About the Cover Artist

“Tranquil Morning,” entered as landscape photographic art, is the first cover by a University of Maryland, Baltimore alumnus. **Christopher Frisone**, MSN, a certified registered nurse anesthetist, is a graduate of the University of Maryland School of Nursing. His ethereal sunrise image of what remains of a pier near Nags Head, N.C., was captured using a 10-stop neutral density filter to smooth out the large ocean waves.
Hallelujah! This is what comes to mind when I think of where we have been, all that we have been through and sacrificed, and where we are today. And while I appreciate that we are still navigating uncharted pandemic terrain, when I look at the art within these pages, I am filled with tremendous hope.

A hallelujah is a shout or song of praise or thanks. A song of praise is what I hear as I look at the art created by our faculty, staff, students, alumni, and community members. And I sing a song of thanks as I think of all that many of these same artists — and the rest of the University of Maryland, Baltimore community — have done for humanity during the COVID-19 pandemic.

We are cautiously returning to work in our offices and our children are returning to school, we have been able to reconnect with our families and friends, and we are attending weddings and funerals once again, albeit with extreme care. And we are getting back to experiencing art together — in person, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart — with a mask that covers our faces but not our hearts and minds.

I think that we all deserve a hallelujah — for what we have been through, alone and together, and for how we have come together to endure the last year and a half, as a society, as a community, as a family. And for how art has helped transform our grief and isolation into a celebration of healing, renewal, and hope for the future.

One final note: We learned shortly before sending this third edition to print that we had won a national award for our work. 1807 received first place in PRNEWS’ worldwide competition for our submission “Bridging the Arts and Science.” We are the recipient of the Corporate Social Responsibility Award for an Annual Publication/Brochure, and included in our submission was the Pearl Street Gallery. I encourage you to take a moment to stroll through this outdoor gallery to immerse yourself in the award-winning art created by your friends, colleagues, and fellow artists.

Our Mission
The University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) Council for the Arts & Culture (the Council) is pleased to share the third edition of 1807. 1807 strives to encourage members of the UMB community to express themselves creatively through art and the written word. The annual journal showcases the talents of our faculty, staff, students, and the broader UMB community and neighbors in the visual arts (painting, drawing, illustration, digital art), photography, varied media (sculpture, clay, metal, glass, textiles, jewelry, wood), and the written word (short story, essay, narrative, poetry). 1807 seeks high-caliber, unpublished works that broadly and creatively relate to the Council’s themes of social justice, health, healing, the mind, and the body.

Jennifer B. Litchman, MA
Founder and Chair, Council for the Arts & Culture
Editor in Chief, 1807: An Art & Literary Journal
Senior Vice President for External Relations and Special Assistant to the President
I’m pleased to welcome you to the third issue of 1807: An Art & Literary Journal, which serves to display the incredible talents of the University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) community through art and the written word.

As an honorary chair of UMB’s Council for the Arts & Culture, I’ve witnessed UMB’s commitment to celebrating the creative talents of the University and its surrounding neighborhoods. This annual journal showcases the gifts and variety of artistic media of UMB faculty, staff, students, alumni, and neighbors.

The Baltimore arts community continues to enrich this city and the quality of life in the state of Maryland. Art allows us to see through different viewpoints, to notice the world around us, and to reflect. Art has many positive benefits — from improving medical outcomes and helping to express our grief to reducing stress and anxiety. As an artist and advocate for art education, I support the role of the arts in building a vibrant society.

Congratulations to the artists featured in this year’s journal, and as readers, I hope that you are inspired and moved by their work.

Yumi Hogan
First Lady of Maryland
What a year it has been since we produced our last issue of 1807 — a year wrought with a pandemic, social strife, and political unrest. But I am proud — not only of the resilience of our University of Maryland, Baltimore community to persevere and rise above these trying times, but of the creativity that was summoned in response to what we endured.

Many artistic pieces featured in this year’s journal were in reaction to events of the last year. As you look through this beautiful, eye-catching third issue of 1807: An Art & Literary Journal, I ask you to take the time to read the passages, absorb the handsome artwork, and peruse the art descriptors that often reveal insight and detail about the artists’ handiwork, specifics that might otherwise go unnoticed.

*The Healing Environment: Without and Within* (R. Staricoff, S. Loppert, D. Kirklin, R. Richardson) claims that there is “evidence that engagement with artistic activities, either as an observer of the creative efforts of others or as an initiator of one’s own creative efforts, can enhance one’s moods, emotions, and other psychological states as well as have a salient impact on important physiological parameters.” My hope is that 1807 lifts and impacts you as you turn each page.

And lastly, I challenge you — artists and observers — to identify and embrace not only the art within 1807, but to reflect upon your special gifts that you share with the world. And although not all of our gifts can be captured on a page, it is our collective contributions in scholarship, research, care, and outreach that have — in part — allowed us to navigate the recent past and find our unique fulfillment in an ever-changing world.

*Bruce E. Jarrell, MD, FACS*
*UMB President*
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Digital Media Specialist, Dean’s Administration
School of Pharmacy

Michael Woolley
Associate Professor
School of Social Work
**Ink & Paint 3**
Illustration, 11”x14”
Alcohol ink, acrylic paint

**Liz Stehr, RN**
Student
School of Nursing

*Liz says she started these alcohol ink and paint illustrations during the pandemic as a way to meditate after work. As a nurse and mother of young children during this time, the sensory overload, stress, and constant need to think critically made her realize that she needed a way to turn it off at home.*
We haven’t really changed much. Banging our heads against walls trying to figure out this earth and our existence. We’ve gotten fancier tools, sure, but they still can’t answer some of life’s biggest questions. Not alone. Alchemy and magic, rituals and dance, songs and stories — are these not just different manifestations of the same investigative process? To mix elements, to meditate, to express and create. To write and weave logic into words, and paragraphs into papers. To speak in front of large crowds — bonfires replaced by podiums. What if we set fire to the wood again? Thoughts and hearts aflame. Why do we hide behind scientific jargon, covering ourselves in complex language? For fear that someone might just understand us? Might just see what we’re saying. Might just feel something. Might just find out what we really are — human. Science has always been a matter of curiosity and discovery. An attempt to make sense, to comfort our souls in a world that contains so much uncertainty. It was science when it happened around a fire with songs and dances and stories, and it remains science even if our songs and rituals look a little different now. I see the humility, the humanness, the vulnerability, the desire for knowledge in all of it. We’re still performing rituals. We’re still conducting magic. We still have a lot to learn. And we aren’t fooling anyone.

This informal essay was inspired by the idea that science and spirituality have an important synergistic relationship that is often overlooked and frequently discouraged in mainstream academia. When the forces of indigenous wisdom and inner knowing come together with scientific inquiry, the result is monumental. Existential wonder is fundamental to the human experience. Both the quantitative and the qualitative data are vital in creating a more complete scientific dialogue.

