



1807

AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL

ISSUE 3 | 2021



AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL

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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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.



Confessions of a Cognitive Scientist

Guts

Essay / Poetry

Julianna Lynch

Wellness and work life assistant
UMB Human Resource Services

Confessions of a Cognitive Scientist

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.

Guts

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

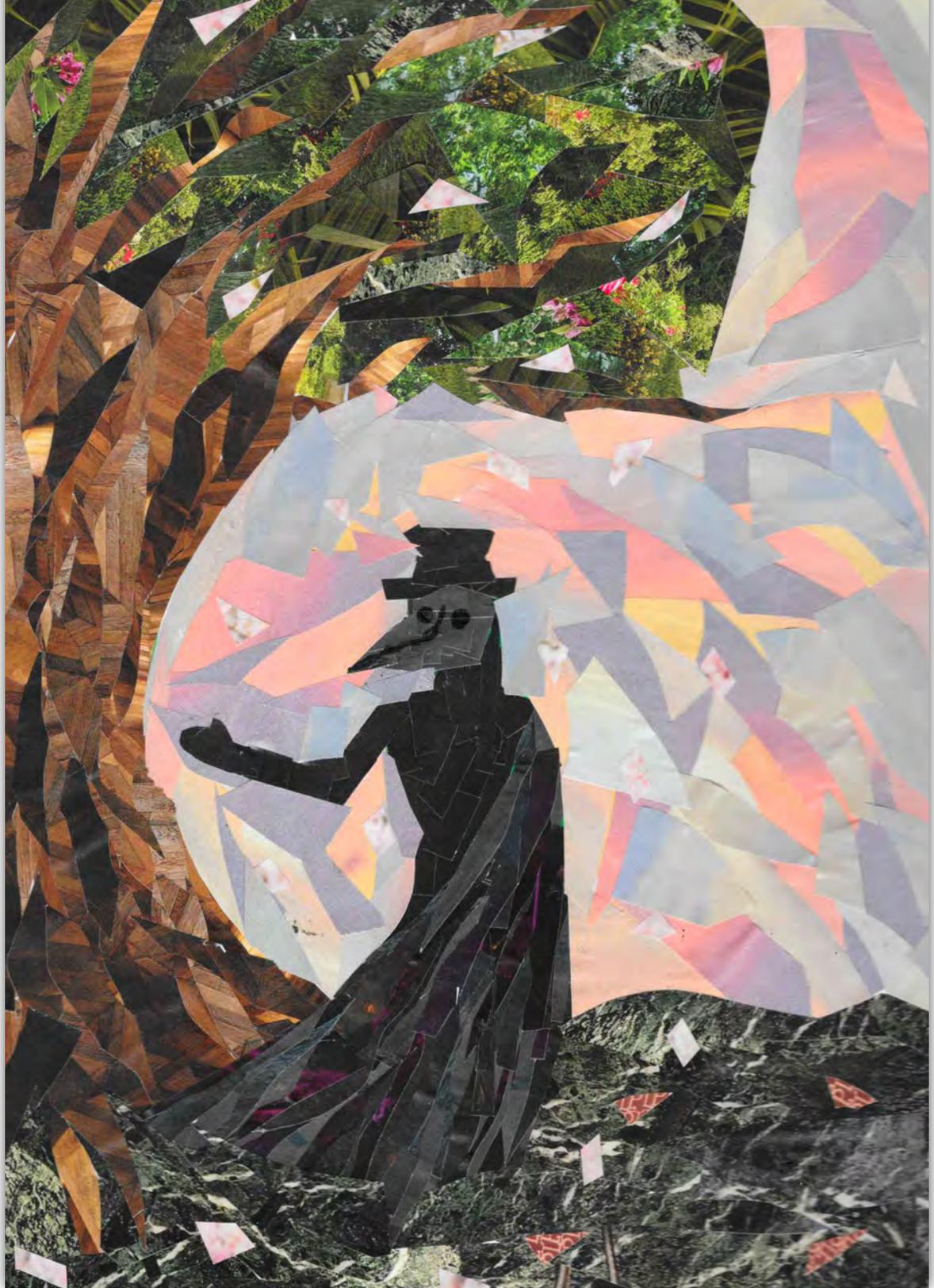
This series is self-care response art to the first chaotic months of the pandemic. Each painting is on 3 1/2" x 2 1/2" Yupo paper, using alcohol inks and watercolor; then collaging in phrases from a chapter Peggy had written on art therapy and the neurobiology of trauma.

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 hungry 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.

