



The Red Wheelbarrow

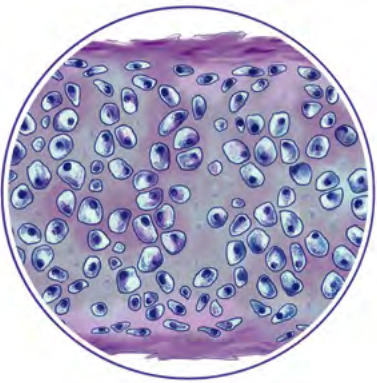
2020



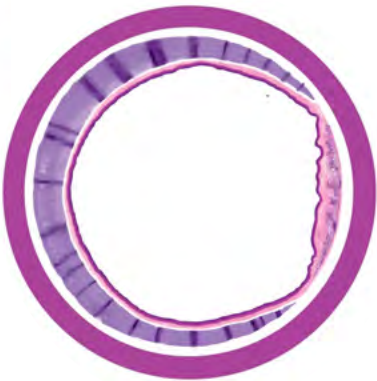
A PREVIEW

In the late 1990s, a group of UVM medical students produced a pamphlet-sized journal in which they shared their poetry, prose, photographs and other artwork. Titled *The Red Wheelbarrow*, the publication took its name from the most famous poem of William Carlos Williams, the 20th century American poet—honored with both the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award—who was also, for more than 40 years, a family medicine physician in his native New Jersey.

At the Larner College of Medicine, *The Red Wheelbarrow* has developed into a yearly literary and visual arts journal that showcases the talents and insights of people associated with an institution dedicated to the science and art of medicine. These pages showcase a sampling of work from *The Red Wheelbarrow* 2020. The full issue can be found online at: med.uvm.edu/redwheelbarrow.



ANNA QUINLAN
Class of 2022
Slide Three (top) and Slide Four



ANYA KOUTRAS, M.D.
Associate Professor of Family Medicine
Sunset Hill

A Trio of Breast Cancer Stories

ELLEN ANDREWS, M.D.'75

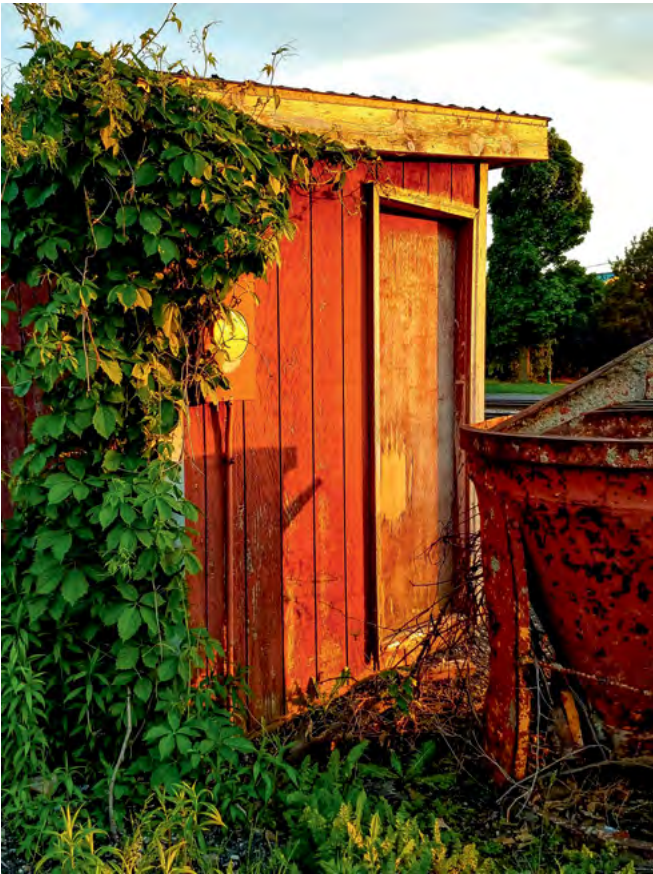
I.
Angie was a racer.
Raced cars. The faster, the better.
Afraid of nothing, not even
the knot in her breast
the size of a lug nut and about as hard.
If she drove fast enough
it might just pop loose someday.
Drive fast enough, you know,
and things fly right out of a car.
You see lots of debris on the track.
Centrifugal force.
Things just go flying. Gone.

II.
After watching her grandmother go through this,
it was the one cancer she was most afraid of.
Even the label on her favorite bottle of wine
a sketch of two mountains in silhouette
sure looked like breasts to her now.
Hard to see only mountains anymore.

III.
When they said her breast cancer had spread,
Lucille wondered what would happen next.
Is that like cloning? Her breast is making more breasts?
But in the wrong places now?
Is that like when the birds carry seeds
and drop them anywhere, like into someone else's garden?



MEL WOLK, M.D.'60
Canine America



SUSAN LUCE
Office of Medical Student Education
Bathed in Summer Sun



KAYLA STURTEVANT
Class of 2022



ISI BEACH
Class of 2022
Moon Child

Heroics

BRADLEY SOULE, M.D.'69

That year of internship in medicine
we ran around all over saving lives—
or so it seemed. Resuscitations fail.
Survivors could be comatose or else
confused and could not tell me who they were,
let alone who I was. Who was I
in those starched whites, running to put out fires
which still burn, flames seen in the night?



PETER A. BLACKSBERG
Member of the family of Robert Lerner, M.D.'42
Stethoscope and Sphygmomanometer



Shell

JULIA PURKS
Class of 2023

My sister Jess takes a generous amount of ibuprofen for her cramps and there are often rogue ibuprofens floating around her dresser drawers, coat pockets, the cup holders of her car, under her bed.

My two little nieces were in her bedroom one evening and they pulled a conch shell from her nightstand and began admiring it. A snail used to live in there, Jess told them while folding a pair of pants, and they looked at her in disbelief and with wide eyes before returning their attention to the shell, turning it over in their hands. When they turned it one way, something clinked inside and a crusty ibuprofen fell out and onto the bed. They both fell silent and looked at it curiously. Jess glanced up from her basket of clean laundry. That's an ibuprofen, she told them.

One niece picked up the ibuprofen slowly and held it up to the light between two fingers while the other looked closely at it, squinting her eyes. The snail became an eye-bee-profen, the one holding it said.

Opposite page
MICHELLE BOOKLESS
Office of Medical Communications
Sounds of the Farm



PRASANNA KUMAR
Class of 2022
Peruvian Serenity



SETH GORDON
UVM Clinical Simulation Laboratory
Spring (above) and Snowy Day