What about the guts?
I don’t want to hear about the glory.

Tell me how your heart was ripped open so your passion could be set free.

Tell me how your intuition led you right to the swamp.

Tell me how you had one way out and no choice but bravery.

Tell me.
Tell me.

And then we’ll talk about how curiosity guides us like a light in the clouds.

How I’ve had this fire in me since I stepped foot on this earth and it’s never going out.

How the stars already know everything and it’s up to us to write it down.

I’m really only interested in the guts right now.

This work was inspired by making the decision to apply to graduate school. It was equally inspired by the saturation of highlight reels on social media and growing frustration with people only sharing their good news and not their challenges. These tough moments are important, too. They are the ones that make us. They are the ones that give us meaning, depth, and wisdom.
The Faun
Varied media
Holly Hammond, MS
Laboratory research supervisor
School of Medicine

This statue is a mixed-media creation inspired by the story “Pan’s Labyrinth.” The fearsome nature of this somewhat benevolent creature embodied a lot of the fear and unknowns of the current pandemic.
Through the Fog
Medium-format photography

Bradley Knight, MPH
Epidemiologist
School of Medicine alumnus

Fog roles in randomly in Acadia National Park.
The right timing with fog through the pine trees is an eye-catcher.
Chaos to Order: A Neuro-Sequential Art Response to COVID-19

Painting
Alcohol ink, watercolor, collage on Yupo paper
Series of eight

Peggy Kolodny, MA, ATR-BC, LCPAT
Adjunct faculty
School of Social Work

This series is self-care response art to the first chaotic months of the pandemic. Each painting is on 3 1/2” x 2 1/2” Yupo paper, using alcohol inks and watercolor; then collaging in phrases from a chapter Peggy had written on art therapy and the neurobiology of trauma.
Plague Doctor in Spring
Collage, 7”x10”
Magazine/glue
Jennifer Frederick
Student/Intern
Carey School of Law

This piece was made during spring when we were feeling the full force of the COVID-19 pandemic.
Starlings

The hiss and sheen of invisible life, ghosts and microbes gnashing air, clutching the wind.

You wash your clothes. You wash your hands. You start the shower. You step into water and become water.

This is one moment in a river of moments. You think of the starlings that fill the trees near your office, how they swarm and glisten like feathered fire, picking invisible life from the grass.

Right now, as the water runs from your hair in clear veins, they’re gathering breakfast from the soil, chattering in the trees, turning in the rain-filled gutters to wash the city from their wings. Right now they’re just like you, vibrant, invisible, nimble, clean.

A Promise in Plague-Time

At six feet I’ll call your name, my voice full of web and wormwood.

At five feet, you’ll look the same as you did in winter, cinders in your eyes, your body still and bright as a pilot light.

At four feet, I’ll show you my gift of bread and new poems, work of the hidden spring.

At three feet, our hands.

At two feet, we’ll break bread: the earth will steam out of it, returning to us by crust and crumb.

At one foot, I’ll lean my head against your arm, and tell you the story of all these days without you:
desert of the bed, wilderness of bookshelves, and the voice that lives inside me,
soothed with coltsfoot, sweetened with laurel, waiting for you.

Wild Things Want You to be Wild

Meanwhile, starlings crowd power lines, waiting for us to disappear. Dogs wait patiently for doors to drop away and rabbits to reveal themselves in the shimmer of the next life.

We would know this, if only the inbox would cease its urgent chime, if the news weren’t everywhere all at once.

At 2 a.m., nagged awake by a dream of walls and the hundred tiny needles of anxiety, you rise up in the dark, walk to the bathroom, lower your head, and drink from the tap.

The city’s water is cold and clear as the moonlight pouring through the window, and as you look outside, you’re amazed by a family of deer roaming your street,

chewing down pots of hostas. For a moment you’re one of them again, furred and hungering again, your body an instrument of moonlight. You open yourself to the starling’s dream, the dog’s dream, ghost woods and unnamed streams rising from some part of you that was always there, pushing.

You take off your clothes, and there in the bathroom, moonlight like spun sugar in your hair, you dance. Because you are always alone, like tonight, in the dark, right now.

And you are always the woods, like tonight, in the dark, right now.

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Starlings

A Promise in Plague-Time

Wild Things Want You to be Wild

Poetry

Preston Stone, MFA
Manager, web development
School of Dentistry

These poems were written in the spring of 2020, during the lockdown. They are being simultaneously published in Samsara Magazine.
A Morning to Remember
35 mm digital photography
Series of three: Dawn – Every sunrise is a new chapter in life waiting to be written.

Christopher Frisone, MSN, CRNA
School of Nursing alumnus

This image was taken in Redwood National Park in California as the sun and trees created dramatic light rays and shadows through the morning mist.
Tranquil Morning
35 mm digital photography
Series of three: Dawn – Every sunrise is a new chapter in life waiting to be written.

Christopher Frisone, MSN, CRNA
School of Nursing alumnus

This photo was taken at what remains of a pier near Nags Head, N.C. Sunrise is captured using a 10-stop neutral density filter to smooth out large ocean waves.
Dawn on the Chesapeake
35 mm digital photography
Series of three: Dawn – Every sunrise is a new chapter in life waiting to be written.

Christopher Frisone, MSN, CRNA
School of Nursing alumnus

This image was taken just before sunrise.
Wilde Lake
Painting, 16"x20"
Acrylic
Series of two: Nature Heals
A-Lien Lu-Chang, PhD
Professor
School of Medicine

These paintings were made during the hard times of the pandemic. The artist walked around the lake and observed the spring flowers and fall leaves. Her walks at nearby lakes and gardens helped her relax and provided visual and auditory inspiration.
Brookside Garden
Painting, 16"x20"
Acrylic
Series of two: Nature Heals
A-Lien Lu-Chang, PhD
The Astronomer

Only the hottest stars shine invisible blue-beyond-blue rangy and voluble glory.

Anybody out there?

Airwaves full of alien beeps and crackles, rising carbon dioxide, nukes.

His team sent balloons, sounding rockets, the space shuttle to a thousand stars and raging gas clouds, to extraterrestrial civilizations building the cosmos.

Brash.

He was bigger than life. Loved body and soul.

A burning man.

RIP Stuart Boyer
Astronomer and Seeker Berkeley, California

The Artist

Wood sculptor basket maker rare tree hunter rusty bike rider buzz chain sawer maple carver twig molder mulberry stripper vase maker lichen weaver bark scratcher reverent respecter Haystack teacher Penland mentor:

I might have worked beside you on those rocky Maine hills that tumble into sea, in our studios of wood and clay.

RIP Dorothy Gill Barnes, 93
Wood artist and sculptor Columbus, Ohio

The Baker

When the pandemic wave crashed the baker placed baskets of fresh-baked bread, pizza, sweets outside his Milan shop.