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

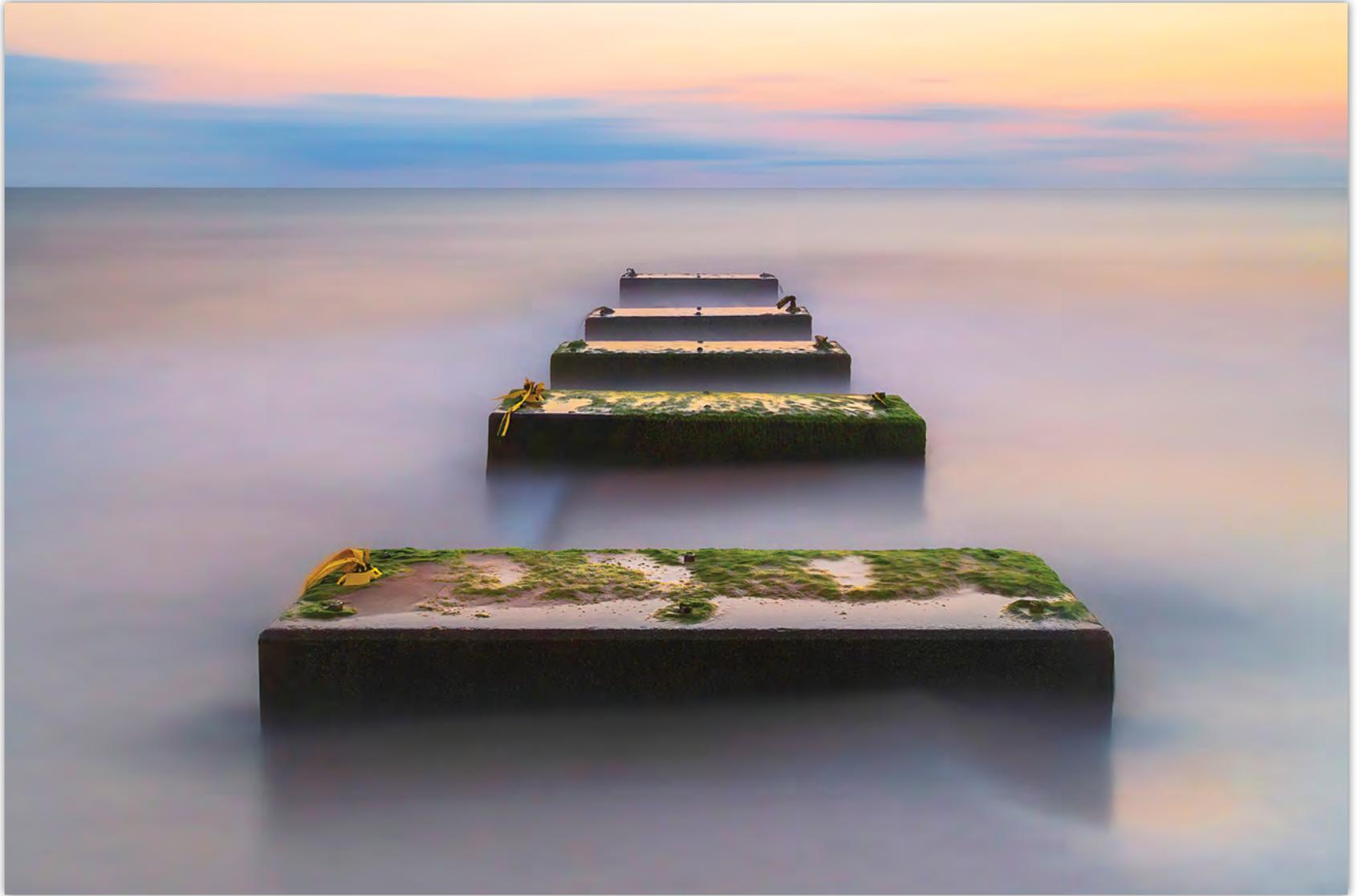
Series of three: *Dawn – Every sunrise is a new chapter in life waiting to be written.*

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
ranging 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.

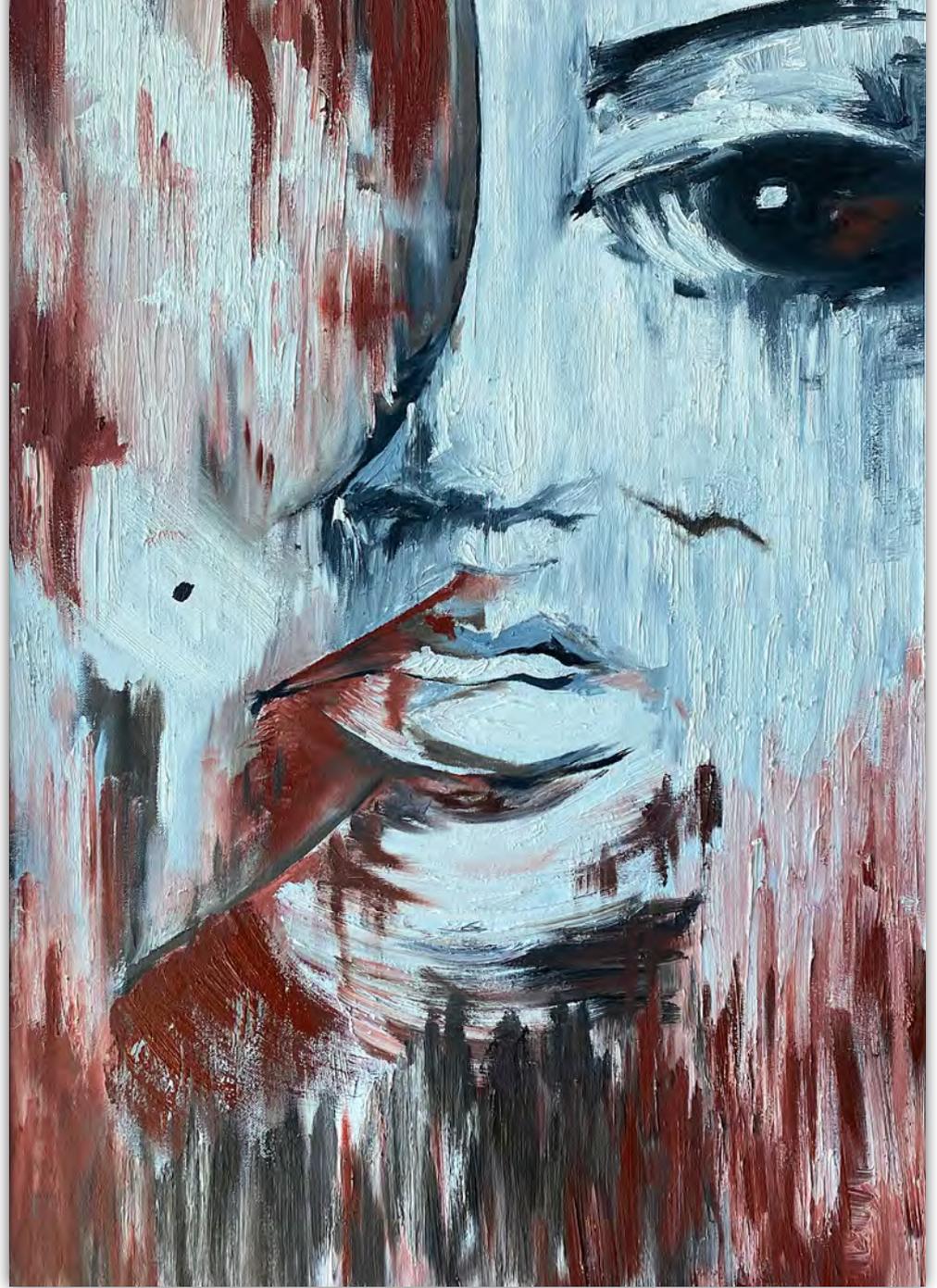
You deserved better.

