never told you, but that night
I dreamt you came into my room,
Slipping between moon-beams
To sit beside my bed. As I slumbered,
Wings unfolded from your back
To encircle me, feathers brushed
Across my chest, the ebb and flow
Of your breath beaded like dew
On my eyelashes, and crickets
Outside pressed their legs together
Over and over again.

Christina Nguyen

Sarah Drejet

Nishi Dedania

Daniel Gealy

Michela Mickler

Chemo

Emily Fay

My savior drips.
A battle flag hoisted above my head,
armored in polyethylene,
garrisoned over me in my defeat.

It *drip, drip... drips*.
Along its tubular highway, it trickles,
weaving between week-old flowers and sympathy cards
to reach the central line beside my heart.

I feel their fight.
My rescuer floods the jagged mass
of cells born of my own marrow, gone rogue.
Shots reverberate throughout my blood, my bones.

A brutal war,
a butchery of rebels sworn to my deposition.
Countless civilians perish by my hero's hand,
sloughed off, hair lost to the gentlest touch.

I wait, wait, *wait...*
for my reckless ally to claim victory
and drain back to its plastic fort above my head, its throne.
I wait for it to leave my blighted, ravaged home.

I can't rebuild,
as the teasing uncertainty of revitalized insurgency
still echoes on in aches and twinges undefined,
and hope broods in the dark, despondent corners of my mind.

I'll leave this place.
Until I let life live in me again,
until this body feels like home, where blood flows pure,
I'll leave myself to you-
my rash emancipator,
my liquid liberator,
my devastating Cure.

Dierdre Axell-House

Michela Mickler

Michela Mickler

Kami L. McManus

Wendy Diao

Laura Steel

I've Come to Know Sepia

Ethan Sellers

In your voice like the latte I order each morning
From you so I can hold its warmth
Against my cheek and ask myself

What if, when I first fumbled
In my blindness, instead of grasping china,
I brushed the back of your hand,

My fingers skimming along the stretch
Of yours to collide with the hillocks
Of knuckles rolling down to an expanse

Of skin? I could smell a trace of flour
In your hair from when it puffed into the air
As you kneaded dough in dawn light

With the same hands I wanted to turn over,
Continue my cartography, trace the rifts
On your palms, pressed there years ago

From your mother's womb, and wonder
If her neck was flush with freckles
The way I imagined yours.

But I measure distances in the depth
Of sound, navigate the static shiver
Of objects just beyond my reach.

Continued...

Yes, I've been blind much too long
To miss the drink you offered, cradled
Careful as captured star-glow in your hands,

But not long enough to forget
The color of sepia,
Or know your eyes must be blue.

et al.: Inside Out, Spring 2013

Jonathan Elias

Rebecca Julian

Daniel Gealy

Emily Fay

Dierdre Axell-House

Nicholas Bishop

San Discern

James G. Smith

His eyes lowered and stayed that way for quite some time. Gradually the man turned to stone and waited until he was told he was needed. Alas no one ever needed him, and he remained as stone for many decades. He weathered away, edges soft; people brushed by him, but never needed him. Their words were soft and adequate enough to keep him around, present, but never enough to break the stone that surrounded his emaciated body. The stone figure, now old, gently closed its eyes and never awoke from its humble sleep. I too, wish to be this man.

Jessi Hadwin & Reid Phillips

Vanessa Mazandi

Nicholas Bishop

Yuhang Zhou

Useless

Dierdre Axell-House

My father’s tone is strained
on the phone, he speaks
in a voice that stands at the
edge of a gorge.

Minutes ago, late at night,
my brother’s head
falls to his chest, his hands
weigh on the wheel, his foot
still on the pedal.

On a deserted road,
the car jumps and awakes.
Bored with asphalt, it rushes
onto the dusty topsoil of a
harvested cornfield.

Straight ahead, a tree stands.
You can’t play chicken with
a tree.
No, no don’t tell me.
Don’t harvest him!

But metal and wood don’t
flinch. And the horrendous
kiss like a thunderclap
near your ear
can be heard from the road.