A hand to those in need.

An apprentice goldsmith who had never touched dough, his gilded hands kneaded flours into focaccias and panes.

Help yourself, think of others.

Every day he baked. Every day for 130 years the bakery created bread.

I wanted to sell a product people will always need.

After the virus felled the baker neighbors left sugar, pasta, sauce beside bread-filled baskets and his daughter donned his apron.

People always need bread.

RIP Gianna Bernardinello
Baker
Milan, Italy

The Child

One morning Honestie stepped out the back door of her home to police, guns drawn.

Officers grabbed her arms, handcuffed her.

Honestie was eleven. Honestie was Black. Honestie spoke out:
If this happened to a white child would you have handcuffed her?

Honestie. A beautiful girl, a sassy girl, a smart and loving beloved girl, sent home to Jesus.

She could have been president — the world was open to her.

RIP Honestie Hodges, 14
Daughter and Student
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Pandemic Poems

Poetry
Linda Wastila, MA, MPH, PhD
Professor School of Pharmacy

During the pandemic, I felt tremendous unexpressed grief. So many needless deaths; so much unfulfilled promise; so many lives not celebrated. I began to read obituaries to make sense of the overwhelming data, the statistics of cases, hospitalizations, and deaths. Each poem employs words lifted from obituaries, typed and rearranged and sculpted on the page. Most poems are based on strangers, though I imagine how our lives might have intersected; several poems honor those I have known. This daily practice has become my meditation, each poem a cairn to memorialize an individual lost to the world.
The Professor

You died on Monday evening accompanied only by the ventilator tube.

You were not accompanied by your loving wife of 62 years or your loving daughter or loving son.
You were not accompanied by your loving grandchildren or loving brother or loving friends or students.

You deserved better.

You, brilliant theoretical Professor of Physics, Walker of the Lake, Mayor of the Greenway, Great Depression child who collected vacuum cleaners, toasters, pill bottles, strings too short to save in case they came in use;

You, a husband;
You, a mentor, a friend;
You, a father who carried his daughter — as mine carried me — and fixed our broken desks and cars and hearts.

Once cleared to leave quarantine we will gather, we will accompany you and sit a proper shiva.

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Never a Scar. Always a Beauty Mark.

Painting, 24"x36"
Oil painting on canvas

Sahar Nesvaderani, MA
Student
School of Dentistry

“Never a Scar. Always a Beauty Mark” was inspired by Sahar’s facial features of a beauty mark on her right cheek and a scar on her left cheek. The dichotomy of a scar and beauty mark is a reminder that no matter what difficulties we endure throughout our lifetime, we are not left scarred, but rather with markings that make us beautiful in our individual and unique ways.
Mediterranean Floor Vase

Clay
Series of five: Vessels

Karen Myers
Director of campaign planning and programs
School of Medicine

This 20" floor vase was hand-built using a Jamaican coil technique. Karen says she usually sketches what she envisions but in the end, each vase forms its own shape as the clay is molded.
Inspired by industrial style, this 15” ceramic watering can was made to look as if it was haphazardly put together with rivets, hinges, bolts, and brackets.
Every day as Karen walked from the parking garage to her office, she noticed the beauty and patterns of urban elements — manhole covers, bolts, screws, valves. This inspired her to incorporate them into a watering can design for this 16” hand-built sculpture. She took clay impressions of a utility cover next to the hospital and used it as a slab mold. Karen says she sees industry and nature as intersecting forces so she made the handle a tree branch riveted to the vessel.

The inspiration for this piece came from Karen’s admiration of the geometric shapes and bright colors of Moroccan tiles. This sizable 21” vessel was entirely hand-built using a Jamaican coil technique. Each of the Arabesque-shaped tiles were individually hand cut from a slab and applied to the surface with slip, then hand-painted with glaze, echoing the way tiles were made centuries ago by artisans in the city of Fez, Morocco. It is also functional — Karen uses it as an umbrella stand.
Karen says she is fascinated with the stability of a tripod. No matter how imperfect the main structure, it will not wobble with tripod feet. Inspired by this, she began a series of bowls honing these signature legs. This bowl was entirely hand-built using slab and mold techniques.
Noctilucent Clouds
Under the Heavens

Astronomical twilight during summertime in Blackwater National Wildlife Refuge, Easton, Md. Noctilucent clouds are the highest clouds in Earth’s atmosphere (250,000 to 280,000 feet), visible only when illuminated by sunlight from below the horizon while the lower layers of the atmosphere are in Earth’s shadow. They consist of ice crystals and are only visible during the summer at astronomical twilight.
Healing Helix

iPhone photography, Photoshop Series of two (see page 29 for continuation of series)

John Steven Seebode
Information technology specialist
School of Medicine

John has photographed the Pagoda many times, but here, Photoshop techniques brought more life into the photograph.
Departing

Gloria wakes when the clinicians in yellow gowns and bubble helmets enter her room every morning. She used to wake with the sun, but its rays do not shine in her isolation room, nor does the glow of the moon seep through the zippered walls that envelop her. She has grown accustomed to the hum of the suits worn by the doctors and nurses. The low drone trails their shadows as they buzz around her room, making quick work of their tasks in an effort to leave as quickly as they come. She watches their hooded figures enter and exit each day, and wishes their masks would not rob her of a reassuring smile.

When Gloria was a child she wondered what it must be like to travel in space – to contemplate how much time was passing in the world below, to envisage what was changing in the lives of loved ones outside of the steel bullet tumbling through the atmosphere. Her mind wanders back to this curious notion now, many years later in a world her imagination could not possibly have rendered. She remembers a time when touch was more than an intrusive gloved hand reaching to inspect her hospital armband. She remembers how the tremulous ocean breeze once felt across her face, its caress dusting the bridge of her nose with salt crystals – or does she?

A lifetime of past memories weave in and out of her consciousness; they are all she has in this place. Her recollections adorn the walls like transient artwork, perpetually evolving. She recalls joys and accomplishments that nobody here knows. Before she found herself trapped in a failing body, she was a doctor herself. The hospital is a place of familiarity, yet it feels different this time. Now she is dressed up as a patient, a tattered thin gown replacing her retired white coat.

She finds solace at night, when the doctors and nurses in space suits become astronauts in her sleep. She takes their hands and boards a flight to the moon. In her dreams, the universe is her playground, and the earth feels impossibly small. She floats in the vast expanse of space, her fingertips almost touching the glow of the stars.

When Gloria awakens every morning, she stares at the space on the bare wall that a window should occupy, yet she finds none. The sun and the stars are only a memory now, merely a dream. The strangers enter with the bubbles over their heads, and in the light of day she can see their covered faces no more clearly than at night.