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.

RIP Jerry Katzin, 88
Professor and Physicist
Raleigh, North Carolina



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.*





**Junkyard
Watering Can**

Clay

Series of Five: *Vessels*

Karen Myers

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.

Rain in Morocco

Clay

Series of five: *Vessels*

Karen Myers



Urban Vessel

Clay

Series of five: *Vessels*

Karen Myers

Director of campaign planning and programs

School of Medicine

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.



Tripod Bowl

Clay
Series of five: *Vessels*

Karen Myers

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.



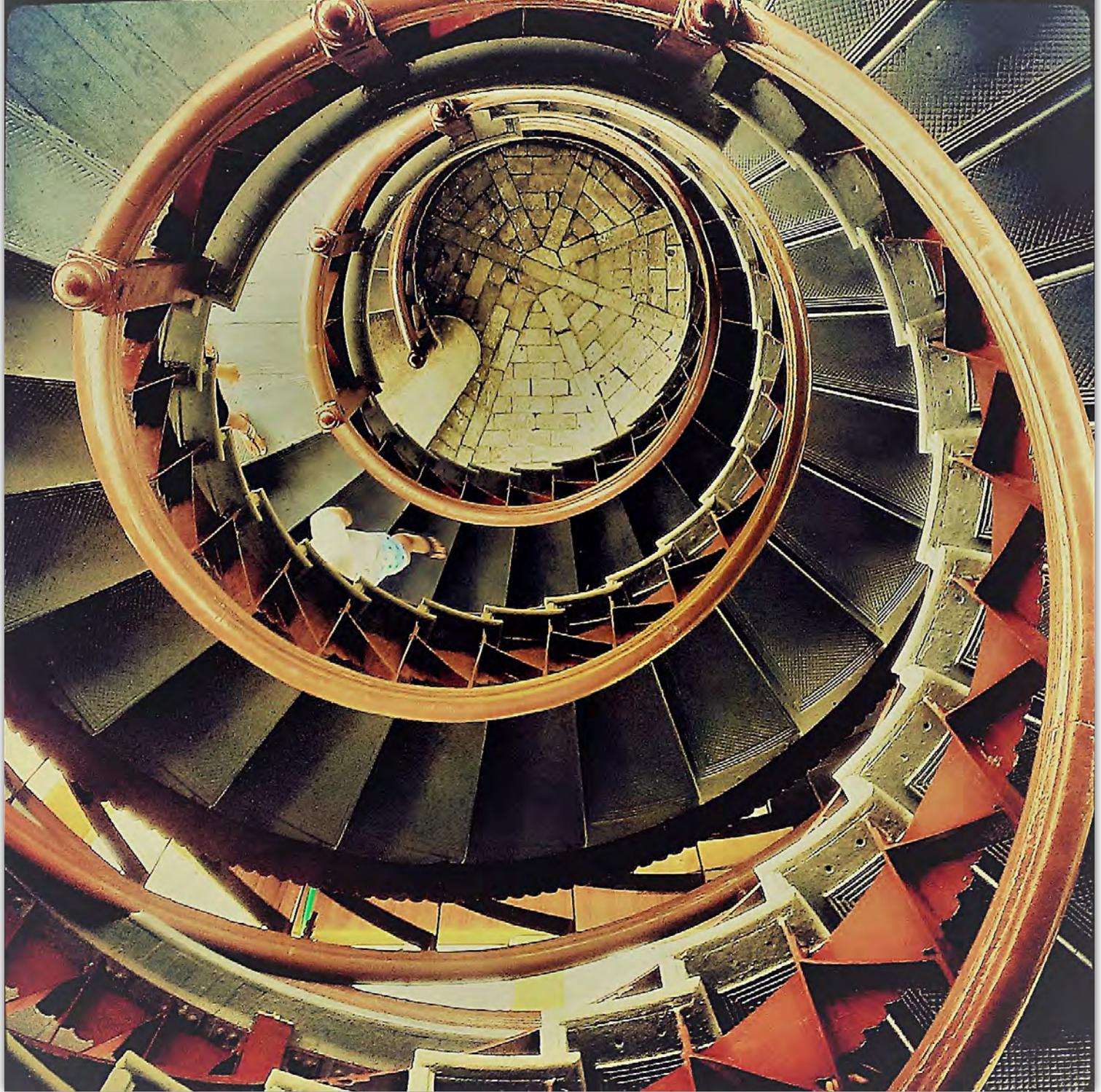
Noctilucent Clouds Under the Heavens

35 mm digital photography

Jason C. Brookman, MD

Assistant professor
School of Medicine

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 Sebode

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.

Departing

Short story

Dominique Gelmann

Student

School of Medicine

This piece was inspired by Dominique's experiences with real patients, patient stories, and her grandmother, Gloria, whose brilliant mind was taken too soon by dementia.



Pandemic

35 mm digital photography, Photoshop
Series of two (*see page 27 for
continuation of series*)

John Steven Seebode
Information technology specialist
School of Medicine

*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.





Boxed Turtle

Photography, Photoshop

Jim Clark, MS

School of Nursing alumnus

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.*





Blues: View from the Porch

Painting, Visual art
Series of two: *Points of View*



Laurette loved the blue glass (cobalt and sea glass blues) and the blue of the river beyond.

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.