My brother’s face is serene
as the flames ooze out of the
engine, crawling until
they see he is unaware
and then the car is a smithy

hissing and clanging with the weight
of the furnace.
No, don’t tell me
Don’t scorch him! I cannot reach the
car. I cannot wake him.

et al.: Inside Out, Spring 2013

A dark figure races to
the car, grasps the door handle,
pries him out and pulls
him away by the arms as
flames char the driver’s seat.

As the figure drags his weight,
the scythed cornstems stick up
from the ground like many
daggers and wake my brother.
He screams.

His right leg hangs like a puppet’s
without a string. His face is
lumped up and purple.
No, don’t tell me. Don’t haul him away.
He’s not trash! He’s not worthless.

He tears one arm away and
cradles the limb. It too
has lost its string. My brother
can’t see the figure, and can’t
remember what happened.

His wrung body waits
and the ambulance comes
and the figure disappears
For a moment he lays, with
the crackling car.

They strap him to a stretcher
And load him into the back. I scramble
at the unyielding doors, but my hands
pass through them. I’m not there
for him. I’m not there.

Hundreds of miles away,
a girl is on the phone
with her father.
And all she can do is listen.

Christina Nguyen

Christina Nguyen

Shelter

Nona Lu

Your stories

thin as the ice of your New England life
gentility bought with youth
flashed away
dissipated with the calm deluge
of women

who scurried
to their furtive devotions
to their blessed lady of tiny luxuries

(somewhere you
prayed for the scent of rocks)

Jonathan Yadlosky

Nicholas Bishop

Nishi Dedania

Alex Moxam

The Road

Michael Barbato

Through the air—like glass, sharp and clear—My sight pierces the field and follows the landscape for miles

Finally, it lands softly on the trees—like inviting benches and leaves—like cushions

The scene relaxes every muscle, melts away each thought—to sleep

The sky was my blanket, covering the world in transparent warmth

All was calm—tender and cherished, as the felt heartbeat of a loved one

The kind of refrain that makes your eyes shut and your body feel

I felt

The sun, the twisting breeze,

The dirt and the trees.

Deep breaths to stay awake,

Tingling extremities.

I never want to leave the view behind.

Truly, this must be serenity—dripping down and landing here.

Further now, I pass.

I can't hear the heartbeat.

It all became marred by a dirty, winding road—up and down, through the field like an ischemia.

Disgusting, now awake. I long for sleep.

Contributors

- Dierdre Axell-House:** Jefferson Medical College, 2015
- Michael Barbato:** Jefferson Medical College, 2015
- Nicholas Bishop:** Jefferson Medical College, 2016
- Nishi Dedania:** Jefferson Medical College, 2014
- Wendy (Wei) Diao:** Jefferson Medical College, 2015
- Sarah Drejet:** Jefferson Medical College, 2014
- Jonathan Elias:** Jefferson Medical College, 2015
- Emily Fay:** Jefferson Medical College, 2015
- Daniel Gealy:** Jefferson Medical College, 2014
- Jessi Hadwin and Reid Phillips:** Jefferson Medical College, 2016
- Rebecca Julian:** Jefferson School of Health Professions, 2015
- Nona Lu:** Jefferson Medical College, 2014
- Vanessa Mazandi:** Jefferson Medical College, 2014
- Kami L. McManus:** Jefferson School of Health Professions, 2014
- Michela Mickler:** Jefferson Medical College, 2015
- Alex Moxam:** Jefferson Medical College, 2016
- Christina Nguyen:** Jefferson Medical College, 2014
- Ethan Sellers:** Jefferson Medical College, 2016
- Evan J. Slagle:** Jefferson School of Pharmacy, 2013
- James G. Smith:** Jefferson School of Nursing, 2014
- Laura Steel:** Jefferson Graduate School of Biomedical Sciences, 2014
- Jonathan Yadlosky:** Jefferson Medical College, 2015
- Yuhang Zhou:** Jefferson Graduate School of Biomedical Sciences, 2016

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Lyn Sobolewski, Director, Special Programs, Jefferson School of Nursing

Michael J. Vergare, MD, Senior Vice President, Academic Affairs, Thomas Jefferson University, Chairman, Department of Psychiatry and Human Behavior

Evan J. Slagle

Daniel Gealy