She realizes that the precious faces of loved ones have begun to blur in her mind. She thinks she recalls their voices, but occasionally the sound escapes her. How could she forget? She tries to remember what the crunch of gravel underfoot sounds like. Are her grandbaby’s eyes hazel or dewy brown? Memories she clung to desperately begin to slip away like silt in a riverbed, withering her reservoir dry. She used to wonder what it would be like in space, isolated in a small vessel, peering down as life passed by outside its walls. She figures that somehow she knows now.

The margin between days and nights begins to blur, and Gloria can no longer separate dream from reality. She thinks about the astronauts again, only now she understands. That night she becomes one of them. A shadowy stillness kisses her weathered face wrought with gentle creases. She finally departs the room in her space capsule, gazing into the milky black horizon as she rises toward the stars.

The hum of the ventilator fades as the darkness folds in around her. The machine beeps like a rocket ship, calculated and rhythmic. Its whispering compresses air in and out of her lungs until it takes its last mechanical breath. Gloria smiles as the moonlight once again illuminates her face, and the universe expands before her.
This is a picture John took many years ago, and, after seeing it again, he added Photoshop effects to make the masks more sinister to represent the pandemic.
My Mother’s Last Needlework in Iron
Metal
Bruce E. Jarrell, MD, FACS
UMB president
School of Medicine faculty

The ironwork is Dr. Jarrell’s reimagination of his mother’s last piece of embroidery made when she was 101 years old.
This image is a Photoshop composite blending the animate and the abstract, in this case an Eastern boxed turtle and weathered metal. The title is a play on the name of the turtle and the way the turtle is “boxed” into the metal.
Perspective
35 mm digital photography
Series of two
Dahlia Kronfli
Student
School of Medicine
Although we may see the same view hundreds of times, there is always a way to find a new perspective.
Laurette loved the blue glass (cobalt and sea glass blues) and the blue of the river beyond.

**Blues: View from the Porch**
Painting, Visual art
Series of two: Points of View

**Morning Peace**
Photography
Series of two: Points of View

Laurette Hankins
Associate dean for development and alumni relations
School of Nursing
A Pandemic Offering

(inspired by “I Am Offering This Poem” by Jimmy Santiago Baca)

I am offering my breath to you. Molecules of oxygen and nitrogen and carbon dioxide from my lungs to yours, just as those same molecules once entered and exited the lungs of other people on the far side of the world. If your own breath is insufficient right now — whether the virus is coming for you, or you’re crippled by anxiety, or you’re doing your daily exercise run with fabric over your face — perhaps this will help.

Air connects us just as the need to breathe does, even in this time when breathing close to each other is prohibited, when the face coverings that block the spread of viral particles also curb the movement of air molecules. Masks or no, your breath and mine will slowly, slowly make their way across the country and the planet, to be taken in by so many others: the man in Milan who lost his mother to the virus early in the spring; the nurse in New York City who finally recovered from the spring’s COVID siege only to find herself braced for fall and winter, one wave crashing into another; the diabetic father in Washington, D.C. who longed to march with his children after George Floyd’s murder but didn’t dare; the doctor in a rural South Dakota town who walks briskly through the cold autumn night toward the ER for her next chaotic shift, wondering whether the university center will be closed to transfers like it was two nights ago; the grandmother in Los Angeles recovering from COVID’s onslaught who is still haunted by her memories of the ICU — the swishing and knocking of the ventilator, the space-suited medical team talking about her in low voices just outside her door, the awful aloneness. My breath and yours, drawn in by a homeless person lying on a plastic-bag pallet of meager possessions, dying of the virus alone in an alley at night; by a child in a torn dress, crying for her sick parents in a favela where masks are unheard of, where there is no water for handwashing, no social distancing.

Someday we will be allowed to mingle our breath once more — in laughter and joy at being able to hug and kiss again, in tears and wailing for those we have lost. Children will have noisy birthday parties and return to all-classroom learning, the developmental damage of those months of virtual glitches and boredom slowly healing. Bars, restaurants, house parties, and family holiday gatherings will no longer be hot spots for the virus. Graduations will once again be joyful rites of passage with diplomas passed from living hand to living hand instead of virtual shadows of the real thing. We will not have to wear masks and stay six feet apart to celebrate smaller weddings than we planned, with well-wishers stacked in Zoom’s gallery view. Welcoming a newborn will be the jubilant, whole-family occasion it used to be. And we will finally get to celebrate the lives of the loved ones who had the misfortune of dying during the pandemic, whether of COVID-19 or not.

Remember, when that time of quarantine constraint is over, that our breathing and our sharing of this precious air has always been and will always be a gift. A reminder that we are all one.
Loss

Digital art, 16”x12”
Oil/acrylic

Justin Hsueh, MD
Resident physician
University of Maryland
Medical Center

Sometimes, the struggle of health care workers is on the inside and not seen on the outside. Sometimes it’s both.
Rise
iPhone photography, Photoshop
Justin Hsueh, MD
Resident physician
University of Maryland Medical Center

Sometimes, when everything else has failed, getting to the top requires teamwork.

We rise, together.
Caged
Drawing, 13”x37”
Graphite on paper
Series of 2: Catastrophes Revealed

Kathy Strauss
Research specialist
School of Medicine
Typically, my work is celebratory, lauding science and the stunning images generated by research and discovery. Recently, it has been tough to be upbeat even in the face of the amazing work done toward vaccine development (which I have been deeply honored to participate in), so while using many of the same themes and images from previous work, I have made my anxieties and fears visible on paper.
Collecting flowers and leaves to dry is enjoyable at all steps. Textures and colors may not be preserved after drying, but most of the natural beauty remains. The background consists of texturized (injured) blotting paper.
My Frontline

I don’t work in the ER.
Nor in the ICU.
The traditional “COVID frontline,”
displayed on CNN,
is not my daily experience.
January was routine medication checks.
March became crisis management,
keeping stable depression and paranoia
in a depressed and paranoid pandemic.
I don’t work on traditional “frontlines,”
but
mental health frontlines hurt too.

My Frontline
Poetry

Marissa Flaherty, MD
Director of medical student education
School of Medicine

The experience of working through COVID as a psychiatrist was one that Marissa says she did not anticipate, and taught her a lot about herself and human behavior in crises.
Chops dipped in red paste
To mark a finished work:
Her marriage and her paintings.
Skin thin as rice paper
On which she used to bleed
The ink from the horse-hair brush.
There will be no chops
To stamp the stamp-out of life.

She said things like,
“The leaves fell too fast”
And, later, on the last day she could speak,
“I love you —
A thousand years.”
From then on, I held her hand
Like they say to hold baby birds.
But sometimes I would fall asleep,
Wake up gripping her hand perhaps too tightly.
Her breath rattling in her lungs
And I didn't want to make anything harder.

When you’re looking for meaning,
Everything becomes a sign.
It was cold December, but the wall calendar
Stayed flipped to October
And the picture for October was torn away.
It was a picture of what must have been
Sedona, Arizona instead.