A Pandemic Offering

Essay

Katherine C. White, MD (retired)
School of Medicine alumnus

*An essay about breath and breathing
in the time of a pandemic, inspired
by a poem by Jimmy Santiago Baca.*



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.*





Caged

Drawing, 13"x37"

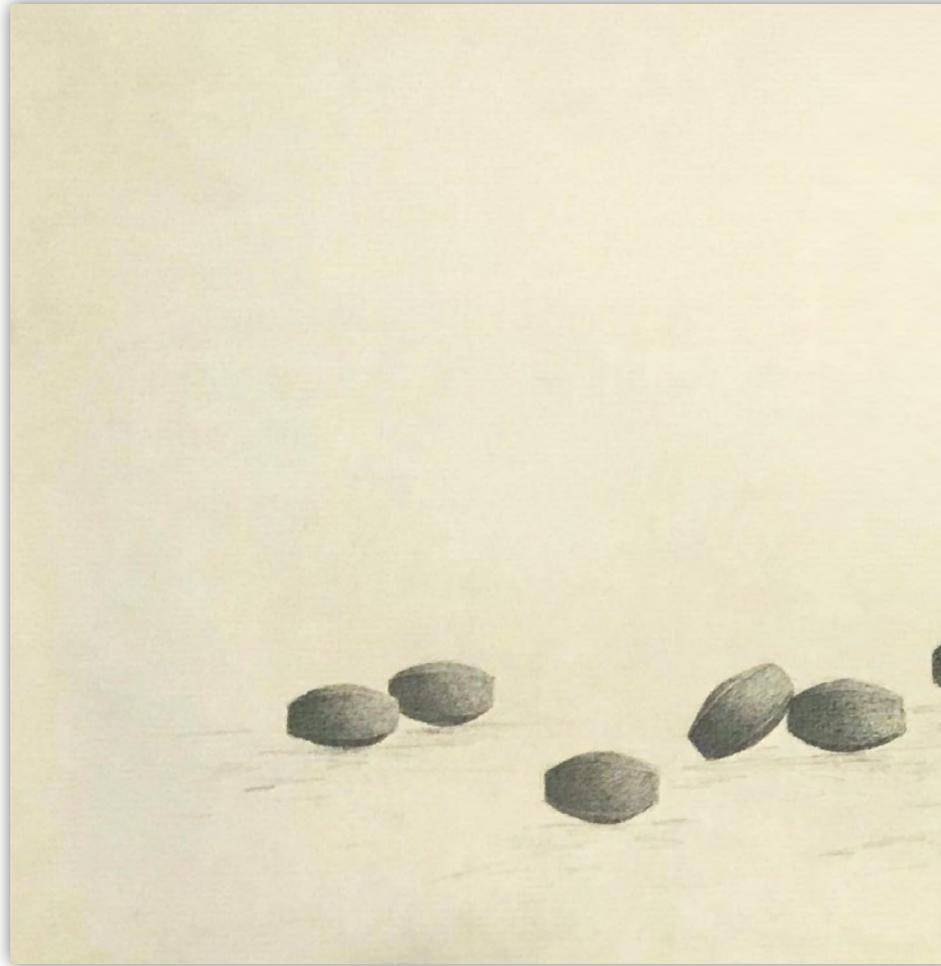
Graphite on paper

Series of 2: *Catastrophes Revealed*

Kathy Strauss

Research specialist

School of Medicine

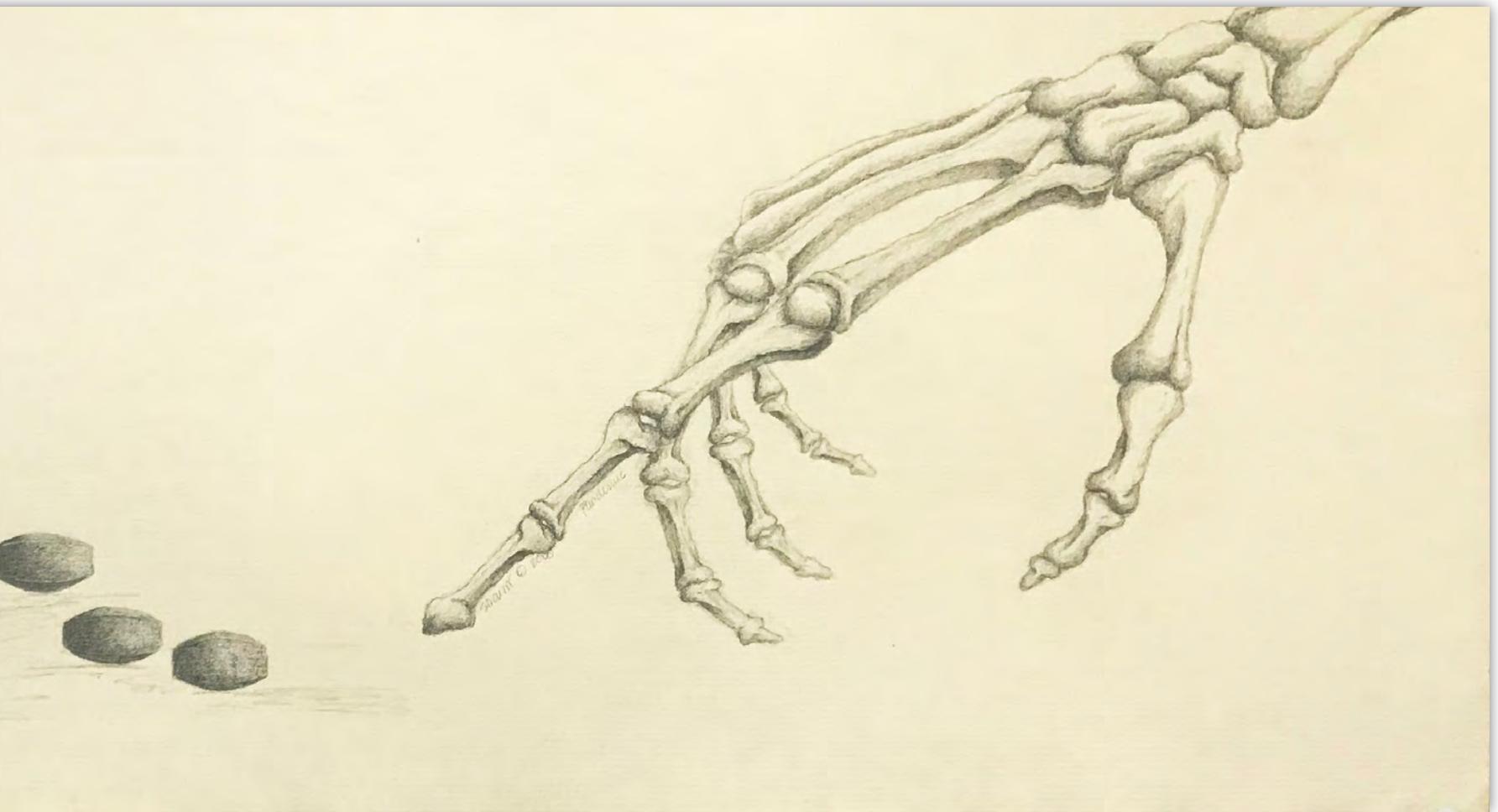


Pandemic

Drawing, 37"x13"
Graphite on paper

Kathy Strauss

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.



Dried Flowers, Lasting Memories

Varied media

Cynthia Beskow Drachenberg, MD

Professor
School of Medicine

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.

Standard of Care

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 ahold 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.

Standard of Care

Poetry

Elizabeth Chen
Student
School of Dentistry

A poem about the loss of Elizabeth's grandmother on Christmas Day 2020. This piece also serves as a testament to different expressions of love and how, among these, the writer has dedication and presence to be preeminent.

Hampton Panoramic

35 mm digital wide format photography

Collette Edwards

Investigator

University of Maryland Medical Center



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 photographed shuttered venues and outdoor landscapes in Baltimore City and Baltimore County.



Waves

Painting, 18"x24"
Acrylic on stretched canvas

Chaoyang Wang
Student
School of Medicine

"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.



Brave New World: A Modern Self-Portrait

Painting, 9"x12"
Oil on canvas panel

Joan Lee, MD
Affiliate physician and sub-investigator

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