Arizona is only as important as I make it
Since you are no longer here.
You always called him my little lover.
He took me to Bell Rock in Sedona;
To see the sun set in Tucson. When you were too old to travel with us
My dad would bring you back magnets for your fridge
And hats for Ye Ye.

I still have your “Sedona” cactus magnet.
The flower for which I picked it fell off
And I was waiting for it to grow back,
But I never got it to so I never gave it to you.

I didn't know you until Ye Ye passed on
Because you were so busy in the caring for him
And this sometimes made you seem hard and him soft.
I remember there were two love birds
At the nursing home where Ye Ye left his body.

The only mean thing you ever said to me:
“Your father's disappointed in you.
He doesn't say it, but he is.”

From then on,
There was no lack of pride you had in me.
You always characterized me
By a single Chinese phrase
That you insisted had no proper English translation.
All my researched guesses I offered up as substitute
Were unsatisfactory.

And this is how much of our communication went.
You would talk until you had to pause —
Rummage through your brain
To get hold of the proper term.
Towards the end,
You didn't like to pause.
You would expel all your energy in one quick burst
Then rush us out, saying we must be busy.

I always wondered, after the door shut behind us,
If you ever let yourself finally slouch.
We were busy, but in the end
You were the one who didn't have time.

I remember walking in Christmas morning,
Already knowing you had left your body.
I saw your daughter first.
She took my hands in hers and gasped:
“Your hands are so cold!”
All I could do was apologize
Then the tears came suddenly.
I followed the hall to your bedroom
To pray you made it back to Ye Ye.
Panoramic image of a tree and orangery located at the Hampton National Historic Site in Baltimore County. From the 17th to the 19th century, an orangery protected oranges and other fruit trees during the winter months.

During restrictions caused by COVID-19, Collette Edwards photographed shuttered venues and outdoor landscapes in Baltimore City and Baltimore County.
“Waves” is a piece inspired by a trip the artist took to Cancun with his parents a few years ago. They woke up early on Christmas morning to watch the breathtaking sunrise with its vibrant skies and colorful waves.

Waves
Painting, 18”x24”
Acrylic on stretched canvas
Chaoyang Wang
Student
School of Medicine
In late March 2020, the pediatric office where I practice was scrambling to acquire personal protective equipment, adjust schedules, and implement online appointments. This masked self-portrait is an attempt to capture the personal connections we make in our daily work as health care providers, as well as the new experience of fear due to the nature of that work, and our overall uncertainty about the future.
"Tranquil Afternoon" is an experiment in oils with somewhat muted colors that could give the feeling of a slightly overcast sky illuminating a marshy area later in the day.
Milkweed and Butterflies

Wood

Oksana Mishler, DHSc, MS, RDH
Clinical assistant professor
School of Dentistry

With COVID-19 travel restrictions in place during spring and summer 2020, Oksana and her family explored the surrounding areas, and enjoyed this particular view of milkweed and butterflies. While Oksana’s husband made the tray, she put her wood burning skills to work and re-created this unforgettable beauty.
When You Kneel

When you kneel

When you kneel
you should feel
  a presence far greater than you

When you kneel
you should feel
  powerless to stand

When you kneel
you should feel
  humbled and broken

When you kneel
you should feel
  the sharp, raw edge of grief

When you kneel
you should feel
  the bruised shins and the scraped knees
  of all those kneeling with you

When did kneeling
become stealing
  a man’s last breath?

When you kneel
you should feel.

To Kneel

To kneel

is to feel
  a presence far greater than you

To kneel

is to feel
  powerless to stand

To kneel

is to feel
  humbled and broken

To kneel

is to feel
  the sharp, raw edge of grief

To kneel

is to feel
  the bruised shins and the scraped knees
  of all those kneeling with you

When did kneeling
become stealing
  a man’s life, a man’s breath?

To kneel

is to feel.

When You Kneel
To Kneel

Poetry

Amy Bailey, MFA
Staff
School of Nursing

Written in response to the death of George Floyd.
Weathering the Storm

iPhone photography

Vincent M. Conroy, PT, DScPT
Assistant professor
School of Medicine

An attempt to capture the strength of the human condition. An outside, harsher environment viewed from an inside, more comfortable one.
Forest Art
35 mm digital photography
Series of three
Emily F. Gorman, MLIS
Research, education, and outreach librarian
UMB Health Sciences and Human Services Library
This whimsical graffiti is hidden among the forest trails of the Sehome Hill Arboretum in Bellingham, Wash.
Apollo in Harlem
Painting, 16"x20"
Oil on Canvas
Larraine Bernstein, MS
Policy analyst
School of Medicine

Larraine was in New York City on a walking jazz tour and photographed the famous Apollo Theater that has hosted some of the greatest American musicians. She re-created the scene in oil on canvas. Note the art within the art.
Roosevelt’s love for photography started when his grandfather allowed him to use his medium format camera at the age of 14.
Night Visit to Santorini During the Pandemic

I climb village streets
framed by whitewashed walls
fringed with wisteria,
pass geraniums by courtyard doors,
reach a slope stippled with poppies
above a sea asleep in a crater's palm

wake to news
of overrun morgues,
the refrigerated dead trucked
to mass burial pits
or burned to bone and ash.

Restricted to our interiors,
forbidden to touch,
we sleep in the scythe's shadow,
traveling to places we cannot go,
molding a stranger's skin to ours.
Burdened by day, weightless at night,
we fuse the fragments
of our fractured world.

The ancients mended pottery
by gilding the shattered pieces.
An exploding volcano
becomes a cradled sea,
heaved to slumber.

In a Failed State

Strangled under an officer's knee,
from a smothered throat
air-starved words
collapse on asphalt.
Under a plague
and a failed state,
airways suffocate,
crushed by the knee,
we choke I can't breathe
into the pavement,
tar blackening our tongues.

Tar blackening our tongues,
into the pavement
we choke I can't breathe.
Crushed by the knee
airways suffocate
under a failed state
and a plague.
Collapsing on asphalt,
air-starved words
from a smothered throat
strangled under an officer's knee.

Under Vesuvius

“Failed State” and “Under Vesuvius” relate to the racial injustice exemplified by George Floyd's death and the outrage it ignited leading up to the 2020 U.S. presidential election.

“Failed State” is a palindrome, a form chosen to convey recurring instances of police violence against Black Americans, including the death of George Floyd, and of COVID-19 deaths in the United States.