Painting, 8"x10"
Oil on canvas board

Hal Levy, DMD
Assistant general practice director
School of Dentistry

"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

Lorraine Bernstein, MS

Policy analyst

School of Medicine

Lorraine 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.

Harbor View

35 mm photography

Roosevelt Hammett
UMB police officer
Central Administration

Roosevelt's love for photography started when his grandfather allowed him to use his medium format camera at the age of 14.

Skyline of Baltimore's Harbor East.



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 "When people ask me about my mood these days, I tell them that I feel like I'm a reporter for The Pompeii Daily News in A.D. 79, and I'm sitting in the foothills of Mount Vesuvius and someone just walked up and asked, 'Hey, do you feel a rumbling?'" — Thomas L. Friedman, *New York Times*, July 2020

Grazing animals sense it first
on a turned breeze,
sniff of sulphur,
a tremor
beneath their hooves.
Heads strain
on stretching necks,
fur stiffened in alert.
Low rumbling
shakes unquiet ground.
They bolt,
run from restless earth
boiling beneath them.

Yowls of frantic dogs,
groans of fearful cattle
draw us outside
to a day gone dark,
black plumes rising in a charred sky.
Stomach seized by vaulting terror,
we eye through ash-thick air
red runnels of molten rock
slithering down steaming slopes,
hissing serpents
whose bellies
scorch the plain,
sear the city,
seep under doors.
We try to scream,
our smothered cries stuck
in singed throats,
bray raggedly
for rescue.

Night Visit to Santorini During the Pandemic

In a Failed State

Under Vesuvius

Poetry

Lily Jarman-Reisch, MSW, MA

Associate director, Program in Health Equity
and Population Health
School of Medicine