Lily’s poems appear in 3rd Wednesday, Snapdragon, As You Were, MONO, and other international literary journals.
Creek Running Through Forest – Yosemite

35 mm digital photography

Tom Paullin
Senior philanthropy officer
Central Administration

Tom took a walk through Yosemite Valley and says he managed not to get lost or accosted by a bear.
Hidden Pine
Gouache painting, 10”x8”
Series of four
Dominique Butler
Staff
School of Social Work
Influenced by personal experiences as a multiracial Black woman raised in a white-dominated community in Vermont, my paintings are an accompaniment of research on the disconnection between Black bodies, the great outdoors, and the questioning as to why nature, outdoor recreation, and environmentalism are white-dominated. The pieces are derived from photos taken while hiking and then translated into intimate paintings. Within my work, I aim to bring to the surface a discussion and exploration of how nature in the United States is racialized and question if our histories of slavery and racial violence have determined who should have access to natural spaces.
Winter Smile

My smile has no place on my face. Sometimes it sits waiting frozen slightly askew.

I wonder

Can the winter thaw be far away? When early spring may warm me just enough that my smile will slowly awake from its hibernation and reach the corner of my eyes.

This poem was written when Kathy’s son was going through a winter of chemotherapy and surgery. She believes in this year of COVID that everyone is waiting, for one reason or another, for spring and an end to arrive.

The Gift

Little girls not yet women come to stay. Grown to a place where dolls are forgotten. TV boy bands and preteen drama begin to mesmerize their minds.

They awake early, glassy eyes fed with dry cereal early morning cartoons. Groans as I make the screen blank Moving them into our day ahead.

Begging for outgrown tub play they argue and negotiate water space for their long growing limbs and rubber ducks still cherished.

I watch, remembering the lifting of tiny bodies from the water. Now able to turn my back on this splashing head under water chaos.

Hair done, braided or not, lotioned mango arms and legs. Makeup tried; they laugh saying “My Dad won’t like this at all”.

In a rush, panties on crookedly over still damp skin. We abandon convention and begin our ritual

Music on. Up Loud. Pulsing beat. Song irrelevant. We three are now free to dance in our underwear.

Twirling, spinning, jumping, slide no move too outrageous, just dance bed or floor. Old breast, new breasts, no breasts all bounce and bob in time to the music.

No thoughts or concerns. No self-consciousness or modesty. As we wide grin into each other’s eyes they begin to realize what I hoped they would.

In all of our difference there is sameness That the freedom to dance half-naked with abandon is a gift. The gift which allows them to see with clarity We, each of us, are beautiful women.

This poem was written for Kathy’s granddaughters in the hope they would always see beauty in themselves and in every woman they meet.

Urban Legend

At eight I was an Urban Legend. Always surfacing when someone’s distant cousin came for a weekend or a hot summer week.

I waited.

Stoop sitting five doors up at dusk just as the street lights came on. That moments rest from tag or ball the question always came.

Is it true?

And I, sitting sweaty in holey sneakers, my brother’s shirt and too tight last summer’s shorts placed a mask over my face

I answered yes.

The next question inevitable. How did he do it? Eyes wide, wanting the details they leaned forward waiting.

A gun I answered.

Silence and stares no further questions formed in uncomprehending minds. A father who shoots himself-

Impossible.

Someone suggests Jump Rope or Hide and Seek. We run and scatter listening to the counter.

One One Hundred

I run with the rest able to breathe now. Stooping behind the trashcans in the alley

I learned to hide
Agony of Psychosis

Digital art, 8”x12”

Rebecca Ra and
Peter Kochunov, PhD, MS, MSEE
Professor
School of Medicine

This image is produced as a collaboration and represents the idiopathic inflation hypothesis of schizophrenia and psychotic disorders.
Lioness and Cubs
35 mm digital photography
Series of three
Christopher Welsh, MD
Associate professor
School of Medicine

Through the School of Medicine’s Center for International Health, Education, and Biosecurity, Christopher has visited Kenya yearly over the past seven years, assisting the center in setting up addiction treatment programs. Each time he visits, he spends time in one of Kenya’s national parks or conservancies. He spent several hours one evening and the following morning watching this lioness and her cubs.
Flower Girl
Painting, 11"x14"
Acrylic and stretched canvas
Series of three
Aziza Frank
PhD student
School of Pharmacy
This series is an ode to the Black woman. It encompasses the versatility a Black woman can possess that is often overlooked. “Woman in Black” lacks a face to emphasize the beauty of a Black woman even without seeing the face. “Wrapped Up” pays homage to our culture of wrapping our hair. “Flower Girl” is the carefree nature of a Black woman with hair that defies gravity. A signature style of Aziza’s is emphasizing the eyes on her paintings because she believes the eyes are the window to the soul and the first thing you see when you look at people.
Pink Dogwood
Medium format photography
Mark Teske
Registered biological photographer
School of Medicine

The image was made on a black velvet background with studio lights. Mark wanted to show the beauty and texture of the petals.
Her Ashes in the Soil

Creek is dead, bone dry
Water tower, bone dry, built
On fertile soil

Dead things, fertilizer
I am obsessed with the soil
But no new flowers

Fresh seeds in the wind
Fall in the soil, ready
For me to water

Seeds use the soil
Soil is all I have left
Something I can't risk

I'm always moving
Walking, searching for some life
But going nowhere

A family beach trip
Where love was expressed, there was
Heavy rain those days

NYC Butterfly
iPhone photography
Patricia Quinn-Stabile, MSW, LCSW-C
Clinical instructor
School of Social Work

This picture was taken March 2, 2020, in the Butterfly Conservatory at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. New York’s first confirmed case of COVID-19 was March 1, 2020, and there was no concern evident in the city. Broadway was thriving, Times Square was busy, restaurants were full, and museums were busy. As Patricia photographed the butterflies, it was impossible to imagine that a pandemic was about to overtake the city, and the museum closed its doors 11 days later in what became the longest closure in its 150-year history.

Her Ashes In the Soil

Poetry
Dilveer Chahal
Student
School of Pharmacy

I wrote this poem to capture my emotions regarding the one-year anniversary of my “second mom” passing. I hope readers can understand my obsession with the memories I have with my second mom and how that leads to my inability to develop new relationships and memories.
Connections
Glass
Series of two

Sarah Pick, MS
Director of marketing
Institute for Genome Sciences
School of Medicine

Sarah says she loves complementary colors — the turquoises and blues with ambers and browns. She tried to communicate the peacefulness of waves and sand, water and land, flow and stability.
As we quarantined this year, Sarah says she tried to visually communicate how people were building bridges and connecting with each other in new ways. There are many examples of color bridges within this piece.

**Amber Waves**
Glass
Series of two
Sarah Pick, MS
Colette and her husband went to Ocean City to celebrate their anniversary in late February 2020. Everything was closing, and they got word that travel was going to be restricted. They packed to come home and had no idea when they would be able to return. But Colette says she knew the lights would stay on in Ocean City, and someday they would return.
Pahoehoe lava is one of two types found in Hawaii. Its smooth, wrinkly surface contrasts with the sharp, porous textures of a’a lava.
Got Him!
35 mm digital photography
Alex Likowski
Executive director of media relations
Central Administration

Alex tries to remember to bring a little point-and-shoot camera when he sits by the shoreline for morning coffee. A nearby floating log is a prime hunting spot for green herons like this one. This fellow had no trouble snatching as many fat little mummichogs as his stomach could handle.

Alex and his family live on Kent Island, on a little creek that empties into the Chesapeake Bay. On any given morning, the water is hunting ground or shelter for dozens of species of birds: eagles, osprey, kingfishers, and, yes, green herons.
A Conversation is Like a Fire

A conversation is like a fire.  
It starts with a few sparks, 
Fed with little twigs and brush 
Until it comes to life.

Flames continue to catch, 
But its fate is up to those around. 
If nothing is said... 
It is as if 
All care is lost 
As it lapses from roars to crackles  
Bright fiery red to lazy yellow.

But it still may resurrect,  
If we feed it again  
And someone takes charge.  
A joke, perhaps?  
A story, you say? 

The most powerful of all  
Is the fire between two lovers.  
It dances in their eyes. 

The depth of the flame,  
The intensity of the spark, 
Can only ignite  
If both give their hearts. 

But if only one soul is poured, 
And the other retreats, 
The fire may trickle and feel incomplete.

As years pass by 
Or the equivalent of minutes, 
The flame may die down, 
The heat may fade away, 
That spark may be lost 
A glimmer left, shall we say 
And emptiness sets in.

But worst of all, 
It suddenly becomes cold 
As the embers cling to their warmth 
And the lovers go to sleep 
Side by side, 
Without spark... 
Without flames... 
Just the unison of mere presence.

I wrote this poem over the summer of 2020 as I contemplated certain aspects of my life. This poem was inspired as I tried to explain to someone I loved just how powerful words are. As I tried to express how I felt, the analogy of a fire came to mind.
American Hero
Painting, 16”x20”
Oil
Greg Taylor, MD
Faculty
School of Medicine

A nurse consoles a patient whose wife has just died of COVID-19.
Nature of Symphony 5
Sumi ink and acrylic on canvas

Yumi Hogan, MFA
Honorary chair, UMB Council for the Arts & Culture
Adjunct professor, Maryland Institute College of Art
Cherries
Drawing, 12"x24"
Soft pastels
Elizabeth Fernandez Paz
Student
School of Medicine

Elizabeth drew this for her grandmother who loves cherries. They had a cherry tree at their house in Cuba.
A Foundation During Difficult Times

This portrait of Davidge Hall was inspired by the pandemic. The building represents the important infectious disease and global crises research. Today, as we face this unprecedented global pandemic, Davidge Hall is a reminder of our commitment to tackling the most difficult challenges for more than 200 years.

Painting, 60”x40”
Acrylic on canvas

Joanne Morrison
Senior director, marketing and public relations
Central Administration
Back to My Roots
Painting, 36"x48"
Oil on canvas
Laura Broy, MBA
IT enterprise application analyst lead
UMB Center for Information Technology Services

A glimpse into the artist’s Italian heritage. Although content and mood are important to her, Laura’s primary interest is the paint: consistency, color, and application.
Bird’s Eye View
iPhone photography
Tamara Kliot, MD
Pediatric resident
University of Maryland Medical Center

This photo was taken in Luxor, Egypt, during a hot-air balloon ride right before landing in a field.
Do sing my sweet bird your song pretty and true,
    If twas another day a chance gone free,
So, exalt as we glide bound for the blue,
    Distraught was I, a dove forlorn til thee.

Wings fly up and down thrusting, propelling,
Over streams through gales, dancing amid the moonbeams,
    Journeys galore, excitement unbending,
Your silky tress cascades saccharine dreams.

Destiny called I with her siren song,
To meet you on a perch one fateful noon,
One glimpse in green eyes no way I am wrong,
    That even eternity with you ends too soon.

Alas! Such short terse life with ample to view,
    How euphoric I am to do it with you.

---

CI
Poetry
John “J.D.” Travers
Policy analyst
Carey School of Law alumnus

Written for the writer’s girlfriend to celebrate their first Valentine’s Day.

---

Alight
iPhone photography
Giordana Segneri, MA
Director of marketing and public relations
School of Nursing

A dragonfly rested on a light on Giordana’s deck in Catonsville this past summer at sunset.
Kayla Scrandis, BSN, RN
Doctor of Nursing Practice student
School of Nursing

Kayla created this work based off her pets during the pandemic. Both of her cats love being with their humans 24/7. It’s an unfortunate time for society but a fortunate time for our furry loved ones.
Fishing Village
35 mm digital photography
Ping-Hsin “Rex” Lin, MS
Laboratory research specialist
School of Medicine

Normal daily life in a market of a fishing village, Budai, in my hometown Chia-yi in Taiwan.

Ping-Hsin was born in a small town, Chia-yi, in Taiwan, and grew up close to the sea and mountains. He has always been fascinated by imagination and how it connects to people’s emotion, and then he was drawn to photography naturally.

Shepherdstown at Dusk
iPhone photography
Nancy Patterson, MLS
Health Equity & Outreach Librarian
Network of the National Library of Medicine, Region 1

Shepherdstown, W.Va., is an enchanting historic town with natural beauty and varied outdoor activities, local arts and festivals, fantastic restaurants, and the enchanting vibe of a small university town. This old mill is just a couple of miles from the Main Street in town.
Excerpt from: **From West Baltimore — Going for the Gold**

I come from a place – where we never get to chase our dreams – because we’re constantly on the run from our nightmares.

Trying to run, there’s constant hurdles, and they seem to grow as I do.

They want us to see the light, but it’s such an infinitesimal amount compared to the darkness surrounding us.

These are just a few of the thoughts I have as I continue my hustle through the struggle.

You see, where I come from, if you want something, you must see it clearly, and thanks to my vision, nothing’s gonna stop me.

That’s why I shall bob and weave, get knocked down but never out, because I know where I’m destined to be – Defending my people against the injustices of society. So I shall continue to jump over these hurdles as if they’re nothing except mere pieces of metal.

Actually, as I look down, I see that these are not just pieces of metal, but actual bodies. These bodies seem to be the ones of those who have come before me.

They were unable to make it, for they lost their drive, something that I pray never happens to me.

These bodies, some of them have dirt on their clothes and shoe prints on their faces.

They were stepped on by the ones who came before them, as they were on their way to finish their races.

They did not stop to help their brothers and sisters, pick them up and help them to the finish line.

Just like them, I am also faced with this issue, do I help my people or do I just continue along my way, but unlike them, I choose the better thing and I stop to resuscitate them with my power, helping my brothers and sisters.

And in turn I’m given words of awe-inspiring power, words like Black, immortality, hope, and melanin of course. These words become like fuel to me as I continue my journey on to victory. I have been running this race for as long as I remember.