"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

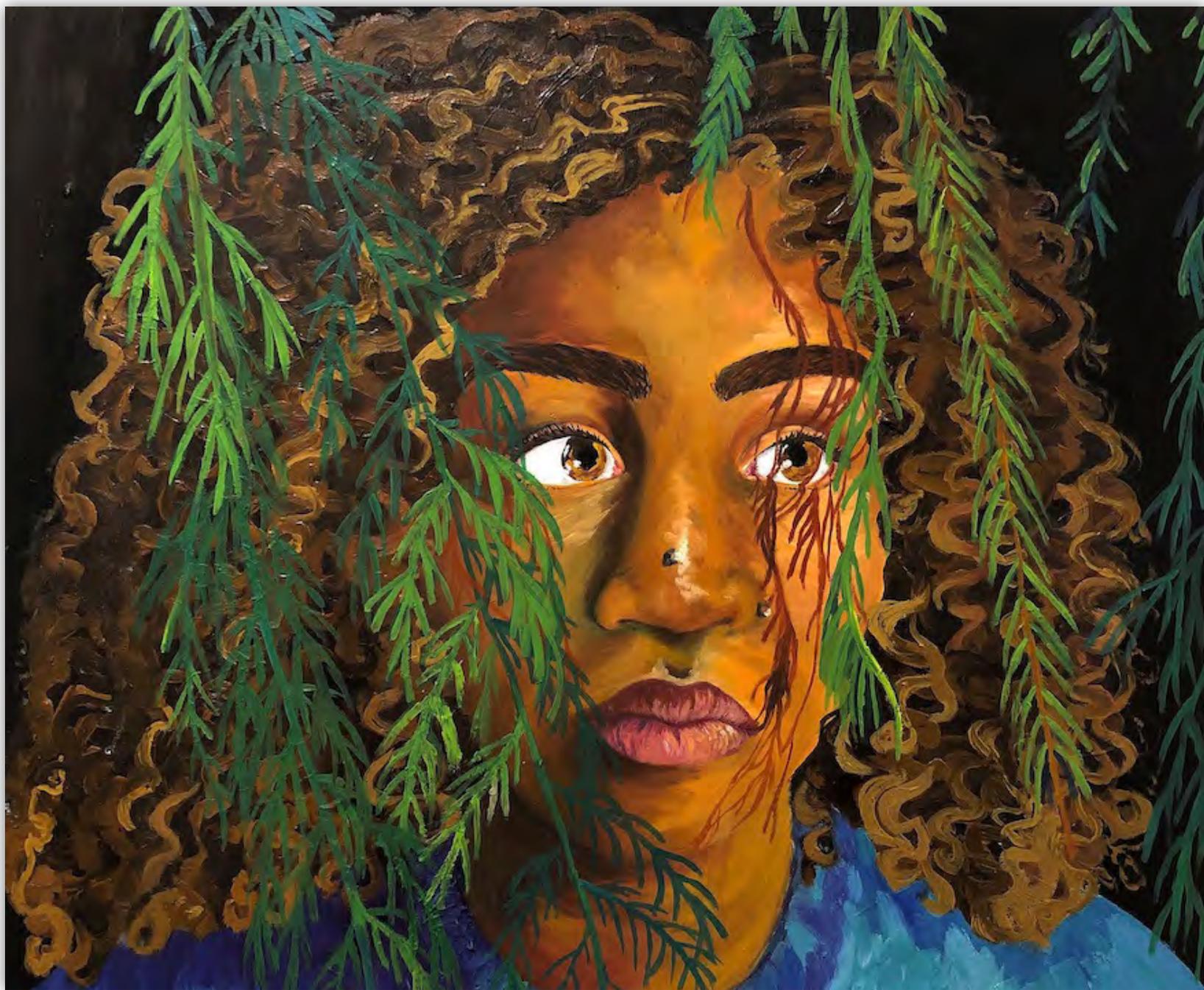
35 mm digital photography

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



Spaces Between

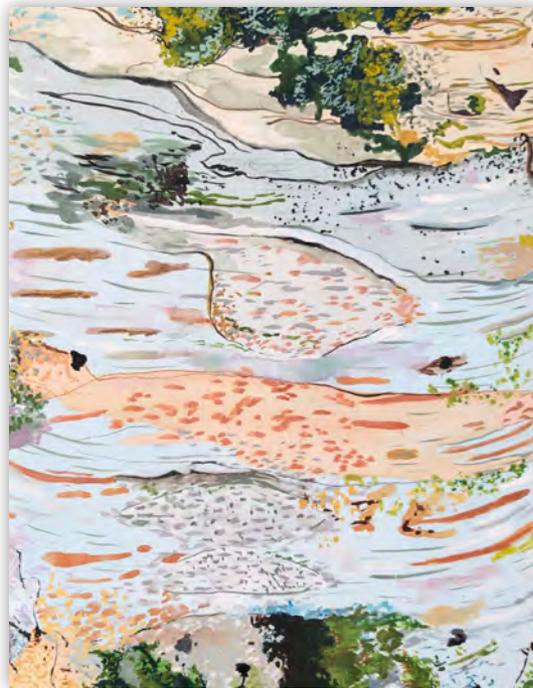
Gouache painting, 5"x5"
Series of four

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.

Birch II

Gouache painting, 8"x10"
Series of four

Dominique Butler



Turkey Tail Mushroom

Gouache painting, 8"x10"
Series of four

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.*

*A personal experience for the
writer and one which she says
she is sure another child has
also experienced.*

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

Winter Smile The Gift Urban Legend

Poetry

Kathy Jankowiak, RN (retired)
School of Nursing alumnus



Agony of Psychosis

Digital art, 8"x12"

Rebecca Ra and

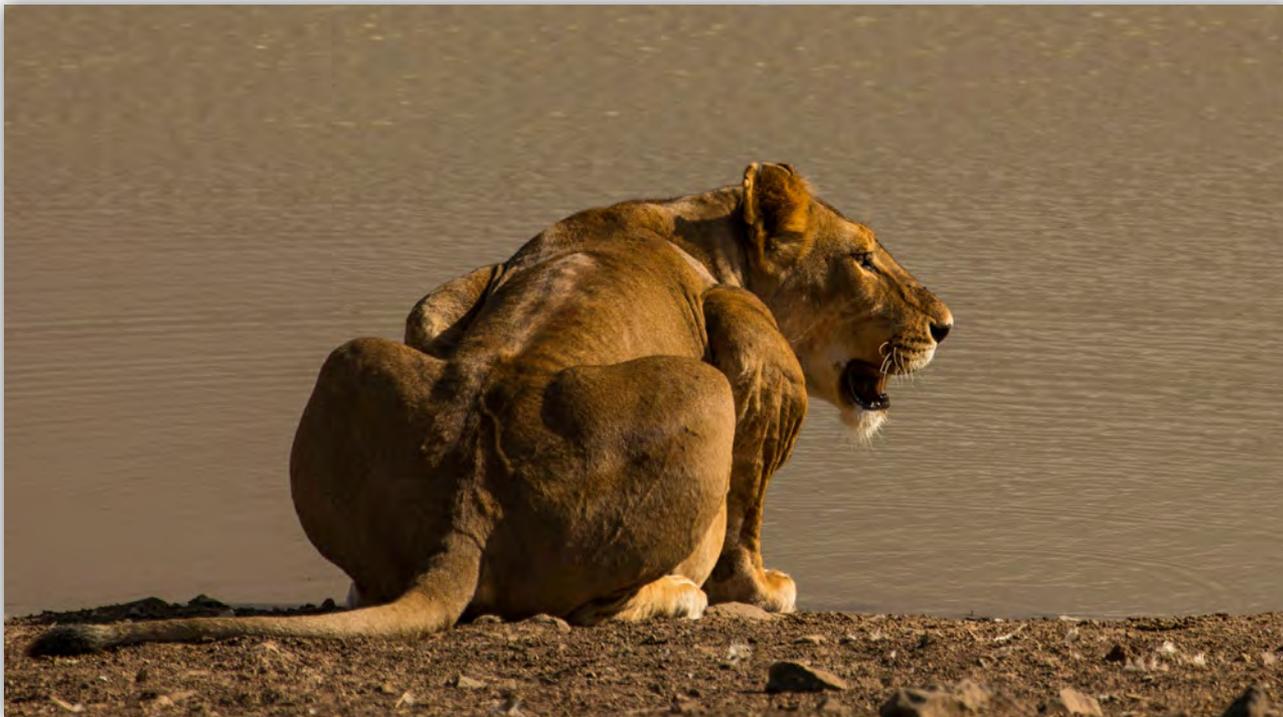
Peter Kochunov, PhD, MS, MSEE

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.





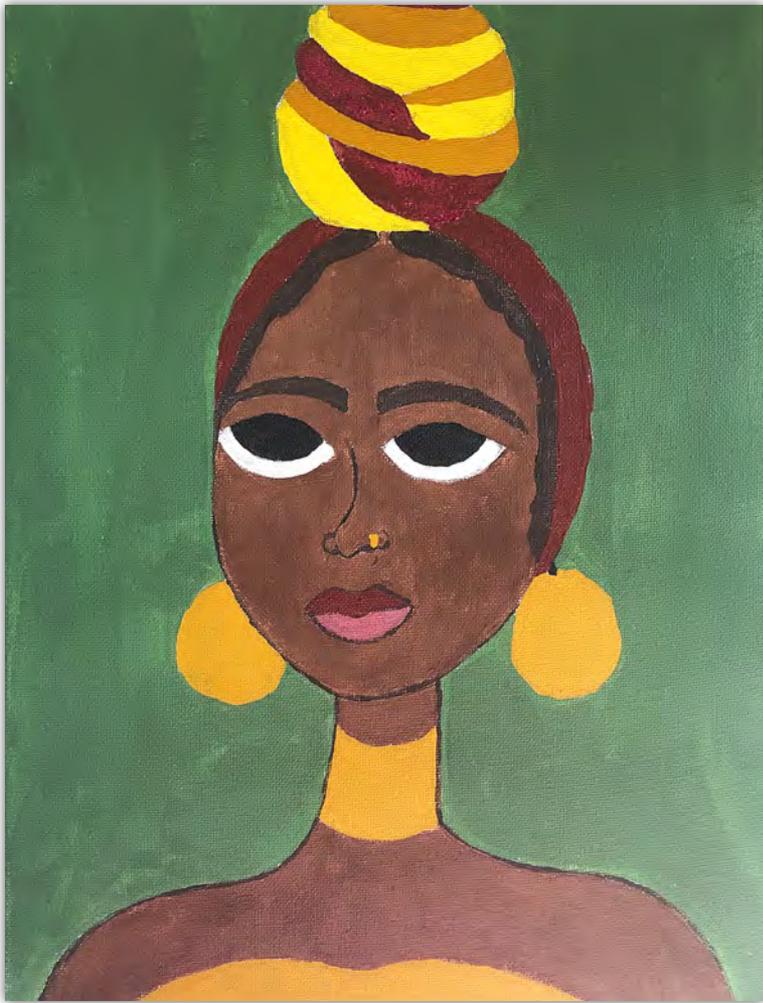
Flower Girl

Painting, 11"x14"
Acrylic and stretched canvas
Series of three

Aziza Frank
PhD student
School of Pharmacy

Woman in Black

Painting, 11"x14"



Wrapped Up

Painting, 18"x24"
Series of three

Aziza Frank

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.

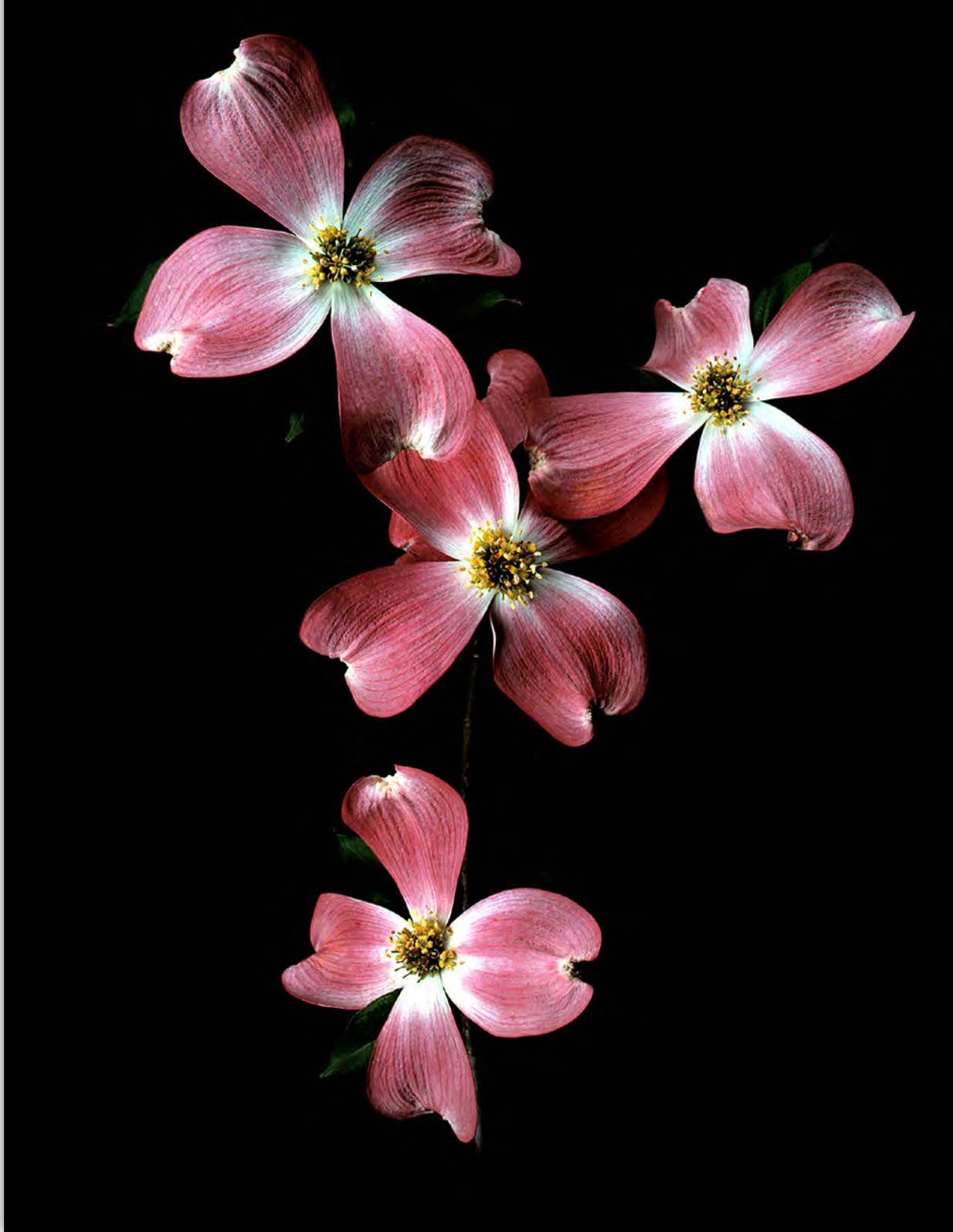
Pink Dogwood

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.