Faith. This one word, this oh so small but powerful word is enough to revive me, to get me back on my feet.

I take off running faster than ever before.

I feel like a lightning man, and you know I’m fixing to bring that thunder roar.

I look up and the light is closer than ever before.

I feel its warmth more than ever before.

My body grows stronger than ever before.

My mind grows clearer than ever before.

I look up again, and now the light is only an arm’s reach away.

Don’t just stare – Reach out and touch it with me if you dare.
The pandemic has been a difficult time for everyone and to help cope with the experience, Karleen got out her camera and captured images in her yard and in places she visited in Maryland. The pandemic forced all of us to slow down and take time to notice things we normally don’t notice. More than ever, she was aware of the beauty around her. Seeking out beauty gave her focus and a sense of hope during the pandemic.

Beauty in the Pandemic
35 mm digital photography

Karleen Schuhart
Coordinator
School of Medicine
Light after Dark
35 mm digital photography
Adam Charles Puche, PhD
Professor
School of Medicine

Double rainbow on a storm departing over Camden Yards in Baltimore.
Sundays were his time for contemplation. For now, he was thankful for this place to rest, this bench that meets him at the end of his walk, nestled in the back of his neighborhood. The green perfectly cut lawns managed by the Homeowners Association, an organization which both fascinates and disgusts him, looked better than ever. On these green lawns, identical town homes stand tall, built in a town that saw its most rapid development only in the past decade. The wide sidewalks, large yards, two-story garages, all worked together to create an aura of safety, possibility, and perfection, and families came pouring in. He still remembers getting the key to the home. Seven years have passed.

The smell of a new house doesn’t go away at once. It wrestles with the flavors, spices, and odors of its inhabitants slowly and over time. The kitchen is the first to go. The berbere seeps into the couch, finds its corner in the curtains, makes peace with the edges of the tables. The cooked onions are stubborn and unforgiving. The smells combine, and eventually settle into the collective essence you associate with home.

That day, the breakfast he prepared was a hit. Even Yonas, whose smile only appears in fragments, against his own will, seemed to enjoy it. The age of twelve is a battle. Eggs, firfir, coffee, and home-made orange juice. He long ago gave up on the idea of deliberate, thoughtful breakfast time conversations, an idea he had long before actually having kids, and has since simply accepted the moments of pure joy, though sporadic, that emerge from countless hours of silence, nods, or thoughtless words. Like Yonas looking up from his phone, and asking if we always add garlic to eggs. Generally, he knows he shouldn’t take his children’s lack of interest personally. All he can do now is laugh at the vision he once held of what bringing humans into this world means, and his reality as it was. He knows his walk will be long today.
Assateague — October Sunset
iPhonography
Kathleen M. Martin, DNP, RN, CNE
Assistant professor
School of Nursing

This photo was taken just before sunset, at Bayside Beach, Assateague Island National Seashore.

Head Light
iPhone photography
Mary Cook
Staff
School of Medicine

The Portland Head Light in Maine.

Mary, who works in the Nuclear Magnetic Resonance Facility in the basement of Health Sciences Research Facility II, looks forward to being outdoors.
Aching for Resonance

Take me somewhere where the lightning strikes and thunder rolls to the core of your being

*That cathartic resonance acknowledges all that has happened and touches what you cannot articulate*

I want to feel its resounding power and be reminded that it is not on me to carry the weight of the world

*A great reminder of how the world expresses itself in such an awe-striking way*

The brash and tumbling nature of the rumbling conforms to nothing and spills out without regard for status quo

*Thunder waits for no one, it just lets go and makes no apologies*

Oh, how I envy this freedom and I ache to my core for such honest expression

---

**Aching for Resonance**

Poetry

**Kaila Noland**

PhD candidate
Graduate School

This piece was inspired by my frustration in my inability to adequately articulate my feelings about the current political, racial, social, and economic crises our country is dealing with. Growing up in the Midwest, I have always loved thunderstorms for their reverberating presence and associated cathartic nature. So, this reflects my internal struggle to not only effectively express my thoughts and feelings on these issues but to also find some therapeutic solace.
Yumi Hogan, Honorary Chair
First Lady of Maryland

Jennifer B. Litchman, Chair
Senior Vice President for External Relations and Special Assistant to the President
Office of the President
jlitchman@umaryland.edu
410-706-3477

Colette Beaulieu
Communications Officer, Staff Senate
Office Manager
Health Sciences and Human Services Library
cbeaulie@hshsl.umaryland.edu
410-706-2855

Deborah Cartee
Assistant Professor, Faculty Senate
School of Dentistry
dcartee@umaryland.edu
410-706-2870

Lori A. Edwards
Assistant Professor, Family and Community Health
School of Nursing
edwards@umaryland.edu
410-706-1929

Nancy Gordon
Executive Director, Protocol and University Events
Office of the President
ngordon@umaryland.edu
410-706-2024

Erin Hagar
Instructional Designer
Academic Innovation and Distance Education
ehagar@umaryland.edu
410-706-4591

Randy Jacobs
Director of Operations
School of Dentistry
rjacobs@umaryland.edu
410-706-2870

Demetrius Shambley
Facilities Planner
Real Estate Planning and Space Management
dshambley@umaryland.edu
410-706-0830

Brian Sturdivant
Director, Strategic Initiatives and Community Partnerships
Office of Community Engagement
bsturdivant@umaryland.edu
410-706-1678

M.J. Tooey
Associate Vice President/Executive Director
Health Sciences and Human Services Library
mjtooey@hshsl.umaryland.edu
410-706-7545

Olive Waxter
Executive Director
Hippodrome Foundation
olivew@hippodromefoundation.org
410-727-7787, Ext. 104

Mandy Wolfe
Director of Internal and Strategic Initiatives
School of Social Work
mwoolley@ssw.umaryland.edu
410-706-7839

Alice Powell, Staff
Executive Director, University Events
Office of the President
apowell@umaryland.edu
410-706-8035
1807: An Art & Literary Journal is an anthology that is curated, edited, and produced by members of the University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) community. UMB faculty, staff, students, and alumni as well as University of Maryland Medical Center employees and West Baltimore neighbors submit original, unpublished artwork and literature for consideration; submission does not guarantee inclusion.

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1807: What’s in a Name?

The University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) is Maryland’s public health, law, and human services university. Founded in 1807, it is the original campus of the University System of Maryland and is located on 72 acres on the west side of downtown Baltimore.

UMB is a leading U.S. institution for graduate and professional education and a prominent academic health center combining cutting-edge biomedical research and exceptional clinical care.

UMB enrolls more than 7,100 students in six highly ranked professional schools and an interdisciplinary Graduate School. We offer 80 doctoral, master’s, baccalaureate, and certificate programs. Every year, UMB confers most of the professional practice doctoral degrees awarded in Maryland.
LOSS, by Justin Hsueh, MD