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

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

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.





Amber Waves

Glass
Series of two
Sarah Pick, MS

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.



**In the Darkest Moments,
There Is Still Light.**

35 mm digital photography

Colette Beaulieu

Office manager

Central Administration

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.

Hawaiian Lava

35 mm digital photography

Keith A. Boenning, DDS

Faculty

School of Dentistry

*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.

A Conversation is Like a Fire

Poetry

Naomi Narat
Student
School of Nursing

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

Painting, 60"x40"

Acrylic on canvas

Joanne Morrison

Senior director, marketing and public relations
Central Administration

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.



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.



CI

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.*



The Bright Side

Drawing, 9"x8"

Charcoal and watercolor

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.

From West Baltimore — Going for the Gold

Poetry

Shakeer Franklin

West Baltimore community member

Bard High School

Shakeer is a UMB CURE Scholar and attends Bard High School. He has been writing poetry since middle school. His poems focus on the struggles of growing up in West Baltimore and the search for resilience.



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.*



The Man on the Bench

Narrative

Fasika Delessa
Student
Carey School of Law

Inspired by the writer's family, this piece looks at the life of one father trying to raise kids in 2020 and is also influenced by Fasika's Ethiopian background.

The Man on the Bench

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

iPhone photography

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.

AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL

A large, light-colored, cursive-style number '1807' is centered behind the text. The '1' is a simple vertical stroke, the '8' has a large loop at the top, the '0' is a simple oval, and the '7' has a long, sweeping tail that extends downwards and to the right.

UMB Council for the Arts & Culture



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
410-706-7773

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

Flavius Lilly
*Vice Provost, Academic Affairs, and
Vice Dean
Graduate School*
flilly@umaryland.edu
410-328-5840

Sorina Lim
*USGA Senator, Student
School of Dentistry*
sorinalim@umaryland.edu
301-503-4013

Michele Ondra
*Director, Administration & Operations
Francis King Carey School of Law*
mondra@law.umaryland.edu
410-706-2061

Larry Pitrof
*Executive Director
Medical Alumni Association*
larry@medalumni.umaryland.edu
410-706-7454

Linda Praley
*System Creative Director
University of Maryland Medical System*
lprailey@umm.edu
410-328-7638

Kris Rifkin
*Manager of Special Projects, Public Affairs
School of Medicine*
krifkin@som.umaryland.edu
410-706-8042

Jane Shaab
*Executive Director, University of Maryland BioPark
Assistant Vice President, Economic Development
Office of Research and Development*
jshaab@umaryland.edu
410-706-8282

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. Tooley
*Associate Vice President/Executive Director
Health Sciences and Human Services Library*
mjtooley@hshsl.umaryland.edu
410-706-7545

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

Mandy Wolfe
*Digital Media Specialist, Dean's Administration
School of Pharmacy*
awolfe@rx.umaryland.edu
410-706-3462

Michael Woolley
*Associate Professor
School of Social Work*
MWOOLLEY@ssw.umaryland.edu
410-706-7839

Alice Powell, Staff
*Associate Director of University Events
Office of the President*
apowell@umaryland.edu
410-706-8035



AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL

A large, light gray, stylized number "1807" is positioned behind the text "AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL".

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.

The publication was designed by Maureen Lindler of Moxie Design, Towson, Md. The text is set in Gotham, Gotham Narrow, Trajan Pro, and Times New Roman. The journal is printed using a four-color process by CCI Printing & Graphic Solutions, Columbia, Md., on 80# silk text, and the cover features four-color process on 110# Ice Gold Metallic. *1807* is perfect bound.

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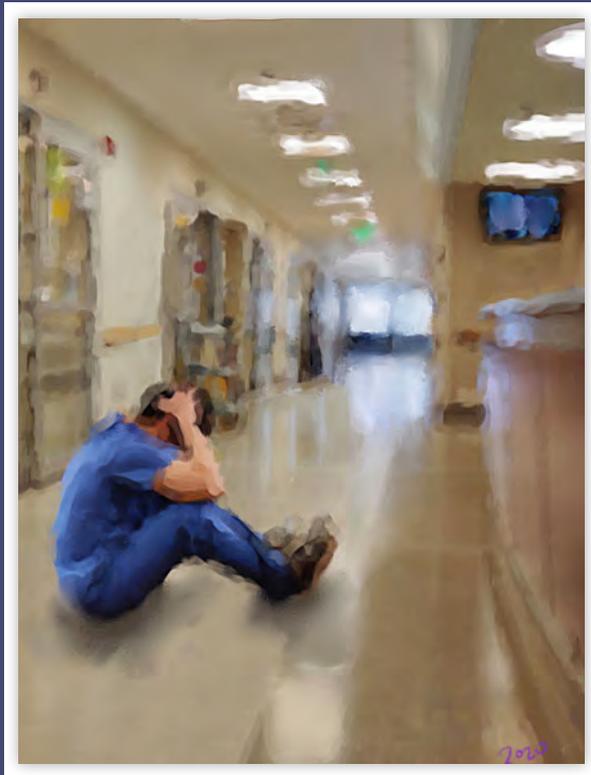
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1807: What's in a Name?

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



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